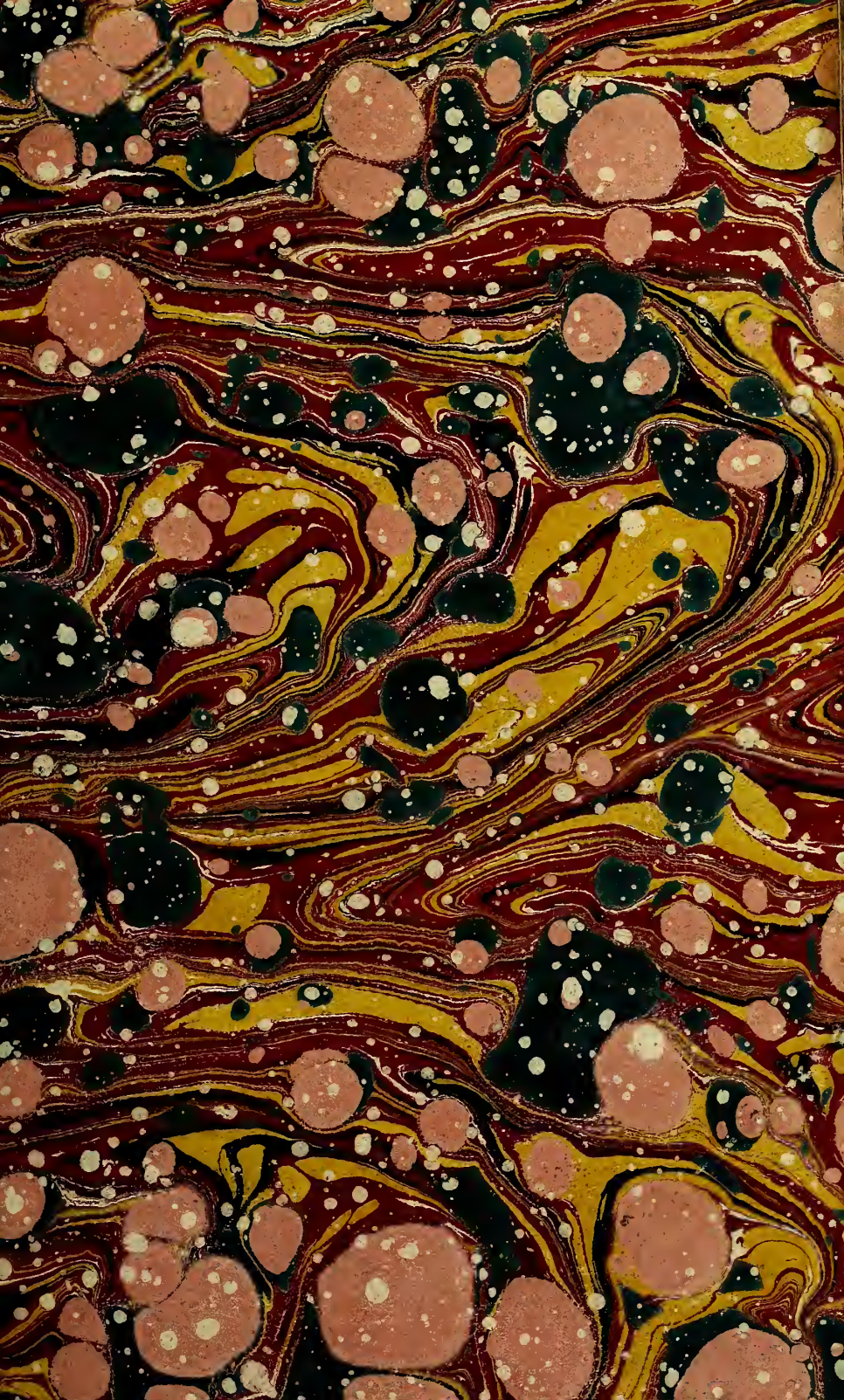


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Engraved by W J Edwards

William Stone

LONDON WILLIAM TEGG & CO.

THE

EVERY DAY-BOOK:

OR THE

GUIDE TO THE YEAR:

RELATING THE

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS, SPORTS, CEREMONIES, MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND EVENTS,

INCIDENT TO

The Three Hundred and Sixty-five Days,

IN PAST AND PRESENT TIMES;

BEING A SERIES OF

FIVE THOUSAND ANECDOTES AND FACTS;

FORMING A

PERPETUAL KEY TO THE ALMANAC;

INCLUDING

ACCOUNTS OF THE WEATHER, RULES FOR HEALTH AND CONDUCT, REMARKABLE AND IMPORTANT ANECDOTES, FACTS AND NOTICES IN CHRONOLOGY, ANTIQUITIES, TOPOGRAPHY, BIOGRAPHY, NATURAL HISTORY, ART, SCIENCE, AND GENERAL LITERATURE, DERIVED FROM THE MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES.

BY WILLIAM HONE.

WITH FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX ENGRAVINGS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

WILLIAM TEGG AND Co., 85, QUEEN STREET,
CHEAPSIDE.

[c1857 ?]



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LONDON :

HADDON BROTHERS, AND CO., PRINTERS, CASTLE STREET, FINSBURY.

TO

CHARLES LAMB, ESQ.

DEAR L——.

Your letter to me, within the first two months from the commencement of the present work, approving my notice of St. Chad's Well, and your afterwards daring to publish me your "friend," with your "proper name" annexed, I shall never forget. Nor can I forget your and Miss Lamb's sympathy and kindness when glooms outmastered me; and that your pen spontaneously sparkled in the book, when my mind was in clouds and darkness. These "trifles," as each of you would call them, are benefits scored upon my heart; and

I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME,

TO YOU AND MISS LAMB,

WITH AFFECTIONATE RESPECT,

W. HONE.

May 5, 1826.

PREFACE.

THIS volume is a specimen of a work undertaken for the purpose of forming a collection of the manners and customs of ancient and modern times, with descriptive accounts of the several seasons of popular pastime.

Each of the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year is distinguished by occurrences or other particulars relating to the day, and by the methods of celebrating every holyday; the work is therefore what its title purports, **THE EVERY-DAY BOOK.**

It is an **EVERLASTING CALENDAR**--because its collection of facts concerning the origin and usages of every remarkable day, including movable feasts and fasts, constitute a calendar for *every* year.

It is a **HISTORY OF THE YEAR**--because it traces the commencement and progress of the year from the first day to the last.

It is a **HISTORY OF THE MONTHS**--because it describes the appearances that distinguish each month from the other months.

It is a **HISTORY OF THE SEASONS**--because it describes the influences and character of the four quarters into which the year is divided, and the most remarkable objects in natural history peculiar to each season.

It is a **PERPETUAL KEY TO THE ALMANACK**--because it explains the signification of every name and term in the almanack.

Its antiquarian and historical notices are calculated to engage the attention of almost every class of readers, and to gratify several who would scarcely expect such particulars in such a miscellany. The perplexities attending the discovery of certain facts, and the labour of reducing all into order, will be appreciated by the few who have engaged in similar pursuits. Some curious matters are now, for the first time, submitted to the public; and others are so rare as to seem altogether new.

As regards the engravings, to such as are from old masters, notices of their prints are always annexed. The designs for the allegorical and other illustrations, have originated with myself; and the drawings been accommodated, and the engravings executed, according to my own sense of subject and style. In numerous instances they have been as satisfactory to me as to my readers many of whom, however, are less difficult to please than I am, and have favourably received some things which I have been obliged to tolerate, because the exigency of publication left me no time to supply their place. I know what art can accomplish, and am therefore dissatisfied when artists fail to accomplish.

I may now avow that I have other aims than I deemed it expedient to mention in the prospectus:—to communicate in an agreeable manner, the greatest possible variety of important and diverting facts, without a single sentence to excite an uneasy sensation, or an embarrassing inquiry; and, by not seeming to teach, to cultivate a high moral feeling, and the best affection of the heart:—to open a storehouse, from whence manhood may derive daily instruction and amusement, and youth and innocence be informed, and retain their innocency.

To these intentions I have accommodated my materials under such difficulties as I hope may never be experienced by any one engaged in such a labour. To what extent less embarrassed and more enlarged faculties could have better executed the task I cannot determine; but I have always kept my main object in view, the promotion of social and benevolent feelings, and I am persuaded this prevailing disposition is obvious throughout. The poetical illustrations, whether “solemn thinkings,” or light dispersions are particularly directed to that end.

I may now be permitted to refer to the copious indexes for the multifarious contents of the volume, and to urge the friends to the undertaking for assistance towards its completion. There is scarcely any one who has not said—“Ah! this is *something* that will do for the *Every-Day Book*.” I crave to be favoured with that “something.” Others have observed—“I expected *something* about so and so in the *Every-Day Book*.” It is not possible, however that I should know *every* thing; but if each will communicate “something,” the work will gratify every one, and my own most sanguine wishes.

And here I beg leave to offer my respectful thanks to several correspondents who have already furnished me with accounts of customs, &c. which appear under different signatures. Were I permitted to disclose their real names, it would be seen that several of these communications are from distinguished characters. As a precaution against imposition, articles of that nature have not been, nor can they be, inserted, without the name and address of the writer being confided to myself. Accounts, so subscribed, will be printed with any initials or mark, the writers may please to suggest.

From the publication of the present volume, a correct judgment may be formed of the nature and tendency of the work, which incidentally embraces almost every topic of inquiry or remark connected with the ancient and present state of manners and literature. Scarcely an individual is without a scrap-book, or a portfolio, or a collection of some sort; and whatever a kind-hearted reader may deem curious or interesting, and can conveniently spare. I earnestly hope and solicit to be favoured with, addressed to me at Messrs Hunt and Clarke’s, Tavistock-street, who receive communications for the work, and publish it in weekly sheets, and monthly parts, as usual.

W. HONE.

May, 1826.

THE
EVERY-DAY BOOK



JANUARY.

THIS is the first and the coldest month of the year. Its zodiacal sign is Aquarius or the Waterbearer. It derives its name from Janus, a deity represented by the Romans with two faces, because he was acquainted with past and future events. Cotton introduces him into a poem on the new year—

Hark, the cock crows, and yon bright star
Tells us, the day himself's not far;
And see where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.
With him old Janus doth appear,
Peeping into the future year,
With such a look as seems to say,
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy;
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of soul-tormenting gall
Than direst mischiefs can befall.
But stay! but stay! Methinks my sight,
Better inform'd by clearer light,
No. 1.

Discerns serenity in that brow,
That all contracted seem'd but now.
His revers'd face may show distaste,
And frown upon the ills are past,
But that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the new-born year.

According to the ancient mythology, Janus was the god of gates and avenues, and in that character held a key in his right hand, and a rod in his left, to symbolize his opening and ruling the year: sometimes he bore the number 300 in one hand, and 65 in the other, the number of its days. At other times he was represented with four heads, and placed in a temple of four equal sides, with a door and three windows in each side, as emblems of the four seasons and the twelve months over which he presided.

According to Verstegan (*Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, 4to. 1628, p. 59) the Saxons called this month "Wolfmonat," or Wolf-montn, because the

wolves of our ancient forests, impelled by hunger at this season, were wont to prowl and attack man himself; the inferior animals, on whom they usually preyed, having retired or perished from the inclemency of the weather. The Saxons also called this month "Aefter-yula," or After Christmas. In illuminated calendars prefixed to catholic missals, or service books, January was frequently depicted as a man with fagots or a woodman's axe, shivering and blowing his fingers. Spenser introduces this month in his *Faerie Queene* :

Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell;
And blow his nayles to warme them if he may;
For they were numb'd with holding all the
day

An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood,
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray.

January 1.

Circumcision. { A close holiday at all public
offices except the Excise, Customs, and Stamps.

This festival stands in the calendar of the church of England, as well as in that of the Roman catholic church. It is said to have been instituted about 487; it first appeared in the reformed English liturgy in 1550.

Without noticing every saint to whom each day is dedicated in the Roman catholic calendars, the names of saints will be given day by day, as they stand under each day in the last edition of their "Lives," by the Rev. Alban Butler, in 12 vols. 8vo. On the authority of that work the periods will be mentioned when the saints most noted for their miracles flourished, and some of those miracles be stated. Other miracles will be given: First, from "The Golden Legend," a black letter folio volume, printed by W. de Worde.—Secondly, from "The Church History of Britain," by the Benedictine father, S. Cressy, dedicated by him to the queen consort of Charles II., a folio, printed in 1668.—Thirdly, from the catholic translation of the "Lives of the Saints," by the Rev. Father Peter Ribadeneira, priest of the society of Jesus, second edition, London, 1730, 2 vols. folio; and Fourthly, from other sources which will be named. By this means the reader will be acquainted with legends that rendered the saints and the celebration of their festivals popular. For example, the saints in Butler's Lives on this day occur in the following order :

St. Fulgentius ; *St. Odilo*, or *Olou* ;
St. Almachus, or *Telemachus* ; *St. Eugendus*, or *Oyend* ; *St. Fanchea*, or *Faine* ;
St. Mochua, or *Moncain*, alias *Claunus* ;
St. Mochua, alias *Cronan*, of *Balla*.

Sts. Mochua. According to Butler, these were Irish saints. One founded the monastery, now the town of Balla, in Connaught. The other is said to have founded 120 cells, and thirty churches, in one of

which he passed thirty years, and died about the sixth century. Bishop Patrick, in his "Reflexions upon the Devotions of the Roman Church," 1674, 8vo. cites of St. Mochua, that while walking and praying, and seeing a company of lambs running hastily to suck their mothers, he drew a line upon the ground which none of the hungry lambs durst pass. Patrick again cites, that St. Mochua having been visited by St. Kyenanus and fifteen of his clergy, they came to an impetuous and impassable river on their return, and wanted a boat; whereupon St. Mochua spread his mantle on the water, and Kyenanus with his fifteen priests were carried safely over upon the mantle, which floated back again to St. Mochua without wrinkle or wetting.

St. Fanchea, or *Faine*, is said by Butler to have been an Irish saint of the sixth century. Patrick quotes that St. Endeus desiring to become a monk, his companions approached to dissuade him; but, upon the prayers of St. Faine, and her making the sign of the cross, their feet stuck to the earth like immovable stones, until by repentance they were loosed and went their way.

St. Fulgentius, according to Butler, died on the 1st of January, 533, sometimes went barefoot, never undressed to take rest, nor ate flesh meat, but chiefly lived on pulse and herbs, though when old he admitted the use of a little oil. He preached, explained mysteries, controverted with heretics, and built monasteries. Butler concludes by relating, that after his death, a bishop named Pontian was assured in a vision of Fulgentius's immortality; that his relics were translated to Bourges, where they are venerated; and that the saint's head is in the church of the archbishop's seminary.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

The King of Light, father of aged Time,
Hath brought about that day, which is the
prime

To the slow gliding months, when every eye
Wears symptoms of a sober jollity;
And every hand is ready to present
Some service in a real compliment.
Whilst some in golden letters write their
love,

Some speak affection by a ring or glove,
Or pins and points (for ev'n the peasant may
After his ruder fashion, be as gay
As the brisk courtly sir,) and thinks that his
Cannot, without a gross absurdity.

Be this day frugal, and not spare his friend
Some gift, to show his love finds not an end
With the deceased year.

POOLES'S ENG. PARNASSUS.

In the volume of "ELIA," an excellent paper begins with "Every man hath two birthdays: two days, at least, in every year, which set him upon revolving the lapse of time, as it affects his mortal duration. The one is that which in an especial manner he termeth *his*. In the gradual desuetude of old observances, this custom of solemnizing our proper birthday hath nearly passed away, or is left to children, who reflect nothing at all about the matter, nor understand any thing beyond the cake and orange. But the birth of a new year is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the First of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam.

"(Of all sound of all bells—(bells, the music nighest bordering upon heaven)—most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. I never hear it without a gathering-up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past 'welvemoonth; all I have done or suffered, performed, or neglected—in that regretted time. I begin to know its worth as when a person dies. It takes a personal colour; nor was it a poetical flight in a contemporary, when he exclaimed,

'I saw the skirts of the departing year.'

"The elders with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution; and the ringing out of the old year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony. In those days the sound of those midnight chimes, though it seemed to raise hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me. Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal."

Ring out the old and ring in the new year, with "a merry new year! a happy new year to you!" on new year's day, were greetings that moved sceptred pride, and humble labour, to smiles and

kind feelings in former times; and why should they be unfashionable in our own?

Dr. Drake observes, in "Shakspeare and his Times," that the ushering in of the new year, or new year's tide, with rejoicings, presents, and good wishes, was a custom observed, during the 16th century, with great regularity and parade, and was as cordially celebrated in the court of the prince as in the cottage of the peasant.

The Rev. T. D. Fosbroke, in his valuable "Encyclopedia of Antiquities," adduces various authorities to show that congratulations, presents, and visits were made by the Romans on this day. The origin, he says, is ascribed to Romulus and Tattius, and that the usual presents were figs and dates, covered with leaf-gold, and sent by clients to patrons, accompanied with a piece of money, which was expended to purchase the statues of deities. He mentions an amphora (a jar) which still exists, with an inscription denoting that it was a new year's present from the potters to their patroness. He also instances from Count Caylus a piece of Roman pottery, with an inscription wishing "a happy new year to you;" another, where a person wishes it to himself and his son; and three medallions, with the laurel leaf, fig, and date; one, of Commodus; another, of Victory; and a third, Janus, standing in a temple, with an inscription, wishing a happy new year to the emperor. New year's gifts were continued under the Roman emperors until they were prohibited by Claudius. Yet in the early ages of the church the Christian emperors received them; nor did they wholly cease, although condemned by ecclesiastical councils on account of the pagan ceremonies at their presentation.

The Druids were accustomed on certain days to cut the sacred mistletoe with a golden knife, in a forest dedicated to the gods, and to distribute its branches with much ceremony as new year's gifts among the people.

The late Rev. John Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities" edited by Mr. Ellis observes from Bishop Stillingfleet, that among the Saxons of the North, the festival of the new year was observed with more than ordinary jollity and feasting, and by sending new year's gifts to one another. Mr. Fosbroke notices the continuation of the Roman practice during the middle ages; and that our kings, and the nobility especially, interchanged presents. Mr. Ellis quotes Matthew Paris, who appears to show that Henry III *ex-*

sorted new year's gifts; and he cites from a MS. of the public revenue, anno 5, Edward VI. an entry of "rewards given on new year's day to the king's officers and servants in ordinary 155*l.* 5*s.*, and to their servants that present the king's majestie with new year's gifts." An orange stuck with cloves seems, by reference to Mr. Fosbroke and our early authors, to have been a popular new year's gift. Mr. Ellis suggests, that the use of this present may be ascertained from a remark by old Lupton, that the flavour of wine is improved, and the wine itself preserved from mouldiness, by an orange or lemon stuck with cloves being hung within the vessel so as not to touch the liquor.

Thomas Naogeorgus, in "The Popish Kingdome," a Latin poem written in 1553, and Englished by Barnabe Googe, after remarking on days of the old year, urges this recollection :

The next to this is Newe yeares day
whereon to every frende,
They costly presents in do bring,
and Newe yeares giftes do sende,
These giftes the husband gives his wife,
and father eke the childe,
And maister ou his men bestowes
the like, with favour milde.

Honest old Latimer, instead of presenting Henry VIII. with a purse of gold, as was customary, for a new year's gift, put into the king's hand a New Testament, with a leaf conspicuously doubled down at Hebrews xiii. 4, which, on reference, will be found to have been worthy of all acceptation, though not perhaps well accepted. Dr. Drake is of opinion that the wardrobe and jewellery of queen Elizabeth were principally supported by these annual contributions on new year's day. He cites lists of the new year's gifts presented to her, from the original rolls published in her Progresses by Mr. Nichols; and from these it appears that the greatest part, if not all the peers and peeresses of the realm, all the bishops, the chief officers of state, and several of the queen's household servants, even down to her apothecaries, master cook, serjeant of the pastry, &c. gave new year's gifts to her majesty; consisting, in general, either of a sum of money, or jewels, trinkets, wearing apparel, &c. The largest sum given by any of the temporal lords was 20*l.*; but the archbishop of Canterbury gave 40*l.*, the archbishop of York 30*l.*, and the other spiritual lords 20*l.* and 10*l.*; many of the temporal lords and great officers, and

most of the peeresses, gave rich gowns, petticoats, shifts, silk stockings, garters, sweet-bags, doublets, mantles embroidered with precious stones, looking-glasses, fans, bracelets, caskets studded with jewels, and other costly trinkets. Sir Gilbert Dethick, garter king at arms, gave a book of the States in William the Conqueror's time; Absolon, the master of the Savoy, gave a Bible covered with cloth of gold, garnished with silver gilt, and plates of the royal arms; the queen's physician presented her with a box of foreign sweetmeats; another physician presented a pot of green ginger, and a pot of orange flowers; her apothecaries gave her a box of lozenges, a box of ginger candy, a box of green ginger, and pots of other conserves. Mrs. Blanch a Parry gave her majesty a little gold comfit-box and spoon; Mrs. Morgan gave a box of cherries, and one of apricots. The queen's master cook and her serjeant of the pastry, presented her with various confectionary and preserves. Putrino, an Italian, gave her two pictures; Ambrose Lupo gave her a box of lute strings, and a glass of sweet water, each of three other Italians presented her with a pair of sweet gloves; a cutler gave her a meat knife having a fair haft of bone, with a conceit in it; Jeromy Bassano gave two drinking glasses; and Smyth, the dustman, presented her majesty with two bolts of cambrick. Some of these gifts to Elizabeth call to recollection the tempting articles which Autolykus, in the "Winter's Tale," invites the country girls to buy: he enters singing,

Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cypress, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as sweet as damask roses
Masks for faces, and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs, and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins, and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come, buy of me, come: come buy, come
buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry,
Come, buy, &c.

Dr. Drake says, that though Elizabeth made returns to the new year's gifts, in plate and other articles, yet she took sufficient care that the balance should be her own favour.

No. 4982, in the Catalogue for 1824, or Mr. Rodd, of Great Newport-street, is a roll of vellum, ten feet long, containing the

new year's gifts from king James I. to the persons whose names are therein mentioned on the 1st of January 1605, with the new year's gifts that his majesty received the same day; the roll is signed by James himself and certain officers of his household.

In a "Banquet of Jests, 1634," 12mo. there is a pleasant story of Archee, the king's jester, who, having fooled many, was fooled himself. Coming to a nobleman, upon new year's day, to bid him good-morrow, Archee received twenty pieces of gold; but, covetously desiring more, he shook them in his hand, and said they were too light. The donor answered: "I prithee, Archee, let me see them again, for there is one amongst them I would be loth to part with:" Archee, expecting the sum to be increased, returned the pieces to his lordship; who put them in his pocket with this remark, "I once gave money into a fool's hand, who had not the wit to keep it."

Pins were acceptable new year's gifts to the ladies, instead of the wooden skewers which they used till the end of the fifteenth century. Sometimes they received a composition in money: and hence allowances for their separate use is still denominated "pin-money."

Gloves were customary new year's gifts. They were more expensive than in our times, and occasionally a money present was tendered instead: this was called "glove-money." Sir Thomas More, as lord chancellor, decreed in favour of a Mrs. Croaker against the lord Arundel. On the following new year's day, in token of her gratitude, she presented sir Thomas with a pair of gloves, containing forty angels. "It would be against good manners," said the chancellor, to forsake a gentlewoman's new year's gift, and I accept the gloves; their *lining* you will be pleased otherwise to bestow."

Mr. Brand relates from a curious MS. in the British Museum, of the date of 1560, that the boys of Eton school used on this day to play for little new year's gifts before and after supper; and also to make verses, which they presented to the provost and masters, and to each other: new year's gifts of verses, however, were not peculiar to schoolboys. A poet, the beauties of whose poetry are justly remarked to be "of a kind which time has a tendency rather to hallow than to injure," Robert Herrick, presents us, in his *Hesperides*, with "a New Year's Gift

sent to Sir Simon Steward." He commences it merrily, and goes on to call it

————— a jolly
Verse, crown'd with ivy and with holly;
That tells of winter's tales and mirth,
That milk-maids make about the hearth;
Of Christmas' sports, the wassail bowl,
That tost-up after fox-i' th' hole;
Of blind-man-buff, and of the care
That young men have to shoe the mare;
Of twelfth-tide cakes, of pease and beans,
Wherewith ye make those merry scenes:
Of crackling laurel, which fore-sounds
A plenteous harvest to your grounds
Of those, and such like things, for shift,
We send, *instead of New Year's Gift*.
Read then, and when your faces shine
With buxom meat and cap'ring wine
Remember us in cups full crown'd
And let our city-health go round.
Then, as ye sit about your embers,
Call not to mind the fled Decembers,
But think on these, that are t' appear;
As daughters to the instant year;
And to the bagpipes all address
Till sleep take place of weariness.
And thus throughout, with Christmas p'ays,
Frollick the full twelve holidays.

Mr. Ellis, in a note on Brand, introduces a poetical new year's gift in Latin, from the stern Buchanan to the unhappy Mary of Scotland.

"New year's gifts," says Dr. Drake, "were given and received, with the mutual expression of good wishes, and particularly that of a happy new year. The compliment was sometimes paid at each other's doors in the form of a song; but more generally, especially in the north of England and in Scotland, the house was entered very early in the morning, by some young men and maidens selected for the purpose, who presented the spiced bowl, and hailed you with the gratulations of the season." To this may be added, that it was formerly the custom in Scotland to *send* new year's gifts on new year's eve; and on new year's day to wish each other a happy new year, and *ask* for a new year's gift. There is a citation in Brand, from the "Statistical Account of Scotland," concerning new year's gifts to servant maids by their masters; and it mentions that "there is a large stone, about nine or ten feet high, and four broad, placed upright in a plain, in the (Orkney) isle of North Ronaldshay; but no tradition is preserved concerning it, whether erected in memory of any signal event, or for the purpose of administering justice, or for religious worship. The

writer of this (the parish priest) has seen fifty of the inhabitants assembled there, on the first day of the year, dancing by moonlight, with no other music than their own singing."

In Mr. Stewart's "Popular Superstitions of the Highlands," there is some account of the Candlemas bull, on new year's eve, as introductory to the new year. The term Candlemas, applied to this season, is supposed to have originated in some old religious ceremonies performed by candlelight. The Bull is a passing cloud, which Highland imagination perverts into the form of that animal; as it rises or falls or takes peculiar directions, of great significance to the seers, so does it prognosticate good or bad weather. The more northern nations anciently assigned portentous qualities to the winds of new year's eve. One of their old legends in Brand may be thus versified—the last line eking out the verse:

If New Year's eve night-wind blow *south*,
It betokeneth warmth and growth;
If *west*, much milk, and fish in the sea;
If *north*, much cold, and storms there will be;
If *east*, the trees will bear much fruit
If *north-east*, flee it man and brute.

Mr. Stewart says, that as soon as night sets in it is the signal with the Strath-down highlander for the suspension of his usual employment, and he directs his attention to more agreeable callings. The men form into bands with tethers and axes, and, shaping their course to the juniper bushes, they return home laden with mighty loads, which are arranged round the fire to-day till morning. A certain discreet person is despatched to the *dead and living ford* to draw a pitcher of water in profound silence, without the vessel touching the ground, lest its virtue should be destroyed, and on his return all retire to rest. Early on new year's morning the *Usque-Cashrichd*, or water from the *dead and living ford*, is drank, as a potent charm, until next new year's day, against the spells of witchcraft, the malignity of evil eyes, and the activity of all infernal agency. The qualified highlander then takes a large brush, with which he profusely asperses the occupants of all beds; from whom it is not unusual for him to receive ungrateful remonstrances against ablution. This ended, and the doors and windows being thoroughly closed, and all crevices stopped, he kindles piles of the collected juniper, in the dif-

ferent apartments, till the vapour from the burning branches condenses into opaque clouds, and coughing, sneezing, wheezing, gasping, and other demonstrations of suffocation ensue. The operator, aware that the more intense the "smuchdan," the more propitious the solemnity, disregards these indications, and continues, with streaming eyes and averted head, to increase the fumigation, until in his own defence he admits the air to recover the exhausted household and himself. He then treats the horses, cattle, and other bestial stock in the town with the same smothering, to keep them from harm throughout the year. When the gude-wife gets up, and having ceased from coughing, has gained sufficient strength to reach the bottle *dhù*, she administers its comfort to the relief of the sufferers: laughter takes place of complaint, all the family get up, wash their faces, and receive the visits of their neighbours, who arrive full of gratulations peculiar to the day. *Mu nase choil orst*, "My Candlemas bond upon you" is the customary salutation, and means, in plain words, "You owe me a new year's gift." A point of great emulation is, who shall salute the other first; because the one who does so is entitled to a gift from the person saluted. Breakfast, consisting of all procurable luxuries, is then served, the neighbours not engaged are invited to partake, and the day ends in festivity.

Riding stang, a custom that will be observed on hereafter, prevails in some parts of England on new year's day to the present hour. The "stang" is a cowl-staff; the cowl is a water-vessel, borne by two persons on the cowl-staff, which is a stout pole whereon the vessel hangs. "Where's the cowl-staff?" cries Ford's wife, when she purposes to get Falstaff into a large buck-basket, with two handles; the cowl-staff, or "stang," is produced, and, being passed through the handles, the fat knight is borne off by two of Ford's men. A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1791, says, that in Westmoreland and Cumberland, on the 1st of January, multitudes assemble early in the morning with baskets and "stangs," and whoever does not join them, whether inhabitant or stranger, is immediately mounted across the "stang," and carried, shoulder height, to the next public-house, where sixpence liberates the prisoner. Women are seized in this way, and car-

ried in baskets—the sex being privileged from riding “stang,” in compliment, perhaps, to the use of side-saddles. In the same part of the country, no one is allowed to work on new year’s day, however industrious. Mr. Ellis shows that it was a new year’s day custom in ancient Rome for tradesmen to work a little only, for luck’s sake, that they might have constant business all the year after.

A communication in an English journal of January 1824 relates, that in Paris on new year’s day, which is called *le jour d’étrennes*, parents bestow portions on their children, brothers on their sisters, and husbands make presents to their wives. Carriages may be seen rolling through the streets with cargoes of *bon-bons*, *souvenirs*, and the variety of *et cæteras* with which little children and grown-up children are bribed into good humour; and here and there pastrycooks are to be met with, carrying upon boards enormous temples, pagodas, churches, and playhouses, made of fine flour and sugar, and the embellishments which render French pastry so inviting. But there is one street in Paris to which a new year’s day is a whole year’s fortune—this is the *Rue des Lombards*, where the wholesale confectioners reside; for in Paris every trade and profession has its peculiar quarter. For several days preceding the 1st of January, this street is completely blocked up by carts and waggons laden with cases of sweetmeats for the provinces. These are of every form and description which the most singular fancy could imagine; bunches of carrots, green peas, boots and shoes, lobsters and crabs, hats, books, musical instruments, gridirons, frying-pans, and saucepans; all made of sugar, and coloured to imitate reality, and all made with a hollow within to hold the *bon-bons*. The most prevailing device is what is called a *cornet*, that is, a little cone ornamented in different ways with a bag to draw over the large end, and close it up. In these things, the prices of which vary from one franc (tenpence) to fifty, the *bon-bons* are presented by those who choose to be at the expense of them, and by those who do not, they are only wrapped in a piece of paper; but *bon-bons* in some way or other must be presented. It would not, perhaps, be an exaggeration to state that the amount expended for presents on new year’s day in Paris, for sweetmeats alone, exceeds 500,000 francs, or 20,000*l.* sterling. Jewellery is also sold to a very

large amount, and the fancy articles exported in the first week in the year to England and other countries, is computed at one-fourth of the sale during the twelve months. In Paris it is by no means uncommon for a man of 8,000 or 10,000 francs a year to make presents on new year’s day which cost him a fifteenth part of his income. No person able to give must on this day pay a visit empty-handed. Every body accepts, and every man gives according to the means which he possesses. Females alone are excepted from the charge of giving. A pretty woman, respectably connected, may reckon her new year’s presents at something considerable. Gowns, jewellery, gloves, stockings, and artificial flowers, fill her drawing-room; for in Paris it is a custom to display all the gifts, in order to excite emulation, and to obtain as much as possible. At the palace the new year’s day is a complete *jour de fête*. Every branch of the royal family is then expected to make handsome presents to the king. For the six months preceding January 1824, the female branches were busily occupied in preparing presents of their own manufacture, which would fill at least two common-sized waggons. The duchess de Berri painted an entire room of japanned pannels, to be set up in the palace; and the duchess of Orleans prepared an elegant screen. An English gentleman who was admitted suddenly into the presence of the duchess de Berri two months before, found her, and three of her maids of honour, lying on the carpet, painting the legs of a set of chairs, which were intended for the king. The day commences with the Parisians, at an early hour, by the interchange of their visits and *bon-bons*. The nearest relations are visited first, until the furthest in blood have had their calls; then friends and acquaintances. The conflict to anticipate each other’s calls, occasions the most agreeable and whimsical scenes among these proficient in polite attentions. In these visits, and in gossiping at the 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, like Christmas day, with cards, dancing, or any other amusement that may be preferred. One of the chief attractions to a foreigner in Paris is the exhibition, which opens there on new year’s day, of the finest specimens of the Sevres china manu-

factured at the royal establishment in the neighbourhood of Versailles during the preceding year.

Undoubtedly, new year's gifts originated in heathen observances, and were grossly abused in after ages; yet latterly they became a rational and pleasant mode of conveying our gentle dispositions towards those we esteem. Mr. Audley, in his compendious and useful "Companion to the Almanack," says, with truth, that they are innocent, if not praiseworthy; and he quotes this amiable sentiment from Bourne: "If I send a new year's gift to my friend, it shall be a token of my friendship; if to my benefactor, a token of my gratitude; if to the poor, which at this season must never be forgot, it shall be to make their hearts sing for joy, and give praise and adoration to the Giver of all good gifts." The Jews on the first day of their new year give sumptuous entertainments, and joyfully wish each other "a happy new year." This salutation is not yet obsolete even with us; but the new year's gift seldom arrives, except to honest rustics from their equals; it is scarcely remembered with a view to its use but by young persons, who, "unvexed with all the cares of gain," have read or heard tell of such things, and who, with innocent hearts, feeling the kindness of the sentiment, keep up the good old custom among one another, till mixture with the world, and "long experience, makes them sage," and sordid.

New year's day in London is not observed by any public festivity; but little social dining parties are frequently formed amongst friends; and convivial persons may be found at taverns, and in publicans' parlours, regaling on the occasion. Dr. Forster relates, in his "Perennial Calendar," that many people make a point to wear some new clothes on this day, and esteem the omission as unlucky: the practice, however, from such motives, must obviously be confined to the uninformed. The only open demonstration of joy in the metropolis, is the ringing of merry peals from the belfries of the numerous steeples, late on the eve of the new year, and until after the chimes of the clock have sounded its last hour.

On new year's day the man of business opens new account-books. "A good beginning makes a good ending." Let every man open an account to himself; and so begin the new year that he may expect to close it at its termination—it has been a

good year. In the hilarity of the season let him not forget that to the needy it is a season of discomfort.

There is a satisfaction
In doing a good action :

and he who devises liberal things will find his liberality return to him in a full tide of happiness. An economist can afford to be generous. "Give me neither poverty nor riches," prayed the wise man. To him who is neither encumbered by wealth, nor dispirited by indigence, the stores of enjoyment are unlocked.

He who holds fast the *Golden Mean*,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embitt'ring all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the pow'r
Of wintry blasts; the loftiest tow'r
Comes heaviest to the ground;
The bolts that spare the mountain's side
His cloud-capt eminence divide,
And spread the ruin round.

The well-inform'd philosopher
Rejoices with a wholesome fear,
And hopes, in spite of pain;
If Winter bellow from the North,
Soon the sweet Spring comes dancing
And Nature laughs again.

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen;
But oh! if fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale,
Take half thy canvass in.

Cowper.

CHRONOLOGY.

1308 On the 1st of January in this year, William Tell, the Swiss patriot, associated himself on this day with a band of his countrymen, against the tyranny of their oppressors. For upwards of three centuries the opposition was carried on, and terminated by the treaty of Westphalia in 1648, declaring the independence of Switzerland.

1651. On the 1st of January Charles II. was crowned at Scone king of the Scots. Charles, when a child, was weak in the legs, and ordered to wear *steel-boots*. Their weight so annoyed him that he pined till recreation became labour. An old rocker took off the *steel-boots*, and concealed them; promising the countess of Dorset, who was Charles's governess, that she would take any blame for the act

on herself. Soon afterwards the king, Charles I., coming into the nursery, and seeing his boy's legs without the boots, angrily demanded who had done it? "It was I, sir," said the rocker, "who had the honour, some thirty years since, to attend on your highness, in *your* infancy, when *you* had the same infirmity where-with now the prince, your very own son is troubled; and then the lady Cary, (afterwards countess of Monmouth) commanded *your* steel-boots to be taken off, who, blessed be God, since have gathered strength, and arrived at a good stature." Clare, chaplain to Charles II., at the time the affair happened, related this anecdote to old Fuller, who in 1660, contemplating "the restoration," tells the story, and quaintly exclaims, "the nation is too noble, when his majesty shall return from foreign parts, to impose any other *steel-boots* upon him, than the observing the laws of the land, which are his own *stockings*, that so with joy and comfort he may enter on what was his own inheritance." The nation forgot the "steel-boots," and Charles forgot the "stockings."

1801. January 1. The Union of Great Britain with Ireland commenced according to act of parliament, and the event was solemnized by the hoisting of a new royal flag on the Tower of London, accompanied by the firing of guns there and in St. James's Park. On the 3d the king received the great seal of Great Britain from the lord chancellor, and causing it to be defaced, presented to him a new great seal for the United Kingdom. On the same day, January 1st, 1801, Piazzi, the astronomer at Palermo, discovered a new primary planet, making an eleventh of that order: he called it Ceres, from the goddess of that name, who was highly esteemed by the ancients of Sicily.

Usually at this period the rigour of cold is severely felt. The indisposition of *lie-a-beds* to face its severity is pleasantly pictured by Mr. Leigh Hunt, in a paper in the Indicator. He imagines one of those persons to express himself in these terms:

"On opening my eyes, the first thing that meets them is my own breath rolling forth, as if in the open air, like smoke out of a cottage-chimney. Think of this symptom. Then I turn my eyes sideways and see the window all frozen over. Think of that. Then the servant comes

in. 'It is very cold this morning, is it not?'—'Very cold, sir.'—'Very cold indeed, isn't it?'—'Very cold indeed, sir.'—'More than usually so, isn't it, even for this weather?' (Here the servant's wit and good nature are put to a considerable test, and the inquirer lies on thorns for the answer.) 'Why, Sir . . . I think it *is*.' (Good creature! There is not a better, or more truth-telling servant going.) 'I must rise, however—Get me some warm water.'—Here comes a fine interval between the departure of the servant and the arrival of the hot water; during which, of course, it is of 'no use' to get up. The hot water comes. 'Is it quite hot?'—'Yes, sir.'—'Perhaps too hot for shaving: I must wait a little?'—'No, sir; it will just do.' (There is an over-nice propriety sometimes, an officious zeal of virtue, a little troublesome.) 'Oh—the shirt—you must air my clean shirt:—linen gets very damp this weather.'—'Yes, sir.' Here another delicious five minutes. A knock at the door. 'Oh, the shirt—very well. My stockings—I think the stockings had better be aired too.'—'Very well, sir.'—Here another interval. At length every thing is ready, except myself. I now cannot help thinking a good deal—who can?—upon the unnecessary and villainous custom of shaving; it is a thing so unmanly (here I nestle closer)—so effeminate, (here I recoil from an unlucky step into the colder part of the bed.)—No wonder, that the queen of France took part with the rebels against that degenerate king, her husband, who first affronted her smooth visage with a face like her own. The emperor Julian never showed the luxuriance of his genius to better advantage than in reviving the flowing beard. Look at cardinal Bembo's picture—at Michael Angelo's—at Titian's—at Shakespeare's—at Fletcher's—at Spenser's—at Chaucer's—at Alfred's—at Plato's. I could name a great man for every tick of my watch. Look at the Turks, a grave and otiose people—Think of Haroun Al Raschid and Bed-ridden Hassan—Think of Wortley Montague, the worthy son of his mother, a man above the prejudice of his time—Look at the Persian gentlemen, whom one is ashamed of meeting about the suburbs, their dress and appearance are so much finer than our own—Lastly, think of the razor itself—how totally opposed to every sensation of bed—how cold, how eggy, how hard! how utterly

different from any thing like the warm and circling amplitude, which

Sweetly recommends itself

Unto our gentle senses.

Add to this, benumbed fingers, which

may help you to cut yourself, a quivering body, a frozen towel, and an ewer full of ice; and he that says there is nothing to oppose in all this, only shows, at any rate that he has no merit in opposing it."



Gymnastics for Youth.

THIS engraving represents simple methods by which, at this season especially, the health of young persons may be maintained, and the constitution invigorated. Two round parallel bars at two feet distance from each other, on round standards three or four feet high, firmly fixed in the ground, will afford boys the means of actively exerting their limbs and muscles: and if the ends of a pole be let into opposite walls or fastened to trees, the boys may be taught to climb single ropes, and hold on while swinging by them. The engraving is placed before the eyes of parents and teachers with the hope of directing their attention to gymnastic exercises, as diversions for youth, and they are referred to a practical treatise on the subject by Mr. Elias, that may be safely used. His judicious reasoning must convince every reader of their importance to the rising generation, and that it is within the means of all classes of persons to let boys acquire a knowledge of the feats represented in the

plates to his work, for teaching which his explanations are numerous and clear.

An unseasonable occurrence in the cellar of the late sir Joseph Banks may be acceptable in the mention, and excite particular sympathy in persons who recreate with the juice of the vine: as a fact, it may tend to elucidate the origin and nature of vegetable fungi, particularly of that species termed mushroom. The worthy baronet had a cask of wine rather too sweet for immediate use; he therefore directed that it should be placed in a cellar, in order that the saccharine matter it contained might be more perfectly decomposed by age. At the end of three years, he directed his butler to ascertain the state of the wine, when, on attempting to open the cellar door, he could not effect it, in consequence of some powerful obstacle. The door was cut down, and the cellar found to be completely filled with a firm fungous vegetable production—so firm that it was

necessary to use the axe for its removal. This appeared to have grown from, or have been nourished by, the decomposed particles of the wine: the cask was empty, and carried up to the ceiling, where it was supported by the surface of the fungus.

At the close of this day he who can reflect with satisfaction on the past, may

————— The night comes calmly forth,
Bringing sweet rest upon the wings of even :
The golden wain rolls round the silent north,
And earth is slumbering 'neath the smiles of heaven.

BOWRING.

January 2.

St. Macarius ; St. Concordius ; St. Adalard or Alard.

St. Macarius. A.D. 394. Alban Butler says he was a confectioner of Alexandria, who, in the flower of his age, spent upwards of sixty years in the deserts in labour, penance, and contemplation. "Our saint," says Butler, "happened one day inadvertently to kill a gnat, that was biting him in his cell; reflecting that he had lost the opportunity of suffering that mortification, he hastened from his cell for the marshes of Scetè, which abound with great flies, whose stings pierce even wild boars. There he continued six months, exposed to those ravaging insects; and to such a degree was his whole body disfigured by them, with sores and swellings, that when he returned he was only to be known by his voice." The Golden Legend relates of him, that he took a dead pagan out of his sepulchre, and put him under his head for a pillow; whereupon certain devils came to affright the saint, and called the dead pagan to go with them; but the body under the saint said he could not, because a pilgrim lay upon him, so that he could not move; then Macarius, nothing afraid, beat the body with his fist, and told him to go if he would, which caused the devils to declare that Macarius had vanquished them. Another time the devil came with a great scythe on his shoulder, to smite the saint, but he could not prevail against him, on account of his virtues. Macarius, at another time, being tempted, filled a sack with stones, and bore it many journies through the desert. Seeing a devil before him in the shape of a man, dressed like "a herawde," with his clothing full of holes, and in every hole a phial, he demanded of this devil whither he went; and why he had so many phials?

anticipate with calm delight the entrance of the new year, and lift his eyes to the living lustres of the firmament with grateful feelings. They shine out their prismatic colours through the cold thin air, keeping watch while man slumbers, or cheering him, who contemplates their fires, to purposes of virtue. In this season

the devil answered, to give drink to the hermits; and that the phials contained a variety of liquors, that they might have a choice, and so fall into temptation. On the devil's return, the saint inquired how he had sped; and the devil answered very evil, for they were so holy that only one Theodistus would drink: on this information Macarius found Theodistus under the influences of the phial, and recovered him. Macarius found the head of a pagan, and asked where the soul of its body was: in hell, said the head: he asked the head if hell was deep;—the head said deeper than from heaven to earth: he demanded again, if there were any there lower than his own soul—the head said the Jews were lower than he was: the saint inquired if there were any lower than the Jews—the head answered, the false Christian-men were lower than the Jews, and more tormented: there the dialogue between the saint and the head appears to have ended. Macarius seems, by the Golden Legend, to have been much annoyed by the devil. In a nine days' journey through a desert, at the end of every mile he set up a reed in the earth, to mark his track against he returned; but the devil pulled them all up, made a bundle of them, and placed them at Macarius's head, while he lay asleep, so that the saint with great difficulty found his way home again.

St. Adalard, according to Butler, was grandson of Charles Martel, brother to king Pepin, and cousin-german to Charlemagne, who created him a count: he left his court in 773, became a monk at Corbie in Picardy, died in 827, aged seventy-three, and wrought miracles, which procured his body to be enshrined with great pomp in 1010, a history of which solemnity is written by St. Gerard, who composed an office in St. Adalard's honour, he

cause through his intercession he had been cured of a violent head-ache.—The same St. Gerard relates seven other miracles by S. Adalard of the same nature. Butler says, his relics are still at Corbie, in a rich shrine, and two smaller cases, except a small portion given to the abbey of Chelles.

The first Monday after new year's day is called Handsel Monday in some parts of Scotland, and is observed by merry-making. In sir J. Sinclair's "Statistical Account," it is related of one William Hunter, a collier, that he was cured in the year 1758 of an inveterate rheumatism or gout, by drinking freely of new ale, full of barm or yeast. "The poor man had been confined to his bed for a year and a half, having almost entirely lost the use of his limbs. On the evening of Handsel Monday, as it is called, some of his neighbours came to *make merry* with him. Though he could not rise, yet he always took his share of the ale, as it passed round the company; and, in the end, became much intoxicated. The consequence was, that he had the use of his limbs the next morning, and was able to walk about. He lived more than twenty years after this, and never had the smallest return of his old complaint." This is a fact worth remembering, as connected with chironical complaints.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 2d of January, A. D. 17, Ovid the celebrated Roman poet died; he was born at Sulmo on the 20th of March, forty-three years before the Christian era. His father designed him for the bar, and he became eminently eloquent, but every thing he wrote was expressed in poetical numbers; and though reminded by his father, that even Homer lived and died in poverty, he preferred the pleasures of imagination to forensio disputation. He gained great admiration from the learned. Virgil, Horace, Tibullus, and Propertius, were his friends, and Augustus became his liberal patron, till he banished him for some unknown cause. In his exile he was cowardly, and prostituted his pen to flatter baseness; and though he desired the death of the emperor, he fawned upon him in his writings to meanness. He died at Tomos on the Euxine sea, the place of his banishment, under the reign of Tiberius, who had succeeded Augustus, and was deaf to the poet's entreaties for per-

mission to return to Rome. Whatever subject Ovid wrote on, he exhausted; he painted nature with a masterly hand, and his genius imparted elegance to vulgarity; but he defiled the sweetness of his numbers by impurity, and though he ranks among the splendid ornaments of ancient literature, he sullied his fame by the grossest immorality in some of his finest productions.

Livy, the Roman historian, died at Padua on the same day and in the same year with Ovid. His history of the Roman Empire was in one hundred and forty books, of which only thirty-five are extant. Five of these were discovered at Worms in 1431, and some fragments are said to have been lately discovered at Herculaneum. Few particulars of his life are known, but his fame was great even while he lived, and his history has rendered him immortal. He wrote some philosophical treatises and dialogues, with a letter to his son on the merit of authors, which Dr. Lempriere says, ought to be read by young men.

In the Literary Pocket Book there are some *seasonable* facts which may be transplanted with advantage to the reader, and, it is hoped, without disadvantage to the writer of the articles. He says that a man is infinitely mistaken, who thinks there is nothing worth seeing in winter-time out of doors, because the sun is not warm, and the streets are muddy. "Let him get, by dint of good exercise, out of the streets, and he shall find enough. In the warm neighbourhood of towns he may still watch the field-fares, thrushes, and blackbirds; the titmouse seeking its food through the straw-thatch; the red-wings, field-fares, sky-larks, and tit-larks, upon the same errand, over wet meadows; the sparrows and yellow-hammers, and chaffinches, still beautiful though mute, glean- ing from the straw and chaff in farm-yards; and the ring-dove, always poetical, coming for her meal to the ivy-berries. About rapid streams he may see the various habits and movements of herons, wood-cocks, wild-ducks, and other water-fowl, who are obliged to quit the frozen marshes to seek their food there. The red-breast comes to the windows, and often into the house itself, to be rewarded for its song, and for its far-famed 'painful' obsequies to the Children in the Wood."

January 3.

St. Genevieve. St. Anterus, Pope. St. Gordius. St. Peter Balsam.

St. Genevieve, Patroness of Paris.

Alban Butler affirms that she was born in 422, at Nanterre, four miles from Paris, near the present Calvary there, and that she died a virgin on this day in 512, and was buried in 545, near the steps of the high altar in a magnificent church, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, began by Clovis, where he also was interred. Her relics were afterwards taken up and put into a costly shrine about 630. Of course they worked miracles. Her shrine of gold and silver, covered with precious stones, the presents of kings and queens, and with a cluster of diamonds on the top, presented by the intriguing Mary de Medicis, is, on calamitous occasions, carried about Paris in procession, accompanied by shrines equally miraculous, and by the canons of St. Genevieve walking bare-foot.

The *miracles* of St. Genevieve, as related in the Golden Legend, were equally numerous and equally credible. It relates that when she was a child, St. Germaine said to her mother, "Know ye for certain that on the day of Genevieve's nativity the angels sung with joy and gladness," and looking on the ground he saw a penny signed with the cross, which came there by the will of God; he took it up, and gave it to Genevieve, requiring her to bear in mind that she was the spouse of Christ. She promised him accordingly, and often went to the minster, that she might be worthy of her espousals. "Then," says the Legend, "the mother was angry, and smote her on the cheek—God avenged the child, so that the mother became blind," and so remained for one and twenty months, when Genevieve fetched her some holy water, signed her with the sign of the cross, washed her eyes, and she recovered her sight. It further relates, that by the Holy Ghost she showed many people their secret thoughts, and that from fifteen years to fifty she fasted every day except Sunday and Thursday, when she ate beans, and barley-bread of three weeks old. Desiring to build a church, and dedicate it to St. Denis and other martyrs, she required materials of the priests for that purpose. "Dame," answered the priests, "we would; but we can get no chalk nor lime." She desired them to go to the bridge of Paris and bring what

No. 2.

they found there. They did so till two swineherds came by, one of whom said to the other, "I went yesterday after one of my sows and found a bed of lime;" the other replied that he had also found one under the root of a tree that the wind had blown down. St. Genevieve's priests of course inquired where these discoveries were made, and bearing the tidings to Genevieve the church of St. Denis was began. During its progress the workmen wanted drink, whereupon Genevieve called for a vessel, prayed over it, signed it with the cross, and the vessel was immediately filled; "so," says the Legend, "the workmen drank their belly full," and the vessel continued to be supplied in the same way with "drink" for the workmen till the church was finished. At another time a woman stole St. Genevieve's shoes, but as soon as she got home lost her sight for the theft, and remained blind, till, having restored the shoes, St. Genevieve restored the woman's sight. Desiring the liberation of certain prisoners condemned to death at Paris, she went thither and found the city gates were shut against her, but they opened without any other key than her own presence. She prayed over twelve men in that city possessed with devils, till the men were suspended in the air, and the devils were expelled. A child of four years old fell in a pit and was killed. St. Genevieve only covered her with her mantle and prayed over her, and the child came to life and was baptized at Easter. On a voyage to Spain she arrived at a port "where, as of custom, ships were wont to perish." Her own vessel was likely to strike on a tree in the water, which seems to have caused the wrecks; she commanded the tree to be cut down, and began to pray; when lo, just as the tree began to fall, "two wild heads, grey and horrible, issued thereout, which stank so sore, that the people that were there were envenomed by the space of two hours, and never after perished ship there; thanks be to God and this holy saint."

At Meaux, a master not forgiving his servant his faults though St. Genevieve prayed him, she prayed against him. He was immediately seized with a hot ague; "on the morrow he came to the holy virgin, running with open mouth like a German bear, his tongue hanging out like a boar, and requiring pardon." She then blessed him, the fever left him, and

the servant was pardoned. A girl going by with a bottle, St. Genevieve called to her, and asked what she carried, she answered oil, which she had bought; but St. Genevieve seeing the devil sitting on the bottle, blew upon it, and the bottle broke, but the saint blessed the oil, and caused her to bear it home safely notwithstanding. The Golden Legend says, that the people who saw this, marvelled that the saint could see the devil, and were greatly edified.

It was to be expected that a saint or such miraculous powers in her lifetime should possess them after her death, and accordingly the reputation of her relics is very high.

Several stories of St. Genevieve's miraculous faculties, represent them as very convenient in vexatious cases of ordinary occurrence; one of these will serve as a specimen. On a dark wet night she was going to church with her maidens, with a candle borne before her, which the wind and rain put out; the saint merely called for the candle, and as soon as she took it in her hand it was lighted again, "without any fire of this world."

Other stories of her lighting candles in this way, call to mind a candle, greatly venerated by E. Worsley in a "Discourse of Miracles wrought in the Roman Catholic Church, or, a full Refutation of Dr. Stillingfleet's unjust Exceptions against Miracles," octavo, 1676. At p. 64, he says, "that the *miraculous wax candle*, yet seen at Arras, the chief city of Artois, may give the reader entertainment, being most certain, *and never doubted of by any*. In 1105, that is, much above 569 years ago, (of so great antiquity the candle is,) a merciless plague reigned in Arras. The whole city, ever devout to the Mother of God, experienced her, in this their necessity, to be a true mother of mercy: the manner was thus. The Virgin Mary appeared to two men, and enjoined them to tell the bishop of Arras, that on the next Saturday towards morning she would appear in the great church, and put into his hands a wax candle burning; from whence drops of wax should fall into a vessel of water prepared by the bishop. She said, moreover, that all the diseased that drank of this water, should forthwith be cured. *This truly promised, truly happened*. Our blessed Lady appeared all beautiful, having in her hands a wax candle burning,

which diffused light over the whole church: this she presented to the bishop; he blessing it with the sign of the cross, set it in the urn of water; when drops of wax plentifully fell down into the vessel. The diseased drank of it, all were cured, the contagion ceased, and the candle to this day preserved with great veneration, spends itself, yet loses nothing; and therefore remains still of the same length and greatness it did 500 years ago. A vast quantity of wax, made up of the many drops which fall into the water upon those festival days, when the candle burns, may be justly called a standing, indeficient miracle."

This candle story, though gravely related by a catholic writer, as "not doubted of by any," and as therefore not to be doubted, miraculously failed in convincing the protestant Stillingfleet, that "miracles wrought in the Roman catholic church," ought to be believed.

CHRONOLOGY.

1639. A manuscript entitled "Commentaries of the Civil Wars, from 1638 to 1648," written by Sir Henry Slingsby, bart. a royalist, intimates the struggle, then approaching, between Charles I. and the nation. He says, "The 3d of January, 1639, I went to Bramham-house, out of curiosity, to see the training of the light-horse, for which service I had sent two horses, by commandment of the lieutenant and sir Joseph Ashley, who is lately come down, with special commission from the king to train and exercise them. These are strange spectacles to this nation in this age, that has lived thus long peaceably, without noise of drum or of shot, and after we have stood neuter, and in peace, when all the world besides hath been in arms." The "training" was preparatory to the war with the Scots, the resistance of the commons in parliament, and its levies of troops to oppose the royal will.

"The armourers ———"

With busy hammers closing rivets up
Gave dreadful note of preparation ;'

the conflict ended in the death of Charles on the scaffold, the interregnum, the restoration, and the final expulsion of the Stuart race.

January 4.

St. Titus, disciple of St. Paul. St. Gregory, bishop of Langres St Rigobert or Robert. St Rumon.

St. Rumon.

Alban Butler informs us, from William of Malmsbury, that he was a bishop, though of what nation or see is unknown, and that his name is in the English martyrology. Cressy says, that his body was buried at Tavistock, where, about 960, Ordgar, count of Devonshire, father to Elfrida, the second wife of king Edgar, built a monastery "very agreeable and pleasant, by reason of the great variety of woods, pastures, and rivers abounding with fish." St. Rumon consecrated the church. About thirty years afterwards, the monastery was destroyed and burnt by the Danes. It is memorable, that Edulf, a son of Ordgar, buried in that monastery, was a man of gigantic stature, and of such wonderful strength, that going to Exeter, and finding the gates shut and barred, he broke the outer iron bars with his hands, burst open the gates with his foot, tore the locks and bolts asunder, and broke down part of the wall.

CHRONOLOGY.

1568. On the 4th of January Roger Ascham died, and was buried at St. Sepulchre's church, London. He was born in Yorkshire about 1515, and is celebrated for his learning, for having been tutor and Latin secretary to queen Elizabeth, and for having written "the Scholemaster." This work originated from mention having been made at dinner that some Eton scholars "had run away from school for fear of beating." Ascham expressed his opinion that "young children were sooner allured by love, than driven by beating, to attain good learning." He then retired up stairs "to read with the queen's majesty: we read then together that noble oration of Demosthenes against Æschines, for his false dealing in his embassy to king Philip of Macedon; sir Richard Sackville came up soon after." Sackville took Ascham aside, "A fond (silly) schoolmaster," said sir Richard, "before I was fully fourteen years old, drove me so, with fear of beating, from all love of learning, as now, when I know what difference it is to have learning, and to have little, or none at all, I feel it my greatest grief, and find it my greatest hurt, that ever came to me, that it was so my ill chance, to light upon so lewd (ignorant) a schoolmaster. The whole conversation was very interesting and so im-

pressed Ascham with its importance, that he says, he "thought to prepare some little treatise for a new-year's gift that Christmas," but it grew beneath his hands and became his "Scholemaster, showing a plain and perfect way of teaching the learned languages." The best edition of this work, which Ascham did not live to publish, is that edited by the Rev. James Upton, 1743, octavo. The book was first printed by Ascham's widow, whom with her children he left in distress. It was eminently serviceable to the advancement of teachers and pupils, at a period when it was the fashion to flog. Its most remarkable feature is the frowning down of this brutal practice, which, to the disgrace of our own times, is still heard of in certain seminaries, both public and private. The good old man says, "Beat a child if he dance not well, and cherish him though he learn not well, ye shall have him unwilling to go to dance, and glad to go to his book: knock him always when he draweth his shaft ill, and favour him again though he fault at his book, ye shall have him very loth to be in the field, and very willing to go to school." He observes, "If ever the nature of man be given at any time, more than another, to receive goodness, it is in innocency of young years before that experience of evil have taken root in him. For the pure, clean wit of a sweet young babe, is like the newest wax, most able to receive the best and fairest printing; and like a new bright silver dish never occupied, to receive and keep clean any good thing that is put into it. Therefore, to love or to hate, to like or contemn, to ply this way or that way, to good or to bad, ye shall have as ye use a child in his youth." He exemplifies this by a delightful anecdote of the young, beautiful, and accomplished lady Jane Grey, who shortly afterwards perished by the axe of the executioner. Ascham, before he went into Germany, visited Broadgate in Leicestershire, to take leave of her. "Her parents, the duke and duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her," says Ascham, "in her chamber, reading Phædo Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delight, as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation, and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her, why she would lose such pastime

in the park? Smiling, she answered me :

“ ‘ I wist, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good-folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.’ ”

“ ‘ And how came you, madam,’ quoth I, ‘ to this deep knowledge of pleasure? And what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?’ ”

“ ‘ I will tell you,’ quoth she, ‘ and tell you a truth, which perchance you will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing any thing else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly, as God made the world; or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways (which I will not name for the honour I bear them)

so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing, while I am with him: and when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me: and thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasures in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me.’ ”

Surely this innocent creature's confession, that she was won to the love of learning and her teacher by his gentleness, and the disclosure of her affliction under the severe discipline of her parents, are positive testimony to the fact, that our children are to be governed and taught by the law of kindness: nor let it detract from the force of the remark, that in connection with her artless feelings and blameless deportment, if her hard fate call forth a versified effusion

INSCRIBED BENEATH A PORTRAIT OF LADY JANE GREY.

Original.

Young, beautiful, and learned Jane, intent
 On knowledge, found it peace; her vast acquirement
 Of goodness was her fall; she was content
 With dulcet pleasures, such as calm retirement
 Yields to the wise alone;—her only vice
 Was virtue: in obedience to her sire
 And lord she died, with them, a sacrifice
 To their ambition: her own mild desire
 Was rather to be happy than be great;
 For though at their request she claimed the crown,
 That they, through her, might rise to rule the state,
 Yet, the bright diadem, and gorgeous throne,
 She view'd as cares, dimming the dignity
 Of her unsullied mind, and pure benignity.

1815. On the 4th of January, died Alexander Macdonald, Esq., who is no other way remarkable, than for a chivalrous devotion to the family of Stuart. He raised a monument in the vale of Glenfinnyn, at the head of Lochshiel, in the county of Inverness, with a Latin, Gaelic, and English inscription, to commemorate the last open efforts of that family, for the recovery of a crown they had forfeited by innumerable breaches of the laws, and whose aggressions on life and property being suffered, till

“ *Non-resistance could no further go,*

they were excluded from the throne of the people, by the aristocracy and commonalty of England in parliament assembled. As evidence of the spirit that dictated such a memorial, and of the proper feeling which permits that spirit to be expressed, in spite of its hostility to the principles that deposited and continued the diadem of the commonwealth in the custody of the house of Hanover, the inscription on the monument is placed in the next column. It stands in English in these words:

On the spot where
PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD
 First raised his Standard,
 On the 19th day of August, MDCCXLV,
 When he made the daring and romantic attempt
 To recover a Throne lost by the imprudence of his
 Ancestors,

This Column was erected by
ALEXANDER MACDONALD, Esq., of
 Glenaladale,

To commemorate the generous zeal,
 undaunted bravery, and the inviolable fidelity,
 Of his forefathers, and the rest of those
 Who fought and bled in that
 arduous and unfortunate enterprise.

This Pillar is now,
 Alas !

Also become the Monument
 Of its amiable and accomplished Founder,
 Who,

Before it was finished,
 Died in Edinburgh on the 4th day of January,
 MDCCCXV.

The "right line" of the Stuart race terminated in the late cardinal York. He was the second son of "the Pretender," and was born at Rome on the 26th of March 1725; where he was baptized by the name of Henry Benedict Maria Clemens: he died there in 1807, in the 83d year of his age. In 1745 he went to France to head an army of fifteen thousand men, assembled at Dunkirk for the invasion of England. The battle of Culloden settled "the arduous and unfortunate enterprise," which the "amiable and accomplished founder" of the monument commemorates, and not a single transport left Dunkirk roads. As soon as Henry Benedict heard of the affair at Culloden, he returned to Rome, entered into priest's orders, and in 1747 was made a cardinal by pope Benedict XIV. It was taunted by a former pope upon James II. that he "lost his kingdom for a mass;" and it is certain that Henry Benedict was better qualified to take a red-hat and pull on and off red stockings, than to attempt the conquest of a free protestant nation.

After the expulsion of pope Pius VI. from "the chair of St. Peter," by the French, he fled from his splendid residences at Rome and Frascati to Venice, infirm in health, distressed in circumstances, and at the age of seventy-five. He subsisted for awhile on the produce of some silver plate, which he had saved from the ruin of his property. By the friendly interference of sir John Cox Hippisley, the cardinal's situation was made known to his late majesty, and lord Minto had orders to remit him a present of 2000*l.*, which he received in February 1800, with an intimation that he might draw for the same amount in the July following; and sir J. C. Hippisley communicated to him, that an annuity of 4000*l.* would be at his service, so long as his circumstances might require it. This liberality was received and acknowledged by the cardinal in terms of gratitude, and made a considerable impression on the reigning pope and his court. These facts are extracted from the Gentleman's Magazine, (vols. 74 and 77,) which also observes, that "from the time he devoted himself to ecclesiastical functions he seemed to have laid aside all worldly views, till his father's death in 1788, when he had medals struck, bearing on their face his head, with 'HENRICUS NONUS ANGLIÆ REX;' on the reverse, a city, with 'GRATIA DEI, SED NON VOJUNTATE HOMINUM:' if we are not misinformed, our sovereign has one of these medals." From one in the possession of the compiler of this work, he is enabled to present an engraving of it to his readers.

HENRY IX. KING OF ENGLAND.



ST. SIMEON STYLITES, HERMIT OF THE PILLAR

January 5.

*St. Simeon Stylites. St. Telesphoru.
St. Syncletia.*

St. Simeon Stylites.

Alban Butler declares, that St. Simeon
stonished the whole Roman empire by

his mortifications. In the monastery of
Heliodorus, a man sixty-five years of age,
who had spent sixty-two years so ab-
stracted from the world, that he was
ignorant of the most obvious things in it;
the monks ate but once a day: Simeon
joined the community, and ate but once a



week. Heliodorus required Simeon to be more private in his mortifications; "with this view," says Butler, "judging the rough rope of the well, made of twisted palm-tree leaves, a proper instrument of penance, Simeon tied it close about his naked body, where it remained unknown both to the community and his superior, till such time as it having ate into his flesh, what he had privately done was discovered by the effluvia proceeding from the wound." Butler says, that it took three days to disengage the saint's clothes, and that "the incisions of the physician, to cut the cord out of his body, were attended with such anguish and pain, that he lay for some time as dead." After this he determined to pass the whole forty days of Lent in total abstinence, and retired to a hermitage for that purpose. Bassus, an abbot, left with him ten loaves and water, and coming to visit him at the end of the forty days, found both loaves and water untouched, and the saint stretched on the ground without signs of life. Bassus dipped a sponge in water, moistened his lips, gave him the eucharist, and Simeon by degrees swallowed a few lettuce leaves and other herbs. He passed twenty-six Lents in the same manner. In the first part of a Lent he prayed standing; growing weaker he prayed sitting; and towards the end, being almost exhausted, he prayed lying on the ground. At the end of three years he left his hermitage for the top of a mountain, made an enclosure of loose stones, without a roof, and having resolved to live exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, he fixed his resolution by fastening his right leg to a rock with a great iron chain. Multitudes thronged to the mountain to receive his benediction, and many of the sick recovered their health; but as some were not satisfied unless they touched him in his enclosure, and Simeon desired retirement from the daily course, he projected a new and unprecedented manner of life. He erected a pillar six cubits high, (each cubit being eighteen inches,) and dwelt on it four years; on a second of twelve cubits high he lived three years; on a third of twenty-two cubits high ten years; and on a fourth of forty cubits, or sixty feet high, which the people built for him, he spent the last twenty years of his life. This occasioned him to be called *stylites*, from the Greek word *stylos*, a pillar. This pillar did not exceed three feet in diame-

ter at the top, so that he could not lie extended on it: he had no seat with him; he only stooped or leaned to take a little rest, and bowed his body in prayer so often, that a certain person who counted these positions, found that he made one thousand two hundred and forty-four reverences in one day, which if he began at four o'clock in the morning and finished at eight o'clock at night, gives a bow to every three-quarters of a minute; besides which he exhorted the people twice a day. His garments were the skins of beasts, he wore an iron collar round his neck, and had a horrible ulcer in his foot. During his forty days' abstinence throughout Lent, he tied himself to a pole. He treated himself as the outcast of the world and the worst of sinners, worked miracles, delivered prophecies, had the sacrament delivered to him on the pillar, and died bowing upon it, in the sixty-ninth of his age, after having lived upon pillars for six and thirty years. His corpse was carried to Antioch attended by the bishops and the whole country, and worked miracles on its way. So far this account is from Alban Butler.

Without mentioning circumstances and miracles in the Golden Legend, which are too numerous, and some not fit to be related, it may be observed that it is there affirmed of him, that after his residence on the pillars, one of his thighs rotted a whole year, during which time he stood on one leg only. Near Simeon's pillar was the dwelling of a dragon, so very venomous, that nothing grew near his cave. This dragon met with an accident; he had a stake in his eye, and coming all blind to the saint's pillar, and placing his eye upon it for three days without doing harm to any one, Simeon ordered earth and water to be placed on the dragon's eye, which being done, out came the stake, a cubit in length; when the people saw this miracle, they glorified God, and ran away for fear of the dragon, who arose and adored for two hours, and returned to his cave. A woman swallowed a little serpent, which tormented her for many years, till she came to Simeon, who causing earth and water to be laid on her mouth, the little serpent came out four feet and a half long. It is affirmed by the Golden Legend, that when Simeon died, Anthony smelt a precious odour proceeding from his body; that the birds cried so much, that both men and beasts cried that an angel came down in a cloud that

the patriarch of Antioch taking Simeon's beard to put among his relics, his hand withered, and remained so till multitudes of prayers were said for him, and it was healed: and that more miracles were worked at and after Simeon's sepulture, than he had wrought all his life.

LONGEVITY.

1724. Jan. 5. An extraordinary instance of longevity is contained in a letter dated the 29th of January, 1724, from M. Hamelbranix, the Dutch envoy at Vienna, to their high mightinesses the states general, and published in a Dutch dictionary, "Het Algemeen historisch, geographisch en genealogisch Woordenboek," by Luisicius. It relates to an individual who had attained the extraordinary age of *one hundred and eighty-five* years.

"Czartan Petrarch, by religion a Greek, was born in the year 1539, and died on the 5th of January, 1724, at Kofrosch, a village four miles from Temeswar, on the road leading to Karansebes. He had lived, therefore, a hundred and eighty-five years. At the time when the Turks took Temeswar from the Christians, he was employed in keeping his father's cattle. A few days before his death he had walked, with the help of a stick, to the post-house at Kofrosch, to ask charity from the travellers. His eyes were much inflamed, but he still enjoyed a little sight. His hair and beard were of a greenish, white colour, like mouldy bread; and he had a few of his teeth remaining. His son, who was ninety-seven years of age, declared his father had once been the head taller; that at a great age he married

for the third time; and that he was born in this last marriage. He was accustomed, agreeably to the rules of his religion, to observe fast days with great strictness, and never to use any other food than milk, and certain cakes, called by the Hungarians *kollatschen*, together with a good glass of brandy, such as is made in the country. He had descendants in the fifth generation, with whom he sometimes sported, carrying them in his arms. His son, though ninety-seven, was still fresh and vigorous. When field marshal count Wallis, the commandant of Temeswar, heard that this old man was taken sick, he caused a portrait of him to be painted, and when it was almost finished he expired."

1808. Early in January, this year, the shaft of death supplied another case of longevity. At the advanced age of 110 years, died Dennis Hampson, the blind bard of Maggiligan, of whom an interesting account has been given by lady Morgan, in "The Wild Irish Girl." The "Athenæum," from whence this notice is extracted, relates, that only a few hours before his decease he tuned his harp, that he might have it in readiness to entertain sir H. Bruce's family, who were expected to pass that way in a few days, and who were in the habit of stopping to hear his music; suddenly, however, he felt the approach of death, and calling his family around him resigned his breath without a struggle, and in perfect possession of his faculties to the last moment. A kindred spirit produced the following tribute to the memory of this "aged son of song." He was the oldest of the Irish bards

The fame of the brave shall no longer be sounded,
The last of our bards now sleeps cold in his grave;
Maggiligan rocks, where his lays have resounded,
Frown dark at the ocean, and spurn at the wave.

For, Hampson, no more shall thy soul-touching finger
Steal sweet o'er the strings, and wild melody pour;
No more near thy hut shall the villagers linger,
While strains from thy harp warble soft round the shore

No more thy harp swells with enraptured emotion,
Thy wild gleams of fancy for ever are fled,
No longer thy minstrelsy charms the rude ocean,
That rolls near the green turf that pillows thy head.

Yet vigour and youth with bright visions had fired thee,
And rose-buds of health have blown deep on thy cheek,
The songs of the sweet bards of Eriu inspired thee,
And urged thee to wander like laurels to seek.

Yes, oft hast thou sung of our kings crown'd with glory,
 Or, sighing, repeated the lover's fond lay;
 And oft hast thou sung of the bards famed in story,
 Whose wild notes of rapture have long past away.

Thy grave shall be screen'd from the blast and the billow,
 Around it a fence shall posterity raise;
 Erin's children shall wet with their tears thy cold pillow.
 Her youths shall lament thee, and carol thy praise.

This is the eve of the Epiphany, or Twelfth-night eve, and is a night of preparation in some parts of England for the merriments which, to the present hour, distinguish Twelfth-day. Dr. Drake mentions that it was a practice formerly for itinerant minstrels to bear a bowl of spiced-wine to the houses of the gentry and others, from whom they expected a hospitable reception, and, calling their bowl a wassail-bowl, to drink wassail to their entertainers. These merry sounds of mirth and music are not extinct. There are still places wherein the wandering blower of a clarinet, and the poor scraper

of as poor a fiddle, will this evening strain their instruments, to charm forth the rustic from his dwelling, and drink to him from a jug of warm ale, spiced with a race of ginger, in the hope of a pittance for their melody, and their wish of wassail. Of the wassail-bowl, much will appear before the reader in the after pages of this work.

In certain parts of Devonshire, the farmer, attended by his workmen, with a large pitcher of cider, goes to the orchard this evening; and there, encircling one of the best bearing trees, they drink the following toast three times:

“ Here's to thee, old apple-tree,
 hence thou mayst bud, and whence thou mayst blow!
 And whence thou mayst bear apples enow!
 Hats full! caps full!
 Bushel—bushel—sacks full,
 And my pockets full too! Huzza!”

This done, they return to the house, the doors of which they are sure to find bolted by the females, who, be the weather what it may, are inexorable to all entreaties to open them till some one has guessed at what is on the spit, which is generally some nice little thing, difficult to be hit on, and is the reward of him who first names it. The doors are then thrown open, and the lucky clodpole receives the tit-bit as his recompense. Some are so superstitious as to believe, that if they neglect this custom, the trees will bear no apples that year. To the preceding particulars, which are related in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1791, may be added that Brand, on the authority of a Cornishman, relates it as a custom with the Devonshire people to go after supper into the orchard, with a large milk-pan full of cider, having roasted apples pressed into it. “ Out of this each person in company takes, what is called a clayen cup, that is an earthenware cup full of liquor, and standing under each of the more fruitful

apple-trees, passing by those that are not good bearers, he addresses it in the following words:

‘ Health to thee, good apple-tree,
 Well to bear, pocket-fulls, hat-fulls,
 Peck-fulls, bushel-bag-fulls!’

And then drinking up part of the contents, he throws the rest, with the fragments of the roasted apples, at the tree. At each cup the company set up a shout.”

Pennant, in his tour in Scotland, says respecting this custom, that after they have drank a cheerful glass to their master's health, with success to the future harvests, and expressed their good wishes in the same way, they feast off cakes made of caraways and other seeds soaked in cider, which they claim as a reward for their past labours in sowing the grain. “ This,” says Pennant, “ seems to resemble a custom of the ancient Danes, who, in their addresses to their rural deities emptied, on every invocation, a cup in honour of them.”

So also Brand tells us that, in Here-

fordshire, “ at the approach of evening on the vigil of the twelfth day, the farmers, with their friends and servants, meet together, and about six o’clock walk out to a field where wheat is growing. In the highest part of the ground, twelve small fires and one large one are lighted up. The attendants, headed by the master of the family, pledge the company in old cider, which circulates freely on these occasions. A circle is formed round the large fire, when a general shout and hallooing takes place, which you hear answered from all the adjacent villages and fields. Sometimes fifty or sixty of these fires may be all seen at once. This being finished, the company return home, where the good housewife and her maids are preparing a good supper. A large cake is always provided, with a hole in the middle. After supper, the company all attend the bailiff (or head of the oxen) to the wain-house, where the following particulars are observed. The master, at the head of his friends, fills the cup, (generally of strong ale,) and stands opposite the first or finest of the oxen. He then pledges him in a curious toast: the company follow his example with all the other oxen, addressing each by his name. This being finished, the large cake is produced, and, with much ceremony, put on the horn of the first ox, through the hole above-mentioned. The ox is then tickled, to make him toss his head: if he throw the cake behind, then it is the mistress’s perquisite; if before, (in what is termed the boosy,) the bailiff himself claims the prize. The company then return to the house, the doors of which they find locked, nor will they be opened till some joyous songs are sung. On their gaining admittance, a scene of mirth and jollity ensues, and which lasts the greatest part of the night.”

Mr. Beckwith relates in the Gentleman’s Magazine, 1784, that “ near Leeds, in Yorkshire, when he was a boy, it was customary for many families, on the twelfth eve of Christmas, to invite their relations, friends, and neighbours, to their houses, to play at cards, and to partake of a supper, of which minced pies were an indispensable ingredient; and after supper was brought in, the wassail cup or wassail bowl, of which every one partook, by taking with a spoon, out of the ale, a roasted apple, and eating it, and then drinking the healths of the company out of the bowl, wishing them a merry Christmas and a happy new year. (The festi-

val of Christmas used in this part of the country to hold for twenty days, and some persons extended it to Candlemas.) The ingredients put into the bowl, viz. ale, sugar, nutmeg, and roasted apples, were usually called lambs’-wool, and the night on which it is used to be drunk (generally on the twelfth eve) was commonly called Wassil eve.” The glossary to the Exmore dialect has “ Watsail—a drinking song on twelfth-day eve, throwing toast to the apple-trees, in order to have a fruitful year, which seems to be a relic of the heathen sacrifice to Pomona.”

Brand found it observed in the ancient calendar of the Romish church, that on the fifth day of January, the eve or vigil of the Epiphany, there were “ kings created or elected by beans;” that the sixth of the month is called “ The Festival of Kings;” and “ that this ceremony of electing kings was continued with feasting for many days.”

Twelfth-night eve or the vigil of the Epiphany is no way observed in London. There Twelfth-day itself comes with little of the pleasure that it offered to our forefathers. Such observances have rapidly disappeared, and the few that remain are still more rapidly declining. To those who are unacquainted with their origin they afford no associations to connect the present with former ages; and without such feelings, the few occasions which enable us to show a hospitable disposition, or from whence we can obtain unconstrained cheerfulness, will pass away, and be remembered only as having been.

January 6.

Epiphany. { Close holiday at all public offices
except Stamp, Customs, and Excise.

St. Melanius. St. Peter. St. Nilam mon.

St. Peter was a disciple of Gregory the Great, the first abbot of St. Augustine’s monastery at Canterbury, and drowned in 608 while proceeding on a voyage to France. According to Cressy, the inhabitants buried his body without knowing any thing about him, till “ a heavenly light appeared every night over his sepulture,” when they held an inquest, and a count Fumiert buried him in the church of Boulogne. From a quotation in Patrick, it appears that a weasel who gnawed his robe was found dead upon it for his sauciness.

EPIPHANY.

The Rev Thomas Dudley Fosbroke, M. A. F. A. S., &c. whose "Encyclopædia of Antiquities" has been already cited from, is the author of "British Monachism, or, Manners and Customs of the Monks and Nuns of England," 4to. 1817; a most erudite work, wherein he gives an account, from Du Cange, of the *Feast of the Star*, or *Office of the Three Kings*, a catholic service performed on this day. "Three priests, clothed as kings, with their servants carrying offerings, met from different directions of the church before the altar. The middle one, who came from the east, pointed with his staff to a star: a dialogue then ensued; and after kissing each other, they began to sing, 'Let us go and inquire;' after which the precentor began a responsory, 'Let the Magi come.' A procession then commenced, and as soon as it began to enter the nave, a crown like a star, hanging before the cross, was lighted up, and pointed out to the Magi, with 'Behold the star in the east.' This being concluded, two priests, standing at each side of the altar, answered, meekly, 'We are those whom you seek,' and drawing a curtain showed them a child, whom, falling down, they worshipped. Then the servants made the offerings of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, which were divided among the priests. The Magi in the mean while continued praying till they dropped asleep; when a boy clothed in an alb, like an angel, addressed them with, 'All things which the prophets said are fulfilled.' The festival concluded with chanting services, &c."

Mr. Fosbroke adds, that at Soissons a rope was let down from the roof of the church, to which was annexed an iron circle, having seven tapers, intended to represent Lucifer, or the morning *star*.

The three persons honoured by this service, and called kings, were the three wise men who, in catholic works, are usually denominated the *Three Kings of Cologne*. Cressy tells us, that the empress Helena, who died about the year 328, brought their bodies from the east to Constantinople; from whence they were

transferred to Milan, and afterwards, in 1164, on Milan being taken by the emperor Frederick, presented by him to the archbishop of Cologne, who put them in the principal church of that city, "in which place," says Cressy, "they are to this day celebrated with great veneration." Patrick quotes a prayer to them from the Romish service, beginning "O, king Jaspas, king Melchior, king Balthasar;" and he says that the Salisbury Missal states their offerings to have been disposed of in this way:—"Joseph kept of the gold as much as him needed, to pay his tribute to the emperor, and also to keep our lady with while she lay in childbed, and the rest he gave to the poor. The incense he burnt to take off the stench of the stable there as she lay in; and with the myrrh, our lady anointed her child, to keep him from worms and disease." Patrick makes several observations on the service to these three kings of Cologne, and as to the credibility of their story; and he inquires what good this prayer will do to Jaspas, Melchior, and Balthasar, when another tradition says their names were Apellius, Amerus, and Damascus; a third, that they were Magalath, Galgalath, and Sarasin; and a fourth, Ator Sator, and Peratoras? which last, Patrick says, he should choose in this uncertainty to call them by, as having the more kingly sound, if it had not been that Casaubon represents these three, "together with Misael, Achael, Cyriacus, and Stephanus, (the names of the four shepherds that came to visit our Lord in Bethlehem,) had been used (and he tells how) for a charm to cure the biting of serpents and other venomous beasts." Patrick gives other prayers to these three kings, one of them from the "Hours of the Virgin," and also quotes this miraculous anecdote; that one John Aprilius, when he was hanged, implored the patronage of the three kings of Cologne; the consequence of which seems to have been, that after he had been hung three days and was cut down, he was found alive; whereupon he came to Cologæ half naked, with his halter about his neck, and returned thanks to his deliverers.



TWELFTH-DAY.

Such are the scenes, that, at the front and side
 Of the Twelfth-cake-shops, scatter wild dismay;
 As up the slipp'ry curb, or pavement wide,
 We seek the pastrycooks, to keep Twelfth-day;
 While ladies stand aghast, in speechless trance,
 Look round—dare not go back—and yet dare not advance.

In London, with every pastrycook in the city, and at the west end of the town, it is "high change" on Twelfth-day. From the taking down of the shutters in the morning, he, and his men, with additional assistants, male and female, are fully occupied by attending to the dressing out of the window, executing orders of the day before, receiving fresh ones, or supplying the wants of chance customers. Before dusk the important arrangement of the window is completed. Then the gas is turned on, with supernumerary argand-lamps and manifold wax-lights, to

illuminate countless cakes of all prices and dimensions, that stand in rows and piles on the counters and sideboards, and in the windows. The richest in flavour and heaviest in weight and price are placed on large and massy salvers; one, enormously superior to the rest in size, is the chief object of curiosity; and all are decorated with all imaginable images of things animate and inanimate. Stars, castles, kings, cottages, dragons, trees, fish, palaces, cats, dogs, churches, lions, milkmaids, knights, serpents, and innumerable other forms in snow-white confection-

ary, painted with variegated colours, glitter by "excess of light" from mirrors against the walls festooned with artificial "wonders of Flora." This "paradise of dainty devices," is crowded by successive and successful desirers of the seasonable delicacies, while alternate tapping of hammers and peals of laughter, from the throng surrounding the house, excite smiles from the inmates.

The cause of these sounds may be inferred from something like this passing outside.

Constable. Make way, make way! Clear the way! You *boys* stand aside!

Countryman. What is all this; Is any body ill in the shop?

1st Boy. Nobody, sir; it's *only* Twelfth day!

2d Boy. This is a *pastrycook's*, sir; look at the window! *There* they stand! *What* cakes!

3d Boy. What pretty ones *these* are!

4th Boy. Only see *that*!

5th Boy. Why it's as *large* as the hind-wheel of a coach, and how *thick*!

6th Boy. Ah! it's too big to come out at the door, unless they *roll* it out.

7th Boy. What *elegant* figures, and what *lots* of sweetmeats!

8th Boy. See the *flowers*; they look almost like *real* ones.

Countryman. What a crowd *inside*!

9th Boy. How the people of the house are packing up *all* the good things!

Countryman. What a *beautiful* lady that is behind the counter!

10th Boy. Which?

Countryman. Why the *young* one!

10th Boy. What *her*? oh, *she's* the pastrycook's daughter, and the other's her mother.

Countryman. No, no; not *her*; I mean *her*, there.

10th Boy. Oh, *her*; *she's* the shop-woman; *all* the pastrycooks always try to get *handsome ladies* to serve in the shop!

11th Boy. I say, I say! halloo! here's a piece of work! Look at *this* gentleman—next to me—his coat-tail's nailed to the window! Look, look!

Countryman. Aye, what?

All the boys. Ah! ah! ah! Huzza.

Countryman. Who nailed *my* coat-tail? Constable!

12th Boy. That's the boy that's got the *hammer*!

2d Boy. What *me*? why *that's* the boy—*there*; and there's *another* boy ham-

mering! and there's a *man* with a *hammer*!

1st Boy. Who pinned that *woman* to the gentleman? Why there's a *dozen* pinned together.

Countryman. Constable! constable!

2d Boy. Here comes the constable. *Hark* at him!

Const. Clear away from the doors! Let the *customers* go in! Make way! Let the *cakes* come out! Go back, boy!

13th Boy. If you please, Mr. Constable, I'm going to buy a cake!

Const. Go *forward*, then!

Man with cakes. By your leave! by your leave.

Const. Clear the way!

All the Boys. Huzza! huzza! *More* people pinned—and *plenty* nailed up!—

To explain, to those who may be ignorant of the practice. On Twelfth-night in London, boys assemble round the inviting shops of the pastrycooks, and dexterously nail the coat-tails of spectators, who venture near enough, to the bottoms of the window frames; or pin them together strongly by their clothes. Sometimes eight or ten persons find themselves thus connected. The dexterity and force of the nail driving is so quick and sure, that a single blow seldom fails of doing the business effectually. Withdrawal of the nail without a proper instrument is out of the question; and, consequently, the person nailed must either leave part of his coat, as a cognizance of his attachment, or quit the spot with a hole in it. At every nailing and pinning shouts of laughter arise from the perpetrators and the spectators. Yet it often happens to one who turns and smiles at the duress of another, that he also finds himself nailed. Efforts at extrication increase mirth, nor is the presence of a constable, who is usually employed to attend and preserve free "ingress, egress, and regress," sufficiently awful to deter the offenders.

Scarcely a shop in London that offers a halfpenny plain bun to the purchase of a hungry boy, is without Twelfth-cakes and finery in the windows on Twelfth-day. The gingerbread-bakers—there are not many, compared with their number when the writer was a consumer of their manufactured *goods*,—even the reduced gingerbread-bakers periwig a few plum-buns with sugar-frost to-day, and coaxingly interpolate them among their new made

sixes, bath-cakes, parliament, and ladies' fingers. Their staple-ware has leaves of untarnished dutch-gilt stuck on; their upright cylinder-shaped show-glasses, containing peppermint-drops, elecampane, sugar-sticks, hard-bake, brandy-balls, and bulls'-eyes, are carefully polished; their lolly-pops are fresh encased, and look as white as the stems of tobacco-pipes; and their candlesticks are ornamented with fillets and bosses of writing paper; or, if the candles rise from the bottom of inverted glass cones, they shine more sparkling for the thorough cleaning of their receivers in the morning.

How to eat Twelfth-cake requires no recipe; but how to provide it, and draw the characters, on the authority of Rachel Revel's "Winter Evening Pastimes," may be acceptable. First, buy your cake. Then, before your visitors arrive, buy your characters, each of which should have a pleasant verse beneath. Next look at your invitation list, and count the number of ladies you expect; and afterwards the number of gentlemen. Then, take as many female characters as you have invited ladies; fold them up, exactly of the

same size, and number each on the back; taking care to make the king No. 1, and the queen No. 2. Then prepare and number the gentlemen's characters. Cause tea and coffee to be handed to your visitors as they drop in. When all are assembled and tea over, put as many ladies characters in a reticule as there are ladies present; next put the gentlemen's characters in a hat. Then call on a gentleman to carry the reticule to the ladies as they sit, from which each lady is to draw one ticket, and to preserve it unopened. Select a lady to bear the hat to the gentlemen for the same purpose. There will be one ticket left in the reticule, and another in the hat, which the lady and gentleman who carried each is to interchange, as having fallen to each. Next, arrange your visitors according to their numbers; the king No. 1, the queen No. 2, and so on. The king is then to recite the verse on his ticket; then the queen the verse on hers; and so the characters are to proceed in numerical order. This done, let the cake and refreshments go round, and hey! for merriment!

They come! they come! each blue-eyed sport,
 The Twelfth-night king and all his court—
 'Tis Mirth fresh crown'd with mistletoe'
 Music with her merry fiddles,
 Joy "on light fantastic toe,"
 Wit with all his jests and riddles,
 Singing and dancing as they go.
 And Love, young Love, among the rest,
 A welcome — nor unbidden guest.

Twelfth-day is now only commemorated by the custom of choosing king and queen. "I went," says a correspondent in the *Universal Magazine* for 1774, "to a friend's house in the country to partake of some of those innocent pleasures that constitute a merry Christmas. I did not return till I had been present at drawing king and queen, and eaten a slice of the Twelfth-cake, made by the fair hands of my good friend's consort. After tea yesterday, a noble cake was produced, and two bowls, containing the fortunate chances for the different sexes. Our host filled up the tickets; the whole company, except the king and queen, were to be ministers of state, maids of honour, or ladies of the bed-chamber. Our kind host and hostess, whether by design or accident, became king and queen. According to Twelfth-day law, each party is to support their character till midnight." The mainte-

nance of character is essential to the drawing. Within the personal observation of the writer of these sheets, character has never been preserved. It must be admitted, however, that the Twelfth-night characters sold by the pastrycooks, are either commonplace or gross—when genteel they are inane; when humorous, they are vulgar.

Young folks anticipate Twelfth-night as a full source of innocent glee to their light little hearts. Where, and what is he who would negative hopes of happiness for a few short hours in the day-spring of life? A gentle spirit in the *London Magazine* beautifully sketches a scene of juvenile enjoyment this evening: "I love to see an acre of cake spread out—the sweet frost covering the rich earth below—studded all over with glittering flowers, like ice-plants, and red and green knots of sweetmeat, and hollow yellow

erusted crowns, and kings and queens, and their paraphernalia. I delight to see score of happy children sitting huddled all round the dainty fare, eyeing the cake and each other, with faces sunny enough to thaw the white snow. I like to see the gazing silence which is kept so religiously while the large knife goes its round, and the glistening eyes which feed beforehand on the huge slices, dark with citron and plums, and heavy as gold. And then, when the "Characters" are drawn, is it nothing to watch the peeping delight which escapes from their little eyes? One is proud, as king; another stately, as queen; then there are two whispering grotesque secrets which they cannot contain (those are sir Gregory Goose and sir Tunbelly Clumsy.) The boys laugh out at their own misfortunes; but the little girls (almost ashamed of their prizes) sit blushing and silent. It is not until the lady of the house goes round, that some of the more extravagant fictions are revealed. And then, what a roar of mirth! Ha, ha! The ceiling shakes, and the air is torn. They bound from their seats like kids, and insist on seeing Miss Thompson's card. Ah! what merry spite is proclaimed—what ostentatious pity! The little girl is almost in tears; but the large lump of allotted cake is placed seasonably in her hands, and the glass of sweet wine 'all round' drowns the shrill urchin laughter, and a gentler delight prevails." Does not this make a charming picture?

There is some difficulty in collecting accounts of the manner wherein Twelfth-night is celebrated in the country. In "Time's Telescope," an useful and entertaining annual volume, there is a short reference to the usage in Cumberland, and other northern parts of England. It seems that on Twelfth-night, which finishes their Christmas holidays, the rustics meet in a large room. They begin dancing at seven o'clock, and finish at twelve, when they sit down to lobsouse, and ponsondie; the former is made of beef, potatoes, and onions fried together; and in ponsondie we recognise the wassail or waes-hael of ale, boiled with sugar and nutmeg, into which are put roasted apples,—the anciently admired lambs'-wool. The feast is paid for by subscription: two women are chosen, who with two wooden bowls placed one within the other, so as to leave an opening and a space between

them, go round to the female part of the society in succession, and what one puts into the uppermost bowl the attendant collectress slips into the bowl beneath it. All are expected to contribute something, but not more than a shilling, and they are best esteemed who give most. The men choose two from themselves, and follow the same custom, except that as the gentlemen are not supposed to be altogether so fair in their dealings as the ladies, one of the collectors is furnished with pen, ink, and paper, to set down the subscriptions as soon as received.

If a satirical prophecy in "Vox Graculi," 4to. 1623, may be relied on as authority, it bears testimony to the popularity of Twelfth-night at that period. On the 6th of January the author declares, that "this day, about the houres of 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, and 10, yea, in some places till midnight well nigh, will be such a massacre of spice-bread, that, ere the next day at noon, a two-penny browne loafe will set twenty poore folkes teeth on edge. Which hungry humour will hold so violent, that a number of good fellows will not refuse to give a statute-marchant of all the lands and goods they enjoy, for half-a-crown's worth of two-penny pasties." He further affirms, that there will be "on this night much masking in the Strand, Cheapside, Holbourne, or Fleetstreet."

"The twelve days of Christmas," as the extent of its holidays, were proverbial; but among labourers, in some parts, the Christmas festivities did not end till Candlemas. Old Tusser, in his "Five Hundred Points of good Husbandry," would have the merriments end in six days; he begins January with this advice to the countryman:

When Christmas is ended,
bid feasting adue,
Goe play the good husband,
thy stock to renew:
Be mindful of rearing,
in hope of a gaine,
Dame Profit shall give thee
reward for thy paine.

This was the recommendation of prudence tempered by kindness; a desire for diligence in the husbandman, with an allowance of reasonable pastime to sweeten his labour.

From Naogeorgus, in "The Popish Kingdome," a poem before quoted, and which will be frequently referred to for its lore regarding our ancient customs, it

is to be gathered, that the king of Twelfth-night, after the manner of royalty, appointed his officers. He himself attained his dignity thus :

Then also every householder,
to his abilitie,
Doth make a mightie cake, that may
suffice his companie :
Herein a pennie doth he put,
before it come to fire,
This he divides according as
his householde doth require,
And every peece distributeth,
as round about they stand,
Which in their names unto the poore
is given out of hand .
But who so chaunceth on the peece
wherein the money lies,
Is counted king amongst them all,
and is with showtes and cries
Exalted to the heavens up.

Mr. Fosbroke notices, that " the cake was full of plums, with a bean in it for the king, and a pea for the queen, so as to determine them by the slices. Sometimes a penny was put in the cake, and the person who obtained it, becoming king, crossed all the beams and rafters of the house against devils. A chafing-dish with burning frankincense was also lit, and the odour snuffed up by the whole family, to keep off disease for the year. After this, the master and mistress went round the house with the pan, a taper, and a loaf, against witchcraft."

So far Mr Fosbroke abridges Naogeorgus's account, which goes on to say, that

— in these dayes beside,
They judge what weather all the yeare
shall happen and betide .
Ascribing to each day a month,
and at this present time,
The youth in every place doe flocke,
and all apparel'd fine,
With pypars through the streetes they runne,
and singe at every dore .
* * * * *
There cities are, where boyes and gyrls,
together still do runne,
About the streete with like, as soone
as night begiunes to come,
And bring abrode their wassel bowles,
who well rewarded bee,
With cakes and cheese, and great good cheare,
and money plenteousiee.

Queen Elizabeth's Progresses by Mr. Nichols, contain an entertainment to her at Sudley, wherein were Melibæus, the king of the Bean, and Nisa, the queen of the Pea.

" *Mel* Cut the cake : who hath the *beane*,

shall be King ; and where the *peaze* is, she shall be Queene.

" *Nis*. I have the *peaze*, and must be Queene.

" *Mel*. I have the *beane*, and King ; I must commande."

Pinkerton's "Ancient Scottish Poems," contain a letter from sir Thomas Randolph, queen Elizabeth's chamberlain of the Exchequer, to Dudley lord Leicester, dated from Edinburgh on the 15th January, 1563, wherein he mentions, that Lady Flemyng was "Queen of the *Beene*" on Twelfth-day in that year : and in Ben Jonson's Masque of Christmas, Baby-cake, one of the characters, is attended by "an Usher, bearing a great cake with a bean, and a pease." Herrick, the poet of our festivals, has several allusions to the celebration of this day by our ancestors : the poem here subjoined, recognises its customs with strict adherence to truth, and in pleasant strains of joyousness.

TWELFE-NIGHT, OR KING AND QUEENE.

Now, now the mirth comes
With the cake full of plums,
Where beane's the king of the sport h
Beside, we must know,
The pea also
Must revell, as queene in the court here.
Begin then to chuse,
This night as ye use,
Who shall for the present delight here,
Be a king by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelfe-day queene for the night here.
Which knowne, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake ;
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unurg'd will not drinke,
To the base from the brink,
A health to the king and the queene here.
Next crowne the bowle ful.
With gentle lambs-wooll ;
Adde sugar, nutmeg, and ginger.
With store of ale, too ;
And thus ye must doe
To make the wassaile a swinger.
Give them to the king
And queene wassailing ;
And though with ale ye be whet here ;
Yet part ye from hence,
As free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here.

A citation by Brand represents the ancient Twelfth-night-cake to have been composed of flour, honey, ginger, and pepper. The maker thrust in, at random, a small coin as she was kneading it. When baked, it was divided into as many parts as there

were persons in the family, and each had his share. Portions of it were also assigned to Christ, the Virgin, and the three Magi, and were given in alms.

On Twelfth-day the people of Germany and the students of its academies chose a king with great ceremony and sumptuous feasting.

In France, the Twelfth-cake is plain, with a bean; the drawer of the slice containing the bean is king or queen. All drink to her or his majesty, who reigns, and receives homage from all, during the evening. There is no other drawing, and consequently the sovereign is the only distinguished character. In Normandy they place a child under the table, which is so covered with a cloth that he cannot see; and when the cake is divided, one of the company taking up the first piece, cries out, "Fabe Domini pour qui?" The child answers, "Pour le bon Dieu:" and in this manner the pieces are allotted to the company. If the bean be found in the piece for the "bon Dieu," the king is chosen by drawing long or short straws. Whoever gets the bean chooses the king or queen, according as it happens to be a man or woman. According to Brand, under the old order of things, the Epiphany was kept at the French court by one of the courtiers being chosen king, and the other nobles attended an entertainment on the occasion; but, in 1792, during the revolution, *La Fête de Rois* was abolished; Twelfth-day was ordered to be called *La Fête de Sans-Culottes*; the old feast was declared anti-civic; and any priest keeping it was deemed a royalist. The Literary Pocket Book affirms, that at *La Fête de Rois* the French monarch and his nobles waited on the Twelfth-night king, and that the custom was not revived on the return of the Bourbons, but that instead of it the royal family washed the feet of some people and gave them alms.

There is a difference of opinion as to the *origin* of Twelfth-day. Brand says, "that though its customs vary in different countries, yet they concur in the same end, that is, to do honour to the Eastern Magi." He afterwards observes, "that the practice of choosing 'king,' on Twelfth-day, is similar to a custom that existed among the ancient Greeks and Romans, who, on the festival days of Saturn, about this season of the year,

No. 3.

drew lots for kingdoms and like kings exercised their temporary authority." Indeed, it appears, that the question is almost at rest. Mr. Fosbroke affirms that "the king of Saturnalia was elected by beans, and that from thence came our king and queen on this day." The coincidence of the election by *beans* having been common to both customs, leaves scarcely the possibility of doubt that ours is a continuation of the heathen practice under another name. Yet "some of the observances on this day are the remains of Druidical, and other superstitious ceremonies." On these points, if Mr. Fosbroke's Dictionary of Antiquities be consulted by the curious inquirer, he will there find the authorities, and be in other respects gratified.

The *Epiphany* is called *Twelfth-day*, because it falls on the twelfth day after Christmas-day. *Epiphany* signifies manifestation, and is applied to this day because it is the day whereon Christ was manifested to the Gentiles. Bourne in his *Vulgar Antiquities*, which is the substructure of Brand's *Popular Antiquities*, remarks that this is the greatest of the twelve holidays, and is therefore more jovially observed, by the visiting of friends and Christmas gambols, than any other.

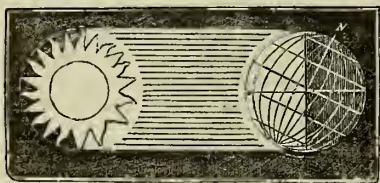
Finally, on observances of this festival not connected with the Twelfth-night king and queen. It is a custom in many parishes in Gloucestershire on this day to light up twelve small fires and one large one; this is mentioned by Brand: and Mr. Fosbroke relates, that in some countries twelve fires of straw are made in the fields "to burn the old witch," and that the people sing, drink, and dance around it, and practise other ceremonies in continuance. He takes "the old witch" to be the Druidical God of Death. It is stated by sir Henry Piers, in genl. Vallancey's "Collectanea," that, at Westmeath, "on Twelve-eve in Christmas, they use to set up as high as they can a sieve of oats, and in it a dozen of candles set round, and in the centre one larger, all lighted; this in memory of our saviour and his apostles, lights of the world." Sir Henry's inference may reasonably be doubted; the custom is probably of higher antiquity than he seems to have suspected.

A very singular merriment in the Isle of Man is mentioned by Waldron, in his history of that place. He says, that "during the whole twelve days of Christ

mas, there is not a barn unoccupied, and that every parish hires fiddlers at the public charge. On Twelfth-day, the fiddler lays his head in some one of the girls' laps, and a third person asks, who such a maid, or such a maid shall marry, naming the girls then present one after another; to which he answers according to his own whim, or agreeable to the intimacies he has taken notice of during this time of merriment. But whatever he says is as absolutely depended on as an oracle; and if he happens to couple two people who have an aversion to each other, tears and vexation succeed the mirth. This they call cutting off the fiddler's head; for, after this, he is dead for the whole year."

It appears from the Gentleman's Magazine, that on Twelfth-day 1731, the king and the prince at the chapel royal, St. James's, made their offerings at the altar, of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, according to custom, and that at night their majesties, &c. played at hazard for the benefit of the groom-porter. These offerings which clearly originate from the Roman church, and are not analogous to any ceremony of the church of England, continue to be annually made; with this difference, however, that the king is represented by proxy in the person of some distinguished officer of the household. In other respects the proceedings are conducted with the usual state.

THE SEASON.



Midwinter is over. According to astronomical reckoning, we have just passed that point in the earth's orbit, where the north pole is turned most from the sun. This position is represented in the diagram above, by the direction of the terminator, or boundary line of light and darkness, which is seen to divide the globe into two equal parts; the north pole, which is the upper pole in the figure, and all parts within $32\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, being enveloped in constant darkness. We now trace the sun among the stars of the constellation Capricorn or sea-goat, and it is winter in the whole northern

hemisphere. At the beginning of January the earth is at its *least* distance from the sun, which is proved by measuring the apparent magnitude of that luminary by means of an instrument called a micrometer, his disc being now about 32 minutes of a degree; whereas at the opposite season, or at the beginning of July, near our Midsummer, his apparent diameter is only about 31 minutes. The coldness of winter therefore does not depend on the distance of the earth from the sun, but on the very oblique or slanting direction of his rays; less heat falling on any given part of the earth, than when the rays fall more direct. From the slanting direction of his rays they pass through a more dense region of the atmosphere, and are somewhat intercepted; while another cause of the cold is the shortness of our days and the length of our nights; the sun continuing only about seven hours and a half above the horizon, while he is absent for about sixteen hours and a half.

This position of the earth relatively to the sun is exemplified in the Popular Lectures on Astronomy, now delivering at the Assembly-room, Paul's Head, Cateaton-street, by Mr. John Wallis, on *Tuesday* and *Thursday* evenings. His explanations of this noble science are familiarly and beautifully illustrated, by an original and splendid apparatus devised and constructed by his own hands. It consists of extensive mechanism and numerous brilliant transparencies. Mr. Wallis's lectures on *Tuesday* and *Thursday* next, the 18th and 20th of January, 1825, are under the patronage of the Lord Mayor. Here is a sure mode of acquiring astronomical knowledge, accompanied by the delightful gratification of witnessing a display of the heavens more bewitching than the mind can conceive. Ladies, and young persons especially, have a delightful opportunity of being agreeably entertained by the novelty and beauty of the exhibition and the eloquent descriptions of the enlightened lecturer.

The holly with its red berries, and the "fond ivy," still stick about our houses to maintain the recollection of the seasonable festivities. Let us hope that we may congratulate each other on having, while we kept them, kept ourselves within compass. Merriment without discretion is an abuse for which nature is sure to

punish us. She may suffer our violence for a while in silence; but she is certain to resume her rights at the expense of our health, and put us to heavy charges to maintain existence.

January 7.

*St. Lucian. St. Cedd. St. Kentigerna.
St. Aldric. St. Thillo. St. Canut.*

St. Lucian.

This saint is in the calendar of the church of England on the following day, 8th of January. He was a learned Syrian. According to Butler, he corrected the Hebrew version of the Scriptures for the inhabitants of Palestine, during some years was separated from the Romish church, afterwards conformed to it, and died after nine years imprisonment, either by famine or the sword, on this day, in the year 312. It further appears from Butler, that the Arians affirmed of St. Lucian, that to him Arius was indebted for his distinguishing doctrine, which Butler however denies.

ST. DISTAFF'S DAY, OR ROCK-DAY.

The day after Twelfth-day was so called because it was celebrated in honour of the *rock*, which is a *distaff* held in the hand, from whence wool is spun by twirling a ball below. It seems that the burning of the flax and tow belonging to the women, was the men's diversion in the evening of the first day of labour after the twelve days of Christmas, and that the women repaid the interruption to their industry by sluicing the mischief-makers. Herrick tells us of the custom in his *Hesperides* :—

*St. Distaff's day, or the morrow after
Twelfth-day.*

Partly work, and partly play,
Ye must on S. Distaff's day:
From the plough soone free your teame,
Then come home and fother them.
If the maides a spinning goe,
Burne the flax, and fire the tow;

* * *

Bring in pailles of water then,
Let the maides bewash the men:
Give S. Distaffe all the right,
Then bid Christmas sport good-night.
And next morrow, every one
To his owne vocation.

In elder times, when boisterous diversions were better suited to the simplicity

of rustic life than to the comparative refinement of our own, this contest between fire and water must have afforded great amusement.

CHRONOLOGY.

1772. "An authentic, candid, and circumstantial narrative of the astonishing transactions at Stockwell, in the county of Surry, on Monday and Tuesday, the 6th and 7th days of January, 1772, containing a series of the most surprising and unaccountable events that ever happened; which continued from first to last upwards of twenty hours, and at different places. Published with the consent and approbation of the family, and other parties concerned, to authenticate which, the original Copy is signed by them."

This is the title of an octavo tract published in "London, printed for J. Marks, bookseller, in St. Martin's-lane, 1772." It describes Mrs. Golding, an elderly lady, at Stockwell, in whose house the transactions happened, as a woman of unblemished honour and character; her niece, Mrs. Pain, as the wife of a farmer at Brixton-causeway, the mother of several children, and well known and respected in the parish; Mary Martin as an elderly woman, servant to Mr. and Mrs. Pain, with whom she had lived two years, having previously lived four years with Mrs. Golding, from whom she went into Mrs. Pain's service; and Richard Fowler and Sarah, his wife, as an honest, industrious, and sober couple, who lived about opposite to Mr. Pain, at the Brick-pound. These were the subscribing witnesses to many of the surprising transactions, which were likewise witnessed by some others. Another person who bore a principal part in these scenes was Ann Robinson, aged about twenty years, who had lived servant with Mrs. Golding but one week and three days. The "astonishing transactions" in Mrs. Golding's house were these:

On Twelfth-day 1772, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, as Mrs. Golding was in her parlour, she heard the china and glasses in the back kitchen tumble down and break; her maid came to her and told her the stone plates were falling from the shelf; Mrs. Golding went into the kitchen and saw them broke. Presently after, a row of plates from the next shelf fell down likewise, while she was there, and nobody near them; this

astonished her much, and while she was thinking about it, other things in different places began to tumble about, some of them breaking, attended with violent noises all over the house; a clock tumbled down and the case broke; a lantern that hung on the staircase was thrown down and the glass broke to pieces; an earthen pan of salted beef broke to pieces and the beef fell about; all this increased her surprise, and brought several persons about her, among whom was Mr. Rowledge, a carpenter, who gave it as his opinion that the foundation was giving way and that the house was tumbling down, occasioned by the too great weight of an additional room erected above: "so ready," says the narrative, "are we to discover natural causes for every thing!"

Mrs. Golding ran into Mr. Gresham's house, next door to her, where she fainted, and in the interim, Mr. Rowledge, and other persons, were removing Mrs. Golding's effects from her house, for fear of the consequences prognosticated. At this time all was quiet; Mrs. Golding's maid remaining in her house, was gone up stairs, and when called upon several times to come down, for fear of the dangerous situation she was thought to be in, she answered very coolly, and after some time came down deliberately, without any seeming fearful apprehensions.

Mrs. Pain was sent for from Brixton-causeway, and desired to come directly, as her aunt was supposed to be dead;—this was the message to *her*. When Mrs. Pain came, Mrs. Golding was come to herself, but very faint from terror.

Among the persons who were present, was Mr. Gardner, a surgeon, of Clapham, whom Mrs. Pain desired to bleed her aunt, which he did; Mrs. Pain asked him if the blood should be thrown away; he desired it might not, as he would examine it when cold. These minute particulars would not be taken notice of, but as a chain to what follows. For the next circumstance is of a more astonishing nature than any thing that had preceded it; the blood that was just congealed, sprung out of the basin upon the floor, and presently after the basin broke to pieces; this china basin was the only thing broke belonging to Mr. Gresham; a bottle of rum that stood by 't broke at the same time.

Among the things that were removed

to Mr. Gresham's was a tray full of china, &c. a japan bread-basket, some mahogany waiters, with some bottles of liquors, jars of pickles, &c. and a pier glass, which was taken down by Mr. Saville, (a neighbour of Mrs. Golding's;) he gave it to one Robert Hames, who laid it on the grass-plot at Mr. Gresham's; but before he could put it out of his hands, some parts of the frame on each side flew off; it raining at that time, Mrs. Golding desired it might be brought into the parlour, where it was put under a side-board, and a dressing-glass along with it; it had not been there long before the glasses and china which stood on the side-board, began to tumble about and fall down, and broke both the glasses to pieces. Mr. Saville and others being asked to drink a glass of wine or rum, both the bottles broke in pieces before they were uncorked.

Mrs. Golding's surprise and fear increasing, she did not know what to do or where to go; wherever she and her maid were, these strange, destructive circumstances followed her, and how to help or free herself from them, was not in her power or any other person's present: her mind was one confused chaos, lost to herself and every thing about her, drove from her own home, and afraid there would be none other to receive her, she at last left Mr. Gresham's, and went to Mr. Mayling's, a gentleman at the next door, here she staid about three quarters of an hour, during which time nothing happened. Her maid staid at Mr. Gresham's, to help put up what few things remained unbroken of her mistress's, in a back apartment, when a jar of pickles that stood upon a table, turned upside down, then a jar of raspberry jam broke to pieces.

Mrs. Pain, not choosing her aunt should stay too long at Mr. Mayling's, for fear of being troublesome, persuaded her to go to her house at Rush Common, near Brixton-causeway, where she would endeavour to make her as happy as she could, hoping by this time all was over, as nothing had happened at that gentleman's house while she was there. This was about two o'clock in the afternoon.

Mr. and Miss Gresham were at Mr. Pain's house, when Mrs. Pain, Mrs. Golding, and her maid went there. I being about dinner time they all dined together; in the interim Mrs. Golding's servant was sent to her house to see how

things remained. When she returned, she told them nothing had happened since they left it. Sometime after Mr. and Miss Gresham went home, every thing remaining quiet at Mr. Pain's: but about eight o'clock in the evening a fresh scene began; the first thing that happened was, a whole row of pewter dishes, except one, fell from off a shelf to the middle of the floor, rolled about a little while, then settled, and as soon as they were quiet, turned upside down; they were then put on the dresser, and went through the same a second time: next fell a whole row of pewter plates from off the second shelf over the dresser to the ground, and being taken up and put on the dresser one in another, they were thrown down again. Two eggs were upon one of the pewter shelves, one of them flew off, crossed the kitchen, struck a cat on the head, and then broke to pieces.

Next Mary Martin, Mrs. Pain's servant, went to stir the kitchen fire, she got to the right hand side of it, being a large chimney as is usual in farm houses, a pestle and mortar that stood nearer the left hand end of the chimney shelf, jumped about six feet on the floor. Then went candlesticks and other brasses: scarce any thing remaining in its place. After this the glasses and china were put down on the floor for fear of undergoing the same fate.

A glass tumbler that was put on the floor jumped about two feet and then broke. Another that stood by it jumped about at the same time, but did not break till some hours after, when it jumped again and then broke. A china bowl that stood in the parlour jumped from the floor, to behind a table that stood there. This was most astonishing, as the distance from where it stood was between seven and eight feet, but was not broke. It was put back by Richard Fowler, to its place, where it remained some time, and then flew to pieces.

The next thing that followed was a mustard-pot, that jumped out of a closet and was broke. A single cup that stood upon the table (almost the only thing remaining) jumped up, flew across the kitchen, ringing like a bell, and then was dashed to pieces against the dresser. A tumbler with rum and water in it, that stood upon a waiter upon a table in the parlour, jumped about ten feet and was broke. The table then fell down, and along with it a silver tankard belonging to Mrs. Golding, the waiter in which had

stood the tumbler, and a candlestick. A case bottle then flew to pieces.

The next circumstance was, a ham, that hung on one side of the kitchen chimney, raised itself from the hook and fell down to the ground. Some time after, another ham, that hung on the other side of the chimney, likewise underwent the same fate. Then a flitch of bacon, which hung up in the same chimney, fell down.

All the family were eye-witnesses to these circumstances as well as other persons, some of whom were so alarmed and shocked, that they could not bear to stay.

At all the times of action, Mrs. Golding's servant was walking backwards and forwards, either in the kitchen or parlour, or wherever some of the family happened to be. Nor could they get her to sit down five minutes together, except at one time for about half an hour towards the morning, when the family were at prayers in the parlour; then all was quiet; but, in the midst of the greatest confusion, she was as much composed as at any other time, and with uncommon coolness of temper advised her mistress not to be alarmed or uneasy, as she said these things could not be helped.

"This advice," it is observed in the narrative, surprised and startled her mistress, almost as much as the circumstances that occasioned it. "For how can we suppose," says the narrator, "that a girl of about twenty years old, (an age when female timidity is too often assisted by superstition,) could remain in the midst of such calamitous circumstances, (except they proceeded from causes best known to herself,) and not be struck with the same terror as every other person was who was present. These reflections led Mr. Pain, and at the end of the transactions, likewise Mrs. Golding, to think that she was not altogether so unconcerned as she appeared to be."

About ten o'clock at night, they sent over the way to Richard Fowler, to desire he would come and stay with them. He came and continued till one in the morning, when he was so terrified, that he could remain no longer.

As Mrs. Golding could not be persuaded to go to bed, Mrs. Pain, at one o'clock, made an excuse to go up stairs to her youngest child, under pretence of getting it to sleep; but she really acknowledged it was through fear, as she declared she could not sit up to see such strange things going on, as every thing one after another was broken, till there was not above two or three cups and saucers remaining out of

considerable quantity of china, &c. which was destroyed to the amount of some pounds.

About five o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 7th, Mrs. Golding went up to her niece, and desired her to get up, as the noises and destruction were so great she could continue in the house no longer. Mrs. Golding and her maid went over the way to Richard Fowler's: when Mrs. Golding's maid had seen her safe to Richard Fowler's, she came back to Mrs. Pain, to help her to dress the children in the barn, where she had carried them for fear of the house falling. At this time all was quiet: they then went to Fowler's, and then began the same scene as had happened at the other places. All was quiet here as well as elsewhere, till the maid returned.

When they got to Mr. Fowler's, he began to light a fire in his back room. When done, he put the candle and candlestick upon a table in the fore room. This apartment Mrs. Golding and her maid had passed through. Another candlestick with a tin lamp in it that stood by it, were both dashed together, and fell to the ground. At last the basket of coals tumbled over, and the coals rolling about the room, the maid desired Richard Fowler not to let her mistress remain there, as she said, wherever she was, the same things would follow. In consequence of this advice, and fearing greater losses to himself, he desired Mrs. Golding would quit his house; but first begged her to consider within herself, for her own and the public sake, whether or not she had not been guilty of some atrocious crime, for which Providence was determined to pursue her on this side the grave. Mrs. Golding told him she would not stay in his house, or any other person's, as her conscience was quite clear, and she could as well wait the will of Providence in her own house as in any other place whatever; upon which she and her maid went home, and Mrs. Pain went with them.

After they had got to Mrs. Golding's, a pail of water, that stood on the floor, boiled like a pot; a box of candles fell from a shelf in the kitchen to the floor, and they rolled out, but none were broken, and the table in the parlour fell over.

Mr. Pain then desired Mrs. Golding to send her maid for his wife to come to them, and when she was gone all was quiet; upon her return she was immediately discharged, and no disturbances happened afterwards; this was between

six and seven o'clock on Tuesday morning. At Mrs. Golding's were broken the quantity of three pails full of glass, china, &c. Mrs. Pain's filled two pails.

The accounts here related are in the words of the "narrative," which bears the attestation of the witnesses before mentioned. The affair is still remembered by many persons: it is usually denominated the "Stockwell Ghost," and deemed inexplicable. It must be recollected, however, that the mysterious movements were never made but when Ann Robinson, Mrs. Golding's maid-servant, was present, and that they wholly ceased when she was dismissed. Though these two circumstances tend to prove that this girl was the cause of the disturbances, scarcely any one who lived at that time listened patiently to the presumption, or without attributing the whole to witchcraft. One lady, whom the editor of the *Every-Day Book* conversed with several times on the subject, firmly believed in the witchcraft, because she had been eye-witness to the animation of the inanimate crockery and furniture, which she said could not have been effected by human means—it was impossible. He derived, however, a solution of these "impossibilities" from the late Mr. J. B——, at his residence in Southampton-street, Camberwell, towards the close of the year 1817. Mr. B—— said, all London was in an uproar about the "Stockwell Ghost" for a long time, and it would have made more noise than the "Cock-lane Ghost," if it had lasted longer; but attention to it gradually died away, and most people believed it was supernatural. Mr. B——, in continuation, observed, that some years after it happened, he became acquainted with this very Ann Robinson, without knowing for a long time that she had been the servant-maid to Mrs. Golding. He learned it by accident, and told her what he had heard. She admitted it was true, and in due season, he says, he got all the story out. She had fixed long horse hairs to some of the crockery, and put wires under others; on pulling these, the "movables" of course fell. Mrs. Golding was terribly frightened, and so were all who saw any thing tumble. Ann Robinson herself, dexterously threw many of the things down, which the persons present, when they turned round and saw them in motion or broken, attributed to unseen agency. These spectators were all too much alarmed by their own dread of infernal power to examine any thing.

They kept at an awful distance, and sometimes would not look at the utensils, lest they might face fresh horrors; of these tempting opportunities she availed herself. She put the eggs in motion, and after one only fell down, threw the other at the cat. Their terrors at the time, and their subsequent conversations magnified many of the circumstances beyond the facts. She took advantage of absences to loosen the hams and bacon, and attach them by the skins; in short, she effected all the mischief. She caused the water in the pail to appear as if it boiled, by slipping in a paper of chemical powders as she passed, and afterwards it bubbled. "Indeed," said Mr. B——, "there was a love story connected with the case, and when I have time, I will write out the whole, as I got it by degrees from the woman herself. When she saw the effect of her first feats, she was tempted to exercise the dexterity beyond her original purpose for mere amusement. She was astonished at the astonishment she caused, and so went on from one thing to another; and being quick in her motions and shrewd, she puzzled all the simple old people, and nearly frightened them to death." Mr. B—— chuckled mightily over his recollections; he was fond of a practical joke, and enjoyed the tricks of Ann Robinson with all his heart. By his acuteness, curiosity, and love of drollery, he drew from her the entire confession; and "as the matter was all over years ago, and no more harm could be done," said Mr. B., "I never talked about it much, for her sake; but of this I can assure you, that the only magic in the thing was, her dexterity and the people's simplicity." Mr. B. promised to put down the whole on paper; but he was ailing and infirm, and accident prevented the writer from caring much for a "full, true, and particular account," which he could have had at any time, till Mr. Brayfield's death rendered it unattainable.

THE SEASON.

Mr. Arthur Aikin, in his "Calendar of Nature," presents us with a variety of acceptable information concerning the operations of nature throughout the year. "The plants at this season," he says, "are provided by nature with a sort of winter-quarters, which secure them from the effects of cold. Those called *herbaceous*, which die down to the root every autumn, are now safely concealed under-ground, preparing their new shoots to burst forth

when the earth is softened in spring. Shrubs and trees, which are exposed to the open air, have all their soft and tender parts closely wrapt up in buds, which by their firmness resist all the power of frost; the larger kinds of buds, and those which are almost ready to expand, are further guarded by a covering of resin or gum, such as the horse-chestnut, the sycamore, and the lime. Their external covering, however, and the closeness of their internal texture, are of themselves by no means adequate to resist the intense cold of a winter's night: a bud *detached* from its stem, enclosed in glass, and thus protected from all access of external air, if suspended from a tree during a sharp frost, will be entirely penetrated, and its parts deranged by the cold, while the buds on the same tree will not have sustained the slightest injury; we must therefore attribute to the *living principle* in vegetables, as well as animals, the power of resisting cold to a very considerable degree: in animals, we know, this power is generated from the decomposition of air by means of the lungs, and disengagement of heat; how vegetables acquire this property remains for future observations to discover. If one of these buds be carefully opened, it is found to consist of young leaves rolled together, within which are even all the blossoms in miniature that are afterwards to adorn the spring."

During the mild weather of winter, slugs are in constant motion preying on plants and green wheat. Their coverings of slime prevent the escape of animal heat, and hence they are enabled to ravage when their brethren of the shell, who are more sensible of cold, lie dormant. Earth-worms likewise appear about this time; but let the man of nice order, with a little garden, discriminate between the destroyer, and the innocent and useful inhabitant. One summer evening, the worms from beneath a small grass plat, lay half out of their holes, or were dragging "their slow length" upon the surface. They were all carefully taken up, and preserved as a breakfast for the ducks. In the following year, the grass-plat, which had flourished annually with its worms, vegetated unwillingly. They were the underground gardeners that loosened the sub-soil, and let the warm air through their entrances to nourish the roots of the herbage.

"Their calm desires that asked but little room,"

were unheeded, and their usefulness was unknown, until their absence was felt



Plough Monday

The first *Monday* after Twelfth-day is called *Plough Monday*, and appears to have received that name because it was the first day after Christmas that husbandmen resumed the *plough*. In some parts of the country, and especially in the north, they draw the plough in procession to the doors of the villagers and townspeople. Long ropes are attached to it, and thirty or forty men, stripped to their clean white shirts, but protected from the weather by waistcoats beneath, drag it along. Their arms and shoulders are decorated with gay-coloured ribbons, tied in large knots and bows, and their hats are smartened in the same way. They are usually accompanied by an old woman, or a boy dressed up to represent one; she is gaily bedizened, and called the *Bessy*. Sometimes the sport is assisted by a humorous countryman to represent a *fool*. He is covered with ribbons, and attired in skins, with a depending tail, and carries a box to collect money from the spectators. They are attended by music, and Morris-dancers when they can be got; but there is always a sportive dance with a few lasses in all their finery, and a superabundance of ribbons. When this merriment is well managed, it is very pleasing. The money collected is spent at night in conviviality. It must not be supposed, however, that

in these times, the twelve days of Christmas are devoted to pastime, although the custom remains. Formerly, indeed, little was done in the field at this season, and according to "*Tusser Redivivus*," during the Christmas holidays, gentlemen feasted the farmers, and every farmer feasted his servants and taskmen. Then *Plough Monday* reminded them of their business, and on the morning of that day, the men and maids strove who should show their readiness to commence the labours of the year, by rising the earliest. If the ploughman could get his whip, his plough-staff, hatchet, or any field implement, by the fireside, before the maid could get her kettle on, she lost her Shrove-tide cock to the men. Thus did our forefathers strive to allure youth to their duty, and provide them innocent mirth as well as labour. On *Plough Monday* night the farmer gave them a good supper and strong ale. In some places, where the ploughman went to work on *Plough Monday*, if, on his return at night, he came with his whip to the kitchen-hatch, and cried "*Cock in pot*," before the maid could cry "*Cock on the dunghill*," he gained a cock for *Shrove Tuesday*.

Blomefield's *History of Norfolk* tend to clear the origin of the annual processions on *Plough Monday*. Anciently,

light called the *Plough-light*, was maintained by old and young persons who were husbandmen, before images in some churches, and on Plough Monday they had a feast, and went about with a plough and dancers to get money to support the *Plough-light*. The Reformation put out these lights; but the practice of going about with the plough begging for money remains, and the "money for light" increases the income of the village alehouse. Let the sons of toil make glad their hearts with "Barley-wine;" let them also remember to "be merry and wise." Their old acquaintance, "Sir John Barleycorn," has had heavy complaints against him. There is "*The Arraigning and Indicting of SIR JOHN BARLEYCORN, knt.* printed for Timothy Tossput." This whimsical little tract describes him as of "noble blood, well beloved in England, a great support to the crown, and a maintainer of both rich and poor." It formally places him upon his trial, at the sign of the *Three Loggerheads*, before "*Oliver and Old Nick* his holy father," as judges. The witnesses for the prosecution were cited under the hands and seals of the said judges, sitting "at the sign of the *Three merry Companions in Bedlam*; that is to say, Poor Robin, Merry Tom, and Jack Lackwit." At the trial, the prisoner, sir John Barleycorn, pleaded not guilty.

Lawyer Noisy.—May it please your lordship, and gentlemen of the jury, I am counsel for the king against the prisoner at the bar, who stands indicted of many heinous and wicked crimes, in that the said prisoner, with malice propense and several wicked ways, has conspired and brought about the death of several of his majesty's loving subjects, to the great loss of several poor families, who by this means have been brought to ruin and beggary, which, before the wicked designs and contrivances of the prisoner, lived in a flourishing and reputable way, but now are reduced to low circumstances and great misery, to the great loss of their own families and the nation in general. We shall call our evidence; and if we make the facts appear, I do not doubt but you will find him guilty, and your lordships will award such punishment as the nature of his crimes deserve.

Vulcan, the Blacksmith.—My lords, sir John has been a great enemy to me, and many of my friends. Many a time, when I have been busy at my work, not thinking any harm to any man, having

a fire-spark in my throat, I, going over to the sign of the Cup and Can for one pennyworth of ale, there I found sir John, and thinking no hurt to any man, civilly sat me down to spend my twopence; but in the end, sir John began to pick a quarrel with me. Then I started up, thinking to go away; but sir John had got me by the top of the head, that I had no power to help myself, and so by his strength and power he threw me down, broke my head, my face, and almost all my bones, that I was not able to work for three days; nay, more than this, he picked my purse, and left me never a penny, so that I had not wherewithal to support my family, and my head ached to such a degree, that I was not able to work for three or four days; and this set my wife a scolding, so that I not only lost the good opinion my neighbours had of me, but likewise raised such a storm in my family, that I was forced to call in the parson of the parish to quiet the raging of my wife's temper.

Will, the Weaver.—I am but a poor man, and have a wife and a charge of children; yet this knowing sir John will never let me alone; he is always enticing me from my work, and will not be quiet till he hath got me to the alehouse; and then he quarrels with me, and abuses me most basely; and sometimes he binds me hand and foot, and throws me in the ditch, and there stays with me all night, and next morning leaves me but one penny in my pocket. About a week ago, we had not been together above an hour, before he began to give me cross words: at our first meeting, he seemed to have a pleasant countenance, and often smiled in my face, and would make me sing a merry catch or two; but in a little time, he grew very churlish, and kicked up my heels, set my head where my heels should be, and put my shoulder out, so that I have not been able to use my shuttle ever since, which has been a great detriment to my family, and great misery to myself.

Stitch, the Tailor, deposed to the same effect.

Mr. Wheatly.—The inconveniencies I have received from the prisoner are with out number, and the trouble he occasions in the neighbourhood is not to be expressed. I am sure I have been oftentimes very highly esteemed both with lords, knights, and squires, and none could please them so well as James Wheatly, the baker; but now the case is

altered; sir John Barleycorn is the man that is highly esteemed in every place. I am now but poor James Wheatly, and he is *sir* John Barleycorn at every word; and that word hath undone many an honest man in England; for I can prove it to be true, that he has caused many an honest man to waste and consume all that he hath.

The prisoner, sir John Barleycorn, being called on for his defence, urged, that to his accusers he was a friend, until they abused him; and said, if any one is to be blamed, it is my brother *Malt*. My brother is now in court, and if your lordships please, may be examined to all those facts which are now laid to my charge.

Court.—Call Mr. *Malt*.

Malt appears.

Court.—Mr. *Malt*, you have (as you have been in court) heard the indictment that is laid against your brother, sir John Barleycorn, who says, if any one ought to be accused, it should be you; but as sir John and you are so nearly related to each other, and have lived so long together, the court is of opinion he cannot be acquitted, unless you can likewise prove *yourself* innocent of the crimes which are laid to his charge.

Malt.—My lords, I thank you for the liberty you now indulge me with, and think it a great happiness, since I am so strongly accused, that I have such learned judges to determine these complaints. As for my part, I will put the matter to the bench. First, I pray you consider with yourselves, all tradesmen would live; and although Master *Malt* does make sometimes a cup of good liquor, and many men come to taste it, yet the fault is neither in me nor my brother John, but in such as those who make this complaint against us, as I shall make it appear to you all.

In the first place, which of you all can say but Master *Malt* can make a cup of good liquor, with the help of a good brewer; and when it is made, it will be sold. I pray which of you all can live without it? But when such as these, who complain of us, find it to be good, then they have such a greedy mind, that they think they never have enough, and this overcharge brings on the inconveniences complained of, makes them quarrelsome with one another, and abusive to their very friends, so that we are forced to lay them down to sleep. From hence it ap-

pears it is from their own greedy desires all these troubles arise, and not from wicked designs of our own.

Court.—Truly, we cannot see that you are in the fault. Sir John Barleycorn, we will show you so much favour, that if you can bring any person of reputation to speak to your character, the court is disposed to acquit you. Bring in your evidence, and let us hear what they can say in your behalf.

Thomas, the Ploughman.—May I be allowed to speak my thoughts freely, since I shall offer nothing but the truth.

Court.—Yes, thou mayest be bold to speak the truth, and no more, for that is the cause we sit here for; therefore speak boldly, that we may understand thee.

Ploughman.—Gentlemen, sir John is of an ancient house, and is come of a noble race; there is neither lord, knight, nor squire, but they love his company, and he theirs; as long as they don't abuse him, he will abuse no man, but doth a great deal of good. In the first place, few ploughmen can live without him; for if it were not for him, we should not pay our landlords their rent; and then what would such men as you do for money and clothes? Nay, your gay ladies would care but little for you, if you had not your rents coming in to maintain them; and we could never pay, but that sir John Barleycorn feeds us with money; and yet would you seek to take away his life! For shame, let your malice cease, and pardon his life, or else we are all undone.

Bunch, the Brewer.—Gentlemen, I beseech you, hear me. My name is Bunch, a brewer; and I believe few of you can live without a cup of good liquor, no more than I can without the help of sir John Barleycorn. As for my own part, I maintain a great charge, and keep a great many men at work; I pay taxes forty pounds a year to his majesty, God bless him, and all this is maintained by the help of sir John; then how can any man for shame seek to take away his life.

Mistress Hostess.—To give evidence in behalf of sir John Barleycorn, gives me pleasure, since I have an opportunity of doing justice to so honourable a person. Through him the administration receives large supplies; he likewise greatly supports the labourer, and enlivens the conversation. What pleasure could there be at a sheep-clipping without his company, or what joy at a feast without his assistance? I know him to be an honest

man, and he never abused any man, if they abused not him. If you put him to death, all England is undone, for there is not another in the land can do as he can do, and hath done; for he can make a cripple go, the coward fight, and a soldier neither feel hunger nor cold. I beseech you, gentlemen, let him live, or else we are all undone; the nation likewise will be distressed, the labourer impoverished, and the husbandman ruined.

Court.—Gentlemen of the jury, you have now heard what has been offered against sir John Barleycorn, and the evidence that has been produced in his defence. If you are of opinion he is guilty of those wicked crimes laid to his charge, and has with malice propense conspired and brought about the death of several of his majesty's loving subjects, you are then to find him guilty; but if, on the contrary, you are of opinion that he had no real intention of wickedness, and was not the immediate, but only the accidental, cause of these evils laid to his charge, then, according to the statute law of this kingdom, you ought to acquit him.

Verdict, NOT GUILTY.

From this facetious little narrative may be learned the folly of excess, and the injustice of charging a cheering beverage, with the evil consequences of a man taking a cup more of it than will do him good.

January 8.

St. Lucian—Holiday at the Exchequer.

St. Appollinaris. St. Severinus. St. Pega. St. Vulsin. St. Gudula. St. Nathalan.

St. Lucian.

The *St. Lucian* of the Romish church on this day was from Rome, and preached in Gaul, where he suffered death about 290, according to Butler, who affirms that he is the *St. Lucian* in the English Protestant calendar. There is reason to suppose, however, that the *St. Lucian* of

the church of England was the saint of that name mentioned yesterday.

St. Gudula

Is the patroness of Brussels, and is said to have died about 712. She suffered the misfortune of having her candle blown out, and possessed the miraculous power of praying it a-light again, at least, so says Butler; "whence," he affirms, "she is usually represented in pictures with a lantern." He particularizes no other miracle she performed. Surius however relates, that as she was praying in a church without shoes, the priest compassionately put his gloves under her feet; but she threw them away, and they miraculously hung in the air for the space of an hour—whether in compliment to the saint or the priest does not appear.

CHRONOLOGY.

1821. A newspaper of January 8, mentions an extraordinary feat by Mr. Huddy, the postmaster of Lismore, in the 97th year of his age. He travelled, for a wager, from that town to Fermoy in a Dungarvon oyster-tub, drawn by a pig, a badger, two cats, a goose, and a hedgehog; with a large red nightcap on his head, a pig-driver's whip in one hand, and in the other a common cow's-horn, which he blew to encourage his team, and give notice of this new mode of posting.

Let us turn away for a moment from the credulity and eccentricity of man's feebleness and folly, to the contemplation of "the firstling of the year" from the bosom of our common mother. The Snow-drop is described in the "*Flora Domestica*" "as the earliest flower of all our wild flowers, and will even show her head above the snow, as if to prove her rivalry in whiteness;" as if

—Flora's breath, by some transforming power,
Had chang'd an icicle into a flower.

Mrs. Barbauld.

One of its greatest charms is its "coming in a wintry season, when few others visit us: we look upon it as a friend in adversity; sure to come when most needed."

Like pendent flakes of vegetating snow,
The early herald of the infant year,
Ere yet the adventurous crocus dares to blow,
Beneath the orchard-boughs, thy buds appear.

While still the cold north-east ungenial lowers,
And scarce the hazel in the leafless copse,
Or sallows, show their downy powder'd flowers,
The grass is spangled with thy silver drops.

Charlotte Smith.

January 9.

St. Peter of Sebaste. St. Julian and Basilissa. St. Marciana. St. Brithwald. St. Felan. St. Adrian. St. Vaneng.

OF the seven Romish saints of this day scarcely an anecdote is worth mentioning.

CHRONOLOGY.

1766. On the 9th of January died Dr. Thomas Birch, a valuable contributor to history and biography. He was born on the 23d of November, 1705, of Quaker parents. His father was a coffee-mill maker, and designed Thomas for the same trade; but the son "took to reading," and being put to school, obtained successive usherships; removing each time into a better school, that he might improve his studies; and stealing hours from sleep to increase his knowledge. He succeeded in qualifying himself for the church of England, without going to the university; obtained orders from bishop Hoadley in 1731, and several preferments from the lord chancellor Hardwicke and earl Hardwicke; became a member of the Royal Society before he was thirty years of age, and of the Antiquarian Society about the same time; was created a doctor of divinity, and made a trustee of the British Museum; and at his death, left his books and MSS. to the national library there. Enumeration of his many useful labours would occupy several of these pages. His industry was amazing. His correspondence was extensive; his communications to the Royal Society were various and numerous, and his personal application may be inferred from there being among his MSS. no less than twenty-four quarto volumes of Anthony Bacon's papers transcribed by his own hand. He edited Thuroloes' State Papers in 7 vols. folio; wrote the Lives of Illustrious Persons of Great Britain, and a History of the Royal Society; published miscellaneous pieces of Lord Bacon, before unprinted, and produced a large number of other works. The first undertaking wherein he engaged, with other learned men, was the 'General Dictionary, Historical and Critical,'—a most useful labour, containing the whole of Bayle's Dictionary newly translated, and several thousand additional lives. He was enabled to complete his great undertakings by being a very early riser, and by usually executing the business of the morning before most persons had commenced it.

WINTER.

From "Poetic Vigils," by BERNARD BARTON

The flowret's bloom is faded,
Its glossy leaf grown sere;
The landscape round is shaded
By Winter's frown austere.

The dew, once sparkling lightly
On grass of freshest green,
In heavier drops unsightly
On matted weeds is seen.

No songs of joy, to gladden,
From leafy woods emerge;
But winds, in tones that sadden,
Breathe Nature's mournful dirge.

All sights and sounds appealing,
Through merely outward sense,
To joyful thought and feeling,
Seem now departed hence.

But not with such is banished
The bliss that life can lend;
Nor with such things hath vanished
Its truest, noblest end.

The toys that charm, and leave us,
Are fancy's fleeting elves;
All that should glad, or grieve us,
Exists within ourselves.

Enjoyment's gentle essence
Is virtue's godlike dower;
Its most triumphant presence
Illumes the darkest hour.

January 10.

St. William. St. Agatho, Pope. St. Marcian.

St. William.

This saint, who died in 1207, was archbishop of Bourges, always wore a hair shirt, never ate flesh meat, when he found himself dying caused his body to be laid on ashes in his hair shirt, worked miracles after his death, and had his relics venerated till 1562, when the Hugonots burnt them without their manifesting miracles at that important crisis. A bone of his arm is still at Chaalis, and one of his ribs at Paris; so says Butler, who does not state that either of these remains worked miracles since the French revolution.

1820. The journals of January relate some particulars of a gentleman remarkable for the cultivation of an useful quality to an extraordinary extent. He drew from actual memory, in twenty-two hours, at two sittings, in the presence of two well-known gentlemen, a correct plan of the parish of St. James, Westminster, with parts of the

parishes of St. Mary-le-bone, St. Ann, and St. Martin; which plan contained every square, street, lane, court, alley, market, church, chapel, and all public buildings, with all stable and other yards, also every public-house in the parish, and the corners of all streets, with every minutia, as pumps, posts, trees, houses that project and inject, bow-windows, Carlton-house, St. James's palace, and the interior of the markets, without scale or reference to any plan, book, or paper whatever. He did the same with respect to the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, in the presence of four gentlemen, from eight to twelve, one evening at a tavern; and he also undertook to draw the plan of St. Giles-in-the-fields, St. Paul's, Covent-garden, St. Mary-le-strand, St. Clement's, and three-fourths of Mary-le-bone, or St. George's. The plans before alluded to were drawn in the presence of John Willock, Esq. Golden-square; Mr. Robinson, of Surrey-road; William Montague, Esq. of Guildhall; Mr. Allen, vestry clerk of St. Ann's; John Dawson, Esq. of Burlington-street; N. Walker, Holborn; and two other gentlemen. He can tell the corner of any great and leading thoroughfare-street from Hyde Park-corner, or Oxford-street, to St. Paul's; or from the New-road to Westminster abbey; and the trade or profession carried on at such corner house. He can tell every public shop of business in Piccadilly, which consists of two hundred and forty-one houses, allowing him only twenty-four mistakes; he accomplished this in the presence of four gentlemen, after five o'clock, and proved it before seven in the same evening. A house being named in any public street, he will name the trade of the shop, either on the right or left hand of the same, and whether the door of such house so named is in the centre, or on the right or left. He can take an inventory, from memory only, of a gentleman's house, from the attic to the groundfloor, and afterwards write it out. He did this at lord Nelson's, at Merton, and likewise at the duke of Kent's, in the presence of two noblemen. He is known by the appellation of "Memory-corner Thompson." The plan of his house, called Priory Froggnall, Hampstead, he designed, and built it externally and internally, without any working-drawing, but carried it up by the eye only. Yet, though his memory is so accurate in the retention of objects submitted to the eye, he has little power of

recollecting what he hears. The dialogue of a comedy heard once, or even twice, would, after an interval of a few days, be entirely new to him.

January 11.

St. Theodosius. St. Hyginus. St. Egwin. St. Salvius.

St. Theodosius

This saint visited St. Simeon Stylites on his pillar and had his fortune told. He ate coarse pulse and wild herbs, never tasted bread for thirty years, founded a monastery for an unlimited number of monks, dug one grave large enough to hold the whole community, when he received strangers, and had not food enough, he prayed for its miraculous increase and had it multiplied accordingly, prophesied while he was dying, died in 529, and had his hair shirt begged by a count, who won a victory with it. He was buried according to Butler, who relates these particulars, in the cave wherein the three kings of Cologne were said to have lodged on their way to Bethlehem.

FISH IN WINTER

In hard frosts holes must be broken in the ice that forms upon fish ponds, or the fish will die. It is pleasing to watch the finny tenants rising half torpid beneath a new-formed hole for the benefit of the air. Ice holes should be kept open during the frost: one hole to a pond is sufficient.

At Logan or Port Nessock in Wigtownshire, North Britain, a large *salt-water* pond was formed for *Cod* in 1800. It is a basin of 30 feet in depth, and 160 feet in circumference, hewn out from the solid rock, and communicating with the sea by one of those fissures which are common to bold and precipitous coasts. Attached to it is a neat Gothic cottage for the accommodation of the fisherman, and the rock is surmounted all round by a substantial stone wall at least 300 feet in circumference. In every state of the wind or tide, winter and summer, when not a single boat dare venture to sea, Colonel M'Dowal can command a supply of the finest fish, and study at his leisure the instincts and habits of the "finny nations," with at least all the accuracy of those sage natu.

ralists, who rarely trave farther than Exeter 'Change. From the inner or back door of the lodge, a winding stair-way conducts to the usual halting place—a large flat stone projecting into the water, and commanding a view of every part of the aquatic prison. When the tide is out, this stone is left completely dry, and here a stranger perceives with surprise, a hundred mouths simultaneously opened to greet his arrival.

The moment the fisherman crosses his threshold, the pond is agitated by the action of some hundred fins, and otherwise thrown into a state of anarchy and confusion. Darting from this, that, and the other corner, the whole population move as it were to a common centre, elevate their snouts, lash their tails, and jostle one another with such violence, that on a first view they actually seem to be menacing an attack on the poor fisherman, in place of the creel full of limpets he carries. Many of the fish are so tame, that they will feed greedily from the hand, and bite your fingers into the bargain, if you are foolish enough to allow them; while others again are so shy, that the fisherman discourses of their *different tempers*, as a thing quite as palpable as the gills they breathe, or the fins they move by. One gigantic cod, which seems to answer to the name of "Tom," and may well be described as the patriarch of the pond, forcibly arrests attention. This unfortunate, who passed his youth in the open sea, was taken prisoner at the age of five, and has since sojourned at Port Nessock, for the long period of twelve years, during all which time he has gradually increased in bulk and weight. He is now wholly blind from age or disease, and he has no chance whatever in the general scramble. The fisherman, however, is very kind to him, and it is affecting as well as curious, to see the huge animal raise himself in the water; and then resting his head on the flat stone, allow it to be gently patted or stroked, gaping all the while to implore that food which he has no other means of obtaining. In this pond, cod appears to be the prevailing species; there are also blochin or glassin, haddocks, flounders, and various other kinds. Salmon, which at spawning time visit the highest rivers, could not of course obey their instincts here, and accordingly there is only one specimen of this favourite fish in the pond at present. As the

fisherman remarked, "he is *fa soupler* than any o' the rest," and by virtue of this one quality, chases, bites, and otherwise annoys a whole battalion of gigantic cod, that have only, one would think, to open their mouths and swallow him. To supply them with food is an important part of the fisherman's duty; and with this view, he must ply the net, and heave the line, during two or three days of every week. He has also to renew the stock, when the pond appears to be getting thin, from the contributions levied on it by the cook.

A letter from Cairo, in a journal of January 1824, contains a whimsical exemplification of Turkish manners in the provinces, and the absurdity of attempting to honour distant authorities, by the distinctions of civil society. A diploma of honorary member of the Society of Frankfort was presented to the Pacha, at the divan (or council.) The Pacha, who can neither read nor write, thought it was a *firman* (despatch) from the Porte. He was much surprised and alarmed; but the interpreter explained to him that it was written in the *Nemptchee* (German) language, contained the thanks of the *ulemas* (scholars) of a German city named Frankfort, for his kindness to two *Nemptchee* travelling in Egypt.

But the most difficult part was yet to come; it was to explain to him that he had been appointed a *member* of their society; and the Turkish language having no word for this purely European idea, the interpreter, after many hesitations and circumlocutions, at last succeeded in explaining, "that as a mark of respect and gratitude, the society had made him one of their *partners*." At these words the eyes of the Pacha flashed with anger, and with a voice of thunder he roared that he would never again be the *partner* of any firm; that his *partnership* with Messrs. Briggs and Co. in the Indian trade, cost him nearly 500,000 hard piasters; that the association for the manufactory of sugar and rum paid him nothing at all; and, in short, that he was completely tired of his connections with Frank merchants, who were indebted to him 23,000,000 of piasters, which he considered as completely lost. In his rage, he even threatened to have the interpreter drowned in the Nile, for having presumed to make offer of a mercantile connection, against his positive orders.

The poor interpreter was confounded, and unable to utter a word in his defence. At this critical moment, however, Messrs. Fernandez, Pamonc, and others who have access to the Pacha, interposed; and it was some time before they could reduce his Highness to reason; his passion had thrown him into a hysterical hiccup. When his Highness was a little recovered, Mr. Fernandez endeavoured to explain to him that there was no question about business: that the *ulemas* of Frankfort were possessed of no stock but *books*, and had no capital. "So much the worse," replied the Pacha; "then they are *sahhaftehi*, (booksellers,) who carry on their business without money, like the Franks at Cairo and Alexandria." "Oh, no, they are no *sahhaftehi*, but *ulemas*, *kiatibs*, (authors,) physicians, *philoussoufs*, &c., who are only engaged in science." "Well," said he, "and what am I then to do in their society; I, a Pacha of three horse tails?" "Nothing at all, your Highness, like perhaps most of the members of their society, but by receiving you into their society, these gentlemen intended to show you their respect and gratitude." "That is a strange custom, indeed," cried the Pacha, "to show respect to a person by telling or writing to him in funny letters—you

are worthy of being one of us." "But this is the custom," added Divan Effendi (his Secretary.) "Your *Happiness* knows that the *friends* (Franks) have many customs different from ours, and often such as are very ridiculous. For instance, if they wish to salute a person, they bare their heads, and scrape with their right foot backwards; instead of sitting down comfortably on a sofa to rest themselves, they sit on little wooden chairs, as if they were about to be shaved: they eat the *pillao* with spoons, and the meat with *pincers*; but what seems most laughable is, that they humbly kiss the hands of their women, who, instead of the *yashmak*, (veil,) carry straw baskets on their heads; and that they mix sugar and milk with their coffee." This last sally set the whole assembly (his Highness excepted) in a roar of laughter. Among those who stood near the fountain in the middle of the hall, several exclaimed with respect to the coffee with sugar and milk, *Kiafirler!* (Ah, ye infidels!)

In the end the Pacha was pacified, and "All's well that ends well," but it had been better, it seems, if, according to the customs of the east, the society of Frankfort had sent the Pacha the unquestionable civility of a present, that he could have applied to some use.

ST. BRIDE'S CHURCH.

On the 11th of January, 1825, a sketch of this church was taken from a second-floor window in the house No. 115, Fleet-street, which stands on the opposite side of the way to that whereon the opening was made by the late fire; and the subjoined engraving from the sketch is designed to perpetuate the appearance through that opening. Till then, it had been concealed from the view of passengers through Fleet-street by the houses destroyed, and the conflagration has been rightly deemed a favourable opportunity for endeavouring to secure a space of sufficient extent to render the church a public ornament to the city. To at least one person, professionally unskilled, the spire of St. Bride's appears more chaste and effective than the spire of Bow. In 1805, it was 234 feet high, which is thirty-two feet higher than the Monument, but having been struck by lightning in that year, it was lowered to its present standard.

St. Bride's church was built by sir Christopher Wren, and completed in 1680. It has been repeatedly beautified:

its last internal decorations were effected in 1824. In it are interred Thomas Flatman the poet, Samuel Richardson the novelist, and William Bingley, a bookseller, remarkable for his determined and successful resistance to interrogatories by the court of King's Bench—a practice which that resistance abated for ever: his latter years were employed, or rather were supported, by the kindness of the venerable and venerated John Nichols, Esq. F. S. A. whose family tablet of brass is also in this church. As an ecclesiastical edifice, St. Bride's is confessedly one of the most elegant in the metropolis: an unobstructed view of it is indispensable therefore to the national character. Appeals which will enable the committee to purchase the interests of individuals on the requisite site are now in progress, and can scarcely be unheeded by those whom wealth, taste, and liberality dispose to assist in works of public improvement. The engraved sketch does not claim to be more than such a representation as may give a distant reader some grounds for determining whether a vigorous effort to save a build.

mg of that appearance from enclosure this month, and are entitled to a place in
 a second time ought not now to be made. this sheet.
 The proceedings for that purpose are in



St. Bride's Church, London, as it appeared Jan. 11, 1825.

opening in Fleet-street made by the Fire of Sunday, November 14, 1824.

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Card-playing.

This diversion, resorted to at visitings during the twelve days of Christmas, as of ancient custom, continues without abatement during the prolongation of friendly meetings at this season. Persons who are opposed to this recreation from religious scruples, do not seem to distinguish between its use and its abuse. Mr. Archdeacon Butler refers to the "harmless mirth and innocent amusements of society," in his sermon on "Christian Liberty," before the duke of Gloucester, and the university of Cambridge, on his royal highness's installation as chancellor, June 30, 1811. The archdeacon quotes, as a note on that point in his sermon, a remarkable passage from Jeremy Taylor, who says, "that cards, &c. are of themselves lawful, I do not know any reason to doubt. He can never be suspected, in any criminal sense, to tempt the Divine Providence, who by contingent things recreates his labour. As for the evil appendages, they are all separable from these games, and they may be separated by these advices, &c." On the citation, which is here abridged, the archdeacon remarks, "Such are the sentiments of one of the most truly pious and most profoundly learned prelates that ever adorned any age or country; nor do I think that the most rigid of our disciplinarians can produce the authority of a wiser or a

better man than bishop Jeremy Taylor." Certainly not; and therefore an objector to this pastime will do well to read the reasoning of the whole passage as it stands at the end of the archdeacon's printed sermon: if he desire further, let him peruse Jeremy Taylor's "advices."

Cards are not here introduced with a view of seducing parents to rear their sons as gamblers and blacklegs, or their daughters to

"a life of scandal, an old age of cards;" but to impress upon them the importance of "not morosely refusing to participate in" what the archdeacon refers to, as of the "harmless mirth and innocent amusements of society." Persons who are wholly debarred from such amusements in their infancy, frequently abuse a pleasure they have been wholly restrained from, by excessive indulgence in it on the first opportunity. This is human nature: let the string be suddenly withdrawn from the overstrained bow, and the relaxation of the bow is violent.

Look at a juvenile card-party—not at that which the reader sees represented in the engraving, which is somewhat varied from a design by Stella, who grouped boys almost as finely as Flamingo modelled their forms—but imagine a juvenile party closely seated round a large table, with a Pope Joan board in the middle;

each well supplied with mother-o'-pearl fish and counters, in little Chinese ornamented red and gold trays; their faces and the candles lighting up the room; their bright eyes sparkling after the cards, watching the turn-up, or peeping into the pool to see how rich it is; their growing anxiety to the rounds, till the lucky card decides the richest stake; then the shout out of "Rose has got it!" "It's Rose's!" "Here, Rose, here they are—take 'em all; here's a *lot!*" Emma, and John, and Alfred, and William's hands thrust forth to help her to the prize; Sarah and Fanny, the elders of the party, laughing at their eagerness; the more sage Matilda checking it, and counting how many fish Rose has won; Rose, amazed at her sudden wealth, talks the least; little Samuel, who is too young to play, but has been allowed a place, with some of the "pretty fish" before him, claps his hands and halloos, and throws his playthings to increase Rose's treasure; and baby Ellen sits in "mother's" lap, mute from surprise at the "uproar wild," till a loud crow, and the quick motion of her legs, proclaim her delight at the general joy, which she suddenly suspends in astonishment at the many fingers pointed towards her, with "Look at baby! look at baby!" and gets smothered with kisses, from which "mother" vainly endeavours to protect her. And so they go on, till called by Matilda to a new game, and "mother" bids them to "go and sit down, and be good children, and not make so much noise:" whereupon they disperse to their chairs; two or three of the least help up Samuel, who is least of all, and "mother" desires them to "take care, and mind he does not fall." Matilda then gives him his pretty fish "to keep him quiet;" begins to dress the board for a new game; and once more they are "as merry as grigs."

In contrast to the jocund pleasure of children at a round game, take the picture of "old Sarah Battle," the whist-player. "A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game," was her celebrated wish. "She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half-and-half players, who have no objection to take a hand, if you want one to make up a rubber; who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning; that they like to win one game, and lose another; that they can wile away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no; and will desire an ad-

versary, who has slipt a wrong card, to take it up and play another. Of such it may be said that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing at them. Sarah Battle was none of that breed; she detested them from her heart and soul; and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took and gave no concessions; she hated favours; she never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary, without exacting the utmost forfeiture. She sat bolt upright, and neither showed you her cards, nor desired to see yours. All people have their blind side—their superstitions; and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that Hearts was her favourite suit. I never in my life (and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it) saw her take out her snuffbox when it was her turn to play, or snuff a candle in the middle of a game, or ring for a servant till it was fairly over. She never introduced, or connived at, miscellaneous conversation during its process: as, she emphatically observed, cards were cards. A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favourite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in cribbage—nothing superfluous. To confess a truth, she was never greatly taken with cribbage. It was an essentially vulgar game, I have heard her say,—disputing with her uncle, who was very partial to it. She could never heartily bring her mouth to pronounce 'go,' or 'that's a go.' She called it an ungrammatical game. The pegging teased her. I once knew her to forfeit a rubber, because she would not take advantage of the turn-up knave, which would have given it her, but which she must have claimed by the disgraceful tenure of declaring 'two for his heels.' Sarah Battle was a gentlewoman born." These, omitting a few delicate touches, are her features by the hand of *Elia*. "No inducement," he says, "could ever prevail upon her to play at *her favourite* game for nothing." And then he adds, "With great deference to the old lady's judgment on these matters, I think I have experienced some moments in my life when playing at cards *for nothing* has even been agreeable. When I am in sickness, or not in the best spirits I sometimes call for the cards, and play a game at piquet *for love* with my cousin Bridget—Bridget *Elia*" Cousin Bridget

and the gentle Elia seem beings of that age wherein lived Pamela, whom, with "old Sarah Battle," we may imagine entering their room, and sitting down with them to a *square* game. Yet Bridget and Elia live in our own times: she, full of kindness to all, and of soothing to Elia especially;—he, no less kind and consoling to Bridget, in all simplicity holding converse with the world, and, ever and anon, giving us scenes that Metzu and De Foe would admire, and portraits that Denner and Hogarth would rise from their graves to paint.

January 12.

St. Arcadius. St. Benedict Biscop, or Bennet. St. Ælred, Tygrius.

St. Benedict Biscop, or Bennet.

Butler says he was in the service of Oswi, king of the Northumbrians; that at twenty-five years old he made a pilgrimage to Rome, returned and carried Alfrid, the son of Oswi, back to the shrines of the apostles there, became a monk, received the abbacy of Sts. Peter and Paul, Canterbury, resigned it, pilgrimaged again to Rome, brought home books, relics, and religious pictures, founded the monastery of Weremouth, went to France for masons to build a church to it, obtained glaziers from thence to glaze it, pilgrimaged to Rome for more books, relics, and pictures, built another monastery at Jarrow on the Tine, adorned his churches with pictures, instructed his monks in the Gregorian chant and Roman ceremonies, and died on this day in 690. He appears to have had a love for literature and the arts, and, with a knowledge superior to the general attainment of the religious in that early age, to have rendered his knowledge subservient to the Romish church.

CHRONOLOGY

1807. The 12th of January in that year is rendered remarkable by a fatal accident at Leyden, in Holland. A vessel loaded with gunpowder entered one of the largest canals in the Rapenburg, a street inhabited chiefly by the most respectable families, and moored to a tree in front of the house of professor Rau, of the university. In Holland, almost every street has a canal in the middle, faced with a brick wall up to the level of the street, and with lime trees planted on both sides, which produce a

beautiful effect, and form a delightful shade in hot weather. Vessels of all kinds are frequently moored to these trees, but Leyden being an inland town, the greater part of those which happened to be in the Rapenburg were country vessels. Several yachts, belonging to parties of pleasure from the Hague and other places, were lying close to the newly arrived vessel, and no person was aware of the destructive cargo it contained.

A student of the university, who, at about a quarter past four o'clock in the afternoon, was passing through a street from which there was a view of the Rapenburg, with the canal and vessels, related the following particulars to the editor of the *Monthly Magazine*:—

"At that moment, when every thing was perfectly tranquil, and most of the respectable families were sitting down to dinner in perfect security, at that instant, I saw the vessel torn from its moorings; a stream of fire burst from it in all directions, a thick, black cloud enveloped all the surrounding parts and darkened the heavens, whilst a burst, louder and more dreadful than the loudest thunder, instantly followed, and vibrated through the air to a great distance, burying houses and churches in one common ruin. For some moments horror and consternation deprived every one of his recollection, but an universal exclamation followed, of "O God, what is it?" Hundreds of people might be seen rushing out of their falling houses, and running along the streets, not knowing what direction to take; many falling down on their knees in the streets, persuaded that the last day was come; others supposed they had been struck by lightning, and but few seemed to conjecture the real cause. In the midst of this awful uncertainty, the cry of "O God, what is it?" again sounded mournfully through the air, but it seemed as if none could answer the dreadful question. One conjecture followed another, but at last, when the black thick cloud which had enveloped the whole city had cleared away a little, the awful truth was revealed, and soon all the inhabitants of the city were seen rushing to the ruins to assist the sufferers. There were five large schools on the Rapenburg, and all at the time full of children. The horror of the parents and relations of these youthful victims is not to be described or even imagined; and

though many of them were saved almost miraculously, yet no one dared to hope to see his child drawn alive from under a heap of smoking ruins.

“Flames soon broke out from four different parts of the ruins, and threatened destruction to the remaining part of Leyden. The multitude seemed as if were animated with one common soul in extricating the sufferers, and stopping the progress of the flames. None withdrew from the awful task, and the multitude increased every moment by people coming from the surrounding country, the explosion having been heard at the distance of fifty miles. Night set in, the darkness of which, added to the horrors of falling houses, the smothered smoke, the raging of the flames, and the roaring of the winds on a tempestuous winter night, produced a scene neither to be described nor imagined; while the heart-rending cries of the sufferers, or the lamentations of those whose friends or children were under the ruins, broke upon the ear at intervals. Many were so entirely overcome with fear and astonishment, that they stared about them without taking notice of any thing, while others seemed full of activity, but incapable of directing their efforts to any particular object.”

In the middle of the night, Louis Bonaparte, then king of Holland, arrived from the palace of Loo, having set out as soon as the express reached him with the dreadful tidings. Louis was much beloved by his subjects, and his name is still mentioned by them with great respect. On this occasion his presence was very useful. He encouraged the active and comforted the sufferers, and did not leave the place till he had established good order, and promised every assistance in restoring both public and private losses. He immediately gave a large sum of money to the city, and granted it many valuable privileges, besides exemption from imposts and taxes for a number of years.

Some degree of order having been restored, the inhabitants were divided into classes, not according to their rank, but the way in which they were employed about the ruins. These classes were distinguished by bands of different colours tied round their arms. The widely extended ruins now assumed the appearance of hills and valleys, covered with multitudes of workmen, producing

to the eye an ever-varying scene of different occupations. The keel of the vessel in which the catastrophe commenced, was found buried deep in the earth at a considerable distance, together with the remains of a yacht from the Hague with a party of pleasure, which lay close to it. The anchor of the powder vessel was found in a field without the city, and a very heavy piece of lead at the foot of the mast was thrown into a street at a great distance.

One of the most affecting incidents was the fate of the pupils of the different schools on the Rapenburg. At the destructive moment, the wife of the principal of the largest of them was standing at the door with her child in her arms; she was instantly covered with the falling beams and bricks, the child was blown to atoms, and she was thrown under a tree at some distance. Part of the floor of the school-room sunk into the cellar, and twelve children were killed instantly; the rest, miserably wounded, shrieked for help, and one was heard to call, “Help me, help me, I will give my watch to my deliverer.” Fathers and mothers rushed from all parts of the city to seek their children, but after digging five hours they found their labour fruitless; and some were even obliged to leave the spot in dreadful suspense, to attend to other near relations dug out in other quarters. They at last succeeded, by incredible efforts, in bringing up some of the children, but in such a state that many of their parents could not recognise them, and not a few were committed to the grave without its being known who they were. Many of these children, both among the dead and those who recovered, bled profusely, while no wound could be discovered in any part of their bodies. Others were preserved in a wonderful manner, and without the least hurt. Forty children were killed. In some houses large companies were assembled, and in one, a newly married couple, from a distance, had met a numerous party of their friends. One person who was writing in a small room, was driven through a window above the door, into the staircase, and fell to the bottom without receiving much hurt. Many were preserved by the falling of the beams or rafters in a particular direction, which protected them, and they remained for many hours, some for a whole day and night. A remarkable

fact of this kind happened, when the city of Delft was destroyed by an explosion of gunpowder in 1654; a child, a year old, was found two days afterwards sucking an apple, and sitting under a beam, with just space left for its body. Two others at a little distance were in their cradles quite safe. At that time almost the whole of Delft was destroyed.

Leyden is as large a city, but not so populous, as Rotterdam, the second city in Holland. Upwards of two hundred houses were overthrown on this occasion, besides churches and public buildings; the Stadt, or town-house, was among the latter.

One hundred and fifty-one dead bodies were taken from the ruins, besides many that died after. Upwards of two thousand were wounded more or less dangerously. It is remarkable that none of the students of the university were either killed or wounded, though they all lodge in different parts of the city, or wherever they please. Contributions were immediately began, and large sums raised. The king of Holland gave 30,000 guilders, and the queen 10,000; a very large sum was collected in London.

Leyden suffered dreadfully by siege in

1573, and by the plague in 1624 and 1635, in which year 15,000 of the inhabitants were carried off within six months. In 1415 a convent was burnt, and most of the nuns perished in the flames. An explosion of gunpowder, in 1481, destroyed the council-chamber when full of people, and killed most of the magistrates.

The misfortunes of this city have become proverbial, and its very name has given rise to a pun. "*Leyden*" is "*Lijden*;" *Leyden*, the name of the city, and *Lijden*, (to suffer,) have the same pronunciation in the Dutch language.

The chirp of the crickets from the kitchen chimney breaks the silence of still evenings in the winter. They come from the crevices, when the house is quiet, to the warm hearth, and utter their shrill monotonous notes, to the discomfiture of the nervous, and the pleasure of those who have sound minds in sound bodies. This insect and the grasshopper are agreeably coupled in a pleasing sonnet. The "summoning brass" it speaks of, our country readers well know, as an allusion to the sounds usually produced from some kitchen utensil of metal to assist in swarming the bees :--

To the Grasshopper and the Cricket.

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When ev'n the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass;
Oh, sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both were sent on earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song,—
In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

L. Hunt.

January 13.

CAMBRIDGE LENT TERM *begins.*

St. Veronica of Milan. St. Kentigern.

St. Hilary.

The festival of St. Hilary is not, at this time, observed by the Romish church until to-morrow, but it stands in old calendars, and in Randle Holme's Heraldry, on this day, whereon it is also placed in the English calendar. Butler says, he was born at Poitiers, became bishop of that city, was a commentator on Scrip-

ture, an orator, a poet, wrote against the Arians, was banished for his orthodoxy, but returned to his see, worked miracles, and died on the 13th of January, 368. Ribadeneira says, that in a certain island, uninhabitable by reason of venomous serpents, they fled from his holiness; that he put up a stake as a boundary, commanding them not to pass it, and they obeyed; that he raised a dead child to life, praycd his daughter to death, and did other astonishing things; especially after his decease. when two merchants

at their own cost and by way of venture, offered an image at his shrine, but as one begrudged the cost of his share, St. Hilary caused the image to divide from top to bottom, while being offered, keeping the one half, and rejecting the niggard's moiety. The Golden Legend says, that St. Hilary also obtained his wife's death by his prayers; and that pope Leo, who was an Arian, said to him, "Thou art Hilary the cock, and not the son of a hen;" whereat Hilary said, "I am no cock, but a bishop in France;" then said the pope, "Thou art Hilary *Gallus* (signifying a cock) and I am Leo, judge of the papal see;" whereupon Hilary replied, "If thou be Leo *thou art not* (a lion) of the tribe of *Juda.*" After this railing the pope died, and Hilary was comforted.

St. Veronica.

She was a nun, with a desire to live always on bread and water, died in 1497, and was canonized, after her claim to sanctity was established to the satisfaction of his holiness pope Leo X.

St. Kentigern.

He was bishop of Glasgow, with jurisdiction in Wales, and, according to Butler, "favoured with a wonderful gift of miracles." Bishop Patrick, in his "Devotions of the Romish Church," says, "St. Kentigern had a singular way of kindling fire, which I could never have hit upon." Being in haste to light candles for vigils, and some, who bore a spite to him, having put out all the fire in the monastery, he snatched the green bough of an hazel, blessed it, blew upon it, the bough produced a great flame, and he lighted his candles: "whence we may conjecture," says Patrick, "that tinder-boxes are of a later invention than St. Kentigern's days."

THE LAW TERMS.

Term is derived from *Terminus*, the heathen god of boundaries, landmarks, and limits of time. In the early ages of Christianity the whole year was one continued term for hearing and deciding causes; but after the establishment of the Romish church, the daily dispensation of justice was prohibited by canonical authority, that the festivals might be kept holy.

Advent and Christmas occasioned the winter vacation; Lent and Easter the spring; Pentecost the third; and hay-

time and harvest, the long vacation between Midsummer and Michaelmas.

Each term is denominated from the festival day immediately preceding its commencement; hence we have the terms of St. Hilary, Easter, the Holy Trinity, and St. Michael.

There are in each term stated days called *dies in banco*, (days in bank,) that is, days of appearance in the court of common bench. They are usually about a week from each other, and have reference to some Romish festival. All original writs are returnable on these days, and they are therefore called the return days.

The first return in every term is, properly speaking, the first day of the term. For instance, the octave of St. Hilary, or the eighth day, inclusive, after the saint's feast, falls on the 20th of January, because his feast is on the 13th of January. On the 20th, then, the court sits to take *essoigns*, or excuses for non-appearance to the writ; "but," says Blackstone, "as our ancestors held it beneath the condition of a freeman to appear or to do any thing at the precise time appointed," the person summoned has three days of grace beyond the day named in the writ, and if he appear on the fourth day inclusive it is sufficient. Therefore at the beginning of each term the court does not sit for despatch of business till the fourth, or the appearance day, which is in Hilary term, for instance, on the 23d of January. In Trinity term it does not sit till the fifth day; because the fourth falls on the great Roman catholic festival of *Corpus Christi*. The first *appearance* day therefore in each term is called the first day of the term; and the court sits till the *quarto die post*, or appearance day of the last return, or end of the term.

In each term there is one day whereon the courts do not transact business; namely, on Candlemas day, in Hilary term; on Ascension day, in Easter term; on Midsummer day, in Trinity term; and on All Saints' day, in Michaelmas term. These are termed *Grand* days at the inns of court; and *Gaudy* days at the two universities; they are observed as *Collar* days at the king's court of St. James's, for on these days, knights wear the collars of their respective orders

An old January journal contains a remarkable anecdote relative to the decease

of a M. Foscue, one of the farmers-general of the province of Languedoc. He had amassed considerable wealth by means which rendered him an object of universal detestation. One day he was ordered by the government to raise a considerable sum : as an excuse for not complying with the demand, he pleaded extreme poverty ; and resolved on hiding his treasure in such a manner as to escape detection. He dug a kind of a cave in his wine-cellar, which he made so large and deep, that he used to go down to it with a ladder ; at the entrance of it was a door with a spring lock on it, which on shutting would fasten of itself. He was suddenly missed, and diligent search made after him ; ponds were drawn, and every suggestion adopted that could reasonably lead to his discovery, dead or alive. In a short time after, his house was sold ; and the purchaser beginning to make some alterations, the workmen discovered a door in the wine-cellar with a key in the lock. On going down they found Foscue lying dead on the ground, with a candlestick near him, but no candle in it. On searching farther, they found the vast wealth that he had amassed. It is supposed, that, when he had entered his cave, the door had by some accident shut after him ; and thus being out of the call of any person, he perished for want of food, in the midst of his treasure.

SIGNS OF FOUL WEATHER.

The *hollow winds* begin to blow ;
 The *clouds look black*, the *glass is low* ;
 The *soot falls down*, the *spaniels sleep* ;
 And *spiders* from their *cobwebs* peep.
 Last night the *sun* went *pale to bed* ;
 The *moon* in *halos* hid her head.
 The *boding shepherd* heaves a *sigh*,
 For, see, a *rainbow* spans the *sky*.
 The *walls are damp*, the *ditches smell*,
Clos'd is the *pink-ey'd pimpernel*
 Hark ! how the *chairs and tables crack*,
Old Betty's joints are on the *rack* :
 Her *corns* with *shooting pains* torment her,
 And to her bed untimely send her.
 Loud *quack the ducks*, the *sea fowl cry*,
 The *distant hills* are *looking nigh*.
 How restless are the *snorting swine* !
 The *busy flies* disturb the *kine*.
 Low o'er the *grass* the *swallow wings*
 The *cricket* too, how *sharp he sings* !
Puss on the *hearth*, with *velvet paws*,
 Sits *wiping o'er her whisker'd jaws*.
 The *smoke* from *chimneys* *right ascends*
 Then *spreading, back to earth it bends*.

The *wind* unsteady *veers around*,
 Or settling in the *South is found*.
 Through the clear stream the *fishes rise*,
 And *nimbly catch* the incautious *flies*.
 The *glow-worms* num'rous, clear and bright,
Illum'd the *dewy hill* last night.
 At dusk the *squalid toad* was seen,
 Like *quadruped*, stalk o'er the green.
 The *whirling wind* the dust obeys,
 And in the *rapid eddy* plays.
 The *frog* has chang'd his *yellow vest*,
 And in a *russet coat* is drest.
 The *sky is green*, the air is still,
 The *mellow blackbird's* voice is shrill.
 The *dog*, so alter'd is his taste,
 Quits mutton-bones, on *grass* to feast.
 Behold the *rooks*, how odd their flight
 They imitate the *gliding kite*,
 And seem *precipitate to fall*,
 As if they felt the *piercing ball*.
 The *tender colts* on *back do lie*,
 Nor heed the traveller passing by.
 In *fiery red* the *sun* doth rise,
 'Then *wades through clouds* to mount the
 skies.
 'Twill surely rain, we see't with sorrow,
 No working in the *fields to-morrow*.
 Darwin.

January 14.

OXFORD LENT TERM begins.

St. Hilary. Sts. Felix. Sts. Isaias and Sabbas. St. Barbasceminus, &c.

St. Felix of Nola, an exorcist, and afterwards a priest, was, according to Butler and Ribadeneira, a great miracle-worker. He lived under Decius, in 250 ; being fettered and dungeoned in a cell, covered with potsherds and broken glass, a resplendent angel, seen by the saint alone, because to him only was he sent, freed him of his chains and guided him to a mountain, where bishop Maximus, aged and frozen, lay for dead, whom Felix recovered by praying ; for, straight-way, he saw a bramble bear a bunch of grapes, with the juice whereof he recovered the bishop, and taking him on his back carried him home to his diocese. Being pursued by pagans, he fled to some ruins and crept through a hole in the wall, which spiders closed with their webs before the pagans got up to it, and there lay for six months miraculously supported. According to the Legend, his body, for ages after his death, distilled a liquor that cured diseases.

CHRONOLOGY.

In January, 1784, died suddenly in Macclesfield-street, Soho, aged 79, Sam.

Crisp, esq., a relation of the celebrated sir Nicholas Crisp. There was a remarkable singularity in the character of this gentleman. He was a bachelor, had been formerly a broker in 'Change-alley, and many years since had retired from business, with an easy competency. His daily amusement, for fourteen years before, was going from London to Greenwich, and immediately returning from thence, in the stage; for which he paid regularly £27 a year. He was a good-humoured, obliging, and facetious companion, always paying a particular attention, and a profusion of compliments, to the ladies, especially to those who were agreeable. He was perpetually projecting some little schemes for the benefit of the public, or, to use his own favourite maxim, *pro bono publico*; he was the institutor of the Lactarium in St. George's Fields, and selected the Latin mottoes for the facetious Mrs. Henniver, who got a little fortune there. He projected the mile and half stones round London; and teased the printers of newspapers into the plan of letter-boxes. He was remarkably humane and benevolent, and, without the least ostentation, performed many generous and charitable actions, which would have dignified a more ample fortune.

THE WINTER ROBIN

A suppliant to your window comes,
Who trusts your faith, and fears no guile:
He claims admittance for your crunbns,
And reads his passport in your smile.

For cold and cheerless is the day,
And he has sought the hedges round;
No berry hangs upon the spray,
Nor worm, nor ant-egg, can be found.

Secure his suit will be preferred,
No fears his slender feet deter;
For sacred is the household bird
That wears the scarlet stomacher.

Charlotte Smith.

January 15.

St. Paul, the first Hermit. *St. Maurus*.
St. Main. *St. John*, Calybite. *St. Isidore*.
St. Bonitus. *St. Ita*, or *Mida*
St. Paul, A. D. 342.

The life of St. Paul, the first hermit, is said, by Butler, to have been written by St. Jerome in 365, who received an account of it from St. Anthony and others. According to him, when twenty-two years old, St Paul fled from the persecution of

Decius to a cavern, near which grew a palm-tree, that supplied him with leaves for clothing, and fruit for food, till he was forty-three years of age; after which he was daily fed by a raven till he was ninety, and then died. St. Anthony, in his old age, being tempted by vanity, imagined himself the first hermit, till the contrary was revealed to him in a dream, wherefore, the next morning, he set out in search of St. Paul. "St. Jerome relates from his authors," says Butler, "that he met a centaur, or creature, not with the nature and properties, but with something of the mixt shape of man and horse; and that this monster, or phantom of the devil, (St. Jerome pretends not to determine which it was,) upon his making the sign of the cross, fled away, after pointing out the way to the saint. Our author (St. Jerome) adds, that St. Anthony soon after met a satyr, who gave him to understand that he was an inhabitant of those deserts, and one of the sort whom the deluded gentiles adored for gods." Ribadeneira describes this satyr as with writhed nostrils, two little horns on his forehead, and the feet of a goat. After two days' search, St. Anthony found St. Paul, and a raven brought a loaf, whereupon they took their corporal refection. The next morning, St. Paul told him he was going to die, and bid him fetch a cloak given to St. Anthony by St. Athanasius, and wrap his body in it. St. Anthony then knew, that St. Paul must have been informed of the cloak by revelation, and went forth from the desert to fetch it; but before his return, St. Paul had died, and St. Anthony found two lions digging his grave with their claws, wherein he buried St. Paul, first wrapping him in St. Athanasius's cloak, and preserving, as a great treasure, St. Paul's garment, made of palm-tree leaves, stitched together. How St. Jerome, in his conclusion of St. Paul's life, praises this garment, may be seen in Ribadeneira.

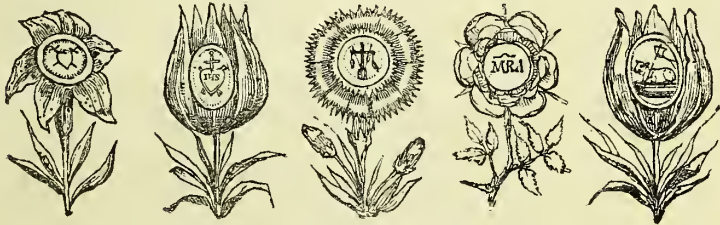
FLOWERS.

A writer, who signs himself "Crito" in the "Truth Teller," No. 15, introduces us to an honest enthusiast, discoursing to his hearers on the *snow-drop* of the season, and other offerings from Flora, to the rolling year. "Picture to your imagination, a poor, 'dirty' mendicant, of the order of St. Francis, who had long prayed and fasted in his sanctuary, and long laboured in his garden, issuing out on the morning of his first pilgrimage, without money and with-

out provisions, clad in his mantle and hood, 'like a sad votarist in palmer's weeds;' and thus, and in these words, asking leave of the poor flock who lived round his gothic habitation.—'Fellowmen, I owe you nothing, and I give you all; you neither paid me tithe nor rent, yet I have bestowed on you food and clothing in poverty, medicine in sickness, and spiritual counsel in adversity. That I might do all these things, I have devoted my life in the seclusion of those venerable walls. There I have consulted the sacred books of our church for your spiritual instruction and the good of your souls; to clothe you, I have sold the embroidered garment, and have put on the habit of mendicity. In the intercalary moments of my canonical hours of prayer, I have collected together the treasures of Flora, and gathered from her plants the useful arts of physic, by which you have been benefited. Ever mindful of the useful object of the labour to which I had condemned myself, I have brought together into the garden of this priory, the lily of the valley and the gentian of the mountain, the nymphaea of the lake, and the cliver of the arid bank; in short, I have collected the pilewort, the oatwort, the liverwort, and every other vegetable specific which the kind hand of nature has spread over the globe, and which I have designated by their qualities,

and have converted to your use and benefit. Mindful also of the pious festivals which our church prescribes, I have sought to make these charming objects of floral nature, the timepieces of my religious calendar, and the mementos of the hastening period of my mortality. Thus I can light the taper to our Virgin Mother on the blowing of the white snow-drop, which opens its floweret at the time of Candlemas; the lady's smock and the daffodil remind me of the Annunciation; the blue harebell, of the festival of St. George; the ranunculus, of the Invention of the Cross; the scarlet lychnis, of St. John the Baptist's day; the white lily, of the Visitation of our Lady; and the virgin's bower, of her Assumption; and Michaelmas, Martinmas, Holy Rood, and Christmas, have all their appropriate monitors. I learn the time of day from the shutting of the blossoms of the star of Jerusalem and the dandelion, and the hour of the night by the stars."

From kind feelings to the benevolence of the Franciscan mendicant's address, which we may suppose ourselves to have just heard, we illustrate something of his purpose, by annexing the rose, the tulip, and the passion-flower, after an engraving by a catholic artist, who has impressed them with devotional monograms, and symbols of his faith.



RURAL MUSINGS.

Margaret.—What sports do you use in the forest?—

Simon.—Not many; some few, as thus:—

To see the sun to bed, and to arise,
Like some hot amourist with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy bands of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and travelling glories round him:
Sometimes the moon on soft night clouds to rest,
Like beauty nestling in a young man's breast,
And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
Admiring silence, while those lovers sleep,
Sometimes outstretcht, in very idleness,
Naught doing, saying little, thinking less,
To view the leaves thin dancers upon air,
Go in eddy ground; and small birds, how they fare,

When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn,
 Filch'd from the careless Amalthea's horn ;
 And how the woods berries and worms provide
 Without their pains, when earth has naught beside
 To answer their small wants

C. LAMB.

January 16.

St Marcellus, Pope. St. Macarius the elder, of Egypt. St. Honoratus. St. Fursey. St. Henry, Hermit, &c.
St. Marcellus, Pope.

According to Butler, he was so strict in penance, that the Christians disliked him ; he was banished by Maxentius, " for his severity against a certain apostate ;" and died pope in 310.

WINTER RAINBOW in Ireland.

In the first of the " Letters from the Irish Islands," in 1823, the writer addresses to his friend, a description of the rainbow on the hills at this season of the year. He says, " I could wish (provided I could ensure you one fine day in the course of the week) that you were here, to enjoy, in rapid succession, and, with all its wild magnificence, the whirlwind, the tempest, the ocean's swell, and, as Burns beautifully expresses it,

Some gleams of sunshine, 'mid renewing storms.

To-day there have been fine bright intervals, and, while returning from a hasty ride, I have been greatly delighted with the appearance of a rainbow, gradually advancing before the lowering clouds, sweeping with majestic stride across the troubled ocean, then, as it gained the beach, and seemed almost within my grasp, vanishing amid the storm, of which it had been the lovely, but treacherous, forerunner. It is, I suppose, a consequence of our situation, and the close connection between sea and mountain, that the rainbows here are so frequent, and so peculiarly beautiful. Of an amazing breadth, and with colours vivid beyond description, I know not whether most to admire this aerial phenomenon, when, suspended in the western sky, one end of the bow sinks behind the island of Boffin, while, at the distance of several leagues, the other rests upon the misty hills of Ennis Turc ; or when, at a later hour of the day, it has appeared stretched across the ample sides of Mülbrea, penetrating far into the deep blue waters that flow at its base. With feelings of grateful recollection too, we may hail the repeated visits of this heavenly messenger, occasionally, as often as five or six times in the course

of the same day, in a country exposed to such astonishing, and, at times, almost incessant floods of rain."

Behold yon bright, ethereal bow,
 With evanescent beauties glow ;
 The spacious arch streams through the sky,
 Deck'd with each tint of nature's dye,
 Refracted sunbeams, through the shower,
 A humid radiance from it pour ;
 Whilst colour into colour fades,
 With blended lights and softening shades.

ATHENÆUM

" It is a happy effect of extreme mildness and moisture of climate, that most of our hills (in Ireland) are covered with grass to a considerable height, and afford good pasturage both in summer and winter. The grasses most abundant are the dogstail, (*cynosurus cristatus*), several species of the meadow grass, (*poa*), the fescue, (*festuca diuruscula* and *pratensis*), and particularly the sweet-scented vernal grass, (*anthoxanthum odoratum*), which abounds in the dry pastures, and mountain sides ; where its withered blossoms, which it is remarkable that the cattle do not eat, give a yellowish brown tint to the whole pasture. Our bog lands are overrun with the couch, or fiorin grass, (*agrostis stolonifera*), several other species of the agrostis, and the aira. This is, indeed, the country for a botanist ; and one so indefatigable as yourself, would not hesitate to venture with us across the rushy bog, where you would be so well rewarded for the labour of springing from one knot of rushes to another, by meeting with the fringed blossoms of the bog-bean, (*menyanthes trifoliata*), the yellow asphodel, (*narthecium ossifragum*), the pale bog violet, (*viola palustris*), both species of the pinguicula, and of the beautiful drosera, the English fly-trap, spreading its dewy leaves glistening in the sun. I could also point out to you, almost hid in the moist recesses of some dripping rock, the pretty miniature fern, (*trichomanes Tunbridgensis*), which you may remember showing me for the first time at Tunbridge Wells : the *osmunda lunaria* and *regalis* are also to be found, with other ferns, mosses, and lichens, which it is far beyond my botanical skill to distinguish.—The man of science, to whatever branch of natural history his attention is directed, will indeed find

never-failing sources of gratification, in exploring paths, hitherto almost untrdden, in our wild country. Scarcely a county in England is without its peculiar Flora, almost every hill and every valley have been subject to repeated, scientific examination; while the productions of nature, so bountifully accorded to poor Ireland, are either unknown or disregarded."

—————
A SEASONABLE DIVERSION.

From the many games of forfeits that are played in parlours during in-door weather, one is presented to the perusal of youthful readers from "Winter Evening Pastimes."

Aunt's Garden.

"The company being all seated in a circle, the person who is to conduct the game proposes to the party to repeat, in turns, the speech he is about to make; and it is agreed that those who commit any mistake, or substitute one word for another, shall pay a forfeit. The player then commences by saying, distinctly, 'I am just come from my aunt Deborah's garden. Bless me! what a fine garden is my aunt's garden! In my aunt's garden there are four corners.' The one seated to the player's right is to repeat this, word for word: if his memory fails he pays a forfeit, and gives up his turn to his next right-hand neighbour, not being permitted to correct his mistake.

When this has gone all round, the conductor repeats the first speech, and adds the following:

'In the first corner stands a superb alaternus,
Whose shade, in the dog-days, won't let the sun burn us.'

"This couplet having been sent round as before, he then adds the following:

'In the second corner grows
A bush which bears a yellow rose:
Would I might my love disclose!'

"This passes round in like manner:

"In the third corner Jane show'd me much
London pride;
Let your mouth to your next neighbour's ear be applied,
And quick to his keeping a secret confide."

"At this period of the game every one must tell his right-hand neighbour some secret.

In the fourth round, after repeating the whole of the former, he concludes thus:

'In the fourth corner doth appear
Of amarant's a crowd;
Each secret whisper'd in the ear
Must now be told aloud.'

"Those who are unacquainted with this game occasionally feel not a little embarrassed at this conclusion, as the secrets revealed by their neighbour may be such as they would not like to be published to the whole party. Those who are aware of this finesse take care to make their secrets witty, comic, or complimentary."

WINTER.

This is the eldest of the seasons: he
Moves not like Spring with gradual step, nor grows
From bud to beauty, but with all his snows
Comes down at once in hoar antiquity.
No rains nor loud proclaiming tempests flee
Before him, nor unto his time belong
The suns of summer, nor the charms of song,
That with May's gentle smiles so well agree.
But he, made perfect in his birthday cloud,
Starts into sudden life with scarce a sound,
And with a tender footstep prints the ground,
As tho' to cheat man's ear; yet while he stays
He seems as 'twere to prompt our merriest lays,
And bid the dance and joke be long and loud.

Literary Pocket Book, 1820.

January 17.

St. Anthony, Patriarch of Monks. Sts. Speusippus, Eleusippus, and Meleusippus. Sts. Sulpicius I. and II., Abps. of Bourges. St. Milgithe. St. Nennius, or Nennidhius.

St. Anthony, Patriarch of Monks.

The memoirs of St. Anthony make a distinguished figure in the lives of the saints by Alban Butler, who states the particulars to have been extracted from "The Life of St. Anthony," compiled by the great St. Athanasius; "a work," says

Butler, "much commended by St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Jerom, St. Austin," &c. This statement by Butler, whose biographical labours are estimated by catholics as of the highest order, and the extraordinary temptations which render the life of St. Anthony eminently remarkable, require at least so much notice of him, as may enable the general reader to determine upon the qualities attributed to him, and the reputation his name has attained in consequence.

According to Butler, St. Anthony was born in 251, at Coma near Heraclea in Egypt, and in that neighbourhood commenced the life of a hermit: he was continually assailed by the devil. His only food was bread with a little salt, he drank nothing but water, never ate before sunset, sometimes only once in two or four days, and lay on a rush mat or on the bare floor. For further solitude he left Coma, and hid himself in an old sepulchre, till, in 285, he withdrew into the deserts of the mountains, from whence, in 305, he descended and founded his first monastery. His under garment was sack-cloth, with a white sheepskin coat and girdle Butler says that he "was taught to apply himself to manual labour by an angel, who appeared, plating mats of palm-tree leaves, then rising to pray, and after some time sitting down again to work; and who at length said to him, 'Do this, and thou shalt be saved.' The life, attributed by Butler to St. Athanasius, informs us that our saint continued in some degree to pray whilst he was at work; that he detested the Arians; that he would not speak to a heretic unless to exhort him to the true faith; and that he drove all such from his mountain, calling them venomous serpents. He was very anxious that after his decease he should not be embalmed, and being one hundred and five years old, died in 356, having bequeathed one of his sheepskins, with the coat in which he lay, to St. Athanasius." So far Butler.

St. Athanasius, or rather the life of St. Anthony before alluded to, which, notwithstanding Butler's authorities, may be doubted as the product of Athanasius; but, however that may be, that memoir of St. Anthony is very particular in its account of St. Anthony's warfare with the infernal powers. It says that hostilities commenced when the saint first determined on hermitizing; "in short, the devil raised a great deal of dust in his

thoughts, that by bemudding and disordering his intellects he might make St. Anthony let go his design." In his first conflict with the devil he was victorious, although satan appeared to him in an alluring shape. Next he came in the form of a black boy, and was again defeated. After that Anthony got into a tomb and shut down the top, but the devil found him out, and, with a great company of other devils, so beat and bruised him, that in the morning he was discovered by the person who brought his bread, lying like a dead man on the ground; whereupon he took him up and carried him to the town church, where many of his friends sat by him until midnight. Anthony then coming to himself and seeing all asleep, caused the person who brought him thither to carry him back privately, and again got into the tomb, shutting down the tomb-top as before. Upon this, the devils being very much exasperated, one night, made a noise so dreadful, that the walls shook. "They transformed themselves into the shapes of all sorts of beasts, lions, bears, leopards, bulls, serpents, asps, scorpions and wolves; every one of which moved and acted agreeably to the creatures which they represented; the lion roaring and seeming to make towards him, the bull to butt, the serpent to creep, and the wolf to run at him, and so in short all the rest; so that Anthony was tortured and mangled by them so grievously that his bodily pain was greater than before." But, as it were laughingly, he taunted them, and the devils gnashed their teeth. This continued till the roof of his cell opened, a beam of light shot down, the devils became speechless, Anthony's pain ceased, and the roof closed again. At one time the devil laid the semblance of a large piece of plate in his way, but Anthony, perceiving the devil in the dish, chid it, and the plate disappeared. At another time he saw a quantity of real gold on the ground, and to show the devil "that he did not value money, he leaped over it as a man in a fright over a fire." Having secluded himself in an empty castle, some of his acquaintance came often to see him, but in vain; he would not let them enter, and they remained whole days and nights listening to a tumultuous rout of devils bawling and wailing within. He lived in that state for twenty years, never seeing or being seen by any one, till his friends broke open the door, and "the specta

sons were in amazement to see his body that had been so belaboured by devils, in the same shape in which it was before his retirement." By way of a caution to

others he related the practices of the devils, and how they appeared. He said that, "to scare us, they will represent themselves so tall as to touch the ceiling,



and proportionably broad; they often pretend to sing psalms and cite the scriptures, and sometimes while we are reading they echo what we read; sometimes they stamp, sometimes they laugh, and sometimes they hiss: but when one regards them not, then they weep and la-

ment, as vanquished. Once, when they came threatening and surrounding me like soldiers, accoutred and horsed, and again when they filled the place with wild beasts and creeping things, I sung Psalm xix. 8., and they were presently routed. Another time, when they ap-

peared with a light in the dark, and said, 'We are come, Anthony, to lend thee our light,' I prayed, shutting my eyes, because I disdained to behold their light, and presently their light was put out. After this they came and hissed and danced, but as I prayed, and lay along singing, they presently began to wail and weep as though they were spent. Once there came a devil very tall in appearance, that dared to say, 'What wouldst thou have me bestow upon thee?' but I spat upon him and endeavoured to beat him, and, great as he was, he disappeared with the rest of the devils. Once one of them knocked at the door of my cell, and when I opened it I saw a tall figure; and when I asked him, 'Who art thou?' he answered, 'I am satan; Why do the monks blame and curse me? I have no longer a place or a city, and now the desert is filled with monks; let them not curse one to no purpose.' I said to him, 'Thou art a liar,' &c. and he disappeared." A deal more than this he is related to have said by his biographer, who affirms that Anthony, "having been prevailed upon to go into a vessel and pray with the monks, he, and he only, perceived a wretched and terrible stink; the company said there was some salt fish in the vessel, but he perceived another kind of scent, and while he was speaking, a young man that had a devil, and who had entered before them and hid himself, cried out, and the devil was rebuked by St. Anthony and came out of him, and then they all knew that it was the devil that stunk."—"Wonderful as these things are, there are stranger things yet; for once, as he was going to pray, he was in a rapture, and (which is a paradox) as soon as he stood up, he saw himself without himself, as it were in the air, and some bitter and terrible beings standing by him in the air too; but the angels, his guardians, withstood them."—"He had also another particular favour, for as he was sitting on the mount in a praying posture, and perhaps gravelled with some doubt relating to himself, in the night-time, one called to him, and said, 'Anthony, arise, go forth and look;' so he went out and saw a certain terrible, deformed personage standing, and reaching to the clouds, and winged creatures, and him stretching out his hands; and some of them he saw were stopped by him, and others were flying beyond him; whereupon the tall one gnashed his teeth, and Anthony perceived that it was the

enemy of souls, who seizes on those who are accountable to him, but cannot reach those who are not persuadable by him." His biographer declares that the devils fled at his word, as fast as from a whip.

It appears from lady Morgan, that at the confectioners' in Rome, on twelfth-day, "saints melt in the mouth, and the temptations of St. Anthony are easily digested."

Alban Butler says that there is an extant sermon of St. Anthony's wherein he extols the efficacy of the sign of the cross for chasing the devil, and lays down rules for the discernment of spirits. There is reason to believe that he could not read; St. Austin thinks that he did not know the alphabet. He wore his habit to his dying day, neither washing the dirt off his body, nor so much as his feet, unless they were wet by chance when he waded through water on a journey. The jesuit Ribadeneira affirms, that "all the world relented and bemoaned his death for afterwards there fell no rain from heaven for three years."

The *Engraving of ST. ANTHONY conflicting with the DEVIL*, in the present sheet, is after Salvator Rosa.

Saints' bodies appear, from the Romish writers, to have waited undecomposed in their graves till their odour of sanctity rendered it necessary that their remains should be sought out; and their bodies were sure to be found, after a few centuries of burial, as fresh as if they had been interred a few weeks. Hence it is, that though two centuries elapsed before Anthony's was looked for, yet his grave was not only discovered, but his body was in the customary preservation. It was brought to Europe through a miracle. One Joceline, who had neglected a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, was, therefore, sorely wounded in battle, and carried for dead into a chapel dedicated to St. Anthony. When he began to revive, a multitude of devils appeared to drag him to hell and one devil cast a halter about his neck to strangle him, wherefore St. Anthony appeared; the devils flew from him of course, and he commanded Joceline to perform his pilgrimage, and to convey his body from the east; whereupon Joceline obeyed, and carried it to France. When Patrick wrote, the saint's beard was shown at Cologne, with a part of his hand, and another piece of him was shown at Tour

day; two of his relics were at Antwerp; a church dedicated to him at Rome was famous for his sackcloth, and part of his palm coat; the other part of it was exhibited at Vienna, and the rest of his body was so multiplied about, that there were limb-bones enough for the remains of half a dozen uncanonized persons. The Romish church has not made saints of late years.

BLESSING OF BEASTS.

On St. Anthony's day, the beasts at Rome are blessed, and sprinkled with holy water. Dr. Forster, in his "Perennial Calendar," remarks, that "the early Catholics regarded no beasts, birds, or fish, as hateful." He says, that "St. Anthony was particularly solicitous about animals, to which a whimsical picture by Salvator Rosa represents him as preaching;" and he suggests, that "from his practices, perhaps, arose the custom of blessings passed on animals still practised at Rome; he regarded all God's creatures as worthy of protection"—except heretics, the doctor might have added; unless, indeed, which seems to have been the case, Anthony regarded *them* as "creatures" of the devil, between whom, and this saint, we have seen that the Rev. Alban Butler takes especial care we should not be ignorant of the miraculous conflicts just related.

Lady Morgan says, that the annual benediction of the beasts at Rome, in a church there dedicated to St. Anthony, lasts for some days: "for not only every Roman from the pope to the peasant, who has a horse, a mule, or an ass, sends his cattle to be blessed at St. Anthony's shrine, but all the English go with their job horses and favourite dogs; and for the small offering of a couple of *paoli*, get them sprinkled, sanctified, and placed under the protection of this saint. Coach after coach draws up, strings of mules mix with carts and barouches, horses kick, mules are restive, and dogs snarl, while the officiating priest comes forward from his little chapel, dips a brush into a vase of holy water, sprinkles and prays over the beasts, pockets the fee, and retires."

Dr. Conyers Middleton says, that when he was at Rome, he had his own horses blest for eighteen-pence, as well to satisfy his curiosity, as to humour his coachman, who was persuaded that some mischance would befall them in the year, if they had not the benefit of the benediction.

PREACHING TO FISHES.

Lady Morgan describes a picture in the Borghese palace at Rome, representing St. Anthony preaching to the fishes: "The salmon look at the preacher with an edified face, and a cod, with his up-turned eyes, seems anxiously seeking for the new light. The saint's sermon is to be had in many of the shops at Rome. St. Anthony addresses the fish, 'Dearly beloved fish;' and the legend adds, that at the conclusion of the discourse, 'the fish bowed to him with profound humility, and a grave and religious countenance.' The saint then gave the fish his blessing, who scudded away to make new conversions,—the missionaries of the main.

"The church of St. Anthony at Rome is painted in curious old frescos, with the temptations of the saint. In one picture he is drawn blessing the devil, disguised in a cowl; probably at that time

'When the devil was sick,
and the devil a monk would be;'

"the next picture shows, that

'When the devil was well,
the devil a monk was he;'

"for St. Anthony, having laid down in his coffin to meditate the more securely, a parcel of malicious little imps are peeping, with all sorts of whimsical and terrific faces, over its edges, and parodying Hogarth's enraged musician. One abominable wretch blows a post-horn close to the saint's ear, and seems as much delighted with his own music as a boy with a Jew's-harp, or a solo-player with his first *ad libitum*."

St. Anthony's sermon to the fish is given in some of our angling books. If this saint was not the preacher to the fish, but St. Anthony of Padua, the latter has lost the credit of his miraculous exhortation, from the stupendous reputation of his namesake and predecessor. Not to risk the displeasure of him of Padua, by the possibility of mistake, without an attempt to propitiate him if it be a mistake, let it be recorded here, that St. Anthony of Padua's protection of a Portuguese regiment, which enlisted him into its ranks seven hundred years after his death, procured him the honour of being promoted to the rank of captain, by the king of Portugal, as will appear by reference to his military certificate set forth at large in "Ancient Mysteries described."

ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE.

St. Anthony's fire is an inflammatory disease which, in the eleventh century, raged violently in various parts. According to the legend, the intercession of St. Anthony was prayed for, when it miraculously ceased; and therefore, from that time, the complaint has been called St. Anthony's fire.

ST. ANTHONY'S PIG.

Bishop Patrick, from the Salisbury missal and other Romish service-books, cites the supplications to St. Anthony for relief from this disease. Catholic writers affirm it to have been cured by the saint's relics dipped in wine, which proved a present remedy. "Neither," says Patrick, who quotes the Romish writers, "did this benefit by the intercession of St. Anthony accrue only to men, but to cattle also; and from hence we are told the custom arose of picturing this saint with a hog at his feet, because, the same author (Aymerus) says, on this animal God wrought miracles by his servant." Patrick goes on to say, that in honour of St. Anthony's power of curing pigs, "they used in several places to tie a bell about the neck of a pig, and maintain it at the common charge of the parish," from whence came our English proverb of "*Tuntony pig*," or t'Antony, an abridgement of the Anthony pig.

"I remember," says Stow, "that the officers charged with the oversight of the markets in this city did divers times take from the market people, pigs starved, or otherwise unwholesome for man's sustenance; these they did slit in the ear. One of the proctors for St. Anthony's (Hospital) tied a bell about the neck, (of one of them,) and let it feed on the dung-hills: no man would hurt or take it up; but if any gave to them bread, or other feeding, such they (the pigs) would know, watch for, and daily follow, whining till they had somewhat given them: whereupon was raised a proverb, '*Such an one will follow such an one, and whine as it were (like) an Anthony pig.*'" If such a pig grew to be fat, and came to good liking, (as oftentimes they did,) then the proctor would take him up to the use of the hospital.

St. Anthony's school in London, now gone to decay, was anciently celebrated for the proficiency of its pupils. Stow relates, that, in his youth he annually saw, on the eve of St. Bartholomew, the scho-

lars of the different grammar-schools assembled in the churchyard of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, and then St. Anthony's scholars commonly were the best, and carried the prizes; and that when the boys of St. Paul's school met with those of St. Anthony's, "they would call them St. Anthony's pigs, and they again would call the others pigeons of Paul's; because many pigeons were bred in Paul's church, and St. Anthony was always figured with a pig following him."

The seal of St. Anthony's Hospital in London was about the size of a half-crown; it represented the saint preaching to a numerous congregation, with his pig beneath him. The Rev. Mr. Orton, rector of Raseby in Leicestershire, was supposed to have been its possessor by the late Mr. S. Ayscough, who adds (in the *Gent. Mag.*) that the hospital of St. Anthony had a grant of all the stray pigs which were not owned. He presumes that, from thence, originated the emblem of the saint's pig. In this he seems to have been mistaken; it clearly did not originate in England; Patrick's solution of it is more probable, and very likely to be correct.

St. Anthony is always represented by the old painters with a pig by his side. He is so accompanied in the wood-cut to his life in the Golden Legend. There are many prints of him, by early masters, in this way. Rubens painted a fine picture of the Death of St. Anthony, with his pig, or rather a large bacon hog, lying under the saint's bed: there is a good engraving from this picture by Clouwet.

In the British Museum there is a MS. with a remarkable anecdote that would form an appendix to St. Anthony's day. The names of the parties are forgotten; but the particulars, recollected from accidental perusal, are these:

A tailor was met out of doors by a person who requested to be measured for a suit of clothes, to be ready on that spot by that day week; and the stranger gave him a piece of cloth to make them with. From certain circumstances, the tailor suspected his new customer to be the devil, and communicated his conjectures to a clergyman, who advised him to execute the order, but carefully to save every piece, even the minutest shred he cut from the cloth, and put the whole into a wrapper with the clothes; he further promised the tailor to go with him on the

appointed day to the place where they were delivered. When all was ready and the day arrived, they both went thither, and the person waiting justified the tailor's suspicions; for he abused the tailor because he brought a divine, and immediately vanished in their presence, leaving the clothes and pieces of cloth in the possession of the tailor, who could not sell the devil's cloth to pay himself for the making, for fear of the consequences:

And here ends the history
Of this wonderful mystery;

from which may be drawn, by way of moral, that a tailor ought not to take an order from a stranger without a reference.

January 18.

St. Peter's Chair at Rome. St. Paul and Thirty-six Companions in Egypt. St. Prisca. St. Deicolus. St. Ulfrid.

The *Feast of St. Peter's chair* is kept by the Romish church on this day. Lady Morgan says that it is one of the very few functions as they are called (*funzioni*) celebrated in the cathedral of St. Peter, at Rome. She briefly describes this celebration, and says something respecting St. Peter's chair. "The splendidly dressed troops that line the nave of the cathedral, the variety and richness of vestments which clothe the various church and lay dignitaries, abbots, priests, canons, prelates, cardinals, doctors, dragoons, senators, and grenadiers, which march in procession, complete, as they proceed up the vast space of this wondrous temple, a spectacle nowhere to be equalled within the pale of European civilisation. In the midst of swords and crosiers, of halberds and crucifixes, surrounded by banners, and bending under the glittering tiara of threefold power, appears the aged, feeble, and worn-out pope, borne aloft on men's shoulders, in a chair of crimson and gold, and environed by slaves, (for such they look,) who waft, from plumes of ostrich feathers mounted on ivory wands, a cooling gale, to refresh his exhausted frame, too frail for the weight of such honours. All fall prostrate, as he passes up the church to a small choir and throne, temporarily erected beneath the chair of St. Peter. A solemn service is then performed, hosannas arise, and royal votarists and diplomatic devotees parade the church, with guards of honour and running footmen, while English gentlemen

and ladies mob and scramble, and crowd and bribe, and fight their way to the best place they can obtain.

"At the extremity of the great nave behind the altar, and mounted upon a tribune designed or ornamented by Michael Angelo, stands a sort of throne, composed of precious materials, and supported by four gigantic figures. A glory of seraphim, with groups of angels, sheds a brilliant light upon its splendours. This throne enshrines the real, plain, worm-eaten, wooden chair, on which St. Peter, the prince of the apostles, is said to have pontificated; more precious than all the bronze, gold, and gems, with which it is hidden, not only from impious, but from holy eyes, and which once only, in the flight of ages, was profaned by mortal inspection.

"The sacrilegious curiosity of the French broke through all obstacles to their seeing the chair of St. Peter. They actually removed its superb casket, and discovered the relic. Upon its mouldering and dusty surface were traced carvings, which bore the appearance of letters. The chair was quickly brought into a better light, the dust and cobwebs removed, and the inscription (for an inscription it was) faithfully copied. The writing is in Arabic characters, and is the well-known confession of Mahometan faith,—"*There is but one God, and MAHOMET is his prophet!*" It is supposed that this chair had been, among the spoils of the crusaders, offered to the church at a time when a taste for antiquarian lore, and the deciphering of inscriptions, were not yet in fashion. This story has been since hushed up, the chair replaced, and none but the unhalloved remember the fact, and none but the audacious repeat it. Yet such there are, even at Rome!"

St. Prisca.

This saint's festival stands in the calendar of the church of England this day, as well as in that of the Romish church. Nothing is certainly known of her except that she was a Roman, and martyred about 275.

POWERFUL OPTICAL ILLUSION.

In the London journals of January, 1824, the following anecdote from a *Carlow* paper bears the above title:—"A young lady, who died in this town, had been some time previous to her death

attended by a gentleman of the medical profession. On the evening of her decease, as this gentleman was sitting in company with a friend of his, and in the act of taking a glass of punch, he imagined he saw the lady walking into the room where himself and his friend were sitting, and, having but a few hours before visited her, and found her in a dying state, the shock that his nerves experienced was so great, that the glass which held the punch fell from his hands, and he himself dropped on the floor in a fainting fit. After he had perfectly recovered himself, and made inquiry about the lady, it was ascertained that a few minutes before the time the medical gentleman imagined he had seen her in his friend's apartment, she had departed this life." Perhaps this vision may be illustrated by others.

A SPECTRE.

The Editor of the *Every-Day Book* now relates an appearance to himself.

One winter evening, in 1821, he was writing in a back room on an upper floor of the house No. 45, Ludgate-hill, where-in he now resides. He had been so closely engaged in that way and in reading during several preceding days, that he had taken every meal alone, and in that room, nor did he usually go to bed until two or three o'clock in the morning. In the early part of the particular evening alluded to, his attention had become wearied. After a doze he found himself refreshed, and was writing when the chimes of St. Paul's clock sounded a quarter to two: long before that dead hour all the family had retired to rest, and the house was silent. A few minutes afterwards he moved round his chair towards the fire-place, and opposite to a large pane of glass which let the light from the room into a closet otherwise dark, the door of which opened upon the landing-place. His eye turning upon the glass pane, he was amazed by the face of a man anxiously watching him from the closet, with knit inquiring brows. The features were prominent and haggard, and, though the look was somewhat ferocious, it indicated intense curiosity towards the motions of the writer, rather than any purpose of immediate mischief to him. The face seemed somewhat to recede with a quick motion when he first saw it, but gazing on it with great earnestness it appeared closer to the glass, looking at him for a moment, and then with more eager anxiety bending its

eyes on the writing-table, as though it chiefly desired to be acquainted with the books and papers that lay upon it. The writer shut and rubbed his eyes, and again the eyes of the face were intently upon him; watching it, he grasped the candlestick, strode hastily towards the room door, which is about two feet from the pane, observed the face as hastily draw back, unlatched the closet door on the landing, was in an instant within the closet, and there to his astonishment found nothing. It was impossible that the person could have escaped from the closet before his own foot was at its door, yet he examined nearly every room in the house, until reflecting that it was folly to seek for what, he was convinced, had no bodily existence, he returned up stairs and went to bed, pondering on the recollection of the spectre.

ANOTHER SPECTRE.

To the preceding narrative the Editor adds an account of a subsequent apparition, which he saw, and for greater ease he writes it in the first person, as follows:

In January, 1824, one, whose relationship commanded my affection, was about to leave England with his family for a distant part of the world. The day or two preceding his departure I passed with him and his wife and children. Our separation was especially painful; my mind was distressed, and I got little sleep. He had sailed from Gravesend about three days, and a letter that he had promised to write from the Downs had not arrived. On the evening of the 29th I retired late, and being quite wearied slept till an unusually late hour the next morning, without a consciousness of having dreamed, or being, as I found myself, alone. With my head on the pillow I opened my eyes to an extraordinary appearance. Against the wall on the opposite side of the room, and level with my sight, the person, respecting whom I had been so anxious, lay a corpse, extended at full length, as if resting on a table. A greyish cloth covered the entire body except the face; the eyes were closed, the countenance was cadaverous, the mouth elongated from the falling of the jaws, and the lips were purpled. I shut my eyes, rubbed them and gently raising my head continued to gaze on the body, till from weariness of the attitude and exhausted spirits, I dropped on the pillow, and insensibly sunk to sleep, for perhaps a quarter of an hour. On again awaking, the spectre was

not there. I then arose, and having mentioned the circumstance to some of my family, caused a memorandum to be made of what I had seen. In the course of the forenoon a person arrived who had gone on board with the vessel to the Downs, from whence he had been put ashore the morning before, and saw the ship in full sail. He was the bearer of the letter I had expected from the individual aboard, whose appearance I had witnessed only a few hours previous to its being put into my hands; it of course relieved no apprehension that might have been excited by the recent spectre.

"That the dead are seen no more," said Imlac, "I will not undertake to maintain against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which, perhaps, prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those, that never heard of one another, would never have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavillers can very little weaken the general evidence, and some who deny it with their tongues confess it by their fears."

No man is privileged to impugn the knowledge of existences which others have derived from their experience; but he who sees, without assenting to realities, audaciously rejects positive proof to himself, where presumptive testimony would be satisfactory to most: he daringly falsifies what he knows to be indubitably true, and secret convictions belie the shameless hardihood of pretended incredulity. These, it is presumed, would be the sentiments of the great author of *Rasselas*, upon the expression of disbelief in him who had witnessed spectral appearances; and yet the writer of these pages, with a personal knowledge upon the subject, declines to admit that knowledge as good evidence. He would say untruly were he to affirm, that when he saw the corpse-like form, and for some time afterwards, he had no misgivings as to the safety of his friend. It was not until a lapse of six months that the vessel was reported to have touched at a certain port in good condition, and this was followed by a letter from the individual himself, wherein he affirmed his good health; he subsequently wrote, that

he and his family were at the place of their destination. This spectral appearance therefore at Ludgate-hill, between eight and nine o'clock of the morning on the 30th of January, was no indication of his death, nor would it have been had he died about that time, although the coincidence of the apparition and his decease would have been remarkable. The case at Carlow only differs from the case at Ludgate-hill by the decease of the lady having been coeval with her spectral appearance to the gentleman who was depressed by her illness. The face which the writer saw looking at him from a closet in the dead of night was no likeness of any one he knew, and he saw each spectre when his faculties had been forced beyond their healthful bearing. Under these circumstances, his eyesight was not to be trusted, and he refuses to admit it, although the spectres were so extraordinary, and appeared under such circumstances that probably they will never be forgotten.

Coupled with the incidents just related, the death of the king of Naples in January 1825, which was first announced in the "*News*" Sunday paper on the 16th of the month, recalls the recollection of a singular circumstance in the bay of Naples. The fact and the facts preceding it are related by Dr. Southey in his "*Life of Nelson*." Having spoken of Nelson's attachment to lady Hamilton, and his weariness of the world, Dr. Southey proceeds thus:—

"Well had it been for Nelson if he had made no other sacrifices to this unhappy attachment than his peace of mind; but it led to the only blot upon his public character. While he sailed from Palermo, with the intention of collecting his whole force, and keeping off Maretime, either to receive reinforcements there, if the French were bound upwards, or to hasten to Minorca, if that should be their destination, capt. Foote, in the *Seahorse*, with the Neapolitan frigates and some small vessels under his command, was left to act with a land force consisting of a few regular troops, of four different nations, and with the armed rabble which cardinal Ruffo called the Christian army. His directions were to cooperate to the utmost of his power with royalists, at whose head Ruffo had been placed, and he had no other instructions whatever. Ruffo advancing with

out any plan, but relying upon the enemy's want of numbers, which prevented them from attempting to act upon the offensive, and ready to take advantage of any accident which might occur, approached Naples. Fort St. Elmo, which commands the town, was wholly garrisoned by the French troops; the castles of Uovo and Nuovo, which commanded the anchorage, were chiefly defended by Neapolitan revolutionists, the powerful men among them having taken shelter there. If these castles were taken, the reduction of Fort St. Elmo would be greatly expedited. They were strong places, and there was reason to apprehend that the French fleet might arrive to relieve them. Ruffo proposed to the garrison to capitulate, on condition that their persons and property should be guaranteed, and that they should, at their own option, either be sent to Toulon, or remain at Naples, without being molested either in their persons or families. This capitulation was accepted: it was signed by the cardinal, and the Russian and Turkish commanders; and, lastly, by capt. Foote, as commander of the British force. About six and thirty hours afterwards Nelson arrived in the bay, with a force which had joined him during his cruise, consisting of seventeen sail of the line, with 1700 troops on board, and the prince royal of Naples in the admiral's ship. A flag of truce was flying on the castles, and on board the Seahorse. Nelson made a signal to annul the treaty; declaring that he would grant rebels no other terms than those of unconditional submission. The cardinal objected to this: nor could all the arguments of Nelson, sir W. Hamilton, and lady Hamilton, who took an active part in the conference, convince him that a treaty of such a nature, solemnly concluded, could honourably be set aside. He retired at last, silenced by Nelson's authority, but not convinced. Capt. Foote was sent out of the bay; and the garrisons taken out of the castles, under pretence of carrying the treaty into effect, were delivered over as rebels to the vengeance of the Sicilian court.—A deplorable transaction! a stain upon the memory of Nelson, and the honour of England! To palliate it would be in vain; to justify it would be wicked: there is no alternative, for one who will not make himself a participator in guilt, but to record the disgraceful story with sorrow and with shame.

“Prince Francesco Caraccioli, a younger branch of one of the noblest Neapolitan families, escaped from one of these castles before it capitulated. He was at the head of the marine, and was nearly seventy years of age, bearing a high character both for professional and personal merit. He had accompanied the court to Sicily; but when the revolutionary government, or Parthenopæan republic, as it was called, issued an edict, ordering all absent Neapolitans to return, on pain of confiscation of their property he solicited and obtained permission of the king to return, his estates being very great. It is said that the king, when he granted him this permission, warned him not to take any part in politics; expressing, at the same time, his own persuasion that he should recover his kingdom. But neither the king, nor he himself, ought to have imagined that, in such times, a man of such reputation would be permitted to remain inactive; and it soon appeared that Caraccioli was again in command of the navy, and serving under the republic against his late sovereign. The sailors reported that he was forced to act thus: and this was believed, till it was seen that he directed ably the offensive operations of the revolutionists, and did not avail himself of opportunities for escaping when they offered. When the recovery of Naples was evidently near, he applied to cardinal Ruffo, and to the duke of Calvirano, for protection; expressing his hope, that the few days during which he had been forced to obey the French, would not outweigh forty years of faithful services:—but, perhaps, not receiving such assurances as he wished, and knowing too well the temper of the Sicilian court, he endeavoured to secrete himself, and a price was set upon his head. More unfortunately for others than for himself, he was brought in alive, having been discovered in the disguise of a peasant, and carried one morning on board lord Nelson's ship, with his hands tied behind him.

“Caraccioli was well known to the British officers, and had been ever highly esteemed by all who knew him. Capt. Hardy ordered him immediately to be unbound, and to be treated with all those attentions which he felt due to a man who, when last on board the *Foudroyant*, had been received as an admiral and a prince. Sir William and lady Hamilton were in the ship; but Nelson, it is affirm-

ed, saw no one, except his own officers, during the tragedy which ensued. His own determination was made; and he issued an order to the Neapolitan commodore, count Thurn, to assemble a court-martial of Neapolitan officers, on board the British flag-ship, proceed immediately to try the prisoner, and report to him, if the charges were proved, what punishment he ought to suffer. These proceedings were as rapid as possible; Caraccioli was brought on board at nine in the forenoon, and the trial began at ten. It lasted two hours; he averred, in his defence, that he acted under compulsion, having been compelled to serve as a common soldier, till he consented to take command of the fleet. This, the apologists of lord Nelson say, he failed in proving. They forget that the possibility of proving it was not allowed him; for he was brought to trial within an hour after he was legally in arrest; and how, in that time, was he to collect his witnesses? He was found guilty, and sentenced to death; and Nelson gave orders that the sentence should be carried into effect that evening, at five o'clock, on board the Sicilian frigate *La Minerva*, by hanging him at the fore-yard-arm till sunset; when the body was to be cut down, and thrown into the sea. Caraccioli requested lieutenant Parkinson, under whose custody he was placed, to intercede with lord Nelson for a second trial,—for this, among other reasons, that count Thurn, who presided at the court-martial, was notoriously his personal enemy. Nelson made answer, that the prisoner had been fairly tried by the officers of his own country, and he could not interfere: forgetting that, if he felt himself justified in ordering the trial and the execution, no human being could ever have questioned the propriety of his interfering on the side of mercy. Caraccioli then entreated that he might be shot.—‘I am an old man, sir,’ said he: ‘I leave no family to lament me, and therefore cannot be supposed to be very anxious about prolonging my life; but the disgrace of being hanged is dreadful to me.’ When this was repeated to Nelson, he only told the lieutenant, with much agitation, to go and attend his duty. As a last hope, Caraccioli asked the lieutenant, if he thought an application to lady Hamilton would be beneficial? Parkinson went to seek her. She was not to be seen on this occasion,—but

was present at the execution. She had the most devoted attachment to the Neapolitan court; and the hatred which she felt against those whom she regarded as its enemies, made her, at this time, forget what was due to the character of her sex, as well as of her country. Here, also, a faithful historian is called upon to pronounce a severe and unqualified condemnation of Nelson’s conduct. Had he the authority of his Sicilian majesty for proceeding as he did? If so, why was not that authority produced? If not, why were the proceedings hurried on without it? Why was the trial precipitated, so that it was impossible for the prisoner, if he had been innocent, to provide the witnesses who might have proved him so? Why was a second trial refused, when the known animosity of the president of the court against the prisoner was considered? Why was the execution hastened, so as to preclude any appeal for mercy, and render the prerogative of mercy useless?—Doubtless, the British admiral seemed to himself to be acting under a rigid sense of justice; but, to all other persons, it was obvious, that he was influenced by an infatuated attachment—a baneful passion, which destroyed his domestic happiness, and now, in a second instance, stained ineffaceably his public character.

“The body was carried out to a considerable distance, and sunk in the bay, with three double-headed shot, weighing 250 pounds, tied to its legs. Between two and three weeks afterward, when the king was on board the *Foudroyant*, a Neapolitan fisherman came to the ship, and solemnly declared, that Caraccioli had risen from the bottom of the sea, and was coming, as fast as he could, to Naples, swimming half out of the water. Such an account was listened to like a tale of idle credulity. The day being fair, Nelson, to please the king, stood out to sea; but the ship had not proceeded far before a body was distinctly seen, upright in the water, and approaching them. It was soon recognised to be, indeed, the corpse of Caraccioli, which had risen, and floated, while the great weights attached to the legs kept the body in a position like that of a living man. A fact so extraordinary astonished the king, and perhaps excited some feeling of superstitious fear, akin to regret. He gave permission for the body to be taken on shore, and receive christian burial.”

The late Dr. Clarke mentions in his "Travels," that as he was "one day leaning out of the cabin window, by the side of an officer who was employed in fishing, the corpse of a man, newly sewed in a hammock, started half out of the water, and continued its course, with the current, towards the shore. Nothing could be more horrible: its head and shoulders were visible, turning first to one side, then to the other, with a solemn and awful movement, as if impressed with some dreadful secret of the deep, which, from its watery grave, it came upwards to reveal." Dr. Ferriar observes, that "in a certain stage of putrefaction, the bodies of persons which have been immersed in water, rise to the surface, and in deep water are supported in an erect posture, to the terror of uninstructed spectators. Menacing looks and gestures, and even words, are supplied by the affrighted imagination, with infinite facility, and referred to the horrible apparition." This is perfectly natural; and it is easy to imagine the excessive terror of extreme ignorance at such appearances.

January 19.

Sts. Martha, Maris, Audifax, and Abachum. St. Cavutus. St. Henry. St. Wulstan. St. Blaithmaie. St. Lomer.

Sts. Martha, Maris, &c.

St. Martha was married to St. Maris, and with their sons, Sts. Audifax and Abachum, were put to death under Aurelian (A. D. 270.) Butler says, that their relics were found at Rome, in 1590, one thousand three hundred and twenty years afterwards.

DEDICATION OF FLOWERS.

The monks, or the observers of monkish rules, have compiled a Catalogue of Flowers for each day in the year, and dedicated each flower to a particular saint, on account of its flowering about the time of the saint's festival. Such appropriations are a *Floral Directory* throughout the year, and will be inserted under the succeeding days. Those which belong to this and the eighteen preceding days in January are in the following list:—

JANUARY.

1st. *St. Faine.* NEW YEAR'S DAY.
Laurustine. *Viburnum Tinus.*

2d. *St. Macarius.*
Groundsel. *Senecio vulgaris*

3d. *St. Genevieve.*
Persian Fleur-de-lis. *Iris Persica.*

4th. *St. Titus*
Hazel. *Corylus avellana.*

5th. *St. Simeon Stylites.*
Bearsfoot. *Helleborus fœtidus.*

6th. *St. Nilammon.*
Screw Moss. *Tortula rigida.*

7th. *St. Kentigern.*
Portugal Laurel. *Prunus Lusitanica.*

8th. *St. Gudula.*
Yellow Tremella. *Tremella deliquescens*

9th. *St. Marciana.*
Common Laurel. *Prunus Laurocerusus*

10th. *St. William.*
Goose. *Ulex Europæas.*

11th. *St. Theodosius.*
Early Moss. *Bryum horæum.*

12th. *St. Arcadius.*
Hygrometic Moss. *Funaria hygrometica.*

13th. *St. Veronica.*
Yew Tree. *Taxus baccata.*

14th. *St. Hilary.*
Barren Strawberry. *Fragaria sterilis.*

15th. *St. Paul the Hermit.*
Ivy. *Hedera helix.*

16th. *St. Marcellus.*
Common Dead Nettle. *Larnium purpureum.*

17th. *hony.*
Garden Anemone. *Anemone hortensis.*

18th. *St. Prisca.*
Four-toothed Moss. *Bryum pellucidum.*

19th. *St. Martha.*
White Dead Nettle. *Larnium album.*

THE GARDEN.

In the "Flora Domestica" there is a beautiful quotation from Cowley, in proof that the emperor Dioclesian preferred his garden to a throne:

Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk

In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made

I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk
With the ambassadors, who come in vain
T'entice him to a throne again.

"If I, my friends," said he, "should to you
show

All the delights which in these gardens grow,
'Tis likelier far that you with me should stay,

Than 'tis that you should carry me away;

And trust me not, my friends, if, every day,

I walk not here with more delight,

Than ever, after the most happy fight,

In triumph to the capitol I rode,

To thank the gods, and to be thought myself
Almost a god."

To the author of the "Flora Domestica," and to the reader who may not have seen a volume so acceptable to the cultivator of flowers, it would be injustice to extract from its pages without remarking its usefulness, and elegance of composition. Lamenting that "plants often meet with an untimely death from the ignorance of their nurses," the amiable author "resolved to obtain and to communicate such information as should be requisite for the rearing and preserving a *portable garden* in pots;—and henceforward the death of any plant, owing to the carelessness or ignorance of its nurse, shall be brought in at the best as *plant-slaughter*."

The cultivation of plants commences with our infancy. If estranged from it by the pursuits of active life, yet, during a few years' retirement from the "great hum" of a noisy world, we naturally recur to a garden as to an old and cheerful friend whom we had forgotten or neglected, and verify the saying, "once a man, and twice a child." There is not "one of woman born" without a sense of pleasure when he sees buds bursting into leaf; earth yielding green shoots from germs in its warm bosom; white fruit-blossoms, tinted with rose-blushes, standing out in clumps from slender branches;

Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow,
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
The face of Nature in a rich disguise,
And brightened every object to my eyes;
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seemed wrought in glass,
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow,
The thick-sprung reeds the watery marshes yield
Seem polished lances in a hostile field.
The stag in limpid currents, with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.
The spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing ether shine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
That wave and glitter in the distant sun.
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies;
The cracking wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends.

Philips, Lett. from Copenhagen.

flowers courting the look by their varied loveliness, and the smell by their delicacy; large juicy apples bowing down the almost tendril-shoots wherefrom they miraculously spring; plants of giant growth with multiform shrubs beyond, and holly-hocks towering like painted pinnacles from hidden shrines:

————— Can imagination boast,
'Mid all its gay creation, *charms* like these?

Dr. Forster, the scientific author of a treatise on "Atmospheric Phenomena," and other valuable works, has included numerous useful observations on the weather in his recently published "Perennial Calendar," a volume replete with instruction and entertainment. He observes, in the latter work, that after certain atmospheric appearances on this day in the year 1809, "a hard and freezing shower of hail and sleet came with considerable violence from the east, and glazed every thing on which it fell with ice; it incrustated the walls, encased the trees and the garments of people, and even the plumage of birds, so that many rooks and other fowls were found lying on the ground, stiff with an encasement of ice. Such weather," Dr. Forster observes, "has been aptly described by Philips as occurring oftentimes during a northern winter:—

"It may be observed, that in both the above descriptions of similar phenomena, the east wind is recorded as bringing up

the storm. There is something very remarkably unwholesome in east winds and a change to that quarter often dis

turbs the nervous system and digestive organs of many persons, causing headaches, fevers, and other disorders. Moreover, a good astronomical observation cannot be made when the wind is east: the star seems to oscillate or dance about in the field of the telescope."

In the truth of these observations regards health, he who writes this is unhappily qualified to concur from experience; and were it in his power, would ever shun the *north-east* as his most fearful enemy.

Sir, the north-east, more fierce than Russian cold,
Pierces the very marrow in the bones,
Presses upon the brain an arid weight,
And superflows life's current with a force
That checks the heart, and soul, and mind, and strength,
In all their purposes.—

Up with the double window-sashes—quick!
Close every crevice from the withering blast,
And stop the keyhole tight—the wind-fiend comes! *

January 20.

St. Fabian, Pope. St. Sebastian. St. Euthymius. St. Fechin.

St. Fabian.

This saint is in the church of England calendar; he was bishop of Rome, A. D. 250: the Romish calendar calls him pope.

St. Sebastian's Day

Is noted in Doblada's Letters from Spain, as within the period that ushers in the carnival with rompings in the streets, and vulgar mirth.

"The custom alluded to by Horace of sticking a tail, is still practised by the boys in the streets, to the great annoyance of old ladies, who are generally the objects of this sport. One of the ragged striplings that wander in crowds about Seville, having tagged a piece of paper with a hooked pin, and stolen unperceived behind some slow-paced female, as wrapt up in her veil, she tells the beads she carries in her left hand, fastens the paper-tail on the back of the black or walking petticoat called *Saya*. The whole gang of ragamuffins, who, at a convenient distance, have watched the dexterity of their companion, set up a loud cry of '*Lãrgalo, lãrgalo*'—'*Drop it, drop it*'—this makes every female in the street look to the rear, which, they well know, is the fixed point of attack with the merry light-troops. The alarm continues till some friendly hand relieves the victim of sport, who, spinning and nodding like a spent top, tries in vain to catch a glance at the

fast-pinned paper, unmindful of the physical law which forbids her head revolving faster than the great orbit on which the ominous comet flies."

ST. AGNES' EVE

Formerly this was a night of great import to maidens who desired to know who they should marry. Of such it was required, that they should not eat on this day, and those who conformed to the rule, called it fasting St. Agnes' fast.

And on sweet St. Agnes' night
Please you with the promis'd sight,
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers.

BEN JONSON.

Old Aubrey has a recipe, whereby a lad or lass was to attain a sight of the fortunate lover. "Upon St. Agnes' night you take a row of pins, and pull out every one, one after another, saying a *Pater Noster*, sticking a pin in your sleeve, and you will dream of him or her you shall marry."

Little is remembered of these homely methods for knowing "all about sweet-hearts," and the custom would scarcely have reached the greater number of readers, if one of the sweetest of our modern poets had not preserved its recollection in a delightful poem. Some stanzas are culled from it, with the hope that they may be read by a few to whom the poetry of Keates is unknown, and awaken a desire for further acquaintance with his beauties:—

The Eve of St. Agnes.

St. Agnes' Eve? Ah, t'other chill it was!
 The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
 The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
 And silent was the flock in woolly fold:

* * * * *

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
 Young virgins might have visions of delight,
 And soft adorings from their loves receive
 Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
 If ceremonies due they did aright;
 As, supperless to bed they must retire,
 And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
 Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
 Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

* * * * *

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline

* * * * *

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
 Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
 She clos'd the door, she panted, all akin
 To spirits of the air, and visions wide
 No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
 But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
 Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
 As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple arch'd there was,
 All garlanded with carven imag'ries
 Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot grass,
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep damask'd wings;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
 And twilight saints, with dim emblazonings,
 A shielded 'scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings,

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
 As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
 She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
 Save wings, for Heaven:—

* * * * *

Her vespers done
 Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
 Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
 Loosens her fragrant boddice; by degrees
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees.
 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
 Until the poppi'd warmth of sleep oppress'd
 Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
 Flown, like a thought, until the morrow day,
 Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
 Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
 Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
 As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so extranced,
 Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
 And listened to her breathing.—
 ----- Shaded was her dream
 By the dusk curtains :—'twas a midnight charm
 Impossible to melt as iced stream :—

* * * * *

He took her hollow lute,—
 Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
 He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
 In Provence call'd, " La belle dame sans mercy :"
 Close to her ear touching the melody ;—
 Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan :
 He ceas'd—she panted quick—and suddenly
 Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone :
 Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
 Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep :
 There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
 The blisses of her dream so pure and deep,
 At which fair Madeline began to weep,
 And moan forth witless words with many a sigh,
 While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep ;
 Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
 Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly

" Ah, Porphyro !" said she, " but even now
 " Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
 " Made tuneable with every sweetest vow ;
 " And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear :
 " How chang'd thou art ! how pallid, chill, and drear
 " Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
 " Those looks immortal, those complainings dear !
 " Oh, leave me not in this eternal woe,
 " For if thou diest, my love, I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man inpassion'd far
 At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
 Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star,
 Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose,
 Into her dream he melted, as the rose
 Blendeth its odour with the violet,—
 Solution sweet : meantime the frost-wind blows
 Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
 Against the window-panes.

* * * * *

" Hark ! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery land,
 " Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed .
 " Arise—arise ! the morning is at hand ;—
 " Let us away, my love, with happy speed.—"

* * * * *

And they are gone : ay, ages long ago
 These lovers fled away into the storm.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

St. Fabian

Large Dead Nettle. *Larrium garganicum*.



Aquarius,

OR, THE WATER BEARER.

The sun enters Aquarius on this day, though he does not enter it in the visible zodiac until the 18th of February.

Ganymede, who succeeded Hebe as cup-bearer to Jove, is fabled to have been changed into Aquarius. Canobus of the Egyptian zodiac, who was the Neptune of the Egyptians, with a water-vase and measure, evidently prefigured this constellation. They worshipped him as the God of many breasts, from whence he replenished the Nile with fertilizing streams. Aquarius contains one hundred and eight stars, the two chief of which are about fifteen degrees in height :

His head, his shoulders, and his lucid breast, Glisten with stars ; and when his urn inclines, Rivers of light brighten the watery track.

Eudosia.

January 21.

St. Agnes. St Fructuosus, &c. St. Vimin, or Vivian. St. Publius. St. Epiphanius

St. Agnes.

“ She has always been looked upon,” says Butler, “ as a special patroness of purity, with the immaculate mother of God.” According to him, she suffered martyrdom, about 304, and performed

wonderful miracles before her death, which was by beheading, when she was thirteen years old ; whereupon he enjoins females to a single life, as better than a married one, and says, that her anniversary “ was formerly a holiday for the women in England.” Ribadeneira relates, that she was to have been burned, and was put into the fire for that purpose, but the flames, refusing to touch her, divided on each side, burnt some of the bystanders, and then quenched, as if there had been none made : a compassionate quality in fire, of which iron was not sensible, for her head was cut off at a single blow. Her legend further relates, that eight days after her death she came to her parents arrayed in white, attended by virgins with garlands of pearls, and a lamb whiter than snow ; she is therefore usually represented by artists with a lamb by her side ; though not, as Mr. Brand incautiously says, “ in every graphic representation.” It is further related, that a priest who officiated in a church dedicated to St. Agnes, was very desirous of being married. He prayed the pope’s license, who gave it him, together with an emerald ring, and commanded him to pay his addresses to the image of St. Agnes in his own church. Then the priest did so, and the image put forth her finger, and he put the ring thereon ; whereupon the image drew her finger again, and kept the ring fast, and the priest was contented to remain a b-

chelor; "and yet, as it is said, the rynges is on the fynger of the ymage"

In a Romish Missal printed at Paris, in 1520, there is a prayer to St. Agnes, remarkably presumptive of her powers; it is thus englished by Bp. Patrick:

Agnes, who art the Lamb's chaste spouse,
Enlighten thou our minds within;
Not only lop the spreading boughs,
But root out of us every sin.

O, Lady, singularly great,
After this state, with grief opprest
Translate us to that quiet seat
Above, to triumph with the blest.

From Naogeorgus, we gather that in St. Agnes' church at Rome, it was customary on St. Agnes' Day to bring two snow-white lambs to the altar, upon which they were laid while the Agnus was singing by way of offering. These con-

St. Agnes' Shrine.

Where each pretty *Ba*-lamb most gaily appears,
With ribands stuck round on its tail and its ears;
On gold fringed cushions they're stretch'd out to eat,
And piously *ba*, and to church-musick bleat;
Yet to me they seem'd crying, alack, and alas!
What's all this white damask to daisies and grass?
Then they're brought to the Pope, and with transport they're kiss'd,
And receive consecration from Sanctity's fist.

Blessing of Sheep

Stopford, in "Pagano-Papismus," relates this ceremony of the Romish church. The sheep were brought into the church, and the priest, having blessed some salt and water, read in one corner this gospel, "To us a child is born," &c. with the whole office, a farthing being laid upon the book, and taken up again; in the second corner he read this gospel, "Ye men of Galilee," &c. with the whole office, a farthing being laid upon the book, and taken up again; in the third corner he read this gospel, "I am the good shepherd," &c. with the whole office, a farthing being laid upon the book, and taken up again; and in the fourth corner he read this gospel, "In these days," &c. with the whole office, a farthing being laid upon the book, and taken up again. After that, he sprinkled all the sheep with holy water, saying, "Let the blessing of God, the Father Almighty, descend and remain upon you; in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." Then he signed all the sheep with the sign of the cross, repeated thrice some Latin verses, with the Paternoster and Ave-Marias,

secreted animals were afterwards shorn, and palls made from their fleeces; for each of which, it is said, the pope exacted of the bishops from eight to ten, or thirty thousand crowns, and that the custom originated with Limes, who succeeded the apostle Peter: whereupon Naogeorgus inquires,

But where was *Agnes* at that time?
who offred up, and how,
The two white lambs? where then was
Masse,
as it is used now?

Yea, where was then the Popish state,
and dreadfull monarchee?
Sure in Saint Austen's time, there were
no palles at Rome to see, &c.

In Jephson's "Manners, &c. of France and Italy," there is one dated from Rome, February, 14, 1793. That this ceremony was then in use, is evident from the following lines:—

sung the mass of the Holy Ghost, and at the conclusion, an offering of fourpence was for himself, and another of three-pence was for the poor. This ceremony was adopted by the Romish church from certain customs of the ancient Romans, in their worship of Pales, the goddess of sheepfolds and pastures. They prayed her to bless the sheep, and sprinkled them with water. The chief difference between the forms seems to have consisted in this, that the ancient Romans let the sheep remain in their folds, while the moderns drove them into the church.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

St. Agnes.

Christmas Rose. *Helleborus niger flor albo.*

THE CROCUS.

Dainty young thing
Of life!—Thou vent'rous flower,
Who growest through the hard, cold
Of wintry Spring:—

Thou various-hued,
Soft, voiceless bell, whose spire
Rocks in the grassy leaves like wire
In solitude:—

Like Patience, thou
 Art quiet in thy earth,
 Instructing Hope that Virtue's birth
 Is Feeling's vow.
 Thy fancied bride !
 The delicate Snowdrop, keeps
 Her home with thee ; she wakes and sleeps
 Near thy true side.
 Will Man but hear !
 A simple flower can tell
 What beauties in his mind should dwell
 Through Passion's sphere.

J. R. Prior.

CHRONOLOGY.

1793. On the 21st of January, Louis XVI. was beheaded at Paris, in the thirty-ninth year of his age, and nineteenth of his reign, under circumstances which are in the recollection of many, and known to most persons. A similar instrument to the *guillotine*, the machine by which Louis XVI. was put to death, was formerly used in England. It was first introduced into France, during the revolution, by Dr. Guillotine, a physician, and hence its name.

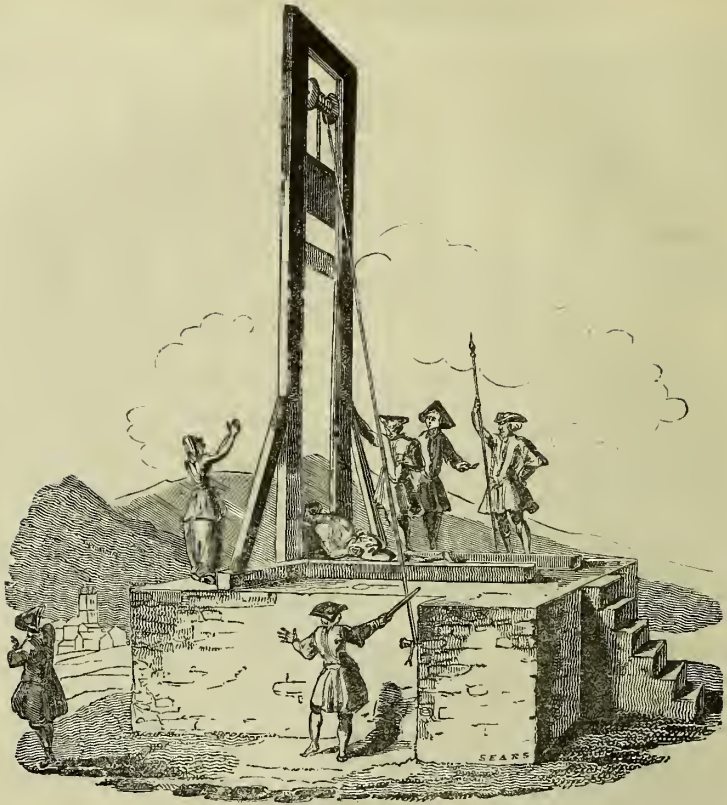
THE HALIFAX GIBBET AND GIBBET-LAW.

The History of Halifax in Yorkshire, 12mo. 1712, sets forth "a true account of their ancient, odd, customary gibbet-law ; and their particular form of trying and executing of criminals, the like not us'd in any other place in Great Britain." The Halifax gibbet was in the form of the guillotine, and its gibbet-law quite as remarkable. The work referred to, which is more curious than rare, painfully endeavours to prove this law wise and salutary. It prevailed only within the forest of Hardwick, which was subject to the lord of the manor of Wakefield, a part of the duchy of Lancaster. If a felon were taken within the liberty of the forest with cloth, or other commodity, of the value of thirteen-pence halfpenny, he was, after three market-days from his apprehension and condemnation, to be carried to the gibbet, and there have his head cut off from his body. When first taken, he was brought to the lord's bailiff in Halifax, who kept the town, had also the keeping of the axe, and was the executioner at the gibbet. This officer summoned a jury of frith-burghers to try him on the evidence of witnesses not upon oath : if acquitted, he was set at liberty, upon pay-

ment of his fees ; if convicted, he was set in the stocks on each of the three subsequent market-days in Halifax, with the stolen goods on his back, if they were portable ; if not, they were placed before his face. This was for a terror to others, and to engage any who had aught against him, to bring accusations, although after the three market-days he was sure to be executed for the offence already proved upon him. But the convict had the satisfaction of knowing, that after he was put to death, it was the duty of the coroner to summon a jury, "and sometimes the same jury that condemned him," to inquire into the cause of his death, and that a return thereof would be made into the Crown-office ; "which gracious and sage proceedings of the coroner in that matter ought, one would think, to abate, in all considering minds, that edge of acrimony which hath provoked malicious and prejudiced persons to debase this laudable and necessary custom." So says the book.

In April, 1650, Abraham Wilkinson and Anthony Mitchell were found guilty of stealing nine yards of cloth and two colts, and on the 30th of the month received sentence, "to suffer death, by having their heads severed and cut off from their bodies at Halifax gibbet," and they suffered accordingly. These were the last persons executed under Halifax gibbet-law.

The execution was in this manner :— The prisoner being brought to the scaffold by the bailiff, the axe was drawn up by a pulley, and fastened with a pin to the side of the scaffold. "The bailiff, the jurors, and the minister chosen by the prisoner, being always upon the scaffold with the prisoner, in most solemn manner, after the minister had finished his ministerial office and christian duty, if it was a horse, an ox, or cow, &c. that was taken with the prisoner, it was thither brought along with him to the place of execution, and fastened by a cord to the pin that stay'd the block, so that when the time of the execution came, (which was known by the jurors holding up one of their hands,) the bailiff, or his servant, whipping the beast, the pin was pluck'd out, and execution done ; but if there were no beast in the case, then the bailiff, or his servant, cut the rope."



The Halifax Gibbet.

But if the felon, after his apprehension, or in his going to execution, happened to make his escape out of the forest of Hardwick, which liberty, on the east end of the town, doth not extend above the breadth of a small river; on the north about six hundred paces; on the south about a mile; but on the west about ten miles;—if such an escape were made, then the bailiff of Halifax had no power to apprehend him out of his liberty; but if ever the felon came again into the liberty of Hardwick, and were taken, he was certainly executed. One Lacy, who made his escape, and lived seven years out of the liberty, after that time coming boldly within the liberty of Hardwick, was retaken, and executed upon his former verdict of condemnation.

The records of executions by the Halifax gibbet, before the time of Elizabeth, are lost; but during her reign twenty-five persons suffered under it, and from

1623 to 1650 there were twelve executions. The machine is destroyed. The engraving placed above, represents the instrument, from a figure of it in an old map of Yorkshire, which is altogether better than the print of it in the work before cited

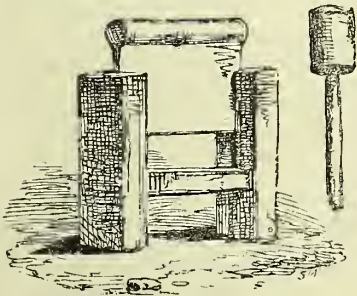
The worthy author of the Halifax gibbet-book seems by his title to be well assured, that the machine was limited to, and to the sole use and behoof of, his district; but in this, as in some other particulars, he is mistaken.

A small print by Aldegraver, one of the little German masters, in 1553, now lying before the writer, represents the execution of Manlius, the Roman, by the same instrument; and he has a similar print by Pens, an early engraver of that school. There are engravings of it in books printed so early as 1510. In Hollinshead's Chronicle there is a cut o

a man who had attempted the life of Henry III. suffering by this instrument. In Fox's "Acts and Monuments," there is another execution in the same manner.

The "maiden" by which James, earl of Morton, the regent of Scotland, was put to death for high treason in 1581, was of this form, and is said to have been constructed by his order from a model of one that he had seen in England: he was the first and last person who suffered by it in Scotland; and it still exists in the parliament-house at Edinburgh. In "The Cloud of Witnesses; or the last Speeches of Scottish Martyrs since 1680," there is a print of an execution in Scotland by a similar instrument. The construction of such a machine was in contemplation for the beheading of lord Lovat in 1747: he approved the notion—"My neck is very short," he said, "and the executioner will be puzzled to find it out with his axe: if they make the machine, I suppose they will call it lord Lovat's maiden."

Randle Holme in his "Armory" describes an heraldic quartering thus:—"He beareth *gules*, a heading-block fixed between two supporters, with an axe placed therein; on the *sinister* side a maule, all *proper*." This agreeable bearing he figures as the reader sees it.



Holme observes, that "this was the Jews' and Romans' way of beheading offenders, as some write, though others say they used to cut off the heads of such, with a sharp, two-handed sword: however, this way of decollation was by laying the neck of the malefactor on the block, and then setting the axe upon it, which lay in a rigget in the two side-posts or supporters; the executioner with

the violence of a blow on the head of the axe, with his heavy maul, forced it through the man's neck into the block. I have seen the draught of the like heading-instrument, where the weighty axe (made heavy for that purpose) was raised up and fell down in such a rigged frame, which being suddenly let to fall, the weight of it was sufficient to cut off a man's head at one blow."

THE SEASON.

Remarkable instances of the mildness of January, 1825, are recorded in the provincial and London journals. In the first week a man planting a hedge near Mansfield, in Yorkshire, found a blackbird's nest with four young ones in it. The Westmoreland Gazette states, that on the 13th a fine ripe strawberry was gathered in the garden of Mr. W. Whitehead, Storth End, near End-Moor, and about the same time a present of the same fruit was made by Thomas Wilson, Esq. Thorns, Underbarrow, to Mr. Alderman Smith Wilson, some of them larger in bulk than the common hazel-nut. Indeed the forwardness of the season in the north appears wonderful. It is stated in the Glasgow Chronicle of the 11th, that on the 7th, bees were flying about in the garden of Rose-mount; on the 9th, the sky was without a cloud; there was scarcely a breath of wind, the blackbirds were singing as if welcoming the spring; pastures wore a fine, fresh, and healthy appearance; the wheat-braird was strong, thick in the ground, and nearly covering the soil; vegetation going on in the gardens; the usual spring flowers making their appearance; the Christmas rose, the snow-drop, the polyanthea, the single or border anemone, the hepatica in its varieties, and the mazerion were in full bloom; the Narcissus making its appearance, and the crocusses showing colour. On the 11th, at six o'clock, the thermometer in Nelson-street, Glasgow, indicated 44 degrees on the 9th, the barometer gained the extraordinary height of 31.01; on the 11th, it was at 30.8. The Sheffield Mercury represents, that within six or seven weeks preceding the middle of the month, the barometer had been lower and higher than had been remarked by any living individual in that town. On the 23d of November it was so low as 27.5; and on the 9th of January at 11 p. m. it stood at 30.65. In the same place the following meteorological observations were made.

JANUARY, 1825.

THERMOMETER.

TEN O'CLOCK A. M.	DO.	P. M.
11th 42	38	
12th 43	37	
13th 44	40	
14th 44	43	

BAROMETER.

TEN O'CLOCK A. M.	DO.	P. M.
11th 30·4	30·3	
12th 30·3	30·2	
13th 30·5	29·9	
14th 29·5	29·7	

At Paris, in the latter end of 1824, the barometer was exceedingly high, considering the bad weather that had prevailed, and the moisture of the atmosphere. There had been almost constant and incessant rain. The few intervals of fair weather, were when the wind got round a few points to the west, or the northward of west: but invariably, a few hours after, the wind again got to the south-west, and the rain commenced falling. It appeared as if a revolution had taken place in the laws of the barometer. The barometer in London was at 30·48 in May, 1824, and never rose higher during the whole year.

January 22.

St. Vincent. St. Anastasius.

St. Vincent was a Spanish martyr, said to have been tormented by fire, so that he died in 304. His name is in the church of England calendar. Butler affirms that his body was "thrown in a marshy field among rushes, but a crow defended it from wild beasts and birds of prey." The Golden Legend says that angels had the guardianship of the body, that the crow attended to drive away birds and fowls greater than himself, and that after he had chased a wolf with his bill and beak, he then turned his head towards the body, as if he marvelled at the keeping of it by the angels. His relics necessarily worked miracles wherever they were kept. For their collection, separation, and how they travelled from place to place, see Butler.

Brand, from a MS. note by Mr. Douce, referring to Scot's "Discoverie of Witchcraft," cites an old injunction to observe whether the sun shines on St. Vincent's day:

"*Vincenti festo si Sol radiet memor este.*"

It is thus done into English by Abraham Fleming:

Remember on St. Vincent's day
If that the sun his beams display

Dr. Forster, in the "Perennial Calendar," is at a loss for the origin of the command, but he thinks it may have been derived from a notion that the sun would not shine unominously on the day whereon the saint was burnt.

CHRONOLOGY.

1800.—On the 22d of January, in this year, died George Steevens, Esq. F. R. S. F. A. S. He was born at Stepney, in 1751 or 1752, and is best known as the editor of Shakspeare, though to the versatility and richness of his talents there are numerous testimonials. He maintained the greatest perseverance in every thing he undertook. He never relaxed, but sometimes broke off favourite habits of long indulgence suddenly. In this way he discontinued his daily visits to two booksellers. This, says his biographer in the Gentleman's Magazine, he did "after many years' regular attendance, for no real cause." It is submitted, however, that the cause, though unknown to others may have been every way sufficing and praiseworthy. He who has commenced a practice that has grown into a destroyer of his time and desires to end it, must snap it in an instant. If he strive to abate it by degrees, he will find himself relaxing by degrees.

"Delusions strong as hell will bind him fast," unless he achieve, not the determination to destroy, but the act of destruction. The will and the power are two. Steevens knew this, and though he had taken snuff all his life, he never took one pinch after he lost his box in St. Paul's church-yard. Had he taken one he might have taken one more, and then only another, and afterwards only a little bit in a paper, and then, he would have died as he lived—a snuff-taker. No; Steevens appears to have discovered the grand secret, that a man's self is the great enemy of himself, and hence his intolerance of self-indulgence even in degree.

His literary collections were remarkably curious, and as regards the days that are gone, of great value.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

St. Vincent.

Early Witlow grass. *Draba verna.*

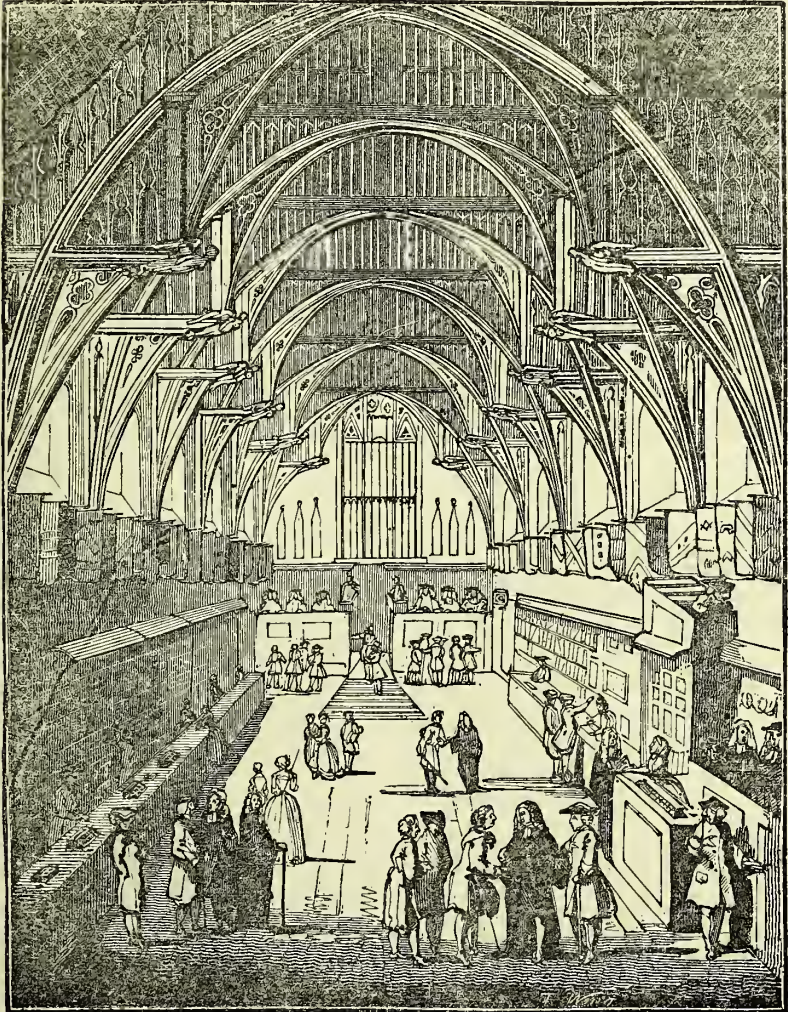
January 23.

HILARY TERM *begins.*

St. Raymund of Pennafort, A. D. 1275.
St. John the Almoner, A. D. 619. *St.*
Emerentia, A. D. 304 *St. Clement* of
 Ancyra. *St. Agathangelus.* *St. Ild-*
fonsus, A. D. 667. *St. Eusebius*,
 Abbot.

This being the first day of term, the judges of the different courts at Westminster, take their seats in Westminster-hall to commence business.

The engraving represents the interior of the hall at the time when the print from whence it is taken was engraved by C. Mosley. The drawing was by Gravelot, who died in 1773.



Westminster Hall, with its Shops.

The shops within the hall are remarkably curious from their situation, and indeed the courts themselves are no less worthy of observation. It will be recollected that the court of Chancery and the court of King's Bench, at the upper end were, until the coronation, enclosed from sight and hearing; in the print they are open. This is the print alluded to in the volume on "Ancient Mysteries," p. 266, wherein is cited Ned Ward's remarks respecting the sempstresses, by whom some of these shops were occupied.

It is of ancient custom on the first day of term for the judges to breakfast with the lord chancellor in Lincoln's-inn-hall, and proceed with him in their respective carriages to Westminster-hall. Being arrived at the hall door in Palace-yard, and having alighted with their officers and train bearers, they formed a procession along the hall until they came opposite to the court of Common Pleas, before which stood the serjeants at law, who had previously arranged themselves in their full dress wigs and gowns, and awaited the coming of the judges, who were also in their full dress. Then the serjeants all bowed, and their obeisance being acknowledged by the judges in like manner, the lord chancellor, being first, approached the first serjeant in the rank, and shook hands with him, saying, "How d'ye do, brother? I wish you a good term;" whereupon the serjeant bowed and thanked his lordship, and the chancellor bowing to him, the serjeant again bowed; and the chancellor saluted and shook hands with the next serjeant in like manner, and so he did with each serjeant present, and then proceeded with his officers to his court. The lord chief justice of England and each of the puisne judges of the court of King's Bench, saluting and shaking hands with each serjeant in the same manner, followed the chancellor and went into their court. In the same manner also did the chief justice and puisne judges of the court of Common Pleas, and entered their court at the back of the serjeants. Lastly, the lord chief baron and the puisne barons of the Exchequer, having also so saluted the serjeants, returned back and entered the court of Exchequer, which is at the right hand immediately on entering the hall; the entrance to the court of Common Pleas being about midway on the same side of the hall, whither, on the barons having retired, the serjeants withdrew to commence business before the judges.

The site of the court of Chancery is on the same side up the steps at the end of the hall, and that of the court of King's Bench level with it on the left-hand side. It is to be noted, that one judge does not salute the serjeants before the rest of the judges begin to salute them, but each follows the other. Thus whilst the chancellor is saluting the second serjeant the lord chief justice salutes the first, and he salutes the second while the chancellor salutes the third, the next judge of the King's Bench court saluting the first serjeant; and so the judges proceed successively, and close to each other, till all the serjeants have been saluted. It is further observable, that more extended greetings sometimes pass between the judges and serjeants who are intimate.

In 1825, the 23d of January, whereon Hilary term commences, happening on a Sunday, which is a *dies non*, or no day in law, the courts were opened on the 24th, when the judges refreshed themselves in Lincoln's-inn-hall with the lord chancellor, as usual, and departed at half-past twelve o'clock. On retiring, sir Charles Abbot, as lord chief justice, took precedence of lord Gifford, the master of the rolls, though he ranks as a baron of the realm, and is deputy speaker of the house of lords. The court of Chancery in Westminster-hall being under reparation, the chancellor remained in Lincoln's-inn to keep his term there. For the same reason, the serjeants did not range themselves in the hall at Westminster, but awaited the arrival of the judges of the Common Pleas in their own court; the carriages of the judges of the King's Bench turned to the right at the top of Parliament-street, and proceeded to the new Sessions' house, where the judges sit until the new court of King's Bench in Westminster-hall shall be prepared.

It is further to be remarked, that the *Side Bar* in Westminster-hall stood, till very lately, within a short space of the wall, and at a few feet on the Palace-yard side of the court of Common Pleas' steps. Formerly, attorneys stood within this bar every morning during term, and moved the judges for the common rules, called side-bar rules, as they passed to their courts, and by whom they were granted them as of course. These motions have been long discontinued; the rules are applied for and obtained at the rule-office as rules of course; but each rule still ex

presses that it has been granted upon a "side-bar" motion

To recur to the engraving, which exhibits Westminster-hall at no distant period, in a state very dissimilar to its more late appearance. The original print by Mosley bears the following versified inscription :

When fools fall out, for ev'ry flaw,
They run horn mad to go to law,
A hedge awry, a wrong plac'd gate,
Will serve to spend a whole estate,
Your case the lawyer says is good,
And justice cannot be withstood ;
By tedious process from above
From office they to office move ;
Thro' pleas, demurrers, the dev'l and all,
At length they bring it to the hall ;
The dreadful hall by Rufus rais'd,
For lofty Gothick arches prais'd.

The FIRST OF TERM, the fatal day,
Doth various images convey ;
First from the courts with clam'rous bawl
The *criers* their *attorneys* call ;
One of the gown, discreet and wise,
By *proper* means his witness tries ;
From *Wreathock's* gang—not right or laws
H'assures his trembling client's cause ;
This gnaws his handkerchief, whilst *that*
Gives the kind ogling nymph his hat ;
Here one in love with choiristers
Minds singing more than law affairs.
A *serjeant* limping on behind
Shews justice lame, as well as blind.
To gain new clients some dispute,
Others protract an ancient suit,
Jargon and noise alone prevail,
While sense and reason's sure to fail ;
At *Babel* thus *law terms* began,
And now at Westm—er go on.

The advocate, whose subornation of perjury is hinted at, is in the foremost group ; he is offering money to one of "Wreathock's gang." This Wreathock was a villainous attorney, who received sentence of death for his criminal practices, and was ordered to be transported for life in 1736. It is a notorious fact, that many years ago wretches sold themselves to give any evidence, upon oath, that might be required ; and some of these openly walked Westminster-hall with a straw in the shoe to signify that they wanted employment as witnesses ; such was one of the customs of the "good old times," which some of us regret we were not born in. The "choirister" in a surplice, bearing a torch, was probably one of the choir belonging to Westminster-abbey. To his right hand is the "limping serjeant" with a stick ; his serjeantship being denoted by the *coif*, or cap, he

wears ; the *coif* is now diminished into a small circular piece of black silk at the top of the wig, instead of the cap represented in the engraving. The first shop, on the left, is occupied by a bookseller ; the next by a mathematical instrument maker ; then there is another bookseller ; beyond him a dealer in articles of female consumption ; beyond her a bookseller again ; and, last on that side, a second female shopkeeper. Opposite to her, on the right of the hall, stands a clock, with the hands signifying it to be about one in the afternoon ; the first shop, next from the clock, is a bookseller's ; then comes a female, who is a map and printseller ; and, lastly, the girl who receives the barrister's hat into her care, and whose line appears to sustain the "turnovers" worn by the beaus of those days with "ruffles," which, according to Ned Ward, the sempstresses of Westminster-hall nicely "pleated," to the satisfaction of the "young students" learned in the law.

Enough has, probably, been said of the engraving, to obtain regard to it as an object worth notice.

The first day of term is occupied, in the common law courts, by the examination of bail for persons who have been arrested, and whose opponents will not consent to the bail justifying before a judge at his chambers. A versified exemplification of this proceeding in the court of King's Bench, was written when lord Mansfield was chief, and Mr. Willes a justice of the court ; a person named Hewitt was then cryer, Mr. Mingay, a celebrated counsel, still remembered, is represented as opposing the bail proposed by Mr. Baldwin, another counsel :

KING'S-BENCH PRACTICE. CHAP. 10.

OF JUSTIFYING BAIL.

Baldwin. Hewitt, call Taylor's bail,—for I shall now proceed to justify.

Hewitt. Where's Taylor's bail ?

1st Bail.————— I can't get in.

Hewitt. Make way.

Lord Mansfield.— For heaven's sake begin.

Hewitt. But where's the other ?

2d Bail.————— Here I stand.

Mingay. I must except to both.—Command

Silence,—and if your lordship crave it,
Austen shall read our affidavit.

Austen. Will. Priddle, late of Fleet-street,
gent.

Makes oath and saith, that late he went

To Duke's-place, as he was directed
By notice, and he there expected
To find both bail—but none could tell
Where the first bail lived—

Mingay. ————— Very well.
Austen. And this deponent further says,
That, asking who the second was,
He found he'd bankrupt been, and yet
Had ne'er obtained certificate.
When to his house deponent went,
He full four stories high was sent,
And found a lodging almost bare ;
No furniture, but half a chair,
A table, bedstead, broken fiddle
And a bureau.

(Signed) *William Priddle.*

Sworn at my chambers.

Francis Buller.

Mingay. No affidavit can be fuller.
Well, friend, you've heard this affidavit,
What do you say ?

2d Bail. ———— Sir, by your leave, it
Is all a lie.

Mingay. Sir, have a care,
What is your trade ?

2d Bail. ———— A scavenger.

Mingay. And, pray, sir, were you never
found

bankrupt ?

2d Bail. I'm worth a thousand pound.

Mingay. A thousand pound, friend, boldly
said—

In what consisting ?

2d Bail. ———— Stock in trade.

Mingay. And, pray, friend, tell me,—do
you know

What sum you're bail for ?

2d Bail. ———— Truly no.

Mingay. My lords, you hear,—no oaths
have check'd him :

I hope your lordships will—

Willes. ———— Reject him.

Mingay. Well, friend, now tell me where
you dwell.

1st Bail. Sir, I have liv'd in Clerkenwell
These ten years.

Mingay. ———— Half-a-guinea dead. (*Aside.*)

My lords, if you've the notice read,

It says *Duke's-place*. So I desire

A little further time t' inquire.

Baldwin. Why, Mr. *Mingay*, all this va-
pour ?

Willes. Take till to morrow.

Lord Mansfield. ———— Call the paper.

The preceding pleasantry came from the pen of the late John Baynes, Esq. a Yorkshire gentleman, who was born in April, 1758, educated for the law at Trinity college, Cambridge, obtained prizes for proficiency in philosophy and classical attainments, was admitted of Gray's-inn, practised in his profession, and would probably have risen to its first honours. Mr. Nichols says "his

learning was extensive ; his abilities great his application unwearied ; his integrity unimpeached. In religious principles he was an Unitarian Christian and Protestant ; in political principles the friend of the civil liberties of mankind, and the genuine constitution of his country. He died August 4, 1787, and was buried on the 9th in Bunhill-fields' burying-ground, near to the grave of Dr. Jebb," his tutor at college: "the classical hand of Dr. Parr" commemorated him by an epitaph.

One of the best papers in Mr. Knight's late "Quarterly Magazine," of good articles, is so suitable to this day, legally considered, that any one sufficiently interested to sympathize with "the cares and the fears" of a young lawyer, or, indeed, any one who dares to admit that a lawyer may have bowels, as well as an appetite, will suffer the *Confessions of a Barrister* to be recorded here.

MY FIRST BRIEF

"A lawyer," says an old comedy which I once read at the British Museum, "is an odd sort of fruit—first rotten—then green—and then ripe." There is too much of truth in the homely figure. The first years of a young barrister are spent, or rather worn out, in anxious leisure. His talents rust, his temper is injured, his little patrimony wastes away, and not an attorney shows a sign of remorse. He endures term after term, and circuit after circuit, that greatest of all evils—a rank above his means of supporting it. He drives round the country in a post-chaise, and marvels what Johnson found so exhilarating in its motion—that is, if he paid for it himself. He eats venison, and drinks claret ; but he loses the flavour of both when he reflects that his wife (for the fool is married, and married for love too !) has perhaps just died for the third time on a cold neck of mutton, and has not tasted wine since their last party—an occurrence beyond even legal memory. He leaves the festive board early, and takes a solitary walk—returns to his lodgings in the twilight, and sees on his table a large white rectangular body, which for a moment he supposes may be a brief—alas ! it is only a napkin. He is vexed, and rings to have it removed, when up comes his clerk, who is drunk and insolent : he is about to kick him down stairs, but stays his foot on recollecting the arrears of the

fellow's wages; and contents himself with wondering where the fellow finds the means of such extravagance.—Then in court many are the vexations of the briefless.—The attorney is a cruel poison to them—as cruel as a rich coxcomb in a ball-room, who delights in exciting hopes only to disappoint them. Indeed I have often thought the communications between the solicitors and the bar have no slight resemblance to the flirtation between the sexes. Barristers, like ladies, must wait to be chosen. The slightest overture would be equally fatal to one gown as the other. The gentlemen of the bar sit round the table in dignified composure, thinking just as little of briefs as a young lady of marriage. An attorney enters—not an eye moves; but somehow or other, the fact is known to all. Calmly he draws from his pocket a *brief*: practice enables us to see at a glance that the tormentor has left a blank for the name of his counsel. He looks around the circle as if to choose his man; you cannot doubt but his eye rests on you; he writes a name, but you are too far off to read it, though you know every name on your circuit upside down. Now he counts out the fee, and wraps it up with slow and provoking formality. At length all being prepared, he looks towards you to catch (as you suppose) your eye. You nod, and the brief comes flying; you pick it up, and find on it the name of a man three years your junior, who is sitting next you: you curse the attorney's impudence, and ask yourself if he meant to insult you.—“Perhaps not,” you say, “for the dog squints.”—I received my maiden brief in London. How well do I recollect the minutest circumstances connected with that case! The rap at the door! I am a connoisseur in raps—there is not a dun in London who could deceive me: I know their tricks but too well; they have no medium between the rap *servile*, and the rap *impudent*. This was a cheerful touch; you felt that the operator knew he should meet with a face of welcome. My clerk, who is not much under the influence of sweet sounds, seemed absolutely inspired, and answered the knock with astonishing velocity. I could hear from my inner room the murmur of inquiry and answer; and though I could not distinguish a word, the tones confirmed my hopes;—I was not long suffered to doubt—my client entered, and the roll of pure white paper

tied round with the brilliant red tape, met my eye. He inquired respectfully, and with an appearance of anxiety, which marked him to my mind for a perfect Chesterfield, if I was already retained in —v.—? The rogue knew well enough that I had never had a retainer in my life. I took a moment to consider; after making him repeat the name of his case, I gravely assured him I was at perfect liberty to receive his brief. He then laid the papers and my fee upon the table; asked me if the time appointed for a consultation with the two gentlemen who were “with me” would be convenient; and finding that the state of my engagements would allow me to attend, made his bow and departed. That fee was sacred, and I put it to no vulgar use. Many years have now elapsed since that case was disposed of, and yet how fresh does it live in my memory! how perfectly do I recollect every authority to which he referred! how I read and re-read the leading cases that bore upon the question to be argued! One case I so *bethumbed* that the volume has opened at it ever since, as inevitably as the prayer-book of a lady's maid proffers the service of matrimony. My brief related to an argument before the judges of the King's Bench, and the place of consultation was Ayles's coffee-house, adjoining Westminster-hall. There was I before the clock had finished striking the hour; my brief I knew by heart. I had raised an army of objections to the points for which we were to contend, and had logically slain every one of them. I went prepared to discuss the question thoroughly; and I generously determined to give my leaders the benefit of my cogitations—though not without a slight struggle at the thought of how much reputation I should lose by my magnanimity. I had plenty of time to think of these things, for my leaders were engaged in court, and the attorney and I had the room to ourselves. After we had been waiting about an hour, the door flew open, and in strode one of my leaders, the second in command, less in haste (as it appeared to me) to meet his appointment, than to escape from the atmosphere of clients in which he had been just enveloped, during his passage from the court.—Having shaken off his tormentors, Mr. — walked up to the fire—said it was cold—nodded kindly to me—and had just asked what had been the last night's division in the house—when the powdered head of an usher was

protruded through the half open door to announce that "Jones and Williams was called on." Down went the poker, and away flew — with streaming robes, leaving me to meditate on the loss which the case would sustain for want of his assistance at the expected discussion. Having waited some further space, I heard a rustling of silks, and the great —, our commander in chief, sailed into the room. As he did not run foul of me, I think it possible I may not have been invisible to him; but he furnished me with no other evidence of the fact. He simply directed the attorney to provide certain additional affidavits, tacked about and sailed away. And thus ended the first consultation. I consoled myself with the thought that I had all my materials for myself, and that from having had so much more time for considering the subject than the others, I must infallibly make the best speech of the three. At length the fatal day came. I never shall forget the thrill with which I heard — open the case, and felt how soon it would be my turn to speak. O, how I did pray for a long speech! I lost all feeling of rivalry; and would gladly have given him every thing that I intended to use myself, only to defer the dreaded moment for one half-hour. His speech was frightfully short, yet, short as it was, it made sad havoc with my stock of matter. The next speaker's was even more concise, and yet my little stock suffered again severely. I then found how experience will stand in the place of study. These men could not, from the multiplicity of their engagements, have spent a tithe of the time upon the case which I had done: and yet they had seen much which had escaped my research. At length my turn came. I was sitting among the back rows in the old court of King's Bench. It was on the first day of Michaelmas term, and late in the evening. A sort of "darkness visible" had been produced by the aid of a few candles dispersed here and there. I arose, but I was not perceived by the judges, who had turned together to consult, supposing the argument finished. B—— was the first to see me, and I received from him a nod of kindness and encouragement which I hope I shall never forget. The court was crowded, for it was a question of some interest; it was a dreadful moment—the ushers stilled the audience into awful silence. I began, and at the sound of an unknown voice,

every wig of the white inclined plane, at the upper end of which I was standing turned round; and in an instant I had the eyes of seventy "learned friends" looking me full in the face! It is hardly to be conceived by those who have not gone through the ordeal, how terrific is this mute attention to the object of it. How grateful should I have been for any thing which would have relieved me from its oppressive weight—a buzz, a scraping of the shoes, or a fit of coughing, would have put me under infinite obligations to the kind disturber. What I said I know not; I knew not then; it is the only part of the transaction of which I am ignorant; it was "a phantasma, or hideous dream." They told me, however, to my great surprise, that I spoke in a loud voice; used violent gesture, and as I went along seemed to shake off my trepidation. Whether I made a long speech or a short one I cannot tell; for I had no power of measuring time. All I know is, that I should have made a much longer one, had I not felt my ideas, like Bob Acre's courage, oozing out of my fingers' ends. The court decided against us, erroneously as I of course thought, for the young advocate is always on the right side. The next morning I got up early to look at the newspapers, which I expected to see full of our case. In an obscure corner, and in a small type, I found a few words given as the speeches of my leaders: and I also read that "Mr. — followed on the same side"

LEGAL GLEE.

It is affirmed of sir William Blackstone, that so often as he sat down to the composition of his Commentaries on the Laws of England, he always ordered a bottle of wine wherewith to moisten the dryness of his studies; and in proof that other professional men sometimes solace their cares by otherwise disporting themselves, there is a kind of catch, the words of which, having reference to their art or mystery, do so marvellously inspire them, that they chant it with more glee than gravity, to a right merry tune:—

A woman having settlement,
 Married a man with none;
 The question was, he being dead
 If that she *had* was gone?

Quoth sir John Pratt, her settlement
Suspended did remain,
 Living the husband—but, him dead,
 It doth *revive again*.

CHORUS OF PUISNE JUDGES.

Living the husband—but, him dead,
 It doth *revive again*.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Peziza. *Peziza acetabulum*.

January 24.

St. Timothy, disciple of *St. Paul*. *St. Babylon*, A. D. 250. *St. Suranus*, 7th century. *St. Macedonius*. *St. Cadoc*, of Wales.

CHRONOLOGY.

1721. On the 24th of January in this year, the two houses of parliament ordered several of the directors of the South Sea company into the custody of the usher of the black rod and serjeant at arms: this was in consequence of a parliamentary inquiry into the company's affairs, which had been so managed as to involve persons of all ranks throughout the kingdom in a scene of distress unparalleled by any similar circumstance in English annals.

SOUTH SEA BUBBLE.

In 1711, the ninth year of queen Anne's reign, a charter of incorporation was granted to a company trading to the South Seas; and the South Sea company's affairs appeared so prosperous, that, in 1718, king George I. being chosen governor, and a bill enabling him to accept the office having passed both houses, on the 3d of February, his majesty in person attended the house of lords, and gave the royal assent to the act. A brief history of the company's subsequent progress is interesting at any time, and more especially at a period when excess of speculation may endanger private happiness, and disturb the public welfare.

On the 27th of *January*, 1719, the South Sea company proposed a scheme to parliament for paying off the national debt, by taking into its funds al. the debt which the nation had incurred before the year 1716, whether redeemable or irredeemable, amounting in the whole to the sum of 31,664,551*l.* 1*s.* 1*½d.* For this the company undertook to pay to the use of the public the sum of 4,156,306*l.*; besides four years and a half's purchase for

all the annuities that should be subscribed into its fund, and which, if all subscribed, would have amounted to the sum of 3,567,503*l.*; amounting, with the above-mentioned sum, to 7,723,809*l.*: in case all the annuities were not subscribed, the company agreed to pay one per cent. for such unsubscribed annuities.

To this arrangement parliament acceded, and an act was passed to ratify this contract, and containing full powers to the company accordingly. In *March* following South Sea stock rose from 130 to 300, gradually advanced to 400, declined to 330, and on the 7th of *April* was at 340. This so encouraged the directors, that on the 12th they opened books at the South Sea house for taking in a subscription for a portion of their stock to the amount of 2,250,000*l.* every 100*l.* of which they offered at 300*l.*: it was immediately subscribed for at that price, to be paid for by nine instalments within twelve months. On the 21st, a general court of the company resolved, that the Midsummer dividend should be 10 per cent., and that the aforesaid subscription, and all other additions to their capital before that time, should be entitled to the said dividend. This gave so favourable a view to the speculation, that on the 28th the directors opened a second subscription for another million of stock, which was presently taken at 400*l.* for every 100*l.*, and the subscribers had three years allowed them for payment. On the 20th of *May*, South Sea stock rose to 550. So amazing a price created a general infatuation. Even the more prudent, who had laughed at the folly and madness of others, were seized with the mania; they borrowed, mortgaged, and sold, to raise all the money they could, in order to hold the favourite stock; while a few quietly sold out and enriched themselves. Prodigious numbers of people resorted daily from all parts of the kingdom to 'Change-alley, where the assembled speculators, by their excessive noise and hurry, seemed like so many madmen just escaped from cells and chains. All thoughts of commerce were laid aside for the buying and selling of estates, and traffic in South Sea stock. Some, who had effected sales at high premiums, were willing to pay out the money on real property, which consequently advanced beyond its actual value: cautious landowners justly concluded that this was the time to get money without risk, and there-

fore sold their property; shortly afterwards they had an opportunity of purchasing more, at less than half the price they had obtained for their own.

On the 2d of *June*, South Sea stock rose to 890. On the 15th, many persons who accompanied the king on his foreign journey, sold their stock, which suddenly fell; but the directors promising larger dividends, it got up higher than ever. On the 18th they opened books for a third subscription of four millions more stock, at 1000*l.* for each 100*l.*, and before the end of the month it had advanced to 1100*l.*, between which and 1000*l.* it fluctuated throughout the month of *July*. On the 3d of *August* they proposed to receive subscriptions for all the unsubscribed annuities, and opened books for the purpose during the ensuing week, upon terms which greatly dissatisfied the annuitants, who, confiding in the honour of the directors, had left their orders at the South Sea House, without any previous contract, not doubting but they should be allowed the same terms with the first subscribers. Finding, to their great surprise and disappointment, that, by the directors' arrangements, they were only to have about half what they expected, many repaired to the South Sea House to get their orders returned; but these being withheld, their incessant applications and reflections greatly affected the stock, in so much that, on the 22d of the month, at the opening of the books, it fell to 820. The directors then came to the desperate resolution of ordering the books to be shut; and on the 24th they caused others to be opened for a fourth money subscription for another million of their stock, at 1000*l.* for each 100*l.*, payable by five instalments within two years: this million was subscribed in less than three hours, and bore a premium the same afternoon of 40 per cent. On the 26th the stock, instead of advancing, fell below 830. The directors then thought fit to lend their proprietors 4,000*l.* upon every 1000*l.* stock, for six months, at 4 per cent.; but the annuitants becoming very clamorous and uneasy, the directors resolved that 30 per cent. in money should be the half-year's dividend due at the next Christmas, and that from thence, for twelve years, not less than 50 per cent. in money should be the yearly dividend on their stock. Though this resolution raised the stock to about 800 for the opening of the books, it soon sunk again.

On the 8th of *September*, the stock fell to 640, on the 9th to 550, and by the 19th it came to 400. On the 23d the Bank of England agreed with the South Sea company to circulate their bonds, &c. and to take their stock at 400 per cent., in lieu of 3,775,000*l.*, which the company was to pay them. When the books were opened at the Bank for taking in a subscription for supporting the public credit, the course was at first so great, that it was judged the whole subscription, which was intended for 3,000,000*l.*, would have been filled that day. But the fall of South Sea stock, and the discredit of the company's bonds, occasioned a run upon the most eminent goldsmiths and bankers, some of whom, having lent great sums upon the stock and other public securities, were obliged to shut up their shops. The Sword-blade company also, who had been hitherto the chief cash-keepers of the South Sea company, being almost drawn of their ready money, were forced to stop payment. All this occasioned a great run upon the Bank. On the 30th South Sea stock fell to 150, and then to 86.

"It is very surprising," says Maitland, "that this wicked scheme, of French extraction, should have met with encouragement here, seeing that the Mississippi scheme had just before nearly ruined that nation. It is still more surprising, that the people of divers other countries, notwithstanding the direful effects of this destructive scheme before their eyes, yet, as it were, tainted with our frenzy, began to court their destruction, by setting on foot the like projects: which gives room to suspect," says Maitland, "that those destructive and fatal transactions were rather the result of an epidemical distemper, than that of choice; seeing that the wisest and best of men were the greatest sufferers; many of the nobility, and persons of the greatest distinction, were undone, and obliged to walk on foot; while others, who the year before could hardly purchase a dinner, were exalted in their coaches and fine equipages, and possessed of enormous estates. Such a scene of misery appeared among traders, that it was almost unfashionable not to be a bankrupt: and the dire catastrophe was attended with such a number of self-murders, as no age can parallel."

Hooke, the historian of Rome, was a severe sufferer by the South Sea bubble. He thus addresses lord Oxford, in a letter

dated the 17th of October 1722: "I cannot be said at present to be in any form of life, but rather to live *extempore*. The late epidemical (South Sea) distemper seized me: I endeavoured to be rich, imagined for a while that I was, and am in some measure happy to find myself at this instant but just worth nothing. If your lordship, or any of your numerous friends, have need of a servant, with the bare qualifications of being able to read and write, and to be honest, I shall gladly undertake any employments your lordship shall not think me unworthy of."

In 1720, soon after the bursting of the South Sea bubble, a gentleman called late in the evening at the banking-house of Messrs. Hankey and Co. He was in a coach, but refused to get out, and desired that one of the partners of the house would come to him. Having ascertained that it was really one of the principals, and not a clerk, who appeared, he put into his hands a parcel, very carefully sealed up, and desired that it might be laid on one side till he should call again, which would be in the course of a few days. A few days passed away—a few weeks, a few months, but the stranger never returned. At the end of the second or third year, the partners agreed to open this mysterious parcel, in the presence of each other. They found it to contain 30,000*l.*, with a letter, stating that it was obtained by the South Sea speculation, and directing that it should be vested in the hands of three trustees, whose names were mentioned, and the interest appropriated to the relief of the poor, which was accordingly done.

It has been calculated, that the rise on the original South-sea stock often millions, and the subsequent advance of the company's four subscriptions, inflated their capital to nearly three hundred millions. This unnatural procedure raised bank stock from 100*l.* to 260*l.* India, from 100*l.* to 405*l.* African, from 100*l.* to 200*l.* York-buildings' shares, from 10*l.* to 305*l.* Lustring, from 5*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* to 105*l.* English copper, from 5*l.* to 105*l.* Welch copper, from 4*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.* to 95*l.* The Royal Exchange Assurance, from 5*l.* 5*s.* to 250*l.* The London Assurance, from 5*l.* to 175*l.*, to the great injury of the various purchasers at such prices.

The South Sea scheme terminated in the sudden downfall of the directors, whose estates were confiscated by parlia-

ment, and the proceeds applied to the relief of many thousands of families, who had been wholly ruined by the speculation. These dupes of overweening folly and misplaced confidence, were further benefited by a remission in their favour of the national claims on certain of the South Sea company's real assets. The extent of these donations to the sufferers amounted to 40*l.* per cent. upon the stock standing in their names.

OTHER BUBBLES.

One consequence of the prosperous appearance that the South Sea scheme bore, till within a short period before its failure, was a variety of equally promising and delusive projects. These were denominated *bubbles*. Alarmed at the destructive issue of the master-bubble, government issued the following manifesto: "The lords justices in council, taking into consideration the many inconveniences arising to the public, from several projects set on foot for raising of joint-stocks for various purposes; and that a great many of his majesty's subjects have been drawn in to part with their money, on pretence of assurances that their petitions, for patents and charters to enable them to carry on the same, would be granted: to prevent such impositions, their excellencies ordered the said several petitions, together with such reports from the Board of Trade, and from his majesty's attorney and solicitor general, as had been obtained thereon, to be laid before them; and, after mature consideration thereof, were pleased, by advice of his majesty's privy-council, to order that the said petitions be dismissed." The applications thus rejected prayed patents for various fisheries, for building ships to let or freight, for raising hemp, flax, and madder, for making of sail-cloth, for fire-assurances, for salt-works, for the making of snuff in Virginia, &c.

In defiance of this salutary order, the herd of projectors, with an audacity that passed on the credulous for well-grounded confidence, continued their nefarious traffic. Proclamations from the king, and even acts of parliament, were utterly disregarded; and companies which had been established by charter increased the evil, by imitating the South Sea company's fatal management, and taking in subscriptions. This occasioned the lords justices to issue another order, wherein they declared that, having been attended by M^r.

attorney-general, they gave him express orders to bring writs of scire facias against the charters or patents of the York-building's company, Lustring company, English copper, Welsh copper, and lead, and also against other charters or patents which had been, or should be made use of, or acted under, contrary to the intent or meaning of an act passed the last session of parliament, &c.

They likewise instructed the attorney-general to prosecute, with the utmost severity, all persons opening books for public subscriptions; or receiving money upon such subscriptions; or making or accepting transfers of, or shares upon, such subscriptions; of which they gave public notice in the Gazette, as "a farther caution to prevent the drawing of unwary persons, for the future, into practices contrary to law." This effectually frustrated the plans of plunder, exercised or contemplated at that period. How necessary so vigorous a resistance was must be obvious from this fact, that innumerable bubbles perished in embryo; besides an incredible number which could be named that were actually set in motion, and to support which the sums intended to be raised amounted to about 300,000,000*l.* The lowest advance of the shares in any of these speculations was above cent. per cent., most of them above 400*l.* per cent.; and some were raised to twenty times the price of the subscription. Taking these circumstances into account, the scandalous projects would have required seven hundred millions sterling, if such a sum could have been realized in the shape of capital. To such a height of madness had the public mind been excited, that even shares were eagerly coveted, and bargained for, in shameless schemes which were not worth the paper whereon their proposals were printed, at treble the price they nominally bore. From a list of only a part of those that the air of 'Change-alley teemed with, the names of a few are here set forth:

Projects

For supplying London with cattle.
 For supplying London with hay.
 For breeding and feeding cattle.
 For making pasteboards.
 For improving the paper manufacture
 For dealing in lace, hollands, &c.
 For a grand dispensary.
 For a royal fishery.
 For a fish pool.

For making glass-bottles.
 For encouraging the breed of horses.
 For discovering gold mines.
 For an assurance against thieves.
 For trading in hair.
 For loan offices.
 For dealing in hops.
 For making of china ware.
 For furnishing funerals.
 For a coral fishery.
 For a flying machine.
 For insuring of horses.
 For making of looking-glasses.
 For feeding of hogs.
 For buying and selling estates.
 For purchasing and letting lands.
 For supplying London with provisions
 For curing the gout and stone.
 For making oil of poppies.
 For bleaching coarse sugar.
 For making of stockings.
 For an air-pump for the brain.
 For insurance against divorces.
 For making butter from beech-trees.
 For paving London streets.
 For extracting silver from lead.
 For making of radish oil.
 For a perpetual motion.
 For japanning of shoes.
 For making deal boards of sawdust.
 For a scheme to teach the casting of nativities.

JOINT STOCK COMPANIES OF 1825.

The large quantity of surplus capital and consequent low rate of interest during the last, and in the present, year, induce its possessors to embark their money in schemes for promoting general utility. One of the advantages resulting from a state of peace is the influx of wealth that pours forth upon the country for its improvement. Yet it behoves the prudent, and those of small means, to be circumspect in their outlays; to see with their own eyes, and not through the medium of others. The premiums that shares in projects may bear in the market, are not even a shadow of criterion whereon to found a judgment for investment. This is well known to every discreet man who has an odd hundred to put out; and he who cannot rely on his own discrimination for a right selection from among the various schemes that are proffered to his choice, will do well to act as if none of them existed, and place his cash where the principal will at least be safe, and the

interest, though small, be certain. This month presents schemes for
 Twenty Rail Road Companies,
 Twenty-two Banking, Loan, Investment,
 and Assurance Companies,
 Eleven Gas Companies,
 Eight British and Irish Mine Companies,
 Seventeen Foreign Mine Companies,
 Nine Shipping and Dock Companies,
 and
 Twenty-seven Miscellaneous Companies,
 Including
 A London Brick Company,
 A Patent Brick Company,
 A London Marine Bath Company,
 A Royal National Bath Company,
 A Great Westminster Milk Company,
 and
 A Metropolitan Water Company.
 An Alderney Dairy Company,
 A Metropolitan Alderney Dairy Com-
 pany,
 A South London Milk Company,
 An East London Milk Company,
 A Metropolitan Milk Company.

A correspondent in the "London Magazine" declares, that "if we named the several divisions of the year after the French revolutionary fashion, by the phenomena observable in them, we should, from our experience of January, 1825, call it *Bubblese*—it has been a month of most flagitious and flourishing knavery." He pleasantly assumes that Mr. Jeremiah Hop-the-twig, attorney at law, benevolently conceives the idea of directing "surplus capital" to the formation of "a joint stock company for the outfit of air-balloons, the purchase of herds of swine, and the other requisites for a flourishing lunar commerce; Capital One Million, divided into 10,000 shares of 100*l.* each." The method is then related of opening an account with a respectable banking-house, obtaining respectable directors, appointing his son-in-law the respectable secretary, the son of a respected director the respectable standing counsel, and the self-nomination of the respectable Mr. Jeremiah H. and Co. as the respectable solicitors. Afterwards come the means of raising the bubble, to the admiration of proper persons who pay a deposit of 5*l.* per share; who, when the shares "look down," try to sell, but there are "no buyers," the "quotations are nominal;" a second instalment called for, the holders hesitate; "their shares are forfeited;" the speculation is conse-

quently declared frustrated; and there being only £10,000 in the bankers' hands to pay "Mr. Hop-the-twig's bill of 10,073*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* that respectable solicitor is defrauded of the sum of 73*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* This is the rise and fall of a respectable *bubble*."

Undoubtedly, among these various schemes afloat, some will be productive of great benefit to the country; but it is seriously to be considered whether the estimation of some of them in a money view be not too high, and forced to an undue price by the arts of jobbing:

Haste instantly and buy, cries one
 Real Del Monte shares, for none
 Will hold a richer profit;
 Another cries—No mining plan
 Like ours—the Anglo-Mexican.
 As for Del Monte, scoff it.

This grasps my button, and declares
 There's nothing like Columbian shares,
 The capital a million;—
 That, cries La Plata's sure to pay;
 Or bids me buy without delay
 Hibernian or Brazilian.

'Scaped from the torments of the mine
 Rivals in Gas, an endless line,
 Arrest me as I travel;
 Each sure my suffrage to receive,
 If I will only give him leave,
 His project to unravel.

By Fire and Life insurers next
 I'm intercepted, pester'd, vex'd,
 Almost beyond endurance;
 And though the schemes appear unsound,
 Their advocates are seldom found
 Deficient in assurance.

Last I am worried, shares to buy
 In the Canadian company,
 The Milk Association,
 The Laundry-men who wash by steam,
 Rail-ways, Pearl fishing, or the scheme,
 For Inland Navigation.

New Monthly Mag.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Stalkless moss. *Phascum muticum*.

January 25.

Holiday at the Public Offices; except the Excise, Stamps, and Customs.

CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL. *Sts. Juven-tinus and Maximinus*, A. D. 363. *St. Proiectus*, A. D. 674. *St. Poppo*, A. D. 1048. *St. Apollo*, A. D. 393. *St. Publius*, A. D. 369.

The Conversion of St. Paul.

This is a festival in the calendar of the church of England, as well as in that of the Romish church.

St. Paul's Day.

On this day prognostications of the months were drawn for the whole year. If fair and clear, there was to be plenty; if cloudy or misty, much cattle would die; if rain or snow fell then it presaged a dearth; and if windy, there would be wars :

If Saint Paul's Day be fair and clear.
It does betide a happy year;
But if it chance to snow or rain,
Then will be dear all kinds of grain :
If clouds or mists do dark the skie,
Great store of birds and beasts shall die ;
And if the winds do fly aloft,
Then wars shall vex the kingdome oft.

Willsford's Nature's Secrets.

These prognostications are Englished from an ancient calendar: they have likewise been translated by Gay, who enjoins,

Let no such vulgar tales debase thy mind,
Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind.

The latter lines are allusive to the popular superstitions, regarding these days, which were before remarked by bishop Hall, who observes of a person under such influences, that "St. Paule's day, and St Swithine's, with the twelve, are his oracles, which he dares believe against the almanacke." It will be recollected that "the twelve" are twelve days of Christmastide, mentioned on a preceding day as believed by the ignorant to denote the weather throughout the year.

Concerning this day, Bourne says, "How it came to have this particular knack of foretelling the good or ill fortune of the following year is no easy matter to find out. The monks, who were undoubtedly the first who made this wonderful observation, have taken care it should be handed down to posterity; but why, or for what reason, they have taken care to conceal. St. Paul did indeed labour more abundantly than all the apostles; but never that I heard in the science of astrology: and why this day should therefore be a standing almanac to the world, rather than the day of any other saint,

will be pretty hard to find out." In an ancient Romish calendar, much used by Brand, the vigil of St. Paul is called "Dies Ægyptiacus;" and he confesses his ignorance of any reason for calling it "an Egyptian-day." Mr. Fosbroke explains, from a passage in Ducange, that it was so called because there were two unlucky days in every month, and St. Paul's vigil was one of the two in January.

Dr. Forster notes, that the festival of the conversion of St. Paul has always been reckoned ominous of the future weather of the year, in various countries remote from each other.

According to Schenkus, cited by Brand, it was a custom in many parts of Germany, to drag the images of St. Paul and St. Urban to the river, if there was foul weather on their festival.

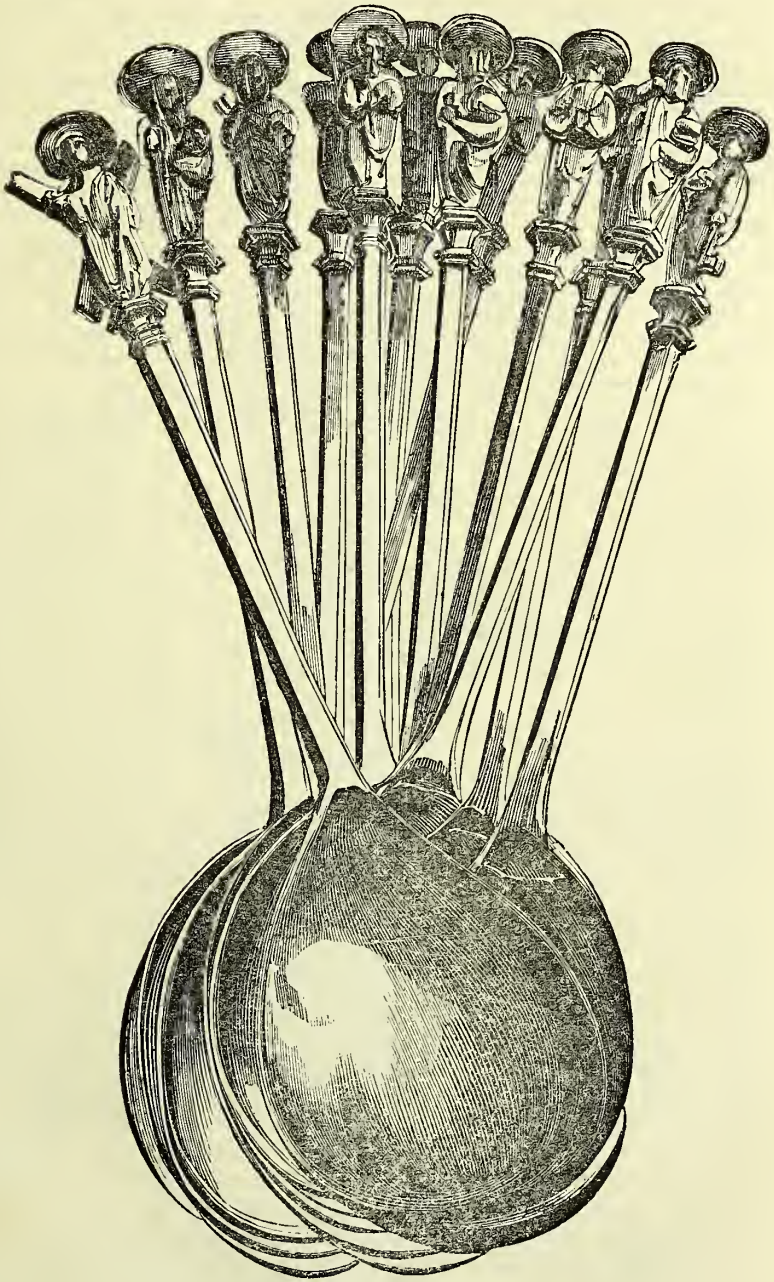
APOSTLE-SPOONS.

St. Paul's day being the first festival of an apostle in the year, it is an opportunity for alluding to the old, ancient, English custom, with sponsors, or visitors at christenings, of presenting spoons, called apostle-spoons, because the figures of the twelve apostles were chased, or carved on the tops of the handles. Brand cites several authors to testify of the practice. Persons who could afford it gave the set of twelve; others a smaller number, and a poor person offered the gift of one, with the figure of the saint after whom the child was named, or to whom the child was dedicated, or who was the patron saint of the good-natured donor.

Ben Jonson, in his Bartholomew Fair, has a character, saying, "And all this for the hope of a couple of apostle-spoons, and a cup to eat caudle in." In the Chaste Maid of Cheapside, by Middleton, "Gossip" inquires, "What has he given her? What is it, Gossip?" Whereto the answer of another "Gossip" is, "A faire high-standing cup, and two great 'postle-spoons—one of them gilt." Beaumont and Fletcher, likewise, in the Noble Gentleman, say :

"I'll be a Gossip. Bewford,
I have an odd apostle-spoon."

The rarity and antiquity of apostle-spoons render them of considerable value as curiosities. A complete set of twelve is represented in the sketch on the opposite page, from a set of the spoons themselves on the writer's table



A Set of Apostle-Spoons.

The apostles on this set of spoons are somewhat worn, and the stems and bowls have been altered by the silversmith in conformity with the prevailing fashion of the present day; to the eye of the antiquary, therefore, they are not so interesting as they were before they underwent this partial modernization: yet in this state they are objects of regard. Their size in the print is exactly that of the spoons themselves, except that the stems are necessarily fore-shortened in the engraving to get them within the page. The stem of each spoon measures exactly three inches and a half in length from the foot of the apostle to the commencement of the bowl; the length of each bowl is two inches and nine-sixteenths of an inch; and the height of each apostle is one inch and one-sixteenth: the entire length of each spoon is seven inches and one-eighth of an inch. They are of silver; the lightest, which is St. Peter, weighs 1 oz. 5 dwts. 9 gr.; the heaviest is St. Bartholomew, and weighs 1 oz. 9 dwts. 4 gr.; their collective weight is 16 oz. 14 dwts. 16 gr. The hat, or flat covering, on the head of each figure, is usual to apostles-spoons, and was probably affixed to save the features from effacement. In a really fine state they are very rare.

It seems from "the Gossips," a poem by Shipman, in 1666, that the usage of giving 'apostle-spoons' at christenings, was at that time on the decline:

"Formerly, when they us'd to troul,
Gilt bowls of sack, they gave the bowl;
Two spoons at least; an use ill kept;
'Tis well if now our own be left."

An anecdote is related of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, which bears upon the usage: Shakspeare was godfather to one of Jonson's children, and, after the christening, being in deep study, Jonson cheerfully asked him, why he was so melancholy? "Ben," said he, "I have been considering a great while what should be the fittest gift for me to bestow upon my godchild, and I have resolved it at last." "I prithee, what?" said Ben, "I' faith, Ben," answered Shakspeare, "I'll give him a dozen good *latten spoons*, and thou shalt translate them." The word *latten*, intended as a play upon *latin*, is the name for thin iron tinned, of which spoons, and similar small articles of household use, are sometimes made. Without being aware of the origin, it is still a custom with many persons, to present spoons at christenings,

or on visiting the "lady in the straw;" though they are not now adorned with imagery.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Winter hellebore. *Helleborus hyemalis*.

January 26.

St. Polycarp. St. Paula. St. Conan.

THE SEASON.

On winter comes—the cruel north
Pours his furious whirlwind forth
Before him—and we breathe the breath
Of famish'd bears, that howl to death:
Onward he comes from rocks that blanch
O'er solid streams that never flow,
His tears all ice, his locks all snow,
Just crept from some huge avalanche. *Incog.*

BEARS AND BEES.

M. M. M. a traveller in Russia, communicates, through the Gentleman's Magazine of 1785, a remarkable method of cultivating bees, and preserving them from their housebreakers, the bears. The Russians of Borodskoe, on the banks of the river Ufa, deposit the hives within excavations that they form in the hardest, strongest, and loftiest trees of the forest, at about five-and-twenty or thirty feet high from the ground, and even higher, if the height of the trunk allows it. They hollow out the holes lengthways, with small narrow hatchets, and with chisels and gouges complete their work. The longitudinal aperture of the hive is stopped by a cover of two or more pieces exactly fitted to it, and pierced with small holes, to give ingress and egress to the bees. No means can be devised more ingenious or more convenient for climbing the highest and the smoothest trees than those practised by this people, for the construction and visitation of these hives. For this purpose they use nothing but a very sharp axe, a leathern strap, or a common rope. The man places himself against the trunk of the tree, and passes the cord round his body and round the tree, just leaving it sufficient play for casting it higher and higher, by jerks, towards the elevation he desires to attain, and there to place his body, bent as in a swing, his feet resting against the tree, and preserving the free use of his hands. This done, he takes his axe, and at about the height of his body makes the first notch or step in the tree; then he takes his rope, the two ends whereof he takes care to have tied very fast, and throws it towards the top of the trunk. Placed thus in his rope by the middle of his body, and resting

his feet against the tree, he ascends by two steps, and easily enables himself to put one of his feet in the notch. He now makes a new step, and continues to mount in this manner till he has reached the intended height. He performs all this with incredible speed and agility. Being mounted to the place where he is to make the hive, he cuts more convenient steps, and, by the help of the rope, which his body keeps in distension, he performs his

necessary work with the above-mentioned tools, which are stuck in his girdle. He also carefully cuts away all boughs and protuberances beneath the hive, to render access as difficult as possible to the bears, which abound in vast numbers throughout the forests, and in spite of all imaginable precautions, do considerable damage to the hives. On this account the natives put in practice every kind of means, not only for defending themselves



Russian Tree-climbing and Bear

from these voracious animals, but for their destruction. The method most in use consists in sticking into the trunk of the tree old blades of knives, standing upwards, scythes, and pieces of pointed iron, disposed circularly round it, when the tree is straight, or at the place of bending, when the trunk is crooked. The bear has commonly dexterity enough to avoid these points in climbing up the tree; but when he descends, as he always does, backwards, he gets on these sharp hooks, and receives such deep wounds, that he usually dies. Old bears frequently take the precaution to bend down these blades with their fore-paws as they mount, and thereby render all this offensive armour useless.

Another destructive apparatus has some similitude to the catapult of the ancients. It is fixed in such a manner that, at the instant the bear prepares to climb the tree, he pulls a string that lets go the machine, whose elasticity strikes a dart into the animal's breast. A further mode is to suspend a platform by long ropes to the farthest extremity of a branch of the tree. The platform is disposed horizontally before the hive, and there tied fast to the trunk of the tree with a cord made of bark. The bear, who finds the seat very convenient for proceeding to the opening of the hive, begins by tearing the cord of bark which holds the platform to the trunk, and hinders him from executing his purpose. Upon this the platform immediately quits the tree, and swings in the air with the animal seated upon it. If, on the first shock, the bear is not tumbled out, he must either take a very dangerous leap, or remain patiently in his suspended seat. If he take the leap, either involuntarily, or by his own good will, he falls on sharp points, placed all about the bottom of the tree; if he resolve to remain where he is, he is shot by arrows or musket balls.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

White butterbur. *Tressilago alba.*

January 27.

St. John Chrysostom. *St. Julian* of Mans. *St. Marius.*

THE SEASON

It is observed in Dr. Forster's "Perennial Calendar," that "Buds and embryo blossoms in their silky, downy coats,

often finely varnished to protect them from the wet and cold, are the principal botanical subjects for observation in January, and their structure is particularly worthy of notice; to the practical gardener an attention to their appearance is indispensable, as by them alone can he prune with safety. Buds are always formed in the spring preceding that in which they open, and are of two kinds leaf buds and flower buds, distinguished by a difference of shape and figure, easily discernible by the observing eye; the fruit buds being thicker, rounder, and shorter, than the others—hence the gardener can judge of the probable quantity of blossom that will appear:”—

Lines on Buds, by Cowper.

When all this uniform uncoloured scene
Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,
And flush into variety again.
From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man
In heavenly truth; evincing, as she makes
The grand transition, that there lives and
works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.
He sets the bright procession on its way,
And marshals all the order of the year;
He marks the bounds which winter may not
pass,
And blunts his pointed fury; in its case,
Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ,
Uninjured, with inimitable art;
And ere one flowery season fades and dies,
Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

"Buds possess a power analogous to that of seeds, and have been called the viviparous offspring of vegetables, inasmuch as they admit of a removal from their original connection, and, its action being suspended for an indefinite time, can be renewed at pleasure."

On Icicles, by Cowper.

The mill-dam dashes on the restless wheel,
And wantons in the pebbly gulf below
No frost can bind it there; its utmost force
Can but arrest the light and smoky mist,
That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide,
And see where it has hung th' embroidered
banks
With forms so various, that no powers of art,
The pencil, or the pen, may trace the scene!
Here glittering turrets rise, upbearing high
(Fantastic misarrangement!) on the roof
Large growth of what may seem the sparkling
trees
And shrubs of fairy land. The crystal drops
That trickle down the branches, fast cor-
gealed,
Shoot into pillars of pellucid length,
And prop the pile they but adorned before

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Earth Moss. *Phascum cuspidatum*.
Dedicated to *St. Chrysostom*.

January 28.

St. Agnes.—Second Commemoration.

St. Cyril, A. D. 444. *Sts. Thyrsus, Leucius, and Callinicus*. *St. John of Reomay*, A. D. 540. Blessed *Margaret*, Princess of Hungary, A. D. 1271. *St. Paulinus*, A. D. 804. Blessed *Charlemagne*, Emperor, A. D. 814. *St. Glastian*, of Fife, A. D. 830.

St. Thyrsus.

Several churches in Spain are dedicated to him. In 777, the queen of Oviedo and Asturia presented one of them with a silver chalice and paten, a wash-hand basin and a pipe, which, according to Butler, is “a silver pipe, or quill to suck up the blood of Christ at the communion, such as the pope sometimes uses—it sucks up as a nose draws up air.”

CHRONOLOGY.

John Gottlob Immanuel Breitkopf, a celebrated printer, letter-founder, and bookseller of Leipsic, died on this day, in the year 1794: he was born there November 23, 1719. After the perusal of a work by Albert Durer, in which the shape of the letters is deduced from mathematical principles, he endeavoured to fashion them according to the most beautiful models in matrices cut for the purpose. His printing-office and letter-foundry acquired very high reputation. It contained punches and matrices for 400 alphabets, and he employed the types of Baskerville and Didot. Finding that engraving on wood had given birth to printing, and that the latter had contributed to the improvement of engraving, he transferred some particulars, in the province of the engraver, to that of the printer; and represented, by typography, all the marks and lines which occur in the modern music, with all the accuracy of engraving, and even printed maps and mathematical figures with movable types; though the latter he considered as a matter of mere curiosity: such was also another attempt, that of copying portraits by movable types. He likewise printed, with movable types, the Chinese characters, which are, in general, cut in pieces of wood, so that a whole house is often necessary to contain the blocks employed

No. 7.

for a single book. He improved type-metal, by giving it that degree of hardness, which has been a desideratum in foundries of this kind; and discovered a new method of facilitating the process of melting and casting. From his foundry he sent types to Russia, Sweden, Poland, and even America. He also improved the printing-press.

Besides this, his inquiries into the origin and progress of the art of printing, furnished the materials of a history, which he left behind in manuscript. He published in 1784, the first part of “An Attempt to illustrate the origin of playing-cards, the introduction of paper made from linen, and the invention of engraving on wood in Europe;” the latter part was finished, but not published, before his death. His last publication was a small “Treatise on Bibliography,” &c. published in 1793, with his reasons for retaining the present German characters. With the interruption of only five or six hours in the twenty-four, which he allowed for sleep, his whole life was devoted to study and useful employment.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Double Daisy. *Bellis perennis plenus*
Dedicated to *St. Margaret of Hungary*.

January 29.

St. Francis of Sales, A. D. 1622. *St. Sulpicius Severus*, A. D. 420. *St. Gildas* the Abbot, A. D. 570. *St. Gildas*, the Scot, A. D. 512.

This being the anniversary of the king's accession to the throne, in 1820, is a *Holiday at all the public offices*, except the Excise, Stamps, and Customs.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Flowering Fern. *Osmunda regalis*
Dedicated to *St. Francis of Sales*.

January 30.

KING CHARLES'S MARTYRDOM.

Holiday at the Public Offices; except the Stamps, Customs, and Excise.

St. Bathildes, Queen of Navarre, A. D. 680.
St. Martina. *St. Aldegondes*, A. D. 660.
St. Barsimæus, A. D. 114.

St. Martina.

The Jesuit Ribadeneira relates that the emperor Alexander IV., having decreed that all christians should sacrifice to the Roman gods, or die, insinuated to St

Martina, that if she would conform to the edict, he would make her his empress, out on her being taken to the temple, "by a sudden earthquake the blockish idol of Apollo was broken in pieces, a fourth part of his temple thrown down, and, with his ruins, were crushed to death; his priests and many others, and the emperor himself, began to fly." Whereupon St. Martina taunted the emperor; and the devil, in the idol, rolling himself in the dust, made a speech to her, and another to the emperor, and "fled through the air in a dark cloud; but the emperor would not understand it." Then the emperor commanded her to be tortured. The jesuit's stories of these operations and her escapes, are wonderfully particular. According to him, hooks and stakes did her no mischief; she had a faculty of shining, which the pouring of hot lard upon her would not quench; when in gaol, men in dazzling white surrounded her; she could not feel a hundred and eighteen wounds; a fierce lion, who had fasted three days, would not eat her, and fire would not burn her; but a sword cut her head off in 228, and at the end of two days two eagles were found watching her body. "That which above all confirmeth the truth of this relation," says Ribadeneira, "is, that there is nothing herein related but what is in brief in the lessons of the Roman Breviary, commanded by public authority to be read on her feast by the whole church."

CHRONOLOGY.

On this day, in the year 1649, king Charles I. was beheaded. In the Common Prayer Book of the Church of England, it is called "The Day of the Martyrdom of the Blessed King Charles I.;" and there is "A Form of Prayer, with Fasting, to be used yearly" upon its recurrence.

The sheet, which received the head of Charles I. after its decapitation, is carefully preserved along with the communion plate in the church of Ashburnham, in this county; the blood, with which it has been almost entirely covered, now appears nearly black. The watch of the unfortunate monarch is also deposited with the linen, the movements of which are still perfect. These relics came into the possession of lord Ashburnham immediately after the death of the king.—*Brighton Herald.*

Lord Orford says, "one can scarce conceive a greater absurdity than retaining the three holidays dedicated to the house of Stuart. Was the preservation of James^{I.} a greater blessing to England than the destruction of the Spanish armada, for which no festival is established? Are we more or less free for the execution of king Charles? Are we at this day still guilty of his blood? When is the stain to be washed out? What sense is there in thanking heaven for the restoration of a family, which it so soon became necessary to expel again?"

According to the "Life of William Lilly, written by himself," Charles I. caused the old astrologer to be consulted for his judgment. This is Lilly's account: "His majesty, Charles I., having intrusted the Scots with his person, was, for money, delivered into the hands of the English parliament, and, by several removals, was had to Hampton-court, about July or August, 1647; for he was there, and at that time when my house was visited with the plague. He was desirous to escape from the soldiery, and to obscure himself for some time near London, the citizens whereof began now to be unruly, and alienated in affection from the parliament, inclining wholly to his majesty, and very averse to me army. His majesty was well informed of all this, and thought to make good use hereof: besides, the army and parliament were at some odds, who should be masters. Upon the king's intention to escape, and with his consent, madam Whorewood (whom you knew very well, worthy esquire) came to receive my judgment, viz. In what quarter of this nation he might be most safe, and not to be discovered until himself pleased. When she came to my door, I told her I would not let her come into my house, for I buried a maid-servant of the plague very lately: however, up we went. After erection of my figure, I told her about twenty miles (or thereabouts) from London, and in Essex, I was certain he might continue undiscovered. She liked my judgment very well; and, being herself of a sharp judgment, remembered a place in Essex about that distance, where was an excellent house, and all conveniences for his reception. Away she went, early next morning, unto Hampton-court, to acquaint his majesty; but see the misfortune: he, either guided by his own

approaching hard fate, or misguided by Ashburnham, went away in the night-time westward, and surrendered himself to Hammond, in the Isle of Wight. Whilst his majesty was at Hampton-court, alderman Adams sent his majesty one thousand pounds in gold, five hundred whereof he gave to madam Whorewood. I believe I had twenty pieces of that very gold for my share." Lilly proceeds thus: "His majesty being in Carisbrook-castle, in the Isle of Wight, the Kentish men, in great numbers, rose in arms, and joined with the lord Goring; a considerable number of the best ships revolted from the parliament; the citizens of London were forward to rise against the parliament; his majesty laid his design to escape out of prison, by sawing the iron bars of his chamber window; a small ship was provided, and anchored not far from the castle to bring him into Sussex; horses were provided ready to carry him through Sussex into Kent, that so he might be at the head of the army in Kent, and from thence to march immediately to London where thousands then would have armed for him. The lady Whorewood came to me, acquaints me herewith. I got G. Farmer (who was a most ingenious locksmith, and dwelt in Bow-lane) to make a saw to cut the iron bars in sunder, I mean to saw them, and aqua fortis besides. His majesty in a small time did his work; the bars gave liberty for him to go out; he was out with his body till he came to his breast; but then his heart failing, he proceeded no farther: when this was discovered, as soon after it was, he was narrowly looked after, and no opportunity after that could be devised to enlarge him."

Lilly goes on to say, "He was be-

headed January 30, 1649. After the execution, his body was carried to Windsor, and buried with Henry VIIIth, in the same vault where his body was lodged. Some, who saw him embowelled, affirm, had he not come unto this untimely end, he might have lived, according unto nature, even unto the height of old age. Many have curiously inquired who it was that cut off his head: I have no permission to speak of such things; only thus much I say, he that did it is as valiant and resolute a man as lives, and one of a competent fortune. For my part, I do believe he was not the worst, but the most unfortunate of kings."

Lilly elsewhere relates, "that the next Sunday but one after Charles I. was beheaded, Robert Spavin, secretary unto lieutenant-general Cromwell at that time, invited himself to dine with me, and brought Anthony Pierson, and several others, along with him to dinner. Their principal discourse all dinner-time was, who it was beheaded the king: one said it was the common hangman; another, Hugh Peters; others also were nominated, but none concluded. Robert Spavin, so soon as dinner was done, took me by the hand, and carried me to the south window; saith he, 'These are all mistaken, they have not named the man that did the fact; it was lieutenant-colonel Joice: I was in the room when he fitted himself for the work, stood behind him when he did it; when done, went in again with him. There is no man knows this but my master, viz. Cromwell, commissary Iretton, and myself.'—'Doth not Mr. Rushworth know it?' said I. 'No, he doth not know it,' saith Spavin. The same thing Spavin since hath often related unto me when we were alone."

MOVEABLE FEASTS.

SHROVE TUESDAY regulates most of the moveable feasts. *Shrove Tuesday* itself is the next after the first new moon in the month of February. If such new moon should happen on a Tuesday, the next Tuesday following is Shrove Tuesday. A recently published volume furnishes a

list, the introduction of which on the next page puts the reader in possession of serviceable knowledge on this point, and affords an opportunity for affirming, that Mr. Nicolas's book contains a variety of correct and valuable information not elsewhere in a collected form:—

MOVEABLE FEASTS

FROM

"Tables, Calendars, &c. for the use of Historians, Antiquaries, and the Legal Profession, by N. H. Nicolas, Esq."

Advent Sunday, is the nearest Sunday to the feast of St. Andrew, November 30th, whether before or after.

Ascension Day, or *Holy Thursday*, is the Thursday in Rogation week, i. e. the week following Rogation Sunday.

Ash Wednesday, or the first day in lent, is the day after Shrove Tuesday.

Carle, or *Care Sunday*, or the fifth Sunday in lent, is the fifth Sunday after Shrove Tuesday.

Corpus Christi, or *Body of Christ*, is a festival kept on the Thursday after Trinity Sunday; and was instituted in the year 1264.

Easter Day. *The Paschal Sabbath*. *The Eucharist*, or *Lord's Supper*, is the seventh Sunday after Shrove Tuesday, and is always the first Sunday after the first full moon, which happens on or next after the 21st of March.

Easter Monday { are the Monday and
Easter Tuesday { Tuesday following
Easter day.

Ember Days, are the Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, after the first Sunday in lent; after the Feast of Pentecost; after Holy-rod Day, or the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, viz. 14th September; and after St. Lucia's day, viz. 15th December.

Ember Weeks, are those weeks in which the Ember days fall.

The Eucharist. See Easter day.

Good Friday, is the Friday in Passion Week, and the next Friday before Easter day.

Holy Thursday. See Ascension day.

Lent, a Fast from Ash Wednesday, to the Feast of Easter, viz. forty days.

Lord's Supper. See Easter day.

Low Sunday, is the Sunday next after Easter day.

Maunday Thursday, is the day before Good Friday.

Midlent, or the fourth Sunday in Lent, is the fourth Sunday after Shrove Tuesday.

Palm Sunday, or the sixth Sunday in Lent, is the sixth Sunday after Shrove Tuesday.

Paschal Sabbath. See Easter day.

Passion Week, is the week next ensuing after Palm Sunday

Pentecost or *Whit Sunday*, is the fiftieth day and seventh Sunday after Easter day.

Quinquagesima Sunday, is so named from its being about the fiftieth day before Easter. It is also called *Shrove Sunday*.

Relick Sunday, is the third Sunday after Midsummer-day.

Rogation Sunday, is the fifth Sunday after Easter day.

Rogation Days are the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday following Rogation Sunday.

Shrove Sunday, is the Sunday next before Shrove Tuesday. It is also called *Quinquagesima Sunday*.

Septuagesima Sunday, so called from its being about the seventieth day before Easter, is the third Sunday before Lent.

Sexagesima Sunday, is the second Sunday before Lent, or the next to Shrove Sunday, so called as being about the sixtieth day before Easter.

Trinity Sunday, or the *Feast of the Holy Trinity*, is the next Sunday after Pentecost or Whitsuntide.

Whit Sunday. See Pentecost.

Whit Monday { are the Monday and
Whit Tuesday { Tuesday following
Whit Sunday.

Whitsuntide, is the three days above-mentioned.

The Vigil or Eve of a feast, is the day before it occurs. Thus the Vigil of the feast of St. John the Baptist is the 23d of June. If the feast-day falls upon a Monday, then the Vigil or the Eve is kept upon the Saturday preceding.

The Morrow of a feast, is the day following: thus the feast of All Souls, is November 2d, and the Morrow of All Souls is consequently the 3d of November.

The Octave or *Utas* of each feast, is always the eighth day after it occurs; for example, the feast of St. Hillary, is the 13th of February, hence the Octave of St. Hillary, is the 20th of that month.

In the Octaves, means within the eight days following any particular feast.

SEPTUAGESIMA

Is the *ninth* Sunday before Easter Sunday

SEXAGESIMA

Is the *eighth* Sunday before Easter.

QUINQUAGESIMA

Is the *seventh* Sunday before Easter.

QUADRAGESIMA

Is the *sixth* Sunday before Easter, and the first Sunday in Lent, which commences on Ash Wednesday.

“The earliest term of Septuagesima Sunday is the 18th of January, when Easter day falls on the 22d of March; the latest is the 22d of February, when Easter happens on the 25th of April”

Butler.

Shepherd in his “Elucidation of the Book of Common Prayer” satisfactorily explains the origin of these days:

“When the words *Septuagesima*, *Sexagesima*, and *Quinquagesima* were first applied to denote these three Sundays, the season of *Lent* had generally been extended to a fast of six weeks, that is, thirty-six days, not reckoning the Sundays, which were always celebrated as festivals. At this time, likewise, the Sunday which we call the first Sunday in Lent, was styled simply *Quadragesima*, or the fortieth, meaning the fortieth day before Easter. *Quadragesima* was also the name given to Lent, and denoted the *Quadragesimal*, or forty days’ fast. When the three weeks before *Quadragesima* ceased to be considered as weeks after the Epiphany, and were appointed to be observed as a time of preparation for Lent, it was perfectly conformable to the ordinary mode of computation to reckon backwards, and for the sake of even and round numbers to count by decades. The authors of this novel institution, and the compilers of the new proper offices, would naturally call the first Sunday before *Quadragesima*, *Quinquagesima*; the second, *Sexagesima*; and the third, *Septuagesima*. This reason corresponds with the account that seems to be at present most generally adopted.”

There is much difference of opinion as to whether the fast of *Lent* lasted anciently during forty days or forty hours.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Common Maidenhair. *Asplenium trichomanes.*

Dedicated to *St. Martina.*

January 31.

King George IV. proclaimed. Holiday at the Exchequer

St. Peter Nolasco, A. D. 1258. *St. Serapion*, A. D. 1240. *St. Cyrus and John*. *St. Marcella*, A. D. 410. *St. Maidoc*, or *Maadhog*, alias *Aidar*, otherwise *Mogue*, Bishop of Ferns, A. D. 1632.

St. Peter Nolasco.

Ribadeneira relates, that on the 1st of August 1216, the virgin Mary with beautiful train of holy virgins appeared to this saint at midnight, and signified it was the divine pleasure that a new order should be instituted under the title of Our Blessed Lady of Mercy, for the redemption of captives, and that king James of Aragon had the same vision at the same time, and “this order, therefore, by divine revelation, was founded upon the 10th, or as others say, upon the 23d of August.” Then *St. Peter Nolasco* begged for its support, and thereby rendered himself offensive to the devil. For once taking up his lodging in private, some of the neighbours told him, that the master of the house, a man of evil report, had lately died, and the place had ever since been inhabited by “night spirits,” wherein he commended himself to the virgin and other saints, and “instantly his admonitors vanished away like smoke, leaving an intolerable scent behind them.” These of course were devils in disguise. Then he passed the sea in his cloak, angels sung before him in the habit of his order, and the virgin visited his monastery. One night he went into the church and found the angels singing the service instead of the monks; and at another time seven stars fell from heaven, and on digging the ground “there, they found a most devout image of our lady under a great bell,”—and so forth.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Hartstongue. *Asplenium Scolopendium.*
Dedicated to *St. Marcella.*



FEBRUARY.

— Then came cold February, sitting
 In an old waggon, for he could not ride,
 Drawne of two fishes, for the season fitting,
 Which through the flood before did softly slyde
 And swim away; yet had he by his side
 His plough and harnesse fit to till the ground,
 And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride
 Of hasting prime did make them burgeon round. *Spenser.*

This month has Pisces or the fishes for its zodiacal sign. Numa, who was chosen by the Roman people to succeed Romulus as their king, and became their legislator, placed it the second in the year, as it remains with us, and dedicated it to Neptune, the lord of waters. Its name is from the *Februa*, or *Feralia*, sacrifices offered to the manes of the gods at this season. Ovid in his *Fasti* attests the derivation :

In ancient times, purgations had the name Of *Februa*, various customs prove the same ;
 The pontiffs from the *rex* and *flamen* crave
 A lock of wool ; in former days they gave
 To wool the name of *Februa*.
 A pliant branch cut from a lofty pine,
 Which round the temples of the priests they
 twine,
 Is *Februa* called ; which if the priest demand,
 A branch of pine is put into his hand :

In short, with whatsoe'er our hearts we hold
 Are purified, was *Februa* termed of old ;
Lustrations are from hence, from hence the
 name

Of this our month of February came ;
 In which the priests of Pan processions made ;
 In which the tombs were also purified
 Of such as had no dirges when they died ;
 For our religious fathers did maintain,
 Purgations expiated every stain
 Of guilt and sin ; from Greece the custom
 came,

But here adopted by another name ;
 The Grecians held that pure lustrations could
 Efface an impious deed, or guilt of blood
 Weak men ; to think that water can make
 clean

A bloody crime, or any sinful stain.

Massey's Ovid.

Our Saxon ancestors, according to *Verstegan*, " called February *Sprout-hele*, by *kele* meaning the *kele-wurt*, which we

now call the colewurt, the greatest *pot-wurt* in time long past that our ancestors used, and the broth made therewith was thereof also called *kele*; for before we borrowed from the French the name of potage, and the name of *herbe*, the one in our owne language was called *kele*, and the other *wurt*; and as this *kele-wurt*, or potage-hearbe, was the chiefe winter-wurt for the sustenance of the husbandman, so was it the first hearbe that in this moneth began to yeeld out wholesome yong sprouts, and consequently gave thereunto the name of *Sprout-kele*." The "*kele*" here mentioned, is the well-known kale of the cabbage tribe. But the Saxons likewise called this month "*Solmonath*," which Dr. Frank Sayers in his "*Disquisitiones*" says, is explained by Bede "*mensis plancentarum*," and rendered by Spelman in an unedited manuscript "*pan-cake month*," because in the course of it, cakes were offered by the pagan Saxons to the sun; and "*Sol*," or "*soul*," signified "*food*," or cakes."

In "*The Months*," by Mr. Leigh Hunt,

he remarks that "if February were not the precursor of spring, it would be the least pleasant season of the year, November not excepted. The thaws now take place; and a clammy mixture of moisture and cold succeeds, which is the most disagreeable of wintry sensations." Yet so variable is our climate, that the February of 1825 broke in upon the inhabitants of the metropolis with a day or two of piercing cold, and realized a delightful description of January sparkled from the same pen. "What can be more delicately beautiful than the spectacle which sometimes salutes the eye at the breakfast-room window, occasioned by the hoarfrost dew? If a jeweller had come to dress every plant over night, to surprise an Eastern sultan, he could not produce any thing like the '*pearly drops*,' or the '*silvery plumage*.' An ordinary bed of greens, to those who are not at the mercy of their own vulgar associations, will sometimes look crisp and corrugated emerald, powdered with diamonds."

THE SEASON.

Sunk in the vale, whose concave depth receives
The waters draining from these shelvy banks
When the shower beats, yon pool with pallid gleam
Betrays its icy covering. From the glade
Issuing in pensive file, and moving slow,
The cattle, all unwitting of the change,
To quench their customary thirst advance.
With wondering stare and fruitless search they trace
The solid margin: now bend low the head
In act to drink; now with fastidious nose
Snuffing the marble floor, and breathing loud,
From the cold touch withdraw. Awhile they stand
In disappointment mute; with ponderous feet
Then bruise the surface: to each stroke the woods
Reply; forth gushes the imprisoned wave.

February 1.

St. Ignatius. St. Pionius, A. D. 250. St. Bridget. St. Kinnia. St. Sigebert II. King.

St. Bridget.

St. Bride, otherwise St. Bridget, confers her name upon the parish of St. Bride's, for to her its church in Fleet-street is dedicated. Butler says she was born in Ulster, built herself a cell under a large oak, thence called Kill-dara, or cell of the oak, was joined by others of her own sex, formed several nunneries, and became patroness of Ireland. "But," says Butler, "a full account of her virtues has not been transmitted down to us, together with the veneration of her name;"

yet he declares that "her five modern lives mention little else but wonderful miracles." According to the same author, she flourished in the beginning of the sixth century, her body was found in the twelfth century, and her head "is now kept in the church of the Jesuits at Lisbon." This writer does not favour us with any of her miracles, but bishop Patrick mentions, that wild ducks swimming in the water, or flying in the air, obeyed her call, came to her hand, let her embrace them, and then she let them fly away again. He also found in the breviary of Sarum, that when she was sent a-milking by her mother to make butter, she gave away all the milk to the poor; that when the rest of the maids brought

in their milk she prayed, and the butter multiplied; that the butter she gave away she divided into twelve parts, "as if it were for the twelve apostles; and one part she made bigger than any of the rest, which stood for Christ's portion; though it is strange," says Patrick, "that she forget to make another inequality by ordering one portion more of the butter to be made bigger than the remaining ones in honour of St. Peter, the prince of the apostles."

BURIAL OF ALLELUIA.

In Mr. Fosbroke's "British Monarchism," the observation of this catholic ceremony is noticed as being mentioned in "Ernulphus's Annals of Rochester Cathedral," and by Selden. From thence it appears to have taken place just before the octaves of Easter Austin says, "that it used to be sung in all churches from Easter to Pentecost, but Damasus ordered it to be performed at certain times, whence it was chanted on Sundays from the octaves of Epiphany to Septuagesima, and on the Sundays from the octaves of Pentecost and Advent. One mode of burying the Alleluia was this: in the sabbath of the *Septuagesima* at Nones, the choristers assembled in the great vestiary, and there arranged the ceremony. Having finished the last 'Benedicamus,' they advanced with crosses, torches, holy waters, and incense, carrying a turf (Glebam) in the manner of a coffin, passed through the choir and went howling to the cloister, as far as the place of interment; and then having sprinkled the water, and censed the place, returned by the same road. According to a story (whether true or false) in one of the churches of Paris, a choir boy used to whip a top, marked with *Alleluia*, written in golden letters, from one end of the choir to the other. In other places *Alleluia* was buried by a serious service on Septuagesima Sunday."

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Lesser Water Moss. *Fontinalis minor*.
Dedicated to *St. Ignatius*.
Bay. *Laurus nobilis*.
Dedicated to *St. Bridget*.

February 2.

Holiday at the Public Offices, except Excise, Stamps, and Customs.

The Purification. *St. Laurence*, Archbishop of Canterbury, A. D. 619

CANDLEMAS DAY.

This being the festival which catholics

call the Purification of the virgin, they observe it with great pomp. It stands as a holiday in the calendar of the church of England. Naogeorgus thus introduces the day; or rather Barnaby Googe, in his translation of that author's, "Popish Kingdom:":

"Then comes the Day wherein the Virgin
offred Christ unto

The Father chiefe, as Moyses law
commaunded hir to do.

Then numbers great of Tapers large,
both men and women beare

To Church, being halowed there with pomp
and dreadful words to heare.

This done, eche man his Candell lightes
where chiefeest seemeth hee,

Whose Taper greatest may be seene
and fortunate to bee;

Whose Candell burneth cleare and bright,
a wondrous force and might

Doth in these Candles lie, which if
at any time they light,

They sure beleve that neyther storme
or tempest dare abide,

Nor thunder in the skies be heard,
nor any Devil's spide,

Nor fearefull sprites that wlike by night,
nor hurts of frost or haile."

According to "The Posey of Prayers, or the Key of Heaven," it is called *Candlemas*, because before mass is said this day, the church *blesses her candles for the whole year*, and makes a procession with hallowed or blessed candles in the hands of the faithful."

From catholic service-books, quoted in "Pagano Papismus," some particulars are collected concerning the blessing of the candles. Being at the altar, the priest says over them several prayers; one of which commences thus: "O Lord Jesu Christ, who enlightenest every one that cometh into the world, pour out thy benediction upon these Candles, and sanctifie them with the light of thy grace," &c. Another begins: "Holy Lord, Father Almighty, Everlasting God, who hast created all things of nothing, and by the labour of bees caused this liquor to come to the perfection of a wax candle; we humbly beseech thee, that by the invocation of thy most holy name, and by the intercession of the blessed virgin, ever a virgin, whose festivals are this day devoutly celebrated, and by the prayers of all thy saints, thou wouldst vouchsafe to bless and sanctifie these candles," &c. Then the priest sprinkles the candles thrice with holy water, saying "Sprinkle me with," &c. and perfumes them thrice with incense. One of the

consecratory prayers begins : " O Lord Jesu Christ, bless this creature of wax to us thy suppliants ; and infuse into it, by the virtue of the holy cross, thy heavenly benediction ; that in whatsoever places it shall be lighted, or put, the devil may depart, and tremble, and fly away, with all his ministers, from those habitations, and not presume any more to disturb them," &c. There is likewise this benediction : " I bless thee, O wax, in the name of the holy trinity, that thou may'st be in every place the ejection of Satan, and subversion of all his companions," &c. During the saying of these prayers, various bowings and crossings are interjected ; and when the ceremonies of consecration are over, the chiefest priest goes to the altar, and he that officiates receives a candle from him ; afterwards, that priest, standing before the altar towards the people, distributes the candles, first to the priest from whom he received a candle, then to others in order, all kneeling (except bishops) and kissing the candle, and also kissing the hand of the priest who delivers it. When he begins to distribute the candles, they sing, " A light to lighten the gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel." After the candles are distributed, a solemn procession is made ; in which one carries a censer, another a crucifix, and the rest burning candles in their hands.

The practice is treated of by Butler in his notice of the festival under this head, " On blessing of Candles and the Procession." It is to be gathered from him that " St. Bernard says the procession was first made by St. Joseph, Simeon, and Anne, as an example to be followed by all the earth, walking two and two, holding in their hands candles, lighted from fire, first blessed by the priests, and singing." The candle-bearing has reference to Simeon's declaration in the temple when he took Jesus in his arms, and affirmed that he was a light to lighten the gentiles, and the glory of Israel. This was deemed sufficient ground by the Romish church, whereon to adopt the torch-bearing of the pagans in honour of their own deities, as a ceremony in honour of the presentation of Jesus in the temple. The pagans used lights in their worship, and Constantine, and other emperors, endowed churches with land and various possessions, for the maintenance of lights in catholic churches, and frequently presented the ecclesiastics with coffers full of candles and tapers.

Mr. Fosbroke shows, from catholic authorities, that light-bearing on Candlemas day is an old Pagan ceremony ; and from Du Cange, that it was substituted by pope Gelasius for the candles, which in February the Roman people used to carry in the Lupercalia.

Pope Innocent, in a sermon on this festival, quoted in " Pagano Papismus," inquires, " Why do we (the catholics) in this feast carry candles?" and then he explains the matter by way of answer. " Because," says he, " the gentiles dedicated the month of February to the infernal gods, and as, at the beginning of it, Pluto stole Proserpine, and her mother, Ceres, sought her in the night with lighted candles, so they, at the beginning of this month, walked about the city with lighted candles ; because the holy fathers could not utterly extirpate this custom, they ordained that Christians should carry about candles in honour of the blessed virgin Mary : and thus," says the pope, " what was done before to the honour of Ceres is now done to the honour of the Virgin."

Polydore Vergil, observing on the pagan processions and the custom of publicly carrying about images of the gods with relics, says, " Our priests do the same thing. We observe all these ceremonies, but I know not whether the custom is as good as it is showy ; I fear, I fear, I say, that in these things, we rather please the gods of the heathen than Jesus Christ, for they were desirous that their worshippers should be magnificent in their processions, as Sallust says ; but Christ hates nothing more than this, telling us, *When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door pray to thy Father.* What will then become of us, if we act contrary to his commandment? Surely, whatever may become of us, we do act contrary to it."

Brand shows, from " Dunstan's Concord of Monastic Rules," that the monks went in surplices to the church for candles, which were to be consecrated, sprinkled with holy water, and censed by the abbot. Every monk took a candle from the sacrist, and lighted it. A procession was made, thirds and mass were celebrated, and the candles, after the offering, were offered to the priest. The monks' candles signified the use of those in the parable of the wise virgins.

In catholic countries the people joined the priests in their public processions to

the churches, every individual bearing a burning candle, and the churches themselves blazed with supernumerary illuminations at mid-day.

It is to be noted, that from Candlemas the use of tapers at vespers and litanies, which prevailed throughout the winter, ceased until the ensuing ALL HALLOW MASS; and hence the origin of an old English proverb in Ray's Collection—

“ On Candlemas-day
Throw candle and candlestick away.”

Candlemas candle-carrying remained in England till its abolition by an order in council, in the second year of king Edward VI.

The “Golden Legend” relates, that a lady who had given her mantle to a poor man for the love of our lady, would not go to church on Candlemas-day, but went into her own private chapel, and kneeling before the altar, fell asleep, and had a miraculous vision, wherein she saw herself at church. Into this visionary church she imagined that a troop of virgins came, with a noble virgin at their head, “crowned ryght precyously,” and seated themselves in order; then a troop of young men, who seated themselves in like order; then one, with a proper number of candles, gave to each a candle, and to the lady herself he gave a candle of wax; then came St. Laurence as a deacon, and St. Vincent as a sub-deacon, and Jesus Christ as the priest, and two angels bearing candles; then the two angels began the Introit of the mass, and the virgins sung the mass; then the virgins went and each offered the candle to the priest, and the priest waited for the lady to offer her candle; then “the glorious quene of virgins” sent to her to say that she was not courteous to make the priest tarry so long for her, and the lady answered that the priest might go on with the mass, for she should keep her candle herself, and not offer it; and the virgin sent a second time, and the lady said she would not offer the candle; then “the quene of virgins” said to the messenger, “Pray her to offer the candle, and if she will not, take it from her by force;” still she would not offer the candle, and therefore the messenger seized it; but the lady held so fast and long, and the messenger drew and pulled so hard, that the candle broke, and the lady kept half. Then the lady awoke, and found the piece of candle in

her hand; whereat she marvelled, and returned thanks to the glorious virgin, who had not suffered her to be without a mass on Candlemas-day, and all her life kept the piece of candle for a relic; and all they that were touched therewith were healed of their maladies and sicknesses.

Poetry is the history of ancient times. We know little of the times sung by Homer but from his verses. To Herrick we must confess our obligation for acquaintance with some of the manners pertaining to this “great day in the calendar.” Perhaps, had he not written, we should be ignorant that our forefathers fared more daintily during the Christmas holidays than at other seasons; be unaware of the rule for setting out the due quantum of time, and orderly succession, to Christmas ever-greens; and live, as most of us have lived, but ought not to live longer, without being informed, that the Christmas-log may be burnt until this day, and must be quenched this night till Christmas comes again.

Candlemas Eve.

End now the white-loafe and the pye,
And let all sports with Christmas dye.

Kindle the Christmas Brand, and then
Till sunne-set let it burne,
Which quencht, then lay it up agen,
Till Christmas next returne.

Part must be kept wherewith to teend
The Christmas Log next yeare,
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there. *Herrick.*

How severely he enjoins the removal of the last greens of the old year, and yet how essential is his reason for their displacement:

Candlemas Eve.

Down with the Rosemary, and so
Down with the Baies and Mistletoe;
Down with the Holly, Ivie, all
Wherewith ye drest the Christmas Hall;
That so the superstitious find
No one least Branch there left behind:
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see.

Herrick.

Hearken to the gay old man again, and participate in his joyous anticipations of pleasure from the natural products of the new year. His next little poem is a collyrium for the mind's eye:

Ceremonies for Candlemasse Eve.

Down with the Rosemary and Bayes,
Down with the Misleto ;
Instead of Holly, now up-raise
The greener Box (for show.)

The Holly hitherto did sway ;
Let Box now domineere,
Untill the dancing Easter-day,
On Easter's Eve appeare.

Then youthful Box, which now hath grace,
Your houses to renew,
Grown old, surrender must his place
Unto the crisped Yew.

When Yew is out, then Birch comes in,
And many Flowers beside,
Both of a fresh and fragrant kinne,
To honour Whitsontide.

Green Bushes then, and sweetest Bents,
With cooler Oken boughs,
Come in for comely ornaments
To re-adorn the house.

Thus times do shift ; each thing his turne do's
hold ;
New things succeed, as former things grow
old. *Herrick.*

Brand cites a curious anecdote concerning John Cosin, bishop of Durham, on this day, from a rare tract, entitled "The Vanitie and Downefall of superstitious Popish Ceremonies, preached in the Cathedral Church of Durham, by one Peter Smart, a prebend there, July 27, 1628," Edinborough, 4to. 1628. The story is, that "on Candlemasse-day last past, Mr. Cozens, in renewing that popish ceremonie of burning Candles to the honour of our lady, busied himself from two of the clocke in the afternoon till foure, in climbing long ladders to stick up wax candles in the said Cathedral Church : the number of all the Candles burnt that evening was two hundred and twenty, besides sixteen torches ; sixty of those burning tapers and torches standing upon, and near, the high Altar, (as he calls it,) where no man came nigh."

A contributor to the Gentleman's Magazine informs Mr. Urban, in 1790, that having visited Harrowgate for his health a few years before, he resided for some time at that pleasant market-town Rippon, where, on the Sunday before Candlemas-day, he observed that the collegiate church, a fine ancient building, was one continued blaze of light all the afternoon from an immense number of candles.

Brand observes, that in the north of

England this day is called the "Wives' Feast Day ;" and he quotes a singular old custom from Martin's book on the Western Islands, to this effect :—"The mistress and servants of each family dress a sheaf of oats in women's apparel, put it in a large basket, and lay a wooden club by it, and this they call Brüd's Bed ; and the mistress and servants cry three times, ' Brüd is come, Brüd is welcome !' This they do just before going to bed. In the morning they look among the ashes, and if they see the impression of Brüd's club there, they reckon it a pre-sage of a good crop, and prosperous year ; if not, they take it as an ill omen."

A Dorsetshire gentleman communicates a custom which he witnessed at Lyme Regis in his juvenile days ; to what extent it prevailed he is unable to say, his knowledge being limited to the domestic circle wherein he was included. The wood-ashes of the family being sold throughout the year as they were made, the person who purchased them annually sent a present on Candlemas-day of a large candle. When night came, this candle was lighted, and, assisted by its illumination, the inmates regaled themselves with cheering draughts of ale, and sippings of punch, or some other animating beverage, until the candle had burnt out. The coming of the Candlemas candle was looked forward to by the young ones as an event of some consequence ; for, of usage, they had a sort of right to sit up that night, and partake of the refreshment, till all retired to rest, the signal for which was the self-extinction of the Candlemas candle.

Bishop Hall, in a Sermon on Candlemas-day, remarks, that "it hath been an old (I say not how true) note, that hath been wont to be set on this day, that if it be clear and sun-shiny, it portends a hard weather to come ; if cloudy and louring, a mild and gentle season ensuing." This agrees with one of Ray's proverbs :

"The hind had as lief see
his wife on the bier,
As that Candlemas-day
should be pleasant and clear."

So also Browne, in his "Vulgar Errors," affirms, that "there is a general tradition in most parts of Europe, that

inferreth the coldness of succeeding winter from the shining of the sun on Candlemas-day, according to the proverbial distich :

‘ Si Sol splendescat Mariâ purificante,
Major erit glacies post festum quam fuit ante.’”

The “Country Almanac” for 1676, in the month of February, versifies to the same effect :

“ Foul weather is no news ;
hail, rain, and snow,
Are now expected, and
esteem’d no woe ;
Nay, ’tis an omen bad,
The yeomen say,
If Phœbus shows his face
the second day.”

Country Almanac, (Feb.) 1676.

Other almanacs prophesy to the like purport :

“ If Candlemas-day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight ;
But if Candlemas-day be clouds and rain,
Winter is gone, and will not come again.”

The next old saw is nearer the truth than either of the preceding :

“ When Candlemas-day is come and gone,
The snow lies on a hot stone.”

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Snowdrop. *Galanthus Nivalis*

Dedicated to the *Purification of the Virgin Mary.*

February 3.

Holiday at the Exchequer.

St. Blase. St. Ansharius, A. D. 865.
St. Wereburge, Patroness of Chester.
St. Margaret, of England.

St. Blase.

This saint has the honour of a place in the church of England calendar, on what account it is difficult to say. All the facts that Butler has collected of him is, that he was bishop of Sebaste in Armenia, receiver of the relics of St. Eustratius, and executor of his last will; that he is venerated for the cure of sore throats; principal patron of Ragusa, titular patron of the wool-combers; and that he was ornamented with iron combs, and martyred under Licinius, in 316.

Ribadeneira is more diffuse. He relates, that St. Blase lived in a cave, whither wild beasts came daily to visit him, and be cured by him; “ and if it hap-

pened that they came while he was at prayer, they did not interrupt him, but waited till he had ended, and never departed without his benediction. He was discovered in his retirement, imprisoned, and cured a youth who had a fish-bone stuck in his throat by praying.” Ribadeneira further says that Ætius, an ancient Greek physician, gave the following

Receipt for a stoppage in the throat :

“ Hold the diseased party by the throat, and pronounce these words :—
BLASE, the martyr and servant of Jesus Christ, commands thee to pass up or down !”

The same Jesuit relates, that St. Blase was scourged, and seven holy women anointed themselves with his blood; whereupon their flesh was combed with iron combs, their wounds ran nothing but milk, their flesh was whiter than snow, angels came visibly and healed their wounds as fast as they were made; and they were put into the fire, which would not consume them; wherefore they were ordered to be beheaded, and beheaded accordingly. Then St. Blase was ordered to be drowned in the lake; but he walked on the water, sat down on it in the middle, and invited the infidels to a sitting; whereupon threescore and eight, who tried the experiment, were drowned, and St. Blase walked back to be beheaded.

The “Golden Legend” says, that a wolf having run away with a woman’s swine, she prayed St. Blase that she might have her swine again, and St. Blase promised her, with a smile, she should; and the wolf brought the swine back; then she slew it, and offered the head and the feet, with some bread and a candle, to St. Blase. “And he thanked God, and ete thereof; and he said to her, that every yere she sholde offre in his chirche a candell. And she dyd all her lyf, and she had moche grete prosperyte. And knowe thou that to the, and to all them that so shal do, shal well happen to them.”

It is observed in a note on Brand, that the candles offered to St. Blase were said to be good for the tooth-ache, and for diseased cattle.

“ Theu followeth good sir Blase, who doth
a waxen Candell give,
And holy water to his men,
whereby they safely live

I divers Barrels oft have seene,
drawne out of water cleare,
Through one small blessed bone
of this same holy Martyr heare :
And caryed thence to other townes
and cities farre away,
Ech superstition doth require
such earnest kinde of play."

The origin of St. Blase's fame has baffled the inquiry of antiquaries; it seems to have rolled off with the darkness of former ages, never to be known again. To the *wool-combers* this saint is indebted for the maintenance of his reputation in England, for no other trade or persons have any interest in remembering his existence; and this popularity with a body of so much consequence may possibly have been the reason, and the only reason, for the retention of his name in the church calendar at the Reformation. That it is not in the wane with them, is clear from a report in the *Leeds Mercury*, of the 5th of February, 1825. The article furnishes the very interesting particulars in the subjoined account:—

CELEBRATION OF

Bishop Blase's Festival,

AT BRADFORD, 3d FEBRUARY, 1825.

The septennial festival, held in honour of bishop Blase, and of the invention of wool-combing attributed to that personage, was on this day celebrated at Bradford with great gaiety and rejoicing.

There is no place in the kingdom where the bishop is so splendidly commemorated as at Bradford. In 1811, 1818, and at previous septennial periods, the occasion was celebrated with great pomp and festivity, each celebration surpassing the preceding ones in numbers and brilliance. The celebration of 1825 eclipsed all hitherto seen, and it is most gratifying to know, that this is owing to the high prosperity of the worsted and woollen manufactures, which are constantly adding fresh streets and suburban villages to the town.

The different trades began to assemble at eight o'clock in the morning, but it was near ten o'clock before they all were arranged in marching order in Westgate. The arrangements were actively superintended by Matthew Thompson, Esq. The morning was brilliantly beautiful. As early as seven o'clock, strangers pour-

ed into Bradford from the surrounding towns and villages, in such numbers as to line the roads in every direction; and almost all the vehicles within twenty miles were in requisition. Bradford was never before known to be so crowded with strangers. Many thousands of individuals must have come to witness the scene. About ten o'clock the procession was drawn up in the following order:—

- Herald* bearing a flag.
- Woolstaplers* on horseback, each horse caparisoned with a fleece.
- Worsted Spinners and Manufacturers* on horseback, in white stuff waistcoats, with each a sliwer over the shoulder, and a white stuff sash; the horses' necks covered with nets made of thick yarn.
- Merchants* on horseback, with coloured sashes.
- Three Guards. Masters' Colours. Three Guards.
- Apprentices and Masters' Sons*, on horseback, with ornamented caps, scarlet stuff coats, white stuff waistcoats, and blue pantaloons.
- Bradford and Keighley Bands.*
- Mace-bearer*, on foot.
- Six Guards. KING. QUEEN. Six Guards.
- Guards. JASON. PRINCESS MEDEA. Guards.
- Bishop's Chaplain.
- BISHOP BLASE.
- Shepherd and Shepherdess.*
- Shepherd Swains.*
- Woolsorters*, on horseback, with ornamented caps, and various coloured sliwers.
- Comb Makers.*
- Charcoal Burners.*
- Combers' Colours.*
- Band.
- Woolcombers*, with wool wigs, &c.
- Band.
- Dyers*, with red cockades, blue aprons, and crossed sliwers of red and blue.

The following were the numbers of the different bodies, as nearly as could be estimated:—24 *woolstaplers*, 38 *spinners* and *manufacturers*, 6 *merchants*, 56 *apprentices* and *masters' sons*, 160 *wool-sorters*, 30 *combmakers*, 470 *wool-combers*, and 40 *dyers*. The KING, on this occasion, was an old man, named *Wm. Clough*, of Darlington, who had filled the regal station at four previous celebrations. JASON (the celebrated legend of the Golden Fleece of Colchis, is interwoven with the commemoration of the bishop,) was personated by *John Smith*; and the fair MEDEA, to whom he was indebted for his spoils, rode by his side.—BISHOP BLASE was a personage of very be-

coming gravity, also named *John Smith*; and he had enjoyed his pontificate several previous commemorations; his chaplain was *James Beethom*. The ornaments of the spinners and manufacturers had a neat and even elegant appearance, from the delicate and glossy whiteness of the finely combed wool which they wore. The apprentices and masters' sons, however, formed the most showy part of the procession, their caps being richly adorned with ostrich feathers, flowers, and knots of various coloured yarn, and their stuff garments being of the gayest colours; some of these dresses, we understand, were very costly, from the profusion of their decorations. The shepherd, shepherdess, and swains, were attired in light green. The wool-sorters, from their number and the height of their plumes of feathers, which were, for the most part, of different colours, and formed in the shape of *fleur-de-lis*, had a dashing appearance. The combmakers carried before them the instruments here so much celebrated, raised on standards, together with golden fleeces, rams' heads with gilded horns, and other emblems. The combers looked both neat and comfortable in their flowing wigs of well-combed wool; and the garb of the dyers was quite professional. Several well-painted flags were displayed, one of which represented on one side the venerable BISHOP *in full robes*, and on the other a shepherd and shepherdess under a tree. Another had a painting of MEDEA *giving up the golden fleece to JASON*: a third had a portrait of the KING: and a fourth appeared to belong to some association in the trade. The whole procession was from half a mile to a mile in length.

When the procession was ready to move, *Richard Fawcett, Esq.* who was on horseback at the head of the spinners, pronounced, uncovered, and with great animation, the following lines, which it had long been customary to repeat on these occasions, and which, if they have not much poetical elegance, have the merit of expressing true sentiments in simple language:—

Hail to the day, whose kind auspicious rays
Deign'd first to smile on famous bishop Blase!
To the great author of our combing trade,
This day's devoted, and due honour's paid;
To him whose fame thro' Britain's isle resounds,
To him whose goodness to the poor abounds;

Long shall his name in British annals shine,
And grateful ages offer at his shrine!
By this our trade are thousands daily fed,
By it supplied with means to earn their bread.

In various forms our trade its work imparts,
In different methods, and by different arts,
Preserves from starving, indigents distress'd
As combers, spinners, weavers, and the rest.
We boast no gems, or costly garments vain,
Borrow'd from India, or the coast of Spain;
Our native soil with wool our trade supplies,
While foreign countries envy us the prize.
No foreign broil our common good annoys,
Our country's product all our art employs:
Our fleecy flocks abound in every vale,
Our bleating lambs proclaim the joyful tale.
So let not Spain with us attempt to vie,
Nor India's wealth pretend to soar so high;
Nor Jason pride him in his Colchian spoil,
By hardships gain'd, and enterprising toil,
Since Britons all with ease attain the prize,
And every hill resounds with golden cries.
To celebrate our founder's great renown
Our shepherd and our shepherdess we crown;
For England's commerce, and for George's
sway,

Each loyal subject give a loud HUZZA.

HUZZA!

These lines were afterwards several times repeated, in the principal streets and roads through which the cavalcade passed. About five o'clock they dispersed.

FLORAL DIRECTORY,

Great water moss. *Fontinalis Antepyre-tica*.

Dedicated to *St. Blase*.

February 4.

St. Andrew Corsini, A. D. 1373. *St Phileas*. *St. Gilbert*. *St. Jane*, or *Joan*, Queen, A. D. 1505. *St. Isidore*, of Pelusium, A. D. 449. *St. Rembert*, Archbishop of Bremen, A. D. 888. *St. Modan*, of Scotland. *St. Joseph*, of Leonissa, A. D. 1612.

Goe plow in the stubble
for now is the season
For sowing of fitches,
of beanes, and of peason.
Sow runcials timely,
and all that be gray,
But sow not the white,
till *St. Gregorie's* day.

Tusser

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Goldilocks. *Polytricum Commune*.
Dedicated to *St. Jane*.

Indian Bay *Laurus Indica*.
Dedicated to *St. Margaret of England*.

February 5.

Holiday at the Exchequer.

St. Agatha. *The Martyrs of Japan*. *The Martyrs of China*. *St. Avitus*, Archbishop, A. D. 525. *St. Alice*, or *Adelaide*, A. D. 1015. *St. Abraamius*, Bishop of Arbela.

St. Agatha.

This saint, who is in the calendar of the church of England, was a Sicilian martyr about the year 251. Butler relates, that before her death she was tortured, and being refused physicians, St. Peter himself came from heaven, healed her wounds, and filled her prison with light. He also as gravely states, that several times when Catania was in danger from the eruptions of mount Ætna, her veil carried in procession averted the volcanic matter from the city.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Common Primrose. *Primula vulgaris*.

Dedicated to *St. Agatha*.

Red Primrose. *Primula aculis*.

Dedicated to *St. Adelaide*.

February 6.

Sexagesima Sunday.

St. Dorothy, A. D. 308. *St. Vedast*, Bishop, A. D. 539. *St. Amandus*, A. D. 675. *St. Barsanuphius*.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Blue Jacinth. *Hyacinthus Orientalis cœruleus*.

Dedicated to *St. Dorothy*.

February 7.

St. Romuald, A. D. 1027. *St. Richard*, King of the West Saxons, A. D. 722. *St. Theodorus* of Heraclea, A. D. 319. *St. Tresain*, 6th Cent. *St. Augulus*, Bishop.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Roundleaved Cyclamen. *Cyclamen Coum*.
Dedicated to *St. Romuald*.

February 8.

St. John of Matha, A. D. 1213. *St. Stephen* of Grandmont, A. D. 1124. *St. Paul*, Bishop of Verdun, A. D. 631. *St. Cuthman*.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Narrow Spring Moss. *Mnium Androgynum*.

Dedicated to *St. John of Matha*.

February 9.

St. Apollonia, A. D. 249. *St. Nicephorus*, A. D. 260. *St. Theliau*, Bishop, A. D. 580. *St. Ansbert*, Abp. of Rouen, A. D. 695. *St. Attracta* or *Tarahata* of Ireland. *St. Herard* or *Eberhard*.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Roman Narcissus. *Narcissus Romanus*.

Dedicated to *St. Apollonia*.

February 10.

St. Scholastica, A. D. 543. *St. Coteris*, 4th Cent. *St. William* of Maleval, A. D. 1157. *St. Erlulph*, Scotch Bishop.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Mezereon. *Daphne Mezereon*.

Dedicated to *St. Scholastica*.

Silky Fork Moss. *Mnium heteomallum*

Dedicated to *St. Coteris*.

February 11.

St. Saturninus Dativus, &c. of Africa, A. D. 304. *St. Severinus*, A. D. 507. *The Empress Theodora*, A. D. 867.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Red Primrose. *Primula Verna rubra*

Dedicated to *St. Theodora*.

February 12.

St. Benedict of Anian, A. D. 821. *St. Meletius* of Antioch, A. D. 381. *St. Eulalia* of Barcelona. *St. Anthony Cauleas*, A. D. 896.

HILARY TERM ends.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Noble Liverwort. *Anemone hepatica*.

Dedicated to *St. Eulalia*.

February 13.

St. Catherine de Ricci, A. D. 1589. *St. Lici-nius*, Bishop, A. D. 618. *St. Polyeuctus*, A. D. 257. *St. Gregory II*. Pope. *St. Martinianus*. *St. Modomnoe* or *Dominick* of Ossory, 6th Cent. *St. Stephen*, Abbot, 6th Cent. *Roger*, Abbot, A. D. 1175.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Polyanthus. *Primula polyantha*.
Dedicated to *St. Catherine de Ricci*.

February 14.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

St. Valentine. St. Maro, A. D. 433.
St. Abraames, A. D. 422. St. Aug-
gentius, 5th Cent. St. Conran, Bishop
of Orkney.

St. Valentine.

Of this saint, so celebrated among

young persons, little is known, except that he was a priest of Rome, and martyred there about 270.

It was a custom with the ancient Roman youth to draw the names of girls in honour of their goddess Februata-Juno on the 15th of February, in exchange for which certain Roman catholic pastors substituted the names of saints in billets given the day before, namely, on the 14th of February.

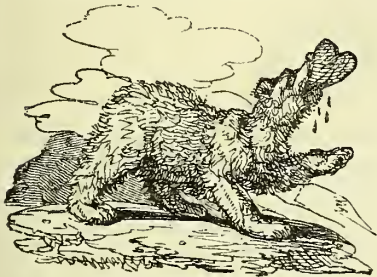


Where *can* the postman be, I say?
He ought to *fly*—on such a day!
Of *all* days in the year, you know,
It's monstrous rude to be so *slow*:
The fellow's so *exceeding* stupid—
Hark!—*there* he is!—oh! the dear *CUPID*!

Two hundred thousand letters beyond the usual daily average, annually pass through the twopenny post-office in London on St. Valentine's Day. "Two hundred thousand twopences," said an old gentleman as he read this in a March newspaper, "are four hundred thousand pence,"—and he was going to cast up the amount—"Why, papa," said his daughter, "that's just the number of young folks *there* must be in love with each other—

that's the way to reckon." "Ah, my child, that's *not* the way to reckon; you have taken something into the *account* that has no *business* there: all Valentine-writers are not in love, nor are all lovers Valentine-writers; and remember, my dear girl, that as smiles on the face sometimes conceal cruel dispositions, so there are some who write Valentines, and trifle with hearts for the mere pleasure of inflicting pain." "I will show you what I

mean," said the old gentleman, and taking a paper from a drawer, he held up this exemplification :



Just then an unmarried gentleman, "of a *certain* age," entered the room. On becoming acquainted with the topic, he drew from his pocket a small packet, and said, with a merry smile, "Here was *my* Valentine." It contained a rib of some small animal completely enveloped with white satin ribbon, ornamented by a true lover's knot at each end, and another in the middle. Father and daughter both had a laugh at the "old bachelor," and he, laughing with them, put into the young lady's hand the poetical address that accompanied his *rib* :

Go contemplate this lovely sign !

Haste thee away to reason's shrine,

And listen to her voice ;

No more illusive shades pursue,

To happiness this gives the clue,

Make but a prudent choice.

'Till Adam had a partner given,

Much as fair Eden bloom'd like heaven,

His bliss was incomplete ;

No social friend those joys to share,

Gave the gay scene a vacant air !

She came—'twas all replete.

And could not genuine Paradise,

The most extensive wish suffice,

Its guiltless lord possess ?

No—not without a kindred mate ;

How then in this degen'rate state,

Can man, alone be blest ?

But now the Muse withdraws her aid ;

Enough, thy folly to upbraid ;

Enough to make thee wise :

No more of pensive hours complain,

No more, that all life's joys are vain,

If thou this hint despise.

Feb. 13, 182—.

A Friend.

St. Valentine's Morning.

Hark ! through the sacred silence of the night
Loud chanticleer doth sound his clarion shrill,
Hailing with song the first pale gleam of light
Which floats the dark brow of yon eastern hill,

N. S. 8.

"Well now, this is capital!" exclaimed the laughing lass. "After *such* a Valentine, you *must* take the hint, my dear sir. It's really a shame that so good-natured a man should remain a bachelor. I recollect, that when I could only just run about, you used to be *so* kind to me; besides, how you dandled and played with me! and since then, how you have read to me and instructed me till I grew up! Such a man is the very man to be married: you are every way domestic, and it's *settled*; you *must* get married."—"Well, then, will you have me?" he inquired, with a cheerful laugh. "I have you? No! Why, you are too old; but not too old to find a wife: there are many ladies whom we know, of your age, wholly disengaged; but you don't pay them any *particular* attention." Her father interposed; and the gentleman she addressed playfully said, "It is a little hard, indeed, that I should have these fine compliments and severe reproaches at the same time: however," taking her by the hand, "you will understand, that it *is* possible I *may* have paid *particular* attention to a lady at an age when the affections are warmer; I did; and I reconciled myself to rejection by courting my books and the pleasures of solitude—

Hast thou been ever waking
From slumbers soft and light,
And heard sweet music breaking
The stillness of the night ;

When all thy soul was blending
With that delightful strain,
And night her silence lending
To rivet fancy's chain ;

Then on a sudden pausing,
Those strains have ceas'd to play
A painful absence causing
Of bliss that died away !

So from my soul has vanish'd
The dream of youthful days ;
So Hope and Love are banish'd,
And *Truth* her pow'r displays.

The origin of so pleasant a day, the first pleasant day in the year, whether its season be regarded, or the mode of its celebration, requires some little investigation; nor must some of its past and present usages be unrecorded here

Bright star of morn, oh! leave not yet the wave
 To deck the dewy frontlet of the cny;
 Nor thou, Aurora, quit Tithonus' cave,
 Nor drive retiring darkness yet away.

Ere these my rustic hands a garland twine,
 Ere yet my tongue endite a single song,
 For her I mean to hail my Valentine,
 Sweet maiden, fairest of the virgin throng.

Dodsley's Miscell.

Attend we upon ELIA. Hark, how triumphantly that noble herald of the college of kindness proclaims the day!

"Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable arch-flamen of Hymen! Immortal Go-between! who and what manner of person art thou? Art thou but a name, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! like unto thee, assuredly, there is no other mitred father in the calendar.—Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little Loves, and the air is

Brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings;

singing Cupids are thy choristers, and thy preceptors; and instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee.

"In other woids, this is the day on which those charming little missives, ycleped Valentines, cross and intercross each other at every street and turning. The weary and all for-spent twopenny postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments, not his own. It is scarcely credible to what an extent this ephemeral courtship is carried on in this loving town, to the great enrichment of porters, and detriment of knockers and bell-wires. In these little visual interpretations, no emblem is so common as the *heart*,—that little three-cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears,—the bestuck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and tortured into more allegories and affectations than an opera-hat. What authority we have in history or mythology for placing the head-quarters and metropolis of god Cupid in this anatomical seat rather than in any other, is not very clear; but we have got it, and it will serve as well as any other thing. Else we might easily imagine, upon some other system which might have prevailed for any thing which our pathology knows to the contrary, a lover addressing his mistress, in

perfect simplicity of feeling, 'Madam, my liver and fortune are entirely at your disposal;' or putting a delicate question, 'Amanda, have you a *midriff* to bestow?' But custom has settled these things, and awarded the seat of sentiment to the aforesaid triangle, while its less fortunate neighbours wait at animal and anatomical distance.

"Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and all rural sounds, exceed in interest a *knock at the door*. It 'gives a very echo to the throne where Hope is seated.' But its issues seldom answer to this oracle within. It is so seldom that just the person we want to see comes. But of all the clamorous visitations, the welcomest in expectation is the sound that ushers in, or seems to usher in, a Valentine. As the raven himself was hoarse that announced the fatal entrance of Duncan, so the knock of the postman on this day is light, airy, confident, and befitting one that 'bringeth good tidings.' It is less mechanical than on other days; you will say, 'That is not the post, I am sure.' Visions of Love, of Cupids, of Hymens, and all those delightful, eternal common-places, which 'having been, will always be;' which no schoolboy nor schoolman can write away; having their irreversible throne in the fancy and affections; what are your transports, when the happy maiden, opening with careful finger, careful not to break the emblematic seal, bursts upon the sight of some well-designed allegory, some type, some youthful fancy, not without verses—

Love's all,
 A madrigal,

or some such device, not over abundant in sense—young Love disclaims it,—and not quite silly—something between wind and water, a chorus where the sheep might almost join the shepherd, as they did, or as I apprehend they did, in Arcadia.

"All Valentines are not foolish, and I shall not easily forget thine, my kind friend (if I may have leave to call you

so) E. B.—E. B. lived opposite a young maiden, whom he had often seen, unseen, from his parlour window in C—e-street. She was all jousness and innocence, and just of an age to enjoy receiving a Valentine, and just of a temper to bear the disappointment of missing one with good humour. E. B. is an artist of no common powers; in the fancy parts of designing, perhaps inferior to none; his name is known at the bottom of many a well-executed vignette in the way of his profession, but no further; for E. B. is modest, and the world meets nobody half-way. E. B. meditated how he could repay this young maiden for many a favour which she had done him unknown; for, when a kindly face greets us, though but passing by, and never knows us again, nor we it, we should feel it as an obligation; and E. B. did. This good artist set himself at work to please the damsel. It was just before Valentine's day three years since. He wrought unseen, and unsuspected, a wondrous work. We need not say it was on the finest gilt paper with borders—full, not of common hearts and heartless allegory, but all the prettiest stories of love from Ovid, and older poets than Ovid (for E. B. is a scholar.) There was Pyramus and Thisbe, and be sure Dido was not forgot, nor Hero and Leander, and swans more than sang in Cayster, with mottoes and fanciful devices, such as beseeemed,—a work in short of magic. Iris dipt the woof. This on Valentine's eve he commended to the all-swallowing indiscriminate orifice—(O, ignoble trust!)—of the common post; but the humble medium did its duty, and from his watchful stand, the next morning, he saw the cheerful messenger knock, and by and by the precious charge delivered. He saw, unseen, the happy girl unfold the Valentine, dance about, clap her hands, as one after one the pretty emblems unfolded themselves. She danced about, not with light love, or foolish expectations, for she had no lover; or, if she had, none she knew that could have created those bright images which delighted her. It was more like some fairy present; a God-send, as our familiarly pious ancestors termed a benefit received, where the benefactor was unknown. It would do her no harm. It would do her good for ever after. It is good to love the unknown. I only give this as a specimen of E. B., and his modest way of doing a concealed kindness.

“ Good morrow to my Valentine, sings poor Ophelia; and no better wish, but with better auspices, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesans with old Bishop Valentine, and his true church.”

Mr. Douce, whose attainments include more erudition concerning the origin and progress of English customs than any other antiquarian possesses, must be referred to upon this occasion. He observes, in his “ Illustrations of Shakspeare,” concerning St. Valentine's day, that “ it was the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the Lupercalia, which were feasts in honour of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was named Februata, Februalis, and Februlla. On this occasion, amidst a variety of ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed. The pastors of the early christian church, who by every possible means endeavoured to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstitions, and chiefly by some commutations of their forms, substituted, in the present instance, the names of particular saints instead of those of the women, and as the festival of the Lupercalia had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St. Valentine's day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same time. This is, in part, the opinion of a learned and rational compiler of the ‘ Lives of the Saints,’ the Rev. Alban Butler. It should seem, however, that it was utterly impossible to extirpate altogether any ceremony to which the common people had been much accustomed: a fact which it were easy to prove in tracing the origin of various other popular superstitions. And accordingly the outline of the ancient ceremonies was preserved, but modified by some adaptation to the christian system. It is reasonable to suppose that the above practice of choosing mates would gradually become reciprocal in the sexes; and that all persons so chosen would be called Valentines, from the day on which the ceremony took place.”

Leaving intermediary facts to the curious inquirer, we come immediately to a few circumstances and sayings from grave authors and gay poets respecting

this festival, as it is observed in our own country. It is recorded as a rural tradition, that on St. Valentine's day each bird of the air chooses its mate; and hence it is presumed, that our homely ancestors, in their lusty youth, adopted a practice which we still find peculiar to a season when nature bursts its imprisonments for

the coming pleasures of the cheerful spring. Lydgate, the monk of Bury, who died in 1440, and is described by Warton to have been "not only the poet of his monastery, but of the world in general," has a poem in praise of queene Catherine, consort to Henry V., wherein he says :

Seynte *Valentine*. Of custome yeere by yeere
Men have an usaunce, in this regioun,
To loke and serche Cupides kalendere,
And chose theyr choyse, by grete affecciou; ;
Such as ben *move* with Cupides mocioun,
Takyng theyre choyse as theyr sort doth falle :
But I love oon whiche excellith alle.

Chaucer imagines "Nature the vicare happiest of living things at this season, of the Almightye Lord," to address the the birds, thus :

Foules, take hede of my sentence I pray,
And for your own ease in fordring of your need,
As fast as I may speak I will me speed :
Ye know well, how on St. Valentine's day
By my statute and through my governaunce,
Ye doe chese your Makes, and after fleie away
With hem as I *move* you with pleaunaunce
* * * * *

Saint Valentine, thou art full high on loft,
Which drivest away the long nightès black,
Thus singen smallè foules for thy sake,
Will have they causè for to gladden oft,
Since each of them recovered hath his Make :
Full blissful may they sing, when they awake.

Our young readers are informed, that the word "make" in Chaucer, now obsolete, signified mate.

Jago, a poet, who, if he has not soared to greatness, has at least attained to the easy versification of agreeable, and sometimes higher feelings, has left us a few stanzas, which harmonize with the suppositions of Chaucer :

St. Valentine's Day.

The tuneful choir in amorous strains
Accost their feathered loves ;
While each fond mate, with equal pains,
The tender suit approves.

With cheerful hop from spray to spray
They sport along the meads ;
In social bliss together stray,
Where love or fancy leads.

Through Spring's gay scenes each happy pair
Their fluttering joys pursue ;
Its various charms and produce share,
For ever kind and true.

Their sprightly notes from every shade
Their mutual loves proclaim ;
Till Winter's chilling blasts invade,
And damp th' enlivening flame

Then all the jocund scene declines,
Nor woods nor meads delight ;
The drooping tribe in secret pines,
And mourns th' unwelcome sight.

Go, blissful warblers ! timely wise,
Th' instructive moral tell ;
Nor thou their meaning lays despise,
My charming Annabelle !

Old John Dunton's "British Apollo" sings a question and answer :

Why, Valentine's a day to choose
A mistress, and our freedom lose ?
May I my reason interpose,
The question with an answer close ?
To imitate we have a mind,
And couple like the winged kind.

Further on, in the same miscellany, is another question and answer :

"*Question.* In *chusing* valentines (according to custom) is not the party chusing (be it man or woman) to make a present to the party chosen ?

"*Answer.* We think it more proper to say, *drawing* of valentines, since the most customary way is for each to take his or her *lot*. And chance cannot be termed choice. According to this

thod, the obligations are equal, and therefore it was formerly the custom mutually to present, but now it is customary only for the gentlemen."

This *drawing* of valentines is remarked in Poor Robin's Almanac for 1676, under St. Valentine's day :

" Now Andrew, Anthony,
and William,
For Valentines draw
Prue, Kate, Jilian."

Misson, a learned traveller, who died in England about 1721, describes the amusing practices of his time:—" On the eve of the 14th of February, St. Valentine's day, the young folks in England and Scotland, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together, each writes their true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids'; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his valentine, and each of the girls

upon a young man which she calls hers. By this means each has two valentines but the man sticks faster to the valentine that is fallen to him, than to the valentine to whom he is fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love. This ceremony is practised differently in different counties, and according to the freedom or severity of madam Valentine. There is another kind of valentine, which is the first young man or woman that chance throws in your way in the street, or elsewhere, on that day."

In some places, at this time, and more particularly in London, the lad's valentine is the first lass he sees in the morning, who is not an inmate of the house; the lass's valentine is the first youth she sees. Gay mentions this usage on St. Valentine's day: he makes a rustic housewife remind her good man,—

I early rose just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away;
A field I went, amid the morning dew
To milk my kine, (for so should house-wives do,)
Thee first I spied, and the first swain we see
In spite of Fortune shall our *true-love* be.

So also in the "Connoisseur" there is mention of the same usage preceded by certain mysterious ceremonies the night before; one of these being almost certain to ensure an indigestion is therefore likely to occasion a dream favourable to the dreamer's waking wishes.—" Last Friday was Valentine's day, and, the night before, I got five bay-leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we should be married before the year was out. But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt; and when I went to bed, ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it. We also wrote our lovers' names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water: and the first that rose up was to be our valentine. Would you think it, Mr. Blossom was my man. I lay a-bed and shut my eyes all the morning, till he came to our house; for I would not have seen another man before him for all the world."

Shakspeare bears witness to the custom of looking for your valentine, or desiring to be one, through poor Ophelia's singing

Good morrow! 'tis St. Valentine's day
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your valentine!

Sylvanus Urban, in 1779, was informed by Kitty Curious, that on St. Valentine's day in that year, at a little obscure village in Kent, she found an odd kind of sport. The girls from five or six to eighteen years old were assembled in a crowd, burning an uncouth *ffigy* which they called a "holly boy," and which they had stolen from the boys; while in another part of the village the boys were burning what they called an "ivy girl," which they had stolen from the girls. The ceremony of each burning was accompanied by acclamations, huzzas, and other noise. Kitty inquired the meaning of this from the oldest people in the place, but she could learn no more than that it had always been a sport at that season.

A correspondent communicates to the *Every-Day Book* a singular custom, which prevailed many years since in the west of England. Three single young men went out together before daylight on St. Valentine's day, with a clapnet to catch an old owl and two sparrows in a neighbouring barn. If they were successful, and could bring the birds to the inn without injury before the females of the house had risen, they were rewarded by the hostess with three pots of purl in honour of St. Valentine, and enjoyed the privilege of demanding at any other house in the neigh-

bourhood a similar boon. This was done, says our correspondent, as an emblem that the owl being the bird of wisdom, could influence the feathered race to enter the net of love as mates on that day, whereon both single lads and maidens should be reminded that happiness could alone be secured by an early union.

On this ancient festival, it was formerly the custom for men to make presents to the women. In Scotland these valentine gifts were reciprocal, as indeed they are still in some parts.

Hurdis calls this

The day Saint Valentine,
When maids are brisk, and at the break of day
Start up and turn their pillows, curious all
To know what happy swain the fates provide
A mate for life. Then follows thick discharge
Of true-love knots and sonnets nicely penned.

St. Valentine is the lover's saint. Not that lovers have more superstition than other people, but their imaginings are more. As it is fabled that Orpheus "played so well, he moved old Nick;" so it is true that Love, "cruel tyrant," moves the veriest brute. Its influence renders the coarsest nature somewhat interesting. A being of this kind, so possessed, is almost as agreeable as a parish cage with an owl inside; you hear its melancholy tee-whit tee-who, and wonder how it got *there*. Its place of settlement becomes a place of sentiment; nobody can liberate the starveling, and it *will* stay there. Its mural notes seem so many calls for pity, which are much abated on the recollection, that there are openings enough for its escape. The "tender passion" in the two mile an hour Jehu of an eight-horse waggon, puzzles him mightily. He "sighs and drives, sighs and drives, and drives and sighs again," till the approach of this festival enables him to buy "a valentine," with a "halter" and a "couple o' hearts" transfixed by an arrow in the form of a weathercock, inscribed

"I'll be yours, if you'll be mine,
I am your pleasing Valentine."

This he gets his name written under by the shopkeeper, and will be quite sure that it is his name, before he walks after his waggon, which he has left to go on, because neither that nor his passion can brook delay. After he is out of the town, he looks behind him, lest any body should see, and for a mile or two on the road, ponders

on the "two hearts made one," as a most singular device, and with admired devotion. He then puts it in the trusty pocket under his frock, which holds the waggon bill, and flogs his horses to quicken their pace towards the inn, where "she," who is "his heart's delight," has been lately promoted to the rank of under kitchen-maid, *vice* her who resigned, on being called "to the happy estate of matrimony" by a neighbouring carter. He gives her the mysterious paper in the yard, she receives it with a "what be this?" and with a smack on the lips, and a smack from the whip on the gown. The gods have made him poetical, and, from his recollection of a play he saw at the statute-fair, he tells her that "love, like a worm in the mud, has played upon his Lammas cheek" ever since last Lammas-tide, and she knows it has, and that she's his valentine. With such persons and with nature, this is the season of breaking the ice.

St. Valentine, be it repeated, is the saint of all true lovers of every degree, and hence the letters missive to the fair, from wooers on his festival, bear his name. Brand thinks "one of the most elegant jeu-d'esprits on this occasion," is one wherein an admirer reminds his mistress of the choice attributed by the legend to the choristers of the air on this day, and inquires of her—

Shall only you and I forbear
To meet and make a happy pair?
Shall we alone delay to live?
This day an age of bliss may give.

But, ah! when I the proffer make,
Still coyly you refuse to take;
My heart I dedicate in vain,
The too mean present you disdain.

Yet since the solemn time allows
To choose the object of our vows;
Boldly I dare profess my flame,
Proud to be yours by any name.

A better might have been selected from the "Magazine of Magazines," the "Gentleman's," wherein Mr. Urban has sometimes introduced the admirers of ladies to the admirers of antiquities—under which class ladies never come. Thence, ever and anon, as from some high barbi-can or watchtower old, "songs of loves and maids forsaken," have aroused the contemplation from "facts, fancies, and recollections" regarding other times, to lovers "sighing like furnace" in our own. Through Sylvanus, nearly a century ago, there was poured this

Invocation of St. Valentine.

Haste, friendly *Saint!* to my relief,
My heart is stol'n, help! stop the thief!
My rifled breast I search'd with care,
And found Eliza lurking there.

Away she started from my view,
Yet may be caught, if thou pursue;
Nor need I to describe her strive—
The fairest, dearest maid alive!

Seize her—yet treat the nymph divine
With gentle usage, *Valentine!*
Then, tell her, she, for what was done,
Must bring *my* heart, and give *her own*.

So pleasant, so descriptive an illustration of the present custom, requires a companion equally amiable:

MY VALENTINE.

Mark'd you her eye's resistless glance,
That does the enraptur'd soul entrance?
Mark'd you that dark blue orb unfold
Volumes of bliss as yet untold?
And felt you not, as I now feel,
Delight no tongue could e'er reveal?

Mark'd you her cheek that blooms and
glows
A living emblem of the rose?
Mark'd you her vernal lip that breathes
The balmy fragrance of its leaves?
And felt you not, as I now feel,
Delight no tongue can e'er reveal?

Mark'd you her artless smiles that speak
The language written on her cheek,
Where, bright as morn, and pure as dew,
The bosom's thoughts arise to view?
And felt you not, as I now feel,
Delight no tongue could e'er reveal?

Mark'd you her face, and did not there,
Sense, softness, sweetness, all appear?
Mark'd you her form, and saw not you
A heart and mind as lovely too?
And felt you not, as I now feel,
Delight no tongue could e'er reveal?

Mark'd you all this, and you have known
The treasured raptures that I own;
Mark'd you all this, and you like me,
Have wandered oft her shade to see,
For you have felt, as I now feel,
Delight no tongue could e'er reveal!

High Wycombe.

Every lady will bear witness that the roll of valentine poesy is interminable; and it being presumed that few would object to a peep in the editor's budget, he offers a little piece, written, at the desire of a lady, under an engraving, which represented a girl fastening a letter to the neck of a pigeon:—

THE COURIER DOVE.

"Va, porter cet écrit à l'objet de mon cœur!"

Outstrip the winds my courier dove!
On pinions fleet and free,
And bear this letter to my love
Who's far away from me.

It bids him mark thy plume whereon
The changing colours range;
But warns him that my peace is gone
If he should also change.

It tells him thou return'st again
To her who sets thee free;
And O! it asks the truant, when
He'll thus resemble thee?

Lastly, from "Sixty-five Poems and Sonnets," &c. recently published, he ventures to extract one not less deserving the honour of perusal, than either that he has presented:—

A VALENTINE.

No tales of love to you I send,
No hidden flame discover,
I glory in the name of friend,
Disclaiming that of lover.
And now, while each fond sighing youth
Repeats his vows of love and truth,
Attend to this advice of mine—
With caution choose a VALENTINE.

Heed not the fop, who loves himself,
Nor let the rake your love obtain;
Choose not the miser for his pelf,
The drunkard heed with cold disdain;
The profligate with caution shun,
His race of ruin soon is run;
To none of these your heart incline,
Nor choose from them a VALENTINE

But should some generous youth appear,
 Whose honest mind is void of art,
 Who shall his Maker's laws revere,
 And serve him with a willing heart ;
 Who owns fair Virtue for his guide,
 Nor from her precepts turns aside ;
 To him at once your heart resign,
 And bless your faithful VALENTINE.

Though in this wilderness below
 You still imperfect bliss shall find,
 Yet such a friend will share each woe,
 And bid you be to Heaven resign'd :
 While Faith unfolds the radiant prize,
 And Hope still points beyond the skies,
 At life's dark storms you'll not repine,
 But bless the day of VALENTINE.

Wit at a pinch.

A gentleman who left his snuffbox at a friend's on St. Valentine's Eve, 1825, received it soon after his return home in an envelope, sealed, and superscribed—

To J— E—, Esq.

Dear Sir,

I've just found proof enough,
 You are *not* worth a pinch of snuff ;
 Receive the proof, seal'd up with care,
 And extract from it, that you *are*.
Valentine, 1825

CHRONOLOGY.

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE died on the 14th of February, 1780. He was born at the house of his father, a silkman, in Cheapside, London, on the 10th of July, 1723; sent to the Charter-house in 1730; entered Pembroke-college, Cambridge, in 1738; of the Middle Temple, 1741; called to the bar in 1746; elected recorder of Wallingford in 1749; made doctor of civil law in 1750; elected Vinerian professor of common law in 1758; returned a representative to Parliament in 1761; married in 1761; became a justice of the court of Common Pleas in 1770. In the course of his life he filled other offices. He was just and benevolent in all his relations, and, on the judicial seat, able and impartial. In English literature and jurisprudence he holds a distinguished rank for his "Commentaries on the Laws of England." This work originated in the legal lectures he commenced in 1753: the first volume was published in 1759, and the remaining three in the four succeeding years. Through these his name is popular, and so will remain while law exists. The work is not for the lawyer alone, it is for every body. It is not so praiseworthy to be learned, as it is disgraceful to be igno-

rant of the laws which regulate liberty and property. The absence of all information in some men when serving upon juries and coroners' inquests, or as constables, and in parochial offices, is scandalous to themselves and injurious to their fellow men. The "Commentaries" of Blackstone require only common capacity to understand. Wynne's "Eunomus" is an excellent introduction to Blackstone, if any be wanting. With these two works no man can be ignorant of his rights or obligations; and, indeed, the "Commentaries" are so essential, that he who has not read them has no claim to be considered qualified for the exercise of his public duties as an Englishman. He is at liberty, it is true, for the law leaves him at liberty, to assume the character he may be called on to bear in common with his fellow-citizens; but, with this liberty, he is only more or less than a savage, as he is more than a savage by his birth in a civilized country, and less than a savage in the animal instinct, which teaches that self-preservation is the first law of nature; and still further is he less, because, beside the safety of others, it may fall to him, in this state of ignorance, to watch and ward the safety of the commonwealth itself.

Blackstone, on making choice of his profession, wrote an elegant little poem, entitled "*The Lawyer's Farewell to his Nurse.*" It is not more to be admired for ease and grace, than for the strong feeling it evinces in relinquishing the pleasures of poesy and art, and parting for ever from scenes wherein he had happily spent his youthful days. Its conclusion describes his anticipations—

Lost to the field and torn from you—
 Farewell! a long—a last adieu!
 Me wrangling courts and stubborn law
 To smoke and crowds, and cities draw;
 There selfish faction rules the day,
 And pride and av'rice throng the way;
 Diseases taint the murky air,
 And midnight conflagrations glare:
 Loose revelry and riot bold
 In frighted streets their orgies hold;
 Or when in silence all is drowned,
 Fell murder walks her lonely round
 No room for peace—no room for you
 Adieu, celestial nymph, adieu!

A SUIT AT LAW.

Its origin and progress may be traced in the *Tree* engraved on the opposite page.

1. The *root* of the engraved *Tree* exhibits a diversity of suits and actions for the remedy of different wrongs.
2. The *trunk* shows the growth of a suit, stage by stage, until its conclusion.
3. The *branches* from each stage show the proceedings of the plaintiff on one side, and the proceedings of the defendant on the other.
4. The *leaves* of each branch show certain collateral proceedings whereby the suit is either advanced or suspended.
5. Supposing the *form* of action suitable to the case, and no stay of proceedings, the suit grows, on the "sure and firm set earth" of the law, into a "goodly tree," and, attaining to execution against either the plaintiff or the defendant, terminates in consuming fire.

A few whimsical miscellanies are subjoined, not derogatory from the importance or necessity of *legislation*, but amusingly illustrative of *legal practice* in the sinuosities it has acquired during successive stages of desuetude and change. Those only who know the law are acquainted with the modes by which numerous deformities in its application have originated, or the means by which they may be remedied; while all who experience that application are astonished at its expensiveness, and complain of it with reason.

A legal practitioner is said to have delivered a bill containing several charges of unmerciful appearance, to a client, who was a tailor; and the tailor, who had made a suit of clothes for his professional adviser, is said to have sent him the following bill by way of set-off.

GEORGE GRIP, ESQ.

Dr. to SAMUEL SMART.

	£.	s.	d.
Attending you, in conference, concerning your proposed Suit, conferring thereon when you could not finally determine.....	0	6	8
Attending you again thereon, when found you prepared, and taking measures accordingly.....	0	6	8
Entering.....	0	3	4
Instructions and warrant to woollen-draper.....	0	5	0
Carried forward....	£1	1	8

	£.	s.	d.
Brought forward....	1	1	8
Copy thereof to keep.....	0	2	0
Instructions to foreman.....	0	6	8
Difficulty arising as to proceedings, attending him in consultation ..	0	6	8
Paid fees to woollen-draper	4	18	6
Attending him thereon	0	6	8
Perusing his receipt	0	3	4
Attending to file same	0	3	4
Filing	0	1	0
Attending button-maker, instructing him.....	0	6	8
Paid his charges.....	2	19	0
Having received summons to proceed, perusing and considering same	0	6	8
Drawing consent, and copy to keep	0	4	4
Postage	0	1	6
Copy order thereon and entering ..	0	3	0
Appointing consultation as to further proceedings, and attending same ..	0	13	4
Foreman having filed a demurrer, preparing argument against same ..	0	6	8
Attending long argument on demurrer, when same overruled	0	10	0
Perusing foreman's plea	0	6	8
Excepting to same.....	0	6	8
Entering exceptions	0	3	4
Perusing notice of motion to remove suit, and preparing valid objections to lay before you	0	10	0
Same being overruled, consent thereto, on an undertaking.....	0	6	8
Expenses on removal of suit—paid by you at the time.....	0	0	3
Writing you my extreme dissatisfaction on finding the suit removed into the King's Bench, and that I should move the court, when you promised to obtain a Rule as soon as term commenced, and attend me thereon	0	10	0
Conferring with you, in presence of your attendant, at my house, on the first day of term, when you succeeded in satisfying me that you were a <i>Gent. one</i> , &c. and an honourable man, and expressed great dissatisfaction at the proceedings had with the suit while out of my hands; receiving your instructions to demand of your <i>Uncle</i> that same should return to me, on my paying him a <i>lien</i> he claimed thereon, and received from you his debenture for that purpose	0	13	4
Perusing same, and attending him in St. George's-fields therewith and thereon.....	0	10	0
Paid him, principal and interest ..	2	10	4
Carried forward....	£18	18	0

	£.	s.	d.
Brought forward....	18	18	0
In consideration of circumstances, no charge for receiving suit back	0	0	0
Perusing letter unexpectedly received from you, dated from your own house, respecting short notice of trial	0	6	8
Attending you thereon	0	6	8
Attending at Westminster several mornings to try the suit, when at last got same on.....	2	2	0
Paid fees.....	0	12	0
Fee to porter	0	5	0
It being determined that the suit should be put into a special case, drawing special instructions to Boxmaker for same	0	13	4
Attending him therewith and thereon	0	6	8
Paid him his fee for special case ..	2	2	0
Paid his clerk's fee	0	2	6
Considering case, as settled	0	6	8
Attending foreman for his consent to same, when he promised to determine shortly	0	6	6
Attending him again thereon to ob- viate his objections, and obtained his consent with difficulty.....	0	6	8
Drawing bill of costs.....	0	15	0
Fair copy for Mr. _____ to peruse and settle	0	7	6
Attending him therewith	0	6	8
Fee to him settling	0	5	0
Attending him for same.....	0	6	8
Perusing and considering same, as settled.....	0	6	8
Attending Mr. _____ again sug- gesting amendments	0	6	8
Fee to him on amending	0	5	0
Perusing same as amended	0	6	8
Fair copy, with amendments, to keep	0	7	6
Entering.....	0	5	0
Fair copy for service	0	7	6
Thirty-eight various attendances to serve same	6	6	8
Service thereof	0	6	8
Drawing memorandum of service ..	0	5	0
Attending to enter same.....	0	3	4
Entering same	0	2	6
Attending you concerning same ..	0	6	8
Accepted service of order to attend at the theatre, and gave consent.	0	6	8
Retaining fee at box-office	0	1	0
Service of order on box-keeper	0	6	8
Self and wife, with six children, two of her cousins, her brother, and his son, two of my brothers, my sister-in-law, three nephews, four nieces, each attending for four hours and a half to see the Road to Ruin, and the Beggars' Opera, eighty-five hours and a			
Carried forward....	£39	5	10

	£.	s.	d.
Brought forward....	39	5	10
half, at 3s. 4d. per hour—very moderate.....	17	0	10
Coach hire there and back	0	18	0
Attending you to acquaint you with particulars in general, and con- cerning settlement particularly..	0	6	8
Instructions for receipt	0	3	4
Drawing receipt.....	0	5	0
Vacation fee	1	1	0
Refreshing fee	0	13	4
Perusing receipt, and amending same	0	6	8
Fair copy to keep	0	2	6
Engrossing on stamp	0	2	6
Paid duty and paper.....	0	3	1
Fee on ending	2	2	0
Letters and messengers	0	10	0
	<hr/>		
	£63	0	9

To numerous, various, and a great variety of divers, and very many letters, messages, and attendances to, from, on, and upon, you and your agents and others, pending a negotiation for settlement, far too numerous to be mentioned; and an infinite deal of trouble, too troublesome to trouble you with, or to be expressed; without more and further trouble, but which you must, or can, or shall, or may know, or be informed of—what you please.....

£

Item in a Bill of Costs

Attending **A** in conference concerning the best mode to indemnify **B** against **C**'s demand for damages, in consequence of his driving **D**'s cart against **E**'s house, and thereby breaking the window of a room occupied by **F**'s family, and cutting the head of **G**, one of his children, which **H**, the surgeon, had pronounced dangerous, and advising on the steps necessary for such indemnity. Attending **I** accordingly thereon, who said he could do nothing without the concurrence of his brother **J**, who was on a visit to his friend **K**, but who afterwards consented thereto, upon having a counter-indemnity from **L**. Taking instructions for, and writing the letter accordingly, but he refused to accede thereto, in consequence of misconduct in some of the parties towards his distant relation **M**, because he had arrested **N**, who being in custody of **O**, the officer, at **P**'s house, was unable to prevail upon **Q** and **R** to become bail. Attending in consequence upon **S**, the

sheriff, when he said, if he received an undertaking to give a bail-bond at the return of the writ, the defendant should be discharged. Attending **T** for undertaking accordingly, conferring thereon; but he declined interfering without the concurrence of **V**, to whom he was largely indebted, in whose hands he had lodged several title-deeds as a collateral security, and who, it appeared, had sent the deeds to his attorney **U**, for the purpose of preparing a mortgage to **W**, in trust, for securing his demand, and also of a debt due to **X**. Attending afterwards on **A**'s clerk **Y**, communicating the result of our numerous applications, and conferring with him thereon, when he at length informed me that **Z** had settled the business.

Legal Recreations.

“To him that goes to law, nine things are requisite: 1. A good deal of money—2. A good deal of patience—3. A good cause—4. A good attorney—5. Good counsel—6. Good evidence—7. A good jury—8. A good judge—and lastly, good luck.”

“Reason is the life of the law, nay, the common law itself is nothing else but reason.”

If a man says of a counsellor of law, *Thou art a daffa-down-dilly*, an action lies. So adjudged in Scaccario, and agreed *per totam curiam*.—1 Vin. Abb. 445.

He hath no more law than Mr. C.'s bull. These words being spoken of an attorney, the court inclined that they were actionable, and that the plaintiff should have judgment, though it was objected that the plaintiff had not declared that C. had a bull.—Siderfin, 327, pl. 8. Pasch. 19 Car. II. Baker v. Morfue. The chief justice was of opinion, that if C. had no bull, the scandal was the greater. And it was pronounced *per curiam* in the same case, that to say of a lawyer, that *he has no more law than a goose*, has been adjudged actionable.—Sid. 127, pl. 8.—There is quære added as to the saying, *He hath no more law than the man in the moon* (Ib. 2 Kib. 209); the law, doubtless, contemplating the possibility of there being a man in the moon, and of his being a good lawyer.

My lord chief baron cannot hear of one ear, adjudged actionable, there being a *colloquium* of his administration of jus

tice. But not so if there had been no discourse of his justice.—1 Vin. Ab. 446.

Adjudged, that the *death* of a parson is a *non-residency*, within 13 Eliz. c. 20, so as to avoid his leases. *Mott v. Hales*, Crok. Eliz. 123.

Eden and Whalley's case:—“One Eden confessed himself guilty of *multiplication*, and that he had practised the making of *quintessence*, and the *philosopher's stone*, by which all metals might be turned into gold and silver; and also accused Whalley, now a prisoner in the Tower, of urging and procuring him to practise this art; and that Whalley had laid out money in red wine and other things necessary for the said art. And, because this offence is only felony, Eden, the principal, was pardoned by the general pardon; but Whalley, who was but accessory in this case, was excepted as one of those who were in the Tower. The question was moved, whether Whalley should be discharged;—Quære, the statute of 5 Hen. IV. 4, which enacts, ‘that none should use to multiply gold or silver, nor use the craft of multiplication; and if any the same do, that he incur the pain of felony in this case.’—Quære—Whether there can be any accessory in this new felony?—1 Dyer, 87, 6, Easter Term, 7 Ed. VI. This statute was repealed by the stat. of 1 Will. & Mary.”

In the case of *monopolized cards*, there was cited a commission in the time of Henry V. directed to three friars and two aldermen of London, to inquire whether the philosopher's stone was feasible, who returned it was, and upon this a patent was made out for them to make it.—Moore, 675; Dancey's case

According to the Asiatic Researches, a very curious mode of trying the title of land is practised in Hindostan:—Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the plaintiff and defendant's lawyers put one of their legs, and remain there until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by the insects, in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is the *client*, and not the *lawyer*, who puts his *foot into it*.

Professional practice is frequently the subject of theatrical exhibition. “Giovanni in London” has a scene before going to trial, with the following

TRIO.

First Lawyer, Second Lawyer, Giovanni.

Air—"Soldier, give me one Pound."

First Lawyer.

Giovanni, give me one pound.

Second Lawyer.

Giovanni, give me two.

First Lawyer.

Trial it comes on to-day ;

Second Lawyer.

And nothing we can do.

First Lawyer.

You must give a fee,

Both to me—

Second Lawyer.

And me.

Both Lawyers.

For, oh! the law's a mill
that without grist will never go.

Giovanni.

Lawyer, there is one pound ;

(*to second Lawyer*)

Lawyer, there are two ;

(*to first Lawyer*)

And now I am without a pound,

Thanks to the law and you.

For, oh! I feel the law

Has clapp'd on me its paw ;

And, oh! the law's a mill
that without grist will never go.

Collop Monday.

The Monday before Shrove Tuesday is so called because it was the last day of flesh-eating before Lent, and our ancestors cut their fresh meat into collops, or steaks, for salting or hanging up till Lent was over; and hence, in many places, it is still a custom to have eggs and collops, or slices of bacon, at dinner on this day. The Rev. Mr. Bowles communicates to his friend Mr. Brand, that the boys in the neighbourhood of Salisbury go about before Shrove-tide singing these lines :

Shrove-tide is nigh at hand,
And I am come a shroving ;
Pray, dame, something,
An apple or a dumpling,
Or a piece of Truckle cheese
Of your own making,
Or a piece of pancake.

Polydore Virgil affirms of this season and its delicacies, that it sprung from the feasts of Bacchus, which were celebrated in Rome with rejoicings and festivity at the same period. This, therefore, is another adoption of the Romish church from

the heathens; and it is observed by Brand, that on Shrove Monday it was a custom with the boys at Eton to write verses concerning Bacchus, in all kinds of metre, which were affixed to the college doors, and that Bacchus' verses "are still written and put up on this day." The Eton practice is doubtless a remnant of the catholic custom.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Yellow Crocus. *Crocus Mæsiacus.*
Dedicated to *St. Valentine*

February 15.

Sts. Faustinus and Jovita, A. D. 121.
St. Sigefride, or *Sigfrid*, of Sweden, Bp.
A. D. 1002.

SHROVE TUESDAY.

It is communicated to the *Every-Day Book* by a correspondent, Mr. R. N. B—, that at Hoddesdon in Hertfordshire, the old curfew-bell, which was anciently rung in that town for the extinction and relighting of "all fire and candle light" still exists, and has from time immemorial been regularly rang on the morning of Shrove Tuesday at four o'clock, after which hour the inhabitants are at liberty to make and eat *pancakes*, until the bell rings again at eight o'clock at night. He says, that this custom is observed so closely, that after that hour not a pancake remains in the town.

THE CURFEW.

I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.

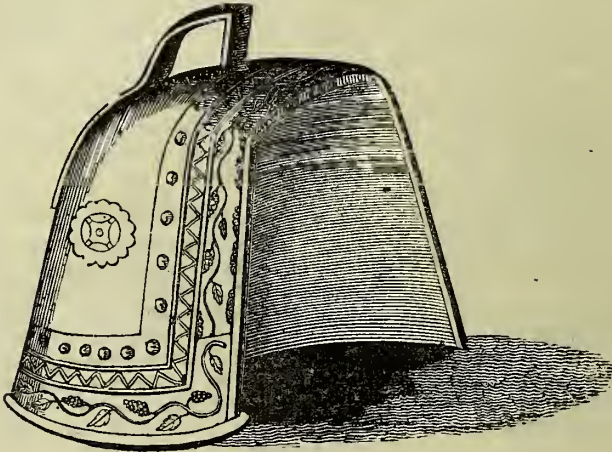
Milton.

That the curfew-bell came in with William the Conqueror is a common, but erroneous, supposition. It is true, that by one of his laws he ordered the people to put out their fires and lights, and go to bed, at the eight-o'clock curfew-bell; but Henry says, in his "History of Great Britain," that there is sufficient evidence of the curfew having prevailed in different parts of Europe at that period, as a precaution against fires, which were frequent and fatal, when so many houses were built of wood. It is related too, in Peshall's "History of Oxford," that Alfred the Great ordered the inhabitants of that city to cover their fires on the ringing of the bell at Carfax every night at eight

o'clock; "which custom is observed to this day, and the bell as constantly rings at eight as Great Tom tolls at nine." Wherever the curfew is now rung in England, it is usually at four in the morning, and eight in the evening, as at Hoddesdon on Shrove Tuesday.

Concerning the curfew, or the instrument used to cover the fire, there is a communication from the late Mr.

Francis Grose, the well remembered antiquary, in the "Antiquarian Repertory" (vol. i.) published by Mr. Ed. Jeffery. Mr. Grose enclosed a letter from the Rev. F. Gostling, author of the "Walk through Canterbury," with a drawing of the utensil, from which an engraving is made in that work, and which is given here on account of its singularity. No other representation of the curfew exists.



"This utensil," says the Antiquarian Repertory, "is called a curfew, or *couver-feu*, from its use, which is that of suddenly putting out a fire: the method of applying it was thus;—the wood and embers were raked as close as possible to the back of the hearth, and then the curfew was put over them, the open part placed close to the back of the chimney; by this contrivance, the air being almost totally excluded, the fire was of course extinguished. This curfew is of copper, rivetted together, as solder would have been liable to melt with the heat. It is 10 inches high, 16 inches wide, and 9 inches deep. The Rev. Mr. Gostling, to whom it belongs, says it has been in his family for time immemorial, and was always called the curfew. Some others of this kind are still remaining in Kent and Sussex." It is proper to add to this account, that T. Row, in the "Gentleman's Magazine," because no mention is made "of any particular implement for extinguishing the fire in any writer," is inclined to think "there never was any such." Mr. Fostroke in the "Encyclopædia of An-

tiquities" says, "an instrument of copper presumed to have been made for covering the ashes, but of uncertain use, is engraved." It is in one of Mr. F.'s plates.

On T. Row's remark, who is also facetious on the subject, it may be observed, that his inclination to think there never was any such implement, is so far from being warrantable, if the fact be even correct, that it has not been mentioned by any ancient writer, that the fair inference is the converse of T. Row's inclination. Had he consulted "Johnson's Dictionary," he would have found the curfew itself explained as "a cover for a fire; a fire-plate.—Bacon." So that if Johnson is credible, and his citation of authorities is unquestionable, Bacon, no very modern writer, is authority for the fact that there *was* such an implement as the curfew.

Football at Kingston.

Mr. P., an obliging contributor, furnishes the *Every-Day Book* with a letter from a *Friend*, descriptive of a custom of this day in the vicinity of London.

Respected Friend,

Having some business which called me to Kingston-upon-Thames on the day called Shrove Tuesday, I got upon the Hampton-court coach to go there. We had not gone above four miles, when the coachman exclaimed to one of the passengers, "It's Foot-ball day;" not understanding the term, I questioned him what he meant by it; his answer was, that I would see what he meant where I was going.—Upon entering Teddington, I was not a little amused to see all the inhabitants securing the glass of all their front windows from the ground to the roof, some by placing hurdles before them, and some by nailing laths across the frames. At Twickenham, Bushy, and Hampton-wick, they were all engaged in the same way: having to stop a few hours at Hampton-wick and Kingston, I had an opportunity of seeing the whole of the custom, which is, to carry a foot-ball from door to door and beg money:—at about 12 o'clock the ball is turned loose, and those who can, kick it. In the town of Kingston, all the shops are purposely kept shut upon that day; there were several balls in the town, and of course several parties. I observed some persons of respectability following the ball: the game lasts about four hours, when the parties retire to the public-houses, and spend the money they before collected in refreshments.

I understand the corporation of Kingston attempted to put a stop to this practice, but the judges confirmed the right of the game, and it now legally continues, to the no small annoyance of some of the inhabitants, besides the expense and trouble they are put to in securing all their windows.

till it can hold no more,
Is fritter-filled, as well as heart can wish;
And every man and maide doe take their turne,
And tosse their pancakes up for feare they burne;
And all the kitchen doth with laughter sound,
To see the pancakes fall upon the ground.

Threshing the Hen.

This singular custom is almost obsolete, yet it certainly is practised, even now, in at least one obscure part of the kingdom. A reasonable conjecture con-

At Shrovetide to shroving, go thresh the fat hen,
If blindfold can kill her, then give it thy men.
Maids, fritters and pancakes inough see you make,
Let slut have one pancake, for company sake.

I was rather surprised that such a custom should have existed so near London, without my ever before knowing of it.

From thy respected Friend,

N—— S——

Third Month, 1815.

J.—— B.——

Pancakes and Confession.

As fit—as a pancake for Shrove Tuesday.
SHAKESPEARE.

PANCAKE DAY is another name for Shrove Tuesday, from the custom of eating pancakes on this day, still generally observed. A writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine, 1790," says, that "*Shrove* is an old Saxon word, of which *shrove* is a corruption, and signifies confession. Hence Shrove Tuesday means Confession Tuesday, on which day all the people in every parish throughout the kingdom, during the Romish times, were obliged to confess their sins, one by one, to their own parish priests, in their own parish churches; and that this might be done the more regularly, the great bell in every parish was rung at ten o'clock, or perhaps sooner, that it might be heard by all. And as the Romish religion has given way to a much better, I mean the protestant religion, yet the custom of ringing the great bell in our ancient parish churches, at least in some of them, still remains, and obtains in and about London the name of *Pancake-bell*: the usage of dining on pancakes or fritters, and such like provision, still continues." In "Pasquil's Palinodia, 1634," 4to. it is merrily observed that on this day every stomach

cerning its origin is, that the fowl was a delicacy to the labourer, and therefore given to him on this festive day, for sport and food.

So directs Tusser in his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, 1620," 4to In this his annotator, "Tusser Redivivus, 710," (8vo. June, p. 15,) annexes an account of the custom. "The hen is hung at a fellow's back, who has also some horse bells about him, the rest of the fellows are blinded, and have boughs in their hands, with which they chase this fellow and his hen about some large court or small enclosure. The fellow with his hen and bells shifting as well as

he can, they follow the sound, and sometimes hit him and his hen, other times, if he can get behind one of them, they thresh one another well favour'dly; but the jest is, the maids are to blind the fellows, which they do with their aprons, and the cunning baggages will endear their sweethearts with a peeping-hole, whilst the others look out as sharp to hinder it. After this the hen is boil'd with bacon, and store of pancakes and fritters are made."



Threshing the Fat Hen at Shrovetide.

Tusser's annotator, "Redivivus," adds, after the hen-threshing. "She that is noted for lying a-bed long, or any other miscarriage, hath the first pancake presented to her, which most commonly falls to the dog's share at last, for no one will own it their due. Thus were youth encourag'd, sham'd, and feasted with very little cost, and always their feasts were accompanied with exercise. The loss of which lauda-

ble custom, is one of the benefits we have got by smoking tobacco." Old Tusser himself, by a reference, denotes that this was a sport in Essex and Suffolk. Mr. Brand was informed by a Mr. Jones that, when he was a boy in Wales, the hen that did not lay eggs before Shrove Tuesday was considered useless, and to be on that day threshed by a man with a flail; if he killed her he got her for his pains.



A Hen that spoke on Shrove Tuesday.

ON Shrove Tuesday, at a certain ancient borough in Staffordshire, a hen was set up by its owner to be thrown at by himself and his companions, according to the usual custom on that day. This poor hen, after many a severe bang, and many a broken bone, weltering in mire and blood, recovered spirits a little, and to the unspeakable surprise and astonishment of all the company, just as her late master was handling his oaken cudgel to fling at her again, opened her mouth and said—"Hold thy hand a moment, hard-hearted wretch! if it be but out of curiosity, to hear one of my feathered species utter articulate sounds.—What art thou, or any of thy comrades, better than I, though bigger and stronger, and at liberty, while I am tied by the leg? What art thou, I say, that I may not presume to reason with thee, though thou never reasonest with thyself? What have I done to deserve the treatment I have suffered this day, from thee and thy

No 9,

barbarous companions? Whom have I ever injured? Did I ever profane the name of my creator, or give one moment's disquiet to any creature under heaven? or lie, or deceive, or slander, or rob my fellow-creatures? Did I ever guzzle down what should have been for the support and comfort (in effect the blood) of a wife and innocent children, as thou dost every week of thy life? A little of thy superfluous grain, or the sweeping of thy cupboard, and the parings of thy cheese, moistened with the dew of heaven, was all I had, or desired for my support; while, in return, I furnished thy table with dainties. The tender brood, which I hatched with assiduity, and all the anxiety and solicitude of a humane mother, fell a sacrifice to thy gluttony. My new laid eggs enriched thy pancakes, puddings, and custards; and all thy most delicious fare. And I was ready myself at any time, to lay down my life to support thine, but the third part of a day.

Had I been a man, and a hangman, and been commanded by authority to take away thy life for a crime that deserved death, I would have performed my office with reluctance, and with the shortest, and the least pain or insult, to thee possible. How much more if a wise providence had so ordered it, that thou hadst been my proper and delicious food, as I am thine? I speak not this to move thy compassion, who hast none for thy own offspring, or for the wife of thy bosom, nor to prolong my own life, which through thy most brutal usage of me, is past recovery, and a burden to me; nor yet to teach thee humanity for the future. I know thee to have neither a head, a heart, nor a hand to show mercy; neither brains, nor bowels, nor grace, to hearken to reason, or to restrain thee from any folly. I appeal from thy cruel and relentless heart to a future judgment; certainly there will be one sometime, when the meanest creature of God shall have justice done it, even against proud and savage man, its lord; and surely our cause will then be heard, since, at present, we have none to judge betwixt us. O, that some good Christian would cause this my first, and last speech to be printed, and published through the nation. Perhaps the legislature may not think it beneath them to take our sad case into consideration. Who can tell but some faint remains of common sense among the vulgar themselves, may be excited by a suffering dying fellow-creature's last words, to find out a more good-natured exercise for their youth, than this which hardens their hearts, and taints their morals? But I find myself spent with speaking. And now villain, take good aim, let fly thy truncheon, and despatch at one *manly* stroke, the remaining life of a miserable mortal, who is utterly unable to resist, or fly from thee." Alas! he heeded not. She sunk down, and died immediately, without another blow. Reader, farewell! but learn compassion towards an innocent creature, that has, at least, as quick a sense of pain as thyself.

This article is extracted from the "Gentleman's Magazine," for the year 1749. It appeals to the feelings and the judgment, and is therefore inserted here, lest one reader should need a dissuasive against the cruelty of torturing a poor animal on Shrove Tuesday.

Hens were formerly thrown at, as cocks are still, in some p.aces.

THROWING AT COCKS.

This brutal practice on Shrove Tuesday is still conspicuous in several parts of the kingdom. Brand affirms that it was retained in many schools in Scotland within the last century, and he conjectures "perhaps it is still in use:" a little inquiry on his part would have discovered it in English schools. He proceeds to observe, that the Scotch schoolmasters "were said to have presided at the battle, and claimed the run-away cocks, called fugees, as their perquisites." To show the ancient legitimacy of the usage, he instances a petition in 1355, from the scholars of the school of Ramera to their schoolmaster, for a cock he owed them upon Shrove Tuesday, to throw sticks at, according to the usual custom for their sport and entertainment. No decently circumstanced person however rugged his disposition, from neglect in his childhood, will in our times permit one of his sons to take part in the sport. This is a natural consequence of the influence which persons in the higher ranks of life can beneficially exercise. Country gentlemen threw at the poor cock formerly: there is not a country gentleman now who would not discourage the shocking usage.

Strutt says that in some places, it was a common practice to put a cock into an earthen vessel made for the purpose, and to place him in such a position that his head and tail might be exposed to view; the vessel, with the bird in it, was then suspended across the street, about 12 or 14 feet from the ground, to be thrown at by such as chose to make trial of their skill; twopence was paid for four throws, and he who broke the pot, and delivered the cock from his confinement, had him for a reward. At North Walsham, in Norfolk, about 60 years ago, some wags put an owl into one of these vessels; and having procured the head and tail of a dead cock, they placed them in the same position as if they had appertained to a living one; the deception was successful; and at last, a labouring man belonging to the town, after several fruitless attempts, broke the pot, but missed his prize; for the owl being set at liberty, instantly flew away, to his great astonishment, and left him nothing more than the head and tail of the dead bird, with the potsberds, for his money and his trouble; this ridiculous adventure ex-

posed him to the continual laughter of the town's people, and obliged him to quit the place.

Shying at Leaden Cocks.

A correspondent, S. W., says, "It strikes me that the game of pitching at capons, practised by boys when I was young, took its rise from this sport, (the throwing at cocks,) indulged in by the matured barbarians. The capons were leaden representations of cocks and hens pitched at by leaden dumps."

Another correspondent, whose MS. collections are opened to the *Every-Day Book*, has a similar remark in one of his common-place books, on the sports of boys. He says, "*Shying at Cocks.*—Probably in imitation of the barbarous custom of 'shying' or throwing at the living animal. The 'cock' was a representation of a bird or a beast, a man, a horse, or some device, with a stand projecting on all sides, but principally behind the figure. These were made of lead cast in moulds. They were shyed at with dumps from a small distance agreed upon by the parties, generally regulated by the size or weight of the dump, and the value of the cock. If the thrower overset or knocked down the cock, he won it; if he failed, he lost his dump.

"*Shy for shy.*—This was played at by two boys, each having a cock placed at a certain distance, generally about four or five feet asunder, the players standing behind their cocks, and throwing alternately; a bit of stone or wood was generally used to throw with: the cock was won by him who knocked it down. Cocks and dumps were exposed for sale on the butchers' shambles on a small board, and were the perquisite of the apprentices, who made them; and many a pewter plate, and many an ale-house pot, were melted at this season for shying at cocks, which was as soon as fires were lighted in the autumn. These games, and all others among the boys of London, had their particular times or seasons; and when any game was out, as it was termed, it was lawful to steal the thing played with; this was called *smugging* and it was expressed by the boys in a dog-grel: viz.

"Tops are in. Spin 'em agin.

Tops are out. Smuggin about.

or

Tops are in. Spin 'em agin.

Dumps are out, &c

"The fair cock was not allowed to have his stand extended behind, more than his height and half as much more, nor much thicker than himself, and he was not to extend in width more than his height, nor to project over the stand; but fraudulent cocks were made extending laterally over the side, so as to prevent his lying down sideways, and with a long stand behind; the body of the cock was made thinner, and the stand thicker, by which means the cock bent upon being struck, and it was impossible to knock him over." This information may seem trifling to some, but it will interest many. We all look back with complacency on the amusements of our childhood; and "some future *Strutt*," a century or two hence, may find this page, and glean from it the important difference between the sports of boys now, and those of our grandchildren's great grandchildren.

Cock-fighting.

The cruelty of cock-fighting was a chief ingredient of the pleasure which intoxicated the people on Shrove Tuesday.

Cock-fighting was practised by the Greeks. Themistocles, when leading his troops against the Persians, saw two cocks fighting, and roused the courage of his soldiers by pointing out the obstinacy with which these animals contended, though they neither fought for their country, their families, nor their liberty. The Persians were defeated; and the Athenians, as a memorial of the victory, and of the incident, ordered annual cock-fighting in the presence of the whole people. Beckmann thinks it existed even earlier. Pliny says cock-fighting was an annual exhibition at Pergamus. Plato laments that not only boys, but men, bred fighting birds, and employed their whole time in similar idle amusements. Beckmann mentions an ancient gem in sir William Hamilton's collection, whereon two cocks are fighting, while a mouse carries away the ear of corn for which they contest: "a happy emblem," says Beckmann, "of our law-suits, in which the greater part of the property in dispute falls to the lawyers." The Greeks obtained their fighting cocks from foreign countries; according to Beckmann, the English import the strongest and best of theirs from abroad, especially from Germany.

Cæsar mentions the English cocks in his "Commentaries;" but the earliest

notice of cock-fighting in England is by Fitz-Stephens, who died in 1191. He mentions this as one of the amusements of the Londoners, together with the game of foot-ball. The whole passage is worth transcribing. "Yearly at Shrove-tide, the boys of every school bring fighting-cocks to their masters, and all the forenoon is spent at school, to see these cocks fight together. After dinner, all the youth of the city goeth to play at the ball in the fields; the scholars of every study have their balls; the practisers also of all the trades have every one their ball in their hands. The ancienter sort, the fathers, and the wealthy citizens, come on horse-back, to see these youngsters contending at their sport, with whom, in a manner, they participate by motion; stirring their own natural heat in the view of the active youth, with whose mirth and liberty they seem to communicate."

Cock-fighting was prohibited in England under Edward III. and Henry VIII., and even later: yet Henry himself indulged his cruel nature by instituting cock-fights, and even James I. took great delight in them; and within our own time, games have been fought, and attendance solicited by public advertisement, at the Royal Cock-pit, Whitehall, which Henry VIII. built.

Beckmann says, that as the cock roused Peter, so it was held an ecclesiastical duty "to call the people to repentance, or at least to church;" and therefore, "in the ages of ignorance, the clergy frequently called themselves the cocks of the Almighty."

Old Shrove-tide Revels.

On Shrove Tuesday, according to an old author, "men ate and drank, and abandoned themselves to every kind of sportive foolery, as if resolved to have their fill of pleasure before they were to die."

The preparing of bacon, meat, and the making of savoury black-puddings, for good cheer after the coming Lent, preceded the day itself, whereon, besides domestic feasting and revelry, with dice and card-playing, there was immensity of mumming. The records of Norwich testify, that in 1440, one John Gladman, who is there called "a man who was ever trewe and feythfull to God and to the kyng" and constantly disportive, made a public disport with his neighbours,

crowned as king of christmas, on horse back, having his horse bedizened with tinsel and flauntery, and preceded by the twelve months of the year, each month habited as the season required; after him came Lent, clothed in white and hering-skins, on a horse with trappings o oyster-shells, "in token that sadnesse shulde folowe, and an holy tyme;" and in this sort they rode through the city, accompanied by others in whimsical dresses, "makyng myrth, disportes, and playes." Among much curious observation on these Shrove-tide mumming, in the "Popish Kingdome" it is affirmed, that of all merry-makers,

The chiefest man is he, and one
that most deserveth prayse
Among the rest, that can finde out
the fondest kinde of playes.
On him they look, and gaze upon,
and laugh with lustie cheere,
Whom boys do follow, crying foole,
and such like other geare.
He in the mean time thinks himselfe
a wondrous worthie man, &c.

It is further related, that some of the rout carried staves, or fought in armour; others, disguised as devils, chased all the people they came up with, and frightened the boys: men wore women's clothes, and women, dressed as men, entered their neighbours' or friends' houses; some were apparelled as monks, others arrayed themselves as kings, attended by their guards and royal accompaniments; some disguised as old fools, pretended to sit on nests and hatch young fools; others wearing skins and dresses, became counterfeit bears and wolves, roaring lions, and raging bulls, or walked on high stilts, with wings at their backs, as cranes:

Some like filthy forme of apes,
and some like fools are drest,
Which best besee me those papistes all,
that thus keep *Bacchus'* feast

Others are represented as bearers of an unsavoury morsel—

————— that on
a cushion soft they lay,
And one there is that, with a flap
doth keepe the flies away

Some stuffed a doublet and hose with
rags or straw—

Whom as a man that lately dyed
of honest life and fame,
In blanket did they beare about,
and streightways with the same

They hurl him up into the ayre,
 not suff'ring him to fall,
 And this they doe at divers tymes,
 the citie over all.

The Kentish "holly boy," and "ivy girl" are erroneously supposed (at p. 226,) to have been carried about on St. Valentine's day. On turning to Brand, who also cites the circumstance, it appears they were carried the Tuesday before Shrove Tuesday, and most probably were the unrecognised remains of the drest mawkin of the "Popish Kingdome," carried about with various devices to represent the "death of good living," and which our catholic neighbours continue. The Morning Chronicle of March the 10th, 1791, represents the peasantry of France carrying it at that time into the villages, collecting money for the "funeral," and, "after sundry absurd mummeries," committing the body to the earth.

Neogeorgus records, that if the snow lay on the ground this day, snow-ball combats were exhibited with great vigour, till one party got the victory, and the other ran away: the confusion whereof troubled him sorely, on account of its disturbance to the "matrone olde," and "sober man," who desired to pass without a cold salutation from the "wanton fellowes."

The "rabble-rout," however, in these processions and mockeries, had the honour of respectable spectators, who seem to have been somewhat affected by the popular epidemic. The same author says that,

————— the noble men, the rich
 and men of hie degree,
 Least they with common people should
 not seeme so mad to bee,

came abroad in "wagons finely framed before" drawn by "a lustie horse and wif of pace," having trappings on him from head to foot, about whose neck,

————— and every place before,
 A hundred gingling belles do hang,
 to make his courage more,

and their wives and children being seated in these "wagons," they

————— behinde themselves do stande
 Well armde with whips, and holding faste
 the bridle in their hande.

Thus laden and equipped

With all their force throughout the streetes
 and market place they ron,
 As if some whirlwinde mad, or tempest
 great from skies should come

and thus furiously they drove without stopping for people to get out of their way:

Yea, sometimes legges or arms they breake,
 and horse and cart and all
 They overthrow, with such a force,
 they in their course do fall!

The genteel "wagon"-drivers ceased not with the cessation of the vulgar sports on foot,

But even till midnight holde they on,
 their pastimes for to make,
 Whereby they hinder men of sleepe,
 and cause their heades to ake
 But all this same they care not for,
 nor do esteeme a heare,
 So they may have their pleasure, &c.

APPRENTICES' HOLIDAY.

Shrove Tuesday was until late years the great holiday of the apprentices; why it should have been so is easy to imagine, on recollecting the sports that boys were allowed on that day at school. The indulgencies of the ancient city 'prentices were great, and their licentious disturbances stand recorded in the annals of many a fray. Mixing in every neighbouring brawl to bring it if possible to open riot, they at length assumed to determine on public affairs, and went in bodies with their petitions and remonstrances to the bar of the house of commons, with as much importance as their masters of the corporation. A satire of 1675 says,

They'r mounted high, contemn the humble
 play
 Of trap or foot-ball on a holiday
 In Finesbury-fielde. No, 'tis their brave
 intent,
 Wisely t' advise the king and parliament.

But this is not the place to notice their manners further. The successors to their name are of another generation, they have been better educated, live in better times, and having better masters, will make better men. The apprentices whose situation is to be viewed with anxiety, are the outdoor apprentices of poor persons, who can scarcely find homes, or who being orphans, leave the factories or work-rooms of their masters, at night, to go where they can, and do what they please, without paternal care, or being the creatures of any one's solicitude, and are yet expected to be, or become good members of society

PANCAKES.

A MS. in the British Museum quoted by Brand states, that in 1560, it was a custom at *Eton* school on Shrove Tuesday for the cook to fasten a pancake to a crow upon the school door; and as crows usually hatch at this season, the cawing of the young ones for their parent, heightened this heartless sport. From a question by Antiquarius, in the "Gentleman's Magazine," 1790, it appears that it is a custom on Shrove Tuesday at *Westminster* school for the under clerk of the college, preceded by the beadle and the other officers, to throw a large pancake over the bar which divides the upper from the lower school. Brand mentions a similar custom at *Eton* school. Mr. Fosbroke is decisive in the opinion that pancakes on Shrove Tuesday were taken from the heathen Fornacalia, celebrated on the 18th of February, in memory of making bread, before ovens were invented by the goddess Fornax.

FOOT-BALL.

This was, and remains, a game on Shrove Tuesday, in various parts of England.

Sir Frederick Morton Eden in the "Statistical account of Scotland," says that at the parish of Scone, county of Perth, every year on Shrove Tuesday the bachelors and married men drew themselves up at the cross of Scone, on opposite sides; a ball was then thrown up, and they played from two o'clock till sun-set. The game was this: he who at any time got the ball into his hands, run with it till overtaken by one of the opposite party; and then, if he could shake himself loose from those on the opposite side who seized him, he run on; if not, he threw the ball from him, unless it was wrested from him by the other party, but no person was allowed to kick it. The object of the married men was to *hang* it, that is, to put it three times into a small hole in the moor, which was the *dool* or limit on the one hand: that of the bachelors was to *drown* it, or dip it three times in a deep place in the river, the limit on the other: the party who could effect either of these objects won the game; if neither won, the ball was cut into equal parts at sun-set. In the course of the play there was usually some violence between the parties; but it is a proverb in this part of the country that "All is fair at the ball of Scone." Sir Frederick goes on to say, that this custom

is supposed to have had its origin in the days of chivalry; when an Italian is reported to have come into this part of the country challenging all the parishes, under a certain penalty in case of declining his challenge. All the parishes declined this challenge except Scone, which beat the foreigner, and in commemoration of this gallant action the game was instituted. Whilst the custom continued, every man in the parish, the gentry not excepted, was obliged to turn out and support the side to which he belonged, and the person who neglected to do his part on that occasion was fined; but the custom being attended with certain inconveniences, was abolished a few years before Sir Frederick wrote. He further mentions that on Shrove Tuesday there is a standing match at foot-ball in the parish of Inverness, county of Mid Lothian, between the married and unmarried women, and he states as a remarkable fact that the married women are always successful.

Crowdie is mentioned by sir F. M. Eden, ("State of the Poor,") as a never failing dinner on Shrove Tuesday, with all ranks of people in Scotland, as pancakes are in England; and that a ring is put into the basin or porringer of the unmarried folks, to the finder of which, by fair means, it was an omen of marriage before the rest of the eaters. This practice on *Fasten's Eve*, is described in Mr. Stewart's "Popular Superstitions of the Highlands," with little difference; only that the ring instead of being in "crowdie" is in "brose," made of the "bree of a good fat iigget of beef or mutton." This with plenty of other good cheer being despatched, the *Bannich Junit*, or "sauty bannocks" are brought out. They are made of eggs and meal mixed with salt to make them "sauty," and being baked or toasted on the gridiron, "are regarded by old and young as a most delicious treat." They have a "charm" in them which enables the highlander to "spell" out his future wife: this consists of some article being intermixed in the meal-dough, and he to whom falls the "sauty bannock" which contains it, is sure—if not already married—to be married before the next anniversary. Then the *Bannich Brauder*, or "dreaming bannocks" find a place. They contain "a little of that substance which chimney-sweeps call soot." In baking them "the baker must be as mute as a stone—one word would destroy the

whole concern." Each person has one, slips off quietly to bed, lays his head on his bannoek, and expects to see his sweet-heart in his sleep.

Shakspeare in King Henry IV. says,

Be merry, be merry, ———
 'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all
 And welcome merry *Shrovetide*.
 Be merry, be merry, &c.

It is mentioned in the "Shepherd's Almanack" of 1676, that "some say, thunder on Shrove Tuesday foretelleth wind, store of fruit, and plenty. Others affirm that so much as the sun shineth on that day, the like will shine every day in Lent."

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Cloth of Gold. *Crocus sulphureus*.
 Dedicated to *St. Sigifride*.

February 16.

St. Onesimus. *Sts. Elias, Jeremy, Isaias, Samuel, and Daniel*, A. D. 309. *St. Juliana*. *St. Gregory X. Pope*, A. D. 1276. *St. Tanco*, or *Tutta*, of Scotland, A. D. 815.

Ash Wednesday.

Holiday at the Public Offices; except the Stamps, Customs, and Excise.

This is the first day of Lent. It is called *Ash Wednesday*, because in the Roman catholic church the priest blesses ashes on this day, and puts them on the heads of the people. These ashes are made of the branches of brushwood or palms, consecrated the year before. The ashes are cleaned, and dried, and sifted, fit for the purpose. After the priest has given absolution to the people, he prays "Vouchsafe + to bless and sanctify + these ashes — that whosoever shall sprinkle these ashes upon them for the redemption of their sins, they may obtain health of body and protection of soul," &c. Prayers ended, the priest sprinkles the ashes with holy water, and perfumes them thrice with incense, and the people coming to him and kneeling, he puts ashes on their heads in the form of a cross with other ceremonies.

Platina, a priest, and librarian to the Vatican, who wrote the lives of the popes relates that Prochetus, archbishop of Ge-

neva, being at Rome on Ash Wednesday, he fell at the feet of pope Boniface VIII., who blessed and gave out the ashes on that day, in order to be signed with the blessed ashes as others had been. Thinking him to be his enemy, instead of uttering the usual form, "Remember, O man, because thou art dust, thou shalt return to dust," &c., the pope parodied the form and said "Remember thou art a Gibelline, and with the Gibellines thou shalt return to ashes," and then his holiness threw the ashes in the archbishop's eyes.

It is observed by Mr. Fosbroke that ladies wore friars' girdles in Lent. This gentleman quotes, from "Camden's Remains," that sir Thomas More, finding his lady scolding her servants during Lent, endeavoured to restrain her. "Tush, tush, my lord," said she, "look, here is one step to heavenward," showing him a friar's girdle. "I fear me," said he, "that one step, will not bring you up one step higher." There are various instances of belief in the virtues of garments that had been worn by monks and friars; some of them almost surpassing belief.

Ash Wednesday is observed in the church of England by reading publicly the curses denounced against impenitent sinners; to each malediction the people being directed to utter, amen. Many who consider this as cursing their neighbours, keep away from church on the occasion; which absence from these motives Mr. Brand regards as "a folly and superstition worthy of the after-midnight, the spirit-walking time of popery." On this eloquent remark, and Mr. Brand is seldom warmed to eloquence, it may be observed, that persons far removed from superstition and who have never approached "the valley of the shadow of popery," deem the commination of the "Common Prayer Book," a departure from the christian dispensation, and its injunctions of brotherly kindness.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Lilac Primrose. *Primula acaulis plena*.
 Dedicated to *St. Juliana*.

February 17.

St. Flavian, Archbishop of Constand-nople, A. D. 449. *Sts. Theodulus and Julian*. *St. Silvin* of Auchy, A. D. 718. *St. Loman*, or *Luman*, Bishop *St. Fintan*, Abbot.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Scotch Crocus. *Crocus Susianus*.
Dedicated to *St. Flavian*.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 17th of February, 1563, died Michael Angelo Buonarroti, as an artist and a man one of the most eminent ornaments of the times wherein he lived. A bare record of his decease is not sufficient. Thousands of readers have heard his name; some know his works; few know his character.

Michael Angelo was born in Tuscany, on the 6th of March, 1474. Fascinated by art at an early age, he executed a facsimile of a picture in his thirteenth year, which he presented to the owner instead of the original, who did not discover the deception till a confidant of Michael's began to laugh. He afterwards studied under Ghirlandaio, and at fifteen drew an outline round a drawing by his master which showed its defects and his own superiority. Studying in a garden supplied by the celebrated Lorenzo de Medici with antique statues and other forms, he saw a student modelling figures in clay, and emulous of excelling in the same branch, begged a piece of marble, and the use of implements, from one of the workmen employed in making ornaments for Lorenzo's library. With these he imitated an old head, or mask, of a laughing faun, supplying the deficiencies effected by time, by his own invention, and making other additions. Lorenzo saw it, and good humouredly remarked, "You have restored to the old faun all his teeth, but don't you know that a man of such an age has generally lost some?" As soon as Lorenzo departed, Michael broke a tooth from the upper jaw, and drilled a hole in the gum to denote that it had decayed. Lorenzo at his next visit was delighted by this docility, and to encourage Michael assigned him an apartment in his palace for a workroom, seated him at his table, and introduced him to the men of rank and talent who daily resorted to Lorenzo, as the munificent patron of learning and the arts. He justified this distinction by labouring with intense ardour. At seventeen years of age he sculptured in brass the battle of Hercules with the Centaurs; a work of which he said at seventy, "When I see it now, I repent that I did not entirely devote myself to sculpture." His reputation increased with his application, for

application brought him nearer to excellence. By the merit of a sleeping cupid from his chisel, which was stained and buried by a dealer to be dug up as an antique, and purchased by cardinal Giorgio under the persuasion that it was one, he was invited to Rome.

On the elevation of Julius II. to the pontificate he desired a mausoleum for his remains, and commissioned Michael Angelo to execute it. The design was magnificent and gratified Julius. He inquired the cost of completing it, "A hundred thousand crowns," answered Michael; the pope replied, "It may be twice that sum," and gave orders accordingly. The pontiff further determined on rebuilding the cathedral of St. Peter on a plan of corresponding grandeur wherein the mausoleum should be erected. It was for the prosecution of this vast structure for Romish worship, that Leo X. sold the indulgencies against which Luther inveighed, and by establishing the right of private judgment shook the papacy to its foundations. While Michael was engaged on the mausoleum, Julius caused a covered bridge to be erected by which he might pass from the Vatican to Michael's study unobserved. Envy was excited in the papal dependents by this distinction, and insinuated so much to Michael's disadvantage that his unrestrained visits to the Vatican were suddenly interrupted. "I have an order not to let you enter," said the groom of the chamber: a prelate inquired if he knew to whom he spoke; "Well enough," answered the officer, "and it is my duty to obey my orders." "Tell the pope," said Michael indignantly, "if he wants me, he shall have to seek me in another place." He returned home, ordered his servants to sell his furniture immediately, and follow him to Florence, and the same evening left Rome.

The pope sent couriers to force his return, but before he was overtaken he had reached a territory wherein the papal mandate was without authority. "Immediately return to Rome on pain of our disgrace," was the pope's letter. Michael's answer was, that having been expelled his holiness's antichamber without having merited disgrace, he had left Rome to preserve his character, and that he would not return; for if he had been deemed worthless one day, he could be little valued the next, unless by a caprice that would neither be creditable to the pope nor to himself. Having despatched the

popé's couriers with this letter, he proceeded to Florence. To the government of this city Julius wrote: "We know the humour of men of his stamp; if he will return, we promise he shall be neither meddled with nor offended, and he shall be reinstated in the apostolic grace." Michael was unmoved. A second and a third arrived, each more impressive, and Michael remained unchanged; but the Gonfaloniere of Florence, to whom these epistles were addressed, became alarmed and expostulated: "You have done by the pope what the king of France would not have presumed to do; he must be no longer trifled with; we cannot make war against his holiness to risk the safety of the state; and therefore you must obey his will." Thus remonstrated with, Michael entertained a proposal for entering into the service of the sultan Bajazet II., and building a bridge from Constantinople to Pera. The sultan had even sent him letters of credit on Florence and all the cities on his way; and appointed escorts of Janizaries to await his arrival on the Turkish frontiers, and conduct him, by whatever road he pleased, to the Mahometan capital. To divert Michael Angelo from this course, the Gonfaloniere urged that it was better to die under the pope's displeasure than to live in the Turkish service; and that if he were apprehensive for his security at Rome, the government of Florence would send him thither as its ambassador, in which character his person would be inviolable. Michael, urged by these and other reasons, relented, and met the pope at Bologna, a city which had been betrayed to the papal arms, and taken possession of by Julius in great pomp just before Michael's arrival. The cardinal Soderini, brother to the Gonfaloniere, was to have introduced Michael to the pope, but indisposition constrained him to depute that office to a prelate of his household. The pope asked his eye at Michael with displeasure, and after a short pause saluted him, "Instead of your coming to us, you seem to have expected that we should attend upon you." Michael answered, that his error proceeded from too hastily feeling a disgrace he was unconscious of having merited, and hoped his holiness would pardon what had passed. The officious prelate who had introduced him, not thinking this apology sufficient, observed to the pope, that great allowance was to be made for such men, who were igno-

rant of every thing but their art. "Thou," answered the pontiff, "hast vilified him; I have not: thou art no man of genius but an ignorant fellow; get out of my sight." The prelate was pushed from the room. The pope gave Michael his benediction, restored him to full favour, and desired him not to quit Bologna till he had given him a commission for some work. In a few days, Michael received an order from Julius for a colossal statue of himself in bronze. While it was modelling, the pope's visits to Michael were as frequent as formerly. This statue was grand, austere, and majestic: the pope familiarly asked if the extended arm was bestowing a blessing or a curse upon the people. Michael answered that the action only implied hostility to disobedience, and inquired whether he would not have a book put into the other hand. "No," said the pope, "a sword would be more adapted to my character, I am no book-man." Julius quitted Bologna, and left Michael Angelo there to complete the statue; he effected it in sixteen months, and having placed it in the façade of the church of St. Petronio, returned to Rome. This product of Michael's genius was of short existence. The prosperity of Venice under united councils, and a prudent administration of its affairs, excited the hatred of the European powers. An infamous league was entered into at Cambray for the ruin of the Venetian government, and the partition of its territory; Julius became a party to this alliance, with the hope of adding Romagna to the dominions of the church, and retaining possession of Bologna. Effecting his object, he withdrew from the league; and by a change of policy, and a miscalculation of his strength, quarrelled with Louis XII. who had assisted him in subjecting Bologna. That monarch retook the city, restored the Bentivoglio family, which had been displaced by the papal arms, and the populace throwing down Michael's statue of the pope, dragged it through the streets, and broke it to pieces. With the mutilated fragments the duke of Ferrara cast a cannon, which he named Julio, but preserved the head entire, as an invaluable specimen of art, although it bore the countenance of his implacable enemy.

Michael Angelo resumed Julius's mausoleum, but the pontiff had changed his mind, and sorely against Michael's inclination, engaged him to decorate the ceilings and walls of the Sixtine chapel, with

paintings in fresco, to the memory of Sixtus VI., the pope's uncle. For the purpose of commencing these paintings, ropes were let through the ceiling to suspend the scaffolding. Michael asked Bramante the architect, who had arranged this machinery, how the ceiling was to be completed if the ropes were suffered to remain? The answer did not obviate the objection. Michael represented to the pope that the defect would have been avoided if Bramante had better understood the application of mechanical principles, and obtained the pope's permission to take down the inefficient contrivance and erect another. This he effected; and his machinery was so ample and complete, that Bramante himself adopted it in the building of St. Peter's. Michael gave this invention to the poor man who was his carpenter in constructing it, and who realized a fortune from the commissions he received for others on the same plan. To indulge his curiosity, and watch the progress of the work, the pope ascended the ladder to the top of Michael's platform almost daily. He was of an impetuous temper, and impatient to see the general effect from below before the ceiling was half completed: Michael, yielding to his impatience, struck the scaffold; and so eager were men of taste to obtain a view, that before the dust from displacing the machinery had settled, they rushed into the chapel to gratify their curiosity. Julius was satisfied: but Michael's rivals, and Bramante among the rest, secretly solicited the pope to intrust the completion of the cartoons to Raphael. Michael had intimation of these wiles, and in the presence of Bramante himself, claimed and obtained of the pope the entire execution of his own designs. He persevered with incessant assiduity. In twenty months from the commencement of "this stupendous monument of human genius" it was completed, and on All Saints' day, 1512, the pontiff himself opened the chapel in person with a splendid high mass, to crowds of devotees and artists. Whatever Julius conceived he hastened with the ardour of youth; he was old, and knowing that he had no time to spare, he had so harassed the progress of these cartoons by his eagerness, that the scaffolding was struck before they were thoroughly completed; yet, as there was not any thing of importance to be added, Michael determined not to undergo the labour of erecting the machinery. The pope loved

splendour, and wished them ornamented with gold. Michael answered, "In those days gold was not worn, and the characters I have painted were neither rich, nor desirous of riches; they were holy men with whom gold was an object of contempt."

Julius soon afterwards died; and the execution of his mausoleum was frustrated by Leo X., to whose patronage Michael was little indebted. He finished his celebrated cartoon of the Last Judgment, for the east end of the Sistine chapel, in 1541. On Christmas-day in that year the chapel was opened, and residents in the most distant parts of Italy thronged to see it. In the following year, he painted the Conversion of St. Paul, and the Crucifixion of St. Peter, on the walls of the chapel Paolina. In 1546, when he was 72 years old, the reigning pope nominated him architect of St. Peter's. Michael would only accept the appointment on the condition that he received no salary; that he should have uncontrolled power over the subordinate officers; and be allowed to alter the original design conformably to his own judgment. It was necessary to adapt and contract that design to the impoverished state of the papal exchequer. Though numerous impediments were purposely opposed to his progress with this splendid edifice, he advanced it rapidly; and before he was 74, he had completed the Farnese palace, built a palace on the hill of the Capitol for the senator of Rome, erected two galleries for sculpture and painting on the same site, and threw up a flight of steps to the church of the convent of Araceli—an edifice remarkable for its occupying the highest part of the hill whereon the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus formerly stood, and, more especially, for Gibbon having mused there, while listening to the vespers of the bare-footed friars, and conceived the first thought of writing his "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire."

In 1550, Julius III. succeeded to the pontificate, and Michael to new vexations. His rivals endeavoured to displace him for unfitness in the conduct of St. Peter's. A committee of architects was appointed to investigate the charge, in the presence of the pope. The committee alleged that the church wanted light; and they furnished the cardinals Salviati and Marcello Cervino with plans, to show that Michael had walled up a recess for three chapels, and made only three

insufficient windows. "Over those windows are to be placed three others," answered Michael. "You never said that before," answered one of the cardinals. To this Michael indignantly replied, "I am not, neither will I ever be, obliged to tell your eminence, or any one else, what I ought or am disposed to do; it is your office to see that money be provided, to keep off the thieves, and to leave the building of St. Peter's to me." The pope decided in Michael's favour. From that time Julius prosecuted no work in painting or sculpture without Michael's advice; and his estimation of him was so high, that he told him at a public audience, that if he died before himself, he should be embalmed, and kept in his own palace, that his body might be as permanent as his works. Soon after the death of Julius III. in 1555, Paul IV., the new pontiff, expressed his displeasure of the academical figures in the Last Judgment, and intimated an intention to "reform" the picture. Michael sent this message to him: "What the pope wishes, is very little, and may be easily effected; for if his holiness will only 'reform' the opinions of mankind, the picture will be reformed of itself." This holy father plunged Italy in blood by his vindictive passions; and while war ravaged its plains, Michael, at the age of 82, retreated for a while to a monastery. On coming from his seclusion, he wrote to Vasari, "I have had a great deal of pleasure in visiting the monks in the mountains of Spoleto: indeed, though I am now returned to Rome, I have left the better half of myself with them; for in these troublesome times, to say the truth, there is no happiness but in such retirement." The death of this pope filled Rome with "tumultuous joy," and the papal chair was ascended by Pius IV., in whose pontificate, wearied and reduced by the incessant attacks and artifices of his enemies, Michael, at the age of 87, resigned his office of architect to St. Peter's; but the pope, informed of the frauds which had occasioned it, reinstated him, and to induce him to retain the appointment, ensured strict adherence to his designs until the building should be completed.

At the age of eighty-nine a slow fever indicated Michael Angelo's approaching decease. His nephew, Leonardo Buonarrotti, was sent for; but not arriving, and the fever increasing, he ordered the persons who were in the house into his

chamber, and in the presence of them and his physicians uttered this verbal will:—"My soul I resign to God, my body to the earth, and my worldly possessions to my nearest of kin:" then admonishing his attendants, he said, "In your passage through this life, remember the sufferings of Jesus Christ."

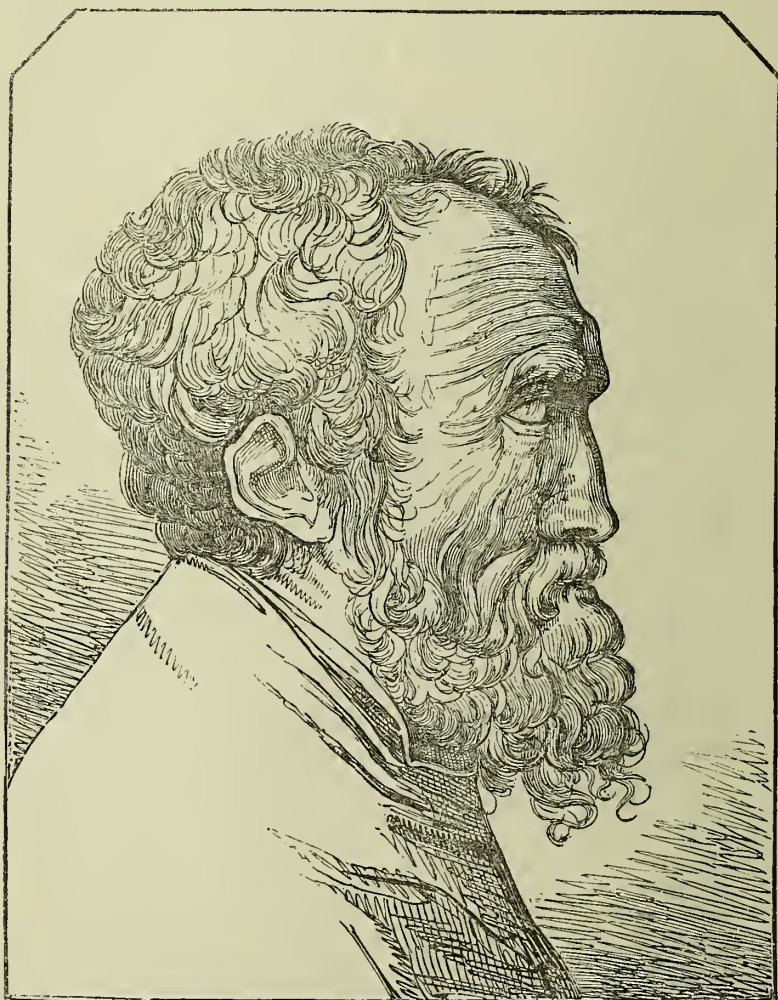
Thus died one of the greatest artists, and one of the noblest men of modern times. The ceremony of his funeral was conducted at Rome with great pomp, but his remains were removed within a month to Florence, and finally deposited in the church of Santa Croce at Florence. In 1720, the vault was opened; the body retained its original form, habited in the costume of the ancient citizens of Florence, in a gown of green velvet, and slippers of the same.

According to his English biographer, Mr. Duppa, Michael Angelo was of the middle stature, bony in make, rather spare, and broad shouldered; his complexion good, his forehead square and "somewhat" projecting; his eyes hazel and rather small; his brows with little hair; his nose flat from a blow given him in his youth by Torrigiano; his lips thin; his cranium large in proportion to his face. Within these pages a detail of his works will not be sought. The few particulars mentioned are from Mr. Duppa's quarto life, where many of them are enumerated, and outline sketches of some of them are engraved.

The portrait of Michael Angelo selected by Mr. Duppa, to precede his life, is engraved by Bartolozzi, from a profile in Gori's edition of "Conditi's Memoir." He says its original was a drawing supposed to have been made by Julio Bonasoni, from which Mr. Duppa presumes that artist to have etched a print bearing his name, and dated in the year 1546. There is an engraved portrait dated 1545, without any artist's name attached. Mr. Duppa says, "of these *two* prints Bonasoni's is much the best; and although the second has a prior date, it appears to have been engraved from the same original." That "original," whatever it was, is no longer in existence. Certainly Bonasoni's print is better as a *print*, for it has the grace of that master's point, yet as a *likeness* the print of 1545 seems to the editor of the *Every-day Book* to have a stronger claim to regard; not because it is of prior date, but because it has more decisive marks of character. He conjectures, that the

anonymous print of 1545 may have been executed from a bust or statue of Michael. There is a laboured precision in the contour, and a close mannered marking of the features, that denote the "original" to have been marble. The conjecture is strengthened by the fact, that the eye in the anonymous print is without an iris; a deficiency which exists in no engraved portraits unless they are exe-

cuted from a marble "original." While *correctness* seems to have been the aim of the engraver in this anonymous print, elegance appears to have been the object of the painter Bonasoni in his etching. Bonasoni's portrait is comparatively common; the anonymous one is rare; a copy of it from the print in the editor's possession, is executed on wood, by Mr. T. Williams, and placed under the reader's eye.



MICHAEL · ANGELVS · BVONAROTVS
AET I XXI

M D · XLV

T. WILLIAMS

Michael Angelo was remarkable for nothing but his genius. He slept little, and was abstemious; he was accustomed to say, "However rich I may have been, I have always lived as a poor man." He obtained the reputation of being proud and odd; for he found little pleasure in the society of men from whom he could not learn, or whom he could not teach. He was pleased by originality of character in whatever rank he met with it; and cultivated in mature life the society of persons respected for their talents and learning. When young he endeavoured to acquaint himself with every branch of knowledge that could contribute to his improvement. In common with all who have obtained a deserved eminence, he was never satisfied with his performances; if he perceived an imperfection that might have been avoided, he either threw aside the work in disgust, or commenced it anew.

He continued to study to the end of his life. In his old age the cardinal Farnese found him walking in solitude amidst the ruins of the Coliseum and expressed his surprise. Michael answered, "I go yet to school that I may continue to learn." He lived much alone. His great excess seems to have been indulgence in reflection, and the labours of his profession. The power of generalizing facts, and realizing what he conceived, he drew from this habit: without it some men have become popular for a time, but no man ever became great.

Grandeur in his architecture of St. Peter's, he seems to have been limited by the impossibility of arriving to excellence without adopting the ancient styles, and the necessity of attempting something great without them; and to speak with the severity of uncompromising truth he failed. Of what else he did in that science, and he did much, for which he obtained deserved renown, there is neither room nor occasion to speak. In painting and sculpture, if he did not always succeed in embodying his feelings, yet he succeeded more frequently than any other artist since the revival of arts; and, as his power was greater than theirs, so he accomplished greater works. His aim was elevated as that of the giants who warred against the fabled gods; in one respect he was unlike them—he conquered. Majestic and wild as na-

ture in her undescribable sublimity, he achieved with corresponding greatness and beauty. His forms and their intellectual expression are of the highest order. He never did any thing little. All was in harmony with a mind which he created of himself by adding fact to fact, by severe reading, by close observation, by study, by seclusion. He was the quarrier, and architect, and builder-up of his own greatness.

Sir Joshua Reynolds speaks with becoming deference of Michael Angelo's powers.—"It will not be thought presumptuous in me to appear in the train, I cannot say of his imitators, but of his admirers. I have taken another course, one more suited to my abilities, and to the taste of the times in which I live. Yet however unequal I feel myself to that attempt, were I now to begin the world again, I would tread in the steps of that great master: to kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man. He was the bright luminary from whom painting has borrowed a new lustre, under whose hands it assumed a new appearance, and became another and superior art, and from whom all his contemporaries and successors have derived whatever they have possessed of the dignified and majestic."

There are excellent casts from three of Michael Angelo's statues exhibited by Mr. West at Mr. Bullock's museum, in Piccadilly; they are, Christ, from the church of Sta. Maria at Florence, Lorenzo de Medici from his monument, and the celebrated Moses, from the church of St. Pietro, in Vincoli, at Rome. The editor of the *Every-day Book* has conversed with persons who think themselves pupils and students in sculpture and painting without having seen these!

Michael Angelo had studied anatomy profoundly. Condivi, who was his pupil and one of his biographers, says that his knowledge of human anatomy and of other animals was so correct, that those who had studied it as a profession all their lives, scarcely understood it so well. When he began to dissect he conceived disgust from the offensiveness of the operation and desisted; but reflecting that it was disgraceful to abandon what others

could achieve, he resumed and pursued it to the fullest extent. Perceiving the utility of Albert Durer's "Treatise on the Proportions of the Human Body," he deemed it capable of improvement. Its rules were in his opinion insufficient and too mechanical, and he contemplated a treatise to exhibit the muscles in their various action. A friend, whom he consulted on the subject, sent him the body of a fine young Moor, which he dissected and made remarks on, but they were never published. The result of his anatomical knowledge may be seen in the powerful muscular development of his figures: he left no part undefined.

Several remarks occur in the course of Michael Angelo's letters concerning his art. Speaking of the rivalry between sculpture and painting, he says, "The sculptor arrives at his end by taking away what is superfluous; the painter produces his, by adding the materials which embody the representation to the mind: however, after all, they are both produced by the same intelligence, and the superiority is not worth disputing about, since more time may be lost in the discussion, than would produce the works themselves." At one time, however, Michael Angelo regarded painting with less favour than he expresses in this letter. It is addressed to Varchi, who wrote a dissertation on the subject, and sent it to him with an inquiry, which had divided the amateurs of Florence, as to whether painting or sculpture required the most talent. Varchi's treatise has the merit of having convinced Michael Angelo that he was in error, and with the truth and candour inseparable from such a character he confessed his mistake. "Of the relative importance of painting and sculpture," says Michael Angelo, "I think painting excellent in proportion as it approaches relief, and relief bad in proportion as it partakes of the character of a picture, and therefore I was used to be of opinion, that painting might be considered as borrowing light from sculpture, and the difference between them as the sun and moon. Now, however, since I have read your dissertation, which treats the subject philosophically, and shows, that those things which have the same end, are one, and the same, I have changed my opinion, and say, that, if greater judgment, labour, difficulty, and

impediment, confer no dignity on the work on which it is bestowed, painting and sculpture may be considered without giving the preeminence to either: and since it has been so considered, no painter ought to undervalue sculpture, and in like manner, no sculptor ought to make light of painting."

Great as Michael Angelo was in art, his intellectual character was greater. "No one," says Mr. Duppa, "ever felt the dignity of human nature with its noblest attributes more forcibly than Michael Angelo, and his disgust at any violation of principle was acute in proportion to his sensibility and love of truth." He despised and shrunk from the shadow of a meanness: hating the heartlessness of unmeaning profession, he regarded the dazzling simulation which constitutes the polish of society as a soul-cloud. With these commanding views of self dignity he poured out his feelings to his friend Luigi del Ricco, in

A MADRIGAL.

Translated by Robert Southey Esq.

(From Mr. Duppa's Life of Michael Angelo.)

Ill hath he chosen his part who seeks to please
The worthless world,—ill hath he chosen his part,

For often must he wear the look of ease

When grief is at his heart;
And often in his hours of happier feeling
With sorrow must his countenance be hung,
And ever his own better thoughts concealing
Must in stupid grandeur's praise be loud,
And to the errors of the ignorant crowd
Assent with lying tongue.

Thus much would I conceal—that none should know

What secret cause I have for silent woe;
And taught by many a melancholy proof
That those whom fortune favours it pollutes
I from the blind and faithless world aloof,
Nor fear its envy nor desire its praise,
But choose my path through solitary ways.

It was one of Michael Angelo's high qualities to bear about him an atmosphere which the parasite dared not approach. no heart-eater could live in it.

He justly estimated whatever was influential in society; and hence though he seemed to look down upon rank as an accident of life, he was not regardless of its use. To those whom distinctions had raised, he paid the deference accorded to their dignities. Yet towards him who touched his integrity, he bore a lofty carriage, and when he condescended to resent

the attack, hurled an impetuous defiance that kindled as it flew, and consumed the insulting defamer, though he were ensconced behind countless quarterings, or ermined and enthroned. To the constant calumny of jealous rivalry, and the daily lie of envy and enmity, he was utterly indifferent. When asked why he did not resent the aspersions incessantly poured upon him by one of his assailants, he answered—"He who contends with the worthless can gain nothing worth possessing."

Michael Angelo's temper was "sudden and quick;" but his nature was kind and benevolent. Inferior artists frequently experienced his friendly disposition. He sometimes made drawings and modelled for them. To Minigella, a very indifferent hand, he gave the model of a crucifix beautifully executed, from which the poor fellow formed a mould and made casts of *papier mache* to sell to the country people. Friendship and esteem for particular individuals oftener induced him to undertake works than proffers of large sums. Yet he was not indifferent or insensible to a just estimation of his talents when they were undervalued. For Angelo Doni, a Florentine of taste, he painted a holy family, and sent it home with a note requiring seventy ducats for it. Doni told the messenger he thought forty were enough; Michael replied by demanding the picture or a hundred; Doni said he was willing to pay the seventy; Michael demanded a hundred and forty, and Doni paid the sum.

He honoured worthy men in every station. His purse was open to their necessities; he consoled with them in their afflictions, and lightened their oppressions by his sympathies and influence. To artists and men of talent his liberality was munificent. He neither loved money nor accumulated it. His gifts were the free-will offerings of his heart, and hence its dispensations were unaccompanied by a notoriety which sullies the purity of primary obligation, by exposing the nakedness of its object.

Conversing one day with his old and faithful servant, he said, "What will become of you, Urbine, if I should die?" "I must then seek another master" was the

reply. "Poor fellow," said Michael, "thou shalt not need another master," and he gave him two thousand crowns. This was a large sum in those days: Vasari says such a donation would only have been expected from popes and great emperors. Michael afterwards procured him an appointment in the Vatican to take care of the pictures, with a monthly salary of six ducats; and preserving his regard for the old man, Michael, though at that time eighty-two years of age, sat up with him by night in his last illness. "His death has been a heavy loss to me," he wrote to Vasari, "and the cause of excessive grief, but it has also been a most impressive lesson of the grace of God: for it has shown me, that he, who in his lifetime comforted me in the enjoyment of life, dying has taught me how to die; not with reluctance, but even with a desire of death. He lived with me twenty-six years, grew rich in my service, and I found him a most rare and faithful servant; and now that I calculated upon his being the staff and repose of my old age he is taken away, and has left me only the hope of seeing him again in paradise."

Michael Angelo was never married. To one who lamented that he had no children to inherit his property, Michael answered, "My works must supply their place; and if they are good for any thing they will live hereafter. It would have been unfortunate for Lorenzo Ghiberti, had he not left the doors of S. Giovanni, for his sons and his nephews have long since sold and dissipated his accumulated wealth; but his sculpture remains, and will continue to record his name to future ages." These "doors" were of bronze. When Michael was asked his opinion of them, he said they were fit to be the doors of paradise.

Throughout the poetry of Michael Angelo, of which there is much in existence, love is a pervading sentiment, though, without reference to any particular object. Condivi had often heard him discourse upon it as a passion platonically; and Mr. Duppa gives the following sonnet, translated from the Italian of Michael Angelo by Mr. Wordsworth, as exemplifying Michael's turn of thought:

SONNET,

BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
 And I be undeluded, unbetray'd;
 For, if of our affections none find grace
 In sight of Heaven, then wherefore hath God made
 The world which we inhabit? Better plea
 Love cannot have, than that in loving thee,
 Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,
 Who such divinity to thee imparts
 As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.
 His hope is treacherous only, whose love dies
 With beauty, which is varying every hour;
 But in chaste hearts, uninfluenced by the power
 Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower
 That breathes on earth the air of Paradise.

The personal beauty and intellectual endowments of Vittoria Colonna, marchioness of Pescara, impressed Michael Angelo with sentiments of affectionate esteem. She admired his genius, and frequently left her residence at Viterbo for the sole purpose of enjoying his society at Rome. He addressed three sonnets and a madrigal to her. In her last moments he paid her a visit, and told Condivi he grieved he had not kissed her cheek, as he had her hand, for there was little hope of his ever seeing her again. He penned an epitaph on her decease: the recollection of her death constantly dejected him.

To the purity of his thoughts, there is a high testimony by Condivi. "In a long intimacy, I have never heard from his mouth a single word that was not perfectly decorous, and had not for its object to extinguish in youth every improper and lawless desire; his nature is a stranger to depravity." He was religious, not by the show, but from feeling and conviction

As an instance, a short poetical supplication, translated by Mr. Duja into prose, is remarkable for its self-knowledge and simplicity; it is here subjoined:—

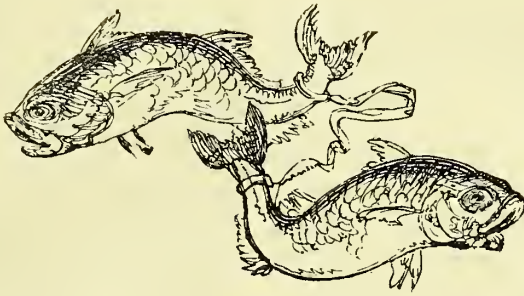
"To the Supreme Being."

"My prayers will be sweet if thou lendest me virtue to make them worthy to be heard; my unfruitful soil cannot produce virtue of itself. Thou knowest the seed, and how to sow it, that it may spring up in the mind to produce just and pious works: if thou showest not the hallowed path, no one by his own knowledge can follow thee. Pour thou into my mind the thoughts that may conduct me in thy holy steps; and endue me with a fervent tongue, that I may always praise, exalt, and sing thy glory."

Finally, it may be added, that in an age of splendid vice, Michael Angelo was an illustrious example of virtue.

TO MICHAEL ANGELO—IMMORTAL

Michael! to what thou wert, if I could raise
 An aspiration, or a holy light,
 Within one reader, I'd essay to praise
 Thy virtue; and would supplicate the muse
 For flowers to deck thy greatness: so I might
 But urge one youthful artist on to choose
 A life like thine, I would attempt the hill
 Where well inspiring floods, and thence would drink
 Till—as the Pythoness of old, the will
 No longer then controll'd by sense—I'd think
 Alone of good and thee, and with loud cries,
 Break the dead slumber of undeeming man,
 Refresh him with a gush of truth, surprise
 Him with thy deeds, and show him thine was Wisdom's plan.



Pisces.

This zodiacal sign is said to symbolize the fishery of the Nile, which usually commenced at this season of the year. According to an ancient fable, it represents Venus and Cupid, who, to avoid Typhon, a dreadful giant with a hundred heads, transformed themselves into fish. This fabulous monster, it seems, threw the whole host of heathen deities into confusion. His story shortly is, that as soon as he was born, he began to avenge the death of his brethren, the giants who had warred against Olympus, by resuming the conflict alone. Flames of fire darted from his eyes and mouths; he uttered horrid yells, and so frightened the pagan celestials, that Jupiter himself became a

ram, Juno a cow, Mercury an i'ois, Apollo a crow, Bacchus a goat, Diana a cat, Venus a fish, &c. till Jupiter hurled a rock and buried him under Ætna. The idol Dagon, with a human head and arms, and a fish's tail, is affirmed to be the symbol of the sun in Pisces, and to allegorize that the earth teems with corn and fruits.

The sun generally enters Pisces about the period of February; for instance, in 1824 on the 16th, in 1825 on the 18th of the month. The Romans imagined that the entrance of the sun into Pisces was attended by bad weather, and gales of uncertainty to the mariner.* Thomson sings, that in this month—

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-blustering from the south. Subdued,
The frost resolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted, the mountains shine; loose sleet descends,
And floods the country round. The rivers swell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,
O'er rocks and woods, in broad, brown cataracts,
A thousand snow-fed torrents shoot at once;
And where they rush, the wide resounding plain
Is left one slimy waste.

Thomson.

February 18.

St. Simeon, Bp. of Jerusalem, A. D. 116.
Sts. Leo and Pargorius, 3d Cent

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 18th of February 1734, the house of commons received a petition from Mr. Samuel Buckley, a learned printer; setting forth that he had, at his No 10.

sole expense, by several years' labour, and with the assistance of some learned persons abroad and at home, made collections of original papers and letters relating to "Thuanus's History," written in Latin, in order to a new and accurate edition, in 7 vols. folio, which was finished; that the act of the 8th of Q. Anne,

* Dr. Forster's *Perenn. Cal.*

for the encouragement of learning, extended only to the authors, purchasers, or proprietors of the copy-right of any book in English, published after the 10th of April, 1710, and allowed the importation or vending of any books in foreign language printed beyond the seas; so that any books, first compiled and printed in this kingdom in any of those languages, might be reprinted abroad and sold in this kingdom, to the great damage of the first printer or proprietor: he therefore prayed, that he might be allowed the same benefit in his copy of the "History of Thuanus," in Latin, for fourteen years. Leave was given to bring in the bill, and it afterwards passed into an act.

The protection of this excellent work was a justice due to the spirit and liberality of Mr. Buckley. He had been originally a bookseller. John Dunton says of him, "He is an excellent linguist, understands the Latin, French, Dutch, and Italian languages, and is master of a great deal of wit: he prints the 'Daily Courant,' and 'Monthly Register,' which, I hear, he translates out of the foreign papers himself;"—a great merit, it should seem, in the eyes of old Dunton.

Mr. Buckley was a really learned printer. The collections for his edition of Thuanus were made by Carte, who had fled to France from an accusation of high treason, during the rebellion of 1715 and while in that country possessed himself of so many materials for the purpose, that he consulted Dr. Mead, the celebrated physician, and patron of literary men, concerning the undertaking. By the doctor's recommendation, it was intrusted to Mr. Buckley, who imported the paper for it, which, with the materials, cost him 2,350*l.* He edited the work with fidelity, and executed it with elegance.

Mr. Buckley was the publisher of the "Spectator," which appeared in folio from his shop at the Dolphin in Little Britain, a place then filled with booksellers. At the close of the seventh volume this popular work was suspended, but resumed by Buckley in Amen-corner. He attained to opulence and respectability, was in the commission of the peace for Middlesex, and died, greatly esteemed, on the 8th of September, 1741, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.*

It is related of the great lord chancellor

Hardwicke, that he so highly regarded "Thuanus's History," as to have resigned the seals for the express purpose of being enabled to read it in the original language.* It has been computed that a person who gave his attention to this work for four hours every day, would not finish the perusal in twelve months. It comprehends the events of sixty-four years, during the times wherein Thuanus lived and flourished as an eminent French author and statesman. His English biographer quotes, as a character of his writings, that, "in a word, they are calculated to render those who attend to them better and wiser men."†

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Wall Speedwell. *Veronica vivensis.*
Dedicated to *St. Simeon* of Jerusalem.

February 19.

St. Barbatus, or Barbas, Bp. A. D. 682.

This saint is patron of Benevento, or which city he was bishop. Butler relates no miracle of him, nor does it appear from him that any other name in the calendar of the Romish church is affixed to this day.

THE SEASON.

A pretty trifle from the Greek is descriptive of appearances about this period:—

To a Lady on her Birthday

See amidst the winter's cold,
Tender infant of the spring;
See the rose her bud unfold,
Every sweet is on the wing.
Hark! the purple flow'ret cries,
'Tis for thee we haste away,
'Tis for thee we brave the skies,
Smiling on thy natal day,
Soon shalt thou the pleasure prove,
Which awaits on virtuous love
Place us 'midst thy flowing hair,
Where each lovely grace prevails,
Happier we to deck the fair,
Than to wait the vernal gates.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Field Speedwell. *Veronica agrestis.*
Dedicated to *St. Barbatus.*

* Mr. Nichols's Lit. Anecdotes.

* Bibliog. Dict.

† Mr. Collinson's Life of Thuanus.

February 20.

St. Tyrannio, Bp. &c. A. D. 310. *Sts. Sadoth*, Bp. &c. A. D. 342. *St. Eleutherius*, Bp. A. D. 532. *St. Mildred*, Abbess. *St. Eucherius*, Bp. A. D. 743. *St. Ulrick*.

St. Mildred.

This saint was the first abbess of Minster, in the isle of Thanet, founded by king Egbert about 670, in satisfaction for having murdered his two nephews, Etheldred and Ethelbright; to which satisfaction he was "miraculously terrified, by seeing a ray of bright light dart from the heavens upon their grave." In 1033, her remains were removed to St. Augustine's monastery at Canterbury, and venerated above all the relics there, and worked miracles, as all saints' relics did in those favoured times. The churches of St. Mildred, Bread-street, and St. Mildred in the Poultry, London, are dedicated to her.*

In St. Mildred's church in the Poultry, Thomas Tusser, whose "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandrie" have been cited in former pages of this work, was buried, and on his tomb this

EPITAPH.

Here THOMAS TUSSER,
clad in earth, doth lie,
That sometime made
The pointes of Husbandrie :
By him then learne thou maist ;
here learne we must,
When all is done, we sleepe,
and turne to dust :
And yet, through Christ,
to Heaven we hope to goe ;
Who reades his bookes,
shall find his faith was so.†

St. Ulrick.

Of this saint, who died the 28th of February, 1154, Butler says little.

"THE FLOWERS of the LIVES of the most renowned SAINTS of the three kingdoms, England, Scotland, and Ireland, written and collected out of the best authours and manuscripts of our nation, and distributed according to their feasts in the calendar, By THE R. FATHER, HIEROME PORTER, Priest and Monke of the holy order of Saint Benedict, of the Congregation of England, Printed at

DOWAY with licence, and approbation of the Ordinary, M.DC.XXXII," relates of this saint, that he was born in a village called Lenton, or Lutton, near Bristol, with many marvels concerning him, and among them this:—He became a priest, but kept hawks and dogs for sport, till he met a beggar who asked alms. Ulrick said, he did not know whether he had aught to bestow : "Look in thy purse," quoth the beggar, "and there thou shalt find twopence halfpenny." Ulrick finding as he was told, received thanks, and a prophecy that he should become a saint, whereupon he starved and hermitized at Hessleborough, in Dorsetshire, about thirty miles from Exeter. "The skin only sticking to his bones," his daintiest food was oaten-bread and water-gruel. He passed many nights without sleep, never slept but when he could not keep awake, and never went to bed, "but, leaning his head to a wall, he tooke a short allowance;" and when he awoke, "he would much blame and chastise his body, as yielding vnto ouermuch nicenesse." His pillow was ropes of hay, his clothing poor, and lined next the skin with a rough shirt of hair-cloth, till his flesh having overcome its uneasiness, he wore next his skin an iron coat of mail. In the sharpest cold of winter, having first put off his iron shirt, he was wont to get into a vessel of cold water and recite psalms. His coat of mail hanging below his knees, he went to the knight who gave it to him, to take counsel therein. His military adviser persuaded him to send it to London to be cut; but he gave the knight "a payre of sheares." The knight hesitated, the other entreated. "The one falls to his prayers, the other endeavours with iron and steale to cut iron and steale, when both their labours tooke prosperous effect; for the knight, in his cutting worke, seemed rather to divide a piece of cloath than a peece of iron." Then the saint, "without any sheeres, pulled asunder the litle rings of that part of his coate cutt off, and distributed them charitably to all that desired, by virtue whereof manie diseases were cured." Envyng such rare goodness, an infernal spirit, in most horrible shape, dragged him into the church, and ran him round the pavement, till the apparition of a virgin stopped this rude behaviour; however, the infernal took advantage of the saint when he was sick, and with a staff he had in his hand gave him three knocks on the head, and departed. The devil tormented him other

* Butler's Lives of the Saints.

† Stow.

ways; he cast him into an intolerable heat, then he gave him an intolerable cold, and then he made him dream a dream, whereby the saint shamed the devil by openly confessing it at church on Easter-day before all the people. At length, after other wonders, "the joints of his iron coate miraculously dissolved, and it fell down to his knees." Upon this, he foretold his death on the next Saturday, and thereon he died. Such, and much more is put forth concerning St. Ulrick, by the aforesaid "Flowers of the Saints," which contains a prayer to be used preparatory to the perusal, with these words, "that this holy reading of their lives may soe inflame our hearts, that we may follow and imitate the traces of their glorious example, that, after this mortall life, we may be made worthe to enjoy their most desired companie."

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FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Navelwort. *Cynoglossum omphalodes*.
Dedicated to *St. Mildred*.

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CHRONOLOGY.

On the 20th of February 1749, Usher Cahagan, by birth a gentleman, and by education a scholar, perished at Tyburn. His attainments were elegant and superior; he was the editor of Brindley's beautiful edition of the classics, and translated Pope's "Essay on Criticism" into Latin verse. Better grounded in learning than in principle, he concentrated liberal talents to the degrading selfishness of robbing the community of its coin by clipping. During his confinement, and hoping for pardon, he translated Pope's "Temple of Fame," and his "Messiah," into the same language, with a dedication to the duke of Newcastle. To the same end, he addressed prince George and the recorder in poetic numbers. These efforts were of no avail. Two of his miserable confederates in crime were his companions in death. He suffered with a deeper guilt, because he had a higher knowledge than ignorant and unthinking criminals, to whom the polity of society, in its grounds and reasons, is unknown.

Accomplishments upon vice are as beautiful colours on a venomous reptile. Learning is a vain show, and knowledge mischievous, without the love of good-

ness, or the fear of evil. Children have fallen from careless parents into the hands of the executioner, in whom the means of distinguishing between right and wrong might have become a stock for knowledge to ripen on, and learning have preserved the fruits to posterity. Let not him despair who desires to know, or has power to teach—

There is in every human heart,
Some not completely barren part,
Where seeds of truth and love might grow
And flowers of generous virtue blow:
To plant, to watch, to water there,
This be our duty, be our care.

Bowring.

— — —
February 21.

St. Severianus, Bp. A. D. 452. *Sts German, Abbot, and Randaud*, or *Randould*, A. D. 666. *Sts. Daniel and Verda*, A. D. 344. *B. Pepin*, of Landen, A. D. 640.

BREAKFAST IN COLD WEATHER.

"Here it is," says the "Indicator," "ready laid. Imprimis, tea and coffee; secondly, dry toast; thirdly, butter; fourthly, eggs; fifthly, ham; sixthly, something potted; seventhly, bread, salt, mustard, knives and forks, &c. One of the first things that belong to a breakfast is a good fire. There is a delightful mixture of the lively and the snug in coming down into one's breakfast-room of a cold morning, and seeing every thing prepared for us; a blazing grate, a clean table-cloth and tea-things, the newly-washed faces and combed heads of a set of good-humoured urchins, and the sole empty chair at its accustomed corner, ready for occupation. When we lived alone, we could not help reading at meals: and it is certainly a delicious thing to resume an entertaining book at a particularly interesting passage, with a hot cup of tea at one's elbow, and a piece of buttered toast in one's hand. The first look at the page, accompanied by a coexistent bite of the toast, comes under the head of intensities."

THE SEASON.

The weather is now cold and mild alternately. In our variable climate we one day experience the severity of winter and a genial warmth prevails the next and, indeed, such changes are not unfrequently felt in the same day. Winter however, at this time breaks apace, and we have presages of the genial season.

Oxen, o'er the furrow'd soil,
 Urging firm their annual toil ;
 Trim cottages that here and there,
 Speckling the social tilth, appear :
 And spires, that as from groves they rise,
 Tell where the lurking hamlet lies :
 Hills white with many a bleating throng,
 And lakes, whose willowy banks along
 Herds or ruminant, or lave,
 Immersing in the silent wave.
 The sombre wood—the cheerful plain,
 Green with the hope of future grain :
 A tender blade, ere Autumn smile
 Benignant on the farmer's toil,
 Gild the ripe fields with mellowing hand,
 And scatter plenty through the land.

Baron Smith.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

White crocus. *Crocus versicolor*.
 Dedicated to *St. Servianus*.

February 22.

The Chair of St. Peter at Antioch. St. Margaret, of Cortona, A. D. 1297. Sts. Thalassius and Limneus. St. Baradat. St. Margaret.

She was a penitent, asked public pardon for her sins with a rope about her neck, punished her flesh, and worked miracles accordingly.*

Sts. Thalassius and Limneus.

St. Thalassius dwelt in a cavern, "and was endowed with extraordinary gifts of the Holy Ghost; but was a treasure unknown to the world." St. Limneus was his disciple, and "famous for miraculous cures of the sick," while his master "bore patiently the sharpest cholics, and other distempers, without any human succour"*

St. Baradat.

This saint lived in a trellis-hut, exposed to the severities of the weather, and clothed in the skins of beasts.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Herb Margaret. *Bellis perennis*.
 Dedicated to *St. Margaret, of Cortona*.

SPORTING CALENDAR.

A valued correspondent obliges the *Every-Day Book* with an original sketch, hasty and spirited as its hero, when the

sports of the field allured him from the pursuits of literature at college, and the domestic comforts of wife and home.

To the Editor.

To disburthen oneself of ennui, and to find rational amusement for every season of the year, is a grand desideratum in life. Luckily I have hit on't, and beg leave, as being the properest place, to give my recipe in the Everlasting Calendar you are compiling. I contrive then to give myself employment for every time of year. Neither lively Spring, glowing Summer, sober Autumn, nor dreary Winter, come amiss to me; for I have contrived to make myself an Universal Sportsman, and am become so devoted a page of Diana, that I am dangling at her heels all the year round without being tired of it. In bleak and frozen *January*, besides sliding, skating in figures, and making men of snow to frighten children with, by means of a lantern placed in a skull at the top of them, I now and then get a day's cock shooting when the frost breaks, or kill a few small birds in the snow. In lack of other game, a neighbour's duck, or goose, or a chicken, shot and pocketed as I sally out to the club dinner, are killed more easily than my dairymaid does it, poor things!

In *February*, the weather being rainy or mild, renders it worth my while to send my stud into Leicestershire for hunting again; and so my white horse Skyscraper, my old everlasting chestnut Silver-tail, the only good black in the hunt Sultan, and the brown mare Rosinante, together with Alfana the king of the Cock-tails, a hack or two, and a poney for errands, are "pyked off" pack and baggage for Melton; and then from the first purple dawn of daylight, when I set off to cover, to the termination of the day with cards, I have plenty of rational amusement. Next month, forbearing *March* hares, I shoot a few snipes before they are all gone, and at night prepare my fishing tackle for *April*, when the verdant meadows again draw me to the riverside to angle.

My wife has now rational employment for the rest of the Summer in catching and impaling the various flies of the season against my trout mania comes, which is usual early in *May*, when all her maids assist in this flyfowling sport. I have generally been successful in sport, but I shall never forget my disappointment

* Butler's Saints.

when on throwing in a flyline which was not baited by myself, I found that Sally, mistaking her new employment, had baited my hook with an earwig. In *June* I neglected my Grass for the same sport, and often let it stand till the Hay is spoiled by Swithin, who wipes his watery eyes with what ought to be my Winter's fodder. This gives me rational, though troublesome, employment in buying Hay or passing off the old at market. *July*, however, affords plenty of bobfishing, as I call it, for roach, dace, perch, and bleak. I also gudgeon some of my neighbours, and cast a line of an evening into their carp and tench ponds. I have not, thank my stars, either stupidity or patience enough for barbel. But in *August*, that is before the 12th, I get my trolling tackle in order, and am reminded of my old vermin college days, when shutting my room door, as if I was "sporting in" and cramming Euclid, I used to creep down to the banks of the Cam, and clapping my hands on my old rod, with his long line to him, exclaimed, in true Horatian measure, the only Latin line I ever cited in my life,

Progenie longa gaudes captare Johannes.

But, oh! the 12th day of *August*, that mountain holiday, ushered in by the ringing of the sheep bell—'tis then that, racketed in fustian, with a gun on my shoulder, and a powder horn belted to my side, I ramble the rough highland hills in quest of blackcocks and red game, get now and then a chance shot at a ptarmigan, and once winged a Capercaille on a pine tree at Invercauld. In hurrying home for the *First of September*, I usually pass through the fens of Lincolnshire, and there generally kill a wild duck or two. You must know I have, besides my pointers, setters, and spaniels, water dogs of every sort. Indeed my dog establishment would astonish Acteon. There are my harriers, Rockwood, Ringwood, Lasher, Jewler, Rallywood, and twenty more; my pointers, Ponto and Carlo; my spaniels, Dash and Old Grizzle; Hedgehog and Pompey, my water dogs. No one, I bet a crown, has better greyhounds than Fly and Dart are, nor a surer lurcher than Groveller. I say nothing of those inferior "Lares," my terriers—ratchatching Busy, Snap, and Nimbletoes, with whom, in the absence of other game, I go sometimes for a frolic

to a farmhouse, disguised as a ratcatcher, and take a shilling for ferret work.

But now I come to thy shrine, O lovely *Septembria*, thou fairest nymh in Diana's train, with rolling blue eyes as sharp and as true as those of a signal lieutenant; I come to court thee again, and may thy path be even paved with the skulls of partridges. Again I come to dine with thee on the leveret's back or pheasant's wings. We've wildboars' bladders for wine bottles, ramshorns for corkscrews, bugles for funnels, gunpowder for snuff, smoke for tobacco, woodcock's bills for toothpicks, and shot for sugar plums! I dare not proceed to tell you how many brace of birds Ponto and I bag the first day of shooting, as the long bow, instead of the fowling piece, might be called my weapon. But enough rodomontading.

I now come to *October*. Pheasants by all that's volatile! And then, after them, I go to my tailor and order two suits—scarlet for master Reynard, and a bottlegreen jacket for the harriers, top-boots, white corderoy inexpressibles, and a velvet cap. Then when the covers ring again with the hallowed music of harriers, I begin skylarking the gates and setting into wind to follow the foxhounds in *November*. When

*The dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn,
The Hounds all make a jovial cry,
And the Huntsman winds his horn.*

With three days in the week chace, and pretty little interludes of hunting with beagles, or of snipe shooting, I manage to get through *December* to the year's end. My snug Winter evenings are spent in getting ready my guns, smacking new hunting whips, or trying on new boots, while my old hall furnishes ample store of trophies, stags' horns hunted by my great grandfather, cross bows, guns, brushes won on rivals of Pegasus, and all sorts of odd old-fashioned whips, horns, and accoutrements, hanging up all round, which remind me of those days of yore when I remember the old squire and his sporting chaplain casting home on spent horses all bespattered from the chase, before I had ridden anything but my rocking horse. There then have I rational amusement all the year round. And much and sincerely do I praise thee, O Diana! greatest Diana of the Ephesians at thy feet will I repose my old and weatherbeaten carcass at last and invoke thy

paternal protection for my old age, thou who art *Hunting, Shooting, and Fishing* personified, the true *DIVA TRIFORMIS* of Antiquity.

Imminens Villæ tua Pinus esto,
Quam per exactos ego lætus annos,
Verris obliquum meditantis ictum,
Sanguine donem.

I have the honour to remain,
Yours ever,
JACK LARKING.

AN ADDRESS TO THE MOON,

To a "proper new" tune.

ORIGINAL.

No!—I have nothing new to say,
Why must ye wait to hear my story?
Go, get thee on thy trackless way,
There's many a weary mile before ye—
Get thee to bed, lest some poor poet,
Enraptur'd with thy phiz should dip
A pen in ink to let thee know it,
And (mindful not to let thee slip
His fingers) bid thy moonship stay
And list, what he might have to say

Yet I do love thee!—and if aught
The muse can serve thee, will petition
Her grace t' attend thine airy court,
And play the part of first musician—
But "ode," and "lines," "address," and
"sonnet,"
"To Luna dedicate," are now
So plentiful, that (fie upon it!)
She'll add no glory to thy brow,
But tell thee, in such strains as follow,
That thy mild sheen beats Phosphor hollow!

That thou art "fairest of the fair,"
Tho' Phœbus more that's grand possesses,
That tree and tower reflect thy glare,
And the glad stream thy ray confesses,
That, when thy silvery beams illumine
The landscape, nature seems bedight
With loveliness so rare, that few men
Have e'er been blessed with such a sight!
And all such *moonshine* :—but enough
Of this tame "milk and water" stuff. Δ

February 23.

St. Serenus, A. D. 307. *St. Milburge*.
B. Dositheus. *St. Peter Damian*, Card.
Bp. A. D. 1072. *St. Boisil*, Prior of
Melross.

St. Milburge, 7th Cent.

She was sister to *St. Mildred*, wore a hair cloth, and built the monastery of *Wenlock*, in *Shropshire*. One day being at *Stokes*, a neighbouring village, brother *Hierome Porter* says, that "a young gallant, soone to a prince of that countrey, was soe taken with her beautie, that he had a vehement desire to carrie her away by force and marrie her." *St. Milburge* fled from him and his companions till she had passed a little brook, called *Corfe*, which then suddenly swelled up and threatened her pursuers with destruction, wherefore they desisted. She ordered the wild geese who ate the corn of her monastic fields to be gone elsewhere, and they obeyed her as the waters did. After her death, her remains were discovered, in 1100, by two children sinking up to their knees in her grave, the dust whereof cured leprosies, restored the sight, and spoiled medical practice. A diseased woman at *Patton*, drinking of the water wherein *St. Milburge's* bones were washed, there came from her stomach "a filthie worme, ugly and horrible to behold, having six feete, two hornes on his head, and two on his tayle." Brother *Porter* tells this, and that the "worme was shutt up in a hollow piece of wood, and reserved afterwards in the monasterie, as a trophie, and monument of *S. Milburg*, untill by the lascivious furie of him that destroyed all goodnes in England, that, with other religious houses, and monasteries, went to ruine."* Hence the "filthie worme" was lost, and we have nothing instead but the Reformation.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Apricot. *Prunus Armeniaca*.
Dedicated to *St. Milburge*.

THE SEASON.

If ice still remain let those who tempt
it beware:—

The frost-bound rivers bear the weight
Of many a vent'rous elf;
Let each who crowds to see them skate
Be careful for himself:

For, like the world, deceitful ice
Who trusts it makes them rue:
'Tis slippery as the paths of vice,
And quite as faithless too.

* *Porter's Flowers of the Saints*



Stoning Jews in Lent.—A Custom.

From the sabbath before Palm-Sunday, to the last hour of the Tuesday after Easter, "the Christians were accustomed to stone and beat the Jews,"* and all Jews who desired to exempt themselves from the infliction of this cruelty, commuted for a payment in money. It was likewise ordained in one of the Catholic services, during Lent, that all orders of men should be prayed for except the Jews.† These usages were instituted and justified by a dreadful perversion of scripture, when rite and ceremony triumphed over truth and mercy. Humanity was dead, for superstition Molochized the heart.

From the dispersion of the Jews they have lived peaceably in all nations towards all, and in all nations been persecuted, imprisoned, tortured, and put to death, or massacred by mobs. In England, kings conspired with their subjects to oppress them. To say nothing of the well-known persecutions they endured under king John, the walls of London

were repaired with the stones of their dwellings, which his barons had pillaged and destroyed. Until the reign of Henry II., a spot of ground near Red-cross-street, in London, was the only place in all England wherein they were allowed to bury their dead.

In 1262, after the citizens of London broke into their houses, plundered their property, and murdered seven hundred of them in cold blood, King Henry III. gave their ruined synagogue in Lothbury to the friars called the fathers of the sackcloth. The church of St. Olave in the Old Jewry was another of their synagogues till they were dispossessed of it: were the sufferings they endured to be recounted we should shudder. Our old English ancestors would have laughed any one to derision who urged in a Jew's behalf, that he had "eyes," or "hands," "organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions;" or that he was "fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christ

* Mr. Fosbroke's *Erit. Mon.*

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ian is." They would have deemed a man mad had one been found with a desire to prove that

——— the poor *Jew*,

In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great
As when a *Christian* dies.

To say nothing of their more obvious sufferings for many centuries, the tide of public opinion raged against the Jews vehemently and incessantly. They were addressed with sneers and contumely; the finger of vulgar scorn was pointed at them; they were hunted through the streets in open day, and when protected from the extremity of violence, it was with tones and looks denoting that only a little lower hate sanctuaried their persons. In conversation and in books they were a by-word, and a jest.

A work printed in 1628, for popular entertainment, entitled "A Miscellany of Seriousness with Merriment, consisting of Witty Questions, Riddles, Jests," &c. tells this story as a good joke. A sea captain on a voyage, with thirty passengers, being overtaken by a violent tempest, found it necessary to throw half of them overboard, in order to lighten the vessel. Fifteen of the passengers were Christians, and the other fifteen were Jews, but in this exigency they unanimously agreed in the captain's opinion, and that he should place the whole thirty in a circle, and throw every ninth man over till only fifteen were left. To save the Christians, the captain placed his thirty passengers in this order, viz.: four Christians, five Jews; two Christians, one Jew; three Christians, one Jew; one Christian, two Jews; two Christians, three Jews; one Christian, two Jews; two Christians, one Jew. He began to number from the first of the four Christians thus:

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By this device, the captain preserved all the Christians, and *deaped* all the Jews.

Selden says, "Talk what you will of the Jews, that they are cursed, they thrive wherever they come: they are able to oblige the prince of their country by lending him money; none of them beg; they keep together; and for their being hated, my life for yours, Christians hate one another as much." This was true, but it is also true that three quarters of a

century have not elapsed since hatred to the Jews was a national feeling. In 1753, a bill was brought into the House of Lords for naturalizing the Jews, and relieving them from persecuting disabilities. It passed there on the ground that it would operate to the public advantage, by encouraging wealthy persons professing the Jewish religion to remove hither from foreign parts to the increase of the capital, commerce, and credit of the kingdom. The corporation of London in common council assembled, petitioned against it on the ground that it would dishonour the christian religion, endanger the constitution, and prejudice the interest and trade of the kingdom in general, and London in particular. A body of London merchants and traders also petitioned against it. Certain popular orators predicted that if the bill passed, the Jews would multiply so fast, become so rich, and get so much power, that their persons would be revered, their customs be imitated, and Judaism become the fashionable religion; they further alleged that the bill flew in the face of prophecy, which declared that the Jews should be scattered without a country or fixed habitation till their conversion, and that in short it was the duty of Christians to be unchristian. But the bill passed the commons after violent debates, and received the royal sanction. The nation was instantly in a ferment of horror and execration; and on the first day of the next session of parliament, ministers were constrained to bring in a bill to repeal the act of naturalization, and to the foul dishonour of the people of England at that period, the bill was repealed. From that hour to the present, the Jews have been subjected to their old pains, penalties, disqualifications, and privations. The enlightenment of this age has dispelled much of the darkness of the last. Yet the errors of public opinion then respecting the Jews, remain to be rectified now by the solemn expression of a better public opinion. Formerly, if one of the "ancient people" had said in the imploring language of the slave, "Am I not a man, and a brother?" he might have been answered, "No, you are not a man, but a Jew." It is not the business of the Jews to petition for justice, but it is the duty of Christians to be just.

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“the following circumstance is not more ridiculous than true;” and it proceeds to relate, that some years before, at Stamford, in the province of Connecticut, America, it was determined to build a church; but “though the church was much wanted, as many people in that neighbourhood were at a loss for a place of public worship, yet the work stood still a considerable time for want of nails (for it was a wooden building;) at last, a Jew merchant made them a present of a cask, amounting to four hundred weight, and thus enabled the church to proceed.” Such an act might make some Christians exclaim, “Almost thou persuadest me to be a *Jew* rather than remain a Jew-oppressor under the name of a Christian.” It is not, however, on private, but on open grounds and high principle, that justice should spontaneously be rendered to the Jews. The Jew and the Christian, the Catholic and the Protestant, the Episcopalian and the Dissenter, the Calvinist and the Arminian, the Baptist and the Unitarian, all persons, of all denominations, are willed and empowered by their common document to acts of justice and mercy, and they now meet as brethren in social life to perform them; but the unsued claim of their elder brother, the *Jew*, is acknowledged no where, save in the conscience of every “just-man made perfect.”

To extend the benefits of Education to the children of the humbler classes of Jews, is one of the first objects with their opulent and enlightened brethren. The “*Examiner*” Sunday newspaper of the 4th of February, 1825, cooperates in their benevolent views by an article of information particularly interesting:—

“On Friday last, the Jews held their anniversary, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, to celebrate their plan for the education of 600 boys and 300 girls, instituted April 20, 1818, in Bell-lane, Spitalfields. It was gratifying to contrast the consideration in which the Jews are now held in this country with

their illiberal and cruel treatment in former times; and it was no less gratifying to observe, that the Jews themselves are becoming partakers of the spirit of the present times, by providing for the education of the poor, which, till within a very few years past, had been too much neglected; another pleasing feature in the meeting was, that it was not an assemblage of Jews only, but attended by people of other denominations, both as visitors and subscribers. Samuel Joseph, Esq. the president, was in the chair. Some loyal and patriotic toasts were given, appropriate addresses were delivered by different gentlemen, and the more serious business, of receiving and announcing new subscriptions, was much enlivened by a good band of vocal and instrumental music. Among the subscriptions referred to, one was of a peculiarly generous nature. An unknown hand had forwarded to the treasurer on the two last meetings a sum of 200*l*. This year he received instructions to clothe all the children at the expense of the same generous donor. The procession of the children round the hall, was an agreeable scene at this important meeting. A poetical address in the Hebrew language was delivered by one of the boys, and an English translation of 1. by one of the girls, each with propriety of accent, and much feeling.”

A record testifying the liberal disposition and humane attention of the Jews to the welfare of their offspring, is not out of place in a work which notices the progress of manners; and it is especially grateful to him who places it on this page, that he has an opportunity of evincing his respect for generous and noble virtues, in a people whose residence in all parts of the world has advantaged every state, and to whose enterprise and wealth, as merchants and bankers, every government in Europe has been indebted. Their sacred writings and their literature have been adopted by all civilized communities, while they themselves have been fugitives every where, without security any where. They are

————— a people scatter'd wide indeed,
 Yet from the mingling world distinctly kept :
 Ages ago, the Roman standard stood
 Upon their ruins, yet have ages swept
 O'er Rome herself, like an o'erwhelming flood,
 Since down Jerus'lem's streets she pour'd her children's blood,
 And still the nation lives !

February 24.

St. Matthias, the Apostle. *Sts. Montanus, Lucius, Flavian, Julian, Victorinus, Primolus, Rhenus, and Donatian*, A. D. 259. *St. Lethard, or Luidhard*, Bp. A. D. 566. *B. Robert* of Arbrissel, A. D. 1116. *St. Pretextatus, or Prix*, Abp. A. D. 549. *St. Ethelbert*, King.

St. Ethelbert.

He was king of Kent, and, according to Butler, the first christian king. It was under him that St. Augustine found favour when he landed in England with his monks, and is said to have introduced Christianity to the English people; an assertion wholly unfounded, inasmuch as it had been diffused hither centuries before. Augustine established nothing but monasteries and monkery, and papal domination.

Bertha, the queen of Ethelbert, was a convert, and her spiritual director officiated, before Augustine's arrival, in the little church of St. Martin, situated just without Canterbury on the road to Margate; the present edifice is venerable for its site and its rude simplicity.

Ethelbert's power is said to have extended to the Humber, and hence he is often styled king of the English. He was subdued to the views of the papacy by Augustine. Ethelbert founded Canterbury cathedral, and built without the walls of the city, the abbey and church of St. Peter and St. Paul, the ruins of which are denominated at this day St. Augustine's monastery and Ethelbert's tower. The foundation of the cathedral of Rochester, St. Paul's at London, and other ecclesiastical structures, is ascribed to him. He died in 616. Sometimes he is called St. Albert, and churches are dedicated to him under that name.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 24th of February, 1809, died Mr. Jennings, of Galley-lane, near Barnet, Herts. A few days previous to his decease he called on Mr. Wm. Salmon, his carpenter, at Shenley-hill, to go with him and fix upon a spot for his vault. On the Sunday before his death he went on horseback to Shenley-hill, and stopped at the White Horse to have a glass of warm wine, with the same intention of going to Ridge; and afterwards, seeing the rev. Mr. Jefferson, endeavoured to buy the ground, but differed with him for two guineas. On the Monday, he

applied to Mr. Mars, of Barnet, for a vault there, but Mr. Jefferson sending him a note acceding to his terms, he opened it before Mr. Salmon and Dr. Booth, and after he had read it, showed it them, with this exclamation—"There, see what these fellows will do!" The day before he died he played at whist with Dr. Rumball, Dr. Booth, and his son, in bed: in the course of the evening he said, "The game is almost up." He afterwards informed his son, he had lent a person some money that morning, and desired him to see it repaid. To some friends he observed, that he should not be long with them, and desiring them to leave the room he called back his son, for the purpose of saying to him, "I gave William money for coals this morning; deducting the turnpike, mind he gives you eleven and eightpence in change when he comes home. Your mother always dines at three o'clock, get your dinner with her, I shall be gone before that time—and don't make any stir about me." He died at half-past two. This account is from the manuscript papers of the late Mr. John Almon, in possession of the editor.

Regarding the season, there is an old proverb worthy noticing:

February fill dike, be it black or be it white.
But if it be white, it's the better to like.

Old Proverb.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Great Fern. *Osmunda regalis*
Dedicated to *St. Ethelbert.*

February 25.

St. Tarasius, A. D. 806. *St. Victorinus*, A. D. 284. *St. Walburg*, Abbess. *St. Casarius*, A. D. 369.

St. Walburg

This saint, daughter of Richard, king of the West Saxons, also a saint, became a nun at Winburn in Dorsetshire, from whence, twenty-seven years after she had taken the veil, she went to Germany, and became abbess of a nunnery at Heidenheim in Suabia, where her brother governed an abbey of monks, which at his death, in 760, she also governed, and died in 779. His relics were distributed in the principal cities of the Low Countries, and the cathedral of Canter-

bury. The catalogue of relics in the electoral palace of Hanover, published there in 1713, mentions some of them there in a rich shrine. Butler calls them "rich particles." Part of her jawbone, at Antwerp, was visited and kissed by the archduke Albert and Isabella in 1615. An oily liquor flowed from her tomb, and was a sovereign remedy, till the chemists and apothecaries somehow or other got their simples and substances into superior reputation. Strange to say, these victors over relics have never been canonized, yet their names would not sound badly in the calendar: for instance, St. William Allen, of Plough-court; St. Anderson, of Fleet-street; St. Cribb, of High Holborn; St. Hardy, of Walworth; St. Fidler, of Peckham; St. Perfect, of Hammersmith; &c.

THE SEASON.

It is observed by Dr. Forster in the 'Perennial Calendar,' that about this season the purple spring crocus, *crocus vernus*, now blows, and is the latest of our crocuses. "It continues through March like the rest of the genus, and it varies with purple, with whitish, and with light blue flowers. The flowers appear before the leaves are grown to their full length. The vernal and autumnal crocus have such an affinity, that the best botanists only make them varieties of the same genus. Yet the vernal crocus expands its flowers by the beginning of March at farthest, often in very rigorous weather, and cannot be retarded by some violence offered; while the autumnal crocus, or saffron, alike defies the influence of the spring and summer, and will not blow till most plants begin to fade and run to seed.

On the Seasons of Flowering, by White.

Say, what impels, amid surrounding snow,
Congealed, the Crocus' flamy bud to glow?
Say, what retards, amid the Summer's blaze,
The autumnal bulb, till pale, declining days?
The God of Seasons, whose pervading power
Controls the sun, or sheds the fleecy shower:
He bids each flower his quickening word obey;
Or to each lingering bloom enjoins delay.

We may now begin to expect a succession of spring flowers; something new will be opening every day through the rest of the season."

FLOWERS

A writer under the signature CRITO in

the "Truth Teller" dilates most pleasantly in his fourth letter concerning flowers and their names. He says "the pilgrimages and the travelling of the mendicant friars, which began to be common towards the close of the twelfth century, spread this knowledge of plants and of medical nostrums far and wide. Though many of these vegetable specifics have been of late years erased from our Pharmacopœias, yet their utility has been asserted by some very able writers on physis, and the author of these observations has himself often witnessed their efficacy in cases where regular practice had been unavailing. Mr. Abernethy has alluded to the surprising efficacy of these popular vegetable diet drinks, in his book on the 'Digestive Organs.' And it is a fact, curiously corroborating their utility, that similar medicines are used by the North American Indians, whose sagacity has found out, and known from time immemorial, the use of such various herbs as medicines, which the kind, hospitable woods provide; and by means of which Mr. Whitlaw is now making many excellent cures of diseases." He then proceeds to mention certain plants noted by the monks, as flowering about the time of certain religious festivals: "The SNOWDROP, *Galanthus nivalis*, whose pure white and pendant flowers are the first harbingers of spring, is noted down in some calendars as being an emblem of the purification of the spotless virgin, as it blows about Candlemas, and was not known by the name of snowdrop till lately, being formerly called FAIR MAID OF FEBRUARY, in honour of our lady. Sir James Edward Smith, and other modern botanists, make this plant a native of England, but I can trace most of the wild specimens to some neighbouring garden, or old dilapidated monastery; and I am persuaded it was introduced into England by the monks subsequent to the conquest, and probably since the time of Chaucer, who does not notice it, though he mentions the daisy, and various less striking flowers. The LADYSMOCK, *Cardamine pratensis*, is a word corrupted of 'our lady's smock,' a name by which this plant (as well as that of *Chemise de notre Dame*) is still known in parts of Europe: it first flowers about Lady Tide, or the festival of the Annunciation, and hence its name. CROSS FLOWER, *Polygala Vulgaris*, which begins to flower about the Invention of the Cross, May 3

was also called *Rogation flower*, and was carried by maidens in the processions in Rogation week, in early times. The monks discovered its quality of producing milk in nursing women, and hence it was called *milkwort*. Indeed so extensive was the knowledge of botany, and of the medical power of herbs among the monks of old, that a few examples only can be adduced in a general essay, and indeed it appears that many rare species of exotics were known by them, and were inhabitants of their monastery gardens, which Beckmann in his '*Geshichte der Erfindungen*,' and Dryander in the '*Hortus Kewensis*,' have ascribed to more modern introducers. What is very remarkable is, that above three hundred species of medicinal plants were known to the monks and friars, and used by the religious orders in general for medicines, which are now to be found in some of our numerous books of pharmacy and medical botany, by new and less appropriate names; just as if the Protestants of subsequent times had changed the old names with a view to obliterate any traces of catholic science. Linnæus, however, occasionally restored the ancient names. The following are some familiar examples which occur to me, of all medicinal plants, whose names have been changed in later times. The *virgin's bower*, of the monastic physicians, was changed into *flammula Jovis*, by the new pharmacians; the *hedge hyssop*, into *gratiola*; the *St. John's wort* (so called from blowing about St. John the Baptist's day) was changed into *hypericum*; *fleur de St. Louis*, into *iris*; *palma Christi*, into *ricinus*; *our master wort*, into *imperatoria*; *sweet bay*, into *laurus*; *our lady's smock*, into *cardamine*; *Solomon's seal*, into *convallaria*; *our lady's hair*, into *trichomanes*; *balm*, into *melissa*; *marjorum*, into *origanum*; *crow-foot*, into *ranunculus*; *herb Trinity*, into *viola tricolor*; *avens* into *caryophyllata*; *coltsfoot*, into *tussilago*; *knee holy*, into *rascus*; *wormwood*, into *absinthium*; *rosemary*, into *rosmarinus*; *marygold*, into *calendula*, and so on. Thus the ancient names were not only changed, but in this change all the references to religious subjects, which would have led people to a knowledge of their culture among the monastic orders, were carefully left out. The THORN APPLE, *datura stramonium*, is not a native of England; it was introduced by the friars in early times of pilgrimage; and hence we see it on old

waste lands near abbeys, and on dunghills, &c. Modern botanists, however, have ascribed its introduction to gipsies, although it has never been seen among that wandering people, nor used by them as a drug. I could adduce many other instances of the same sort. But vain indeed would be the endeavour to overshadow the fame of the religious orders in medical botany and the knowledge of plants; go into any garden and the common name of *marygold*, *our lady's seal*, *our lady's bedstraw*, *holy oak*, (corrupted into *holyhock*;) the *virgin's thistle*, *St. Barnaby's thistle*, *herb Trinity*, *herb St. Christopher*, *herb St. Robert*, *herb St. Timothy*, *Jacob's ladder*, *star of Bethlehem*, now called *ornithogalum*; *star of Jerusalem*, now made *goatsbeard*; *passion flower*, now *passiflora*; *Lent lily*, now *daffodil*; *Canterbury bells*, (so called in honour of St. Augustine,) is now made into *Campanula*; *cursed thistle*, now *carduus*; besides *archangel*, *apple of Jerusalem*, *St. Paul's betony*, *Basil*, *St Berbe*, *herb St. Barbara*, *bishopsweed*, *herba Christi*, *herba Benedict*, *herb St. Margaret*, (erroneously converted into *la belle Marguerite*;) *god's flower*, *flos Jovis*, *Job's tears*, *our lady's laces*, *our lady's mantle*, *our lady's slipper*, *monk's hood*, *friar's cowl*, *St. Peter's herb*, and a hundred more such.—Go into any garden, I say, and these names will remind every one at once of the knowledge of plants possessed by the monks. Most of them have been named after the festivals and saints' days on which their natural time of blowing happened to occur; and others were so called, from the tendency of the minds of the religious orders on those days to convert every thing into a memento of sacred history, and the holy religion which they embraced."

It will be perceived that CRISTO is a Catholic. His floral enumeration is amusing and instructive; and as his bias is natural, so it ought to be inoffensive. Liberality makes a large allowance for educational feelings and habitual mistake; but deceptive views, false reasonings, and perverted facts, cannot be used, by either Protestant or Catholic, with impunity to himself, or avail to the cause he espouses.

Leo the XII. the present pope, on the 24th of May, 1824, put forth a bull from St. Peter's at Rome. "We have resolved" he says, "by virtue of the authority given

to us by heaven fully to unlock the sacred treasure composed of the merits, sufferings, and virtues of Christ our Lord, and of his Virgin Mother, and of all the saints, which the author of human salvation has intrusted to our dispensation. Let the earth therefore hear the words of his mouth. We proclaim that the year of Atonement and Pardon, of Redemption and Grace, of Remission and Indulgence is arrived. We ordain and publish the most solemn Jubilee, to commence in this holy city from the first vespers of the nativity of our most holy saviour, Jesus Christ, next ensuing, and to continue during the whole year 1825, during which time we mercifully give and grant in the Lord a Plenary Indulgence, Remission, and Pardon of all their Sins to all the Faithful of Christ of both sexes, truly penitent and confessing their sins, and receiving the holy communion, who shall devoutly visit the churches of blessed Peter and Paul, as also of St. John Lateran and St. Mary Major of this city for thirty successive days, provided they be Romans or inhabitants of this city; but, if pilgrims or strangers, if they shall do the same for fifteen days, and shall pour forth their pious prayers to God for the exaltation of the holy church, the extirpation of heresies, concord of catholic princes, and the safety and tranquillity of christian people." The pope requires "all the earth" to "therefore ascend, with loins girt up, to holy Jerusalem, this priestly and royal city."—He requires the clergy to explain "the power of Indulgences, what is their efficacy, not only in the remission of the canonical penance, but also of the temporal punishment," and to point out the succour afforded to those "now purifying in the fire of Purgatory."—However, in February, 1825, one of the public journals contains an extract from the French *Journal des Debats*, which states that there was "a great falling off in the devotion of saints and pilgrims," and it proves this by an article from Rome, dated January 25, 1825, of which the following is a copy:

"The number of pilgrims drawn to Jerusalem (Rome) by the Jubilee is remarkably small, compared with former Jubilees. Without adverting to those of 1300 and 1350, when they had at least a million of pilgrims; in 1750, they had 1,300 pilgrims presented on the 24th of December, at the opening of the holy gate. That number was increased to

8,400 before the ensuing New Year's day. This time (Christmas, 1824) they had no more than thirty-six pilgrims at the opening of the holy gate, and in the course of Christmas week, that number increased only to 440. This is explained by the strict measures adopted in the Italian states with respect to the passports of pilgrims. The police have taken into their heads, that a vast number of individuals from all parts of Europe wish to bring about some revolutionary plot. They believe that the *Carbonari*, or some other Italian patriots, assemble here in crowds to accomplish a dangerous object. The passports of simple labourers, and other inferior classes, are rejected at Milan, and the surrounding cities of Austrian Italy, when they have not a number of signatures, which these poor men consider quite unnecessary. They cannot enter the Sardinian states without great difficulty. These circumstances are deplorable in the eyes of religious men. We are all grieved at this place."

On this, the *Journal des Debats* remarks, "Notwithstanding the excuse for so great a reduction of late years in the number of these devotees, it has evidently been produced by the diffusion of knowledge. Men, in 1825, are not so simple as to suppose they cannot be saved, without a long and painful journey to Jerusalem (Rome.)"

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Peach. *Amygdalus Persica*.
Dedicated to *St. Walburg*.

February 26.

St. Alexander. *St. Porphyrius*, Bishop of Gaza, A. D. 420. *St. Victor*, or *Vitre*, 7th Cent.

St. Alexander.

This is the patriarch of Alexandria so famous in ecclesiastical history for his opposition to Arius whom, with St. Athanasius and Marcellus of Ancyra, as his especial colleagues, he resisted at the council of Nice, till Arius was banished, his books ordered to be burnt, and an edict issued denouncing death to any who secreted them. On the death of St. Alexander in 420, St. Athanasius succeeded to his patriarchal chair.

FOGS.

The fogs of England have been at all times the complaint of foreigners. Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, when

some one who was going to Spain waited on him to ask whether he had any commands, replied, "Only my compliments to the sun, whom I have not seen since I came to England."—Carraccioli, the Neapolitan minister here, a man of a good deal of conversation and wit, used to say, that the only *ripe fruit* he had seen in England were *roasted apples!* and in a conversation with George II. he took the liberty of preferring the *moon* of Naples to the *sun* of England.

On seeing a *LADY* walking in the SNOW.

I saw fair *JULIA* walk alone,
When feather'd rain came softly down,
'Twas *JOVE* descending from his tower,
To court her in a silver shower,
A wanton flake flew on her breast,
As happy dove into its nest,
But rivall'd by the whiteness there,
For grief dissolv'd into a tear,
And falling to her garment's hem,
To deck her waist, froze to a gem.

FLORAL DIRECTORY

Lesser Periwinkle. *Vinca minor.*
Dedicated to *St. Victor.*

February 27.

St. Leander, Bishop, A. D. 596. *St. Julian*, *Chronion*, and *Besas*. *St. Thalilæus*. *St. Galmier*, or *Baldomerus*, A. D. 650. *St. Nestor*, A. D. 250. *St. Alnoth*.

St. Thalilæus.

This saint was a weeper in Syria. He hermitized on a mountain during sixty years, wept almost without intermission for his sins, and lived for ten years in a wooden cage.

St. Galmier

Was a locksmith at Lyons, and lived in great poverty, for he bestowed all he got on the poor, and sometimes his tools. An abbot gave him a cell to live in, he died a subdeacon about 650, and his relics worked miracles to his fame, till the Hugonots destroyed them in the sixteenth century.

St. Alnoth

Was bailiff to *St. Wereburge*, became an anchoret, was killed by robbers, and had his relics kept at *Stow*, near *Wedon*, in *Northamptonshire*.

TIME.

'Time is the stuff that life is made of,' says *Young*.

"*BEGONE about your business,*" says the dial in the Temple: a good admonition to a loiterer on the pavement below.

The great French chancellor, *d'Aguesseau*, employed *all* his time. Observing that *madame d'Aguesseau* always delayed ten or twelve minutes before she came down to dinner, he composed a work entirely in this time, in order not to lose an instant; the result was, at the end of fifteen years, a book in three large volumes quarto, which went through several editions.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Lungwort. Pulmonaria officinalis.
Dedicated to *Leander.*

February 28.

Martyrs to the Pestilence in Alexandria, 261, &c. *St. Proterius*, Patriarch of Alexandria, 557. *Sts. Romanus* and *Lupicinus*.

Sts. Romanus and *Lupicinus*.

These saints were brothers, who founded the monastery of *Condate* with a nunnery, in the forest of *Jura*. *St. Lupicinus* prescribed a hard regimen. He lived himself on bread moistened with cold water, used a chair or a hard board for a bed, wore no stockings in his monastery, walked in wooden shoes, and died about 480.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Purple Crocus. Crocus vernus.
Dedicated to *St. Proterius*.

Five Sundays in February.

The February of 1824, being leap-year, consisted of twenty-nine days; it contained five Sundays, a circumstance which cannot again occur till another leap-year, wherein the first of February shall fall on Sunday.

FOR THE MEMORY

Old Memorandum of the Months.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November,
All the rest have thirty and one,
Except February, which hath twenty-eight
alone.



MARCH.

—Sturdy March with brows full sternly bent
 And armed strongly, rode upon a ram,
 The same which over Hellespontus swam;
 Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
 And in a bag all sorts of weeds ysame,
 Which on the earth he strewed as he went,
 And fill'd her womb with fruit:full hope of nourishment. *Spenser.*

MARCH is the *third* month of the year; with the ancients it was the first: according to Mr. Leigh Hunt, from Ovid, the Romans named it from Mars, the god of war, because he was the father of their first prince. "As to the deity's nature, March has certainly nothing in common with it; for though it affects to be very rough, it is one of the best natured months in the year, drying up the superabundant moisture of winter with its fierce winds, and thus restoring us our paths through the fields, and piping before the flowers like a bacchanal. He sometimes, it must be confessed, as if in a fit of the spleen, hinders the buds which he has dried from blowing; and it is allowable in the less robust part of his friends out of doors, to object to the fancy he has for coming in such a cutting manner from the east. But it may be truly said, that the oftener you

meet him firmly, the less he will shake you; and the more smiles you will have from the fair months that follow him."

Perhaps the ascription of this month to Mars, by the Romans, was a compliment to themselves; they were the sons of War, and might naturally deduce their origin from the belligerent deity. Minerva was also patroness of March.

Verstegan says of our Saxon ancestors, that "the moneth of March they called *Lenct-monat*, that is, according to our new orthography, *Length-moneth*, because the dayes did then first begin in length to exceed the nights. And this moneth being by our ancestors so called when they received Christianity, and consequently therewith the ancient christiar custome of fasting, they called this chiefe season of fasting the fast of *Lenct*, because of the *Lenct-monat*, whereon the most

part of the time of this fasting always fell; and hereof it cometh that we now call it *Lent*, it being rather the fast of *Lent*, though the former name of *Leuctomonat* be long since lost, and the name of *March* borrowed in stead thereof." *Lenct*, or *Lent*, however, means *Spring*; hence *March* was the *Spring*-month. Dr. Sayer says the Saxons likewise called it *Rhedmonath*, a word derived by some from one of their deities, named *Rheda*, to whom sacrifices were offered in *March*; others derive it from *ræd*, the Saxon word for council, *March* being the month wherein wars or expeditions were usually undertaken by the Gothic tribes. The Saxons also called it *Hlyd-monath*, from *hlyd*, which means stormy, and in this sense *March* was the *Stormy* month.

No living writer discourses so agreeably on the "Months" as Mr. Leigh Hunt in his little volume bearing that title. He says of *March*, that—"The animal creation now exhibit unequivocal signs of activity. The farmer extends the exercise of his plough; and, if fair weather continues, begins sowing barley and oats. Bats and reptiles break up their winter sleep: the little smelts or sparlings run up the softened rivers to spawn: the field-fare and woodcock return to their northern quarters; the rooks are all in motion with building and repairing their nests; hens sit; geese and ducks lay; pheasants crow; the ring-dove coos; young lambs come tottering forth in mild weather; the throstle warbles on the top of some naked tree, as if he triumphed over the last lingering of barrenness; and, lastly, forth issues the bee with his vernal trumpet, to tell us that there is news of sunshine and the flowers.—In addition to the last month's flowers, we now have the crown-imperial, the dog's-tooth violet, fritillaries, the hyacinth, narcissus, (bending its face like its namesake,) pilewort, scarlet ranunculus, great snow-drop, tulips, (which turned even the Dutch to enthusiasts,) and violets, proverbial for their odour, which were perhaps the favourite flowers of Shakspeare. The passage at the beginning of 'Twelfth Night,' in which he compares their scent with the passing sweetness of music is well-known, and probably suggested the beautiful one in lord 'Bacon's Essays,' about the superiority of flowers in the open air, 'where the scent comes and goes like the warbling of music.'"

No. 11.

Now, Winter, dispossessed of storms,
and weak from boisterous rage,

————— Ling'ring on the verge of Spring,
Retires reluctant, and from time to time
Looks back, while at his keen and chilling
breath

Fair Flora sickens.

March 1.

St. David, Archbishop, A. D. 544. *St. Swidbert*, or *Swibert*, A. D. 713. *St. Albinus*, Bishop, A. D. 549. *St. Monan*, A. D. 874.

ST. DAVID.

Patron of Wales.

St. David, or, in Welch, *Dewid*, was son of *Xantus*, prince of *Cardiganshire*, brought up a priest, became an ascetic in the *Isle of Wight*, afterwards preached to the Britons, founded twelve monasteries, ate only bread and vegetables, and drank milk and water. A synod being called at *Brevy*, in *Cardiganshire*, A. D. 519, in order to suppress the heresy of *Pelagius*, "St. David confuted and silenced the infernal monster by his learning, eloquence, and miracles." After the synod, *St. Dubritius*, archbishop of *Caerleon*, resigned his see to *St. David*, which see is now called *St. David's*. He died in 544. *St. Kentigern* saw his soul borne by angels to heaven; his body was in the church of *St. Andrew*. In 962, his relics were translated to *Glastonbury*.*

Butler conceals that *St. David's* mother was not married to his father, but *Cressy* tells the story out, and that his birth was prophesied of thirty years before it happened.

One of the miracles alleged of *St. David* is, that at the anti-Pelagian synod he restored a child to life, ordered it to spread a napkin under his feet, and made an oration; that a snow white dove descended from heaven and sat on his shoulders; and that the ground whereon he stood rose under him till it became a hill, "on the top of which hill a church was afterwards built, which remains to this day." He assembled a provincial synod to confirm the decrees of *Brevy*; and wrote the proceedings of both synods for preservation in his own church, and to be sent to the other churches of the province; but they were lost by age, negligence, and the incursions of pirates, who almost every summer came

* *Butler's Saints.*

in long boats from the Orkneys, and wasted the coasts of Cambria. He invited St. Kined to this synod, who answered that he had grown crooked, distorted, and too weak for the journey; whereupon ensued "a double miracle," for "St. Kined having been restored to health and straightness by the prayers of St. David, by his own prayers he was reduced again to his former infirmity and crookedness." After this synod he journeyed to the monastery of Glastonbury, which he had built there and consecrated, with intent to repair it, and consecrate it again; whereupon "our Lord appearing to him in his sleep, and forbidding him to profane the sacred ceremony before performed, he, in testimony, with his finger pierced a hole in the bishop's hand, which remained open to the view of all men till the end of the next day's mass." Before his death "the angel of the lord appeared to him, and said to him, Prepare thyself." Again: "When the hour of his departure was come, our Lord Jesus Christ vouchsafed his presence, to the infinite consolation of our holy father, who at the sight of him exulted." More to the same purpose is alleged by the catholic writers respecting him. Such as, that at his death "being associated to a troop of angels, he with them mounted up to heaven," and that the event was known "by an angel divulging it." This is Cressy's account.

According to another biographer of St. David, he was uncle to the famous prince Arthur, or, strictly speaking, half uncle, if St. David's illegitimacy be authentic. The same author relates of him, that on his

way from building the church of Glastonbury he went to Bath, cured an infection of the waters, and by his prayers and benediction gave them the perpetual heat they still retain. On the same authority, St. David's posthumous virtue, in the reign of king Stephen, occasioned the brook above the church-yard of St. David's church to run wine, by miracle: the well near it, called Pisteldewy or the conduit of David, sent forth milk instead of water. Also a boy, that endeavoured to take pigeons from a nest in St. David's church at Lhannons, had his fingers miraculously fastened to the stone, till by his friends' watching, fasting, and praying before the altar three days and nights, the stone fell from his hand. "Manie thousands of other miracles have been wrought by the merits of this holy man, which for brevities sake we omitt. I only desire all true-hearted Welchmen allwaies to honour this their great patrone and protector, and supplicate the divine goodnes to reduce his sometimes beloved countrey out of the blindnes of *Protestancie*, groveling in which it languisheth. Not only in Wales, but all England over is most famous in memorie of St. David. But in these our unhappie daies the greatest part of his solemnitie consisteth in wearing of a greene leeke, and it is a sufficient theme for a zealous Welchman to ground a quarrell against him, that doeth not honour his capp with the like ornament that day." So saith Porter.

This legend has been the theme of successive writers, with more or less of variation, and much of addition.

Inscription for a monument in the Vale of Ewias.

Here was it, stranger, that the *Patron Saint*
Of *Cambria* past his age of penitence,
A solitary man; and here he made
His hermitage, the roots his food, his drink
Of Hodney's mountain stream. Perchance thy youth
Has read, with eager wonder, how the knight
Of Wales, in Ormandine's enchanted bower
Slept the long sleep: and if that in thy veins
Flow the pure blood of Britain, sure that blood
Hath flowed with quicker impulse at the tale
Of DAVID's deeds, when thro' the press of war
His gallant comrades followed his *green crest*
To conquest. Stranger! Hatterill's mountain heights
And this fair vale of Ewias, and the stream
Of Hodney, to thine after-thoughts will rise
More grateful, thus associate with the name
Of David, and the deeds of other days.

MR. SOUTHEY

St. David's Day.

Wearing the Leek.

Mr. Brady, in the "Clavis Calendaria," affirms that the custom of wearing the leek on St. David's day is derived from St. David; who, according to him, caused the Britons under king Cadwallader to distinguish themselves from their enemies during a great battle, wherein they conquered the Saxons by virtue of his prayers and that regulation. Unfortunately he lays no ground for this positive statement, and the same misfortune attends almost every representation in his book, which would really be useful if he had pointed to his sources of information. A work professing to state facts without referring to authorities has no claim to confidence, whoever may be its author.

For any thing in the shape of ancient and authentic statement to the contrary, the institution of wearing the leek on St. David's day by the saint himself, may rest on a Jeffrey of Monmouth authority, or on legends of no higher estimation with the historian, than "The famous History of the Seven Champions of Christendom," by Richard Johnson.

Shakspeare, whose genius appropriated every thing that his extraordinary faculty of observation marked for its own, introduces this custom of the Welch wearing leeks upon St. David's day into his play of King Henry V.

Enter Pistol to King Henry.

Pistol. *Qui va là ?*

K. Henry. A friend.

P. What's thy name?

K. H. Harry le Roy.

P. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

K. H. No, I am a Welchman.

P. Knowest thou Fluellen?

K. H. Yes.

P. Tell him, I'll knock his *leek* about his pate

Upon St. David's day.

K. H. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock *that* about yours.

It is again referred to in a dialogue between Henry V. and Fluellen.

Fluellen. Your grandfather of famous

memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle, Edward, the black prince, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Henry. They did, Fluellen.

F. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welchmen did goot service in a garden where *leeks* did grow, wearing *leeks* in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty knows, is an honourable padge of the service: and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the *leek* upon *Saint Tavy's day*

K. H. I wear it for a memorable honour: for I am a *Welch*, you know, good countryman.

This allusion by Fluellen to the Welch having worn the leek in a battle under the black prince, is not, perhaps, as some writers suppose, wholly decisive of its having originated in the fields of Cressy or Poitiers; but it shows that when Shakspeare wrote, Welchmen wore leeks. In the same play, the well-remembered Fluellen's enforcement of Pistol to eat the *leek* he had ridiculed, further establishes the wearing it as a usage. Fluellen wears his leek in the battle of Agincourt, which it will be recollected takes place in this play, and is there mentioned, as well as in the chronicles, to have been "fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus," in the month of October. The scene between Fluellen and Pistol takes place the day after this battle.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Why wear you your *leek* to-day? *St. David's day* is past.

Fluellen. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things.—The rascally, scald, peggarly, pragging knave, Pistol, a fellow look you now of no merits, he is come to me with pread and salt yes terday, look you, and pid me eat my *leek*. it was in a place where I could not preed no contentions with him, but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then—(*Enter Pistol*)—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvey knave, Got pless you!

P. Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of *leek*.

G. I p̄seech you heartily scurvy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this *leek*.

P. Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

F. There is one goat for you. (*strikes him.*) Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

P. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

F. I desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come there is sauce for a *leek*.—(*strikes him.*) If you can mock a *leek*, you can eat a *leek*.

By beating and taunt, Fluellen forces Pistol to eat the leek, and on its being wholly swallowed, Fluellen exhorts him "when you take occasions to see *leeks* hereafter, I pray you, mock at them, that is all!" Having thus accomplished his purpose, Fluellen leaves Pistol to digestion, and the consolation of Gower, who calls him "counterfeit cowardly knave: will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable aspect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words?"

Here we have Gower speaking of the custom of the Welch wearing leeks as "an ancient tradition," and as "a memorable trophy of predeceased valour." Thoroughly versed in the history of the few reigns preceding the period wherein he lived, it is not likely that Shakspeare would make a character in the time of Henry V. refer to an occurrence under the black prince, little more than half a century before the battle of Agincourt, as an affair of "ancient tradition." Its origin may be fairly referred to a very early period.

A contributor to a periodical work* rejects the notion, that wearing *leeks* on St. David's day originated at the battle between the Welch and the Saxons in the sixth century; and thinks it more probable that *leeks* were a *druidic* symbol employed in honour of the British *Ceudven* or Ceres. In which hypothesis, he thinks, there is nothing strained or far-fetched, presuming that the Druids were a branch of the Phœnician priesthood. Both were addicted to oak worship; and during the funereal rites of Adonis at Byblos, *leeks* and onions were exhibited in "pots with other vegetables, and called the gardens of that deity." The *leek* was worshipped at *Ascalon*, (whence the modern term of *Scallions*), as it was in Egypt. *Leeks* and

onions were also deposited in the sacred chests of the mysteries both of Isis and Ceres, the *Ceudven* of the Druids; *leeks* are among the Egyptian hieroglyphics; sometimes a *leek* is on the head of Osiris; and at other times grasped in an extended hand; and thence, perhaps, the Italian proverb, "*Porro che nasce nella mano,*" a *leek* that grows in the hand, for a virtue. *Porrus*, a *leek*, is derived by Bryant from the Egyptian god Pi-orus, who is the same as the *Beal Peor* of the Phœnicians, and the *Bel* or *Bellinis* of the Druids. These accordances are worth an ancient Briton's consideration.

Ridicule of national peculiarities was formerly a pleasantry that the English freely indulged in. They seemed to think that different soil was good ground for a laugh at a person, and that it justified coarse and insolent remarks. In an old satirical tract there is the following sneer at the Welch:

"A WELCHMAN, Is the Oyster that the Pearl is in, for a man may be pickt out of him. He hath the abilities of the mind in *potentiâ*, and *actu* nothing but boldnesse. His Clothes are in fashion before his Bodie; and he accounts boldnesse the chiefest vertue. Above all men he loves a Herrald, and speaks pedigrees naturally. He accompts none well descended that call him not Cosen, and prefers *Owen Glendower* before any of the nine worthies. The first note of his familiaritie is the confession of his valour; and so he prevents quarrels. Hee voucheth Welch a pure, an unconquered language; and courts Ladies with the storie of their Chronicle. To conclude, he is pretious in his own conceit, and upon St. David's day without comparison."*

Not quite so flouting is a poetical satire called,

The Welchman's Song in praise of Wales

It's come not here to tauke of Prut,
From whence the Welse dos take hur root,
Nor tell long pedegree of Prince Camber,
Whose linage would fill full a chamber;
Nor sing the deeds of ould Saint Davie,
The Ursip of which would fill a navie,
But hark you me now, for a liddell tales
Sall make a great deal to the credit of Wales,

* "A wife, now the widow of sir Thomas Overburge, being a most exquisite and singular poem of the choice of a wife, whereunto are added many witty characters," &c. London, printed for Lawrence Lisle, 4to. 1614.

* "Gazette of Fashion," March 9, 1822.

For hur will tudge your eares,
 With the praise of hur thirteen seers;
 And make you as glad and merry,
 As fourteen pot of perry.

There are four other stanzas; one of them mentions the *leek* :

But all this while was never think
 A word in praise of our Welse drink :
 Yet for aull that is a cup of bragat
 Aull England seer may cast his cap at.
 And what you say to ale of Webley,
 Toudge him as well, you'll praise him trebly
 As well as metheglin, or syder, or meath,
 Sall sake it your dagger quite out o' the seath.
 And oat cake of Guarthenion,
 With a goodly *leek* or onion,
 To give as sweet a rellis
 As e'er did Harper Ellis.*

In "Time's Telescope," an annual volume already mentioned for its pleasant varieties and agreeable information, there is a citation of flouting lines from "Poor Robin's Almanac," of 1757, under the month of *March* :

The *first of this month* some do keep,
 For honest Taff to wear his *leek* ;
 Who patron was, they say, of Wales,
 And since that time, cuts-plutter-a nails,
 Along the street this day doth strut
 With hur green *leek* stuck in hur hat,
 And if hur meet a shentleman
 Salutes in Welch ; and if hur can
 Discourse in Welch, then hur shall be
 Amongst the green-horned Taffy's free.

The lines that immediately succeed the above, and follow below, are a versified record of public violence to the Welch character, which Englishmen in this day will read with surprise :

But it would make a stranger laugh
 To see th' English hang poor Taff ;
 A pair of breeches and a coat,
 Hat, shoes and stockings, and what not ;
 All stuffed with hay to represent
 The Cambrian hero thereby meant ;
 With sword sometimes three inches broad,
 And other armour made of wood,
 They drag hur to some publick tree,
 And hang hur up in effigy.

These barbarous practices of more barbarous times have disappeared as knowledge has advanced.

St. David's day in London is the Anniversary of "the most Honourable and Loyal Society of Ancient Britons," es-

tablished in 1714 ; they celebrate it with festivity in behalf of the Welch charity school in Grays-inn-road, which was instituted in 1718 for boarding, clothing, and educating 80 boys and 25 girls, born of Welch parents, in or within ten miles of the metropolis, and not having a parochial settlement within those limits. This institution has the king for patron as prince of Wales, and is supported by voluntary contributions. The "Ancient Britons," according to annual custom, go in procession to the royal residence on St. David's day, and receive the royal bounty. The society are in carriages, and each wears an artificial representation of the *leek* in his hat, composed of ribbands and silver foil. They have been sometimes accompanied by horsemen decorated in the same way, and are usually preceded by marshals, also on horseback, wearing *leeks* of larger dimension in their hats, and ornamented with silk scarfs. In this state they proceed from the school-house to some adjacent church, and hear a discourse delivered on the occasion, by a prelate or other dignified clergyman. The day is concluded by an elegant dinner under the regulation of stewards, when a collection is made for the institution, and a handsome sum is generally contributed.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Leek. Album Porrum.
 Dedicated to *St. David.*

March 2.

St. Ceada, or Chad. Martyrs under the Lombards, 6th Cent. St. Simplicius, Pope A. D. 483. St. Marnan, A. D. 620. St. Charles the Good, Earl of Flanders, A. D. 1124. St. Joavan, or Joevin.

St. Chad, A. D. 673.

His name is in the calendar of the church of England. He was founder of the see, and bishop of Lichfield. According to Bede, joyful melody as of persons sweetly singing descended from heaven into his oratory for half an hour, and then mounted again to heaven. This was to presage his death, and accordingly he died, attended by his brother's soul and musical angels.

St. Chad's Well

Is near Battle-bridge. The miraculous water is aperient, and was some years ago quaffed by the bilious and other invalids, who flocked thither in crowds, to drink at

* "An Antidote against Melancholy," 4to 1661.

the cost of sixpence, what people of these latter days by "the ingenious chemists' art," can make as effectual as St. Chad's virtues "at the small price of one half-penny."

If any one desire to visit this spot of ancient renown, let him descend from Holborn-bars to the very bottom of Grays-inr-lane. On the left-hand side formerly stood a considerable hill, whereon were wont to climb and browse certain mountain goats of the metropqlis, in common language called swine; the hill was the largest heap of cinder-dust in the neighbourhood of London. It was formed by the annual accumulation of some thousands of cart loads, since exported to Russia for making bricks to rebuild Moscow, after the conflagration of that capital on the entrance of Napoleon. Opposite to this unsightly site, and on the right-hand side of the road is an angle-wise faded inscription:



It stands, or rather dejects, over an elderly pair of wooden gates, one whereof opens on a scene which the unaccustomed eye may take for the pleasure-ground of Giant Despair. Trees stand as if made not to vegetate, clipped hedges seem willing to decline, and nameless weeds straggle weakly upon unlimited borders. If you look upwards you perceive painted on an octagon board "Health Restored and Preserved." Further on towards the left, stands a low, old-fashioned, comfortable-looking, large windowed dwelling; and ten to one, but there also stands, at the open door, an ancient ailing female, in a black bonnet, a clean coloured cotton gown, and a check apron; her silver hair only in part tucked beneath the narrow border of a frilled cap, with a sedate and patient, yet, somewhat inquiring look. This is "the Lady of the *Well*." She gratuitously informs you, that "the gardens" of "St. Chad's well" are "for circulation" by paying for the water, of which you may drink as much, or as little, or nothing, as you please, at one guinea per year, 9s. 6d. quarterly, 4s. 6d. monthly, or

1s. 6d. weekly. You qualify for a single visit by paying sixpence, and a large glass tumbler full of warm water is handed to you. As a stranger, you are told, that "St. Chad's well was famous at one time." Should you be inquisitive, the dame will instruct you, with an earnest eye, that "people are not what they were," "things are not as they used to be," and she "can't tell what'll happen next." Oracles have not ceased. While drinking St. Chad's water you observe an immense copper into which it is poured, wherein it is heated to due efficacy, and from whence it is drawn by a cock, into the glasses. You also remark, hanging on the wall, a "tribute of gratitude" versified, and inscribed on vellum, beneath a pane of glass stained by the hand of time and let into a black frame: this is an effusion for value received from St Chad's invaluable water. But, above all, there is a full-sized portrait in oil, of a stout, comely personage, with a ruddy countenance, in a coat or cloak, supposed scarlet, a laced cravat falling down the breast, and a small red night cap carelessly placed on the head, conveying the idea that it was painted for the likeness of some opulent butcher who flourished in the reign of queen Anne. Ask the dame about it, and she refers you to "Rhone." This is a tall old man, who would be taller if he were not bent by years. "I am ninety-four," he will tell you, "this present year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five." All that he has to communicate concerning the portrait is, "I have heard say it is the portrait of St. Chad." Should you venture to differ, he adds, "this is the opinion of most people who come here." You may gather that it is his own undoubted belief. On pacing the garden alleys, and peeping at the places of retirement, you imagine the whole may have been improved and beautified for the last time by some countryman of William III., who came over and died in the same year with that king, and whose works here, in wood and box, have been following him piecemeal ever since.

St. Chad's well is scarcely known in the neighbourhood, save by its sign-board of invitation and forbidding externals. An old American loyalist, who has lived in Pentonville ever since "the rebellion" forced him to the mother country, enters to "totter not unseen" between the stunted hedgerows; it was the first "place

of pleasure" he came to after his arrival, and he goes no where besides,—“every thing else is so altered.” For the same reason, a tall, spare, thin-faced man, with dull grey eyes and underhung chin, from the neighbourhood of Bethnal-green, walks hither for his “Sunday morning’s exercise,” to untruss a theological point with a law clerk, who also attends the place because his father, “when he was apprentice to Mr. — the great law stationer in Chancery-lane in 1776, and sat writing for sixteen hours a day, received great benefit from the waters, which he came to drink fasting, once a week.” Such persons from local attachment, and a few male and female atrabularians, who without a powerful motive would never breathe the pure morning air, resort to this spot for their health. St. Chad’s well is haunted, not frequented. A few years and it will be with its water as with the water of St. Pancras’ well, which is enclosed in the garden of a private house, near old St. Pancras’ churchyard.

Holy Wells.

The *holy* wells of London have all declined in reputation, even to St. Bride’s well, whose fame gave the name of Bride-well to an adjoining hospital and prison, and at last, attached the name to every house of correction throughout the kingdom. The last public use of the water of St. Bride’s well drained it so much, that the inhabitants of St. Bride’s parish could not get their usual supply. This exhaustion was effected by a sudden demand. Several men were engaged in filling thousands of bottles, a day or two before the 19th of July 1821, on which day his majesty, king George IV. was crowned at Westminster; and Mr. Walker of the hotel, No. 10, Bridge-street, Blackfriars, purveyor of water to the coronation, obtained it, by the only means through which the sainted fluid is now attainable, from the cast-iron pump over St. Bride’s well, in Bride-lane.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Dwarf Cerastium. *Cerastium pumilum.*

Dedicated to *St. Chad*

March 3.

St. Cunegundes, Empress, A. D. 1040.
Sts. Marinus and *Asterius*, or *Astyrius*.
St. Emeterius, or *Madir*, and *St. Chelidonium*. *St. Winwaloe*, Abbot, A. D. 529. *St. Lamalisse*, 7th Cent.

Sts. Emeterius and Chelidonium.

Two Spanish saints, famous against hailstorms. When hailstorms come on, the clergy proceed thus:

1. They make a procession to the church.
2. They put lighted candles on the altar.
3. They sing a hymn to these saints.
4. They chaunt the antiphona.
5. They sing the praises of these saints.

By the time this chain is linked, the storm finishes.

CHRONOLOGY

On the 3d of March, 1792, died Robert Adam, Esq. He was born at Kirkcaldy, in Fifeshire, in 1728, educated at the university of Edinburgh, devoted himself to architecture, went to Italy to study its ancient remains, became proficient in his profession, and rose to its highest honours: he was appointed architect to their majesties, and chosen fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies of London and Edinburgh. In conjunction with his brother, Mr. James Adam, who died 20th November 1794, he built some of the finest of our modern mansions. His genius and acquirements adorned London with several structures, eminently superior in beauty to those which arose around him under the direction of other hands; but the work for which the Adams are chiefly celebrated, is the elegant range of buildings called the *Adelphi*. This Greek word, denoting the relationship of brothers, was conferred in compliment to the brothers, by whose intellect and science, in opposition to long vitiated taste, and difficulties deemed impracticable, these edifices were elevated. It is related that soon after their completion, a classically educated gentleman being present at a public dinner, and intending to toast the Messrs. Adams, who were also present, begged to give “the *Adelphi* ;” and that this occasioned a worthy citizen to exclaim, “ Bless me! it’s a very odd toast; what

drink the health of a parcel of houses! However, oh, oh! ah, ah! I see! yes, yes! oh, the witty rogue! What, the street's in a healthy spot! so it is; very healthy! Come I'll drink its health with all my heart!—Here's the Adelphi Terrace! I'll stand up to it, (*rising*) and I hope it will never go down!"

Garrick resided in one of the houses of the Adelphi until his death, and was a friend of the Adams, who indeed were intimate with most of the eminent men in art and literature. Before the Adelphi was finished, the late Mr. Thomas Becket, the bookseller, desired the corner house of Adam-street, then building as a spa-

acious avenue by the Adams to their terrace and the adjacent thoroughfares. Garrick anxious to secure the commanding corner for his friend Becket, wrote a warm-hearted letter in his behalf to Messrs. Adam. The letter has never been published, and being in the possession of the editor of the *Every-Day Book*, he inserts a copy of it, with a correct *fac-simile* of the commencement and conclusion. This hasty unstudied note, warm from the feelings, is testimony of Garrick's zeal for a friend's success, and of his qualifications as a solicitor to promote it: there is in it

— a grace beyond the reach of art.

Hampden
Monday
P.

My dear Adelphi:

I forgot to speak to you last Saturday about our friend Becket.—We shall all break our hearts if he is not bookseller to y^e Adelphi, & has not y^e corner house that is to be built.—Pray, my dear & very good friends, think a little of this matter, & if you can make us happy, by suiting all our conveniences—we shall make his shop, as old Jacob Tonson's was formerly, y^e rendezvous for y^e first people in England.—I have a little selfishness in this request—I never go to coffee-houses, seldom to taverns, & should constantly (if this scheme takes place) be at Becket's at one at noon, & 6 at night; as y^e monkey us'd to be punctual in Piccadilly.

When you left me on Saturday, whether I had exerted my spirits too much, or gave too great a loose to my love of drinking with those I like, I know not; but I was attack'd terribly with a fit of y^e stone, & had it all yesterday morning, till I was relieved from torture, to y^e great joy of my wife & family.—I was 4 hours upon y^e rack, & now as free from pain as ever I was. I am weak w^h my disorder; but I could eat turtle, & laugh with you again to day, as if nothing had ail'd me—'tis a curs'd disorder, & that you may never have that curse make y^r peace wth heav'n by an act

of righteousness, & bestow that corner blessing (I have mention'd) upon Becket & his family—this is y^e pray'r & petition

*of y^r affectionate
devoted
D. Gilpin*

Mr. Becket had the "corner blessing" conferred upon him.—He removed into the house from another part of the Strand, and remained tenant to the "Adelphi," until he retired into Pall Mall.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Golden Fig Marygold. *Mesembrianthemum aureum.*

Dedicated to *St. Cunegundes.*

March 4.

St. Casimir. St. Lucius, Pope, A. D. 253.

St. Adrian, Bishop, A. D. 874.

St. Casimir,

Was born a prince on the 5th of October, 1458, and died 4th March, 1482. He was second son of Casimir III. king of Poland; and, according to Ribadeneira, he wore under his princely attire a prickly hair shirt, fasted rigorously, prayed at night till he fell weary and exhausted on the bare floor; often in the most sharp and bitter weather went barefoot to church at midnight, and lay on his face before the door; studied to advance the catholic religion, and to extinguish or drive heresy out of Poland; persuaded his father to enact a law that no new church should be built for heretics, nor any old ones repaired; in a particular virtue "surpassed the angels;" committed suicide; resigned his soul amidst choirs of priests; had it carried to heaven surrounded with a clear bright light by angels; and thirty-six years after his death he appeared in glittering armour and gallantly mounted; led the Polish army through an impassable river, and conquered the Muscovites; and the next year

marched before his beloved Poles in the air against the enemy, and as "he beat them before, so he beat them again."

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 4th of March, 1583, died Bernard Gilpin. He was born at Kentmire, in Westmoreland, 1517, sent to Queen's college, Oxford, in 1553, read the writings of Erasmus, excelled in logic and philosophy, and studied Greek and Hebrew; being a Catholic he held a public disputation against John Hooper, the Protestant, who was martyred at the stake under Henry VIII. Appointed to hold a disputation against Peter Martyr, another eminent reformer, who read the divinity lecture in Oxford, he diligently studied the scriptures and the writings of the early fathers, and "was not sorry to be overcome by the truth." Cuthbert Tunstall, bishop of Durham, gave him a living, which he shortly afterwards resigned, because he desired to travel, and could not hold it while absent with peace of conscience. "But," saith the bishop, "thou mayst hold it with a dispensation, and thou shalt be dispensed withal." To this Gilpin answered, that when he should be called on for an account of his stewardship, he feared it would not serve his turn to answer, that he had been "dispensed withal." Whereupon the bishop admired, and "Father's soul!" said he, "Gilpin will die a beggar." He afterwards went to Lovaine and Paris, from whence he returned to England in the days of queen Mary; and bishop Tunstall gave him the rectory of Essingdon, by which he became archdeacon of Durham, and preached on scriptural authority against the vices in

the church. Those who hated his integrity and feared his talents, sought his blood by insinuating controversy. He avoided vain jangling, and beat his adversaries in solid argument. At one of these disputations, carried on in an under tone with bishop Tunstall's chaplains, and close behind the bishop, who was sitting before the fire, the bishop, leaning his chair somewhat backwards, hearkened to what was said; and when they had done, turning to his chaplains, "Father's soul!" said the bishop, "let him alone, for he hath more learning than you all." He was twice accused of heresy to Tunstall, who abhorred to shed blood; but information being given against him to Bonner, bishop of London, an order was issued for his apprehension. Gilpin had intelligence of the danger, yet he only provided against it by ordering William Airy, his house steward, to provide a long garment, that he might go the more comely to the stake. The sudden death of Mary cleared off the impending storm. Not long afterwards, bishop Tunstall presented Gilpin to the rectory of Houghton, a large parish with fourteen villages, which he laboriously served. He built a grammar school, from whence he sent students almost daily to the university, and maintained them there at his own cost. Honoured by the wise, and respected by the noble, the earl of Bedford solicited from queen Elizabeth the vacant bishopric of Carlisle for Gilpin. A *conge d'éline* was accordingly issued, but Gilpin resisted the dignity against all entreaties. "If I had been chosen to a bishopric elsewhere," he said, "I would not have refused it; but in Carlisle I have many friends and kindred, at whom I must connive in many things, not without hurt to myself, or else deny them many things, not without hurt to them, which difficulties I have avoided by the refusal of that bishopric." He was chosen provost of his own (Queen's) college in Oxford, but this advancement he also declined. Yet he did the office and work of a bishop, by preaching, taking care of the poor, providing for the necessities of other churches, erecting schools, encouraging learned men, and keeping open house to all that needed. Cecil, lord Burleigh, the queen's secretary, having visited Gilpin at Houghton, on his return towards Durham, when he came to Rainton-hill, reflected his eye upon the open country he had passed, and looking earnestly upon Gilpin's house, said, "I do not blame this man for refusing a bishopric. What doth he want that a

bishopric could more enrich him withal? besides that he is free from the great weight of cares." Gilpin annually visited the people of Ridsdale and Tindale, and was "little else than adored by that half barbarous and rustic people." When at Rothbury, in these parts, "there was a pestilent faction among some of them who were wont to resort to the church; the men being bloodily minded, practised a bloody manner of revenge, termed by them a *deadly feud*:" if one faction came to the church the other kept away, inasmuch as they could not meet without bloodshed. It so happened that when Gilpin was in the pulpit both parties came to the church; one party stood in the chancel, the other in the body of the church. Each body was armed with swords and javelins, and their weapons making a clashing sound, Gilpin, unaccustomed to such a spectacle, was somewhat moved, yet he proceeded with his sermon. A second time the weapons clashed; the one side drew near to the other; and they were about to commence battle in the church. Gilpin descended, stepped to the leaders on each side, appeased the tumult, and laboured to establish peace between them; but he could only obtain from these rude borderers, that they would not break the peace while Mr. Gilpin remained. On this he once more ascended the pulpit, and spent the allotted time in inveighing against this unchristian and savage custom, and exhorting them to forego it for ever. Another incident, further illustrating the manners of the people, will be mentioned below; it may be added here, however, that afterwards, when he revisited these parts, any one who dreaded a deadly foe, found himself safer in Gilpin's presence than with armed guards. In his younger years, while on a ride to Oxford, Gilpin overtook a youth who was one while walking, and at another time running. He found that the lad came from Wales, knew Latin, had a smattering of Greek, and was bound for Oxford, with intent to be a scholar. "Wilt thou," said Gilpin, "be contented to go with me? I will provide for thee." The youth assented, Gilpin took him first to Oxford, afterwards to Houghton, where he improved him exceedingly in Greek and Hebrew, and sent him at last to Oxford. This youth was the learned Hugh Broughton; he is said to have required this protection and care by something worse than inconstancy. Gilpin's nature was kind and charitable, he visited sick chambers

and prisons, and dispensed large bounties. He was firm in rectitude; and hence, on one occasion, when bishop Tunstall had inclined to his enemies, and insisted on Gilpin's preaching, sorely against the good man's petitions to be excused, and repeated refusals, he at length mounted the pulpit, and concluded his discourse by denouncing the enormities in the bishop's diocese; looking at Tunstall, he said "Lest your lordship should make answer, that you had no notice of these things given you, behold, I bring them to your knowledge. Let not your lordship say these crimes have been committed by the faults of others, without your knowledge; for whatsoever either yourself shall do in person, or suffer through your connivance to be done by others, is wholly your own. Therefore," thundered forth the faithful preacher, "in presence of God, his angels and man, I pronounce your fatherhood to be the author of all these evils; yea, and, in that strict day of the general account, I shall be a witness to testify against you, that all these things have come to your knowledge by my means: and all these men shall bear witness thereof, who have heard me speaking unto you this day." Gilpin's adherents, terrified at this unexpected and bold address, apprehended the worst consequences from the bishop's power. "You have," said they, "put a sword into his hand to slay you. If heretofore he hath been offended with you without a cause, what may you now expect from him who, being provoked, shall make use of his own power to injure you by right or wrong." Gilpin answered, "Be not afraid; the Lord God over-ruleth us all; so that the truth may be propagated, and God glorified, God's will be done concerning me." After dinner, Gilpin waited on the bishop to take leave of him, and return home. "It shall not be so," said the bishop, "for I will bring you to your house." When they arrived at Mr. Gilpin's house, and had entered the parlour, the bishop on a sudden caught Mr. Gilpin by the hand, and addressed him in these words:—"Father Gilpin, I acknowledge you are fitter to be bishop of Durham, than myself to be parson of this church of yours; I ask forgiveness for errors past; forgive me, father. I know you have hatched up some chickens that now seek to pick out your eyes; but so long as I shall live bishop of Durham, be secure: no man shall injure you" Thus the fearless integrity of Gilpin, by

which it was conceived he had jeopardized his life, saved him from his enemies and advanced him beyond the reach of their further hate.

After a life excellent for kindness, charity, and faithful dealing towards the people intrusted to his care, he died at the age of sixty-six worn out by labour in well doing.

FLORAL DIRECTORY,
Chickweed. *Alsine media*.
Dedicated to *St. Casimir*.

March 5.

Sts. Adrian and Eubulus, A. D. 309.
St. Kieran, or *Kenerin St. Roger*, A. D. 1236.

St. Piran.

This saint, anciently of good repute in Cornwall, is not mentioned by Butler. According to Porter he was born in Ireland, and became a hermit there. He afterwards came to England, and settling at Cornwall, had a grave made for him, entered into it, and dying on the 6th of March, "in the glorie of a great light and splendour that appeared at the same instant," was buried at Padstow. "He is reported," says Porter, "to have wrought manie wonderful miracles in his lifetime, which bicause they tend rather to breed an incredulous amazement in the readers, then move to anie workes of vertues or pietie, we have willingly omitted." We have had a specimen of such miracles as father Porter deemed worthy of belief; those of *St. Piran* which would have caused "incredulous amazement" in Porter's readers must have been "passing wonderful."

St. Piran's day is said to be a favourite with the tanners; having a tradition that some secrets regarding the manufacture of tin was communicated to their ancestors by that saint, they leave the manufacture to shift for itself for that day and keep it as a holiday.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.
Green Hellebore. *Helleborus viridis*.
Dedicated to *St. Adrian*.

March 6.

St. Chrodegang, Bishop, A. D. 766. *B. Colette*. *St. Fridolin*, A. D. 538. *St. Baldrede*. *Sts. Kyneburge, Kyneswid*, and *Tibba*. *St. Cadroe*, A. D. 975.

St. Baldrede,

Bishop of Glasgow, died in London A. D. 608, and his relics were famous in many churches in Scotland. Bollandus says, "he was wonderfully buried in three places; seeing that three towns Aldham,

Tinningham, and Preston, contended for his body." In those days when there were no parish registers, these miraculous powers of self-multiplication after death, must have been sadly perplexing to topographers and antiquaries.



Spring.

The "New-come" of the year is born to-day,
 With a strong lusty laugh, and joyous shout,
 Uprising, with its mother, it, in play,
 Throws flowers on her; pulls hard buds about,
 To open them for blossom; and its voice,
 Peeling o'er dells, plains, uplands, and high groves,
 Startles all living things, till they rejoice
 In re-creation of themselves; each loves,
 And blesses each; and man's intelligence,
 In musings grateful, thanks All Wise Beneficence.

SPRING commences on the 6th of March, and lasts ninety-three days.

According to Mr. Howard, whose practical information concerning the seasons is highly valuable, the medium temperature during spring is elevated, in round numbers, from 40 to 58 degrees. "The mean of the season is 48.94°—the sun effecting by his approach an advance of 11.18° upon the mean temperature of the winter. This increase is retarded in the forepart of the spring by the winds from

north to east, then prevalent; and which form two-thirds of the complement of the season; but proportionately accelerated afterwards by the southerly winds, with which it terminates. A strong evaporation, in the first instance followed by showers, often with thunder and hail in the latter, characterises this period. The temperature commonly rises, not by a steady increase from day to day, but by sudden starts, from the breaking in of sunshine upon previous cold, cloudy weather.

At such times, the vapour appears to be now and then thrown up, in too great plenty, into the cold region above; where being suddenly decomposed, the temperature falls back for awhile, amidst wind, showers, and hail, attended, in some instances, with frost at night."

Our ancestors varied their clothing according to the season. Strutt has given the spring dress of a man in the fourteenth century, from an illumination in a manuscript of that age: this is a copy of it.



In "*Sylvan Sketches*," a new and charming volume by the lady who wrote the "*Flora Domestica*," it is delightfully observed, that, "the young and joyous spirit of spring sheds its sweet influence upon every thing: the streams sparkle and ripple in the noon-day sun, and the birds carol tipseyly their merriest ditties. It is surely the loveliest season of the year." One of our living minstrels sings of a spring day, that it

Looks beautiful, as when an infant wakes
From its soft slumbers;

and the same bard poetically reminds us with more than poetical truth, that at this season, when we

See life and bliss around us flowing,

Wherever space or being is,
The cup of joy is full and flowing.

Bowring.

Another, whose numbers are choralled by worshipping crowds, observes with equal truth, and under the influence of high feelings, for seasonable abundance, that

To enjoy is to obey.

Watts.

Grateful and salutary spring the plants
Which crown our numerous gardens, and
Invite to health and temperance, in the simple meal,
Unpoisoned with rich sauces, to provoke
Th' unwilling appetite to gluttony.
For this, the bulbous esculents their roots
With sweetness fill; for this, with cooling juice
The green herb spreads its leaves; and opening buds,
And flowers and seeds, with various flavours.

Doddsley

Sweet is thy coming, Spring!—and as I pass
Thy hedge-rows, where from the half-naked spray
Peeps the sweet bud, and 'midst the dewy grass
The tufted primrose opens to the day:
My spirits light and pure confess thy pow'r
Of balmiest influence: there is not a tree
That whispers to the warm noon-breeze; nor flow'r
Whose bell the dew-drop holds, but yields to me
Predestinings of joy: O, heavenly sweet
Illusion!—that the sadly pensive breast
Can for a moment from itself retreat
To outward pleasantness, and be at rest:
While sun, and fields, and air, the sense have wrought
Of pleasure and content, in spite of thought!

Athenæum.

In spring the ancient Romans celebrated the *Ludi Florales*. These were annual games in honour to Flora, accompanied by supplications for beneficent influences on the grass, trees, flowers, and other products of the earth, during the year. The Greeks likewise invoked

fertility on the coming of spring with many ceremonies. The remains of the Roman festivals, in countries which the Roman arms subdued, have been frequently noticed already; and it is not purposed to advert to them further, than by observing that there is considerable difficulty in

so apportioning every usage in a modern ceremony, as to assign each to its proper origin. Some may have been common to a people before they were conquered; others may have been the growth of later times. Spring, as the commencement of the natural year, must have been hailed by all nations with satisfaction; and was, undoubtedly, commemorated, in most, by public rejoicing and popular sports.

CHRONOLOGÆ.

Dr. Samuel Parr died on the 6th of March, 1825.

A SPRING FESTIVAL.

The Germans retain many of the annual customs peculiar to themselves before the Roman conquest. Whether a ceremony described in the "Athenæum," as having been observed in Germany of late years, is derived from the victors, or from the ancient nations, is not worth discussing.

The approach of spring was there commemorated with an abundance of display, its allegorical character was its most remarkable feature. It was called *Der Sommers-gewinn*, the acquisition of summer; and about thirty years ago was celebrated at the beginning of spring by the inhabitants of Eisenach, in Saxony, who, for that purpose, divided themselves into two parties. One party carried *winter* under the shape of a man covered with straw, out of the town, and then, as it were, sent him into public exile; whilst the other party, at a distance from the town, decked *spring*, or, as it was vulgarly called, *summer*, in the form of youth, with boughs of cypress and May, and marched in solemn array to meet their comrades, the jocund executioners of winter. In the meanwhile national ballads, celebrating the delights of spring and summer, filled the skies; processions paraded the meadows and fields, loudly imploring the blessings of a prolific summer; and the jovial merry-makers then brought the victor-god home in triumph. In the course of time, however, this ceremonial underwent various alterations. The parts, before personified, were now performed by real *dramatis personæ*; one arrayed as spring, and another as winter, entertained the spectators with a combat, wherein winter was ultimately vanquished and stripped of his emblematical attire; spring, on the contrary, being hailed as victor, was led in triumph, amidst the loud acclamations of the multitude, into the town. From this festival originated a popular ballad, composed of stanzas each of which conclude thus:

Heigho! heigho! heigho! Summer is at hand!

Winter has lost the game,
Summer maintain'd its fame;

Heigho! heigho! heigho! Summer is at hand

The day whereon the jubilee takes place is denominated *der Todten sonntag*, the dead Sunday. The reason may be traced perhaps to the analogy which winter bears to the sleep of death, when the vital powers of nature are suspended. The conjecture is strengthened by this distich in the ballad before quoted:

Now we've vanquish'd *Death*,
And Summer's return ensured:
Were *Death* still unsubdued,
How much had we endured!

But of late years the spirit of this festival has disappeared. Lately, winter was uncouthly shaped of wood, and being covered with straw, was nailed against a large wheel, and the straw being set on fire, the apparatus was rolled down a steep hill! Agreeably to the intention of its inventors, the blazing wheel was by degrees knocked to pieces, against the precipices below, and then—winter's effigy, to the admiration of the multitude, split into a thousand fiery fragments. This custom too, merely from the danger attending it, quickly fell into disuse; but still a shadow of the original festivity, which it was meant to commemorate, is preserved amongst the people of Eisenach. "Although" says the writer of these particulars, "we find winter no longer sent into banishment, as in former times, yet an attempt is made to represent and conciliate spring by offerings of nosegays and sprays of evergreen, adorned with birds or eggs, emblematical of the season." Probably the latter usages may not have been consequent upon the decline of the former, but were coeval in their origin, and are the only remains of ancient customs peculiar to the season.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Lent Lily. *Narcissus Pseudonarcissus multiplex*.

Dedicated to *St. Colette*

March 7.

St. Thomas Aquinas, A. D. 1274. *Sts Perpetua and Felicitas*, A. D. 203. *St Paul*, Anchorite.

St. Perpetua.

This saint is in the church of England calendar. She was martyred under the emperor Severus in 205.

St. Paul the Anchorite.

This saint was "a man of profound ignorance." Butler says he was named "the simple." He journeyed eight days into the desert on a visit, and to become a disciple of St. Antony, who told him he was too old, and bade him return home, mind his business, and say his prayers; he shut the door upon him. Paul fasted and prayed before the door till Antony opened it, and out of compassion made a monk of him. One day after he had diligently worked at making mats and hurdles, and prayed without intermission, St. Antony bid him undo his work and do it all over again, which he did, without asking for a morsel of bread though he had been seven days without eating; this was to try Paul's obedience. Another day when some monks came to Antony for advice, he bid Paul spill a vessel of honey and gather it up without any dust: this was another trial of his obedience. At other times he ordered him to draw water a whole day and pour it out again; to make baskets and pull them to pieces; to sew and unsew garments and the like: these were other trials of his obedience. When Antony had thus exercised him he placed him in a cell three miles from his own, proposed him as a model of obedience to his disciples, sent sick persons to him, and others possessed with the devil, whom he could not cure himself, and "under Paul," Butler says, "they never failed of a cure." He died about 330.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Early Daffodil. *Narcissus Pseudonarcissus simplex*.

Dedicated to *St. Perpetua*.

March 8.

St. John of God, A. D. 1550. *St. Felix*, A. D. 646. *Sts. Apollonius, Philemon*, &c. A. D. 311. *St. Julian*, Abp. of Toledo, A. D. 690. *St. Duthak*, Bp. of Ross, A. D. 1253. *St. Rosa*, of Viterbo, A. D. 1261. *St. Senan*, 5th Cent. *St. Psalmid*, or *Saumay*, about 589.

Romish saints are like earthquakes, wherein *shocks* crowd so fast they cannot be noted.

An Earthquake in London.

On the 8th of March, 1750, an earthquake shook all London. The shock was at half past five in the evening It

awoke people from their sleep and frightened them out of their houses. A servant maid in Charterhouse-square, was thrown from her bed, and had her arm broken; bells in several steeples were struck by the chime hammers; great stones were thrown from the new spire of Westminster Abbey; dogs howled in uncommon tones; and fish jumped half a yard above the water.

London had experienced a shock only a month before, namely, on the 8th of February 1750, between 12 and 1 o'clock in the day. At Westminster, the barristers were so alarmed that they imagined the hall was falling.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Everblowing Rose. *Rosa Semperflorens*

Dedicated to *St. Rosa of Viterbo*.

Great Jonquil. *Narcissus lactus*.

Dedicated to *St. Felix*.

March 9.

St. Frances, Widow, A. D. 1440. *St. Gregory*, of Nyssa, Bp. 4th Cent. *St. Pacian*, Bp. A. D. 373. *St. Catherine*, of Bologna, A. D. 1463.

MISTS AND FALLS.

Scots' mists, like Scots' men, are proverbial for their penetration; Plymouth showers for their persevering frequency. The father of Mr. Haydon, the artist, relates that in the latter portion of 1807, and the first three or four months of 1808, there had been more than 160 successive days in which rain, in more or less quantities, had fallen in that neighbourhood. He adds, indeed, by way of consolation, that in winter it only *rained* there, while it *snowed* elsewhere. It has been remarked that in this opinion he might be correct; at least if he compared the climate of Plymouth with that of the western highlands. A party of English tourists are said to have stopped for several days at an uncomfortable inn, near Inverary, by the unremitting rains that fall in that country about Lammas, when one of them peevishly asked the waiter, "Does it *rain* here ALWAYS?" "Na! na!" replied Donald, "it *snows* whites," i. e. sometimes.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Petticoat Daffodil. *Narcissus Bulbocodium*.

Dedicated to *St. Catherine*.

March 10.

Forty Martyrs of St. Sebasti, A. D. 320.
St. Droctovæus, Abbot, A. D. 580. *St. Mackessoge*.

The 10th of March, 1702, is erroneously

said to have been the day whereon died sir Hugh Myddleton; a man renowned in English annals for having abundantly supplied London with water, by conducting the New River from Ware, in Hertfordshire, to the Clerkenwell suburb of the metropolis.



The first View of the New River—from London.

This is seen immediately on coming within view of Sadler's Wells, a place of dramatic entertainment. After manifold windings and tunnellings from its source, the New River passes beneath the arch in the engraving, and forms a basin within a large walled enclosure, from whence diverging main pipes convey the water to all parts of London. At the back of the

boy angling on the wall, is a public-house with tea-gardens and a skittle-ground, "commonly called, or known by the name or sign of, the sir Hugh Myddleton, or of the sir Hugh Myddleton's head," a portrait of sir Hugh hangs in front of the house. To this stream, as the water nearest London favourable to sport, anglers of inferior note repair:—

Here "gentle anglers," and their rods withal,
 Essaying, do the finny tribe intrall.
 Here boys their penny lines and bloodworms throw,
 And scare, and catch, the "silly fish" below:
 Backstickles bite, and biting, up they come,
 And now a minnow, now a miller's thumb.

Here too, experienced youths of better taste
 And higher aim resort, who bait with paste,
 Or push beneath a gentle's shining skiu
 The barbed hook, and bury it within;
 The more he writhes the better, if he die
 Not one will touch him of the finny fry;
 If in strong agony the sufferer live,
 Then doth the "gentle angler" joy receive,
 Down bobs the float, the angler wins the prize,
 And now the gentle, now the gudgeon dies.

Concerning Sir Hugh Myddleton there will be occasion to speak again.

GLOVE OF DEFIANCE

In the Church.

In the notice of Bernard Gilpin, March 4, (p. 332.) it is said, "another incident further illustrating the manners of the *Northern Borderers* will be mentioned below." The observation refers to a *singular challenge*, which the arrangements of that day could not include, and is now inserted.

On a certain Sunday Mr. Gilpin going to preach in those parts wherein *deadly feuds* prevailed, observed a glove hanging up on high in the church. He demanded of the sexton what it meant, and why it hung there. The sexton answered, that it was a glove which one of the parish hung up there as a challenge to his enemy, signifying thereby, that he was ready to enter combat hand to hand, with him or any one else who should dare to take the glove down. Mr. Gilpin requested the sexton to take it down. "Not I, sir," replied the sexton, "I dare do no such thing." Then Mr. Gilpin, calling for a long staff, took down the glove himself, and put it in his bosom. By and by, when the people came to church, and Mr. Gilpin in due time went up into the pulpit, he in his sermon reproved the barbarous custom of challenges, and especially the custom which they had, of making challenges by the hanging up of a glove. "I hear," said he, "that there is one amongst you, who, even in this sacred place, hath hanged up a glove to this purpose, and threateneth to enter into combat with whosoever shall take it down. Behold, I have taken it down myself." Then plucking out the glove, he showed it openly, and inveighing against such practices in any man that professed himself a Christian, endeavoured to persuade them to the practice of mutual love and charity.

THE SEASON.

The memory of man supplies no recollection of so wet a season as from September 1824 to March 1825; it produced the *rot* in sheep to an alarming extent. In consequence of the animals being killed in this disease, the mutton is unwholesome for human food, and produces mortality even in dogs. The newspapers

relate that such mutton given to a kennel of dogs rendered them fat, till on a sudden their good looks declined, they became lean, and gradually died, without any other cause being assignable for the mortality, than the impure flesh of the sheep. In such a season, therefore, families should shrink from the use of mutton as from a pestilence. There is no security, but in entire abstinence. Almost every hare shot during the same period had a tainted liver. Under such circumstances *lamb* should be sparingly used, and, if possible, refrained from altogether, in order to secure mutton at a reasonable price hereafter.

CHRONOLOGY.

1792. John, earl of Bute, died. He was prime minister soon after the accession of George III.; and of all who guided the helm of state, the most unpopular.

On the 10th of March, 1820, died Benjamin West, esq., president of the Royal Academy, in the eighty-second year of his age. It was his delight to gently lead genius in a young artist; and Mr. WILLIAM BEHNES, the sculptor, was honoured by the venerable president with the means of transmitting his parting looks to an admiring world, upon whom he was soon to look no more. Mr. West's sittings to Mr. Behnes were about two months before his death. Expressing himself to his young friend in terms of high satisfaction at the model, he encouraged him to persevere in that branch of art which Mr. Behnes has since distinguished, by admirable power of design and use of the chisel. To speak of Mr. Behnes's model as a mere likeness, is meagre praise of an effort which clearly marks observation, and comprehension, of Mr. West's great mental powers. The bust, as it stands in marble, in sir John Leicester's gallery, is a perfect resemblance of Mr. West's features, and an eloquent memorial of his vigorous and unimpaired intellect in the last days of earthly existence. If ever the noblest traits of humanity were depicted by the hand of art, they are on this bust. Superiority of mind so decidedly marked, and blended, with primitive simplicity, and a beaming look of humanity and benevolence, that it seems the head of an apostle.

Mr. West was an American; he was

born at Springfield, in Pennsylvania, on the 10th of October, 1738; his ancestors and parents were "Friends:" the family had emigrated from England with the illustrious founder and legislator of Pennsylvania, WILLIAM PENN: of whose treaty with the Indians for a tract of their territory, it is observed, that it was the only christian contract unsanctioned by an oath, and the only one never violated.* The first of the family who embraced Quaker principles was colonel James West, the friend and companion in arms of the great John Hampden.

Mr. West's genius developed itself very early. When a child he saw an infant smile in its sleep, and forcibly struck with its beauty, seized pens, ink, and paper, which happened to lie by him, and endeavoured to delineate a portrait; at this period he had never seen an engraving or a picture. He was afterwards sent to school in the neighbourhood, and during hours of leisure was permitted to draw with a pen and ink. It did not occur to any of the family to provide him with better materials, till a party of Indians being amused with little Benjamin's sketches of birds and flowers, taught him to prepare the red and yellow colours with which they painted their ornaments, and his mother adding blue, by giving him a piece of indigo, he became possessed of the three primary colours. As he could not procure camels' hair pencils, and did not even know of their existence, he supplied the deficiency by cutting fur from the end of the cat's tail. From the frequent necessity for repeating this depredation, his father observed the altered appearance of his favourite, and lamented it as the effect of disease; the young artist, with due contrition, informed his father of the true cause, and the old gentleman was highly pleased by his son's ingenuousness. Mr. Pennington, a merchant of Philadelphia, struck with the genius of the child, sent him a box of paints and pencils, with some canvass, and six engravings by Grevling. Little West rose with the dawn of the next day, carried the box into the garret, prepared a pallet, began to imitate the figures in the engravings, omitted to go to school, and joined the family at dinner, without mentioning how he had been occupied. In the afternoon he again retired to his garret; and for

several successive days thus devoted himself to painting. The schoolmaster, however, sent to know the reason of his absence. Mrs. West recollecting that she had seen Benjamin going up stairs every morning, and suspecting that it was the box which occasioned this neglect of the school, affected not to notice the message, but went immediately to the garret, and found him employed on the picture. If she had anger, it was changed to a different feeling by the sight of his performance; she kissed him with transports of affection, and assured him that she would intercede to prevent his being punished. It seemed ever the highest pleasure of Mr. West emphatically to declare, that it was this kiss that made him a painter.

After numerous indications of uncontrollable passion for his favourite and only pursuit, a consultation of "Friends" was held, on the propriety of allowing young West to indulge a taste, which the strict discipline of the society inhibits:—

*Genius has such resistless power
That e'en the Quaker, stern and plain,
Felt for the blooming painter boy.*

The destiny he desired was fixed. In 1760 he left Philadelphia for Rome, pursued his studies in the capital of art, visited the galleries and collections of Italy with an ardour that impaired his health, came through France to London, and was about to return to America, when sir Joshua Reynolds, and Wilson, the landscape painter, used their utmost persuasions to detain him in this country. There was only one obstacle; he had formed an attachment on his native soil:

Where'er he turn'd, whatever realms to
see,

His heart, untravell'd, fondly turn'd
to her whom he loved. This difficulty was overcome, for the lady, Miss Shewell, came over; they were married in London, in 1764. Thus "settled," in the following year Mr. West was chosen a member and one of the directors of the Society of Artists, afterwards incorporated with the Royal Academy, which he assisted in forming, and over which he afterwards presided till his death.

As an artist his works in the various collections and edifices throughout England exhibit his talents, but above all "West's Gallery," now open in New-man-street for public inspection, is an assemblage of testimonials to the justice

* Voltaire's Philosophical Dictionary London ed. 1. vol. v. p. 367.

of his fame among his adopted countrymen. His talent germinated on the shores of the Atlantic, but with us it flourished. America at that period was not sufficiently advanced to cultivate his genius: now that she has risen in commerce and the arts, and taken her stand among the nations, she will retain her future Wests to adorn her greatness. May the people of England and America contend with each other no more but in works of peace and good will; and may the interchange of talented individuals from each, contribute to the prosperity and moral grandeur of both countries!

As a man, Mr. West's characteristics were kindness and warmth of heart. From accordant feelings, he painted with delight and energy some of the most affecting incidents in the New Testament history. His "Christ healing the sick" will be remembered by all who saw it, with reverend solemnity. In his "Christ Rejected," the various bad passions in the malignant spectators and abettors of the outrage; the patient suffering of the great and all-enduring character; the sympathizing feelings of his adherents; and the general accessories, are great lineaments of the designer's power. His "Death on the Pale Horse," and more especially the sketch for that painting, express masterly thought and conception. These are Mr. West's "large" pictures. Some of his smaller ones and his sketches, the beholder studies and lingers over till his limbs and body tire; and he leaves the large assemblage of paintings in "West's Gallery" with a conviction, that no artist has yet fully occupied his place. Perhaps there is only *one* who would have designed the "Death on the Pale Horse" more effectively, and *he* would have had no compeer—Mr. Fuseli; whose compositions are of a higher order than those of any other in this country, and will be duly estimated when the price set upon his works cannot be useful to their author. No one is valued till he is dead; after the last sigh has sobbed from the body, comes the time for some to suspect that they had inflicted pangs upon its infirmity when living, and a desire to know more of a man, the ruffings of whose dying pillow the breath of their friendship might have smoothed, and whom, to the extent of their comprehension they might have known, if their little feelings, in a state too easy, had not excluded him from their society.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Upright Chickweed. *Veronica triphyllos*,
Dedicated to *St. Droctavæus*.

March 11.

St. Eulogius of Cordova, A. D. 859. *St. Sophronius*, Patriarch of Jerusalem, A. D. 640. *St. Ængus*, Bishop, A. D. 824. *St. Constantine*, 6th Cent.

CHRONOLOGY.

1752. Papers were affixed in the avenues to both houses of parliament, giving notice that the farmers and their servants intended to destroy the pheasant and partridge eggs, and leverets, if the country gentlemen, who had entered into an association for the preservation of game, did not desist. There were sad heats at this time between the owners and occupiers of land, from the obnoxiousness of the game laws, and the severity of their execution.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Cornish Heath. *Erica vagans*
Dedicated to *St. Eulogius*.

March 12.

St. Gregory the Great. *St. Maximilian*, A. D. 296. *St. Paul*, Bishop of Leon, about 573.

St. Gregory the Great.

He was prætor of Rome in 574, under the emperor Justin; next year he became a monk, and by fasting and study so weakened his stomach, that he swooned if he did not frequently eat. "What gave him the greatest affliction," says Butler, "was, his not being able to fast on an Easter-eve; a day on which, says St. John the deacon, 'every one, not even excepting little children are used to fast; whereupon, by praying that he might be enabled to fast, he not only fasted, but quite forgot his illness.'" He determined to come to Britain to propagate the faith; but the whole city rose in an uproar to prevent his departure, and the pope constrained him to remain. Pope Pelagius II. sent him as nuncio to Constantinople, where Eutychius fell into an error, importing that after the resurrection glorified bodies would not be palpable, but of a more subtile texture than air. Whereupon, says Butler, St. Gregory was alarmed, and clearly demonstrated that their bodies would be the

same which they had on earth, and Euty-chius retracted his error : on his return to Rome he took with him an arm of St. Andrew, and the head of St. Luke. Pelagius made him his secretary, and after his death was elected pope himself. To escape from the danger of this elevation, he got himself carried out of Rome in a wicker basket, and lay concealed in woods and caverns for three days. He was afterwards consecrated with great pomp, and on that occasion sent a synodal epistle to the other patriarchs, wherein he declared that "he received the four councils as the four gospels." Butler says, he extended his charity to the heretics, and "to the very Jews," yet he afterwards adds, that in Africa "he extirpated the Donatists." He subscribed himself in his letters, "Servant of the Servants of God." He sent to the empress Constantina a veil which had touched the relics of the apostles, and assured her that miracles had been wrought by such relics, and promised her some dust-flings of the chains of St. Paul. He sent St. Austin and other monks to convert the English. (See February 24, *St. Ethelbert*.) He died on the 25th of January, 604.* His devotion to the church was constant; he was learned, enterprising, sincere, and credulous, and, for the times wherein he lived, charitable, and merciful. It should be observed, that he was the author of the church-singing called the Gregorian chant.

Many miracles are related of St. Gregory, as that going to bless a church in honour of St. Agnes, which had been used by the Arians, he caused the relics to be placed on the altar, whereon a hog went grunting out of the church with a fearful noise; whence it was averred that the devil, who had been served in it by the heretic Arians, was driven out by the relics. Sometimes the lamps were miraculously lighted. One day a bright cloud descended on the altar, with a heavenly odour, so that from reverence no one dared to enter the church. At another time, when Gregory was transubstantiating the wafers a woman laughed; he asked her why she laughed? to which at length she answered, "because you call the bread which I made with my own hands the body of our Lord;" whereupon he prayed, and the consecrated bread appeared flesh to every one present; and

the woman was converted, and the rest were confirmed. At another time, some ambassadors coming to Rome for relics, Gregory took a linen cloth which had been applied to the body of a saint, and enclosing it in a box gave it to them. While on their journey home they were curious to see the contents of the box; and finding nothing within it but the cloth, returned to St. Gregory complaining that he had deceived them. On this he took the cloth, laid it on the altar, prayed, pricked it with a knife, the cloth shed blood, and the astonished ambassadors reverently took back the box. Another time one who had been excommunicated by St. Gregory for having put away his lawful wife, bargained with certain sorcerers and witches for revenge; who, when the holy pope rode through the city, sent the devil into his horse, and made him caper, so that he could not be held; then with the sign of the cross the pope cast out the devil, and the witches by miracle becoming blind were converted, and St. Gregory baptized them; yet he would not restore their sight, lest they should read their magical books again, but maintained them out of the church rents. After his death there was a famine in Rome, and the people being falsely persuaded that St. Gregory had wasted the church property, gathered his writings to burn them; wherefore Peter, the deacon, who had been intimate with Gregory, affirmed, that "he had often seen the Holy Ghost in form of a dove upon St. Gregory's head whilst he was writing, and that it would be an insufferable affront to burn those books, which had been written by his inspiration;" and to assure them of this he offered to confirm it by oath, but stipulated that if he died immediately after he had taken the oath, they should believe that he had told them the truth: this being assented to, he took the oath, and thereupon died, and the people believed; and "hence the painters came to represent St. Gregory, with a dove at his ear, to signify that the Holy Ghost inspired and dictated what he writ."*

It is also a legend concerning St. Gregory, that when he fled from Rome to avoid the dignity of popedom and lay hid, a bright pillar of fire descending from heaven, glittered above his head, and angels appeared descending and ascending by

* Butler's Saints.

* Ribadeneira's Saints.

the same fiery pillar upon him, wherefore he was "miraculously betrayed."*

After St. Gregory's death there was a hermit, who had left all his goods, and left the world, and kept nothing but his cat, and this cat he used to play with, and hold in his lap tenderly: one day he prayed that it might be revealed to him, to the joy of what saint he should hereafter come; then St. Gregory was revealed to him, and that he should come to his joy; wherefore the hermit sighed, and disliked his poverty, because St. Gregory had possessed so much earthly riches: and in revelation it was commanded him to be quiet, because he had more pleasure in stroking and playing with his cat, than St. Gregory had in all his riches. Then the hermit prayed that he might have the like merit and reward with St. Gregory; and in this story, lieth great moral.

DOMESTIC MEDICINE.

Although this is not a family receipt-book, yet a prescription is extracted from the "Yea and Nay Almanack for 1678," because the remedy has been tried and approved.

For the Eyes.

In the morning as soon as you rise, instead of fasting spittle, or a cat's tail, rub your eyes with a hundred broad pieces of your own gold; and I tell thee friend, it will not only do thy eyes good, but thy purse also.

CHRONOLOGY.

1689. King James II. landed at Kinsale in Ireland, with an army he brought from France, to assist in the recovery of the throne he had abdicated. He afterwards made a public entry into Dublin, and besieged Londonderry, which vigorously defended itself under the rev. George Walker, and suffered dreadful privations till it was relieved, and the siege abandoned. He then held a parliament in Dublin, coined base money, and committed various outrages, till William III. signally defeated him at the battle of the Boyne, and compelled him to fly to France.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

Among the proposals in 1825, a year prolific of projects, there is one for a Joint Stock Company or *Society for the*

Encouragement of Literature; the capital to be £100,000. in shares of £25. to be increased, if advisable; shareholders to be allowed to subscribe at par; each shareholder to be entitled to a copy of every work published by the society, at two-thirds of the publication price; interest 5 per cent., to be paid half yearly on the instalments subscribed; a deposit of £1. per share to be paid on subscribing, the remainder by instalments as the extension of the society's concerns may demand; of the profits one-fourth to form a fund for the benefit of authors, at the discretion of the society; two-fourths to be divided among the proprietors annually; the remaining one-fourth to accumulate into a perpetual triennial fund, to meet unforeseen expenditure, the possibility of loss, &c. &c. &c. There is not one word about the *Encouragement of Literature* beyond the title. This absence is the most intelligible part of the proposals.

There was a *Society for the Encouragement of Learning*, established in May, 1736. The duke of Richmond was president, sir Hugh Smithson, (afterwards duke of Northumberland,) and sir Thomas Robinson, bart., were vice-presidents. The trustees were the earl of Hertford, earl of Abercorn, Harley, earl of Oxford, earl Stanhope, lord Percival, Dr. Mead, Dr. Birch, Paul Whitehead, Ward, the professor at Gresham college, Sale, the translator of the Koran, and other really eminent men; Alexander Gordon, the author of "Iter Septentrionale," a "History of Amphitheatres," and other learned and antiquarian works, was their secretary. In the December of the same year Gordon wrote a letter to Dr. Richardson, master of Emanuel college Cambridge, soliciting his interference with Dr. Conyers Middleton, to obtain for the society the publication of the life of Cicero. "They have already entirely paved the way for the reception of authors," says Gordon; "appointed booksellers for their service; settled the regulations concerning printers, and the printing part;" and, "in fine *nothing is wanting but to set out with some author of genius and note.*" Dr. Middleton chose to publish his life of Cicero with a bookseller, notwithstanding an army of really great names had made all those arrangements, and courted him to their encouragement. In the outset of this society Mr. Clarke in a letter to Mr. Bowyer

* Porter's Flowers.

expressed his conviction, that "it must be at last a downright *trading* society," and said "I hope you will take care to be one of their printers, for there will certainly be a society for encouraging *printing*." Mr. Bowyer took the hint, and printed for them. The security was good, because each member of such a society is answerable individually for its debts. At the end of three years "Dr. Birch, as treasurer to the society, handed over to Mr. Stephen le Bas, his successor in office, the astonishing balance of 59*l.* 3*s.* 9½*d.* During that period the society had printed only four books; and then, deeming the assistance of booksellers necessary, they entered into a contract for three years with A. Millar, J. Gray, and J. Nourse; afterwards they contracted with six other booksellers, whose profits they retrenched: then they became their own booksellers; then they once more had recourse to three other booksellers; and finally, finding their finances almost exhausted, they laid before the public a memorial of the Present State of Affairs of the Society, April 17, 1748," whereby it appeared that they had incurred so considerable a debt they could proceed no further.*

Less than fifty years ago another society existed, under the very title of the Joint Stock Society proposed in 1825. Mr. Tyson, in a letter of June 21, 1779, to his friend Mr. Gough, the antiquary, mentions that a bequest of £5. was "left at the disposal of the *Society for the Encouragement of Literature*."† If the literature of the present day owes its existence to that society, its offspring is most ungrateful; the foster-parent is not even remembered, nor is the time of its birth or death recorded in any public register. That it survived the bequest alluded to, only a very short period, appears certain; for in the very next year, 1780, Dr. Lettsom issued "Hints for establishing a Society for promoting useful Literature." The doctor, a most benevolent man, and a good physician, dispensed much charity in private as well as in public, and patronized almost every humane institution for the relief and cure of human infirmity; and hence his eye was as microscopic in discernment, as his hand was experimental in the healing of griefs. Literature seems to have been to him as a gentle river that he rilled into,

and which he thought could be diverted, or regulated by new channels and sluices; he appeared not to know, that it is an ocean of mighty waters, with countless currents and varying tides. He proposed largesses to indigent writers, and their widows and orphans, and "honorary rewards" to successful ones. Robertson, Bryant, Melmoth, Johnson, Gibbon, and many other "useful and accomplished writers," were to have had the "honorary rewards" of the encouraging society. Such honours, such a society was to have forced on such men! The doctor's "hints" were not adopted, except that to relieve the casualties of minor literary men, and their dependents, there now exists the *Literary Fund*.

In the records of former days there is mention of a project for extracting, bottling, and preserving sunbeams from cucumbers, for use at that season when sunbeams are rare, and cucumbers not at all. The projector seems to have inferred, that as cucumbers derived their virtue from sunbeams, it would be virtuous in cucumbers to return the deposit. Whatever virtue cucumbers had, it would not be forced. Experiment, doubtless, disappointed hope; the promising project absorbed the capital advanced, as completely as the cholicky vegetables tenaciously retained the solar rays; and the deposit never found its way to the shareholders.

Any *Society for the Encouragement of Literature*, save one, is a fallacy—that one is society itself. All interposition in its behalf is feeble and dotting interference. A public Joint Stock Company can neither create literary talent, nor by divided efforts obtain so much; nor with capital, however great, reward it so well, as the undivided interest, industry, and unshared purse of the private publisher.

If a *Society for the Encouragement of Literature* be instituted, when more institution is threatened, and less institution is necessary, than at any former period, such society will be a hot-bed for the cultivation of little more than hopeful weeds. A few literary *shoots* may be set in warm borders, and drawn up under frames, to look handsome, but they will not bear transplanting to open ground. Their produce will be premature, of inferior quality, and not repay the trouble and expense of rearing. If left unsheltered, the first chill will kill them. Weak *suckers*, however well favoured, will never come to trees.

* Nichols's Anecdotes.

† Ibid.

The monarch of the forest, in natural solitude, drinking sunshine and dews, uninterrupted and untainted by human encroachments, and striking deep root beneath virgin earth, attains, in fulness of time, to majestic growth. In like manner the silent spirit of man, seeking peace in solitary imaginings, penetrating below the foundations of human knowledge, and generalizing and embodying the objects of sight and feeling, arrives to a grandeur astonishing to men's eyes, because not the work of men's hands. This self-created power, is denominated Genius. In an incipient state it evaporates beneath the meddling touch, and at maturity soars above its reach. Talent is ungovernable. It directs itself, appoints its own trustees for uses, and draws drafts upon the public

which are honoured at sight. The demand for talent is greater than the supply.

What is to be *done*?—nothing. What *can* be done?—nothing. Literature must be let alone. Under bounties and drawbacks, it becomes tortuous and illicit.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Chanelled *Ixia*. *Ixia Bulbocodium*.

Dedicated to *St. Gregory*.

March 13.

St. Nicophorus, Patriarch of Constantinople, A. D. 828. *St. Euphrasia*, A. D. 410. *St. Theophanes*, Abbot, A. D. 818. *St. Kennocha*, A. D. 1007. *St. Geralt*, Bishop, A. D. 732. *St. Mochoemoc*, in Latin, *Pulcherius*, Abbot, A. D. 655

Mid-Lent Sunday.



Winter and Spring allegorized—a Sport.

Mothing Sunday.—Refreshment Sunday.—
Rose Sunday.

This is the fourth Sunday in Lent, and noted as a holiday in the church of England calendar.

On this day boys went about, in ancient times, into the villages with a figure of death made of straw; from whence they were generally driven by the country people, who disliked it as an ominous

appearance, while some gave them money to get the mawkin carried off. Its precise meaning under that form is doubtful, though it seems likely to have purported the death of Winter, and to have been only a part of another ceremony conducted by a larger body of boys, from whom the death-carriers were a detachment, and who consisted of a large assemblage carrying two figures to represent Spring and Winter, whereof one was called "Sommer-tout"—

Apparelde all in greene, and drest
in youthful fine arraye;
The other Winter, cladde in mosse,
with heare all hoare and graye.*

These two figures they bore about, and fought; in the fight Summer, or Spring, got the victory over Winter, and thus was allegorized the departure or burial of the death of the year, and its commencement or revival as Spring. The custom described on March the 6th, (p. 339,) was only a variation of the present, wherein also the boys carried about cracknels or cakes:—

Thus children also beare, with speares,
their cracknelles round about.†

It is still a custom on Mid-Lent Sunday in many parts of England, for servants and apprentices to carry cakes or some nice eatables or trinkets, as presents to their parents; and in other parts, to visit their mother for a meal of furmity, or to receive cakes from her with her blessing. This is called going a *mothering*.‡ Herrick mentions this custom in Gloucestershire:

I'll to thee a simnell bring
'Gainst thou go'st a *mothering*,
So that when she blesseth thee
Half that blessing thoul't give me.

Going a *mothering* is from the Roman catholic custom of going to the *mother-church* on Mid-Lent Sunday, to make offerings at the high altar; and that custom of the Romish Church is derived from the *Hilaria*, a heathen festival celebrated by the ancient Romans, in honour of the Mother of the Gods on the ides of March.§ The offerings at the altars were in their origin voluntary, and became church property. At length the parish priests compounded with the church at a certain sum, and these voluntary donations of the people have become the dues known by the name of *Easter Offerings*.

Mid-Lent, or *Mothering Sunday* is likewise called *Refreshment Sunday*, "the

reason of which," says Wheatly, (on the Common Prayer) "I suppose is the Gospel for that day, which treats of our Saviour's miraculously feeding five thousand; or else, perhaps, from the first lesson in the morning, which gives us the story of Joseph entertaining his brethren." It is also denominated *Rose Sunday*, from the pope on this day carrying a golden rose in his hand, which he exhibits on his way to and from mass.*

On this day at Seville there is an usage evidently the remains of an old custom. Children of all ranks, poor and gentle, appear in the streets fantastically dressed, somewhat like English chimney-sweepers on May-day, with caps of gilt and coloured paper, and coats made of the crusade bulls of the preceding year. During the whole day they make an incessant din with drums and rattles, and cry "Saw down the old woman." At midnight, parties of the commonalty parade the streets, knock at every door, repeat the same cries, and conclude by sawing in two the figure of an old woman representing Lent. This division is emblematical of Mid-Lent.†

FLORAL DIRECTORY

Heartsease. *Viola Tricolor*.
Dedicated to *St. Euphrasia*.

March 14.

St. Maud, or *Mathildis*, Queen, A. D. 968.
Sts. Acepimas, Bishop. *Joseph*, and
Aithilahas, A. D. 380. *St. Boniface*,
Bishop of Ross, about 630

CHRONOLOGY.

1733. The Excise scheme was first moved in the House of Commons, by resolutions, which were powerfully resisted, but on the 16th finally carried, and the Excise bill brought in. On the 4th of April the bill was read a first time, and carried by a majority of 36; the majority being 236, the minority 200. There were petitions against it from every trading town of the kingdom, and great tumults in London; the obnoxious members were attacked on their way to parliament. The measure was so unpopular that it was for that time dropped, whereon public feeling was manifested by general illuminations, and other rejoicings.

1757. Admiral John Byng, second son of lord viscount Torrington, was shot at Portsmouth, under the sentence of a

Gouge's Naogeorgus. † Ibid

‡ Gentleman's Magazine.

§ Osbroke's British Monarch

* Shepherd, on Common Prayer.

† Doblado's Letters

court martial, for not having done his duty in an action between the British and French fleets on the 20th of May preceding. After he had made his defence, and conducted himself throughout the trial with coolness and courage, he was so sure of acquittal, that he ordered his coach to be in waiting to convey him to London. He suffered on board the Monarque with undaunted firmness, walking out of the cabin with unchanged countenance to the quarter-deck, where the marines were stationed to execute the sentence. He desired to die with his eyes uncovered; but on its being represented that his intrepid looks might intimidate the soldiers, and frustrate their aim, he tied a handkerchief over his eyes, and then dropping another, five musket balls passed through his body, and he fell dead instantly. An historian of the day says of him, that "Whatever his errors and indiscretions might have been, he seemed to have been rashly condemned, meanly given up, and cruelly sacrificed to vile considerations." It is believed that popular fury had been excited against him by various arts, and especially by the suppression of important passages in his official despatches. He delivered a paper to the marshal of the admiralty on the morning of his death, wherein he expressed his conviction, that he should hereafter be regarded as a victim to divert the indignation and resentment of an injured and deluded people from the proper objects, and that his very enemies believed him innocent.

1797. Courtney Melmoth died at Bath, aged 89 years; he translated part of 'Cicero's Works,' and "Pliny's Epistles," and wrote "Fitzosborne's Letters," and the "Memoirs of a late eminent Advocate;" his father was the author of "The great Importance of a Religious Life."

1803. Frederick Klopstock, a German writer, author of the "Messiah" and other works, chiefly poetical, died at Hamburgh, aged 80. His funeral was a public one, and conducted with a marked solemnity, denoting affectionate respect for his talents and character.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Mountain Soldanel. *Soldanella Alpina*.
Dedicated to *St. Maud*.

March 15.

St. Abraham, Hermit, and his niece, *St. Mary*, 4th Cent. *St. Zachary*, Pope,
A. D. 752.

CHRONOLOGY.

Forty-four years before Christ, Julius Cæsar was assassinated by Brutus and his associates in the senate-house of Rome, in the 56th year of his age. He is said to have conquered three hundred nations, taken eight hundred cities, defeated three hundred millions of men, and slain one hundred millions on the field of battle. He was learned himself, and an encourager of learning and the arts. He wrote the "Commentaries on the wars of Gaul," a book which bears his name, and which would have been lost in the bay of Alexandria, if he had not swam from his ship with his book in one hand, and his arms in the other. His ruling passion was ambition, yet he was a slave to sensuality; with talents that might have made him the protector of Roman liberty he destroyed it.

1784. Dr. Thomas Franklin, translator of Sophocles, Phalaris, and Lucian, died. He was born about 1720, and wrote two tragedies, the "Earl of Warwick" and "Matilda."

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Coltsfoot. *Tussilago Farfala*.

Dedicated to *St. Zachery*.

Lasting Mercury. *Mercurialis perennis*.

Dedicated to *St. Abraham*.

March 16.

St. Julian, of Cilicia. *St. Finian*, surnamed *Lobhar*, or the Leper.

St. Finian.

He was descended from Alild, king of Munster, built the abbey of Innis-Fallen in an island on the lake of Loughlane, county of Kerry; another at Ardfinnan, in Tipperary; and a third at Cluin-more Madoc, in Leinster, where he was buried.*

It is related of *St. Finian*, that he visited *St. Ruadanus*, who had a miraculous tree in his cell, dropping a liquor so peculiar, into a vessel from nine o'clock to sun-set, that it sufficed to dine him and all his brotherhood every day. *St. Finian's* visit was to persuade *St. Ruadanus* to live like other people; therefore, when *St. Finian* came to the tree, he signed it with the sign of the cross, by virtue of which the liquor ceased to flow after nine o'clock. This was in the absence of *Ruadanus*, who being informed on his return, that *St. Finian* and others had come to see him, he ordered his servant

* Butler's Saints.

to prepare the miraculous water dinner as usual; the servant surprised to find the vessel empty, told his master, who bade him to fill it with common water from a fountain, which he had no sooner done, than the water was changed into the liquor that flowed from the tree. St. Ruadanus ordered the man to carry it to St. Finian, who making a cross over the liquor, changed it back to water, and said why is this liquor of a false name given to me? St. Finian's companions urged him to go and cross the fountain as he had crossed the tree; but Finian answered, it would only grieve Ruadanus, who would go to the next bog, and change the water there into the same liquor. In the end, St. Finian and his companions persuaded St. Ruadanus not to work any more miracles, but to live as others did, whereunto he yielded. Thus St. Finian having out-miracled the miracle of St. Ruadanus, and stopped him from working the same miracle again, departed with his companions.*

CHRONOLOGY.

1723. March 16, a royal proclamation was issued for a thanksgiving for our preservation from the plague.

[It has been lately proved that the plague is not contagious. Dr. Maclean is understood to have established the fact to the satisfaction of government, and it is in contemplation to repeal the present laws of *quarantine*.]

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Nodding Daffodil. *Narcissus nutens*
Dedicated to *St Julian*.

March 17.

St. Patrick. St. Joseph, of Arimathea.
St. Gertrude, Abbess, A. D. 626.

ST. PATRICK,
Apostle of Ireland.

St. Patrick was born towards the end of the fourth century, in Killpatrick, between Dunbriton and Glasgow. At sixteen he was carried off with many of his father's vassals into slavery, and compelled for six months to keep cattle on the mountains in Ireland, from whence he escaped through the humanity of some sailors. He travelled into Gaul and Italy, and received his apostolical mission to convert the Irish, from pope Celestine,

who died in 432. Determined on attempting the conversion of the people, he penetrated to the remotest corners of Ireland, baptized multitudes, ordained clergy to preside over them, instituted monks, gave alms to the poor of the provinces, made presents to the kings, educated children to serve at the altar, held councils, founded monasteries, restored health to the sick, sight to the blind, raised dead persons to life, continued his missions during forty years, and died at Down in Ulster, where he was buried. Such, in brief, is Alban Butler's account, who assigns the year 464, for a period wherein he lived.

Ribadeneira affirms it, as a most famous miracle, and well known to the whole world, that St. Patrick did so free Ireland of all venomous beasts, that none could ever since breed or live there, and that even the very wood has a virtue against poison, "so that it is reported of king's college, Cambridge, that being built of Irish wood, no spider doth ever come near it."

Jocelin, a Cistercian monk of Furnes in the twelfth century, wrote "The Life and Acts of St. Patrick," wherein he relates many extraordinary particulars, of which the few that follow are specimens: St. Patrick when a child in winter time brought home some pieces of ice, his nurse told him he had better have brought home wood, whereupon he heaped together the ice, and prayed, and the ice immediately became a bonfire. After this his foster-father died, and to relieve his nurse's distress, St. Patrick prayed, signed him with the sign of the cross, and so restored him to life. Then by the same sign he freed a cow from an evil spirit; recovered five cows she had wounded; and, by the same means, when his nurse was ill and longed for honey, he "immediately changed water into the best honey." At another time, when she was commanded to clean out some filthy stables, St. Patrick prayed, and they were cleaned without hands. Then St. Patrick himself was carried into slavery, and sold for a kettle; but the kettle being placed on the fire, the hotter the fire burned, the colder became the kettle; whereupon the seller of St. Patrick returned the kettle, took St. Patrick back, and the vessel was restored to its wonted power of boiling. St. Patrick desiring to eat meat, obtained some pork, and having concealed it for a convenient season, presently

* Patrick's Devotions.

he saw a man with eyes before and eyes behind, and asked him why he was so formed; the seer answered, "I am the servant of God; with the eyes in my forehead I see things open to view, with my eyes behind I see a monk hiding flesh meat in a vessel to satisfy his appetite privately." Then the seer vanished. St. Patrick repented, prayed for pardon, besought for a sign that he had it, was told by an angel to put the pork into water, did as the angel bid him, and the pork "immediately became fishes." Having journeyed into Britain, he saw a leper whom mariners would not carry in their ship, whereon St. Patrick took a stone altar consecrated by the pope, cast it into the sea, caused the leper to sit on it, and the leper immediately set sail on the stone, kept company with the ship all the voyage, and got into port with her at the same time. St. Patrick, returning to Ireland, on approaching the shore, saw a multitude of devils in the form of a globe surrounding the whole island, when he "raised his sacred right hand, made the sign of the cross, and, unhurt and unterrified, passed he over." Some fishermen in the county of Leinster, drawing their nets from a river loaded with fish, St. Patrick asked them for some; they refused him; he cursed them, and the river; and from that day the river never produced fish. Once when the chief king of Ireland ordered his subjects to prevent St. Patrick from landing, they set a fierce dog at him, whereupon the dog stiffened like a stone; then a gigantic man brandished his sword at the saint, the man stiffened likewise, but repented, and St. Patrick unstiffened him, and baptized him. An old man, would not believe St. Patrick's preaching. St. Patrick asked him whether he would be persuaded by a miracle; the old man said he would, then St. Patrick prayed, laid his hand on him, "and immediately the old man became beautiful and young, and flourished again, as in his early youth," and was so made to believe. Having converted Mochna, a virtuous swineherd, while they were conversing together, a staff from heaven fell between them, which St. Patrick gave to Mochna for a pastoral staff, consecrated him bishop of Edrum, "and the staff is in that church still preserved, and called the *flying staff*."

St. Patrick's nephew, St. Lumanus, being desirous of taking a journey by sea when wind and tide were against him, he hoisted the sails, trusted in the merits of

St. Patrick, and, "O, miracle till then unheard and unknown! the ship, without any pilot, sailed against wind and stream," and he made a prosperous voyage. At another time, St. Patrick seeing a hundred men unable to stir a large stone, he, alone, raised it up, and placed it where it was wanted. He was accustomed to stop and erect a cross at the head-stone of every christian who was buried outside of a burial-place; one day, coming to the graves of two men newly buried, and observing that one of the graves only had a cross over it, he stopped his chariot, and speaking to the dead man below, asked him what religion he had been, the dead man answered a pagan, St. Patrick inquired why then a cross was put over *him*, the dead pagan replied, he who is buried near me was a christian, and one of your faith coming hither placed the cross at *my* head; the saint stepped out of his chariot, rectified the mistake, and went his way. One Foylge, an idolator, strangled the driver of St. Patrick's chariot, in his seat, wherefore the saint cast his "holy curse" at Foylge, who pierced thereby, fell dead into hell; but the devil entering the dead body, walked about in it, and seemed as if he were Foylge himself, till one day St. Patrick called at the dead man's house, and asking the family where Foylge was, they answered he was at home, when the saint told them of Foylge's death, and that Satan "had entered into his corpse and occupied it as his own proper vessel," then St. Patrick gave notice to the devil to leave his lodging in Foylge's body, which he did immediately, and Foylge was buried. Preaching on a journey to 14,000 men, "he first fed them all with spiritual food," then commanding a cow to be killed, with two stags, and a couple of boars, the people ate abundantly, the remnants were gathered up; and "thus with the flesh of five animals, did St. Patrick plenteously feed 14,000 men." Once when he was preaching, by way of a strong argument, he raised to life nineteen dead men, one of whom had been buried for ten years. After that, St. Patrick passing over a river one of his teeth dropped into the water, and his disciples could not find it till night, when the tooth in the river shone as a radiant star, and being so discovered was brought to St. Patrick, who on that spot built a church, and deposited his tooth beneath the altar. Desiring to pass an impassable river, and no boat being

at hand, St. Patrick prayed, and dividing the river, made himself and followers a free passage, then "he blessed the river, and being so blessed, it abounded in fishes above all others." St. Mel being denounced unjustly to St. Patrick, and preferring to prove his innocence by a miracle rather than by an oath, he ploughed up the earth on a certain hill, and took by the ploughshare many and large fishes out of the dry land; thereupon St. Patrick absolved him, but lest St. Mel should continue to work miracles presumptuously, "he bade him that he should thenceforth plough on the land, and fish in the water." St. Patrick had a goat, a thief stole it, and ate it, and when accused, denied it; but the goat bleating in the stomach of the thief, proclaimed the merit of St. Patrick; and, to increase the miracle, by the sentence of the saint, all the posterity of the man were marked with the beard of a goat. St. Patrick having laboured to convert a tyrant, who laughed him to scorn, he immediately converted the tyrant, against his will, into a fox; which fox went off with a hard run, and could never be found. Another time being benighted in the open air, violent rain fell around St. Patrick and his companions, but did not wet them a drop. On the same night, the driver of his chariot could not for the darkness find the horses to re-yoke them, on which St. Patrick, drawing his right hand from his sleeve, and lifting up his fingers, they "shone even as sun-beams, and wonderfully illumining the whole country, turned darkness into light, and night into day—then by the aid of the radiant miracle, the chariot-driver found his steed." After the death of St. Patrick, there was no night for twelve days.

These are some of the miracles attributed to St. Patrick by Jocelin, whose life of him published in "Dublin, Printed for the Hibernia Press Company, By James Blyth," is sold in London by Messrs. Keating and Brown, Catholic Printers and Publishers, No. 38, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, in one volume 12mo. containing 264 pages, price 2s. 6d. in boards.

To what extent Catholics believe such miracles, as have been just related is unknown to a Protestant; but the publication of Jocelin's works by catholic booksellers in a cheap form, seems to sig-

nify that it is held in repute by Catholics, in a humble rank of life. To what extent the catholic clergy have instructed this class of their flocks, or rather to what extent they design to instruct them, is also unknown to a Protestant; but should the higher classes of catholics enjoy the civil rights, which the most wise and enlightened of their Protestant fellow-subjects deplore they do not possess, and most anxiously desire they should possess, it is not too much to hope that it will become the anxious wish, as it is the positive duty of the catholic clergy to inform the ignorant of their community. An union between the church of England, or any other protestant church, and the church of Rome, never can take place; but protestant churchmen, and Protestants of all denominations, can and will unite with Catholics, if Catholics can and will unite with them, to enlighten the Egyptian darkness, which enslaves the mind worse than Egyptian bondage. The education of helpless infancy, and the fixation of just principles in youth, form the best security against criminal manhood. In this, surely, both Protestants and Catholics will concur, and their earnest cooperation to obtain this security will be a firm pledge that each desires the welfare of each. The marked separation of churches and doctrines cannot much longer separate man from man. In the bigotted and selfish interests that dam the social affections, there are incurable and daily widening breaches: the issues alternate and vary, but the first high tide of mutual kindness will burst the restrictions, and sweep them away for ever.

St. Patrick's Day.

This being the anniversary of the day whereon St. Patrick died, it is commemorated as a high festival in the catholic church; and it is celebrated to his honour in that country, with every demonstration of affection for his memory as the apostle and patron saint of Ireland, that a warm-hearted, enthusiastic, joyous people, can possibly express. An eye-witness represents to the editor of the *Every-Day Book* that St. Patrick's day in Dublin is a scene of festivity and mirth unequalled by any thing observable in this country. From the highest to the lowest, all hearts seem inspired by the saint's beneficence. At day-break flags fly on the steeples, and

the bells ring out incessant peals till midnight. The rich bestow their benevolence on the poor, and the poor bestow their blessings on the rich, and on each other, and on the blessed St. Patrick. The "green immortal" shamrock is in every hat. Sports of manly exercise exhibit the capabilities of the celebrated "shillelah," and before night many a head gives token of the application of its wonderful powers, by a muscular hand. Priestly care soothes querulousness; laughter drowns casualty; innumerable bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked, jaunty lasses dance with their mirth-loving lads; old women run about with children in the hoods of their cloaks, to publicly share care-drowning cups of sweet consolation with each other; and by the union of wit, humour, and frolic, this miraculous day is prolonged till after the morning dawn.

A popular song on this festal occasion contains these verses :

Saint Patrick's, the holy and tutelar man ;
His beard down his bosom like Aaron's ran :
Some from Scotland, from Wales, will declare
that he came,

But I care not from whence now he's risen
to fame :—

The pride of the world and his enemies
scorning,
I will drink to St. Patrick, to-day, in the
morning !

He's a desperate big, little Erin go brah ;
He will pardon our follies and promise us
joy.

By the mass, by the Pope, by St. Patrick, so
long

As I live, I will give him a beautiful song !
No saint is so good, Ireland's country adorn-
ing;

Then hail to St. Patrick, to-day, in the
morning !

In London St. Patrick's day is observed at court as a high festival, and the nobility crowd to pay their compliments in honour of Ireland's tutelar saint. For many years it has been selected as an occasion for soliciting and obtaining aid to a great national object—the promotion of education. It is the anniversary of the "Benevolent Society of St. Patrick," for clothing and educating children of Irish parents who need the assistance, by voluntary contribution. The festival is attended by Irishmen of different political parties and religious persuasions, and many of the highest rank. On this anniversary, in 1825, the marquess of Londonderry was

in the chair, with the duke of Leinster on his right, and the marquess of Lansdown at his left hand: several of the king's ministers and nobility were present. The report stated, that 400 children were educated in the school, the funds admitted of only 240 being clothed, the rest were supplied with shirts, shoes, and stockings; and the committee earnestly invited inspection of the schools from nine till two every day, except on the sabbath and Monday. A donation to the charity, from his majesty of 100 guineas, was followed by others, and by hopes that absent Irishmen and Englishmen who could, would cheerfully contribute towards an institution which on its merits required general support. Speeches from the chairman and noble guests, the chancellor of the exchequer, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Huskisson, and other distinguished characters, breathed sentiments of universal good will, and must have inspired every individual to kindness, and desire of extending, and cementing, the conciliation so happily commenced between the people of both countries.

It is related that during the dinner, the party at the head table were much amused by a bottle of genuine (*illegal*) poteen, neat as imported from the emerald isle, being handed to the chancellor of the exchequer, who, forgetting the good of the revenue in the memory of St. Patrick, put a portion of the naughty *liqueur* in his glass, and drank it with becoming devotion.

In the forenoon of the same day, the festival was celebrated at the Roman catholic chapel in Sutton-street, Soho, with an unusual degree of splendour. The archbishop of Armagh in his mitre and pontifical robes, officiated as high-priest, assisted by the two English catholic bishops, Poynter and Bramston, and one of the Irish bishops, and several of the minor clergy. A selection of music, chiefly from Haydn's masses, was powerfully performed by a very numerous choir, accompanied by a full band; and after a sermon by Dr. Poynter, a collection was made, to the amount of £65., to assist the chapel and the schools attached to it.

Order of St. Patrick.

In February, 1783, letters patent created a brotherhood denominated "Knights of the illustrious order of St. Patrick," to consist of the sovereign for the time being, as sovereign of the order; and fifteen knights companions, the "lieutenant-general and general governor of Ireland, or the lord

deputy or deputies, or lord's justices, or other chief governor or governors" for the time being, officiating as deputy grand masters. The statutes of the order of St. Patrick direct the badge to be of gold, surmounted with a wreath of shamrock or trefoil, surrounding a circle of gold, bearing the motto of the order in gold letters, *Quis separabit?* with the date MDCCLXXXIII, wherein the order was founded, and encircling the cross of St. Patrick *gules*, surmounted with a trefoil *vert*, each leaf charged with an imperial crown *or*, upon a field *argent*; the badge, encircled with rays in form of a star of silver of eight points, four greater and four lesser, worn on the left side of the outer garment.

The Shamrock.

The shamrock is the trefoil. The Druids used it to cure diseases. The Irish use it as a national cognizance. It is said that when St. Patrick landed near Wicklow to convert the Irish in 433, the pagan inhabitants were ready to stone him; he requested to be heard, and endeavoured to explain God to them as the Trinity in Unity, but they could not understand him, till plucking a *trefoil* from the ground, he said, "Is it not as possible for the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as for these leaves, to grow upon a single stalk," then the Irish were immediately convinced.*

St. Patrick.

The Welch claim St. Patrick. Mr. Owen in his "Cambrian Biography" affirms, he was born at Aberlychwr in Pembrokeshire, South Wales, where there is a church dedicated to him. They call him Padrig, the son of Mawrn or Maenwyn, of the laird of Gwyr. Mr. Owen cites from the genealogy of the British saints, that, "It was the glory of the emperor Theodosius, in conjunction with Cystonin Llydaw, surnamed the blessed, to have first founded the college of Illtyd, which was regulated by Balerus, a man from Rome; and Padrig, son of Mawrn, was the principal of it, before he was carried away a captive by the Irishman." In corroboration, Mr. Owen says, it is recorded in the history of Wales, "that the Irish were enabled to settle themselves along nearly the whole extent of its coast, in the beginning of the fifth century, and continued there until nearly the middle of the same era; when they were expelled from the north by the

natives, assisted by the sons of Cunedda, and from the south with the aid of Urien." Thus Wales contends for the honour of the birth-place of Patrick with Scotland, while Ireland has the honour of the saint himself.

A London Bull.

The "Athenæum" affirms the following to be a literal transcript of a letter sent to a gentleman, who had recommended a patient to that excellent institution called the *London Electrical Dispensary*:—

"To Mr. G—

"No. 5081.

"Sir,

"Having by your recommendation been received a patient at the London Electrical Dispensary, and being discharged this day *dead*, I beg leave to return my humble and hearty thanks for the same.

"March 7, 1810."

Except the No., date, and the word *dead*, which are *written*, all the rest of the letter is *printed*.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Sweet Violet. *Viola odorata*.

Dedicated to *St. Gertrude*.

Shamrock *Trifolium repens*.

Dedicated to *St. Patrick*.

March 18.

St. Alexander, Bp. of Jerusalem, A. D. 251. *St. Cyril*, Abp. of Jerusalem, A. D. 386. *St. Edward*, King, A. D. 979. *St. Anselm*, Bp. of Lucca, A. D. 1086. *St. Fridian*, *Erigdian*, or *Frigidian*, Bp. of Lucca, A. D. 578.

St. Edward.

This is the English king who was stabbed in the back with a dagger, by order of his stepmother, Elfrida, while drinking on horseback at the gate of Corfe castle, in the isle of Purbeck. He spurred his horse, which plunged him into a deep marsh, and there he died of his wounds, in 979. Butler says his body was discovered by a pillar of light, and buried in Wareham church, and worked miracles. His name is in the church of England calendar.

It is an historical fact, that the wretched contriver of king Edward's murder passed the remainder of her days in dismal horror; and her nights brought no repose from the afflictions of her conscience. She obtained a kind of armour formed of

* Brand's Pop. Antiquities.

crucifixes, wherein she encased herself, performed penances, built monasteries, and died universally execrated by the indignant people. The treachery of the crime occasioned a general distrust, no one would drink without security from him, who sat beside him, that he was safe while the bowl was at his lips; and hence is said to have originated the customary expression at table of "I pledge you," when one person invites another to drink first

CHRONOLOGY.

1745. Sir Robert Walpole, earl of Orford, died, aged 71.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Great Leopard Bane. *Doronicum Pardaliones.*

Dedicated to *St. Cyril.*

March 19.

St. Joseph. St. Alemond, 819.

St. Joseph.

The church of Rome has canonized Joseph the spouse of the Virgin Mary, and honours him with offices and worship of various forms.

CHRONOLOGY.

720, B. C. the first eclipse of the moon on record happened on this day.

1355. Pressing for seamen to man the navy commenced.

1668. Sir John Denham, poet, died in London; he was born in Dublin, 1615.

1719. A surprising meteor was seen about eight o'clock in the evening, from all parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. To an observer in St. Paul's church-yard, it appeared a ball of fire as large as the moon, of a pale bluish light, and with little motion, till in a moment it assumed the shape of a common meteor with a stream of light, double the diameter of its first appearance, emitting a splendour by which the smallest print might have been read. Its duration was not above half a minute, and its greatest light about the tenth part of a minute. At Exeter its light exceeded that of the sun at noon-day, and there it seemed to break like a skyrocket, into sparks of red fire, which reflected that colour on the houses, and shortly after a report, loud as cannon, shook the windows, succeeded at the interval of a minute by about thirty others; "they sounded just as the tower guns did in Mincing-lane, but shook the houses and windows much more." Mr. Whiston

calculated the greatest height of this extraordinary meteor to have been forty-three or fifty-one statute miles: it gradually descended lower till it came to Devonshire, where it was about thirty-nine miles high, and broke over the sea, near the coast of Brittany; its altitude then being about thirty miles.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Yellow Star of Bethlehem. *Ornithogalum luteum.*

Dedicated to *St. Joseph.*

March 20.

St. Cuthbert, Bp. of Lindisfarne, A. D. 687. *St. Wulfran,* Abp. of Sens, A. D. 720.

St. Cuthbert.

Of this saint there will be mention hereafter.

CHRONOLOGY.

1727. Sir Isaac Newton died; he was born December 25th, 1642.

1751. Frederick, prince of Wales, father of king George III. died aged 44.

1793. Died William Murray, earl of Mansfield. He was born on the 2d of March, 1705, and during thirty years, and until his death, presided as lord chief justice of the court of King's Bench. He was eminent as a lawyer, and dignified as a judge. It is said that he altered the common law of England, by ingrafting upon it the civil law in his decisions. As an elegant scholar, of highly cultivated and vigorous intellect, he shone in the constellation of great men, which arose in the reign of queen Anne. In eloquence and beauty of diction, he outrivalled his predecessors, and has not been excelled by any successor in the high office he filled.

1811. Napoleon, son of the late emperor of France, by the empress Maria Louisa, was born, and received the title of king of Rome.

On the 20th of March, the sun enters the constellation ♈ *Aries*, or the Ram, which is the first zodiacal sign; and this day is the first day of Spring

By an accident, the remarks relating to SPRING were inserted under MARCH 6, instead of this day: and as the error is thus particularly noticed, in order as far as possible to rectify it, the reader will please to consider all that has been said

* Whiston's Account of a Meteor, 8vo. 1719.

on the *sixth* of March as applicable to the *twentieth* alone. The editor, while acknowledging, and craving pardon for a vexatious and unpurposed misrepresentation, will endeavour to set a watch upon himself in future, to guard against a similar accident.

Aries, or the ram, as a zodiacal sign, is said to have been derived by the Greeks from the golden fleece brought from Colchis by Jason, about 1263 years before Christ; but as it is a hieroglyphic

on Egyptian monuments, it is of higher antiquity, and symbolizes that season when sheep yean their lambs. The people of Thebes slew a ram in honour of Jupiter Ammon, who personifies the sun in Aries, and is represented by ancient sculpture and coins with the horns of a ram on his head. The Hebrews at this season sacrifice a lamb, to commemorate their deliverance from Egypt. Aries, or the ram, was the ensign of Gad, one of their leaders.



Aries.

VERNAL EQUINOX.

The remarks on the *Vernal Equinox*, immediately following, are communicated by a respected scientific friend to the editor.

This is a day of great consequence in the year, and one that must excite many associations in the mind of the astronomer, and of every one who entertains a due reverence for our sacred records. The sun on this day passes the imaginary line in the heavens, called the equator, or equinoctial; it being the middle circle equally distant in every part from the north or the south poles. The line is passed to an observer on Greenwich hill, at ten minutes past nine in the morning; and, consequently, when it is on the meridian, or its highest point at noon, it will appear to every observer in the united kingdom at some distance from the equator. It is commonly said, that at this time the day is equal to the night all the world over; but this is a vulgar error. The day is not equal to the night in this country; that is, the sun appears for more than twelve hours

above the horizon, and, consequently, a less time than twelve hours elapses before it shines again to us in the morning. Besides, the fallacy of this common saying is perceived at once by any one who considers, that the inhabitant of the north pole, if there is any inhabitant there, has already seen for some days the sun above his horizon, and it will not set to him for above six months. The day then is not equal to the night, either in the united kingdom, or at the north pole. We will leave to the astronomer to determine at what part of the earth this circumstance really takes place; in the investigation of the problem he may encounter some difficulties, of which at present he is probably not aware. The sun crosses the equinoctial line at ten minutes past nine; it was therefore at its rising south of that line, and at its setting it will be north of that line. The line it marks out in the heavens is an arc of a spiral; but had it risen and set in the equinoctial line, the arc would have been circular.

To leave, however, the circumstances peculiarly relative to astronomy, let us consider this day in another point of view. The sun and the moon are the regulators of days, and months, and years, and times, and seasons. Every nation in the world pays some regard to their motions; and in this country they are the subjects of legislative enactments—enactments which have been laughed at by our makers of almanacs; disregarded by the church, though sanctioned in its rubrics; and set at naught by courts of justice, whose openings at certain periods depend on prescribed appearances in the heavens. Of this, hereafter, sufficient proof will be given; and, in thus noticing the errors of past times, there is a chance, that a statute of importance, certainly, as it has been thought worthy of legislation, should not be hereafter violated without the interposition of the legislature.

Our ancestors began their year about this time, and not without reason; for they had for it the sanction of a divine command. To the Israelites it was commanded, that this should be the beginning of their sacred year, on which the great festivals prescribed by their law should depend. Their civil year begins in September, and they continue to observe the command, having an almanac founded on the complicated motions of the sun and moon, whose calculations are of a very subtle nature, and whose accuracy far exceeds that of the polished nations of Europe. That the year should begin either at the vernal or the spring equinox, or at the autumnal equinox, good reasons may be given; but for our taking the first of January for the commencement of the year, nothing more can be said, than the old theme,

Sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas.

—Such is my will, the sun and moon may move as they please.

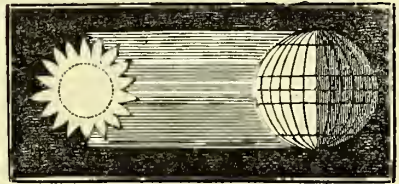
Except for the refraction of the atmosphere, the inhabitants of the equator would have at all times twelve hours' day and twelve hours' night; the sun being north or south of this circle not causing any difference, for the equator and ecliptic being both great circles of the sphere, the two points of intersection must be in the same diameter.

By the almanac it will be found, that there are nearly eight days more in the interval between the vernal and the autumnal equinox, than between the latter and the return of the vernal equinox.

No. 13.

As, therefore, from the vernal to the autumnal equinox, the sun is on the northern side of the equator, our summer occurring during this period, gives us an advantage of nearly eight days, in this respect, over the southern hemisphere. This difference arises from the oval or elliptical form of the earth's orbit. The earth, therefore, being at different distances from the sun during the year, it is found to move with different velocities; moving slowest when furthest from the sun, and quickest when nearest to that luminary. It happens to be at its greatest distance just after our Midsummer, and moving consequently slower during our spring and summer months; our summer is about eight days longer than that of the southern hemisphere, our winter eight days shorter than theirs.

The annexed diagram will exhibit the equinoctial condition of the earth; the sun's rays at their noon falling vertically to the inhabitants of the equator.



Care Sunday.

Care Sunday; care away,
Palm Sunday, and Easter day.

Care Sunday is the fifth Sunday from Shrove Tuesday, consequently it is the next Sunday before Palm Sunday, and the second Sunday before Easter. Why it is denominated *Care* Sunday is very uncertain. It is also called *Carle* Sunday, and in some parts *Carling* Sunday. A native of Newcastle-upon-Tyne* observes, that in that town, and many other places in the north of England, peas after having been steeped a night in water, are fried with butter, given away, eaten at a kind of entertainment on *Carle* Sunday, and are called *Carlings*, "probably as we call the presents at fairs, fairings." To this he attaches a query, whether *Carlen* may not be formed from the old plural termination in *en*, as *hosen*, &c." The only attempt at a derivation of the word *Care*, is, that "the Friday on which

* Mr. Brand.

Christ was crucified, is called in German both *Gute Freytag* and *Carr Freytag* ; and that the word *karr* signified a satisfaction for a fine, or penalty.* The inference is corroborated, by the church of Rome anciently using rites on this day peculiar to Good Friday, whence it was also called *Passion Sunday*. It is noted in an old calendar, that on this day “a dole is made of soft *beans*,” which was also “a rite in the funeral ceremonies of heathen Rome.” This “dole” of soft beans on Care Sunday, accounts for the present custom of eating fried peas on the same day. No doubt the beans were a very seasonable alms to help out the poor man’s lent stock of provision. “In Northumberland the day is called *Carling Sunday*. The yeomanry in general steep peas, and afterwards parch them, and eat them on the afternoon of that day, calling them *carlings*. This is said by an old author, to have taken its rise from the disciples plucking the ears of corn, and rubbing them in their hands.”† Hence it is clear, that the custom of eating peas or beans upon this day, is only a continuation of the unrecollected “dole” of the Romish church. It is possible, however, that there may have been no connection between the heathen funeral rite of giving beans, and the church donation, if the latter was given in mere charity ; for there was little else to bestow at such a time of the year, when dried pulse, variously cooked, must have been almost the only winter meal with the labourer, and a frequent one with his employer.

The couplet at the head of this article Mr. Nichols says he heard in Nottinghamshire. There is another,

Tid, Mid, Misera,
Carling, Palm, Paste Egg day.

The first line is supposed to have been formed from the beginning of Psalms, &c. viz. *Te deum—Mi deus—Miserere mei.*‡

But how is it that *Care Sunday* is also called *Carl Sunday* and *Carling Sunday* ; and that the peas, or beans, of the day are called *carlings* ? *Carle*, which now means a churl, or rude boorish fellow, was anciently the term for a working countryman or labourer ; and it is only altered in the spelling, without the slightest deviation in sense, from the old Saxon

word *ceorl*, the name for a husbandman. The older denomination of the day, then, may not have been *Care* but *Carl Sunday*, from the benefactions to the *carles* or *carlen*. These are still the northern names for the day ; and the dialect in that part of the kingdom is nearer to Saxon etymology. But whether the day were called *Carle* or *Care Sunday* it is now little known, and little more can be said about it, without the reader feeling inclined to say or sing,

“ Begone dull *Care*.”

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Dog’s Violet. *Viola Canina*.

Dedicated to *St. Wulfran*.

March 21.

St. Benedict, or *Bennet*, Abbot, A. D. 543. *St. Serapion*, called the Sindonite, A. D. 388. *St. Serapion*, Abbot *St. Serapion*, Bishop, 4th Age. *St. Enna*, or *Endeus*, Abbot, 6th Cent

ST. BENEDICT, OR BENNET,
Founder of the order of St. Benedict.

The accounts of distinguished persons of the Romish church written by its ecclesiastics are exceedingly curious. The rev. Alban Butler states of *St. Benedict*, that he was born in Umbria about 480, sent to school at Rome, and afterwards being determined to leave the world, “therefore left the city privately, and made the best of his way to the deserts.” Here he remained secreted at a place called Sublacum, till a “certain pious priest,” whilst preparing a dinner on Easter-day, heard a voice say to him, “you are preparing for yourself a banquet whilst my servant *Benedict* at Sublacum is distressed with hunger.” Then the priest found out *Benedict*, and invited him to eat, “saying it was Easter-day, on which it was not reasonable to fast.” *Bennet* answered, he did not know it ; and Alban Butler says, “nor is it to be wondered at that he should not understand the Lunar cycle, which at that time was known by very few.” Soon after, some shepherds found him near his cave, and “took him for a wild beast ; for he was clad with the skins of beasts, and they imagined no human creature could live among those rocks.” From that time he began to be known and visited, and the devil came to him “in the shape of a little

* Brand’s Pop. Antiq. from Marshal on the Saxon Gospels.

† Gentlemen’s Magazine, 1786.

‡ Brand’s Pop. Antiquities

blackbird." After this, Benedict rolled himself in briars and nettles, till he was covered with blood; and his fame spreading still more abroad, several forsook the world to live with him; and he became an abbot, and built twelve monasteries. In one of these, a monk becoming slothful, St. Benedict said, "I will go and correct him myself;" and Butler says, "such indeed was the danger and enormity of this fault, as to require the most speedy and effectual remedy;" wherefore St. Benedict coming to the lazy monk "at the end of the divine office, saw a little black boy leading him by the sleeve out of the church," and applied the "speedy and effectual remedy" to the monk's shoulders, in the shape of a cudgel; and so "the sinner was freed from the temptation" of the little black boy, who was the devil. Then by Benedict's prayers a fountain sprung up; and a monk cleaving wood with a hedging bill, and the iron falling into the water, by holding the wooden handle in the water, the iron miraculously swam up to it of its own accord. Such growing fame brought to Benedict "many who came clad in purple with gold and precious stones." "He seemed," says Alban Butler, "indued with an extraordinary power, commanding all nature, and foreseeing future events; he baffled the various artifices of the devil, with the sign of the cross; rendered the heaviest stone light; by a short prayer raised to life a novice who had been crushed by the fall of a wall;" and after other wonders died, about the year 543, aged 63.*

Pope St. Gregory, of whom some account is given on his festival, (see MARCH 12,) wrote the life and miracles of St. Benedict.† This work of many chapters relates how Benedict dispossessed a certain clerk of the devil; how he miraculously discovered the hiding of a flagon of wine; how in a scarcity two hundred bushels of meal were miraculously brought to his monastery; how a boy marvellously cast out of his grave, was miraculously kept in it by St. Benedict putting the host on his body; how a glass bottle cast down on the stones was not broken; how an empty tun was filled with oil by his prayers; how he gave another monk a slap in the face and drove

the devil out of him; how he saw the soul of his sister in form of a dove; how he foretold his own death; how he performed miracles too many to be here related; all which, however, may be seen in the said life of St. Benedict, by the said pope St. Gregory, who it will be remembered is called by way of distinction St. Gregory *the Great*.

St. Benedict founded the order of monks under his name. A reader who desires to be acquainted with its rules may consult Mr. Fosbroke's "British Monachism," who remarks, that monkery is an institution founded upon the first principles of religious virtue, wrongly understood and wrongly directed. He then proceeds to remark, that, "If man be endowed with various qualities, in order to he severely punished for using them, God is made the tempter of vice, and his works foolish. If voluntary confinement, vegetable eating, perpetual praying, wearing coarse clothing, and mere automatical action through respiration, be the standard of excellence, then the best man is only a bariel organ set to psalm-tunes."

CHRONOLOGY.

1556. Thomas Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, was burnt for heresy at Oxford, between Baliol college and St. Mary's church.

A correspondent, LECTOR, communicates that there is against the south wall of Camberwell church, an inscription commemorative of "Bartholomew Scott, esq. justice of peace in the county of Surrey," in which he is said to have married "Margaret, the widow of the right reverend prelate and martyr, Thomas Cranmer, archbishop of Canturburie." Strype, (Life, p. 418. b. iii. ch. xxviii.) says, that the name of Cranmer's last wife was Ann; and that she survived him, was living towards the latter end of archbishop Parker's time, and "for her subsistence enjoyed an abbey in Nottinghamshire." He does not seem very sanguine on this head, but gives the passage on authority of "a very angry book, writ against the execution of justice in England by cardinal Alien." Fox, in his "Actes and Monumentes," says, that Cranmer's wife was "a Dutchewonian, kynne to the wyfe of Osiander;" and that Cranmer having "sold hys plate, and payed all his debts, so that no man could ask him a grote," left his wife and children unprovided. The marriage of "Bartholo-

* Alban Butler, the English biographer of St. Benedict, and the rest of the saints, died in May, 1773, aged 63.

† Pope St. Gregory's labour is translated under the title of "The Life and Miracles of our Holie Father St. Benedict—*Permissu Superiorum*." Printed an. 628. 18mo.

mew Scott, esq." with Cranmer's widow, was certainly an act of noble disinterestedness. He is celebrated for his never-dying virtues, and described as a "valiant, wise, and religious gentleman," of "right worshipful and ancient familie."

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Bulbous Fumitory. *Fumaria bulbosa*.
Dedicated to *St Bennet*.

March 22.

St. Basil of Ancyra, A. D. 362. *St. Paul*, Bp. *St. Lea*, A. D. 384. *St Deogratias*, Bp. of Carthage, A. D. 457. *St. Catharine* of Sweden, Abbess, A. D. 1381.

CHRONOLOGY.

1687. John Baptist Lulli, the celebrated musician, died, aged 54. He was born at Florence, in 1634, and from being page to madame Montpensier, niece to Louis XIV. became superintendent of music to that monarch.

The Plague in London.

In March, 1665, London abounded in wealth and grandeur, in comparison with its state in former ages. Goldsmiths' shops shone with plate all along the south-side of the street called Cheapside, then named Goldsmiths'-row. The Strand then united London and Westminster by a range of palaces, inhabited by the nobility, with gardens in the rear reaching to the Thames, from whence through water-gates they descended by stairs to take water. Each of these mansions was named after its owner or occupier; as Essex, Arundel, Norfolk, Salisbury, Worcester, Exeter, Hungerford, Howard, York,

and Northumberland. They were built at equal distances from each other, in the grandest style of antique architecture. Such was London in March 1665, when it was visited by the plague, which raged with such unabating fatality, that three, four, and five thousand of the inhabitants died weekly. Deaths increased so fast that the usual mode of interment could no longer be observed; large pits were dug at Hollywell-mount, and in other suburbs of the city, to which the dead were carried in carts, collected by the ring of a bell, and the doleful cry of "Bring out your dead." The bodies were brought out of the houses, and placed in the carts with no other covering than rugs or sheets tied round them, and were thrown into the pits in promiscuous heaps. Trade was at a stand, the shops were shut up, every day had the appearance of a sabbath; grass grew on the Royal Exchange, and most of the public streets; and Whitechapel might be mistaken for green fields.

THE SEASON.

Dr. Forster observes, in his "Perennial Calendar," that about this time spiders begin to appear in the gardens, for in winter they are only seen in houses; and that the species which inhabits our dwellings, is quite distinct from the garden spider. These are a very interesting tribe of insects, in spite of their ugly appearance, and the general dislike which most persons, especially females, attach to them, in common with earwigs and other unsightly insects. Naturalists have found out this curious propensity in spiders, that they seem remarkably fond of music, and have been known to descend from the ceiling during concerts, and to retire when the strain was finished; of which the following old verses, from the "Anthologia Borealis et Australis," remind us:—

To a Spider which inhabited a Cell.

In this wild, groping, dark, and drearie cove,
Of wife, of children, and of health bereft,
I hailed thee, friendly spider, who hadst wove
Thy mazy net on yonder mouldering raft:
Would that the cleanlie housemaid's foot had left
Thee tarrying here, nor took thy life away;
For thou, from out this seare old ceiling's cleft,
Came down each morn to hede my plaintive lay;
Joying like me to heare sweete musick play,
Wherewith I'd fein beguile the dull dark lingering day.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Pilewort. *Ficaria verna*.Dedicated to *St. Catharine* of Sweden.**March 23.**

St. Alphonsus Turibius, Abp. of Lima, A. D. 1606. *Sts. Victorian*, &c. A. D. 484. *St. Edelwald*, A. D. 699.

St. Edelwald.

This was an English benedictine monk of Rippon, who became a hermit, and was buried by *St. Cuthbert* in *St. Peter's* church, at Lindisfarne.

CHRONOLOGY.

1801. Paul, emperor of Russia, was strangled at *St. Petersburg*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Peerless Daffodil. *Narcissus incomparabilis*.Dedicated to *St. Alphonsus*.**March 24.**

Cambridge Term ends.

St. Irenæus, Bp. of Sirmium, A. D. 304. *St. Simon*, an Infant Martyr. *St. William* of Norwich.

St. Simon, an Infant.

The *Jews* are said to have murdered this infant in 1472. After having deliberated at their synagogue in the holy week, on the preparations for their passover, they came to the resolution of crucifying a child on Good Friday, and having stolen *Simon*, they made him the victim, and sung around his body while elevated. Whenever an act of cruelty was to be perpetrated on the *Jews*, fables like these were forged, and the brutal passions of the mob let loose upon the life and wealth of fugitive Israelites.

St. William of Norwich, A. D. 1137,

Was another of these pretended martyrs to Jewish hatred. Weever states, that "the *Jews* in the principal cities of the kingdom, did use sometimes to steal away, and crucify some neighbour's male child," as if it were a common practice. Since protestantism, no such barbarities have been imputed to the *Jews*

CHRONOLOGY.

1580. The first bombs were thrown upon the town of *Wachtendonck* in *Guelderland*. The invention is commonly attributed to *Galen*, bishop of *Munster*.

1726. *Daniel Whitby*, the learned commentator on the New Testament, died. He was born at *Rushden*, *Northamptonshire*, in 1638, and was eminent for ability and honesty throughout his life.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Golden Saxifrage. *Chrysosplenium oppositifolium*.Dedicated to *St. Irenæus*.**March 25.**

Lady Day. Holiday at the Public Offices, except the Excise, Stamp, and Custom.

The Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. *St. Cammin*, Abbot, A. D. 653.

Lady Day.

The Roman Catholic festival of the Annunciation is commonly called in England *LADY DAY*, an abridgement of the old term *Our Lady's Day*, or the *Day of our blessed Lady*.

This is a "gaudy day" in the Romish church. Deeming the mother of Christ an intercessor and mediatrix, it offers innumerable honours and devotions to her. *Hail Mary!* resounds in the masses to her praise; and the worshippers of her shrines and resemblances, are excited to a fervour of devotion which would astonish, if it were not known that sculpture, painting, poetry, vocal and instrumental music, have been added to revive the recollection of monkish fables, and early impressions in her behalf.

In the **Golden Legend**, a book formerly read instead of the New Testament, but now, in degree, supplanted by *Butler's* more voluminous and almost equally miraculous "Lives of the Saints," there is a story in honour of the virgin, concerning a noble and ignorant knight, who, to amend his life, entered an abbey, but was so incapable of learning, that he could say nothing but *Ave Maria*, which words he continually repeated wherever he was. When this knight died he was buried in the church-yard of the abbey, and there afterwards grew out of his grave a fair *fleur de lis*, and in every flower grew, in letters of gold, the words *Ave Maria*; and at the miracle, the brethren marvelled, and opened the sepulchre, and found the root of the *fleur de lis* came out of the mouth of the said knight; and then they understood that he was to be honoured for his great devo-

tion to the virgin, by using the words *Ave Maria*.

There is another story in the "Golden Legend" of "another knyght." "He had a fayre place bisyde the hye waye where moche people passed, whome he robbed," and so he did all his life; yet he had "a good custom" of saluting the virgin every day, by saying *Ave Maria*, and so he went on committing highway robberies, and saluting the virgin day by day, till his people having put "a holy man" in bodily fear and robbed him, the said "holy man" desired to be brought before their master, the knight, and seeing him, required him to summon all his attendants, which the knight did; but the "holy man" objected that one of them was not present. Then the knight perceived that his chamberlain was not there, and called for him; and when the holy man saw the chamberlain, he conjured him to declare who he was, and the chamberlain being so enforced answered, "I am no man, but am a devil in the form of a man;" and he acknowledged that he had abided with the knight fourteen years, and watched him night and day, hoping the knight might leave off saying the salutation *Ave Maria*, that so he might strangle him, "and brynge him to hell," because of his evil life; but, because there passed no day without the knight saying *Ave Maria*, the devil could not have him for all his long waiting. Then the knight fell down at the feet of the holy man, and demanded pardon of his sins, and the "holy man" commanded the devil to depart; wherefore says the "Golden Legend," "let us pray to the glorious virgyn Mary, that she kepe us from the devyll."

The festival of the annunciation is kept at Rome by sumptuous shows. The author of "Rome in the nineteenth Century" relates the pope's proceedings on the occasion: "We drove through streets lined with expecting crowds, and windows hung with crimson and yellow silk draperies, and occupied by females in their most gorgeous attire, till we made a stop near the church before which the pope's horse-guards, in their splendid full-dress uniforms, were stationed to keep the ground; all of whom, both officers and men, wore in their caps a sprig of myrtle, as a sign of rejoicing. After waiting a short time, the procession appeared, headed by another detachment of the guards, mounted on prancing black

chargers, who rode forward to clear the way, accompanied by such a flourish of trumpets and kettle-drums, that it looked at first like any thing but a peaceable or religious proceeding. This martial array was followed by a bareheaded priest, on a white mule, bearing the host in a gold cup, at the sight of which every body fell upon their knees. The pope used formerly to ride upon the white mule himself, and all the cardinals used to follow him in their magnificent robes of state, mounted either on mules or horses; and as the *Eminentissimi* are, for the most part, not very eminent horsemen, they were generally fastened on, lest they should tumble off. This cavalcade must have been a very entertaining sight. Pius VI., who was a very handsome man, kept up this custom, but the (then) present pope (Pius VII.) is far too infirm for such an enterprise; so he followed the man on the white mule, in a state coach; at the very sight of which, we seemed to have made a jump back of two hundred years at least. It was a huge machine, composed almost entirely of plate-glass, fixed in a ponderous carved and gilt frame, through which was distinctly visible the person of the venerable old pope, dressed in robes of white and silver, and incessantly giving his benediction to the people, by a twirl of three fingers; which are typical of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; the last being represented by the little finger. On the gilded back of this vehicle, the only part that was not made of glass, was a picture of the pope in his chair of state, and the virgin Mary *at his feet*. This extraordinary machine was drawn by six black horses, with superb harness of crimson velvet and gold; the coachmen, or rather postillions, were dressed in coats of silver stuff, with crimson velvet breeches, and full bot-tomed wigs well powdered, without hats. Three coaches, scarcely less antequely superb, followed with the assistant cardinals, and the rest of the train. In the inside of the church, the usual tiresome ceremonies went on that take place when the pope is present. He is seated on a throne, or chair of state; the cardinals, in succession, approach and kiss his hand, retire one step, and make three bows or nods, one to him in front, and one on the right hand, and another on the left, which are intended for him (as the personification of the Father,) and for the Son, and for the Holy Ghost, on either

side of him; and all the cardinals having gone through these motions, and the inferior priests having kissed his *toe*—that is, the *cross*, embroidered on his shoe—high mass begins. The pope kneels during the elevation of the host, prays in silence before the high altar, gets up and sits down, reads something out of a great book which they bring to him, with a lighted taper held beside it; and, having gone through many more such ceremonies, finally ends as he began, with giving his benediction with three fingers, all the way he goes out. During all the time of this high mass, the pope's military band, stationed on the platform in front of the church, played so many clamorous martial airs, that it effectually put to flight any ideas of religious solemnity."

In England, *Lady Day* is only remembered as the first quarter-day in the year, and is therefore only kept by tenants who truly pay rent to their landlords. A few years ago a country gentleman wrote a letter to a lady of rank in town, and sent it through the general post with the following address:

"To
"The 25th of March,
"Foley-place, London."

The postman duly delivered the letter at the house of *Lady Day* for whom it was intended.

CHRONOLOGY.

1688. Parochial charity schools, for the education of the children of poor persons, were instituted in London and its vicinity.

1748. A fire broke out at one o'clock in the morning in 'Change-alley, Cornhill, London, which raged for ten hours, consuming all the buildings in 'Change-alley and Birchin-lane; and in Cornhill, from 'Change-alley to St. Michael's-alley, including several celebrated taverns and coffee-houses, and many valuable shops, including five booksellers. There were eighty houses destroyed by this conflagration.

1809. Anna Seward, the friend of Dr. Darwin, and recollected for her life of him, and for her poetry and correspondence, died in the bishop's palace at Lichfield, aged 66. She was born at Eyan, in Derbyshire. Her poetry is easy, rather than vigorous.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Marigold. *Calendula Officinalis*.
Annunciation of V. Mary.

March 26.

Oxford Term ends.

St. Ludger, Bp. of Munster, A. D. 809.
St. Braulio, Bp. of Saragossa, A. D. 646.

THE CUCKOO.

Now in many situations may be heard the cuckoo. Its distant note intimating dislike to human approach, comes upon the ear as a soft welcome from a shy stranger:—

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove,
Thou messenger of spring!
How heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sounds of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy wandering thro' the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts—the new voice of spring to hear
And imitates thy lay.

Soon as the pea puts on its bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O! could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make with social wing
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the spring.

Logan.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Lurid Henbane. *Hyoscyamus Scopolia*.
Dedicated to *St. Braulio*

March 27.

St. John of Egypt, Hermit, A. D. 394.
St. Rupert, or *Robert*, Bp. of Saltzbourg.

St. John of Egypt

Was a hermit, inured to obedience by an ancient holy anchorite, "who made

aim water a dry stick for a whole year, as if it were a live plant." He walled himself up at the top of a rock, "from the fortieth or forty-second to the ninetieth year of his age," and "drew the admiration of the whole world on him," says

Butler, by "the lustre of his miracles, and the "fame of his predictions."

CHRONOLOGY.

1801. The peace of Amiens between France and England was signed in France.



Palm Sunday.

This is the first Sunday before Easter, and is sometimes called *Passion Sunday*. It is denominated *Palm Sunday*, because on this day the Roman catholic church ordains boughs or branches of palm trees to be carried in procession, in imitation of those strewed before Christ when he rode into Jerusalem. In this monkish procession the host was carried upon an ass, branches and flowers were strewed on the road, the richest cloths were laid down, and others were hung up. The

palms were consecrated by the priest, and after they were used they were preserved to be burned for holy ashes, to lay on the heads of the people on *Ash Wednesday* in the following year, as before-mentioned (see p. 261,) on that day.

On *Palm Sunday*, the palm flowers and leaves to be consecrated by the officiating prelate or priest were laid upon the high altar, and those for the poor *laity* being placed upon the south *step* of the altar. the priest arrayed in a red cope pro-

ceeded to consecrate them by a prayer, commencing "I conjure thee, thou creature of flowers and branches, in the name of God the Father," &c. This was to displace the devil or his influences, if he or they lurked or were hidden in or about the "creature of flowers and branches." Then followed a prayer wherein he said, with crosses, "We humbly beseech thee that thy truth may + sanctify this creature of flowers and branches, and slips of palms, or boughs of trees, which we offer," &c. Then the "creature of flowers and branches" was fumed with smoke of frankincense from the censers, and there were other prayers with crossings, and they were sprinkled with holy water with this supplication: "Bless + and sanctify + these branches of palms, and other trees and flowers," &c. Then the sacrists distributed the palms to the abbots, priors, and nobler persons, and the flowers and leaves to the others. When this was done the procession moved, and afterwards made a stand while two priests brought a *Pascal* in which the crucifix was laid; afterwards the banner and cross-bearers filed off to the right and to the left, and the boys and monks of the convent arranged themselves, and, after a short service, the priests with the tomb, headed by the banner and cross, passed between the monks, who knelt as they passed. When they came to the city-gates they divided again on two sides, and the shrine being put on a table, was covered with cloth. Above the entrance of the gates, in a place handsomely prepared with hangings, were boys with other singers whom the chanter had appointed, and these sang, "Gloria, Laus," "Glory, praise," &c. After having made a procession through the city, they returned to the convent-gate, where the shrine was laid on the table and covered with cloth, and a religious service was performed. The monks then returned to the church, and stood before the crucifix uncovered, while mass was performed; and after they had communicated, the deacon first and the rest afterwards, they offered their palms and flowers, at the altar.*

It was also an old Roman catholic custom on Palm Sunday, to draw about the town a wooden ass with a figure on it, representing Christ riding into Jerusalem,

and the people strewing palms before it. Googe's *Naogeorgus* says:—

A wooden *Asse* they have, and
Image great that on him rides,
 But underneath the *Asse's* feete
 a table broad there slides,
 Being borne on wheelles, which ready drest,
 and al things meete therefore,
 The *Asse* is brought abroad and set
 before the church's doore:
 The people all do come, and bowes
 of trees and Palmes they bere,
 Which things against the tempest great
 the Parson conjures there,
 And straytwayes downe before the *Asse*,
 upon his face he lies,
 Whome there an other Priest doth strike
 with rodde of largest sise:
 He rising up, two lubbours great
 upon their faces fall,
 In straunge attire, and lothsomely,
 with filthie tune, they ball:
 Who, when againe they risen are,
 with stretching out their hande,
 They poynt unto the wooden knight,
 and, singing as they stande,
 Declare that that is he that came
 into the worlde to save,
 And to redeeme such as in him
 their hope assured have:
 And even the same that long agone,
 while in the streate he roade,
 The people mette, and Olive-bowes
 so thicke before him stroade
 This being sounge, the people *cast*
 the braunches as they passe,
 Some part upon the Image, and
 some part upon the *Asse*:
 Before whose feete a wondrous heape
 of bowes and braunches ly:
 This done, into the Church he strayght
 is drawne full solemly:
 The shaven Priestes before them marche.
 the people follow fast,
 Still striving who shall gather first
 the bowes that downe are cast:
 For falsely they beleeve that these
 have force and vertue great,
 Against the rage of winter stormes
 and thunders flashing heate.
 In some place wealthie citizens,
 and men of sober chere,
 For no small summe doe hire this *Asse*
 with them about to bere,
 And manerly they use the same,
 not suffering any by
 To touch this *Asse*, nor to presume
 unto his presence ny.
 For they suppose that in this thing,
 they Christ do lightly serve,
 And well of him accepted are,
 and great rewardes deserve.

When the wooden ass had performed

* Fosbroke's British Monast Brand's Pop. Antiq. &c.

in the church procession, the boys hired him :

The Sexten please with price, and looking
well no harme be done :
They take the Asse, and through the streets
and crooked lanes they rone,
Whereas they common verses sing,
according to the guise,
The people giving money, breade,
and eggess of largest sise.
Of this their gaines they are compelde
the maister halfe to give,
Least he alone without his portion
of the Asse should live.

On the Romish processioning on Palm Sunday, it is observed by an old writer that, "Among x thousand, scarce one knew what this meant. They have their laudable dumme ceremonies, with *Lentin crosse* and *Uptide crosse*, and these two must jumble til lent break his necke. Then cakes must be caste out of the steple, that al the boyes in the parish must lie scrambling together by the eares, tyl al the parish falleth a laughyng. But, lorde, what asses-play made they of it in great cathedral churches and abbies. One comes forth in his albe and his long stole (for so they call their girde that they put about theyr neckes,) thys must be leasewise, as hunters weares their hornes.— This solempne Syre played Christe's part, a God's name. Then another companye of singers, chyldren and al, song, in prick-song, the Jewe's part—and the Deacon read the middel text. The Prest at the Alter al this while, because it was tediousse to be unoccupied, made Crosses of Palme to set upon your doors, and to beare in your purses, to chace away the Divel."*

Dr. Fulke, opposing the Catholics, observes on their carrying of the host on Palm Sunday,—“It is pretty sport, that you make the priests carry this idol to supply the room of the ass on which Christ did ride. Thus you turn the holy mystery of Christ's riding to Jerusalem to a May-game and pagent-play.” In the accounts of St. Andrew Hubbard's parish, there are Palm Sunday charges for the following items : In 1520, eightpence for the hire of an angel. In 1535-7, another eightpence for a priest and a child that played as a messenger : in that year the angel was hired for fourpence. By the churchwardens of St. Mary-at-hill, in 1451, fourpence was paid to one Lore-

man for playing the prophet on Palm Sunday. Though Roman catholic ceremonies were generally disused under Henry VIII., yet he declared that the bearing of palms on Palm Sunday was to be continued and not cast away ; and it appears, that they were borne in England until the second year of Edward VI. In “Stowe's Chronicle,” by Howes, the practice is said to have been discontinued in 1548.*

It was likewise a Roman catholic custom to resort to “our lady of Nantswell,” at Little Conan, in Cornwall, with a cross of palm ; and the people, after making the priest a present, were allowed to throw the cross into the well ; if it swam, the thrower was to outlive the year ; if it sunk, he was not.†

Recently, it is related, that on the Saturday before Palm Sunday, the boys of the grammar-school at Lanark, according to ancient usage, parade the streets with a palm, or, its substitute, a large tree of the willow kind, *salix caprea*, in blossom, ornamented with daffodils, mezerion, and box-tree. This day there is called Palm Saturday, and the custom is supposed to be “a popish relic of very ancient standing.”‡ Mr. Douce, in a manuscript note, cited by Mr. Ellis, says “I have somewhere met with a proverbial saying, that he that hath not a palm in his hand on Palm Sunday, must have his hand cut off.”

According to Stowe, in the week before Easter, there were great shows in London for going to the woods, and fetching into the king's house a twisted tree, or *withe* ; and the like into the house of every man of note or consequence.

Palm Sunday remains in the English calendars. It is still customary with men and boys to go a palming in London early on Palm Sunday morning ; that is, by gathering branches of the willow or sallow with their grey shining velvet-looking buds, from those trees in the vicinity of the metropolis : they come home with slips in their hats, and sticking in the breast button holes of their coats, and a sprig in the mouth, bearing the “palm” branches in their hands. This usage remains among the ignorant from poor neighbourhoods, but there is still to be found a basket woman or two at Covent-garden, and in the chief markets with this “palm,” as they call it, on the Satur-

* From a “Dialogue, concerning the chiefe ceremonies by the Impes of A. D. Christ, 1554,” 12mo. Quoted by Brand.

* Brand

† Carew

‡ Sinclair's Statist. Acc.

day before Palm Sunday, which they sell to those who are willing to buy; but the demand of late years has been very little, and hence the quantity on sale is very small. Nine out of ten among the purchasers buy it in imitation of others, they care not why; and such purchasers, being Londoners, do not even know the tree which produces it, but imagine it to be a "real" palm tree, and "wonder" they never saw any "palm" trees, and where they grow.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Sweet scented Jonquil. *Narcissus Odorus*.
Dedicated to *St. John* of Egypt.

March 28.

Priscus, *Malchus*, and *Alexander*, Martyrs, A. D. 260. *St. Sixtus* III. Pope, A. D. 440. *St. Gontran*, King and Confessor, A. D. 593.

CHRONOLOGY.

On this day in 1380, gunpowder was first used in Europe by the Venetians against the Genoese. Its power is said by the Germans to have been discovered accidentally by Berthold Schwartz; but our Roger Bacon who died in 1278, certainly was acquainted with it. Gunpowder was known in India very early, and from thence the knowledge of it was obtained by the Arabians, who employed it in a battle near Mecca so long ago as the year 690.

1677. Wenceslaus Hollar, the engraver, died at Westminster. His view of London in Howell's "Londinopolis," and the numerous plates he executed for Dugdale's "Monasticon," "Warwickshire," "St. Paul's," "Origines Juridicales," and other works have made him well known to the topographer and portrait collector; but his "muffs" and "insects" are particularly beautiful. His style almost peculiar to himself, is known at a glance by the experienced eye; Gaywood, in portraits, and King, in views, were inferior artists of the same school. Merian, in some insects, rivals him formidably. Hollar's labour was immense as may be seen from Vertue's catalogue of his prints; yet he often worked at fourpence an hour, and perished in poverty.

1801. Sir Ralph Abercrombie died in Egypt. He received his death-wound on the 21st., during his memorable victory over the French at Alexandria.

1802. Pallas, a new planet, was discovered by Dr. Olbers, of Bremen in Germany.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Lesser Leopardsbane. *Doronicum Plantagineum*.

Dedicated to *St. Priscus*.

March 29.

Sts. Jonas, *Barachisius*, &c. A. D. 327.

Sts. Armogastes, *Archimimus*, and *Saturus*, A. D. 457. *St. Eustasius*, 01

Eustachius, Abbot, A. D. 625. *St.*

Gundleus, a Welsh King, 5th Cent.

St. Mark, Bishop, 4th Cent.

CHRONOLOGY.

1315. Raymond Lulle, the most celebrated chemist and alchymist of his time, was stoned to death by the natives of Mauritania, whither he had gone on a religious mission, at the age of eighty. His attention was directed to chemistry by the power of love. A lady, very handsome, with whom he was passionately enamoured, refused to marry him. One day, when he renewed his solicitation, she showed her bosom inflamed by a cancer. Young Lulle instantly took leave, with the resolution to cure, and it possible, conquer the heart of his mistress. He searched with all the ardour, which affection and compassion could inspire, into the secrets of medicine and chemistry, and had the good fortune to cure, and to marry her. After her death he attached himself to the church. The inhabitants of the island of Majorca, where he was born, in 1236, revere him as a martyr.

1461. The battle which decided the claims of the houses of York and Lancaster was fought between Towton and Saxton, two villages near York. It commenced in a snow storm at day break, was contested with fearful obstinacy till three in the afternoon, and terminated in a deluge of blood. Eight and thirty thousand human beings were left dead on the field; of whom the heralds appointed to number the slain, returned that twenty-eight thousand were Lancastrians. Edward, duke of York, who won the day, rode from the scene of carnage to York, where he ordered the death of several prisoners; while Henry VI. of Lancaster, who lost the crown, escaped with great difficulty to the borders.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Oxelip. *Primula elatior*

Dedicated to *St. Eustasius*.

Fumitory. *Fumaria officinalis*

Dedicated to *St. Jonas*.

March 30.

St. John Climacus. *St. Zozimus*, Bishop of Syracuse, A. D. 660. *St. Regulus*, or *Rieul*, Bishop of Senlis.

St. John Climacus, A. D. 605,

Was caverned as a hermit in a rock near Mount Sinai, in Syria, and became at seventy-five, abbot and superior-general of all the monks and hermits of the country. He admired one of the principal citizens of Alexandria in Egypt, who, petitioning to become a monk, was ordered to remain without the gate, and manifested his obedience by staying there for seven years, and begging prayers for his leprous soul of every passenger. *St. John* also admired a monkish cook, because he generally cried while he cooked, and assigned as a reason, that "the fire he always had before his eyes, reminded him of that fire which will burn souls for all eternity."* It is related that a woman who had committed so enormous a sin that she dare not confess it, came to *St. John*, who bade her write it, and seal it, and give it to him, and he would pray for her; this she did, and shortly after *St. John* died. The woman sorely afraid that her written secret would be read, wept and prayed at *St. John's* tomb, and begged he would appear and tell her what he had done with the paper; on a sudden, *St. John* came forth habited like a bishop, with a bishop on each side of him, and he said to the woman, "Why troublest thou me so much, and these saints with me? thou sufferest us to have no rest: look here, our clothes are all wet with thy tears." Then he delivered to her the paper, sealed as she had given it to him, and said, "See here, look at the seal, open the writing, and read it." So she did; and she found all her sin "defaced clean out;" and instead thereof was written, "All thy sins are forgiven, and put away by the prayer of *St. John*, my servant." Then she returned thanks, and *St. John* and his two bishops returned to their sepulchres.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Rough Carameni. *Cardemini hirsuta*.
Dedicated to *St. John of Climacus*.
Lesser Daffodil. *Narcissus minor*.
Dedicated to *St. Zozimus*.

* Butler's Saints.

March 31.

St. Benjamin, Deacon, Martyr, A. D. 424.
St. Acacius, or *Achates*, Bishop of Antioch, A. D. 250, or 251. *St. Guy*
A. D. 1046.

CHRONOLOGY.

1814. On this day the sovereigns who have since formed the holy alliance, entered Paris at the head of the Russian troops. The capitulation of this capital was succeeded by the return of the Bourbons to France.

Maundy Thursday,

OR

SHERE THURSDAY.

Maundy Thursday is always the Thursday before Easter; its name has occasioned some trouble to antiquaries. One writer conceives *maundy* to be corrupted from the *mandate* of Christ to his disciples to break bread in remembrance of him: or from his other *mandate*, after he had washed their feet, to *love one another*.* With better reason it is conceived to be derived from the Saxon word *mand*, which afterwards became *maund*, a name for a basket, and subsequently for any gift or offering contained in the basket. Thus Shakspeare says, "a thousand favours from her *maund* she drew:" and Hall in his satires, speaks of "a *maund* charged with household merchandize:" so also Drayton tells of "a little *maund* being made of osiers small;" and Herrick says,

"Behold, for us, the naked graces stay
With *maunds* of roses, for to strew the way."

The same poet speaks of *maundie* as alms:

"All's gone, and death hath taken
Away from us
Our *maundie*, thus
The widowes staud forsaken."

Thus then, "*Maundy Thursday*, the day preceding Good Friday, on which the king distributes alms to a certain number of poor persons at Whitehall, is so named from the *maunds* in which the gifts were contained."†

* Dunton's British Apollo.

† Archdeacon Nares's "Glossary," wherein the authorities briefly cited above are set forth at large.

According to annual custom, on Maundy Thursday, 1814, the royal donations were distributed at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. In the morning, Dr. Carey, the sub-almoner, and Mr. Hanby, the secretary to the lord high almoner, Mr. Nost, and others belonging to the lord chamberlain's office, attended by a party of the yeomen of the guard, distributed to seventy-five poor women, and seventy-five poor men, being as many as the king was years old, a quantity of salt fish, consisting of salmon, cod, and herrings, pieces of very fine beef, five loaves of bread, and some ale to drink the king's health. Mr. Hanby gave notice that in future their cases must be certified by the minister of the parish, by order of the lord almoner. At three o'clock they assembled again, the men on one side the chapel, and the women on the other. A procession entered, of those engaged in the ceremony, consisting of a party of yeoman of the guard, one of them carrying a large gold dish on his head, containing 150 bags, with seventy-five silver pennies in each, for the poor people, which was placed in the royal closet. They were followed by the sub-almoner in his robes, with a sash of fine linen over his shoulder and crossing his waist. He was followed by two boys, two girls, the secretary, and another gentleman, with similar sashes, &c. &c., all carrying large nosegays. The church evening service was then performed, at the conclusion of which the silver pennies were distributed, and woollen cloth, linen, shoes and stockings, to the men and women, and a cup of wine to drink the king's health.

Anciently, on Maundy Thursday, the kings and queens of England washed and kissed the feet of as many poor men and women as they were years old, besides bestowing their *maundy* on each. This was in imitation of Christ washing his disciples' feet. Queen Elizabeth performed this at Greenwich, when she was thirty-nine years old, on which occasion the feet of the same number of poor persons were first washed by the yeomen of the laundry with warm water and sweet herbs, afterwards by the sub-almoner, and lastly, by the queen herself; the person who washed, making each time a cross on the pauper's foot above the toes, and kissing it. This ceremony was performed by the queen, kneeling, being attended by thirty-nine ladies and gentlewomen. Clothes, victuals, and money were then distributed

among the poor.* James II. is said to have been the last of our monarchs who performed this ceremony in person. It was afterwards performed by the almoner. On the 5th of April, 1731, it being Maundy Thursday, the king being then in his forty-eighth year, there was distributed at the Banqueting-house, Whitehall, to forty-eight poor men and forty-eight poor women, boiled beef and shoulders of mutton, and small bowls of ale, which is called dinner; after that, large wooden platters of fish and loaves, viz. undressed, one large old ling, and one large dried cod; twelve red herrings, and twelve white herrings, and four half quarter loaves. Each person had one platter of this provision; after which was distributed to them shoes, stockings, linen and woollen cloth, and leathern bags, with one-penny, two-penny, three-penny, and four-penny pieces of silver, and shillings; to each about four pounds in value. His grace, the lord archbishop of York, lord high almoner, performed the annual ceremony of washing the feet of the poor in the Royal Chapel, Whitehall, as was formerly done by the kings themselves.†

This day was also called *Shere Thursday*, and by corruption *Chare Thursday*. *Shere Thursday* signified that it was the day whereon the clergy were wont to shere or shear their heads, or get them shorn or shaven, and to clip their beards against Easter-day.‡ In the miraculous legend of St. Brandon it is related that he sailed with his monks to the island of sheep, "and on *shere thursdays*, after souper, he wesshe theyr feet and kyssed them lyke as our lorde dyd to his dyscyples."§ Maundy Thursday is nowhere observed in London except, as before stated, at the Chapel Royal.

Good Friday.

A Holiday at all the Public Offices.

This and Christmas-day are the only two close holidays now observed throughout London, by the general shutting up of shops, and the opening of all the churches. The dawn is awakened by a cry in the streets of "Hot-cross-buns; one-a-penny

* Gentleman's Magazine.

† Lambarde.

‡ Brand's Pop. Antiq. Nares's Glossary, 1729

and *shere*.

§ Golden Legend.

buns, two-a-penny buns; one-a-penny, two-a-penny, hot-cross-buns!" This proceeds from some little "peep-o'-day boy," willing to take the "top of the morning" before the rest of his compeers. He carries his covered buns in a basket hanging on one arm, while his other hand is straightened like an open door, at the side of his mouth, to let forth his childish voice, and he "pipes and trebles out the sound" to the extremity of his lungs. Scarcely has he departed before others come; "another and another still succeeds," and at last the whole street is in one "common cry of *buns*." Old men and young men, young women and old women, big children and little children, are engaged in this occupation, and "some cry now who never cried before." The bun-venders who eclipse the rest in voice and activity, are young women who drive fruit-barrows—barrows, by the bye, are no more, but of them by and bye. A couple of these ex-barrow-women trip along, carrying a wicker clothes-basket between them, in which the "hot-cross-buns" are covered, first by a clean flannel or green baize, and outwardly by a clean white cloth, which coverings are slowly and partially removed, for fear of letting the buns cool, when a customer stops to buy, or calls them to the door. They continue their lengthened cry, with a volume of concerted sound, unequalled by other rivals in the ephemeral Good Friday trade. These scenes and sounds continue till church-time, and resume in the afternoon. It partially commences on the evening before Good Friday, but with little success.

Some thirty or forty years ago pastry-cooks and bakers vied with each other for excellence in making hot-cross-buns; the demand has decreased, and so has the quality of the buns. But the great place of attraction for bun-eaters at that time was Chelsea; for *there* were the two "royal bun-houses." Before and along the whole length of the long front of each, stood a flat-roofed, neat, wooden portico or piazza of the width of the foot-path, beneath which shelter "from summer's heat and winter's cold," crowds of persons assembled to scramble for a chance of purchasing "royal hot cross Chelsea buns," within a reasonable time; and several hundreds of square black tins, with dozens of hot buns on each tin, were disposed of in every hour from a little after six in the morning, till after the

same period in the evening of Good Friday. Those who knew what was good, better than new comers, gave the preference to the "old *original* royal bun-house," which had been a *bun*-house "ever since it was a house," and at which "the king himself once *stopped*," and who could say as much for the other? This was the conclusive tale at the door, and from within the doors, of the "old original bun-house." Alas! and alack! there is *that* house *now*; and there is the house that was opened as its rival; but where are ye who contributed to their renown and custom, among the apprentices and journeymen, and the little comfortable tradesmen of the metropolis, and their wives and children—where are ye. With ye hath the fame of "Chelsea buns" departed, and the "royal bun-houses" are little more distinguished than the humble graves wherein ye rest.

Formerly "hot-cross-buns" were commonly eaten in London by families at breakfast, and some families still retain the usage. They are of the usual form of buns; though they are distinguished from them inwardly by a sweeter taste, and the flavour of all-spice, and outwardly by the mark or sign of the cross. The "hot-cross-bun" is the most popular symbol of the Roman catholic religion in England that the reformation has left. Of the use of the cross, as a mark or sign in papal worship and devotion, most readers are aware; for it has been insisted on by Roman catholic writers from the days of Constantine to Alban Butler himself, who giving example of its great virtue on Good Friday, says, "to add one more instance, out of many, St. Teresa assures us, in her own life, that one day the devil, by a phantom, appeared to sit on the letters of her book, to disturb her at her devotions; but she drove him away *thrice* by the sign of the cross, and at last sprinkled the book with holy water; after which he returned no more."* In the houses of some ignorant people, a Good Friday bun is still kept "for luck," and sometimes there hangs from the ceiling a hard biscuit-like cake of open *cross*-work, baked on a Good Friday, to remain there till displaced on the next Good Friday by one of similar make; and of this the editor of the *Every-Day Book*

* Butler's *Movable Feasts*, 1774, 8vo. p. 370.

has heard affirmed, that it preserves the house from fire;" "no fire ever happened in a house that had one." This undoubtedly is a relic of the old superstition; as is also a vulgar notion in the west of England, that the straight stripe down the shoulders of the ass, intersected by the long one from the neck to the tail, is a *cross* of honour conferred upon him by Christ, and that before Christ rode upon the ass, that animal was not so distinguished.

Hot-cross-buns are the ecclesiastical *Eulogiæ*, or consecrated loaves, bestowed in the church as alms, and to those who from any impediment could not receive the host. They are made from the dough from whence the host itself is taken, and are given by the priest to the people after mass, just before the congregation is dismissed, and are kissed before they are eaten. They are marked with the cross as our Good Friday buns are. Winckelman relates this remarkable fact, that at Herculaneum were found two entire loaves of the same size, a palm and a half, or five inches in diameter. They were marked by a *cross*, within which were four other lines; and so the bread of the Greeks was marked from the earliest periods. Sometimes it had only four lines, and then it was called *quadra*. This bread had rarely any other mark than a cross, which was on purpose to divide and break it more easily.*

The *Tenebræ*, a Roman catholic service signifying *darkness*, is performed on and before *Good Friday*, to denote the circumstances and darkness at the crucifixion. This is partly symbolized by a

triangular candlestick with fourteen yellow wax candles and one white one seven of these yellow candles being on one side, the seven other yellow ones on the other side, and the white wax candle being at the top. The fourteen yellow candles represent the eleven apostles, the virgin Mary, and the women that were with her at the crucifixion; the white candle at the top is to represent Christ. Fourteen psalms are sung, and at the end of each psalm one of the yellow candles is put out till the whole fourteen are extinguished, and the white candle alone left alight. After this and the extinction of the light on the altar, "the white candle is taken down from the top of the triangular candlestick, and hid under the altar." The putting out of the fourteen candles is to denote the flight or mourning of the apostles and the women; and the hiding of the white candle denotes that Christ is in the sepulchre; then a noise is made by beating the desks or books, and by beating the floor with the hands and feet, and this noise is to represent the earthquake and the splitting of the rocks at the crucifixion.*

In the church of St. Peter's at Rome on Good Friday, the hundred burning lamps on the tomb of St. Peter are extinguished, and a stupendous illuminated cross depends from the immense dome of the cathedral, as if it hung self-supported. But to relate the papal ceremonies pertaining to the fast of lent, and its ensuing festival, would fill volumes of this size, and we hasten from the devices of men to contemplate works which all his art is incompetent to rival.

Nature ! to me, thou art more beautiful
 In thy most simple forms, than all that man
 Hath made, with all his genius, and his power
 Of combination : for he cannot raise
 One structure, pinnacled, or domed, or gemm'd,
 By architectural rule, or cunning hand,
 Like to the smallest plant, or flower, or leaf,
 Which living hath a tongue, that doth discourse
 Most eloquent of Him, the great Creator
 Of all living things. Man's makings fail
 To tell of aught but this, that he, the framer
 Sought also to create, and fail'd, because
 No life can he impart, or breath infuse,
 To give inertness being.

* Fosbroke's Brit. Monach. Herculaneum it will be remembered was overwhelmed and destroyed by the volcanic eruption of Mount Vesuvius, A. D. 79.

* Butler's Moveable Feasts.



APRIL.

Next came fresh April, full of lustyhed,
 And wanton as a kid whose horne new buds ;
 Upon a bull he rode, the same which led
 Europa floting through th' Argolick fluds :
 His horns were gilden all with golden studs,
 And garnished with garlands goodly dight
 Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds
 Which th' earth brings forth ; and wet he seem'd in sight
 With waves, through which he waded for his love's delight. — *Spenser.*

This is the fourth month of the year. Its Latin name is *Aprilis*, from *aperio*, to open or set forth. The Saxons called it, *Oster* or *Eastermonath*, in which month, the feast of the Saxon goddess, *Eastre*, *Easter*, or *Eoster* is said to have been celebrated.* April, with us, is sometimes represented as a girl clothed in green, with a garland of myrtle and hawthorn buds ; holding in one hand primroses and violets, and in the other the zodiacal sign, Taurus, or the bull, into which constellation the sun enters during this month. The Romans consecrated the first of April to Venus, the goddess of beauty, the mother of love, the queen of laughter, the mistress of the graces ; and the Roman widows and virgins assembled in the temple of Virile Fortune, and dis-

closing their personal deformities, prayed the goddess to conceal them from their husbands.*

In this month the business of creation seems resumed. The vital spark rekindles in dormant existences ; and all things “ live, and move, and have their being.” The earth puts on her livery to await the call of her lord ; the air breathes gently on his cheek, and conducts to his ear the warblings of the birds, and the odours of new-born herbs and flowers ; the great eye of the world “ sees and shines ” with bright and gladdening glances ; the waters teem with life, man himself feels the revivifying and ail-pervading influence ; and his

— spirit holds communion sweet
 With the brighter spirits of the sky.

* Sayer's Disquisitions.

* Lempriere.

April 1.—All Fools' Day.

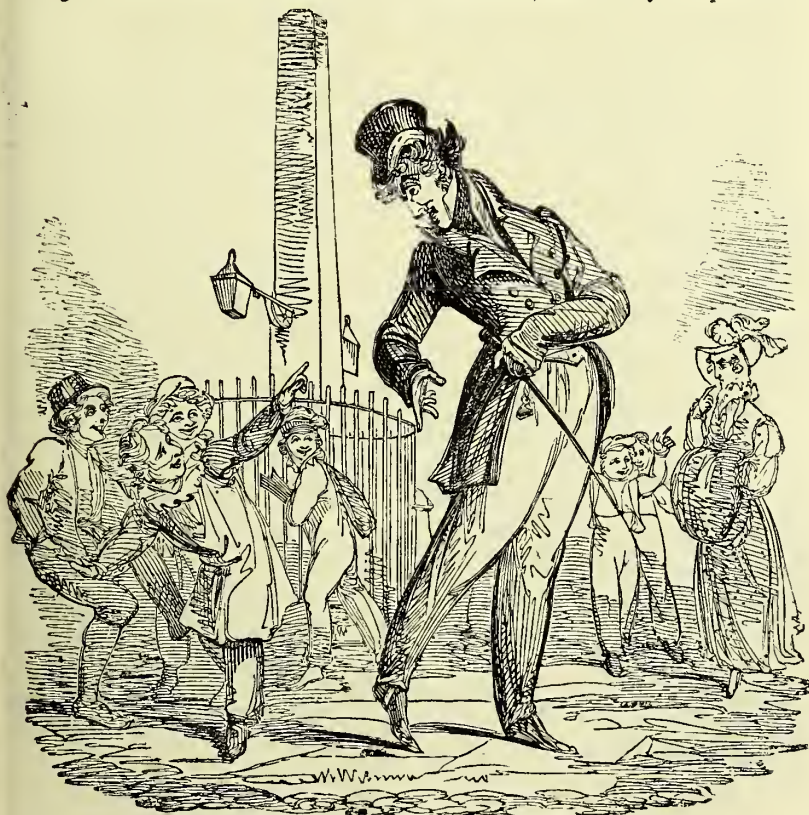
St. Hugh, Bp. A. D. 1132. *St. Melito*, Bp. A. D. 175. *St. Gilbert*, Bp. of Cathness, A. D. 1240.

On the first of April, 1712, Lord Bolingbroke stated, that in the wars, called the "glorious wars of queen Anne," the duke of Marlborough had not lost a single battle—and yet, that the French had carried their point, the succession to the Spanish monarchy, the pretended cause of these wars. Dean Swift called this statement "a due donation for 'All Fools' Day!'"

On the first of April, 1810, Napoleon married Maria Louisa, archduchess of Austria, on which occasion some of the waggish Parisians called him "*un poisson d'Avril*," a term which answers to our *April fool*. On the occasion of his nuptials, Napoleon struck a medal, with Love bearing a thunderbolt for its device.

It is customary on this day for boys to practise jocular deceptions. When they succeed, they laugh at the person whom they think they have rendered ridiculous, and exclaim, "*Ah! you April fool!*"

Thirty years ago, when buckles were worn in shoes, a boy would meet a person in the street with—"Sir, if you please, your shoe's *unbuckled*," and the moment the accosted individual looked towards his feet, the informant would cry—"Ah! you April fool!" Twenty years ago, when buckles were wholly disused, the urchin-cry was—"Sir, your shoe's *untied*;" and if the shoe-wearer lowered his eyes, he was hailed, as his buckled predecessor had been, with the said—"Ah! you April fool!" Now, when neither buckles nor strings are worn, because in the year 1825 no decent man "has a *shoe* to his foot," the waggery of the day is—"Sir, there's something *out* of your pocket." "Where?" "There!" "What?" "Your *hand*, sir—Ah! you April fool!"



AH! YOU APRIL FOOL!

Or else some lady is humbly bowed to, and gravely addressed with "Ma'am, I beg your pardon, but you've *something on your face!*" "Indeed, my man! what is it?" "Your *nose*, ma'am—Ah! you April fool!"

The tricks that youngsters play off on the *first of April* are various as their fancies. One, who has yet to know the humours of the day, they send to a cobbler's for a pennyworth of the best "stir-

rup oil;" the cobbler receives the money and the novice receives a hearty cut or two from the cobbler's strap: if he does not, at the same time, obtain the information that he is "an April fool," he is sure to be acquainted with it on returning to his companions. The like knowledge is also gained by an errand to some shop for half a pint of "pigeon's milk," or an inquiry at a bookseller's for the "Lif- and Adventures of Eve's Mother."

Then, in-door young ones club their wicked wits,
And almost frighten servants into fits—

"Oh, John! James! John!—oh, quick! oh! Molly, oh
Oh, the trap-door! oh, Molly! down below!"

"What, what's the matter!" scream, with wild surprise

John, James, and Molly, while the young ones' cries

Redouble till they come; then all the boys

Shout "Ah! you April fools!" with clamorous noise;

And little girls enticed down stairs to see,

Stand peeping, clap their hands, and cry "te-hee!"

Each gibing boy escapes a different way,

And meet again some trick, "as good as that," to play.

Much is written concerning the custom of fool-making on the first of April, but with this result only, that it is very ancient and very general.* As a better opportunity will occur hereafter, nothing will be said here respecting "fools" by profession.

The practice of making fools on this day in North Britain, is usually exercised by sending a person from place to place by means of a letter, in which is written

"On the first day of April
Hunt the *gowk* another mile."

This is called "hunting the *gowk*;" and the bearer of the "fools' errand" is called an "April *gowk*." Brand says, that *gowk* is properly a *cuckoo*, and is used here *metaphorically* for a fool; this appears correct; for from the Saxon "*geac*, a cuckoo," is derived *geck*, † which means "one easily imposed on." Malvolio, who had been "made a *fool*" by a letter, purporting to have been written by Olivia, inquires of her

"Why have you suffered me to be—
—Made the most notorious *geck* and *gull*
That e'er invention play'd on?"

Olivia affirms, that the letter was not written by her, and exclaims to Malvolio

"Alas, poor *fool!* how have they baffled thee!"

Geck is likewise derivable "from the Teutonic *geck*, *jocus*."[‡]

The "April fool" is among the Swedes. Toreen, one of their travellers, says, "We set sail on the first of April, and the wind made *April fools* of us, for we were forced to return before Shagen." On the Sunday and Monday preceding Lent, people are privileged at Lisbon to play the *fool*: it is thought very jocose to pour water on any person who passes, or throw powder in his face; but to do both is the perfection of wit. † The Hindoos also at their Huli festival keep a general holiday on the 31st of March, and one subject of diversion is to send people on errands and expeditions that are to end in disappointment, and raise a laugh at the expense of the persons sent. Colonel Pearce says, that "high and low join in it; and," he adds, "the late Suraja Doulah, I am told, was very fond of making Huli fools, though he was a mus-sulman of the highest rank. They carry the joke here (in India) so far, as to send letters making appointments, in the name of persons, who, it is known, must be absent from their house at the time fixed upon; and the laugh is always in proportion to the trouble given."[‡]

The *April fool* among the French is called "*un poisson b April*." Their trans-

* Prand.

† Ash.

• Jamieson, in Nare's Glossary.

† Southey, quoted in Brand, as also Toreen.

‡ Asiat. Res. in Brand, from Maurice.

formation of the term is not well accounted for, but their customs on the day are similar to ours. In one instance a "joke" was carried too far. At Paris, on the 1st of April, 1817, a young lady pocketed a watch in the house of a friend. She was arrested the same day, and taken before the correctional police, when being charged with the fact, she said it was an April trick (*un poisson d'Avril*.) She was asked whether the watch was in her custody? She denied it; but a messenger was sent to her apartment, and it was found on the chimney-place. Upon which the young lady said, she had made the messenger *un poisson d'Avril*, "an April fool." The pleasantry, however, did not end so happily, for the young lady was jocularly recommended to remain in the house of correction till the 1st of April, 1818, and then to be discharged as *un poisson d'Avril*.*

It must not be forgotten, that the practice of "making April fool" in England, is often indulged by persons of maturer years, and in a more agreeable way. There are some verses that pleasantly exemplify this:†

To a LADY, who threatened to make the
AUTHOR an APRIL FOOL.

Why strive, dear girl, to make a fool
Of one not wise before,
Yet, having 'scaped from folly's school,
Would fain go there no more?

Ah! if I must to school again,
Wilt thou my teacher be?
I'm sure no lesson will be vain
Which thou canst give to me.

One of thy kind and gentle looks,
Thy smiles devoid of art,
Avail, beyond all crabb'd books,
To regulate my heart.

Thou need'st not call some fairy elf,
On any April-day,
To make thy bard forget himself,
Or wander from his way.

One thing he never can forget,
Whatever change may be,
The sacred hour when first he met
And fondly gazed on thee.

A seed then fell into his breast;
Thy spirit plac'd it there:
Need I, my Julia, tell the rest?
Thou seest the blossoms here.

* Morn. Chron. June 17, 1817.

† Cited by Brand from Julia, or Last Follies, 1798, 4to.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Annual Mercury. *Mercurialis annua*—
Dedicated to *St. Hugh*.

April 2.

St. Francis of Paula. *St. Apian*, A. D. 306. *St. Theodosia*, A. D. 308. *St. Nicetius*, Abp. of Lyons, A. D. 577. *St. Ebba*, Abbess, and her companions, A. D. 870, or 874. *B. Constantine II.* king of Scotland, A. D. 874. *St Bronacha*, or *Bronanna*, Abbess.

St. Francis of Paula

Was a Calabrian, and at fifteen years old shut himself up in a cave, in a rock on the coast. Before twenty he was joined by two others, and the people built them three cells; the number increased, and so arose the order of friar Minims, which means the least of the friars. Constant abstinence from flesh, and all food made of milk or eggs, was one of their rules. In 1479, being invited to Sicily, "he was received there as an angel from heaven, wrought miracles, and built several monasteries." He prophesied, held burning coals in his hand without being burnt, restored his nephew to life, cured people of the plague, received the host with a cord about his neck on Maundy Thursday, died on the 2d of April, 1508, aged ninety-one, and was buried till 1562 when the hugonots burnt his bones with the wood of a crucifix.*

Besides this, it is related, that the elements lost their force against him; that he walked upon fire; entered into a burning oven without harm; and made a sea voyage on his own cloak instead of a ship, and had a companion on board with him.†

According to another account he was much worried by the devil. Once while he was at prayers the devil called him three times by his own name. Another time he was so possessed by the fiend, that he had no other way to get rid of him, than by stripping and beating himself with a hard cord, crying while he did it, "thus brother ass thou must be beaten;" after which he ran into the snow and made seven snowballs, intending to swallow them if the devil had not taken his leave. Then a whole parcel of devils came one night, and gave him a grievous

* Butler.

† Ribadeneyra.

beating; this was because he lodged in a cardinal's palace, and it occasioned him to shift his lodging. Afterwards, when at prayers, he saw upon the roof of the house whole companies of these infernals. He was a bird-fancier. A bird sat singing on a fig-tree by the side of his cell, he called it to him; the bird came upon his hand, and he said to it—"Sing, my sister, and praise the Lord," and the bird sat singing till he gave it liberty to go away. Going to Venice with his companions, and hearing birds singing in a wood, he proposed to sing the canonical hours, but the monks could not hear themselves for the chanters of the grove, wherefore, he entreated the feathered choir to be silent, and they remained so till he gave them liberty to proceed. At another place when he was preaching, he could not be heard for the swallows, which were making their nests; he said to them—"Sister swallows, it is time for me to speak; as you've said enough, be quiet," and so they were. It was customary with him when one of his friars had committed a fault to take off the friar's hood, and throw it into the fire, from whence after staying there a proper time, he commanded it to be restored to the friar, and the hood was then taken out of the fire without having sustained injury. More to the like effect, and of equal credibility, is related of this saint in the *Golden Legend*.

CHRONOLOGY.

1801. Lord Nelson's victory at Copenhagen, when eighteen sail of the line were either captured or destroyed.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

White Violet. *Viola alba*.

Dedicated to *St. Francis* of Paula.

Moveable Feasts.

* * AN ERROR under the above title having crept into the *Every-Day Book*, at p. 190, and also extended to the list of "*Moveable feasts*," the reader will please to correct that list, &c. by the following statement.

Shrove Sunday is the Sunday next before *Shrove Tuesday*. It is also called *Quinquagesima Sunday*.

Shrove Tuesday is always the seventh Tuesday before *Easter-day*.

Care, or Carle Sunday is the fifth Sunday in Lent, and the second Sunday before *Easter-day*.

Maundy Thursday, also called *Chare* or *Shere Thursday*, is the day before *Good Friday*.

Good Friday is the Friday in Passion-week, and consequently the Friday next before *Easter-day*.

EASTER-DAY is always the first Sunday after the first full moon, which happens on or next after the 21st of March; but if the full moon happens upon a Sunday, *Easter-day* is the Sunday following.

Octave or Utas of a Feast.

The *Octave* or *Utas* of each feast is always the eighth day after it occurs; for example, the feast of *St. Hillary* is the 13th of January, hence the *octave* of *St. Hillary* is the 22d of January.

†† THESE CORRECTIONS would have been made in the sheet itself, but a great number of copies having been printed, before the error was discovered, it became necessary to postpone the rectification. See NOTE below.*

Easter.

EASTER-DAY is distinguished by its peculiar name, through our Saxon ancestors, who at this season of the year held a great festival, in honour of the goddess *Eastor*, probably the *Astarte* of the eastern nations. The French call this festival *Paques*, derived from the Greek *pascha*, which is also derived from the Hebrew *pcsech*, meaning passover; and whence we have the English word *paschal*, applied to the lamb, which formed part of the evening meal, the last of which our saviour partook, before his death, with his twelve missionaries. In *Cambridgeshire* the word *pasch* is still in use, and applied to a flower which appears at this time on the *Gogmagog hills* and its environs. The day is of importance in a civil, as well as in a religious, light; for on this day depend the openings of our courts of law, which take place after it, and the festivals of the church are arranged in conformity to it. By the act of parliament on this subject, and the rule given in conformity

* Mr. NICOLAS obligingly informs me, that since his "*Notitia Historica*" was printed, he has ascertained that the rule laid down for *Shrove Tuesday*, in that work, was not correct, and that having made some alterations in the event of a second edition being demanded, and finding I had cited the part containing the error, he thought it right to send me a copy of his corrections, from whence the preceding list is formed. There can scarcely be a doubt that a second edition of Mr. Nicolas's "*Notitia Historica*" will be required speedily, because the series of Tables, Calendars, and miscellaneous information which it contains must be eminently useful, not only to the legal profession, antiquaries, and every historical and topographical inquirer, but to general readers, many of whom daily suffer inconvenience without such a source of reference

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to it in the "Common Prayer-Book," which of course every body has an opportunity of seeing, "EASTER-DAY 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 happen upon a Sunday, Easter-day is the Sunday after."

One would think, that when such precise directions had been given, and the state of the moon on any day is so clearly and easily ascertained, that there would be no difficulty in following them; but experience has proved that contrary deviations from the act of parliament have been numerous. These have been pointed out at various times, but without any effect on the public. In the year 1735, Henry Wilson, of Tower-hill, styling himself mathematician, denounced the errors on this subject in a very ingenious work, entitled "The regulation of Easter, or the cause of the errors and differences contracted in the calculation of it, discovered and duly considered, showing—The frequency and consequence of that error, with the cause from whence it proceeds, and a method proposed for rectifying it, and reconciling the differences about it, and for restoring the time of celebrating that great solemnity in its primitive certainty and exactness, and that without the difficulty and confusion which some have objected would attend such a regulation." 8vo.

Within these few years an error in the observance of Easter took place, and on all the almanacs fixing an improper day for its observance, a memorial was presented to the lords in council and to the prince regent, humbly soliciting their interference on this subject. It was noticed also by Mr. Frend, in his "Evening Amusements;" and a clergyman of Oxford published a pamphlet on the occasion. There was also, we believe, one clergyman, who, disregarding the almanac, obeyed the rubric, and read the services for Easter-day, and the Sundays depending on it, on very different days from those adopted in other churches. It was remarkable also, that in that very year, judge Garrow arrived at Gloucester a short time after twelve o'clock at night, of the day on which the assizes were to commence, and the high-sheriff very properly representing his scruples, on the equality of then commencing the assizes, they were delayed till the opinion of the judges could be taken, and the conse-

quence was, the issuing of a new writ. Thus the difference of a few minutes was considered fatal to the opening of a country court, though the courts of law at Westminster had been opened a few months before, when a much greater error had taken place with respect to Easter-day, on which, as before observed, the opening of those courts depends.

To understand this subject we must refer back to the origin of this festival, instituted in honour of the resurrection of our saviour, which took place on the third day after his execution as a malefactor. Friday had been fixed upon as the day of commemorating his death, and as that took place on the day of full moon, the first full moon after the twenty-first of March was fixed upon as the regulator of the festival. The great point had in view was to prevent the festival of Easter-day from being observed on the day of a full moon, but as near to it as circumstances would admit, and in consequence there is a great difference in the times of observing this festival; it being specially provided, however, that it should happen *after* a full moon. The Jews observe their passover by juster rules; the day for the celebration of it taking place on different days of the week: but the Christians having fixed on Friday for the celebration of the fast on the death of our saviour, the Easter-day, on the following Sunday, was accommodated to it, and both were so fixed, that there could not be a full moon on the Easter-day, nor for some weeks after it.

In this year, 1825, the full moon occurs at twenty-three minutes past six in the morning of the *third* of April; consequently, according to the act of parliament, and the rubric of the church, Easter-day ought to be celebrated on the *tenth*, and the courts of law ought to open, or Easter term begin, on the twenty-seventh; but our almanac-makers thought good to fix Easter-day on the *third*, and consequently Easter term is placed by them on the *twentieth*, on which day it is presumed that judicial proceedings will commence.

Easter-day is observed all over Christendom with peculiar rites. In the catholic church high mass is celebrated, the host is adored with the greatest reverence, and both Catholics and Protestants might be led from it, to a more particular attention to the circumstances attending its form and substance. The *host*, de-

rived from the Latin word *hostia*, meaning a victim, is a consecrated wafer, of a circular form, composed of flour and water. Both substance and form are regulated by custom of very ancient date. On the night before his execution, our saviour took bread, and blessing it, divided it among his missionaries; but the bread he took was not ordinary bread, but unleavened bread, such as is used by the Jews during the passover week in the present days. This bread is composed of merely flour and water, no leaven during the festival of their passover being permitted to enter the house of a Jew. It is a kind of biscuit of a circular form, and the *host* thus, by its form and substance, brings us back to the recollection of the Catholics, and the rite celebrated by our saviour. It is the representation of the Jewish cake, or unleavened bread, which is to this day eaten by that nation during the passover week.

The Protestants have deviated from this custom, and in their churches use leavened bread, without any regard to form, and they cut it with a knife into small pieces, forgetting that our saviour broke the bread; but some use leavened bread, and, as they cannot break it, they attempt to imitate our saviour's action by tearing it in pieces.

For those who wish to have a more comprehensive view of this subject, the following works are recommended: Cardinal Bona on the mass; Dean Comber on the liturgy; and above all, the Hebrew ritual, which is translated into English, and to which both Catholics and Protestants are indebted for greater part of their services.*

April 3.

1825. EASTER SUNDAY. *The Resurrection.*

Sts. Agape, Chionia, and Irene, Sisters, and their Companions, A. N. 304; *St. Richard. St. Ulpian. St. Nicetas,* Abbot, A. D. 824.

St. Richard de Wiche

Was born at Wiche, near Worcester; studied at Oxford, Paris, and Bologna; became chancellor to the diocese of Canterbury; and was consecrated bishop of Chichester in 1245, against the desire of

* This article on "Easter" is communicated by the gentleman who favoured the editor with the account of the "Veinal Equinox," at p. 375.

Henry III who seized his temporalities. These he regained by replevin, and pleading his cause against the king's deputies before Innocent IV. at Rome, a papal decree confirmed his election. Among his clergy he was a strict disciplinarian, and a friend and comforter to the poor. Preaching a crusade, according to the fashion of those times, against the Saracens, he fell sick, and died in the hospital at Dover, called God's-house, in 1253, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and in the ninth of his episcopal functions. This is a brief character of an exemplary prelate, but the credulous Butler chooses to affirm, that three dead persons were restored to life, and other miraculous cures were worked at his tomb. Father Porter gossips a story of a miraculous flow of unction at his consecration; of a dead-born child having been brought to life by his dead merits; and of the touch of his old clothes having cured the diseased, with other performances, "which moved pope Boniface IV. to enrol him into the number of the canonized saints." Such wonders have never been performed in our days, and hence late popes have not been able to make saints. If bibles could be suppressed, and the printing-press destroyed, miracles and canonizations would "come in" again.

For particulars respecting *Easter-day* and *Easter Monday*, see *Easter Tuesday*, 5th of APRIL.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Evergreen Alkanet. *Achusa sempervirus.*

Dedicated to *St. Agape.*

April 4.

St. Isidore, Bishop of Seville, A. D. 636
St. Plato, Abbot, A. D. 813.

EASTER MONDAY

Holiday at the Public Offices; except Excise, Custom, and Stamp.

CHRONOLOGY.

1774. Oliver Goldsmith died: he was born in Ireland, November 29th, 1728.

1802. Lloyd, lord Kenyon, lord chief justice of England, died, aged 69.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Red Crown Imperial. *Fritillaria Imperialis.*

Dedicated to *St Isidore*

April 5.

St. Vincent Ferrer, A. D. 1419. *St. Ger-
rald*, Abbot, A. D. 1095. *St. Tigernach*,
Bishop in Ireland, A. D. 550. *St. Beccan*,
Abbot.

EASTER TUESDAY.

Holidays at the Public Offices; except Excise,
Stamp, and Custom.

CHRONOLOGY.

1605. John Stow, the antiquary, died,
aged 80. He was a tailor.

1800. The rev. William Mason died.
He was born at Hull, in Yorkshire, in 1725.

1804. The rev. William Gilpin, author
of "Picturesque Tours," "Remarks on
Forest Scenery," an "Essay on Prints,"
&c. died aged 80.

1811. Robert Raikes, of Gloucester,
died, aged 76. He was the originator of
Sunday-schools, and spent his life in acts
of kindness and compassion; promoting
education as a source of happiness to his
fellow beings, and bestowing his exertions
and bounty to benefit the helpless.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Yellow Crown Imperial. *Fritillaria Impe-
rialis Lutea*.

Dedicated to *St. Vincent Ferrer*.

Easter Customs.

Dancing of the Sun.

The day before Easter-day is in some
parts called "Holy Saturday." On the
evening of this day, in the middle dis-
tricts of Ireland, great preparations are
made for the finishing of Lent. Many
a fat hen and dainty piece of bacon is put
in the pot by the cotter's wife about eight
or nine o'clock, and woe be to the person
who should taste it before the cock
crows. At twelve is heard the clapping
of hands, and the joyous laugh, mixed
with "*Shidh or mogh or corries*," i. e.
out with the Lent: all is merriment for
a few hours, when they retire, and rise
about four o'clock to see the sun dance
in honour of the resurrection. This ignorant
custom is not confined to the humble
labourer and his family, but is scrupu-
lously observed by many highly respect-
able and wealthy families, different mem-
bers of whom I have heard assest posi-
tively that they had seen the sun dance
on Easter morning.*

It is inquired in Dunton's "Athenian
Oracle," "Why does the sun at his rising
play more on Easter-day than Whit-
Sunday?" The question is answered
thus:—"The matter of fact is an old,
weak, superstitious error, and the sun
neither plays nor works on Easter-day
more than any other. It is true, it may
sometimes happen to shine brighter that
morning than any other; but, if it does, it is
purely accidental. In some parts of Eng-
land they call it the lamb-playing, which
they look for, as soon as the sun rises, in
some clear or spring water, and is nothing
but the pretty reflection it makes from
the water, which they may find at any
time, if the sun rises clear, and they
themselves early, and unprejudiced with
fancy." The folly is kept up by the fact,
that no one can view the sun steadily at
any hour, and those who choose to lo k
at it, or at its reflection in water, see it
apparently move, as they would on any
other day. Brand points out an allusion
to this vulgar notion in an old ballad:—

But, Dick, she dances such away!

No sun upon an Easter day

Is half so fine a sight.

Again, from the "British Apollo," a
presumed question to the sun himself
upon the subject, elicits a suitable an-
swer:

Q. Old wives, Phœbus, say

That on Easter-day

To the music o' th' spheres you do caper;

B the fact, sir, be true,

Pray let's the cause know,

When you have any room in your paper.

A. The old wives get merry

With spic'd ale or sherry,

On Easter, which makes them romance;

And whilst in a rout

Their brains whirl about,

They fancy we caper and dance.

A bit of smoked glass, such as boys
use to view an eclipse with, would put
this matter steady to every eye but that
of wilful self-deception, which, after all,
superstition always chooses to see through.

Lifting.

Mr. Ellis inserts, in his edition of Mr.
Brand's "Popular Antiquities," a letter
from Mr. Thomas Loggan of Basinghall-
street, from whence the following extract
is made: Mr. Loggan says, "I was sitting
alone last Easter Tuesday, at breakfast,
at the Talbot in Shrewsbury, when I was
surprised by the entrance of all the female
servants of the house handing in an arm-

* Communicated to the *Every-Day Book* by Mr.
T. A.—.

chair, lined with white, and decorated with ribbons and favours of different colours. I asked them what they wanted, their answer was, they came to *heave* me; it was the custom of the place on that morning, and they hoped I would take a seat in their chair. It was impossible not to comply with a request very modestly made, and to a set of nymphs in their best apparel, and several of them under twenty. I wished to see all the ceremony, and seated myself accordingly. The group then lifted me from the

ground, turned the chair about, and I had the felicity of a salute from each. I told them, I supposed there was a fee due upon the occasion, and was answered in the affirmative; and, having satisfied the damsels in this respect, they withdrew to heave others. At this time I had never heard of such a custom; but, on inquiry I found that on Easter Monday, between nine and twelve, the men *heave* the women in the same manner as on the Tuesday, between the same hours, the women *heave* the men."



Lifting—an Easter Custom.

In Lancashire, Staffordshire, Warwickshire, and some other parts of England there prevails this custom of *heaving* or *lifting* at Easter-tide. This is performed mostly in the open street, though sometimes it is insisted on and submitted to within the house. People form into parties of eight or a dozen or even more for the purpose, and from every one *lifted* or *heaved* they extort a contribution. The

late Mr. Lysons read to the Society of Antiquaries an extract from a roll in his custody, as keeper of the records in the tower of London, which contains a payment to certain ladies and maids of honour for taking king Edward I. in his bed at Easter; from whence it has been presumed that he was *lifted* on the authority of that custom, which is said to have prevailed among all ranks through-

out the kingdom. The usage is a vulgar commemoration of the resurrection which the festival of Easter celebrates.

Lifting or *heaving* differs a little in different places. In some parts the person is laid horizontally, in others placed in a sitting position on the bearers' hands. Usually, when the *lifting* or *heaving* is within doors, a chair is produced, but in all cases the ceremony is incomplete without three distinct elevations.

A Warwickshire correspondent, L. S., says, Easter Monday and Easter Tuesday were known by the name of *heaving-day*, because on the former day it was customary for the men to heave and kiss the women, and on the latter for the women to retaliate upon the men. The women's *heaving-day* was the most amusing. Many a time have I passed along the streets inhabited by the lower orders of people, and seen parties of jolly matrons assembled round tables on which stood a foaming tankard of ale. There they sat in all the pride of absolute sovereignty, and woe to the luckless man that dared to invade their prerogatives!—as sure as he was seen he was pursued—as sure as he was pursued he was taken—and as sure as he was taken he was heaved and kissed, and compelled to pay sixpence for “leave and license” to depart.

Conducted as *lifting* appears to have been by the blooming lasses of Shrewsbury, and acquitted as all who are actors in the usage any where must be, of even the slightest knowledge that this practice is an absurd performance of the resurrection, still it must strike the reflective mind as at least an absurd custom, “more honored in the breach than the observance.” It has been handed down to us from the bewildering ceremonies of the Romish church, and may easily be discountenanced into disuse by opportune and mild persuasion. If the children of ignorant persons be properly taught, they will perceive in adult years the gross follies of their parentage, and so instruct their own offspring, that not a hand or voice shall be lifted or heard from the sons of labour, in support of a superstition that darkened and dismayed man, until the printing-press and the reformation ensured his final enlightenment and emancipation.

Easter Eggs.

Another relic of the ancient times, are the eggs which pass about at Easter week

under the name of *pass*, *paste*, or *pace* eggs. A communication introduces the subject at once.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir, 19th March, 1825.

A perusal of the *Every-Day Book* induces me to communicate the particulars of a custom still prevalent in some parts of Cumberland, although not as generally attended to as it was twenty or thirty years ago. I allude to the practice of sending reciprocal presents of eggs, at Easter, to the children of families respectively, betwixt whom any intimacy subsists. For some weeks preceding Good Friday the price of eggs advances considerably, from the great demand occasioned by the custom referred to.

The modes adopted to prepare the eggs for presentation are the following: there may be others which have escaped my recollection.

The eggs being immersed in hot water for a few moments, the end of a common tallow-candle is made use of to inscribe the names of individuals, dates of particular events, &c. The warmth of the egg renders this a very easy process. Thus inscribed, the egg is placed in a pan of hot water, saturated with cochineal, or other dye-woods; the part over which the tallow has been passed is impervious to the operation of the dye; and consequently when the egg is removed from the pan, there appears no discolouration of the egg where the inscription has been traced, but the egg presents a white inscription on a coloured ground. The colour of course depends upon the taste of the person who prepared the egg; but usually much variety of colour is made use of.

Another method of ornamenting “pace eggs” is, however, much neater, although more laborious, than that with the tallow-candle. The egg being dyed, it may be decorated in a very pretty manner, by means of a penknife, with which the dye may be scraped off, leaving the design white, on a coloured ground. An egg is frequently divided into compartments, which are filled up according to the taste and skill of the designer. Generally one compartment contains the name and (being young and unsophisticated) also the age of the party for whom the egg is intended. In another is, perhaps, a landscape; and sometimes a cupid is found lurking in a third: so that these “pace

eggs" become very useful auxiliaries to the missives of St. Valentine. Nothing was more common in the childhood of the writer, than to see a number of these eggs preserved very carefully in the corner-cupboard; each egg being the occupant of a deep, long-stemmed ale-glass, through which the inscription could be read without removing it. Probably many of these eggs now remain in Cumberland, which would afford as good evidence of dates in a court of justice, as a tombstone or a family-bible.

It will be readily supposed that the majority of pace eggs are simply dyed; or dotted with tallow to present a piebald or bird's-eye appearance. These are designed for the junior boys who have not begun to participate in the pleasures of "a bended bow and quiver full of arrows;"—a flaming torch, or a heart and a true-lover's knot. These plainer specimens are seldom promoted to the dignity of the ale-glass or the corner-cupboard. Instead of being handed down to posterity they are hurled to swift destruction. In the process of dying they are boiled pretty hard—so as to prevent inconvenience if crushed in the hand or the pocket. But the strength of the shell constitutes the chief glory of a pace egg, whose owner aspires only to the conquest of a rival youth. Holding his egg in his hand he challenges a companion to give blow for blow. One of the eggs is sure to be broken, and its shattered remains are the spoil of the conqueror: who is instantly invested with the title of "a cock of one, two, three," &c. in proportion as it may have fractured his antagonist's eggs in the conflict. A successful egg, in a contest with one which had previously gained honours, adds to its number the reckoning of its vanquished foe. An egg which is a "cock" of ten or a dozen, is frequently challenged. A modern pugilist would call this a set-to for the championship. Such on the borders of the Solway Frith were the youthful amusements of Easter Monday.

Your very proper precaution, which requires the names of correspondents who transmit notices of local customs, is complied with by the addition of my name and address below. In publication I prefer to appear only as your constant reader.

J. B.

A notice below, the editor hopes will be read and taken by the reader, for

whose advantage it is introduced, in good part.*

Pasch eggs are to be found at Easter in different parts of the kingdom. A Liverpool gentleman informs the editor, that in that town and neighbourhood they are still common, and called *paste eggs*. One of his children brought to him a *paste egg* at Easter, 1824, beautifully mottled with brown. It had been purposely prepared for the child by the servant, by being boiled hard within the coat of an onion, which imparted to the shell the admired colour. Hard boiling is a chief requisite in preparing the *pasch egg*. In some parts they are variously coloured with the juices of different herbs, and played with by boys, who roll them on the grass, or toss them up for balls. Their more elegant preparation is already described by our obliging correspondent, J. B.

* Mr. J. B.—, a native of Maryport in Cumberland, who obligingly communicates the above information respecting *pasch eggs* in that county, has ensured the adoption of his letter by subscribing his name and address.

COMMUNICATIONS have been received in great numbers from anonymous correspondents, but the information many of them contain, however interesting or true, can never interest the readers of the *Every-Day Book*, for this reason, that information will not on any account be inserted, which is not verified by the contributor's name and residence: as every contributor may have his name inserted or not, as he pleases, so no one can object to satisfy the editor, that the facts communicated are from responsible sources. The precaution is necessary; and it may be proper to add, that all contributions with quotations from an "old book," "an excellent author," "a work of authority," and so forth, are *useless*, when contributors forget to mention names and title-pages.

This is the *first* time that a notice to correspondents has appeared within the columns of the *Every-Day Book*, and it is designed to be the *last*. Such intimations cannot be inserted without injury to the uniform appearance of the work; but they are printed on the wrappers of the *Monthly Parts*.

COMMUNICATIONS of local usages or customs, or other useful and agreeable particulars, are earnestly and respectfully solicited; and extracts, or permission to extract, from scarce works and original manuscripts, will be highly esteemed. The favours of correspondents with real names and addresses are obviously the most valuable, and will receive marked regard.

W. HONE.

45, Ludgate-hill,
31st March, 1825.

The terms *pace*, *paste*, or *pasch*, are derived from *paschal*, which is a name given to Easter from its being the *paschal* season. Four hundred eggs were bought for eighteen-pence in the time of Edward I., as appears by a royal roll in the tower; from whence it also appears they were purchased for the purpose of being boiled and stained, or covered with leaf gold, and afterwards distributed to the royal household at Easter. They were formerly consecrated, and the ritual of pope Paul V. for the use of England, Scotland, and Ireland, contains the form of consecration.* On Easter eve and Easter day, the heads of families sent to the church large chargers, filled with the hard boiled eggs, and there the "creature of eggs" became sacred by virtue of holy water, crossing, and so on.

Ball. Bacon. Tansy Puddings.

Eating of *tansy pudding* is another custom at Easter derived from the Romish church. Tansy symbolized the bitter herbs used by the Jews at their paschal; but that the people might show a proper abhorrence of Jews, they ate from a gammon of bacon at Easter, as many still do in several country places, at this season, without knowing from whence this practice is derived. Then we have Easter *ball-play*, another ecclesiastical device, the meaning of which cannot be quite so clearly traced; but it is certain that the Romish clergy abroad played at ball in the church, as part of the service; and we find an archbishop joining in the sport. "A ball, not of size to be grasped by one hand only, being given out at Easter, the dean and his representatives began an antiphone, suited to Easter-day; then taking the ball in his left hand, he commenced a dance to the tune of the antiphone, the others dancing round hand in hand. At intervals, the ball was bandied or passed to each of the choristers. The organ played according to the dance and sport. The dancing and antiphone being concluded, the choir went to take refreshment. It was the privilege of the lord, or his *locum tenens*, to throw the ball; even the archbishop did it."† Whether the dignified clergy had this amusement in the English churches is not authenticated; but it seems that "boys used to claim hard eggs, or small money, at Easter, in exchange for the

ball-play before mentioned."* Brand cites the mention of a lay amusement at this season, wherein both tansy and ball-play is referred to.

Stool-ball.

At stool-ball, Lucia, let us play,
For sugar, cakes, or wine.
Or for a tansy let us pay,
The loss be thine or mine.
If thou, my dear, a winner be
At trundling of the ball,
The wager thou shall have, and me
And my misfortunes all.

1679.

Also, from "Poor Robin's Almanack" for 1677, this Easter verse, denoting the sport at that season:

Young men and maids,
Now very brisk,
At barley-break and
Stool-ball frisk.

A *ball* custom now prevails annually at Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk. On Shrove Tuesday, Easter Monday, and the Whitsuntide festivals, twelve old women side off for a game at trap-and-ball, which is kept up with the greatest spirit and vigour until sunset. One old lady, named Gill upwards of sixty years of age, has been celebrated as the "mistress of the sport" for a number of years past; and it affords much of the good old humour to flow round, whilst the merry combatants dexterously hurl the giddy ball to and fro. Afterwards they retire to their homes, where

"Voice, fiddle, or flute,
No longer is mute,"

and close the day with apportioned mirth and merriment.†

Corporations formerly went forth to play at ball at Easter. Both then and at Whitsuntide, the mayor, aldermen, and sheriff of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, with a great number of the burgesses, went yearly to the Forth, or little mall of the town, with the mace, sword, and cap of maintenance, carried before them, and patronised the playing at hand-ball, dancing, and other amusements, and sometimes joined in the ball-play, and at others joined hands with the ladies.

There is a Cheshire proverb, "When the daughter is stolen, shut the Pepper-gate." This is founded on the fact that the mayor of Chester had his daughter stolen

* Brand.

† Fosbroke's Brit. Monach. from Du Cange

* Fosbroke's Brit. Monach. from Du Cange

† Communicated to the *Every-Day Book* by S. B.

as she was playing at ball with other maidens in Pepper-street; the young man who carried her off, came through the Pepper-gate, and the mayor wisely ordered the gate to be shut up: * agreeable to the old saying, and present custom agreeable thereto, "When the steed's stolen, shut the stable-door." Hereafter it will be seen that persons quite as dignified and magisterial as mayors and aldermen, could compass a holiday's sport and a merry-go-round, as well as their more humble fellow subjects.

Clipping the Church at Easter.

L. S., a Warwickshire correspondent, communicates this Easter custom to the *Every-Day Book*:

"When I was a child, as sure as Easter Monday came, I was taken 'to see the children clip the churches.' This ceremony was performed, amid crowds of people and shouts of joy, by the children of the different charity-schools, who at a certain hour flocked together for the purpose. The first comers placed themselves hand in hand with their backs against the church, and were joined by their companions, who gradually increased in number, till at last the chain was of sufficient length completely to surround the sacred edifice. As soon as the hand of the last of the train had grasped that of the first, the party broke up, and walked in procession to the other church, (for in those days Birmingham boasted but of two,) where the ceremony was repeated."

Old Easter Customs in Church.

In the celebration of this festival, the Romish church amused our forefathers by theatrical representations, and extraordinary dramatic worship, with appropriate scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations. The exhibitions at Durham appear to have been conducted with great effect. In that cathedral, over our lady of Bolton's altar, there was a marvellous, lively, and beautiful image of the picture of our lady, called the lady of Bolton, which picture was made to open with *gimmes*, (or linked fastenings,) from the breast downward; and within the said image was wrought and pictured the image of our saviour marvellously finely gilt, holding up his hands, and betwixt his hands was a large fair crucifix of Christ, all of gold; the which crucifix was ordained to be taken

forth every *Good Friday*, and every man did *creep* unto it that was in the church at that time; and afterwards it was hung up again within the said image. Every principal day the said image of our lady of Bolton, was opened, that every man might see pictured within her, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, most curiously and finely gilt; and both the sides within her were very finely varnished with green varnish, and flowers of gold, which was a goodly sight for all the beholders thereof. On *Good Friday*, there was marvellous solemn service, in which service time, after the *Passion* was sung, two of the ancient monks took a goodly large crucifix, all of gold, of the picture of our saviour Christ nailed upon the cross, laying it upon a velvet cushion, having St. Cuthbert's arms upon it, all embroidered with gold, bringing it betwixt them upon the cushion to the lowest steps in the choir, and there betwixt them did hold the said picture of our saviour, sitting on either side of it. And then one of the said monks did rise, and went a pretty space from it, and setting himself upon his knees with his shoes put off, very reverently he *crept upon his knees* unto the said cross, and most reverently did kiss it; and after him the other monk did so like-wise; and then they sate down on either side of the said cross, holding it betwixt them. Afterward, the prior came forth of his stall, and did sit him down upon his knees with his shoes off in like sort, and did *creep* also unto the said cross, and all the monks after him did *creep* one after another in the same manner and order; in the mean time, the whole choir singing a hymn. The service being ended, the said two monks carried the cross to the *sepulchre* with great reverence.*

The *sepulchre* was erected in the church near the altar, to represent the tomb wherein the body of Christ was laid for burial. At this tomb there was a grand performance on Easter-day. In some churches it was ordained, that Mary Magdalen, Mary of Bethany, and Mary of Naim, should be represented by three deacons clothed in dalmatics and amesses, with their heads in the manner of women, and holding a vase in their hands. These performers came through the middle of the choir, and hastening

* Drake's Shakespeare, from Fuller's Worthies.

* * Home's Ancient Mysteries described, from Davies's Rites, &c.

towards the sepulchre, with downcast looks, said together this verse, "Who will remove the stone for us?" Upon this a boy, clothed like an angel, in albs, and holding a wheat ear in his hand, before the sepulchre, said, "Whom do you seek in the sepulchre?" The Maries answered, "Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified." The boy-angel answered, "He is not here, but is risen;" and pointed to the place with his finger. The boy-angel departed very quickly, and two priests in tunics, sitting without the sepulchre, said, "Woman, whom do ye mourn for? Whom do ye seek?" The middle one of the women said, "Sir, if you have taken him away, say so." The priest, showing the cross, said, "They have taken away the Lord." The two sitting priests said, "Whom do ye seek, women?" The Maries, kissing the place, afterwards went from the sepulchre. In the mean time a priest, in the character of Christ, in an alb, with a stole, holding a cross, met them on the *left* horn of the altar, and said, "Mary!" Upon hearing this, the mock Mary threw herself at his feet, and, with a loud voice, cried *Cabboin*. The priest representing Christ replied, nodding, "*Noli me tangere,*" *touch me not*. This being finished, he again appeared at the *right* horn of the altar, and said to them as they passed before the altar, "Hail! do not fear." This being finished, he concealed himself; and the women-priests, as though joyful at hearing this, bowed to the altar, and turning to the choir, sung "Alleluia, the Lord is risen." This was the signal for the bishop or priest before the altar, with the censer, to begin and sing aloud, *Te Deum*.*

The *making of the sepulchre* was a practice founded upon ancient tradition, that the second coming of Christ would be on Easter-eve; and *sepulchre-making*, and watching it, remained in England till the reformation. Its ceremonies varied in different places. In the abbey church of Durham it was part of the service upon Easter-day, betwixt three and four o'clock in the morning, for two of the eldest monks of the quire to come to the sepulchre, set up upon Good Friday after the Passion, which being covered with red velvet, and embroidered with gold, these monks, with a pair of silver censers, censed the sepulchre on their knees. Then both rising, went to the

sepulchre, out of which they took a marvellous beautiful image of the resurrection, with a cross in the hand of the image of Christ, in the breast whereof was inclosed, in bright crystal, the *host*, so as to be conspicuous to the beholders. Then, after the elevation of the said picture, it was carried by the said two monks, upon a velvet embroidered cushion, the monks singing the anthem of *Christus resurgens*. They then brought it to the high altar, setting it on the midst thereof, and the two monks kneeling before the altar, censed it all the time that the rest of the quire were singing the anthem, which being ended, the two monks took up the cushion and picture from the altar, supporting it betwixt them, and proceeded in procession from the high altar to the south quire door, where there were four ancient gentlemen belonging to the quire, appointed to attend their coming, holding up a rich canopy of purple velvet, tasselled round about with red silk and gold fringe; and then the canopy was borne by these "ancient gentlemen," over the said images with the host carried by the two monks round about the church, the whole quire following, with torches and great store of other lights; all singing, rejoicing, and praying, till they came to the high altar again; upon which they placed the said image, there to remain till *Ascension-day*, when another ceremony was used.

In Brand's "Antiquities," and other works, there are many items of expenses from the accounts of different church-books for making the sepulchre for this Easter ceremony. The old Register Book of the brethren of the Holy Trinity of St. Botolph without Aldersgate, now in the possession of the editor of the *Every-Day Book*, contains the following entries concerning the *sepulchre* in that church:—"Item, to the wexchaundler, for making of the *Sepulchre* light iii times, and of other dyvers lights that longyn to the trynite, in dyvers places in the chirche, lviii^s. 10^d." In An. 17 Henry VI. there is another "Item, for xiiii tapers unto the lyght about the *Sepulchre*, agenst the feste of Estern, weying lxxviii lb. of the wich was wasted xxii lb." &c. In Ann. 21 & 22 K. Henry VI. the fraternity paid for wax and for lighting of the sepulchre "both yers, xx^s. viii^d." and they gathered in those years for their sepulchre light, xl^s. ix^d. This gathering was from the people who were present at the repre-

* Fosbroke's Brit. Monach. from Du Cange.

sentation; and when the value of money at that time is considered, and also that on the same day every church in London had a *sepulchre*, each more or less attractive, the sum will not be regarded as despicable.

The only theatres for the people were churches, and the monks were actors; accordingly, at Easter, plays were frequently got up for popular amusement. Brand cites from the churchwardens' accounts of Reading, set forth in Coate's history of that town, several items of different sums paid for nails for the sepulchre; "for rosyn to the Resurrection play;" for setting up off poles for the scaffold whereon the plays were performed; for making "a Judas;" for the writing of the plays themselves; and for other expenses attending the "getting up" of the representations. Though the subjects exhibited were connected with the incidents commemorated by the festival, yet the most splendid shows must have been in those churches which performed the resurrection at the *sepulchre* with a full *dramatis personæ* of monks, in dresses according to the characters they assumed.

Mr. Fosbroke gives the "properties" of the sepulchre show belonging to St. Mary Redcliff's church at Bristol, from an original MS. in his possession formerly belonging to Chatterton, viz "Memorandum:—That master Cannings hath delivered, the 4th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1470, to master Nicholas Pelles, vicar of Redcliff, Moses Conterin, Philip Berthelmew, and John Brown, procurators of Redcliff before said, a new Sepulchre, well guilt with fine gold, and a civer thereto; an image of God Almighty rising out of the same Sepulchre, with all the ordinance that longeth thereto; that is to say, a lath made of timber and iron work thercto. Item, hereto longeth Heven, made of timber and stained cloths. Item, Hell made of timber and iron work thereto, with Devils the number of thirteen. Item, four knights armed, keeping the Sepulchre, with their weapons in their hands; that is to say, two spears, two axes, with two *shields*. Item, four pair of Angel's wings, for four Angels, made of timber, and well-painted. Item, the Padre, the crown and visage, the *ball* with a cross upon it, well gilt with fine gold. Item, the Holy Ghost coming out of Heven into the Sepulchre. Item, longeth to the four Angels, four *Perukes*." The lights at the sepulchre

shows, and at Easter, were of themselves a most attractive part of the Easter spectacle. The *paschal* or great Easter taper at Westminster Abbey was three hundred pounds' weight. Sometimes a large wax light called a *serpent* was used; its name was derived from its spiral form, it being wound round a rod. To light it, fire was struck from a flint consecrated by the abbot. The *paschal* in Durham cathedral was square wax, and reached to within a man's length of the roof, from whence this waxen enormity was lighted by "a fine convenience." From this superior light all others were taken. Every taper in the church was purposely extinguished in order that this might supply a fresh stock of consecrated light, till at the same season in the next year a similar parent torch was prepared.*

EASTER IN LONDON.

Easter Monday and Tuesday, and Greenwich fair, are renowned as "holidays" throughout most manufactories and trades conducted in the metropolis. On Monday, Greenwich fair commences. The chief attraction to this spot is the park, wherein stands the Royal Observatory on a hill, adown which it is the delight of boys and girls to pull each other till they are wearied. Frequently of late this place has been a scene of rude disorder. But it is still visited by thousands and tens of thousands from London and the vicinity; the lowest join in the hill sports; others regale in the public-houses; and many are mere spectators, of what may be called the humours of the day.

On *Easter Monday*, at the very dawn of day, the avenues from all parts towards Greenwich give sign of the first London festival in the year. Working men and their wives; 'prentices and their sweet-hearts; blackguards and bullies; make their way to this fair. Pickpockets and their female companions go later. The greater part of the sojourners are on foot, but the vehicles for conveyance are innumerable. The regular and irregular stages are, of course, full inside and outside. Hackney-coaches are equally well filled; gigs carry three, not including the driver; and there are countless private chaise-carts, public pony-chaises and open accommodations. Intermingled with these, town-carts, usually employed

* Fosbroke's Brit. Monach.

in carrying goods, are now fitted up, with boards for seats; hereon are seated men, women, and children, till the complement is complete, which is seldom deemed the case till the horses are overloaded. Now and then passes, like "some huge admiral," a full-sized coal-waggon, laden with coal-heavers and their wives, and shadowed by spreading boughs from every tree that spreads a bough; these solace themselves with draughts of beer from a barrel aboard, and derive amusement from criticising walkers, and passengers in vehicles passing their own, which is of unsurpassing size. The six-mile journey of one of these machines is sometimes prolonged from "dewy morn" till noon. It stops to let its occupants see all that is to be seen on its passage; such as what are called the "Gooseberry fairs," by the wayside, whereat heats are run upon half-killed horses, or spare and patient donkeys. Here are the bewitching sounds to many a boy's ears of "A halfpenny ride O!" "A halfpenny ride O!"; upon that sum "first had and obtained," the immediately bestrided urchin has full right to "work and labour" the bit of life he bestraddles, for the full space or distance of fifty yards, there and back; the returning fifty being done within half time of the first. Then there is "pricking in the belt," an old exposed and still practised fraud. Besides this, there are numberless invitations to take "a shy for a halfpenny," at a "bacca box, full o' ha'pence," standing on a stick stuck upright in the earth at a reasonable distance for experienced throwers to hit, and therefore win, but which is a mine of wealth to the costermonger proprietor, from the number of unskilled adventurers.

Greenwich fair, of itself, is nothing; the congregated throngs are every thing, and fill every place. The hill of the Observatory, and two or three other eminences in the park, are the chief resort of the less experienced and the vicious. But these soon tire, and group after group succeeds till evening. Before then the more prudent visitors have retired to some of the numerous houses in the vicinage of the park, whereon is written, "Boiling water here," or "Tea and Coffee," and where they take such refreshment as these places and their own bundles afford, preparatory to their toil home after their pleasure.

At nightfall, "Life in London," as it is called, is found at Greenwich.

Every room in every public-house is fully occupied by drinkers, smokers, singers and dancers, and the "balls" are kept up during the greater part of the night. The way to town is now an indescribable scene. The vehicles congregated by the visitors to the fair throughout the day resume their motion, and the living reflux on the road is dense to uneasiness. Of all sights the most miserable is that of the poor broken-down horse, who having been urged three times to and from Greenwich with a load thither of pleasure-seekers at sixpence per head, is now unable to return, for the fourth time, with a full load back, though whipped and lifted, and lifted and whipped, by a reasoning driver, who declares "the *hoss* did it last fair, and why shouldn't he do it again." The open windows of every house for refreshment on the road, and clouds of tobacco-smoke therefrom, declare the full stowage of each apartment, while jinglings of the bells, and calls "louder and louder yet," speak wants and wishes to waiters, who disobey the instructions of the constituent bodies that sent them to the bar. Now from the wayside booths fly out corks that let forth "pop" and "ginger-beer," and little party-coloured lamps give something of a joyous air to appearances that fatigue and disgust. Overwearyed children cry before they have walked to the half-way house; women with infants in their arms pull along their tipsey well-beloveds, others endeavour to wrangle or drag them out of drinking rooms, and, until long after midnight, the Greenwich road does not cease to disgorge incongruities only to be rivalled by the figures and exhibitions in Dutch and Flemish prints.

While this turmoil, commonly called pleasure-taking, is going on, there is another order of persons to whom Easter affords real recreation. Not less inclined to unbend than the frequenters of Greenwich, they seek and find a mode of spending the holiday-time more rationally inore economically, and more advantageously to themselves and their families. With their partners and offspring they ride to some of the many pleasant villages beyond the suburbs of London, out of the reach of *the* harm and strife incident to mixing with noisy crowds. Here the contented groups are joined by rea

tions or friends, who have appointed to meet them, in the quiet lanes or sunny fields of these delightful retreats. When requisite, they recruit from well-stored junket baskets, carried in turn; and after calmly passing several hours in walking and sauntering through the open balmy air of a spring-day, they sometimes close it by making a good comfortable tea-party at a respectable house on their way to town. Then a cheerful glass is order-

ed, each joins in merry conversation, or some one suspected of a singing face justifies the suspicion, and "the jocund song goes round," till, the fathers being reminded by the mothers, more than once possibly, that "it's getting late," they rise refreshed and happy, and go home. Such an assembly is composed of honest and industrious individuals, whose feelings and expressions are somewhat, perhaps, represented below.

INDEPENDENT MEN

A HOLIDAY SONG.

We're independent men, with wives, and sweethearts, by our side,
We've hearts at rest, with health we're bless'd, and, being Easter tide,
We make our *spring-time* holiday, and take a bit of pleasure,
And gay as May, drive care away, and give to mirth our leisure.

It's for our good, that thus, my boys, we pass the hours that stray,
We'll have our frisk, without the risk of squabble or a fray;
Let each enjoy his pastime so, that, without fear or sorrow,
When all his fun is cut and run, he may enjoy to-morrow.

To-morrow may we happier be for happiness to-day,
That child or man, no mortal can, or shall, have it to say,
That we have lost both cash and time, and been of sense bereft,
For what we've spent we don't relent, we've time and money left.

And we will husband both, my boys, and husband too our wives;
May sweethearts bold, before they're old, be happy for their lives;
For good girls make good wives, my boys, and good wives make men better,
When men are just, and scorning trust, each man is no man's debtor.

Then at this welcome season, boys, let's welcome thus each other,
Each kind to each, shake hands with each, each be to each a brother;
Next Easter holiday may each again see flowers springing,
And hear birds sing, and sing himself, while merry bells are ringing

The clear open weather during the Easter holidays in 1825, drew forth a greater number of London holiday keepers than the same season of many preceding years. They were enabled to indulge by the full employment in most branches of trade and manufacture; and if the period was spent not less merrily, it was enjoyed more rationally and with less excess than before was customary. Greenwich, though crowded, was not so abundant of boisterous rudeness. "It is almost the only one of the popular amusements that remains: Stepney, Hampstead, Westend, and Peckham fairs have been crushed by the police, that 'stern, rugged nurse' of national morality; and although Greenwich fair continues, it is any thing but what it used to be. Greenwich, however, will always have a charm: the fine park remains—trees, glades, turf, and the view from the observatory, one of the noblest in the world—before you the towers of these palaces built for a monarch's residence, now ennobled into a refuge from life's storms for the gallant defenders of their country, after their long and toilsome pilgrimage—then the noble river; and in the distance, amidst the din and smoke, appears the 'mighty heart' of this mighty empire; these are views worth purchasing at the expense of being obliged to visit Greenwich fair in this day of its decline. 'Punch' and his 'better half' seemed to be the presiding deities in the fair, so little of merriment was there to be found. In the park, however, the scene was different; it was nearly filled with persons of all ages: the young came there for amusement, to see and be seen—the old to pay their customary annual visit. On the hills was the usual array of telescopes; there were also many races, and many sovereigns in the course of the day changed hands on the event of them; but one race in particular deserves remark, not that there was any thing in the character, appearance, or speed of the competitors, to distinguish them from the herd of others; the circumstances in it that afforded amusement was the dishonesty of the stakeholder, who, as the parties had just reached the goal, scampered off with the stakes, amidst the shouts of the bystanders, and the ill-concealed chagrin of the two gentlemen who had foolishly committed their money to the hands of a stranger."*

According to annual custom on Easter Monday, the minor theatres opened on that day for the season, and were thronged, as usual, by spectators of novelties, which the Amphitheatre, the Surrey theatre, Sadler's-wells, and other places of dramatic entertainment, constantly get up for the holiday-folks. The scene of attraction was much extended, by amusements long before announced at distant suburbs. At half-past five on Monday afternoon, Mr. Green accompanied by one of his brothers, ascended in a balloon from the Eagle Tavern, the site of the still remembered "Shepherd and Shepherdess," in the City-road. "The atmosphere being extremely calm, and the sun shining brightly, the machine, after it had ascended to a moderate height, seemed to hang over the city for nearly half an hour, presenting a beautiful appearance, as its sides glistened with the beams of that orb, towards which it appeared to be conveying two of the inhabitants of a different planet." It descended near Ewell in Surrey. At a distance of ten miles from this spot, Mr. Graham, another aerial navigator, let off another balloon from the Star and Garter Tavern, near Kew-bridge. "During the preparations, the gardens began to fill with a motley company of farmers' families, and tradesmen from the neighbourhood, together with a large portion of city folks, and a small sprinkle of some young people of a better dressed order. The fineness of the day gave a peculiar interest to the scene, which throughout was of a very lively description. Parties of ladies, sweeping the 'green sward,' their gay dresses, laughing eyes, and the cloudless sky, made every thing look gay. Outside, it was a multitude, as far as the eye could see on one side. The place had the appearance of a fair, booths and stalls for refreshments being spread out, as upon these recreative occasions. Carts, drays, coaches, and every thing which could enable persons the better to overlook the gardens, were put into eager requisition, and every foot of resting-room upon Kew-bridge had found an anxious and curious occupant. In the mean time, fresh arrivals were taking place from all directions, but the clouds of dust which marked the line of the London-road, in particular, denoted at once the eagerness and numbers of the new comers. A glimpse in that direction showed the pedestrians, half roasted with the sun, and

* British Press.

half suffocated with the dust, still keeping on their way towards the favoured spot. About five o'clock, Mr. Graham having seated himself in the car of his vehicle, gave the signal for committing the machine to its fate. She swung in the wind for a moment, but suddenly righting, shot up in a directly perpendicular course, amidst the stunning shout of the assembled multitude, Mr. Graham waving the flags and responding to their cheers. Nothing could be more beautiful than the appearance of the balloon at the distance of about a mile from the earth, for from reflecting back the rays of the sun, it appeared a solid body of gold suspended in the air. It continued in sight nearly an hour and a half; and the crowd, whose curiosity had brought them together, had not entirely dispersed from the gardens before seven o'clock. On the way home they were gratified with the sight of Mr. Green's balloon, which was seen distinctly for a considerable time along the Hammersmith-road. The shadows of evening were lengthening, and

—midst falling dew,

While glow the Heavens with the last steps
of day,

Far through their rosy depths it did pursue
Its solitary way.*

SPITAL SERMONS.

In London, on Easter Monday and Tuesday, the *Spital Sermons* are preached. "On Easter Monday, the boys of Christ's Hospital walk in procession, accompanied by the masters and steward, to the Royal Exchange, from whence they proceed to the Mansion-house, where they are joined by the lord mayor, the lady mayoress, the sheriffs, aldermen, recorder, chamberlain, town clerk, and other city officers, with their ladies. From thence the cavalcade proceeds to Christ church, where the *Spital Sermon* is preached, always by one of the bishops, and an anthem sung by the children. His lordship afterwards returns to the Mansion-house, where a grand civic entertainment is prepared, which is followed by an elegant ball in the evening.

On Easter Tuesday, the boys again walk in procession to the Mansion-house, but, instead of the masters, they are accompanied by the matron and nurses. On Monday, they walk in the order of the schools, each master being at the head of

the school over which he presides; and the boys in the mathematical school carry their various instruments. On Tuesday, they walk in the order of the different wards, the nurses walking at the head of the boys under her immediate care. On their arrival at the Mansion-house, they have the honour of being presented individually to the lord mayor, who gives to each boy a new sixpence, a glass of wine, and two buns. His lordship afterwards accompanies them to Christ church, where the service is the same as on Monday. The sermon is on Tuesday usually preached by his lordship's chaplain.*

The most celebrated *Spital Sermon* of our times, was that preached by the late Dr. Samuel Parr, upon Easter Tuesday, 1800, against "the eager desire of paradox; the habit of contemplating a favourite topic in one distinct and vivid point of view, while it is disregarded under all others; a fondness for simplicity on subjects too complicated in their inward structure on their external relations, to be reduced to any single and uniform principle;" and against certain speculations on "the motives by which we are impelled to do good to our fellow creatures, and adjusting the extent to which we are capable of doing it." This sermon induced great controversy, and much misrepresentation. Few of those who condemned it, read it; and many justified their ignorance of what they detracted, by pretending they could not waste their time upon a volume of theology. This excuse was in reference to its having been printed in quarto, though the sermon itself consists of only about four and twenty pages. The notes are illustrations of a discourse more highly intellectual than most of those who live have heard or read.†

* Wilson's History of Christ's Hospital.

† Archdeacon Butler had been selected by Dr. Parr to pronounce the last appointed words over his remains, and he justified the selection. Dr. Butler's sermon at the funeral of Dr. Parr, has the high merit of presenting a clear outline of this great man's character, and from its pages these passages are culled and thrown together. "His learning was the most profound, and the most varied and extensive, of any man of his age. He has left a chasm in the literature of his country, which none of us shall ever see filled up. As a classical scholar he was supreme—deeply versed in history, especially that of his own country; in metaphysics and moral philosophy not to be excelled; in theology he had read more extensively and thought more deeply, than most of those who claim the highest literary fame in that department. He was well read in controversy, though he loved not controversialists; for his benevolent and tolerating spirit was shocked by any thing like rancour among men who believe a gospel of love, and worship a God of love, and yet can let loose the malignant and vindictive passions, in their religious disputes, against each other. In politics

* Morning Herald.

The *Spital Sermon* derives its name from the priory and hospital of "our blessed Lady, St. Mary *Spital*," situated on the east side of Bishopsgate-street, with fields in the rear, which now form the suburb, called Spitalfields. This hospital founded in 1197, had a large churchyard with a pulpit cross, from whence it was an ancient custom on Easter Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, for sermons to be preached on the Resurrection before the lord mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, and others who sat in a house of two stories for that purpose; the bishop of London and other prelates being above them. In 1594, the pulpit was taken down and a new one set up, and a large house for the governors and children of Christ's Hospital to sit in.* In April 1559, queen Elizabeth came in great state from St. Mary Spital, attended by a thousand men in harness, with shirts of mail and croslets, and morris pikes, and ten great pieces carried through London unto the court, with drums, flutes, and trumpets sounding, and two morris dancers, and two white bears in a cart.† On Easter Monday, 1617, king James I. having gone to Scotland, the archbishop of Canterbury, the lord keeper Bacon, the bishop of London, and certain other lords of the court and privy counsellors attended the Spital Sermon, with sir John Lemman, the lord mayor, and aldermen; and afterwards rode home and dined with the lord mayor at his house near Billingsgate.‡ The hospital itself was dissolved under Henry VIII.; the pulpit was broken down during the troubles of Charles I.; and after the restoration, the sermons denominated Spital Sermons were preached at St. Bride's church, Fleet-street, on the three usual days. A

his ardent love of freedom, his hatred of oppression, and his invincible spirit, joined to the most disinterested and incorruptible integrity, and the most resolute independence, even in the days of poverty and privation, made him always a prominent and conspicuous character. Caution he despised, it was not a part of his noble and fearless nature. What he thought greatly, he uttered manfully; and such a mighty master of language when speaking or writing on civil and religious liberty, carried away his hearers with the same resistless torrent of eloquence by which himself was swept along." Such is the testimony to Dr. Parr's talents, by one "differing from him on many political points, and on some theological questions." More to the same effect might be adduced on the same competent authority; but, if the preacher, like him of whom he discoursed, "loved his friend well, he loved truth better;" and hence Dr. Butler has honestly and faithfully sketched a few considerable weaknesses, which, to a correct judgment, enlarge the nobility, and heighten the splendour of Dr. Parr's heart and mind. Undeviating eulogy is praiseless praise.

* Stowe.

† Maitland.

‡ Stowe.

writer of the last century* speaks of "a room being crammed as full of company, as St. Bride's church upon the singing a Spittle psalm at Easter, or an anthem on Cicelia's day," but within the last thirty years the Spital Sermons have been removed to Christ church, Newgate-street, where they are attended by the lord mayor, the aldermen, and the governors of Christ's, St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, Bridewell, and Bethlem Hospitals; after the sermon, it is the usage to read a report of the number of children, and other persons maintained and relieved in these establishments. In 1825, the Spital Sermon on Easter Monday was preached by the bishop of Gloucester, and the psalm sung by the children of Christ's Hospital was composed by the rev. Arthur William Trollope, D. D. head classical master. It is customary for the prelate on this occasion, to dine with the lord mayor, sheriffs, and aldermen at the Mansion-house. Hereafter there will be mention of similar invitations to the dignified clergy, when they discourse before the civic authorities. In 1766, bishop Warburton having preached before the corporation, dined with the lord mayor, and was somewhat facetious; "Whether," says Warburton, "I made them wiser than ordinary at Bow (church,) I cannot tell. I certainly made them merrier than ordinary at the Mansion-house; where we were magnificently treated. The lord mayor told me—'The common council were much obliged to me, for that this was the first time he ever heard them prayed for;' I said, 'I considered them as a body who much needed the prayers of the church.'"†

An Easter Tule.

Under this title a provincial paper gives the following detail:—In Roman catholic countries it is a very ancient custom for the preacher to divert his congregation in due season with what is termed a *Fabula Paschalis*, an *Eastern Tule*, which was becomingly received by the auditors with peals of *Easter laughter*. During Lent the good people had mortified themselves, and prayed so much, that at length they began to be rather discontented and ill-tempered; so that the clergy deemed it necessary to make a little fun from the pulpit for them, and

* Ned Ward in his *Dancing School*.

† Letters from a late eminent prelate.

thus give as it were the first impulse towards the revival of mirth and cheerfulness. This practice lasted till the 17th and in many places till the 18th century. Here follows a specimen of one of these *tales*, extracted from a truly curious volume, the title of which may be thus rendered:—*Moral and Religious Journey to Bethlem: consisting of various Sermons for the safe guidance of all strayed, converted, and misled souls, by the Rev. Father ATTANASY, of Dilling.* “Christ our Lord was journeying with St. Peter, and had passed through many countries. One day he came to a place where there was no inn, and entered the house of a blacksmith. This man had a wife, who paid the utmost respect to strangers, and treated them with the best that her house would afford. When they were about to depart, our Lord and St. Peter wished her all that was good, and heaven into the bargain. Said the woman, ‘Ah! if I do but go to heaven, I care for nothing else.’—‘Doubt not,’ said St. Peter, for it would be contrary to scripture if thou shouldst not go to heaven. Let what will happen, thou must go thither. Open thy mouth. Did I not say so? Why, thou canst not be sent to hell, where there is wailing and gnashing of teeth, for thou hast not a tooth left in thy head. Thou art safe enough; be of good cheer.’ Who was so overjoyed as the good woman? Without doubt, she took another cup on the strength of this assurance. But our Lord was desirous to testify his thanks to the man also, and promised to grant him four wishes. ‘Well,’ said the smith, ‘I am heartily obliged to you, and wish that if any one climbs up the pear-tree behind my house, he may not be able to get down again without my leave.’ This grieved St. Peter not a little, for he thought that the smith ought rather to have wished for the kingdom of heaven; but our Lord, with his wonted kindness, granted his petition. The smith’s next wish was, that if any one sat down upon his anvil, he might not be able to rise without his permission; and the third, that if any one crept into his old flue, he might not have power to get out without his consent. St. Peter said, ‘Friend smith, beware what thou dost. These are all wishes that can bring thee no advantage; be wise, and let the remaining one be for everlasting life with the blessed in heaven.’ The smith was not to be put out of his way, and thus

proceeded: ‘My fourth wish is, that my green cap may belong to me for ever and that whenever I sit down upon it, no power or force may be able to drive me away.’ This also received the *fiat*. Thereupon our Lord went his way with Peter, and the smith lived some years longer with his old woman. At the end of this time grim death appeared, and summoned him to the other world. ‘Stop a moment,’ said the smith; ‘let me just put on a clean shirt, meanwhile you may pick some of the pears on yonder tree.’ Death climbed up the tree; but he could not get down again; he was forced to submit to the smith’s terms and promised him a respite of twenty years before he returned. When the twenty years were expired, he again appeared, and commanded him in the name of the Lord and St. Peter to go along with him. Said the smith, ‘I know Peter too. Sit down a little on my anvil, for thou must be tired; I will just drink a cup to cheer me, and take leave of my old woman, and be with thee presently. But death could not rise again from his seat, and was obliged to promise the smith another delay of twenty years. When these had elapsed, the devil came, and would fain have dragged the smith away by force. ‘Holla, fellow!’ said the latter; ‘that won’t do. I have other letters, and whiter than thou, with thy black *carta-bianca*. But if thou art such a conjuror as to imagine that thou hast any power over me, let us see if thou canst get into this old rusty flue.’ No sooner said than the devil slipped into the flue. The smith and his men put the flue into the fire, then carried it to the anvil, and hammered away at the old one most unmercifully. He howled, and begged and prayed; and at last promised that he would have nothing to do with the smith to all eternity, if he would but let him go. At length the smith’s guardian-angel made his appearance. The business was now serious. He was obliged to go; the angel conducted him to hell. The devil, whom he had so terribly belaboured, was just then attending the gate; he looked out at the little window, but quickly shut it again, and would have nothing to do with the smith. The angel then conducted him to the gate of heaven. St. Peter refused to admit him. ‘Let me just peep in,’ said the smith, ‘that I may see how it looks within there.’ No sooner was the wicket

opened than the smith threw in his cap, and said, 'Thou knowest it is my property, I must go and fetch it.' Then slipping past, he clapped himself down upon it, and said, 'Now I am sitting on

my own property; I should like to see who dares drive me away from it.' So the smith got into heaven at last.*

* Salisbury Gazette, January 8, 1818.



Silenus.

There is a remarkable notice by Dr. E. D. Clarke, the traveller, respecting a custom in the Greek islands. He says, "A circumstance occurs annually at Rhodes which deserves the attention of the literary traveller: it is the ceremony of carrying *Silenus* in procession at Easter. A troop of boys, crowned with garlands, draw along, in a car, a fat old man, attended with great pomp. I unfortunately missed bearing testimony to this remarkable example, among many others which I have witnessed, of the existence of pagan rites in popular superstitions. I was informed of the fact by Mr. Spurring, a naval architect, who resided at Rhodes, and Mr. Cope, a commissary belonging to the British army; both of whom had seen the procession. The same ceremony also takes place in the island of Scio." It is only necessary here to mention the custom, without adverting to its probable origin. According to ancient fable, *Silenus* was son to *Pan*, the god of shepherds and huntsmen; other accounts represent him as the son of *Mercury*, and foster-father of *Bacchus*. He is usually described as a tipsey old wine-bibber; and one story of him is, that having lost

his way in his cups, and being found by some peasants, they brought him to king *Midas*, who restored him "to the jolly god" *Bacchus*, and that *Bacchus*, grateful for the favour, conferred on *Midas* the power of turning whatever he touched into gold. Others say that *Silenus* was a grave philosopher, and *Bacchus* an enterprising young hero, a sort of *Tele-machus*, who took *Silenus* for his Mentor, and adopted his wise counsels. The engraving is after an etching by *Worlidge*, from a sardonyx gem in the possession of the duke of Devonshire.

April 6.

OLD LADY-DAY.

St. Sixtus I. Pope, 2d Cent. 120 *Per-sian Martyrs*, A. D. 345. *St. Celestine*, Pope, A. D. 432. *St. William*, Abbot of *Eskille*, A. D. 1203. *St. Prudentius*, Bp A. D. 861. *St. Celsus*, in Irish *Ceallach* Abp. A. D. 1129.

CHRONOLOGY.

1348. *Laura de Noves* died. She was born in 1304, and is celebrated for having been beloved by *Petrarch*, and for having returned his passion by indiffer

ence. He fostered his love at Vaucluse, a romantic spot, wherein he had nothing to employ him but recollection of her charms, and imagination of her perfections. These he immortalized in sonnets while she lived; Petrarch survived her six and thirty years.

Francis I., who compared a court without ladies to a spring without flowers, caused Laura's tomb to be opened, and threw verses upon her remains complimentary to her beauty, and the fame she derived from her lover's praises.

1803. Colonel Montgomery and captain Macnamara quarrelled and fought a duel at Primrose-hill, because their dogs quarrelled and fought in Hyde-park. Captain Macnamara received colonel Montgomery's ball in the hip, and colonel Montgomery received captain Macnamara's ball in the heart. This exchange of shots being according to the laws of duelling and projectiles, Colonel Montgomery died on the spot. Captain Macnamara was tried at the Old Bailey, and, as a man of honour, was acquitted by a jury of men of honour. The laws of England and the laws of christianity only bind honourable men; men of honour govern each other by the superior power of sword and pistol. The humble suicide is buried with ignominy in a cross road, and a finger-post marks his grave for public scorn; the proud and daring duellist reposes in a christian grave beneath marble, proud and daring as himself.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Starch Hyacinth. *Hyacinthus racemosisus*.
Dedicated to *St. Sixtus I.*

April 7.

St. Aphraates, 4th Cent. *St. Hegcsippus*,
A. D. 180. *St. Aibert*, A. D. 1140.
B. Herman Joseph, A. D. 1226. *St.*
Finan of Keann-Ethlich.

CHRONOLOGY.

1520. Raphael d' Urbino died on the anniversary of his birth-day which was in 1483.

1807. Lalande, the astronomer, died at Paris, aged 70.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Wood Anemony. *Anemone Nemorosa*.
Dedicated to *St. Aphraates*.

April 8.

St. Dionysius, Bp. of Corinth, 2d Cent.

St. Aedesius, A. D. 306. *St. Perpetuus*,
Bp. A. D. 491. *St. Walter*, Abbot,
A. D. 1099. *B. Albert*, Patriarch of
Jerusalem, A. D. 1214.

CHRONOLOGY.

1341. The expression of Petrarch's passion for Laura, gained him such celebrity, that he had a crown of laurels placed upon his head, in the metropolis of the papacy, amidst cries from the Roman people, "Long live the poet!"

1364. John, king of France, who had been brought prisoner to England by Edward, the Black Prince, in his captivity, died at the Savoy-palace, in the Strand.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Ground Ivy. *Glecoma hederacca*.
Dedicated to *St. Dionysius*.

April 9.

St. Mary of Egypt, A. D. 421. *The Mas-*
sylitan Martyrs in Africa. *St. Eupsy-*
chius. *The Roman Captives*, Martyrs
in Persia, year of Christ 362, of Sapor
53. *St. Waltrude*, or *Vautrude*, com-
monly called *Vaudru*, Widow, A. D.
686. *St. Gaucher*, or *Gautier*, Abbot,
A. D. 1130. *St. Dotto*, Abbot.

CHRONOLOGY.

1483. The great lord Bacon died, aged 66. He fell from distinguished station to low estate, by having cultivated high wisdom at the expense of every day wisdom. "Lord Bacon," says Rushworth, "was eminent over all the christian world for his many excellent writings. He was no admirer of money, yet he had the unhappiness to be defiled therewith. He treasured up nothing for himself, yet died in debt." His connivance at the bribery of his servants made them his master and wrought his ruin. The gifts of suitors in the chancery rendered him suspected, but his decrees were so equitable that no one was ever reversed for its injustice.

Let him who lacking wisdom desires to know, and who willing to be taught will patiently learn, make himself master of "Bacon's Essays." It is a book more admired than read, and more read than understood, because of higher thought than most readers dare to compass. He who has achieved the "Essays" has a master-key to Bacon's other works, and consequently every department of English literature.

1747. Lord Lovat was executed on

Tower-hill, for high treason, at the age of 90. He was a depraved, bad man; and the coolness with which he wrought his profligate purposes, throughout an abandoned life, he carried to the scaffold.

1807. John Opie, the artist, died. He was born in Cornwall in 1761; self-taught in his youth he attained to high rank as an English historical painter, and at his death was professor of painting at the Royal Academy.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Red Polyanthus. *Primula polyantha rubra*.
Dedicated to *St. Mary*.

April 10.

St. Badenus, Abbot, A. D. 376. *B. Mechtildes*, Virgin and Abbess, after 1300

LOW SUNDAY.

The Sunday after Easter-day is called *Low Sunday*, because it is Easter-day repeated, with the church-service somewhat abridged or *lowered* in the ceremony from the pomp of the festival the Sunday before.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Pale Violet. *Viola Tonbrigens*
Dedicated to *St. Mechtildes*.

April 11.

St. Leo the Great, Pope, A. D. 461. *St. Antipas*. *St. Guthlake*, A. D. 714. *St. Maccai*, Abbot. *St. Aid* of Eacharaidh, Abbot.

CHRONOLOGY.

1713. The celebrated peace of Utrecht was concluded, and with it concluded the twelve years' war for the succession to the throne of Spain.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Dandelion. *Taraxacum Dens Leonis*.
Dedicated to *St. Leo*.

April 12.

St. Sabas, A. D. 372. *St. Zeno*, Bp. A. D. 380. *St. Julius*, Pope, A. D. 352. *St. Victor*, of Braga.

CHRONOLOGY.

65. Seneca, the philosopher, a native of Corduba in Spain, died at Rome, in the fifty-third year of his age. His moral writings have secured lasting celebrity to his name. He was preceptor to Nero, who, in the wantonness of power when

emperor, sent an order to Seneca to destroy himself. The philosopher complied by opening his veins and taking poison. During these operations he conversed calmly with his friends, and his blood flowing languidly he caused himself to be placed in a hot bath, till Nero's soldiers becoming clamorous for quicker extinction of his life, it was necessary to carry him into a stove and suffocated him by steam.* A distinguished French writer † quotes a passage from Seneca remarkable for its christian spirit; but this passage is cited at greater length by a living English author, ‡ in order to show that Seneca was acquainted with christian principles, and in reality a christian.

We may almost be sure that it was impossible for Paul to have preached "in his own hired house," at Rome, without Seneca having been attracted thither as an auditor, and entered into personal communication with the apostle. There exists a written correspondence said to have passed between Paul and Seneca, which, so far as regards Seneca's epistles, many learned men have supposed genuine.

NERO.

While Nero followed Seneca's advice, Rome enjoyed tranquillity. This emperor, who was tyrannical to a proverb, commenced his reign by acts of clemency, his sole object seemed to be the good of his people. When required to sign a list of malefactors, authorizing their execution, he exclaimed, "I wish to heaven I could not write." He rejected flatterers; and when the senate commended the justice of his government, he desired them to keep their praises till he deserved them. Such conduct and sentiments were worthy the pupil of Seneca, and the Romans imagined their happiness secure. But Nero's sensual and tyrannical disposition, which had been repressed only for a time, soon broke forth in acts of monstrous cruelty. He caused his mother Agrippa to be assassinated, and divorced his wife Octavia, whom he banished to Campania. The people, enraged at his injustice toward the empress, so openly expressed their indignation that he was compelled to recall her, and she returned to the capital amidst shouts of exultation.

* Lempriere.

† Bayle, Art. Pericles, note.

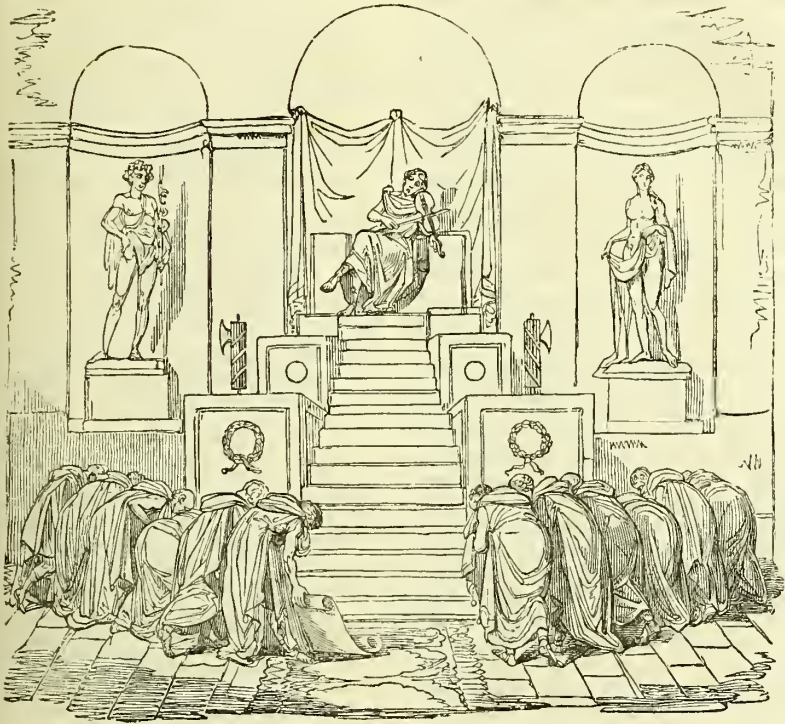
‡ Dr. John Jones, "On the Truth of the Christian Religion."



The Empress Octavia's return from Exile.

The popular triumph was of short duration. Scarcely had Octavia resumed her rank, when Nero, under colour of a false and infamous charge, again banished her. Never exile filled the hearts of the beholders with more affecting compassion. The first day of Octavia's nuptials was the commencement of her funeral. She was brought under a sad and dismal roof, from whence her father and brother had been carried off by poison. Though a wife, she was treated as a slave, and now she suffered the imputation of a crime more piercing than death itself. Add to this, she was a tender girl in the twentieth year of her age, surrounded by officers and soldiery devoted to her husband's will, and whom she viewed as sad presages of his ferocious purposes. Almost bereft of life by her fears, and yet unwilling to surrender herself to the rest of the grave, she passed the interval of a few days in unspeakable terror. At length it was announced to her that she must die; but while she implored that at

least her life might be spared, and conjured Nero to remember the relationship which before marriage they had borne to each other, by descent from a revered ancestor, she only exemplified the utter inefficacy of crouching to a truculent tyrant. Her appeals were answered by the seizure of her person, and the binding of her limbs; her veins were opened, but her blood, stagnant through fear, issued slowly, and she was stifled in the steam of a boiling bath. "For this execution the senate decreed gifts and oblations to the temples; a circumstance," says Tacitus, "which I insert with design, that whoever shall, from me or any other writer, learn the events of those calamitous times, he may hold it for granted, that as often as sentences of murder and banishment were pronounced by the prince, so often were thanksgivings by the fathers paid to the deities." Every decree of the senate was either a new flight of flattery or the dregs of excessive tameness and servitude.



Nero and the Roman Senate.

From this moment Nero butchered without distinction all he pleased, upon any idle pretence, and after an indiscriminate slaughter of men signal in name and quality, he became possessed with a passion to hew down virtue itself. His crimes would be incredible if they were not so enormous that it is scarcely possible imagination could invent atrocities of so foul a nature. He had attained to such indulgence in bloodshed, that the dagger itself was dedicated by him in the capitol, and inscribed to *Jupiter Vindex*, Jove the Avenger. Yet to this monster one of the consuls elect proposed that a temple should be raised at the charge of the state, and consecrated to the deified Nero as to one who soared above mortality, and was therefore entitled to celestial worship. This, though designed as a compliment to the tyrant, was construed into an omen of his fate, "since to princes," says Tacitus, "divine honours are never paid till they have finally forsaken all commerce with men,"

or, in other words, have ceased to be useful to them. Suetonius relates, that somebody in conversation saying, "When I am dead let fire devour the world"—"Nay," rejoined Nero, "let it be whilst I am living;" and then he set Rome on fire, in so barefaced a manner, that many of the consular dignitaries detected the incendiaries with torches and tow in their own houses, and dared not touch them because they were officers of Nero's bedchamber. The fire, during six days and seven nights, consumed a prodigious number of stately buildings, the public temples, and every thing of antiquity that was remarkable and worthy of preservation. The common people were driven by this conflagration to the tombs and monuments for shelter; and Nero himself beheld the flames from a tower on the top of Mæcenas's house, and sung a ditty on the destruction of Troy, in the dress which he used to perform in on the public stage. This atrocious want of feeling occasioned the saying—"Nero fridled while Rome was

burning." To divert the hideousness of this crime from himself, he transferred the guilt to the Christians. To their death and torture were added cruel derision and sport; "for," says Tacitus, "either they were disguised in the skins of savage beasts, and exposed to expire by the teeth of devouring dogs; or they were hoisted up alive and nailed to crosses; or wrapt in combustible vestments, and set up as torches, that when the day set, they might be kindled to illuminate the night." For this tragical spectacle Nero lent his own gardens, and exhibited at the same time the public diversions of the circus, sometimes driving a chariot in person, and at intervals standing as a spectator amongst the vulgar in the habit of a charioteer; and hence towards the miserable sufferers popular commiseration arose, as for people who were doomed to perish to gratify the bloody spirit of one man. At length, while plotting new and uncommon barbarities, an insurrection broke out amongst the troops, and the senate, who had truckled to his wishes, and made him a tyrant by submitting to be slaves, took heart and issued a decree against him. He committed suicide, under circumstances of such mental imbecility, that his death was as ludicrous as his life was horrible.

1765. Dr. Edward Young, author of the "Night Thoughts," died.

1782. Admiral Rodney defeated the French fleet under count de Grasse, in the West Indies.

1814. A general illumination in London, on three successive nights, for the termination of the war with France.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Great Saxifrage. *Saxifraga crassifolia*.
Dedicated to *St. Zeno*.

An Epitaph.

(Written on a chimney-board.)

Here lie entombed
THE ASHES
of a
BRIGHT AND SHINING GENIUS,
who
in his youth it is confessed
discovered some sparks
of a light and volatile nature,
but was in maturity

of a steady and a grateful disposition
and diffusive benevolence.

Though naturally of a warm temper,
and easily stirred up,
yet was he a shining example
of fervent and unreserved benignity.

For though he might have been
the most dangerous and dreadful
of enemies,

yet was he the best and warmest of
friends.

Nor did he ever look cool
even on his worst foes,
though his friends too often,
and shamefully indeed,
turned their backs upon him.

Oh! undeserving and licentious times,
when such illustrious examples
are wantonly made light of!

Such resplendent virtue
basely blown upon!

Though rather a promoter of a cheerful glass
in others,

and somewhat given to smoking,
yet was he himself never seen
in liquor,

which was his utter abhorrence.

Raking,

which ruins most constitutions,
was far from spoiling his,
though it often threw him
into inflammatory disorders.

His days, which were short,
were ended by a gentle decay,
his strength wasted,
and his substance spent.

A temporal period
was put to his finite existence,
which was more immediately effected
by his being seized
with a severe cold,
and no help administered,
in some of the warm days
of the fatal month of
May.

His loss and cheerful influence
are often and feelingly regretted
by his sincere admirers,
who erected this monument
in memory

of his endearing virtue,
till that grateful and appointed day,
when

the dormant powers
of his more illustrious nature
shall be again called forth:

When,
inflamed with ardour,
and with resplendence crowned,
he shall again rise
with

songs of joy and triumph
o'er the grave.

April 13.

Oxford and Cambridge Terms *begin*.

St. Hermenegild, Martyr, A. D. 586.
St. Guinoch, about 838. *St. Caradoc*,
A. D. 1124.

CHRONOLOGY.

1517. Cairo taken by the sultan Selim, who thus became sole master of Egypt.

1748. The rev. Christopher Pitt, translator of Virgil, died at Blandford in Dorsetshire, where he was born in 1699.

1814. Charles Burney, Mus.D. F.R.S. &c. author of the "History of Music," and other works, which stamp his literary ability, and his scientific character as a musician, died at Chelsea, aged 88.

CAMBRIDGE EXAMINATION.

A good-humoured *jeu d'esprit*, intended to produce nothing but corresponding good humour in the persons whose names are mentioned, appeared in *The Times* on the 25th of January, 1816. This being the first day of Cambridge Term, the "freshmen" who have seen recent imitations may be much amused by perusal of the original witticism.

Parody of a Cambridge Examination.

UTOPIA UNIVERSITY.
UNDECEMBER 0657.

1. Give a comparative sketch of the principal English theatres, with the dates of their erection, and the names of the most eminent candle-snuffers at each. What were the stage-boxes? What were the offices of prompter—ballet-master—and scene-shifter? In what part of the theatre was the one-shilling gallery? Distinguish accurately between operas and puppet-shows.

2. Where was Downing-street? Who was prime-minister when Cribb defeated Molineux—and where did the battle take place? Explain the terms milling—fibbing—cross buttock—neck and crop—bang up—and—prime.

3. Give the dates of all the parliaments from their first institution to the period of the hard frost on the Thames. In what month of what year was Mr. Abbot elected Speaker? Why was he called "the little man in the wig?" When the Speaker was out of the chair, where was the mace put?

4. Enumerate the principal houses of call in and about London, marking those

of the Taylors, Bricklayers, and Shoemakers, and stating from what Brewery each house was supplied with Brown Stout. Who was the tutelary Saint of the Shoemakers? At what time was his feast celebrated? Who was Saint Swithin? Do you remember any remarkable English proverb respecting him?

5. Give a ground plan of Gilead-house. Mention the leading topics of the Guide to Health, with some account of the Anti-Impetiginous—Daffy's Elixir—Blaine's Distemper Powders—Ching's Worm Lozenges—and Hooper's Female Pills.

6. Give characters of Wat Tyler, Jack Cade, and sir Francis Burdett. Did the latter return from the Tower by water or land? On what occasion did Mr. Lethbridge's "hair stand on end"? Correct the solecism, and give the reason of your alteration.

7. Enumerate the roads on which double toll was taken on the Sundays. Did this custom extend to Christmas-day and Good Friday? Who was toll-taker at Lyburn, when Mrs. Brownrigg was executed?

8. Distinguish accurately between Sculls and Oars—Boat, and Punt—Jack ass, and Donkey—Gauger, Exciseman, and Supervisor—Pantaloons, Trowsers, Gaiters, and Over-alls.—At what place of education were any of these forbidden? Which? and Why?

9. Express the following words in the Lancashire, Derbyshire, London, and Exmoor dialects—Bacon—Poker—You—I—Doctor—and Turnpike-gate.

10. Mention the principal Coach Inns in London, with a correct list of the Coaches which set out from the Bolt-in-Tun. Where were the chief stands of Hackney Coaches?—and what was the No. of that in which the Princess Charlotte drove to Connaught-house? To what stand do you suppose this removed after it set her down?

11. Give a succinct account, with dates, of the following persons—Belcher—Mr. Walthman—Major Cartwright—Martin Van Butchell—and Edmund Henry Barker.

12. Draw a Map of the Thames with the surrounding country, marking particularly Wapping, Blackwall, Richmond, and the Isle of Dogs. Distinguish between Newcastle-on-Tyne, and Newcastle-under-Line—Gloucester and Double Gloucester—and the two Richmonds.

What celebrated teacher flourished at one of them?—and who were his most eminent disciples?

13. What were the various sorts of paper in use amongst the English? To what purpose was *whited-brown* chiefly applied? What was size? Distinguish between this and college Sizings, and state the ordinary expense of papering a room.

14. "For every one knows little *Matt's* an M.P." Frag. Com. Inc. ap. Morn. Chron. vol. 59, p. 1624.

What reasons can you assign for the general knowledge of this fact? Detail at length, the ceremony of chairing a Member. What were the Hustings? Who paid for them? Explain the abbreviations—Matt. M.P.—Tom—Dick—F.R.S.—L.L.D.—and A.S.S.

15. What was the distinguishing title of the Mayors of London? Did any other city share the honour? Give a list of the Mayors of London from Sir Richard Whittington to Sir William Curtis, with an account of the Cat of the first, and the Weight of the last. What is meant by Lord Mayor's day? Describe the *Apothecaries' Barge*, and give some account of Marrow-bones and Cleavers.

16. When was Spyring and Marsden's Lemon Acid invented? Distinguish between this and Essential Salt of Lemons. Enumerate the principal Patentees, especially those of Liquid Blacking.

17. Scan the following lines—

But for shaving and tooth-drawing,
Bleeding, cabbaging and sawing,

Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip is the man!

What is known of the character and history of Dicky Gossip?

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Green Narcisse. *Narcissus Viridiflorus*.
Dedicated to *St. Hermenigild*.

April 14.

Sts. Tiburtius, Valerian, and Maximus, A. D. 229. *Sts. Carpus*, Bishop, *Papyrus*, and *Agathodorus*, A. D. 251. *Sts. Antony, John, and Eustachius*, A. D. 1342. *St. Benezet*, or *Little Bennet*, A. D. 1184. *B. Lidwina*, or *Lydwid*, A. D. 1433.

CHRONOLOGY.

1471. The battle of Barnet was fought in the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, and the earl of Warwick,

called "the king-maker," was slain on the field.

1685. Thomas Otway, the dramatic poet, died, at a public-house in the Minories, of want, by swallowing bread too eagerly which he had received in charity.

1759. George Frederick Handel, the illustrious musician, died. He was born at Halle, in Saxony, in 1684.

1793. Tobago, in the West Indies, taken by the English.

1809. Beilby Porteus, bishop of London, died at Fulham, aged 78.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Borage. *Borago Officinalis*.
Dedicated to *St. Lidwina*.

THE SEASON.

The Floral appearances of the year are accurately described by Dr. Forster in his "Perennial Calendar." He says, "In order to ascertain the varieties in the seasons, as indicated by the flowering of plants, we ought to become accurately acquainted with their natural periods, and the average time of flowering which belongs to each species. I have of late made an artificial division of the seasons of different plants into six distinct periods, to each of which respectively a certain number of species belong. Dividing then the reign of the goddess of blooms into six principal portions, we shall begin with the first in the order of phenomena. The Primaveral Flora may be said to commence with the first breaking of the frost before February; it comprehends the snowdrop, the crocus, the coltsfoot, all the tribe of daffodils, narcissi, jonquils, and hyacinths, the primrose, cyclamen, heartsease, violet, cowslip, crown imperial, and many others. The Equinox being also past, and the leaves beginning to bud forth amidst a display of blossoms on the trees, another period may be said to begin, and May ushers in the Vernal Flora, with tulips, peonies, ranunculi, monkey poppy, goatsbeards, and others: at this time, the fields are bespangled with the golden yellow of the crowfoot, or blue with the harebells. The whole bosom of earth seems spread with a beautiful carpet, to soften the path of Flora, at this delicious season. By and bye, towards the middle of June, the approach of the Solstice is marked by another set of flowers; and the scarlet

lychnis, the various poppies, the lilies and roses, may be said to constitute the Solstitial Flora. As the year declines, the Aestival Flora, corresponding to the Vernal, paints the garish eyes of the dog-days with sunflowers, China asters, tro-poeoli, African marigolds, and other plants which love heat. The Autumnal Flora, answering to the Primavera, then introduces Michaelmas daisies, starworts, and other late blowing plants, with their companions, fungi and mushrooms, till at length bleak winter shows only a few

hellebores, aconites, and mosses, belonging to the Hibernal Flora of this dreary season. Thus, in this our temperate climate, have we a round of botanical amusements all the year, and the botanist can never want for sources of recreation. How different must be the order of phenomena about the poles of the earth, where summer and winter are synonymous with day and night, of which Kirke White has given us a very fine description:—

On the North Pole.

Where the North Pole, in moody solitude,
Spreads her huge tracts and frozen wastes around,
There ice rock piled aloft, in order rude,
Form a gigantic hall; where never sound
Startled dull Silence' ear, save when, profound
The smoke frost muttered: there drear Cold for aye
Thrones him,—and fixed on his primæval mound,
Ruin, the giant, sits; while stern Dismay
Stalks like some woe-struck man along the desert way.

In that drear spot, grim Desolation's lair,
No sweet remain of life encheers the sight;
The dancing heart's blood in an instant there
Would freeze to marble, Mingling day and night,
(Sweet interchange which makes our labours light,)
Are there unknown; while in the summer skies,
The sun rolls ceaseless round his heavenly height,
Nor ever sets till from the scene he flies,
And leaves the long bleak night of half the year to rise.

April 15.

St. Peter Gonzales, or *Telm*, or *Elm*, A. D. 1246. *Sts. Basilissa* and *Anastasia*, 1st Cent. *St. Paternus*, Bishop, or *Patier*, Pair, or *Foix*, 6th Cent. *St. Munde*, Abbot, A. D. 962. *St. Ruadhan*, A. D. 584.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Average day of arrival of Spring Birds from a Twenty years' Journal.

April 3. Smallest Willow Wren. *Ficaria pinetorum* arrives.

April 10. Common Willow Wren. *Ficaria Salicum* arrives.

April 14. Called *First Cuckoo Day* in Sussex. The Cuckoo, *cuculus canorus*, sometimes heard.

April 15. Called *Swallow Day*. The Chimney Swallow, *Hirundo rustica*, arrives.

April 19. The Sand Swallow. *Hirundo riparia* arrives.

April 20. The Martin. *Hirundo ter-bica* sometimes seen.

April 21. The Cuckoo, commonly heard.

April 30. The Martin, commonly seen. The other vernal birds arrive between the 15th and 30th of the month.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Green Stitchwort. *Stellaria holostea*.
Dedicated to *St. Peter Gonzales*.

AN APRIL DAY.

Original.

Dear Emma, on that infant brow,
Say, why does disappointment low'ly?
Ah! what a silly girl art thou,
To weep to see a summer show'r!

O, dry that unavailing tear,
The promis'd visit you shall pay;
The sky will soon again be clear,
For 'tis, my love, an April day

* Communicated by a scientific gentleman, whose daily observations and researches in Natural History, stamp value upon his contributions.

And see, the sun's returning light
 Away the transient clouds hath driv'n
 The rainbow's arch with colours bright
 Spreads o'er the blue expanse of heav'n.

The storm is hush'd, the winds are still,
 A balmy fragrance fills the air;
 Nor sound is heard, save some clear rill
 Meandering thro' the vallies fair.

Those vernal show'rs that from on high
 Descend, make earth more fresh and
 green;
 Those clouds that darken all the air
 Disperse, and leave it more serene.

And those soft tears that for awhile
 Down sorrow's faded cheek may roll,
 Shall sparkle thro' a radiant smile,
 And speak the sunshine of the soul!

While yet thy mind is young and pure,
 This sacred truth, this precept learn—
 That He who bids thee all endure,
 Bids sorrow fly, and hope return.

His chast'ning hand will never break
 The heart that trusts in Him alone;
 He never, never will forsake
 The meanest suppliant at his throne.

The world, that with unfeeling pride
 Sees vice to virtue oft prefer'd,
 From thee, alas! may turn aside—
 O, shun the fawning, flatt'ring herd!

And while th' Eternal gives thee health
 With joy thy daily course to run,
 Let wretches hoard their useless wealth,
 And Heav'n's mysterious will be done.

With fair Religion, woo content,
 'Twill bid tempestuous passions cease,
 And know, my child, the life that's spent
 In pray'r and praise, must end in peace.

The dream of Life is quickly past,
 A little while we linger here;
 And tho' the Morn be overcast,
 The Ev'ning may be bright and clear
Islington. D. G.

— — —
An Evening in Spring.

Now the noon,
 Wearied with sultry toil, declines and falls
 Into the mellow eve:—the west puts on
 Her gorgeous beauties—palaces and halls
 And towers, all carved of the unstable cloud
 Welcome the calm waning monarch—he
 Sinks gently 'midst that glorious canopy
 Down on his couch of rest—even like a proud
 King of the earth—the ocean.

Bowring.

April 16.

Eighteen Martyrs of Saragossa, and
St. Eucratis, or *Engratia*, A. D. 304. *St.*
Turibius, Bp. 420. *St. Fructuosus*, Abp.
 A. D. 665. *St. Druon*, or *Drugo*, A. D.
 1186. *St. Joachim* of Sienna, A. D. 1305.
St. Mans, or *Magnus*, A. D. 1104.

“*The Venerable*

“BENEDICT JOSEPH LABRE,
 “*Who died in the odour of sanctity,*
 “On the 16th of April, 1783.”

If such a creature as the *venerable* B. J. Labre can be called a man, he was one of the silliest that ever lived to creep and whine, and one of the dirtiest that ever “died in the odour of sanctity;” and yet, for the edification of the English, his life is translated from the French “by the rev. M. James Barnard, ex-president of the English college at Lisbon and Vicar General of the London district.”

From this volume it appears that Labre

was born at Boulogne, on the 26th of March, 1748. When a child he would not play as other children did, but made little oratories, and “chastised his body.” Having thus early put forth “buds of self-denial and self-contempt,” he was taught Latin, educated superior to his station, did penance, made his first general confession, and found his chief delight at the feet of altars. At sixteen years old, instead of eating his food he gave it away out of the window, read pious books as he walked, turned the house of his uncle, a priest, into “a kind of monastery, observed religious poverty, monkish silence, and austere penance, and, by way of humility, performed abject offices for the people of the parish, fetched provender for their animals, took care of their cattle, and cleaned the stalls. The aversion which he entertained against the world, induced him to enter into a convent of Carthusians; there he discovered that he disliked profound retirement, and imagined he should not be able to save his soul

unless he embraced an order more austere. Upon this he returned home, added extraordinary mortifications to his fasts and prayers, instead of sleeping on his bed lay on the floor, and told his mother he wished to go and live upon roots as the anchorites did. All this he might have done in the Carthusian convent, but his brain seems to have been a little cracked, for he resolved to go into another Carthusian convent, the prior of which would not admit him till he had studied 'philosophy' for a year, and learned the Gregorian chant." Church music was very agreeable to him—but it was not so with regard to *logic*; "notwithstanding all his efforts, he was never able to conquer his repugnance to this branch of study;" yet he somehow or other scrambled through an examination; got admitted into the convent; "thought its rules far too mild for such a sinner as he looked upon himself to be;" and after a six weeks' trial, left it in search of admission into the order of La Trappe, as the most rigid of any that he knew. The Trappists would not have him; this refusal he looked upon as a heavenly favour, because the monastery of Sept-Fonts surpassed La Trappe in severe austerities and discipline, and there he became a "novice" till the life he fancied, did not agree with him. "Having a long time before quitted his father's house he could not think of returning to it again;" and at two and twenty years of age he knew not what to do. His biographer says, that "little fit for the cloister, and still less fit for the world, he was destitute of the means of getting a livelihood; and being now persuaded of what were the designs of God concerning him, he resolved to follow the conduct, the light, and inspirations of the holy spirit, and to submit himself to all the sufferings and afflictions which might await him." If in this condition some one had compelled him to eat a good dinner every day, made him go to bed at a proper hour and take proper rest, and then set him on horseback and trotted him through the fresh air and sun-shine every forenoon, he might have been restored; or if his parents, as in duty they ought, had bound him apprentice at a proper age to a good trade, he might have been an useful member of society. These thoughts, however, never appear to have entered Labre's head, and in the dilemma represented "his love of humility, poverty, and a penitential life,

presented to his zealous mind the practice of that kind of piety which he afterwards put in execution" His first step to this was writing a farewell letter to his parents, on the 31st of August, 1770, "and from that time they never received any account of him till after his death." His next steps were pilgrimages. First he went to Loretto "from tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin, whom he looked on as his mother;" next to Assisium the birth-place of St. Francis, where he, "according to custom, got a small blessed cord which he constantly wore;" then he went to Rome where he sojourned for eight or nine months and wept "in the presence of the tomb of the holy apostles;" afterwards "he visited the tomb of St. Romuald at Fabrieno, where the inhabitants immediately began to look upon him as a saint;" from thence he returned to Loretto; he then journeyed to Naples, and had the pleasure of seeing the blood of St. Januarius which would not liquify when the French entered Naples, till the French general threatened the priests who performed the miracle that the city would suffer, if the saint remained obstinate; "and in short," says the rev. Vicar General of the London district, "there was hardly any famous place of devotion in Europe which was not visited by this servant of God;"—the Vicar General's sentence had concluded better with the words "this *slave of superstition.*" To follow Labre's other goings to and fro would be tedious, suffice it to say that at one of his Loretto trips some people offered him an abode, in order to save him the trouble of going every night to a barn at a great distance; but as they had prepared a room for him with a bed in it he thought this lodging was too sumptuous; and he therefore retired into a hole "cut out of the rock under the street." Labre at last favoured the city of Rome by his fixed residence, and sanctified the amphitheatre of Flavian by making his home in a hole of the ancient ruins.

In this "hole of sufficient depth to hold and shelter him in a tolerable degree from the weather," he deposited himself every night for several years. He employed the whole of every day, "sometimes in one church and sometimes in another, praying most commonly upon his knees, and at other times standing, and always keeping his body as still as if he were a statue." Labre's daily exercise in fasting

and lifelessness reduced him to a helpless state, that a beggar had compassion on him, and gave him a recommendation to an hospital, where "by taking medicines proper for his disorder, and more substantial food, he soon grew well;" but relapsing into his "constant, uniform, and hidden life," he became worse. This opportunity of exhibiting Labre's virtues is not neglected by his biographer, who minutely informs us of several particulars.

1st. He was so careful to observe the law of silence, that in the course of a whole month, scarcely any one could hear him speak so much as a few words. 2dly. He lived in the midst of Rome, as if he had lived in the midst of a desert. 3dly. He led a life of the greatest self-denial, destitute of every thing, disengaged from every earthly affection, unnoticed by all mankind, desiring no other riches than poverty, no other pleasures than mortification, no other distinction than that of being the object of universal contempt. 4thly. He indulged in rigorous poverty, exposed to the vicissitudes and inclemencies of the weather, without shelter against the cold of winter or the heat of summer, wearing old clothes, or rather rags, eating very coarse food, and for three years living in the "hole in the wall." 5thly. To his privations of all worldly goods, he joined an almost continual abstinence, frequent fasts, nightly vigils, lively and insupportable pains from particular mortifications, and two painful tumours which covered both his knees, from resting the whole weight of his body on them when he prayed. 6thly. "He looked upon himself as one of the greatest of sinners;" and this was the reason why "he chose to lead a life of reproach and contempt," why he herded "among the multitude of poor beggars," "why he chose to cover himself with rags and tatters instead of garments, why he chose to place a barrier of disgust between himself and mankind," why "he abandoned himself to the bites of disagreeable insects," and why he coveted to be covered with filthy blotches.

Labre's biographer, who was also his confessor, says that his "appearance was disagreeable and forbidding; his legs were half naked, his clothes were tied round the waist with an old cord, his head was uncombed, he was badly clothed and wrapped up in an old and ragged coat, and in his outward appearance he seemed to be the most miserable beggar that I had ever seen." His biographer further

says, "I never heard his confession but in a confessional, on purpose that there might be some kind of separation between us." The holy father's lively reason for this precaution, any history of insects with the word "pediculus" will describe accurately



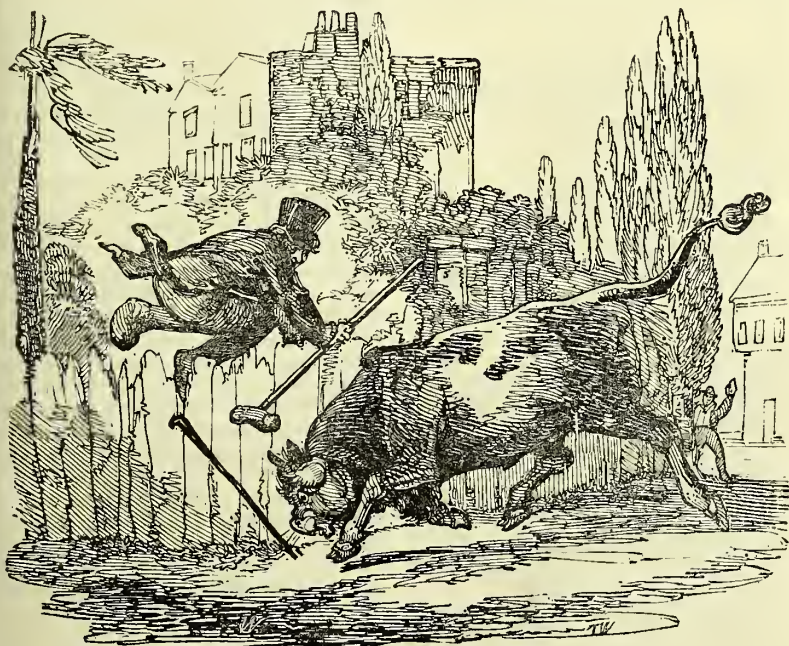
Thus Labre lived and died; and here it might be supposed would end his memoirs. But, no. In whatever odour he lived, as he "died in the odour of sanctity," an enthusiasm seized some persons to touch Labre dead, who, when living, was touchless. Labre being deceased, was competent to work miracles; accordingly he stretched out his left hand, and laid hold on the board of one of the benches. On Easter-day being a holiday, he worked more miracles, and wonders more wonderful than ever were wondered in our days, as may be seen at large, in the aforesaid volume, entitled—"The Life of the venerable Benedict Joseph Labre, who died at Rome, in the odour of sanctity." The portrait, from which the engraving on this page is taken, was published immediately after his death by Mr. Coghlan, Catholic bookseller, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square, from a drawing in his possession.

Miracle at Somers Town.

The authenticity of the following extraordinary fact can be verified. Mr. H—

a middle-aged gentleman, long afflicted by various disorders, and especially by the gout, had so far recovered from a severe attack of the latter complaint, that he was enabled to stand, yet with so little advantage, that he could not walk more than fifty yards, and it took him nearly an hour to perform that distance. While thus enfeebled by suffering, and safely creeping in great difficulty, on a sunny day, along a level footpath by the side of a field near Somers Town, he was alarmed by loud cries, intermingled with the screams of many voices behind him. From his infirmity, he could only turn very slowly round, and then, to his astonishment, he saw, within a yard of his

coat-tail, the horns of a mad bullock ; when, to the equal astonishment of its pursuers, this unhappy gentleman instantly leaped the fence, and overcome by terror, continued to run with amazing celerity nearly the whole distance of the field, while the animal kept its own course along the road. The gentleman, who had thus miraculously recovered the use of his legs, retained his power of speed until he reached his own house, where he related the miraculous circumstance ; nor did his quickly-restored faculty of walking abate, until it ceased with his life several years afterwards. This "miraculous cure" can be attested by his surviving relatives.



Somers Town Miracle.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE.

In April, 1818, London was surprised by the sudden appearance of an optical instrument for creating and exhibiting beautiful forms, which derives its name from *καλος* beautiful, *ειδος* a form, and *σκοπεω* to see. The novelty was so enchanting, that opticians could not manufacture kaleidoscopes fast enough, to meet

No. 16.

the universal desire for seeing the delightful and ever-varying combinations, presented by each turn of the magical cylinder.

The kaleidoscope was invented by Dr Brewster, to whom, had its exclusive formation been ensured, it must have produced a handsome fortune in the course of a single year. Unhappily, that gen-

tleman was deprived of his just reward by fraudulent anticipation.* He says, "I thought it advisable to secure the exclusive property of it by a patent; but in consequence of one of the patent instruments having been exhibited to one of the London opticians, the remarkable properties of the kaleidoscope became known before any number of them could be prepared for sale. The sensation excited in London by this premature exhibition of its effects is incapable of description, and can be conceived only by those who witnessed it. It may be sufficient to remark, that, according to the computation of those who were best able to form an opinion on the subject, no fewer than two hundred thousand instruments have been sold in London and Paris during three months."

The Kaleidoscope.

Mystic trifle, whose perfection
Lies in multiplied reflection,
Let us from thy sparkling store
Draw a few reflections more:
In thy magic circle rise
All things men so dearly prize,
Stars, and crowns, and glit'ring things,
Such as grace the courts of kings;
Beauteous figures ever twining,—
Gems with brilliant lustre shining;
Turn the tube;—how quick they pass—
Crowns and stars prove broken glass!

Trifle! let us from thy store
Draw a few reflections more;
Who could from thy outward case
Half thy hidden beauties trace?
Who from such exterior show
Guess the gems within that glow?
Emblem of the mind divine
Cased within its mortal shrine!

Once again—the miser views
Thy sparkling gems—thy golden hues—
And, ignorant of thy beauty's cause,
His own conclusions sordid draws;
Imagines thee a casket fair
Of gorgeous jewels rich and rare;—
Impatient his insatiate soul
To be the owner of the whole,
He breaks thee ope, and views within
Some bits of glass—a tube of tin!
Such are riches, valued true—
Such the illusions men pursue!

W. H. M.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Yellow Tulip. *Tulipa Sylvestris*.
Dedicated to *St. Joachim* of Sienna.

* Brewster's Hist. of the Kaleidoscope.

April 17.

St. Anicetus, Pope, 2d. Cent. *St. Stephen*, Abbot, A. D. 1134. *St. Simeon*, Bishop, and other Martyrs. A. D. 341.

Hock,

OR

HOKE DAY OR TIDE.

Antiquaries are exceedingly puzzled respecting the derivation of this annual festival, which commenced the fifteenth day after Easter, and was therefore a movable feast dependent upon Easter.* Though Matthew Paris, who is the oldest authority for the word *Hoke-day*, says it is "quindena paschæ," yet Mr. Douce assigns convincing reasons for taking it as the second *Tuesday* after Easter. At *Hock-tide*, which seems to have included Monday and Tuesday, collections of *Hock-money* were made in various parishes by the churchwardens, until the Reformation.† Tuesday was the principal day. *Hock Monday* was for the men, and *Hock Tuesday* for the women. On both days the men and women alternately, with great merriment, intercepted the public roads with ropes, and pulled passengers to them, from whom they exacted money to be laid out for pious uses; Monday probably having been originally kept as only the vigil or introduction to the festival of *Hock-day*. Mr. Brand unaccountably, because inconsistently with his previous representations respecting the antiquity of the custom of heaving at Easter, derives that custom from the men and women *Hocking* each other, and collecting money at *Hock-tide*.

It is a tradition that this festival was instituted to commemorate the massacre of the Danes in England, under Etheldred, in the year 1002; a supposition however wholly unsupported, because that event happened on the feast of *St. Brice*, in the month of November. Another and more reasonable opinion is, that the institution celebrated the final extinction of the Danish power by the death of *Hardicanute*, on the sixth day before the ides of June, 1042.‡

* Nares's Glossary.

† See large extracts from their accounts, in Brand, &c.

‡ Allen's Hist. of Lambeth.

et, in relation to the former event, certain good-hearted men of Coventry" petitioned, "that they might renew their old storial show" of the Hock-tide play before queen Elizabeth, when she was on visit to the earl of Leicester, at his castle of Kenilworth, in July, 1575. According to "Laneham's Letter," this "storial show" set forth how the Danes were for quietness borne, and allowed to remain in peace withal, until on the said St. Brice's night they were "all despatched and the realm rid;" and because the matter did show "in action and rhymes" how valiantly our English women, for love of their country, behaved, the "men of Coventry" thought it might move some mirth in her majesty. "The thing," said they, "is grounded in story, and for pastime (was) wont to be played in our city yearly without ill example of manners, papistry, or any superstition:" and they knew no cause why it was then of late laid down, "unless it was by the zeal of certain of their preachers; men very commendable for their behaviour and learning, and sweet in their sermons, but somewhat too sour in preaching away their pastime." By license, therefore, they got up their Hock-tide play at Kenilworth, wherein "capt. Cox," a person here indescribable without hindrance to most readers, "came marching on valiantly before, clean trussed and garnished above the knee, all fresh in a velvet cap, flourishing with his ton-sword, and another fence-master with him, making room for the rest. Then proudly came the Danish knights on horseback, and then the English, each with their alder-pole martially in their hand." The meeting at first waxing warm, then kindled with courage on both sides into a hot skirmish, and from that into a blazing battle with spear and shield; so that, by outrageous races and fierce encounters, horse and man sometimes tumbled to the dust. Then they fell to with sword and target, and did clang and bang, till, the fight so ceasing, afterwards followed the foot of both hosts, one after the other marching, wheeling, forming in squadrons, triangles, and circles, and so winding out again; and then got they so grisly together, that inflamed on each side, twice the Danes had the better, but at the last were quelled, and so being wholly vanquished, many were led captive in triumph by our English women. This matter of good pastime was wrought under the window of her highness, who

beholding in the chamber delectable dancing, and therewith great thronging of the people, saw but little of the Coventry play; wherefore her majesty commanded it on the Tuesday following, to have it full out, and being then accordingly presented, her highness laughed right well. Then too, played the "good-hearted men of Coventry" the merrier, and so much the more, because her majesty had given them two bucks, and five marks in money; and they prayed for her highness long happily to reign, and oft to come thither, that oft they might see her; and rejoicing upon their ample reward, and triumphing upon their good acceptance, vaunted their play was never so dignified, nor ever any players before so beatified.*

FLORAL DIRECTOR^v

Fravi's Cowi. *Arum Arisarum*
Dedicated to *St. Stephen* of Citeaux

April 18.

St. Apollonius, A. D. 186. *St. Galdin*,
Abp. 1176. *St. Laserian*, or *Mokaisre*,
Bp. of Leighlin, A. D. 638.

CHRONOLOGY.

1689. The infamous judge Jefferies died in the tower, whither he had been committed by the lords of the council, after he had been taken in the disguise of a common sailor for the purpose of leaving England. He was born at Acton, near Wrexham, in Denbighshire, and being raised to the bench, polluted its sanctity by perversions of the law. His habits and language were vulgar and disgusting. John Evelyn says, "I went this day to a wedding of one Mrs. Castle, to whom I had some obligation; and it was to her fifth husband, a lieutenant-colonel of the city. She was the daughter

* Concerning the Coventry Hock-tide play, it is reasonable to expect curious information from a forthcoming "Dissertation on the Pageant- or Dramatic Mysteries, anciently performed at Coventry, chiefly with reference to the vehicle, characters, and dresses of the actors," by Mr. Thomas Sharp, of Coventry, who, with access to the corporation manuscripts, and to other sources hitherto unexplored, and, above all, with the requisite knowledge and qualifications, will probably throw greater light on the obsolete drama, than has devolved upon it from the labours of any preceding antiquary.

of one Bruton, a broom-man, by his wife, who sold kitchen-stuff in Kent-street, whom God so blessed, that the father became very rich, and was a very honest man; and this daughter was a jolly, friendly woman. There were at the wedding the lord mayor, the sheriff, several aldermen, and persons of quality; above all sir George Jefferies, newly made lord chief justice of England, who, with Mr. justice Withings, danced with the bride, and were exceeding merry! These great men spent the rest of the afternoon, till eleven at night, in drinking healths, taking tobacco, and talking much beneath the gravity of judges that had but a day or two before condemned Mr. Algernon Sidney, who was executed the 7th of Dec. 1683, on Tower-hill, on the single witness of that monster of a man, lord Howard of Escrick, and some sheets of paper taken in Mr. Sidney's study, pretended to be written by him, but not fully proved." James II. found Jefferies a fit instrument for his arbitrary purposes. After the defeat of the duke of Monmouth in the west, he employed the most sanguinary miscreants, and Jefferies among the rest, to wreak his vengeance on the deluded people. Bishop Burnet says, that Jefferies's behaviour was brutally disgusting, beyond any thing that was ever heard of in a civilized nation; "he was perpetually either drunk or in a rage, like a fury than the zeal of a judge." He required the prisoners to plead guilty, on pretence of showing them favour; but he afterwards showed them no mercy, hanging many immediately. He hanged in several places about six hundred persons. The king had a daily account of Jefferies's proceedings, which he took pleasure to elate in the drawing-room to foreign ministers, and at his table he called it Jefferies's campaign. Upon Jefferies's return, he created him a peer of England, by the title of earl of Flint. During these "*bloody assizes*," the lady Lisle, a noble woman of exemplary character, whose husband had been murdered by the Stuart party, was tried for entertaining two gentlemen of the duke of Monmouth's army; and though the jury twice brought her in not guilty, Jefferies sent them out again and again, until, upon his threatening to attain them of treason, they pronounced her guilty. Jefferies, before he tried this lady, got the king to promise that he would not pardon her, and the only favour she obtained was the change of her

sentence from burning to beheading. Mrs. Gaunt, a widow, near Wapping, who was a Baptist, and spent her time in acts of charity, was tried on a charge of having hid one Burton, who, hearing that the king had said that he would sooner pardon rebels than those who harboured them, accused his benefactress of having saved his life. She was burned at the stake. The excellent William Penn, the Quaker, saw her die, and related the manner of her death to Burnet. She laid the straw about her for her burning speedily, and behaved herself so heroically, that all melted into tears. Six men were hanged at Tyburn, on the like charge, without trial. At length, the bloody and barbarous executions were so numerous, that they spread horror throughout the nation. England was an *academa*: the country, for sixty miles together, from Bristol to Exeter, had a new and terrible sort of sign-posts or gibbets, bearing the heads and limbs of its butchered inhabitants. Every soul was sunk in anguish and terror, sighing by day and by night for deliverance, but shut out of all hope, till the arrival of the prince of Orange, on whom the two houses of parliament bestowed the crown. Jefferies had attained under James II. to the high office of lord chancellor.

1794. Died Charles Pratt, earl Camden, born in 1713. As chief justice of the common pleas, he was distinguished for having discharged the celebrated John Wilkes from the tower. By that decision, general warrants were pronounced illegal; and for so great a service to his country, lord Camden received the approbation of his fellow citizens; they conferred on him the freedom of their cities, and placed his picture in their corporator halls. He was equally distinguished for opposing the opinion of prerogative lawyers in matters of libel. At his death he was lord president of the council. Firm of purpose, and mild in manners, he was a wise and amiable man. It is pleasantly related of him, that while chief justice, being upon a visit to lord Dacre, at Alveley, in Essex, he walked out with a gentleman, a very absent man, to a hill, at no great distance from the house, upon the top of which stood the stocks of the village. The chief justice sat down upon them; and after a while, having a mind to know what the punishment was, he asked his companion to open them and

put him in. This being done, his friend took a book from his pocket, sauntered on, and so completely forgot the judge and his situation, that he returned to lord Dacre's. In the mean time, the chief justice being tired of the stocks, tried in vain to release himself. Seeing a countryman pass by, he endeavoured to move him to let him out, but obtained nothing by his motion. "No, no, old gentleman," said the countryman, "you was not set there for nothing;" and left him, until he was released by a servant of the house despatched in quest of him. Some time after he presided at a trial in which a charge was brought against a magistrate for false imprisonment, and for setting in the stocks. The counsel for the magistrate, in his reply, made light of the whole charge, and more especially setting in the stocks, which he said every body knew was no punishment at all. The chief justice rose, and leaning over the bench, said, in a half-whisper, "Brother, have you ever been in the stocks?" "Really, my lord, never."—"Then I have," said the judge, "and I assure you, brother, it is no such trifle as you represent."

1802. Dr. Erasmus Darwin died. He was born at Newark in Nottinghamshire, in 1732, and attained to eminence as a physician and a botanist. His decease was sudden. Riding in his carriage, he found himself mortally seized, pulled the check-string, and desired his servant to help him to a cottage by the road-side. On entering, they found a woman within, whom the doctor addressed thus, "Did you ever see a man die?"—"No, sir."—"Then now you may." The terrified woman ran out at the door, and in a few minutes Darwin was no more. He strenuously opposed the use of ardent spirits, from conviction that they induced dreadful maladies, especially gout, dropsy, and insanity; hence his patients were never freed from his importunities, and the few who had courage to persevere benefited by his advice.

THE MAID SERVANT.

Holidays being looked forward to with unmixed delight by all whose opportunities of enjoying them are dependent upon others, a sketch of character at such a season may amuse those whose inclination is not sufficiently strong to study the original, and just enough to feel pleasure in looking at the picture. The out-

line and finishing of that which is here exhibited prove it the production of a master hand.

"The maid servant must be considered as young, or else she has married the butcher, the butler, or her cousin, or has otherwise settled into a character distinct from her original one, so as to become what is properly called the domestic. The maid servant, in her apparel, is either slovenly or fine by turns, and dirty always; or she is at all times snug and neat, and dressed according to her station. In the latter case, her ordinary dress is black stockings, a stuff gown, a cap, and neck-handkerchief pinned corner-wise behind. If you want a pin, she just feels about her, and has always one to give you. On Sundays and holidays, and perhaps of afternoons, she changes her black stockings for white, puts on a gown of a better texture and fine pattern, sets her cap and her curls jauntily, and lays aside the neck-handkerchief for a high body, which, by the way, is not half so pretty. There is something very warm and latent in the handkerchief,—something easy, vital, and genial. A woman in a high-bodied gown, made to fit her like a case, is by no means more modest, and is much less tempting. She looks like a figure at the head of a ship. We could almost see her chucked out of doors into a cart with as little remorse as a couple of sugar-loaves. The tucker is much better, as well as the handkerchief; and is to the other, what the young lady is to the servant. The one always reminds us of the Sparkler in the 'Guardian;' the other of Fanny in 'Joseph Andrews.' But to return:—The general furniture of her ordinary room, the kitchen, is not so much her own as her master's and mistress's, and need not be described; but in a drawer of the dresser of the table, in company with a duster and a pair of snuffers, may be found some of her property, such as a brass thimble, a pair of scissors, a thread-case, a piece of wax candle much wrinkled with the thread, an odd volume of 'Pamela,' and perhaps a sixpenny play, such as 'George Barnwell,' or Mrs. Behn's 'Oroonoko.' There is a piece of looking-glass also in the window. The rest of her furniture is in the garret, where you may find a good looking-glass on the table; and in the window a Bible, a comb, and a piece of soap. Here stands also, under stout lock and key, the mighty mystery—the box,—

containing among other things her clothes, two or three song-books, consisting of nineteen for the penny; sundry tragedies at a half-penny the sheet: the 'Whole Nature of Dreams laid open,' together with the 'Fortune-teller,' and the 'Account of the Ghost of Mrs. Veal;' 'the story of the beautiful Zoa who was cast away on a desert island, showing how,' &c.: some half-crowns in a purse, including pieces of country money, with the good countess of Coventry on one of them riding naked on the horse; a silver penny wrapped up in cotton by itself; a crooked sixpence, given her before she came to town, and the giver of which has either forgotten her or been forgotten by her, she is not sure which; two little enamel boxes, with looking-glass in the lids, one of them a fairing, the other 'a trifle from Margate;' and lastly, various letters, square and ragged, and directed in all sorts of spelling, chiefly with little letters for capitals. One of them, written by a girl who went to a day school with her, is directed 'miss.'—In her manners, the maid servant sometimes imitates her young mistress; she puts her hair in papers, cultivates a shape, and occasionally contrives to be out of spirits. But her own character and condition overcome all sophistications of this sort; her shape, fortified by the mop and scrubbing-brush, will make its way; and exercise keeps her healthy and cheerful. From the same cause her temper is good; though she gets into little heats when a stranger is over saucy, or when she is told not to go so heavily down stairs, or when some unthinking person goes up her wet stairs with dirty shoes—or when she is called away often from dinner; neither does she much like to be seen scrubbing the street-door-steps of a morning; and sometimes she catches herself saying, 'drat that butcher,' but immediately adds, 'God forgive me.' The tradesmen indeed, with their compliments and arch looks, seldom give her cause to complain. The milkman bespeaks her good humour for the day with—'Come, pretty maids.' Then follow the butcher, the baker, the oilman, &c. all with their several smirks and little loiterings; and when she goes to the shops herself, it is for her the grocer pulls down his string from its roller with more than ordinary whirl, and tosses, as it were, his parcel into a tie,—for her, the cheesemonger weighs his butter with half a glance, cherishes it

round about with his patties, and dabs the little piece on it to make up, with a graceful jerk. Thus pass the mornings between working, and singing, and giggling, and grumbling, and being flattered. If she takes any pleasure unconnected with her office before the afternoon, it is when she runs up the area-steps, or to the door to hear and purchase a new song, or to see a troop of soldiers go by; or when she happens to thrust her head out of a chamber window at the same time with servant at the next house, when a dialogue infallibly ensues, stimulated by the imaginary obstacles between. If the maid-servant is wise, the best part of her work is done by dinner time; and nothing else is necessary to give perfect zest to the meal. She tells us what she thinks of it, when she calls it 'a bit o' dinner. There is the same sort of eloquence in her other phrase, 'a cup o' tea;' but the old ones, and the washerwomen, beat her at that. After tea in great houses, she goes with the other servants to hot cockles, or What-are-my-thoughts like, and tells Mr. John to 'have done then;' or if there is a ball given that night, they throw open all the doors, and make use of the music up stairs to dance by. In smaller houses, she receives the visit of her aforesaid cousin; and sits down alone, or with a fellow maid servant, to work; talks of her young master, or mistress, Mr. Ivins (Evans): or else she calls to mind her own friends in the country, where she thinks the cows and 'all *that*' beautiful, now she is away. Meanwhile, if she is lazy, she snuffs the candle with her scissors; or if she has eaten more heartily than usual, she sighs double the usual number of times, and thinks that tender hearts were born to be unhappy. Such being the maid-servant's life in doors, she scorns, when abroad, to be any thing but a creature of sheer enjoyment. The maid-servant, the sailor, and the school-boy, are the three beings that enjoy a holiday beyond all the rest of the world: and all for the same reason,—because their inexperience, peculiarity of life, and habit of being with persons or circumstances or thoughts above them, give them all, in their way, a cast of the romantic. The most active of money-getters is a vegetable compared with them. The maid-servant when she first goes to Vauxhall, thinks she is in heaven. A theatre is all pleasure to her, whatever is going forward, whether the play, or the

music, or the waiting which makes others impatient, or the munching of apples and gingerbread nuts, which she and her party commence almost as soon as they have seated themselves. She prefers tragedy to comedy, because it is grander, and less like what she meets with in general; and because she thinks it more in earnest also, especially in the love scenes. Her favourite play is 'Alexander the Great, or the Rival Queens.' Another great delight is in going a shopping. She loves to look at the patterns in the window, and the fine things labelled with those corpulent numerals of 'only 7s.'—'only 6s. 6d.'" She has also, unless born and bred in London, been to see my lord mayor, the fine people coming out of court, and the 'beasties' in the tower; and at all events she has been to Astley's and the Circus, from which she comes away equally smitten with the rider, and sore with laughing at the clown. But it is difficult to say what pleasure she enjoys most. One of the completest of all is the fair, where she walks through an endless round of noise, and toys, and gallant apprentices, and wonders. Here she is invited in by courteous, well dressed people as if she were the mistress. Here also is the conjuror's booth, where the operator himself, a most stately and genteel person all in white, calls her 'ma'am;' and says to John by her side, in spite of his laced hat, 'Be good enough, sir, to nand the card to the lady.' Ah! may her cousin turn out as true as he says he is; or may she get home soon enough, and smiling enough, to be as happy again next time."

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Musk Narcisse. *Narcissus moschatus*.
Dedicated to *St. Apollonius*.

April 19.

St. Leo IX. Pope, A. D. 1054. *St. Elphege*, A. D. 1012. *St. Ursmar*, Bp. A. D. 713.

St. Elphege.

This saint's name in the church of England calendar is *Alphege*. He was brought up at the monastery of Deernurst, in Gloucestershire; afterwards he built himself a lonely cell in the abbey of Bath, where he became abbot, and corrected the "little junketings" and other irregu-

larities of the monks. St. Dunstan being warned in a vision, drew him from thence, and gave him episcopal ordination. In 1006, he became bishop of Winchester, and was afterwards translated to the see of Canterbury. On the storming of that city by the Danes, he endeavoured to allay their fury, but they burnt his cathedral, decimated his monks, and carrying Alphege prisoner to Canterbury, there slew him on this day in 1012.*

It is storied, that when St. Alphege was imprisoned at Greenwich, the devil appeared to him in likeness of an angel, and tempted him to follow him into a dark valley, over which he wearily walked through hedges and ditches, till at last being in a most foul mire the devil vanished, and a real angel appeared and told St. Alphege to go back to prison and be a martyr, which he did. Then after his death, an old rotten stake was driven into his body, and those who drave it said, that if on the morrow the stake was green and bore leaves they would believe; whereupon the stake flourished and the drivers thereof repented as they said they would, and the body being buried at St. Paul's church, in London, worked miracles.†

In commemoration of this saint was put up in Greenwich church the following inscription: "This church was erected and dedicated to the glory of God, and the memory of Saint Alphege, archbishop of Canterbury, here slain by the Danes."

CHRONOLOGY.

1739. Died, Dr. Nicholas Saunderson, Lucasian professor of mathematics. He was born in 1659, at Thurlston, in Yorkshire, lost his sight from the small pox when twelve months old, and became so proficient in the science of certainties, that his eminence has rarely been equalled.

1775. The American war commenced at Lexington.

1791. Dr. Richard Price died. He was born in Glamorganshire in 1732. Revered for the purity of his private character, he is celebrated for his religious, moral, mathematical, and political works throughout Europe.

1824. Lord Byron died. A letter taken from a newspaper several years ago,† relative to the residence of this distinguished character in the island of Mitylene, seems to have escaped editorial inquiry, and is

* Butler. † Golden Legend.
‡ Observer Nov. 15, 1818.

therefore subjoined. If authentic, it is, in some degree, an interesting memorial.

Mr. Editor,

In sailing through the Grecian Archipelago, on board one of his majesty's vessels, in the year 1812, we put into the harbour of Mitylene, in the island of that name. The beauty of this place, and the certain supply of cattle and vegetables always to be had there, induce many British vessels to visit it, both men of war and merchantmen; and though it lies rather out of the track for ships bound to Smyrna, its bounties amply repay for the deviation of a voyage. We landed, as usual, at the bottom of the bay, and whilst the men were employed in watering, and the purser bargaining for cattle with the natives, the clergyman and myself took a ramble to a cave, called Homer's School, and other places, where we had been before. On the brow of Mount Ida (a small monticule so named) we met with and engaged a young Greek as our guide, who told us he had come from Scio with an English lord, who left the island four days previous to our arrival, in his felucca. "He engaged me as a pilot," said the Greek, "and would have taken me with him, but I did not choose to quit Mitylene, where I am likely to get married. He was an odd, but a very good man. The cottage over the hill, facing the river, belongs to him, and he has left an old man in charge of it; he gave Dominick, the wine trader, six hundred zechines for it, (about 250*l.* English currency,) and has resided there about fourteen months, though not constantly; for he sails in his felucca very often to the different islands."

This account excited our curiosity very much, and we lost no time in hastening to the house where our countryman had resided. We were kindly received by an old man, who conducted us over the mansion. It consisted of four apartments on the ground floor: an entrance hall, a drawing-room, a sitting parlour, and a bed room, with a spacious closet annexed. They were all simply decorated: plain green-stained walls, marble tables on either side, a large myrtle in the centre, and a small fountain beneath, which could be made to play through the branches by moving a spring fixed in the side of a small bronze Venus in a leaning posture; a large couch or sofa completed the furniture. In the hall stood half a dozen English cane chairs, and an empty bookcase: there were no mirrors, nor a single

painting. The bed-chamber had merely a large mattress spread on the floor, with two stuffed cotton quilts and a pillow—the common bed throughout Greece. In the sitting room we observed a marble recess, formerly, the old man told us filled with books and papers, which were then in a large seaman's chest in the closet: it was open, but we did not think ourselves justified in examining the contents. On the tablet of the recess lay Voltaire's, Shakspeare's, Boileau's, and Rousseau's works, complete; Volney's "Ruins of Empires;" Zimmerman, in the German language; Klopstock's "Messiah;" Kotzebue's novels; Schiller's play of the "Robbers;" Milton's "Paradise Lost," an Italian edition, printed at Parma in 1810 several small pamphlets from the Greek press at Constantinople, much torn. Most of these books were filled with marginal notes, written with a pencil, in Italian and Latin. The "Messiah" was literally scribbled all over, and marked with slips of paper, on which also were remarks.

The old man said, "the lord had been reading these books the evening before he sailed, and forgot to place them with the others; but," said he, "there they must lie until his return; for he is so particular, that were I to move one thing without orders, he would frown upon me for a week together: he is otherwise very good. I once did him a service, and I have the produce of this farm for the trouble of taking care of it, except twenty zechines, which I pay to an aged Armenian, who resides in a small cottage in the wood, and whom the lord brought here from Adrianople; I don't know for what reason."

The appearance of the house externally was pleasing. The portico in front was fifty paces long and fourteen broad, and the fluted marble pillars with black plinths and fret-work cornices, (as it is now customary in Grecian architecture,) were considerably higher than the roof. The roof, surrounded by a light stone balustrade, was covered by a fine Turkey carpet, beneath an awning of strong coarse linen. Most of the house-tops are thus furnished, as upon them the Greeks pass their evenings in smoking, drinking light wines, such as "lachryma Christi," eating fruit, and enjoying the evening breeze.

On the left hand, as we entered the house, a small streamlet glided away; grapes, oranges, and limes were clustering together on its borders, and under the

shade of two large myrtle bushes, a marble seat, with an ornamental wooden back, was placed, on which, we were told, the lord passed many of his evenings and nights, till twelve o'clock, reading, writing, and talking to himself. "I suppose," said the old man, "praying; for he was very devout, and always attended our church twice a week, besides Sundays."

The view from this seat was what may be termed "a bird's eye view." A line of rich vineyards led the eye to Mount Calcla, covered with olive and myrtle-trees in bloom, and on the summit of which an ancient Greek temple appeared in majestic decay. A small stream issuing from the ruins, descended in broken cascades, until it was lost in the woods near the mountain's base. The sea, smooth as glass, and an horizon unshaded by a single cloud, terminates the view in front; and a little on the left, through a vista of lofty chestnut and palm-trees, several small islands were distinctly observed, studding the light blue wave with spots of emerald green. I seldom enjoyed a view more than I did this; but our inquiries were fruitless as to the name of the person who had resided in this romantic solitude; none knew his name but Dominick, his stoker, who had gone to Candia. "The Armenian," said our conductor, "could tell, but I am sure he will not."—"And cannot you tell, old friend?" said I.—"If I can," said he, "I dare not." We had not time to visit the Armenian, but on our return to the town we learnt several particulars of the isolated lord. He had portioned eight young girls when he was last upon the island, and even danced with them at the nuptial feast. He gave a cow to one man, horses to others, and cotton and silk to the girls who live by weaving these articles. He also bought a new boat for a fisherman who had lost his own in a gale, and he often gave Greek Testaments to the poor children. In short, he appeared to us, from all we collected, to have been a very eccentric and benevolent character. One circumstance we learnt which our old friend at the cottage thought proper not to disclose. He had a most beautiful daughter, with whom the lord was often seen walking on the seashore, and he had bought her a pianoforte, and taught her himself the use of it.

Such was the information with which

we departed from the peaceful isle of Mitylene; our imaginations all on the rack, guessing who this rambler in Greece could be. He had money, it was evident; he had philanthropy of disposition, and all those eccentricities which mark peculiar genius. Arrived at Palermo, all our doubts were dispelled. Falling in with Mr. Foster, the architect, a pupil of Wyatt's, who had been travelling in Egypt and Greece, "The individual," said he, "about whom you are so anxious, is lord Byron; I met him in my travels on the island of Tenedos, and I also visited him at Mitylene."—"We had never then heard of his lordship's fame, as we had been some years from home; but "Childe Harold" being put into our hands, we recognised the recluse of Calcla in every page. Deeply did we regret not having been more curious in our researches at the cottage, but we consoled ourselves with the idea of returning to Mitylene on some future day; but to me that day will never return.

* * * * JOHN MITFORD.

The names of Byron and Moore are associated for their attainments; they were kindred in their friendship. The last lines, written by lord Byron, on his native soil, were addressed to Mr. Moore :

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But ere I go, TOM MOORE,
Here's a double health to thee.

Here's a sigh for those I love,
And a smile for those I hate,
And, whatever sky's above,
Here's a heart for any fate.

Though the ocean roars around me,
It still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me
It hath springs that may be won.

Were it the last drop in the well,
As I gasped on the brink,
Ere my fainting spirits fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

In that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—Peace to thee and thine,
And a health to thee, TOM MOORE

Forbearing to estimate him whom the low and the lofty alike assume to measure, a passage from his own pen may fitly conclude this notice :—

Beautiful :

How beautiful is all this visible world !
 How glorious in its action and itself ;
 But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
 Half dust, half deity, alike unfit
 To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence make
 A conflict of its elements, and breathe
 The breath of degradation and of pride,
 Contending with low wants and lofty will
 Till our mortality predominates,
 And men are—what they name not to themselves,
 And trust not to each other.

Byron.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Ursine Garlic. *Allium Ursinum.*
 Dedicated to *St. Leo IX.*, Pope.

April 20.

St. Agnes, of Monte Pulciano, A. D. 1317.
St. Serf, or *Servanus*, Bp. 5th Cent.
St. James of Sclavonia, or Illyricum,
 A. D. 1485.

Easter Term, 1825, begins.

On this day the sun enters Taurus ♈ or the bull, at 9 h. 50 m. A. M., at which period black cattle produce their offspring, and hence probably the sign is represented by the male animal. The Greeks affirmed it to be the bull into which Jupiter metamorphosed himself, when he visited Europa, but this sign was figured and worshipped throughout the East as the god *Apis*, or a symbol of the sun, before the Greek zodiac existed.

SEASONABLE DESIRES.

With the incoming of spring there is an outgoing from town, or a wish to do so. We all love what nature proffers to our enjoyment. Now—the humble tenant of the lofty attic in the metropolis, cultivates a few flowers in garden pots, within the ridge of the parapet that bounds the eye from all things but sky and clouds ; and when he can, walks with his wife in search of fields where grass grows and cattle feed. Now—the better conditioned take a trip a few miles beyond the suburbs, and all manifest hopes or wishes for prolonged enjoyment of the country in the approaching summer. Now—ready furnished cottages and lodgings, which have been “to let” throughout the winter in the villages near the metropolis, find admirers, and some of them find occupiers

Now—the good wife reminds her good man—“My dear it’s very hard, after so many years not to be able to afford a little comfort at last—we can’t, you know, live in this way for ever. What a charming day this is. Let us see and get a little place just a little way from town against the fine weather comes ; the walk there and back will do *you* good ; it will do us *all* good ; and the expense won’t be miss’d in the long run.” Now the thoughtful and thrifty, and the unthoughtful and the unthrifty, of certain and uncertain income, begin to plan or scheme where to go “after parliament’s up,” or in what neighbourhood, or on what site, to hire or build a house suitable to their real or imaginary wants. Now, in other words, “all the world” in London is thinking how or where “to go out of town by and bye.”

I who a country life admire,
 And ne’er of rural prospects tire,
 Salute my friend who loves the town,
 And hates to see a country clown.
 Tho’ we almost congenial be,
 In this howe’er we disagree ;
 You’re fond of bustle, din, and smoke,
 And things that always me provoke,
 Whilst I clear rivulets extol,
 That o’er their pebbly channels roll,
 Rude mossy rocks that nodding stand ;
 Rich corn that’s waving o’er the land ;
 Thick shady groves where zephyrs play
 And cool the sultry heat of day ;
 I’m fond of every rustic sport,
 And hate—detest a venal court.
 Whene’er I quit the noisy town,
 And to my rural spot get down,
 I find myself quite at my ease,
 And can do whatsoever I please ;
 Sometimes I study, sometimes ride,
 Or stroll along the river’s side,
 Or saunter through some fertile mead,
 Where lowing herds in plenty feed ;
 Or rest upon a bank of flowers,
 And pass, ’midst innocence, my hours.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Spring Snowflake. *Leucojum vernum*.
Dedicated to *St. Agnes* of Monte Pulciano

April 21.

St. Anselm. *St. Anastasius*, the Sinaite, A. D. 678. *St. Anastasius* I., Patriarch, A. D. 598. *St. Anastasius*, the younger, A. D. 610. *St. Beuno*, or *Beunor*, Abbot of Clynnog, A. D. 616. *St. Eingan*, or *Encon*, A. D. 590. *St. Malrubius*, A. D. 721.

St. Anselm

Was born at Aoust in Piedmont, and was made archbishop of Canterbury, by William Rufus, in 1093. Butler gives a circumstantial account of his life and writings, from whence it appears that Anselm was a learned and skilful theologian, and conducted his affairs with great circumspection and obedience to the papal see under William I. and II., and Henry I.; and that he died on the 21st of April, 1109, aged seventy-six: he says, "We have authentic accounts of many admirable miracles wrought by this saint."

CHRONOLOGY.

753. B. C. Romulus commenced the foundations of Rome; on this day his brother Remus was slain by Romulus or his workmen, for having ridiculed the slenderness of the walls. Thus raised in blood they became the sanctuary of refugees and criminals, and to increase the population neighbouring females were forcibly dragged within its boundaries.

323. B. C. Alexander the Great, son of Philip of Macedon died. When a boy he tamed Bucephalus, a horse which none of the courtiers could manage, and Philip wept that the kingdom of Macedonia would be too small for such a son. He was under Aristotle for five years; after the assassination of his father, he slew his murderers, succeeded him in the sovereignty, conquered Thrace and Illyricum, destroyed Thebes, became chief commander of all the forces of Greece, conquered Darius and all Minor Asia, subdued Egypt, Media, Syria, and Persia, visited the temple of Jupiter Ammon, bribed the priests to salute him as the son of that god, exacted divine honours from his army, spread his conquests over India, invaded Scythia, visited the Indian ocean, and laden with the spoils of India, returned to Ba-

bylon, where he died of drunkenness, in the thirty-second year of his age. After his death, all his family and infant children were put to death, his generals quarrelled for the empire, and bloody wars distributed the prize in shares to the sanguinary winners.

1142. Peter Abelard, a learned doctor of the church died, aged sixty-three. He was the celebrated lover of the no less celebrated Heloise, the niece of a canon, who placed her under Abelard to be taught philosophy, of whom she learned the art of love; and preferring an infamous reputation to the bonds of wedlock, caused her tutor's ruin.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Cyprus Narcisse. *Narcissus Orientalis albus*.

Dedicated to *St. Anselm*.

April 22.

Sts. Sotor and *Caius*, Popes, 2d Cent. *St. Caius*, Pope, A. D. 296. *Sts. Azades*, *Tharba*, &c., Martyrs in Persia, A. D. 341. *Sts. Epipodius* and *Alexander*, 2d Cent. *St. Theodorus*, of Siceon, Bishop, A. D. 613. *St. Opportuna*, Abbess, A. D. 770. *St. Leonides*, A. D. 202. *St. Rufus*, or *Rufin*, of Glendaloch.

ROOKS.—*An Anecdote*.

Amongst the *deliramenta* of the learned, which have amused mankind, the following instance merits a conspicuous rank. Some years ago, there were several large elm trees in the college garden, behind the ecclesiastical court, Doctors Commons, in which a number of rooks had taken up their abode, forming in appearance a sort of *convocation* of aerial ecclesiastics. A young gentleman, who lodged in an attic, and was their close neighbour, frequently entertained himself with thinning this covey of black game, by means of a cross bow. On the opposite side lived a curious old civilian, who, observing from his study, that the rooks often dropt senseless from their perch, or as it may be said, without using a figure, *hopp'd the twig*, making no sign, nor any sign being made to his vision to account for the phenomenon, set his wits to work to consider the cause. It was probably during a *profitless* time of peace, and the

doctor having plenty of leisure, weighed the matter over and over, till he was at length fully satisfied that he had made a great ornithological discovery, that its promulgation would give wings to his fame, and that he was fated by means of these rooks to say,

“*Volito vivus per ora virum.*”

His goose-quill and foolscap were quickly in requisition, and he actually wrote a *treatise*, stating circumstantially what he himself had seen, and in conclusion, giving it as the settled conviction of his mind, that rooks were subject to the *falling sickness* !*

SPARROWS.

Country churchwardens and overseers are encouraged by farmers to offer rewards for the destruction of these merry twitterers, under the notion that they are fell destroyers of their grain. Mr. Bewick has taken some interest in their behalf, by stating a plain fact. He says :

“Most of the smaller birds are supported, especially when young, by a profusion of caterpillars, small worms and insects ; on these they feed, and thus they contribute to preserve the vegetable world from destruction. This is contrary to the commonly received opinion, that birds, particularly SPARROWS, do much mischief in destroying the labours of the gardener and husbandman. It has been observed, ‘that a SINGLE PAIR OF SPARROWS, during the time they are feeding their young, will destroy about FOUR THOUSAND CATERPILLARS WEEKLY !’ They likewise feed their young with butterflies and other winged insects, each of which, if not destroyed in this manner, would be productive of several hundreds of caterpillars. Let us not condemn a whole species of animals, because, in some instances, we have found them troublesome or inconvenient. Of this we are sufficiently sensible ; but the uses to which they are subservient, in the grand economical distribution of nature, we cannot so easily ascertain. We have already observed that, in the destruction of caterpillars, sparrows are eminently serviceable to vegetation, and in this respect alone, there is reason to suppose, sufficiently re-pay the destruction they make in the produce of the garden or the field. The great table of nature is spread alike

to all, and is amply stored with every thing necessary for the support of the various families of the earth : it is owing to the superior intelligence and industry of man, that he is enabled to appropriate so large a portion of the best gifts of providence for his own subsistence and comfort ; let him not then think it waste, that, in some instances, creatures inferior to him in rank are permitted to partake with him, nor let him grudge them their scanty pittance ; but, considering them only as the tasters of his full meal, let him endeavour to imitate their cheerfulness, and lift up his heart in grateful effusions to HIM, ‘who filleth all things with plenteousness.’ ”

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Wood Crowfoot. *Ranunculus Auricomus*
Dedicated to *St. Rufus*

April 23.

St. George. St. Adalbert, Bp. A. D. 997. St. Gerard, Bp. A. D. 994. St. Ibar, or Ivor, Bp. in Ireland, about 500.

ST. GEORGE the Martyr, *Patron of England.*

Who was St. George ? Butler says that the Greeks long distinguished him by the title of “The Great Martyr ;” that, among other churches, five or six were formerly dedicated to him at Constantinople ; that he “seems” to have been the founder of the church of St. George over “his tomb” in Palestine ; that one of his churches in Constantinople gave to the Hellespont the name of “the Arm of St. George ;” that he is honoured as principal patron of saints by several eastern nations, particularly “the Georgians ;” that the Byzantine historians relate battles gained, and miracles won, by his intercession ; that he was celebrated in France in the sixth century ; that his office is found in the sacramentary of the (credulous) pope Gregory the Great ; that certain of his (presumed) relics were placed in a church at Paris, on its consecration to St. Vincent ; that “he is said to have been a great soldier ;” that he was chosen by our ancestors the tutelary saint of England, under the first Norman kings ; that the council at Oxford in 1222, commanded his feast to be kept a holiday of the lesser rank ; that under his name and ensign our Edward III. instituted

* Morn. Chron., Sept. 3, 1818.

the most noble order of knighthood in Europe; that this institution was fifty years before that of St. Michael by Louis XI. of France, eighty years before the order of the Golden Fleece by Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, one hundred and ninety years before that of St. Andrew by James I. of Scotland, and one hundred

and forty years before the order of St. George by the emperor Frederick IV.; and that "the extraordinary devotion of all Christendom to this saint is an authentic proof how glorious his triumph and name have always been in the church" Still who *was* St. George?



St. George and the Dragon.

It is related of St. George,* that he arrived at a city of Lybia called Sylene. Near this city was a stagnant lake or pond like a sea, wherein dwelt a dragon, who was so fierce and venomous, that he terrified and poisoned the whole country. The people therefore assembled to slay him; but when they saw him, his ap-

pearance was so horrible, that they fled. Then the dragon pursued them even to the city itself, and the inhabitants were nearly destroyed by his very breath, and suffered so much, that they were obliged to give him two sheep every day to keep him from doing them harm. At length the number of sheep became so small, that they could only give him one sheep every day, and they were obliged to give

* In the Golden Legend.

him a man instead of the other : at last, because all the men might not be eaten up, a law was made that they should draw lots to give him the youth and infants of all ranks, and so the dragon was fed with young gentlefolks and poor people's children, till the lot fell upon the king's daughter. Then the king was very sorry, and begged the people to take his gold and silver instead of his daughter, which the people would not accept, because it was according to his own law ; and the king wept very much, and begged of the people to give the princess eight days before she should be given to the dragon to be devoured, and the people consented. And when the eight days were gone, the king caused his daughter to be richly dressed as if she were going to her bridal, and having kissed her, he gave her his blessing, and the people led her to where the dragon was. St. George had just come ; when he saw the princess, and demanding why she was there, she answered, " Go your way, fair young man, that you perish not also." Then again St. George demanded the reason of her being there, and why she wept, and endeavoured to comfort her ; and when she saw he would not be satisfied, she told him. Upon this St. George promised to deliver her ; but she could not believe he had power to do her so great a service, and therefore again begged him to go away. And while they were talking the dragon appeared, and began to run towards them ; but St. George being on horseback, drew his sword and signed himself with the cross, and rode violently, and smiting the dragon with his spear, wounded him so sorely that he threw him down. Then St. George called to the princess, to bind her girdle about the dragon's neck, and not to be afraid ; and when she had done so, " the dragon folowed as it had been a meke beest and debonayre ;" and she led him into the city, which when the people saw, they fled for fear to the mountains and vallics, till, being encouraged by St. George, they returned, and he promised to slay the dragon if they would believe and be baptized. Then the king was baptized, with upwards of 15,000 men, besides women and children, and St. George slew the dragon, and cut off his head ; and the people took four carts and drew the body with oxen out of the city ; and the king built a church, and dedicated it to our Lady and St. George — ' This blyssyd

& holy martyr saynt George, is patron of this realme of englond, & the crye of men of warre. In the worshyp of whom is founded the noble ordre of the gartre, & also a noble college in the castel of wyndsoore by kynges of englonde, in whiche college is the hert of saint George, which Sygysmond the emperour of almayne* brought, & gave it for a grete & precyous relyke to kyng Henry the fyfth ; & also the sayd Sygysmond was a broder of the said garter, & also there is a pece of his heed."

Butler informs us, that St. George, was born in Cappadocia ; that he went with his mother into Palestine, of which country she was a native, where she had a considerable estate, " which fell to her son George," who was a soldier, and became " a tribune or colonel in the army," wherein he was further promoted by the emperor Dioclesian, to whom he resigned his commissions and posts when that emperor waged war against the christian religion, and who threw him into prison for remonstrating against bloody edicts, and caused him to be beheaded. This is all that Butler relates of him, and this on the authority of what he calls " the account given to us by Metaphrastes." According also to Butler, St. George became the patron of the military because he had been military himself, and his apparition encouraged " the christian army in the holy war before the battle of Antioch," which proved fortunate under Godfrey of Bouillon ; and also because his apparition inspired Richard I. in his expedition against the Saracens. " St. George," says Butler, " is usually painted on horseback, and tilting at a dragon under his feet ; but this is no more than an emblematical figure, purporting that, by his faith and christian fortitude, he conquered the devil, called the dragon in the Apocalypse." This is very easily said, but not so easily proved, nor has Butler in any way attempted to prove it. To this assertion may be opposed the fact, that St. Michael is also represented killing a dragon ; and the present writer presumes to think, that unless there be any valid objection to mounting an angel on horseback, the well-known legend of this archangel supplies the clue to the pictorial representation of St. George ; or, in plain words,

* Germany.

hat St. George and the dragon are neither more nor less than St. Michael contending with the devil. Concerning this device, however, more cannot be observed without excluding curious particulars.

There are many old ballads in honour of the patron saint of England and his

feat. The ballad of "St. George and the Dragon," which is not the oldest, begins with the first and ends with the last of the following verses, and places him above sir Bevis of Hampton, and other heroes of mighty doings in our old romances.

Why should we boast of Arthur and his Knights,
Knowing how many Men have performed Fights?
Or why should we speak of Sir Lancelot de Lake,
Of Sir Tristram du Leon, that fought for Ladies Sake?
Read in old stories, and there you shall see,
How St. George, St. George, he made the Dragon flee.

St. George he was for England, St. Dennis was for France;
Sing *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.

* * * * *

Mark Anthony, I'll warrant ye, play'd Feats with Ægypt's Queen;
Sir Eglemore, that valiant Knight, the like was never seen;
Grim Gorgon's Might was known in Fight; old Bevis most Men frighted;
The Mirmidons and Prester Johns; why were not these Men knighted?
Brave Spinola took in Breda, Nassau did it recover;
But St. George, St. George, turn'd the Dragon over and over.

St. George he was for England, St. Dennis was for France;
Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*.*

This latter verse is a modern interpolation. Percy gives a purer version of the old ballad.†

In the romance of the "Seven Champions of Christendom," St. George's performances exceed that of the other champions; the ballad, bearing the same title, distinguishes him in like manner, and it is there sung, that in his fight with the dragon,

When many hardy Strokes he'd dealt,
And could not pierce his Hide,
He run his Sword up to the Hilt,
In at the Dragon's Side;
By which he did his Life destroy,
Which cheer'd the drooping King;
This caus'd an universal Joy,
Sweet Peals of Bells did ring.‡

Saint George was the ancient English war-cry.§ Shakespeare so uses it in his "Richard III.;" he makes Richmond conclude his address to his soldiery, with Sound, drums and trumpets, bold and cheerfully,
God and *Saint George*, Richmond and victory.

So also Richard, after he receives the news of Stanley's defection, exclaims,

Advance our standards, set upon our foes.
Our *ancient word of courage*, fair Saint George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!
Upon them!

In the 10th year of king Henry VII. the Irish were prohibited from using their favourite battle-cry of *Aboo*, or *Aber*. Every native of that country was enjoined against using that word, or "other words like or otherwise contrary to the king's laws, his crown and dignity and peace, but to call on St. George, or the name of his Sovereign Lord, the King of England, for the time being," &c.* There is also this injunction to the English in an old art of war: "Item that all souldiers entering into battaile, assault, skirmish, or other faction of armes, shall have for their common cry and word, *St. George forward*, or, *Upon them St. George*, whereby the soldier is much comforted, and the enemy dismaied by calling to minde the ancient valour of England, which with that name has so often been victorious."† So much for the present concerning St. George.

His majesty, king George IV., who was born on the 12th of August, changed the annual celebration of his birth-day, to St. George's-day.

* Collection of Old Ballads, 3 vols.

† In his Reliques.

‡ Coll. Old Ballads.

§ Fosbroke's Dict. Antiq., Crabbe's Techn. Dict.

* Brady's Clavis Coll.

† Nares's Glossary, from Warton, &c. which Glossary also see further concerning St. George.

The mail-coaches, according to annual custom on the king's birth-day, go in procession from Millbank to Lombard-street. At about twelve o'clock, the horses belonging to the different mails, with new harness, and the postmen and postboys on horseback, arrayed in their new scarlet coats and jackets, proceed from Lombard-street to Millbank, and there dine. At this place the coaches are fresh painted; from thence the procession being arranged begins to move about five o'clock in the afternoon, headed by the general postmen on horseback. The mails follow them, filled with the wives and children, friends and relations, of the coachmen and guards; while the postboys sounding their bugles and cracking their whips, bring up the rear. From the commencement of the procession, the bells of the different churches ring out merrily, and continue their rejoicing peels till it arrives at the General Post-office in Lombard-street, from whence they sparkle abroad to all parts of the kingdom. Great crowds assemble to witness the cavalcade as it passes through the principal streets of the metropolis, viz. Parliament-street, the Strand, Fleet-street, Ludgate-hill, St. Paul's church-yard, and Cheapside. The clean and cheerful appearance of the coachmen and guards, each with a large bouquet of flowers in his bright scarlet coat, the beauty of the cattle, and the general excellence of the equipment, present a most agreeable spectacle to every eye and mind, that can be gratified by seeing and reflecting on the advantages derived to trade and social intercourse by this magnificent establishment.

On the same day the Society of Antiquaries, by their charter of incorporation, meet at their apartments in Somerset-place, to elect a president, council, and other officers for the year ensuing, and dine together, according to annual custom.

CHRONOLOGY.

1616. Miguel Cervantes de Saavedra, the celebrated Spanish author, died. Cervantes was born in 1549; he is best known in England by his "Don Quixote," which has rendered him popular throughout Europe.

1616. On the same day with Cervantes in Spain, Shakspeare died in England. It was the anniversary of his birth-

day, whereon he had completed the fifty-second year of his age. Who is qualified to praise him, whose supereminent genius all men acknowledge and reverence? To his greatness he added a quality it is seldom allied with. "No man had ever fewer enemies alive or dead; and this is the more remarkable as he was himself prone to parody, and must therefore have mortified many of his contemporaries."*

Goodness and he fill up one monument.

Shakspeare's Jest Book.

Under this title a book was reprinted in 1815, from one lately discovered bearing the title of

¶ A. C. Merry Talys.

Referring to the preface of the reprint for its value in support of the opinion corroborated by other reprints, that Shakspeare was destitute of the learning attributed to him by some writers, an extract (with the spelling modernized) is taken from it as a specimen of the wit, and morals which amused our ancestors:

Of the woman that followed her fourth husband's bier and wept.

A woman there was which had four husbands. It fortun'd also that her fourth husband died and was brought to church upon the bier, whom this woman followed, and made great moan, and waxed very sorry, insomuch that her neighbours thought she would swoon and die for sorrow; wherefore one of her gossips came to her and spake to her in her ear, and bade her for God's sake comfort herself and refrain that lamentation, or else it would hurt her, and peradventure put her in jeopardy of her life. To whom this woman answered and said "I wys good gossip I have great cause to mourn if ye knew all, for I have buried three husbands beside this man, but I was never in the case that I am now, for there was not one of them but when that I followed the corse to church, yet I was sure of another husband, before the corse came out of my house; and now I am sure of no other husband, and therefore ye may be sure I have great cause to be sad and heavy."

By this tale ye may see, that the old proverb is true, that it is as great a pity to see a woman weep, as a goose to go barefoot.

* Mr. Gifford, Life of Ben Jonson.

If the moral deduced by the story-teller from the tale just related is satirical on the sex, it should be remembered, that he wrote at a period when jokes were homely, and less felt than in our refined times. To talk now of "no joke like a *true* joke" is scarcely passable, unless the application be in itself true, and then it is no longer a joke.

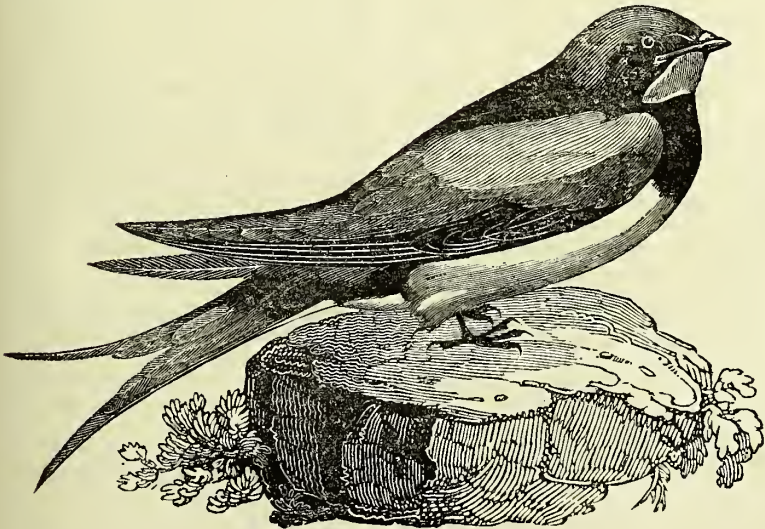
WIND.

A resident on the banks of the Thames at Kingston observes, that when the swan flies any distance *against the wind*, however serene and fine the weather may appear, a wind, amounting almost to a hurricane, is always certain to ensue within twenty-four hours afterwards, and generally within twelve. If they fly *with the wind*, which rarely occurs, it seems to be merely for their amusement, or for reaching some certain spot in a quicker way than floating down the tide, and in this case no change takes place. The gale is usually unaccompanied by wet, though sometimes a heavy shower will be brought up with it.*

RAIN.

According to our old works on husbandry, we have many prognostics of rain from the motions of animals. One of them observes thus: "In a herd of cows, as they are on their march towards their pastures in a morning, if the bull lead the van, and keep back his company that they go not before him, it is a prognostic of rainy or tempestuous weather; but if he be careless and let them go at random, the contrary. Or if they eat more than ordinary, or lick their hoofs all about, rain follows forthwith. If they run to and fro, flinging and kicking, and extending their tails, tempests usually follow."*

The same writer says that, "If the swallow fly low, and near the waters, it presageth rain: the coming of the swallow is a true presage of the spring." It has been already remarked, that the 15th of April, from the usual appearance of this remarkable bird about that time, is called "swallow-day"



The Swallow.

The preceding engraving is copied from one which illustrates a scientific and agreeable investigation concerning the harbinger of spring, by Dr. Forster; from

which dissertation the following interesting particulars are also derived.†

The swallow makes its first appearance

* Worlidge's *Mystery of Husbandry*.

† *Observations on the Brumal Retreat of the Swallow*, by Thos. Forster, F. L. S. &c. fifth edit. 16.7 8vo.

in Great Britain, early in spring; remains with us during summer, and disappears in autumn. The four species which inhabit this island, are also found during summer, in almost every other region in Europe and Asia, where their manners and habits are nearly the same as in this country. In the more southern parts of the Continent, they appear somewhat earlier than in England. The distinguishing marks of the swallow tribe are—a small bill; a wide mouth; a head rather large in proportion to the bulk of the body, and somewhat flattish; a neck scarcely visible; a short, broad, and cloven tongue; a tail mostly forked; short legs; very long wings; a rapid and continued flight.

The house or Chimney Swallow, *hirundo rustica*, (figured above) is the most common, as well as the best known. Its length is about six inches, its breadth from tip to tip of the wings, when extended, about twelve inches; the upper parts of its body and wings are black; the under parts whitish ash-colour; the head black; the forehead and chin marked with a red spot; the tail very much forked. It generally arrives earlier than the rest of its genus; and mostly before the middle of April. It builds its nest in chimnies, at the distance of about a foot from the top, or under the roofs of barns and outhouses, has commonly two broods in the year, and usually disappears in the latter end of September, or beginning of October. Like all birds of the swallow tribe, it is perpetually on the wing, and lives upon insects, which it catches flying. It has been calculated from the velocity of this bird on the wing, and its flight in the air for fourteen or fifteen hours together, in search of food, that it flies from two to three hundred miles in that time. As previously observed by an early writer, before rain it may often be seen skimming round the edge of a lake or river, and not unfrequently dipping the tips of its wings, or under part of its body into the water, as it passes over its surface. Dr. Forster cites Aratus and Virgil in corroboration, that ancient authors had observed the same fact. He describes the Martin, or Martlett, *hirundo vrbica*, as being rather less than the swallow, and as easily distinguishable from it, by the bright white colour of all the under parts of the body. This species usually makes its first appearance early in May, though sometimes sooner, and leaves us towards the latter end

of October. It builds under the eaves of houses, in crags of rocks and precipices near the sea, has oftentimes three broods in the year, and constructs its curious nest like that of the swallow, with mud and straw, lined with feathers on the inside. He says that the Swift, *hirundo apus*, is the largest of the genus, being seven inches in length, and nearly eighteen in breadth, when its wings are extended, and that it is of a sooty black colour, with a whitish spot on its breast. It arrives towards the middle of May, and departs about the middle of August. It builds in holes of rocks, in ruined towers, and under the tiling of houses; and has only one brood in the year. He observes of the Bank or Sand Martin, *hirundo riparia*, that it is the smallest of the genus, is of a dusky brown colour above, and whitish beneath; and that it builds its nest in holes, which it bores in banks of sand, and is said to have only one brood in the year.

No subject has more engaged the attention of naturalists, in all ages, than the brumal retreat of the swallow; neither is there any subject on which more various and contrary opinions have been entertained. Some have supposed that they retire at the approach of winter to the inmost recesses of rocks and mountains, and that they there remain in a torpid state until spring. Others have conjectured that these birds immerse themselves in the water at the approach of winter, and that they remain at the bottom in a state of torpidity, until they are again called forth by the influence of the vernal sun. Dr. Forster admits that there are several instances on record of their having been found in such situations, clustered together in great numbers, and that, on being brought before the fire, they have revived and flown away. But he thinks that few of the accounts were well authenticated; and that the celebrated John Hunter and Mr. Pearson clearly prove, from various experiments, that these birds cannot continue long under water without being drowned. The doctor does not deny that swallows have occasionally been found under water; but he attributes their having been found in such situations to mere accident. As it is well known that, towards the latter end of autumn, swallows frequently roost by the sides of lakes and rivers; he therefore supposes that a number of these birds had retired to roost on the banks of

some shallow and muddy river at low tide; that they had been induced by the cold to creep among the reeds or rushes which might grow in the shallow parts of the river, and that while in that situation, driven into a state of torpidity by the cold, they had been overwhelmed, and perhaps washed into the current, by the coming in of the tide. He alludes to occasional instances of other birds besides swallows having been found in a state of torpor during winter, and imagines that fishermen had availed themselves of the coming in of the tide to catch fish, and that the swallows, before supposed to have been carried into the current, coming in contact with their nets, were consequently drawn out by them, and, not having been long under water, were not completely drowned. There are several circumstances which seem to favour the opinion, that these birds remain concealed during winter in this country. Among others, the most striking is, that swallows, *hirundines rusticae*, as well as martins, *hirundines urbicae*, have sometimes appeared very late in autumn, a considerable time after they were all supposed to have taken their departure; and that they have likewise been found concealed in the crevices of rocks, in holes of old decayed trees, in old ruined towers, and under the thatch of houses. Dr. Forster further presumes, that those birds, which have been found in a state of torpidity, had, owing to some accident, been hatched later in the year than ordinary, and consequently had not acquired sufficient strength to undergo the fatigue of a long journey upon the wing, at the time when the migration of the rest of their species took place; and that to shelter themselves from the inclemency of the weather, they had sought retreats wherein, from cold and hunger, they had sunk into a state of torpidity. "For several years past," says Dr. Forster, "I have observed that chimney swallows have appeared first in cold weather. I have sometimes seen them as early as April the 2d, when the mercury in the thermometer has been below the freezing point. On the other hand, I have often taken notice, that during a continuance of mild weather for the space of a fortnight, in the month of April, not so much as one swallow has appeared." He remarks, that towards the latter end of September, swallows, as well as martins, congregate in great numbers, and are frequently seen sitting on the tops of

houses, and on rocks near the sea. These meetings usually continue for several days, after which they suddenly disappear. They seldom perch on trees, except in autumn, shortly previous to their disappearance, and they then choose dead trees in preference. They sometimes sit on trees earlier in summer, when the weather has been very cold.

Swifts begin to assemble in large bodies previous to their departure, early in July: their numbers daily increase, and they soar higher in the air, with shriller cries, and fly differently from their usual mode. Such meetings continue till towards the middle of August, after which they are seldom seen. Sand martins likewise flock together in autumn. Some years ago they appeared in great numbers in London and its neighbourhood. Dr. Forster clearly shows that swallows are birds of passage, and produces the accounts of mariners, who had seen these birds many hundred miles out at sea, and on whose ships they had alighted to rest, almost exhausted with fatigue and hunger. By this means we may be enabled, in some measure, to determine to what quarter of the globe they retire, when they leave Europe in autumn. Adanson, in his "Voyage to Senegal," relates, that on the 6th of October, being about fifty leagues from the coast, between the island of Goree and Senegal, four swallows alighted on the shrouds of his ship, which he easily caught, and knew to be European swallows. He adds, that they never appear at Senegal, until the winter season, and that they do not build nests as in Europe, but roost every night on the sand by the sea shore. Sir Charles Wager, first lord of the admiralty, relates, that in one of his voyages home, as he came into soundings of our channel, a great flock of swallows settled on his rigging: every rope was covered with them: they hung on one another like a swarm of bees: the decks and carvings were filled with them: they seemed spent and famished, and, to use his own expression, were only feathers and bones; but, recruited with a night's rest, they resumed their flight in the morning. A similar circumstance happened to captain Wright, in a voyage from Philadelphia to London.

There are many anecdotes of sagacity in these birds. For several years some swallows had built their mud habitations in the window frames of a house at Beau-

maris, in Anglesea. These dry, comfortable, and protected abodes, were envied by the less favoured sparrows of the same place, who embraced the opportunity (while the unsuspected swallows were skimming o'er the wide bosom of the main) and confidently took possession, thinking also to establish an undoubted settlement by depositing their eggs; the swallows finding their rightful *mansions* engrossed by other tenants, seemed reconciled to the ejection; but to the astonishment of the lady residing in the house, no sooner had the sparrows hatched their young, than the swallows gathered all their forces and plastered up the entrance of the nest containing the old sparrow and her brood, where they perished.

In most parts of the country, martins and swallows are considered sacred birds, and to kill one is deemed a greater sin than the killing of other equally harmless birds. Children of all ages in the counties of Berks, Buckingham, and Oxford, repeat the following couplet, which if not taught, is always sanctioned by their parents :

The Martin and the Swallow,
Are God Almighty's birds to hollow.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Harebell. *Hyacinthus non scriptus*.
Dedicated to *St. George*.

April 24.

St. Fidelis. *St. Mellitus*, Abp. of Canterbury, A. D. 624. *Sts. Bona*, or *Beuve*, A. D. 673, and *Doda*, Abbesses. *B. Robert*, Abbot, A. D. 1067.

St. Fidelis.

According to Butler this saint was a missionary among the Calvinists in Switzerland, was killed by their soldiers in 1622, he and his relics worked three hundred and five miracles, and he was canonized in 1729 by pope Benedict XIII.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Blackthorn. *Prunus Spinosa*.
Dedicated to *St. Fidelis*.

April 25.

St. Mark, Evangelist. *St. Macull*, or *Macallius*, or *Maughold*, 5th Cent. *St.*

Anianus. *St. Phœbadius*, or *Fiari*, Bp. A. D. 392. *St. Ivia*, or *Ivo*, Bp. 7th Cent. *St. Kebius*, Bp. 4th Cent.

St. Mark.

Mr. Audley says, "It is generally allowed, that Mark, mentioned i Pet. v. 13. is the Evangelist, but it has been doubted whether he be the same as John Mark, mentioned in the Acts, and in some of Paul's epistles. Dr. Lardner thinks there is but one Mark in the New Testament, John Mark, the evangelist, and fellow-labourer of Paul Barnabas and Peter. He was the son of Mary, a pious woman of Jerusalem, at whose house the disciples used to meet. It is not known at what period Mark became a follower of Christ. His gospel was probably written about the year 63 or 64, and it has been said, that Mark going into Egypt first preached the gospel which he had written, and planted there many churches. He does appear to have been a martyr; but died in the eighth year of Nero, and was buried at Alexandria." Butler says, "It is certain that he was appointed by St. Peter, bishop of Alexandria," that he was martyred in the year 68, and that when he was discovered by his persecutors, he was "offering to God the prayer of oblation or the mass." So that we are to believe from Butler, that there was the "mass" in Mark's time!

St. Anianus, A. D. 86.

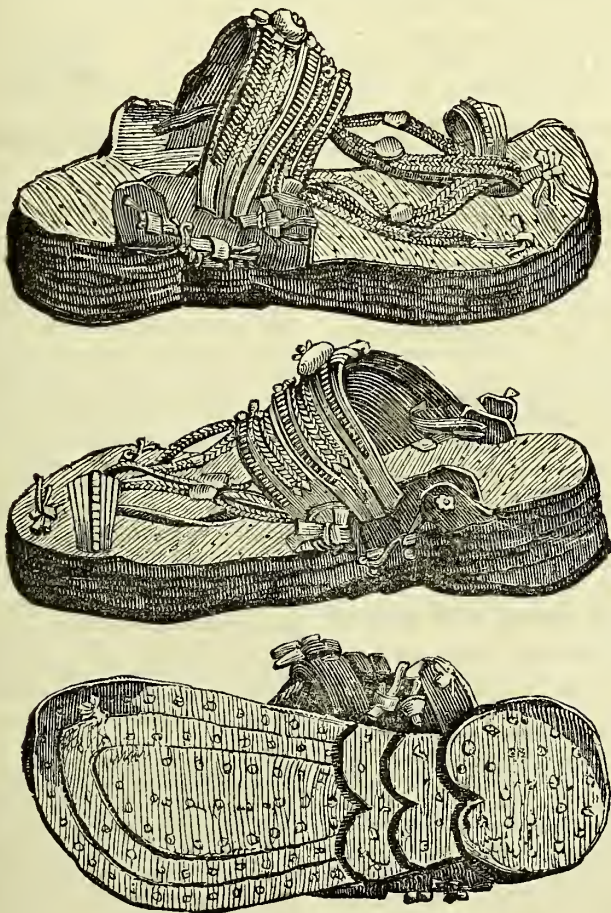
Alban Butler gravely quotes the "Acts of St Mark" to acquaint us that St. Anianus, whom he calls the second bishop of Alexandria, "was a shoemaker of that city, whose hand being wounded with an awl, St. Mark healed when he first entered the city: such was his fervour and progress in virtue and learning, that St. Mark constituted him bishop of Alexandria during his absence; and Anianus governed that great church four years with him, and eighteen years and seven months after his death." Robinson lowers the inflation of Butler's language by stating that Mark, as he was walking in Alexandria, "burst the stitching of his shoe, so that he could not proceed till it was repaired; the nearest cobbler was the man; he mended the shoe or sandal, or whatever it was; the man was taught the gospel by Mark; he taught others; and this was the first pontiff of Alexandria, that is, the first regular teacher of a few poor people at Alexandria, who peradventure had no other cathedral than a

garret: a teacher of primitive christianity is not to be confounded with a patriarch of Alexandria."* This is a very different picture from that of the "great church" represented by Butler. In truth, the early christian pastors were poor and lowly men, and hence the ideas we affix to the denominations which they and their flocks receive from catholic writers should be derived from plain common-sense views of their real situations, so far as they can be ascertained.

SHOES AND SANDALS.

Shoes or slippers were worn in the

East, but sandals, which leave the toes bare, very seldom. The Egyptians made their shoes of papyrus or palm leaves. The Greeks and Romans of both sexes wore rich sandals of gold, silk, or other precious stuffs; the soles were of cork, which for that reason was called sandal wood, and they were, in general, at least one finger thick; sometimes they sewed five soles one over another. They were covered within and without with leather broader than the cork. Sandals were among the early, but not the later, Anglo-Saxons.*



Curious old Sandal.

* Robinson's Eccles. Researches, 42.

* Fosbroke's Dict. Antiq.

The preceding cut is of a "very curious sandal," in three different views, from one made of leather, partly gilt, and variously coloured. It was formerly in the possession of Mr. Bailey, leather-stainer, Little Wild-street, Drury-lane, and afterwards in that of Mr. Samuel Ireland, of Norfolk-street, by whose permission, an engraving on copper was made by Mr. J. T. Smith of the British Museum, and from this the present representation is given. The age of the sandal is not by the writer determinable, but as a remarkable relic of antiquity, its form and make deserve preservation. It will be observed, that it belonged to the left foot of the wearer; so that if other evidence could not be adduced, this is proof that "rights and lefts" are only "an old, old, very old" fashion revived.

The shoes of Bernard, king of Italy, found in his tomb, were "right and left:" the soles were of wood, the upper part red leather, laced with thongs, and they fitted so closely, that the order of the toes, terminating in a point at the great toe, might easily be discovered.* Stubbs, the satirist in Shakspeare's time, describes cork shoes or pantofles, (slippers) as bearing up their wearers two inches or more from the ground; as of various colours, and raised, carved, cut, or stitched; as frequently made of velvet, embroidered with the precious metals; and when fastened with strings, covered with enormous and valuable roses of ribbon curiously ornamented. "It is remarkable that, as in the present age, both shoes and slippers were worn shaped after the right and left foot. Shakspeare describes his smith as

'Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste

Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet:—

and Scott, in his 'Discoverie of Witchcraft,' observes, that he who receiveth a mischance 'will consider, whether he put not on his shirt wrong side outwards, or his left shoe on his right foot.'†

Some light may be thrown on the engraving by an extract from an heraldic writer: "He beareth *or*, two sandals *sable*, buckles or *tyes argent*. This was the ancient way of securing the feet of travellers from the hardness of the country passage; and consisted of nothing else but a sole, (either of leather or wood) to which

was made fast 2 or 3 *tyes* or latches which was buckled on the top of the foot; the better sort adorned these latches with imbrauthered (embroidered) work, and set them with stones." Whence it appears that the engraving represents such a sandal "of the better sort." The same author mentions three sandals *sable*, buckled and adorned *or*, on a field *azure* "borne by Palmer."* Ladies may be amused by looking at the form, as placed before his readers, of a shoe which the author just cited says was "of the gentest (genteelest) fashion" of his time.



This was the fashion that beautified the feet of the fair in the reign of king William and queen Mary. The old "Deputy for the kings of arms" is minutely diffuse on the "gentle craft:" he engraves the form of "a pair of wedges," which he says "is to raise up a shoe in the instep when it is too straight for the top of the foot;" and thus compassionates ladies' sufferings.—"Shoemakers love to put ladies in their stocks; but these wedges, like merciful justices upon complaint, soon do ease and deliver them." If the eye turns to the cut—to the cut of the sole, with the "line of beauty" adapted by the cunning workman's skill to stilt the female foot—if the reader behold that association, let wonder cease, that a venerable master in coat-armour should bend his quarterings to the quartering of a lady's shoe, and forgetful of heraldic forms, condescend from his "high estate" to the use of similitudes.

EASTER.

The difference of opinion respecting the true time of Easter, in the year 1825, and the explanation at p. 416 of the error at p. 190, as to the rule for finding this feast have occasioned various letters to the editor, from which he selects three, in order to further elucidate and close the subject. The first is a lively introduction.

* Fosbroke's *Diet. Antiq.*

† Dr. Drake's *Shakspeare and his Times*.

* Holme's *Acad. of Armour*.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,

In your fourteenth number, you accuse the almanac-makers of having thought good to fix Easter-day on the 3rd of April instead of the 10th, on which day, you say, according to the act of parliament and the rubric of the church, Easter-day ought to be celebrated. This statement is calculated to "unsettle the faith of thousands in their almanac-maker;" for, sure enough, the almanac-maker appears to have made Easter-day fall on the day of the full moon, instead of the week after; I therefore fully acquit you of all intention to mislead your readers, and slander the almanac-maker; and yet you most certainly have done both from not sufficiently taking into your consideration the omnipotence of parliament, especially in astronomical matters. You may possibly recollect, that, even a few years back, parliament, for the purpose I think of protecting game from poachers, declared that night should commence, during the summer month, before the sun thought proper to set. Now, in defiance of those matter-of-fact gentlemen, the almanac-makers, the act of parliament for the uniformity of worship, has this year appointed the paschal full moon for the 2d of April instead of the 3rd, and thereby converted the 3rd into Easter Sunday. The statute of 14 Car. II. says nothing about Easter Sunday, but it orders the Book of Common Prayer to be joined and annexed to the act, so that the *rubric* has the force and omnipotence of an act of parliament to alter the course of the moon, and to regulate its wane and increase.

The rubric exercises this power, by compelling you to look out for the full moon in certain tables of *its own* concocting, and does not allow you to consult the almanac. The paschal full moon must be ascertained by discovering the golden number of the year, (for which a rule is given,) and the day set next that Golden Number (in the table before-mentioned,) is, by the omnipotence of parliament, declared to be the full moon day. The Golden Number for the present year is according to the rule 2, and the day fixed against that number is April 2d, and is therefore the paschal full moon in spite of the almanac-makers. The full moon being fixed thus by government, Easter-day is ascertained by finding the Sunday letter by another rule, according to which B is the

Sunday letter for the present year, and the day of the month affixed to the first B, after the act of parliament full moon, is Easter Sunday; unluckily this letter B has chanced to fall upon the almanac-maker's full moon, viz. the 3rd of April but surely you are too reasonable a man to blame them for that: remember, however loyal they may be, they cannot compel the sun to set at eight o'clock on the longest day, nor persuade the moon to attain her full a moment before it pleases her variable ladyship.

I am, sir,

Your much amused, and constant reader,
CAUSIDICUS.

The next communication is in further support of the almanac-maker's Easter.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,

It appears the author of the article "Easter," in the *Every-Day Book*, p 416, thinks the almanac-makers wrong in fixing Easter Sunday, for 1825, on the 3rd of April, when the full moon took place at 6 h. 23 m. in the morning of that very day. He probably was not aware, that the *astronomical* day commences at 12 at noon, and ends the next noon. The 2d of April (as an astronomical day,) commenced on the Saturday, and ended on the Sunday at noon. The festivals being regulated according to this astronomical division of time, it follows that the almanac-makers were correct in considering the full moon to take place on Saturday, the 2d of April, and in fixing Easter Sunday for the 3rd of April. I trust you will find it worth while to insert this correction of your statement, from

A CONSTANT READER.

To the latter correspondent's observations, this answer has been received from the gentleman to whom it became the editor's duty to transmit it for consideration.

For the Every-Day Book.

The object of those who fixed the day for the celebration of Easter, was to prevent the full moon being on the Sunday on which the offices for the Resurrection were to be performed, and the custom of *astronomers* has nothing to do with the question. The full moon according to them might be on the twenty-third hour

of the Saturday, but this would be eleven o'clock of Saturday, at which time the Romish and English churches would be performing the offices of the Resurrection; this was the point to be avoided, and this is done by the ecclesiastical canon and the act of parliament.

THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE ON EASTER.

In this correspondence Easter is disposed of. The rubric clearly states the rule for finding the festival, and the last letter represents the ground whereon it was deemed expedient that the church should celebrate it according to that rule.

CHRONOLOGY.

1595. Torquatus Tasso, the poet, died at Rome. He was born, in 1544, at Sorrento in Naples, wrote verses at nine years of age, became a student at law, and composed the "Rinaldo" at seventeen. Although his celebrated epic "Jerusalem Delivered" is that whereon his poetical fame is chiefly grounded, yet his "Aminta," and other pieces are rich in fancy and beautiful in style; he was also excellent in prose. The most remarkable feature in his character was a hopeless passion for the princess Eleanora, sister of the duke of Ferrara, that he conceived early in life, and nourished till his death.

1800. William Cowper, the poet, died at Dereham, in Norfolk; he was born November, 26, 1731, at Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire. When a child he was shy and diffident. "His own forcible expression," says Hayley, "represented him at Westminster-school as not daring to raise his eye above the shoe-buckle of the elder boys, who were too apt to tyrannize over his gentle spirit." Fear of personal publicity increased with his years. At thirty-one it was necessary that he should appear at the bar of the House of Lords, to entitle himself to the appointment of clerk of the journals which had been obtained for him, he was incapable of the effort, his terror overwhelmed his reason, and he was subjected to confinement till his faculties recovered. Morbid glooms and horrors of the imagination clouded his mind throughout life, and he more than once attempted self-destruction. When not subjected to these dreadful affections he was cheerful and amiable. Innocence of heart and extreme modesty were the most remarkable features in his character. His poetry is in the hands of every body; its popularity is the best praise of its high merits. He was enabled

by his fortune to indulge his love of retirement, surrounded by a few friends whom he ardently loved. He speaks of himself, in a letter to Mr. Park, so as to exemplify his usual habits—"From the age of twenty to thirty-three I was occupied, or ought to have been, in the study of the law; from thirty-three to sixty I have spent my time in the country, where my reading has been only an apology for idleness, and where, when I had not either a magazine or a review, I was sometimes a carpenter, at others a bird-cage maker, or a gardener, or a drawer of landscapes. At fifty years of age I commenced an author:—it is a whim that has served me longest and best, and will probably be my last." A little volume entitled the "Rural Walks of Cowper," illustrates his attachment to the country, by a series of fifteen views from drawings made and engraved by Mr. James Storer; they exemplify scenery in Cowper's poems, with descriptive sketches; it is an agreeable assistant to every one who desires to know something of the places wherein the poet delighted to ramble or meditate. There is a natural desire to become acquainted with the countenance of a man whose writings we love or admire, and the spots that were associated with his feelings and genius. Who can read Cowper's letter to his friend Hill, descriptive of his summer-house, without wishing to walk into it? "I write in a nook that I call my boudoir; it is a summer-house not bigger than a sedan chair; the door of it opens into the garden that is now crowded with pinks, roses, and honeysuckles, and the window into my neighbour's orchard. It formerly served an apothecary as a smoking-room; at present, however, it is dedicated to sublimer uses; here I write all that I write in summer time, whether to my friends or to the public. It is secure from all noise, and a refuge from all intrusion." The present engraving of it is taken by Mr. Storer's permission from his design made on the spot.

It was here, perhaps, that Cowper wrote his poem on a nightingale, that sung with a thorn in her breast, an affecting allusion to the state of his own feelings. There is another of his productions on the same "sweet bird," whom all poets wait on, which is subjoined by way of conclusion to this brief notice of a bard honoured for his talents, and revered for his love of virtue.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

Which the author heard sing on New Year's Day, 1792.

Whence is it, that amaz'd I hear
From yonder wither'd spray,
This foremost morn of all the year,
The melody of May.

And why, since thousands would be proud
Of such a favour shown,
Am I selected from the crowd,
To witness it alone!

Sing'st thou, sweet Philomel, to me,
For that I also long
Have practised in the groves like thee,
Though not like thee in song?

Or sing'st thou rather under force
Of some divine command,
Commission'd to presage a course
Of happier days at hand?

Thrice welcome then! for many a long
And joyless year have I,
As thou to-day, put forth thy song
Beneath a wintry sky

But thee no wintry skies can harm,
Who only need'st to sing,
To make ev'n January charm,
And ev'ry season Spring.



Colper's Summer-House at Olney.

St. Mark's Day, or Eve.

This was a great fast-day in England during the rule of the Romish church. An old writer says, that in 1589, "I being as then but a boy, do remember that an ale wife, making no exception of dayes, would needs brue upon Saint Marke's days; but loe, the marvailous worke of God! whiles she was thus laboring, the top of the chimney tooke fire; and, before it could bee quenched, her house was quite burnt. Surely," says this observer of sainted seasons, "a gentle warning to them that violate and pro-

fane forbidden daies."* Another writer observes, that although there was not anciently any fast-day between Easter and Whitsunday, yet, besides many days in the Rogation week, the popes had devised "a monstrous fast on Saint Marke's day." He says, "all other fasting daies are on the holy day Even, only Saint Marke must have his day fasted." He asks why and by what decree of the church, or by what general council the fast was ordained? He inquires why one side of the street in Cheapside being in

* Vaughan's Golden Grove.

the diocese of London fasts on that day, and why the other side being in the diocese of Canterbury fasts not?*

On St. Mark's day blessings on the corn were implored. According to a manuscript of Mr. Pennant's, no farmer in North Wales dare hold his team on this day, because they there believe one man's team that worked upon it was *marked* with the loss of an ox. A Yorkshire clergyman informed Mr. Brand, that it was customary in that county for the common people to sit and watch in the church porch on St. Mark's Eve, from eleven o'clock at night till one in the morning. The third year (for this must be done thrice,) they are supposed to see the ghosts of all those who are to die the next year, pass by into the church. When any one sickens that is thought to have been seen in this manner, it is presently whispered about that he will not recover, for that such, or such an one, who has watched St. Mark's Eve, says so. This superstition is in such force, that, if the patients themselves hear of it, they almost despair of recovery. Many are said to have actually died by their imaginary fears on the occasion. The terrors of the ignorant are high in proportion to the darkness wherein they grovel.

A correspondent near Peterborough, who has obliged the editor by transmitting what he denominates some "miscellaneous superstitions and shadows of customs whose origins are worn out," includes among them the following interesting communication respecting St. Mark's day usages in Northamptonshire.

For the Every-Day Book.

On St. Mark's Eve, it is still a custom about us for young maidens to make the *dumb cake*, a mystical ceremony which has lost its origin, and in some counties may have ceased altogether. The number of the party never exceeds three; they meet in silence to make the cake, and as soon as the clock strikes twelve, they each break a portion off to eat, and when done, they walk up to bed backwards without speaking a word, for if one speaks the spell is broken. Those that are to be married see the likeness of their sweethearts hurrying after them, as if wishing to catch them before they get into bed, but the maids being apprized of this before hand, (by the cautions of old women who have tried it,) take care to un-

pin their clothes before they start, and are ready to slip into bed before they are caught by the pursuing shadow; if nothing is seen, the desired token may be a knocking at the doors, or a rustling in the house, as soon as they have retired. To be convinced that it comes from nothing else but the desired cause, they are always particular in turning out the cats and dogs before the ceremony begins. Those that are to die unmarried neither see nor hear any thing; but they have terrible dreams, which are sure to be of new-made graves, winding-sheets, and church-yards, and of rings that will fit no finger, or which, if they do, crumble into dust as soon as put on. There is another dumb ceremony, of eating the yolk of an egg in silence, and then filling the shell with salt, when the sweetheart is sure to make his visit in some way or other before morning. On this same night too, the more stout-hearted watch the church-porch; they go in the evening and lay in the church-porch a branch of a tree, or a flower, large enough to be readily found in the dark, and then return home to wait the approach of midnight. They are to proceed to the porch again before the clock strikes twelve, and to remain in it till it has struck; as many as choose accompany the maid, who took the flower or branch and is to fetch it again, as far as the church-gate, and there wait till their adventuring companion returns, who, if she is to be married within the year, is to see a marriage procession pass by her, with a bride in her own likeness hanging on the arm of her future husband; as many bridesmen and maidens as appear to follow them, so many months is the maid to wait before her marriage. If she is to die unmarried, then the expected procession is to be a funeral, consisting of a coffin covered with a white sheet, borne on the shoulders of shadows that seem without heads. This custom, with all its contingent "hopes and fears," is still practised, though with what success, I am not able to determine. The imagination may be wrought to any height in such matters, and doubtless some persuade themselves that they see what the story describes. An odd character at Helpstone, whose name is Ben Barr, and whom the villagers call and believe as "the prophet," watches the church-porch every year, and pretends to know the fate of every one in the villages round, and who shall be married or die in the

* The burnynge of Paules Church in 1561. See Brand.

year; but as a few pence, generally purchase a good omen, he seldom prophesies the deaths of his believers. ¶. ¶.

This "Ben Barr," of Helpstone, must be an useful fellow to timid believers in such affairs. He seems to have created for himself a place of trust and profit; if he is only a wag he may enjoy his emoluments with his humour, and do no harm; but should he assume to foretel mischief to his believers, he is, legally speaking, a "sturdy rogue." The seeing of supernatural sights by a paid proxy is a novelty in the annals of superstition. But if Ben Barr is the first, so he is the last of such seers. He will have no successor in office, there will be little demand for such a functionary, the income will fall off, and no one will undertake to see "Satan's invisible world," and warn unbelievers in ghosts, for nothing.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Clarimond Tulip. *Tulipa præcox*.
Dedicated to *St. Mark*.

April 26.

St. Cletus, Pope and Martyr, A. D. 89. *St. Marcellinus*, Pope and Martyr, A. D. 304. *St. Richarius*, or *Riquier*, Abbot, about 645. *St. Paschasius Radbert*, Abbot, about 865.

CHRONOLOGY.

1716. The great lord Somers died. He was lord chancellor, and at different periods held other offices of high trust, which he ennobled by acts of distinguished virtue and patriotism: he vindicated public liberty with courage, and maintained it with success to the end of his life.

The Country.

A town life is coveted by the artificial, and praised to ecstasy by mindless minds. They who can only derive entertainment from

Shows and sights, and hateful forms,

and they who are without intellectual resources, throw themselves into the floods of the "mighty heart," in search of refreshing pleasures. Not so he, who has

tasted the "knowledge of good and evil," and from depth of reflection welled up wisdom: he loves only what is good, and attaches himself only to what is great in his species; this is from sympathy, not contact. Silence and time are not of man's make, and hence the wise court solitude from the wrongs and follies of surrounding beings, and enjoy a portion of their existence in contemplating the pure forms of nature. The perverted genius which preferred

"The sweet shady side
Of a grove in Pall Mall"

to rural scenery, by a little further perversion, would have preferred the groves of Moloch to the plains of Mamre.

If one would live by nature's laws,
Regardless of the world's applause;
And be desirous of a spot
Whereon to build a humble cot,
What situation can compare
With that where purest country air
Dispels the vapours and the spleen,
And makes one wear a healthful mien

Than in the country tell me where
Men freer are from pining care?
Where can they sounder sleep enjoy,
Or time more harmlessly employ?
Do marble pavements more delight,
Than the green turf that cheers the sight?
Or does the water of the town,
From the New river head brought down
Taste sweeter than the crystal rills,
That trickle down the verdant hills?

So much are rustic scenes admir'd,
And rural prospects now desir'd,
That in the town one often sees
The houses shaded by tall trees,
Which give them quite a country look,
And fill with envy my lord-duke.
And if a mansion can command
A distant prospect o'er the land
Of Hampstead, or the Surrey hills,
Its site with admiration fills,
Each *connoisseur*, with wond'ring eyes,
Beholds it, and enraptur'd cries,
"What charming prospect! air how free
"The *rus in urbe* here we see."
For nature still will have her way,
Let men do whatsoever they may.
And still that pure and genuine taste,
In every mind by Heav'n plac'd,
Will show itself some how in part,
Howe'er corrupted by vile art.
Who know not silver from vile dross,
Will not sustain a heavier loss
Than they who truth and falsehood join,
And know not where to strike the line.

Whoe'er with success is elated,
Will be more wretched when ill-fated ;
And things which mortals value most
Cause greatest pain when they are lost.
Let not ambition then destroy
Your happiness and heart-felt joy ;
Contentment more true pleasure brings
Than all the wealth and pomp of kings.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Yellow Erysemum. *Erysemum Barbarea*.
Dedicated to *St. Richarius*.

April 27

St. Anthimus, Bp. and many other Martyrs at Nicomedia, A. D. 303. *St. Anastasius*, Pope, A. D. 401. *St. Zita*, A. D. 1272.

CHRONOLOGY.

1742. Nicholas Amhurst, an English political, poetical, and miscellaneous writer, died in poverty and of a broken heart at Twickenham, at the age of thirty-six. He was author of "*Terræ Filius*," a severe satire on the university of Oxford, from whence he had been expelled, and he edited the once celebrated "*Craftsman*," one of the most popular journals ever printed, and the most effective of all the publications against the

Walpole administration. Bolingbroke and Pulteney with whom he had been associated in the conduct of this paper, and whose interests he had promoted by his wit, learning, and knowledge, deserted him when they had attained their purposes by Walpole's downfall. Mr. A. Chalmers concludes a memoir of him by an observation that ought to be riveted on the mind of every man who thinks himself a public character. "The ingratitude of statesmen to the persons whom they make use of as the instruments of their ambition, should furnish an instruction to men of abilities in future times; and engage them to build their happiness on the foundation of their own personal integrity, discretion, and virtue." Ralph the historian, in one of his pamphlets, says "Poor Amhurst, after having been the drudge of his party for the best part of twenty years together, was as much forgotten in the famous compromise of 1742, as if he had never been born! and when he died of what is called a broken heart, which happened a few months afterwards, became indebted to the charity of (Richard Francklin) a bookseller for a grave; not to be traced now, because then no otherwise to be distinguished, than by the freshness of the turf, borrowed from the next common to cover it."

There is an order

Of mortals on the earth, who do become
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,
Without the violence of warlike death ;
Some perishing of pleasure—some of study—
Some worn with toil—some of mere weariness—
Some of disease—and some insanity—
And some of withered, or of broken hearts ;
For this last is a malady which slays
More than are numbered in the lists of Fate,
Taking all shapes, and bearing many names.

Byron

1785. Prince Leopold of Brunswick, was drowned by the waters of Frankfort upon the Oder, in endeavouring to succour the inhabitants of a village which was overflowed.

1794. Sir William Jones died, aged forty-eight.

1794. James Bruce, the traveller into Abyssinia, died by falling down the stairs of his own house. He was born at Kinnaird, in Stirlingshire, North Britain, 1730. His veracity, defamed in his lifetime, has been supported by every subse-

quent information concerning the regions he visited.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Great Daffodil. *Narcissus major*.
Dedicated to *St. Anastasius*.

April 28.

St. Vitalis, Martyr, about 62. *Sts. Didymus* and *Theodora*, A. D. 304. *St. Patricius*, Bp. of Prussia, in Bithynia, Martyr.

CHRONOLOGY.

1535. Albert Pio, price of Carpi, was buried with extraordinary pomp in the church of the Cordeliers at Paris. He had been deprived of his principality by the duke of Ferrara, became an author, and finally a fanatic. Entering one day into one of the churches at Madrid, he presented holy water to a lady who had a very thin hand ornamented by a most beautiful and valuable ring. He exclaimed in a loud voice as she reached the water, "Madam, I admire the ring more than the hand." The lady instantly exclaimed with reference to the cordon with which he was decorated, "And for my part, I admire the halter more than I do the ass." He was buried in the habit of a Cordelier, and Erasmus made a satire upon the circumstance, entitled the "Seraphic Interment."

1772. The counts Struensee, the Danish prime minister, and Brandt, the favourite of the king of Denmark, were executed opposite the eastern gate of Copenhagen. Their alleged crime was an intrigue with the queen of Denmark, the princess Carolina Matilda of England, sister to king George III., on whose entreaty she was removed from confinement in the castle of Cronenburg to Zell in the electorate of Hanover, where she died about three years afterwards.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Cuckoo Pink. *Arum Maculatum*.

Dedicated to *Sts. Didymus and Theodora*

April 29.

St. Peter, Martyr, A. D. 1252. *St. Robert*, Abbot of Molesme, A. D. 1110.

St. Hugh, Abbot of Cluni, A. D. 1109.

St. Fiachna, A. D. 630.

CHRONOLOGY.

1779. Died at Pershore in Worcestershire, the Rev. John Ash, L. L. D. He was an eminent minister among the dissenters, but is better known for his grammar and other works in philology. His "Complete English Dictionary," until the appearance of Mr. Todd's octavo edition of Johnson's, was the best compendium of words that could be referred to, and may still be consulted with advantage by the student.

1822. Sir Isaac Heard, garter principal king at arms, died aged ninety-one. He was a good herald and an amiable man.

A Morning in Spring.

The dawn now breaks, the dews arise,
And zephyrs fan the waving hill,
The low'ring clouds begin to rise,
And chilly vapours blot the skies
O'er neighb'ring woods the golden ray
Emits the blush of op'ning day:
The flocks, that leave the verdant brake,
The dew-drops from their fleeces shake:
The lawns, with gems besprinkled shine;
The spider weaves his silky line;
The cowslip, mark'd with spots of gold,
And daisies, all their hues unfold;
The violets, more modest, shade
Their odours in the silent glade;
The early lark now wings her flight,
And gaily soars beyond the sight;
The tender linnet, and the thrush,
Resound from ev'ry dripping bush,
And finches, perch'd on many a spray,
With dulcet sounds proclaim the day;
The housewife now prepares to bake
The kneaded bread, or homely cake;
Or sets the milk, or tends the race
That haunts her yard, or kitchen grace.
When nature clothes the various scene
With tufts of flow'rs, and robes of green;
When limpid streams their lustres give,
And health, and glad contentment live
With lovely nymphs and happy swains,
In humble co's, or tranquil plains,
I bless her bounties, and I raise
My artless theme to sounds of praise.
While others seek for wealth and pow'r,
Let me enjoy the sober hour
Which converse, or which books bestow,
To soothe the heart, and blunt its woe!

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Herb Robert. *Geranium Robertianum*

Dedicated to *St. Robert*.

April 30.

St. Catharine of Sienna, A. D. 1380. *St. Maximus*, A. D. 250. *Sts. James, Marian, &c.* Martyrs in Numidia, A. D. 259. *St. Erkonwald*, B. of London, 7th Cent. *St. Ajutre* or *Adjutor*, A. D. 1131.

St. Catharine of Sienna.

St. Catharine often saw the devil. According to Ribadeneira, at six years old she knew the lives of the holy fathers and hermits by revelation, practised abstinence, and shut herself up with other children in a room, where they whipped themselves. At seven she offered herself to the Virgin as a spouse for her son. When marriageable, she refused the importunity of her parents to wed and hav

ing cut off her hair to keep her vow, they made her a kitchen-maid; but her father, one day as he was praying in a corner, seeing the Holy Ghost sitting upon her head in the shape of a dove, she was released from drudgery, and was favoured with a revelation from St. Dominick. She eat no meat, drank only water, and at last left off bread, sustaining herself by herbs alone, and her grace before meals was, "Let us go take the punishment due to this miserable sinner." She so mastered sleep, that she scarcely took any rest, and her bed was only boards. She wore around her body next to the skin a chain of iron, which sunk into her flesh. Three times a day, and for an hour and a half each time, she flogged herself with another iron chain, till great streams of blood ran down; and when she took the black and white habit of the order of St. Dominick she increased her mortification. For three years she never spoke, except at confession; never stirred out of her cell but to go to the church; and sat up all night watching—taking rest in the quire at matins only, and then lying upon the floor with a piece of wood under her head for a bolster. She was tempted by devils in a strange manner described by Ribadeneira: but to drive them away, she disciplined her body with the iron chain so much the more. When the fiend perceived he could make no impression on her virginal heart, he changed his battery. She had undertaken to cure an old woman who had a cancer in her breast so loathsome, that no one would go near her, but by the devil's instigation, the old woman gave out that Catharine was not as good as she should be, and stuck to her point. Catharine, knowing the devil's tricks, would not desist; and, to do her honour, Christ appeared, and offered to her the choice of two crowns—one of pure gold, the other of thorns; she took the crown of thorns, pressed it so close upon her head, that it gave her great pain; and Christ commanded her to continue her attendance upon the woman, who, in consequence of a vision, confessed her canniness, to the great confusion of the devil. Ribadeneira says that after this, Christ appeared to her, "opened to her the wound in his side, and made her drink till she was so ravished, that her soul was deprived of its functions." Her love and affection to Christ were so intense, that she was almost always languishing and sick; at last it took away her life, and she was dead for

four hours, in which time she saw strange things concerning heaven, hell, and purgatory. On a certain day he appeared to her, with his mother and other saints, and espoused her in a marvellous and singular manner; visited her almost continually with the greatest familiarity and affection, sometimes in their company, though ordinarily he came alone, and entertained her by reciting and singing psalms with her. Once as she was coming home from church, he appeared to her in the disguise of a pilgrim, and begged a coat of her; she returned to the church, and secretly taking off her petticoat, brought it to him, not knowing who he was. He asked her for a shirt; she bade him follow her home, and she gave him her shift. Not content with this, he requested more clothes of her, as well for himself as a companion; but as she had nothing else left, and was much afflicted, in the night, he appeared to her as the pilgrim, and showing her what she had bestowed upon him in the garb he had assumed, promised to give her an invisible garment, which should keep her from all cold both of body and soul. One time she prayed to him to take from her her heart of flesh, and it seemed to her that he came, and opening her side, took out her heart, and carried it away with him. It appeared almost incredible to her confessor when she told him she had no heart; "Yet," says Ribadeneira, "that which happened afterwards was a certain argument of the truth; for, in a few days, Christ appeared to her in great brightness, holding in his hand a ruddy heart, most beautiful to behold, and coming to her, put it into her left side, and said, 'My daughter Catharine, now thou hast my heart instead of thy own;' and having said this, he closed up her side again, in proof whereof a scar remained in her side, which she often showed." By her influence with heaven, she obtained forgiveness for numbers that were ready to fall into hell. Two hardened and impenitent thieves, being led to execution, and tied and tortured on a cart, were attended by a multitude of devils. Catharine begged the favour of going with them in the cart to the city gates, and there by her prayers and intercession, Christ showed himself to the thieves, all bloody and full of wounds, invited them to penance, and promised them pardon if they would repent, which they accordingly did. Through her intercession, her mother, who died

without confession, was raised to life again, and lived till she was fourscore and nine years old. She had the gift of prophecy, healed the sick at the last gasp, cast out devils, and worked miracles. Once making bread of tainted flour, the "queen of angels" came to help her to knead it, and it proved to be most excellent bread, white and savoury. She drew also very good wine out of an empty hog'shead. Her numerous victories over the devil enraged him so much, that he tormented her till she was nothing but skin and bones. Sometimes he amused himself with throwing her into the fire, and the marks and prints of the wounds he gave her, appeared all over her body. "At length," says Ribadeneira, "when she was three and thirty years old, she entered into an agony, fought the devil valiantly, and triumphed over him at her death, which happened at Rome on the 29th of April, 1380, her ghost appearing

to Father Raymundus, her confessor, at Genoa, on the same day, and her body working so many miracles, that for the multitude of people resorting thither, it could not be buried for three days." All this may be seen in Ribadeneira's "Lives of the Saints," with more, which, from regard to the reader's feelings, is not even adverted to. It should be added, that the present particulars are from the "Miraculous Host," a pamphlet published in 1821, in illustration of a story, said to have been used in converting two ladies belonging to the family of Mr. Loveday of Hammersmith.

THE SEASON.

With the spring comes the lark, and now she carols her rich melody from the earliest beam to the meridian of solar glory. There is no enjoyment more delicious to the ear of nature, than her aerial song in this delightful season :—

THE SKY-LARK.

O, earliest singer! O, care-charming bird.
 Married to Morning by a sweeter hymn
 Than priest e'er chaunted from his cloister dim
 At midnight,—or veiled virgin's holier word
 At sunrise or the paler evening heard,—
 To which of all Heaven's young and lovely Hours,
 Who wreath soft light in hyacinthine bowers,
 Beautiful Spirit, is thy suit preferred?
 —Unlike the creatures of this low dull earth,
 Still dost thou woo, although thy suit be won;
 And thus thy mistress bright is pleased ever.
 Oh! lose not thou this mark of finer birth—
 So may'st thou yet live on, from sun to sun,
 Thy joy uncheck'd, thy sweet song silent never.

Barry Cornwall

THE WEATHER.

To the indications respecting rain by the flight of the swallow, mentioned under April 23, should be added, that when the swallow is observed to fly high, the weather will probably be fair. There are also some other indications in a set of old rules which may be consulted; viz.

Prognostics of the Weather.

To be able to ascertain the future changes of the weather, is of infinite use to the farmer and gardener.

Animals are evidently sooner sensible of the ensuing change of the atmosphere than we are, and from their divers appearance, and apparent sensations, we

may in many instances determine what changes are likely to take place.

The following may be set down as general rules, and upon minute observation we shall find them correct.

When the raven is observed early in the morning at a great height in the air, soaring round and round, and uttering a hoarse croaking sound, we may be sure the day will be fine, and may conclude the weather is about to clear and become fair.

The loud and clamorous quackling of ducks, geese, and other water-fowl, is a sign of rain.

Before rain swine appear very uneasy and rub in the dust, as do cocks and hens.

Before storms kine and also sheep assemble at one corner of the field, and are observed to turn all their heads toward the quarter from whence the wind doth not blow.

The appearance of sea gulls, petrels, or other sea fowl in the inlands, indicates stormy weather.

In fine weather the bat is observed to continue flying about very late of an evening.

In autumn before rain some flies bite, and others become very troublesome, and gnats are more apt to sting.

When flocks of wild geese are observed flying in a westward or southern direction in autumn, it indicates a hard winter.

The floating of gossamer, and its alighting on the rigging of ships, foretels fine weather.

The clamorous croaking of frogs indicates rainy weather.

The appearance of beetles flying about on an evening in summer, indicates that the next day will be fair.

Before rain dogs are apt to grow very sleepy and dull, and to lay all day before the fire.

Before rain moles throw up the earth more than usual.

The appearance of rare foreign birds in this country, such as rollers, hoopoes, &c. indicates hard weather.

When spiders are seen crawling on the walls more than usual, rain will probably ensue.

The much barking of dogs in the night frequently indicates a change in the weather.

When the trees and hedges are very full of berries, it indicates a hard winter.

The abundance of woodsear and honeydew on herbs indicates fair weather, as does floating gossamer.

It is said in Wiltshire, that the dun-pickles or moor buzzards alight in great numbers on the downs before rain.

Before storms the missel thrush is observed to sing particularly loud, and to continue so till the commencement of the rain; from which circumstance it is in some places called the storm cock.

It is a sign of rain when pigeons return slowly to the dovehouses.

When bees do not go out as usual, but keep in or about their hives, rain may be expected.

Before wind, swine run squeaking about as though they were mad; which

has given rise to the notion that pigs can see the wind.

Before rain the pintados called come-backs squall more than usual; as do peacocks.

The early appearance of woodcocks, snipes, swinepipes, fieldfares, &c. are prognostications of severe winters.

When the dew lies plentifully upon the grass in the evening, the next day will probably be fine; when there is little or no dew, probably wet.

Dr. Forster observes, on the authority of Virgil, "that the blowing about of feathers, or any light substances on the water, is also a sign of rain."

SPRING.

In the "Indicator" Mr. Leigh Hunt discourses of this beautiful season with his usual grace. He says—

"The spring is now complete. The winds have done their work. The shaken air, well tempered and equalized, has subsided; the genial rains, however thickly they may come, do not saturate the ground, beyond the power of the sun to dry it up again. There are clear crystal mornings; noons of blue sky and white cloud; nights, in which the growing moon seems to lie looking at the stars, like a young shepherdess at her flock.

"Then the young green. This is the most apt and perfect mark of the season,—the true issuing forth of the spring. The trees and bushes are putting forth their crisp fans; the lilac is loaded with bud; the meadows are thick with the bright young grass, running into sweeps of white and gold with the daisies and buttercups. The orchards announce their riches, in a shower of silver blossoms. The earth in fertile woods is spread with yellow and blue carpets of primroses, violets, and hyacinths, over which the birch-trees, like stooping nymphs, hang with their thickening hair. Lilies of the valley, stocks, columbines, lady-smocks, and the intensely red piony which seems to anticipate the full glow of summertime, all come out to wait upon the season, like fairies from their subterraneous palaces."

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Cowslip. *Primula Veris*.

Dedicated to *St. Catharine* of Sienna



M A Y.

Then came faire MAY, the fayrest mayd on ground,
 Deckt all with dainties of her seasons pryde,
 And throwing flow'res out of her lap around :
 Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
 The twinnes of Leda ; which on either side
 Supported her, like to their souveraine Queene.
 Lord ! how all creatures laught, when her they spide,
 And leapt and daunc't as they had ravisht beene !
 And Cupid selfe about her fluttr'd all in greene.

Spenser

So hath "divinest Spenser" represented the fifth month of the year, in the grand pageant which, to all who have seen it, is still present; for neither the laureate's office nor the poet's art hath devised a spectacle more gorgeous. Castor and Pollux, "the twinnes of Leda," who appeared to sailors in storms with lambent fires on their heads, mythologists have constellated in the firmament, and made still propitious to the mariner. Maia, the brightest of the Pleiades, from whom some say this month derived its name, is

No. 18.

fabled to have been the daughter of Atlas, the supporter of the world, and Pleione, a sea-nymph. Others ascribe its name to its having been dedicated by Romulus to the Majores, or Roman senators.

Verstegan affirms of the Anglo-Saxons, that "the pleasant moneth of May they termed by the name of *Trimilki*, because in that moneth they began to milke their kine three times in the day."

Scarcely a poet but praises, or describes or alludes to the beauties of this month, Darwin sings it as the offspring of the

solar beams, and invites it to approach and receive the greetings of the elemental beings :—

Born in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower;
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gem the bower.

Light Graces dress'd in flowery wreaths,
And tiptoe Joys their hands combine;
And Love his sweet contagion breathes,
And laughing dances round thy shrine.

Warm with new life, the glittering throng
On quivering fin and rustling wing
Delighted join their votive songs,
And hail thee, goddess of the spring.

One of Milton's richest fancies is of this month; he says, that Adam, discoursing with Eve—

Smil'd with superior love; as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May-flowers.

Throughout the wide range of poetic excellence, there is no piece of higher loveliness than his often quoted, yet never tiring

Song on May Morning.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy blessing,
Hill and dale both boast thy blessing!
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

With exquisite feeling and exuberant grace he derives Mirth from—

The frolic wind that breathes the spring
Zephyr, with Aurora playing
As he met her once a Maying;

and, with beautiful propriety, as regards the season, he makes the scenery

—beds of violets blue,
And fresh blown roses wash'd in dew.

The first of his "sonnets" is to the night-

ingale warbling on a "bloomy spray" at eve, while, as he figures,

"The jolly hours lead on propitious May"

In "a Conversational Poem written in April," by Mr. Coleridge, there is a description of the nightingale's song, so splendid that it may take the place of extracts from other poets who have celebrated the charms of the coming month, wherein this bird's high melody prevails with increasing power :—

All is still,
A balmy night! and tho' the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the nightingale begins its song.
He crowds, and hurries, and precipitates
With fast thick warble his delicious notes,
As he were fearful, that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music!

—I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge
Which the great lord inhabits not: and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass

Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths
 But never elsewhere in one place I knew
 So many nightingales : and far and near
 In wood and thicket over the wide grove
 They answer and provoke each other's songs—
 With skirmish and capricious passagings,
 And murmurs musical and swift jug jug,
 And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
 Stirring the air with such a harmony,
 That should you close your eyes, you might almost
 Forget it was not day ! On moonlight bushes,
 Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclos'd,
 You may perchance behold them on the twigs,
 Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full
 Glist'ning, while many a glow-worm in the shade
 Lights up her love-torch.-----

-----Oft, a moment's space,
 What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
 Hath heard a pause of silence : till the moon
 Emerging, hath awaken'd earth and sky
 With one sensation, and those wakeful birds
 Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
 As if one quick and sudden gale had swept
 An hundred airy harps ! And I have watch'd
 Many a nightingale perch'd giddily
 On blos'my twig, still swinging from the breeze,
 And to that motion tune his wanton song,
 Like tipsy Joy that reels with tossing head.

May 1.

St. Philip, and *St. James* the less. *St. Asaph*, Bp. of Llan-Elway, A. D. 590. *St. Marcon*, or *Marculfus*, A. D. 558. *St. Sigismund*, king of Burgundy, 6th Cent.

St. Philip and *St. James*.

Philip is supposed to have been the first of Christ's apostles, and to have died at Hierapolis, in Phrygia. James, also surnamed the Just, whose name is borne by the epistle in the New Testament, and who was in great repute among the Jews, was martyred in a tumult in the temple, about the year 62.* *St. Philip* and *St. James* are in the church of England Calendar.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Tulip. *Tulipa Gesneri*.
 Dedicated to *St. Philip*.

Red Campion. *Lychnis dioica rubra*.
 Red Bachelor's Buttons. *Lychnis dioica plena*.

Dedicated to *St. James*.

* Mr. Audley, from Lardner.

May-Day.

Hail ! sacred thou to sacred joy,
 To mirth and wine, sweet first of May
 To sports, which no grave cares alloy,
 The sprightly dance, the festive play !

Hail ! thou, of ever-circling time
 That gracest still the ceaseless flow !
 Bright blossom of the season's prime,
 Aye, hastening on to winter's snow !

When first young Spring his angel face
 On earth unveiled, and years of gold,
 Gilt with pure ray man's guileless race,
 By law's stern terrors uncontrolled ·

Such was the soft and genial breeze
 Mild Zephyr breathed on all around
 With grateful glee, to airs like these
 Yielded its wealth th' unlaboured gro

So fresh, so fragrant is the gale,
 Which o'er the islands of the blest
 Sweeps ; where nor aches the limbs assail,
 Nor age's peevish pains infest.

Where thy hushed groves, Elysium, sleep,
 Such winds with whispered murmurs blow
 So, where dull Lethe's waters creep,
 They heave, scarce heave the cypress bough.

And such, when heaven with penal flame
 Shall purge the globe, that golden day
 Restoring, o'er man's brightened frame
 Haply such gale again shall play.

Hail! thou, the fleet year's pride and prime!
 Hail! day, which fame shall bid to bloom!
 Hail! image of primeval time!
 Hail! sample of a world to come!—
Buchanan, by Langhorne.

In behalf of this ancient festival, a noble authoress contributes a little "forget me not:"—

The First of May

Colin met Sylvia on the green,
 Once on the charming first of May,
 And shepherds ne'er tell false I ween,
 Yet 'twas by chance the shepherds say

Colin he bow'd and blush'd, then said,
 Will you, sweet maid, this first of May
 Begin the dance by Colin led,
 To make this quite his holiday?

Sylvia replied, I ne'er from home
 Yet ventur'd, till this first of May;
 It is not fit for maids to roam,
 And make a shepherd's holiday.

It is most fit, replied the youth,
 That Sylvia should this first of May
 By me be taught that love and truth
 Can make of life a holiday.

Lady Craven.

"We call," says Mr. Leigh Hunt—"we call upon the admirers of the good and beautiful to help us in 'rescuing nature from obloquy.' All you that are lovers of nature in books,—lovers of music, painting, and poetry,—lovers of sweet sounds, and odours, and colours, and all the eloquent and happy face of the rural world with its eyes of sunshine,—you, that are lovers of your species, of youth, and health, and old age,—of manly strength in the manly, of nymph-like graces in the female,—of air, of exercise, of happy currents in your veins,—of the light in great Nature's picture,—of all the gentle spiriting, the loveliness, the luxury, that now stands under the smile of heaven, silent and solitary as your fellow-creatures have left it,—go forth on May-day, or on the earliest fine May morning, if that be not fine, and pluck your flowers and your green boughs to adorn your rooms with, and to show that you do not live in vain. These April rains (for May has not yet come, according to the old style, which is the proper

one of our climate), these April rains are fetching forth the full luxury of the trees and hedges;—by the next sunshine, all 'the green weather,' as a little glad-some child called it, will have come again; the hedges will be so many thick verdant walls, the fields mossy carpets, the trees clothed to their finger-tips with foliage, the birds saturating the woods with song. Come forth, come forth."*

This was the great rural festival of our forefathers. Their hearts responded merrily to the cheerfulness of the season. At the dawn of May morning the lads and lasses left their towns and villages, and repairing to the woodlands by sound of music, they gathered the *May*, or blossomed branches of the trees, and bound them with wreaths of flowers; then returning to their homes by sunrise, they decorated the lattices and doors with the sweet-smelling spoil of their joyous journey, and spent the remaining hours in sports and pastimes. Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar" poetically records these customs in a beautiful eclogue:—

Youths folke now flocken in every wher
 To gather May-busketts, and smelling
 breere;
 And home they hasten, the postes to
 dight,
 And all the kirke pillers, ere daylight,
 With hawthorne buds, and sweet eglantine,
 And girlonds of roses, and soppes in wine.

* * * * *

Siker this morrow, no longer ago,
 I saw a shole of shepheards outgo
 With singing and showting, and jolly
 cheere;

Before them yode a lustie tabrere,
 That to the meynie a hornepipe plaid,
 Whereto they dauncen eche one with his
 maide.

To see these folkes make such jovisaunce,
 Made my hart after the pipe to daunce.
 Tho' to the greene-wood they speeden them
 all,

To fetchen home May with their musical:
 And home they bringen, in a royall throne,
 Crowned as king; and his queen attone
 Was Ladie Flora, on whom did attend
 A faire flock of faeries, and a fresh bend
 Of lovely nymphs. O, that I were there
 To helpen the ladies their May-bush beare.

Forbear censure, gentle readers and kind hearers, for quotations from poets,

* Examiner 1818.

they have made the day especially their own; they are its annalists. A poet's invitation to his mistress to enjoy the festivity, is historical; if he says to her, 'together let us range,' he tells her for what; and becomes a grave authority to the grave antiquary. The sweetest of all British bards that sing of our customs, beautifully illustrates the May-day of England:—

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morne
Upon her wings presents the God unshorne.

See how Aurora throws her faire
Fresh-quilted colours through the aire;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herbe and tree.

Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an houre since, yet you not drest,
Nay! not so much as out of bed;
When all the birds have mattcyns seyde,
And sung their thankfull hymnes; 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring sooner then the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seene
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and greene,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gowne or haire;
Feare not, the leaves will strew
Gemms in abundance upon you;

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himselfe, or else stands still

Till you come forth. Wash, dresse, be bric in praying;
Few beads are best, when once we goe a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, comming, marke
How each field turns a street, each street a parke
Made green, and trimm'd with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch; each porch, each doore, ere this.
An arke, a tabernacle is,

Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love
Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obay
The proclamation made for May:

And sin no more, as we have done, by staying
But, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girle, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.

A deale of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have dispatcht their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dreame;

And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth.
Many a green gown has been given;
Many a kisse, both odde and even;
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;

Many a jest told of the keye's betraying
This night, and locks pickt; yet w'are not a Maying.

Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime
And take the harmlesse follie of the time.

We shall grow old apace and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our dayes run
As fast away as do's the sunne ;
And as a vapour, or a drop of raine
Once lost, can ne'r be found againe ;
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade ;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

Herrick.

A gatherer of notices respecting our pastimes says, "The after-part of *May-day* is chiefly spent in dancing round a tall Poll, which is called a *May Poll*; which being placed in a convenient part of the village, stands there, as it were consecrated to the Goddess of Flowers, without the least violation offer'd to it, in the whole circle of the year."* One who was an implacable enemy to popular sports relates the fetching in of "the *May*" from the woods. "But," says he, "their cheefest jewell they bring from thence is their *Maie poole*, whiche they bring home with greate veneration, as thus. They have twentie or fourtie yoke of oxen, every ox having a sweete nose-gaie of flowers tyed on the tippe of his hornes, and these oxen drawe home this *Maie poole*, which is covered all over with flowers and hearbes, bounde rounde aboute with stringes, from the top to the bottome, and sometyme painted with variable colours, with two or three hun-

dred men, women, and children following it, with greate devotion. And thus beyng reared up, with handkerchiefes and flagges streamyng on the toppe, they strawe the grounde aboute, binde greene boughes about it, sett up Sommer haules, Bowers, and Arbours hard by it. And then fall they to banquet and feast, to leape and daunce aboute it, as the Heathen people did at the dedication of their *Idolles*, whereof this is a perfect patterne, or rather the thyng itself."*

The *May-pole* is up,
Now give me the eup;
I'll drink to the garlands around it;
But first unto those
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crown'd it.

Herrick.

Another poet, and therefore no opponent to homely mirth on this festal day, so describes part of its merriment as to make a beautiful picture:—

I have seen the *Lady of the May*
Set in an *arbour* (on a holy-day)
Built by the *May-pole*, where the *joyous swaines*
Dance with the *maidens* to the bag-pipes straines,
When envious night commands them to be gone,
Call for the merry youngsters one by one,
And, for their well performance, soon disposes,
To this a garland interwove with roses,
To that a carved hooke, or well-wrought scrip;
Graeing another with her cherry lip;
To one her garter; to another, then,
A handkerchiefe, cast o'er and o'er again;
And none returneth emptic that hath spent
His paines to fill their rural merriment.

Browne's Pastorals

A poet, who has not versified, (Mr. Washington Irving,) says, "I shall never forget the delight I felt on first seeing a *May-pole*. It was on the banks of the

* Bourne.

* Stubbs.

Dee, close by the picturesque old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester. I had already been carried back into former days by the antiquities of that venerable place; the examination of which is equal to turning over the pages of a black-letter volume, or gazing on the pictures in Froissart. The May-pole on the margin of that poetic stream completed the illusion. My fancy adorned it with wreaths of flowers, and peopled the green bank with all the dancing revelry of May-day. The mere sight of this May-pole gave a glow to my feelings, and spread a charm over the country for the rest of the day; and as I traversed a part of the fair plains

“ With coat of Lincoln green, and mantle too,
And horn of ivory mouth, and buckle bright,
And arrows winged with peacock-feathers light,
And trusty bow well gathered of the yew;

“ whilst near him, crowned as Lady of the May, maid Marian,

“ With eyes of blue,
Shining through dusk hair, like the stars of night,
And habited in pretty forest plight—
His green-wood beauty sits, young as the dew :

“ and there, too, in a subsequent stage of the pageant, were

“ The archer-men in green, with belt and bow,
Feasting on pheasant, river-fowl, and swan,
With Robin at their head, and Marian

“ I value every custom that tends to infuse poetical feeling into the common people, and to sweeten and soften the rudeness of rustic manners, without destroying their simplicity. Indeed it is to the decline of this happy simplicity that the decline of this custom may be traced; and the rural dance on the green, and the homely May-day pageant, have gradually disappeared, in proportion as the peasantry have become expensive and artificial in their pleasures, and too knowing for simple enjoyment. Some attempts, indeed, have been made of late years, by men of both taste and learning, to rally back the popular feeling to these standards of primitive simplicity; but the time has gone by, the feeling has become chilled by habits of gain and traffic; the country apes the manners and amusements of the town, and little is heard of May-day at present, except from the lamentations of authors, who sigh after it from among the brick walls of the city.”

There will be opportunity in the course of this work to dilate somewhat concern-

ing the May-pole and the characters in the May-games, and therefore little will be adduced at present as to the origin of pastimes, which royalty itself delighted in, and corporations patronized. For example of these honours to the festal day, an honest gatherer of older chronicles shall relate in his own words, so much as he acquaints us with:—

“ In the moneth of May, namely on May day in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walke into the sweet meddowes and green woods, there to rejoyce their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmonie of birds, praising God in their kinde. And for example hereof, Edward Hall hath noted, that king Henry the eighth, as in the third of his reigne, and divers other yeeres, so namely in the seventh of his reigne, on May day in the morning, with queene Katharine his wife, accompanied with many lords and ladies, rode a Maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooters-hill: where as they passed by the way, they espyed a company of tall yeomen, clothed all in greene, with greene hoods, and with

dowes and arrowes, to the number of 200. One, being their chieftaine, was called Robin Hood, who required the king and all his company to stay and see his men shoot: whereunto the king granting, Robin Hood whistled, and all the 200 archers shot off, loosing all at once; and when he whistled againe, they likewise shot againe: their arrows whistled by craft of the head, so that the noise was strange and loud, which greatly delighted the king, queene, and their company.

“Moreover, this Robin Hood desired the king and queene, with their retinue, to enter the greene wood, where, in arbours made of boughes, and deckt with flowers, they were set and served plentifully with venison and wine, by Robin Hood and his meyny, to their great contentment, and had other pageants and pastimes; as yee may read in my said author.

“Mighty Flora, goddesse of fresh flowers,
which clothed hath the soyle in lusty green,
Made buds to spring, with her sweet showercs,
by influenc of the sunne shine,
To doe pleasance of intent full cleane,
unto the states which now sit here,
Hath Ver downe sent her own daughter deare,

“Making the vertue, that dured in the root,
Called the vertue, the vertue vegetable,
for to transcend, most wholesome and most soote,
Into the top, this season so agreeable:
the bawmy liquor is so commendable,
That it rejoyceth with his fresh moisture,
man, beast, and fowle, and every creature,” &c.

Thus far hath our London historian conceived it good for his fellow citizens to know.

Of the manner wherein a May game was anciently set forth, he who above all writers contemporary with him could best devise it has “drawn out the platform,” and exhibited the pageant, as performed by the household servants and dependants of a baronial mansion in the fifteenth century. This is the scene:—“In the front of the pavilion, a large square was staked out, and fenced with ropes, to prevent the crowd from pressing upon the performers, and interrupting the diversion; there were also two bars at the bottom of the inclosure, through which the actors might pass and repass, as occasion required.—*Six young men* first entered the square, clothed in jerkins of leather, with axes upon their shoulders

“I find also, that in the month of May, the citizens of London (of all estates) lightly in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joyning together, had their severall Mayings, and did fetch in May-poles, with divers warlike shewes, with good archers, morice-dancers, and other devises for pastime all the day long; and towards the evening, they had stage-plaies, and bonefires in the streets.

“Of these Mayings, we read in the reign of Henry the sixth, that the aldermen and sheriffes of London, being on May day at the bishop of Londons wood in the parish of Stebunheath, and having there a worshipfull dinner for themselves and other commers, Lydgate the poet, that was a monk of Bury, sent to them by a pursivant a joyfull commendation of that season, containing sixteene staves in meeter royall, beginning thus:—

like woodmen, and their heads bound with large garlands of ivy-leaves, intertwined with sprigs of hawthorn. Then followed *six young maidens* of the village, dressed in blue kirtles, with garlands of primroses on their heads, leading a fine sleek cow decorated with ribbons of various colours, interspersed with flowers; and the horns of the animal were tipped with gold. These were succeeded by *six foresters*, equipped in green tunics with hoods and hosen of the same colour each of them carried a bugle-horn attached to a baldrick of silk, which he sounded as he passed the barrier. After them came Peter Lanaret, the baron's chief falconer, who personified *Robin Hood*, he was attired in a bright grass-green tunic, fringed with gold; his hood and his hosen were parti-coloured, blue and white; he had a large garland of rose-buds on his head, a bow bent in his hand

a sheaf of arrows at his girdle, and a bugle-horn depending from a baldrick of light blue tarantine, embroidered with silver; he had also a sword and a dagger, the hilts of both being richly embossed with gold.—Fabian, a page, as *Little John*, walked at his right hand; and Cecil Cellerman the butler, as *Will Stukely*, at his left. These, with ten others of the jolly outlaw's attendants who followed, were habited in green garments, bearing their bows bent in their hands, and their arrows in their girdles. Then came *two maidens*, in orange-coloured kirtles with white courtpies, strewing flowers, followed immediately by the *Maid Marian*, elegantly habited in a watchet-coloured tunic reaching to the ground; over which she wore a white linen rochet with loose sleeves, fringed with silver, and very neatly plaited; her girdle was of silver baudekin, fastened with a double bow on the left side; her long flaxen hair was divided into many ringlets, and flowed upon her shoulders; the top part of her head was covered with a net-work cawl of gold, upon which was placed a garland of silver, ornamented with blue violets: She was supported by *two bride-maidens*, in sky-coloured rochets girt with crimson girdles, wearing garlands upon their heads of blue and white violets. After them came *four other females* in green courtpies, and garlands of violets and cowslips. Then Sampson the smith, as *Friar Tuck*, carrying a huge quarter-staff on his shoulder; and Morris the mole-taker, who represented *Much* the miller's son, having a long pole with an inflated bladder attached to one end. And after them the *May-pole*, drawn by eight fine oxen, decorated with scarfs, ribbons, and flowers of divers colours; and the tips of their horns were embellished with gold. The rear was closed by the *hobby-horse* and the *dragon*.—When the *May-pole* was drawn into the square, the foresters sounded their horns, and the populace expressed their pleasure by shouting incessantly until it reached the place assigned for its elevation:—and during the time the ground was preparing for its reception, the barriers of the bottom of the inclosure were opened for the villagers to approach, and adorn it with ribbons, garlands, and flowers, as their inclination prompted them.—The pole being sufficiently onerated with finery, the square was cleared from such as had no part to perform in

the pageant; and then it was elevated amidst the reiterated acclamations of the spectators. The *woodmen* and the *milk-maidens* danced around it according to the rustic fashion; the measure was played by Peretto Cheveritte, the baron's chief minstrel, on the *bagpipes* accompanied with the pipe and tabour, performed by one of his associates. When the dance was finished, Gregory the jester, who undertook to play the *hobby-horse*, came forward with his appropriate equipment, and, frisking up and down the square without restriction, imitated the galloping, curvetting, ambling, trotting, and other paces of a horse, to the infinite satisfaction of the lower classes of the spectators. He was followed by Peter Parker, the baron's ranger, who personated a *dragon*, hissing, yelling, and shaking his wings with wonderful ingenuity; and to complete the mirth, Morris, in the character of *Much*, having small bells attached to his knees and elbows, capered here and there between the two monsters in the form of a dance; and as often as he came near to the sides of the inclosure, he cast slyly a handful of meal into the faces of the gaping rustics, or rapped them about their heads with the bladder tied at the end of his pole. In the meantime, Sampson, representing *Friar Tuck*, walked with much gravity around the square, and occasionally let fall his heavy staff upon the toes of such of the crows as he thought were approaching more forward than they ought to do; and if the sufferers cried out from the sense of pain, he addressed them in a solemn tone of voice, advising them to count their beads, say a paternoster or two, and to beware of purgatory. These vagaries were highly palatable to the populace, who announced their delight by repeated plaudits and loud bursts of laughter; for this reason they were continued for a considerable length of time: but Gregory, beginning at last to falter in his paces, ordered the dragon to fall back: the well-nurtured beast, being out of breath, readily obeyed, and their two companions followed their example; which concluded this part of the pastime.—Then the *archers* set up a target at the lower part of the green, and made trial of their skill in a regular succession. Robin Hood and Will Stukely excelled their comrades and both of them lodged an arrow in the centre circle of gold, so near to each other that the difference could not readily

be decided, which occasioned them to shoot again; when Robin struck the gold a second time, and Stukely's arrow was affixed upon the edge of it. Robin was therefore adjudged the conqueror; and the prize of honour, a garland of laurel embellished with variegated ribbons, was put upon his head; and to Stukely was given a garland of ivy, because he was the second best performer in that contest. — The pageant was finished with the archery; and the procession began to move away to make room for the villagers, who afterwards assembled in the square, and amused themselves by dancing round the May-pole in promiscuous companies, according to the antient custom.* It is scarcely possible to give a better general idea of the regular May-game, than as it has been here represented.

Of the English May-pole this may be observed. An author before cited says, that "at the north-west corner of *Aldgate* ward in *Leadenhall-street*, standeth the fair and beautiful parish church of St. Andrew the apostle, with an addition, to be known from other churches of that name, of the *knape*, or *undershaft*, and so called *St. Andrew Undershaft* because that of old time, every year (on May-day in the morning,) it was used, that a high or long shaft, or *May-pole*, was set up there, in the midst of the street, before the south door of the said church, which shaft or pole, when it was set on end, and fixed in the ground, was *higher than the church steeple*. Jeffrey Chaucer, writing of a vain boaster, hath these words, meaning of the said shaft. —

"Right well aloft, and high ye bear your head,

* * * * *

As ye would bear the great shaft of Corn-hill.

"This shaft was not raised any time since evil May-day, (so called of an insurrection being made by prentices, and other young persons against aliens, in the year 1517,) but the said shaft was laid along over the doors, and under the pentices of one rowe of houses, and Alley-

gate, called of the shaft, *Shaft-alley*, (being of the possessions of Rochester-bridge,) in the ward of Lime-street.—It was there, I say, hanged on iron hooks many years, till the third of king Edward the sixth, (1552), that one sir Stephen, curate of St. Katherine Christ's church, preaching at Paul's Cross, said there, that this shaft was made an idoll, by naming the church of St. Andrew with the addition of *Undershaft*; he perswaded, therefore, that the names of churches might be altered.—This sermon at Paul's Cross took such effect, that in the afternoon of that present Sunday, the neighbors and tenants to the said bridge, over whose doors the said shaft had lain, after they had dined (to make themselves strong,) gathered more help, and, with great labor, raising the shaft from the hooks, (whereon it had rested two-and-thirty years,) they sawed it in pieces, every man taking for his share so much as had lain over his door and stall, the length of his house; and they of the alley, divided amongst them, so much as had lain over their *gate*. Thus was his idoll (as he termed it,) mangled, and after burned.*"

It was a great object with some of the more rigid among our early reformers, to suppress amusements, especially May-poles; and these "idols" of the people were got down as zeal grew fierce, and got up as it grew cool, till, after various ups and downs, the favourites of the populace were, by the parliament, on the 6th of April, 1644, thus provided against: "The lords and commons do further order and ordain, that all and singular *May-poles*, that are or shall be erected, shall be taken down, and removed by the constables, bossholders, tithing-men, petty constables, and churchwardens of the parishes, where the same be, and that no *May-pole* be hereafter set up, erected, or suffered to be set up within this kingdom of England, or dominion of Wales; the said officers to be fined five shillings weekly till the said *May-pole* be taken down."

Accordingly down went all the *May-poles* that were left. A famous one in the Strand, which had ten years before been sung in lofty metre, appears to have previously fallen. The poet says,—

Strutt's *Queen-hoo Hall*.

* *Stow*.

Fairly we marched on, till our approach
 Within the spacious passage of the Strand,
 Objected to our sight a summer broach,
 Ycleap'd a May Pole, which in all our land,
 No city, towne, nor streete, can parrallel,
 Nor can the lofty spire of Clarken-well,
 Although we have the advantage of a rocke,
 Pearch up more high his turning weather-cock.

Stay, quoth my Muse, and here behold a signe
 Of harmelesse mirth and honest neighbourhood,
 Where all the parish did in one combine
 To mount the rod of peace, and none withstood :
 When no capritious constables disturb them,
 Nor justice of the peace did seek to curb them,
 Nor peevish puritan, in rayling sort,
 Nor over-wise church-warden, spoyl'd the sport.

Happy the age, and harmlesse were the dayes,
 (For then true love and amity was found,)
 When every village did a May Pole raise,
 And Whitson-ales and MAY-GAMES did abound :
 And all the lusty yonkers, in a rout,
 With merry lasses daunc'd the rod about,
 Then Friendship to their banquets bid the guests,
 And poore men far'd the better for their feasts.

The lords of castles, manners, townes, and towers,
 Rejoic'd when they beheld the farmer's flourish,
 And would come downe unto the summer-bowers
 To see the country gallants dance the Morrice.

• * * * *
 But since the SUMMER POLES were overthrowen,
 And all good sports and merriments decay'd,
 How times and men are chang'd, so well is knownc,
 It were but labour lost if more were said.

* * * * *
 But I doe hope once more the day will come,
 That you shall mount and pearch your cocks as high
 As ere you did, and that the pipe and drum
 Shall bid defiance to your enemy ;
 And that all fiddlers, which in corners lurke,
 And have been almost starv'd for want of worke,
 Shall draw their crowds, and, at your exaltation,
 Play many a fit of merry recreation.*

The restoration of Charles II. was the signal for the restoration of May-poles. On the very first May-day afterwards, in 1661, the *May-pole in the Strand* was reared with great ceremony and rejoicing, a curious account of which, from a rare tract, is at the reader's service. "Let me declare to you," says the triumphant narrator, "the manner in general of that stately cedar erected in the strand 134 foot high, commonly called the *May-Pole*, upon the cost of the parishioners there adjacent, and the gracious consent of his sacred Majesty with the illustrious Prince The Duke of York. This Tree was a most choice and remarkable piece; 'twas made below Bridge, and brought in two parts up to Scotland Yard near the King's

Palace, and from thence it was conveyed April 14th to the Strand to be erected. It was brought with a streamer flourishing before it, Drums beating all the way and other sorts of musick; it was supposed to be so long, that Landsmen (as Carpenters) could not possibly raise it; (Prince James the Duke of York, Lord High Admiral of England, commanded twelve seamen off a boord to come and officiate the business, whereupon they came and brought their cables, Pullies, and other tacklins, with six great anchors) after this was brought three Crowns, bore by three men bare-headed and a streamer displaying all the way before them, Drums

* Pasquill's *Falinodia*, 1634, 4to.

beating and other musick playing; numerous multitudes of people thronging the streets, with great shouts and acclamations all day long. The May pole then being joyned together, and hoopt about with bands of iron, the crown and cane with the Kings Arms richly gilded, was placed on the head of it, a large top like a Balcony was about the middle of it. This being done, the trumpets did sound, and in four hours space it was advanced upright, after which being established fast in the ground six drums did beat, and the trumpets did sound; again great shouts and acclamations the people give, that it did ring throughout all the strand. After that came a *Morice Dance* finely deckt, with purple scarfs, in their half-shirts, with a Tabor and Pipe, the ancient Musick, and danced round about the Maypole, and after that danced the rounds of their liberty. Upon the top of this famous standard is likewise set up a royal purple streamer, about the middle of it is placed four Crowns more, with the King's Arms likewise, there is also a garland set upon it of various colours of delicate rich favours, under which is to be placed three great Lanthorns, to remain for three hours; that is, one for Prince James Duke of York, Ld High Admiral of England; the other for the Vice Admiral; and the third for the rear Admiral; these are to give light in dark nights and to continue so as long as the Pole stands which will be a perpetual honour for seamen. It is placed as near hand as they could guess, in the very same pit where the former stood, but far more glorious, bigger and higher, than ever any one that stood before it; and the seamen themselves do confess that it could not be built higher nor is there not such a one in Europe beside, which highly doth please his Majesty, and the illustrious Prince Duke of York; little children did much rejoice, and antient people did clap their hands, saying, golden days began to appear. I question not but 'twill ring like melodious musick throughout every county in England, when they read this story being exactly pen'd; let this satisfie for the glories of London that other loyal subjects may read what we here do see."*

A processional engraving, by Vertue, among the prints of the Antiquarian So-

ciety, represents this May-pole, as a door or two westward beyond

"Where Catharine-street descends into the Strand;"

and as far as recollection of the print serves, it was erected opposite to the site of sir Walter Stirling and Co's. present banking-house. In a compilation respecting "London and Middlesex," it is stated that this May-pole having decayed, was obtained of the parish by sir Isaac Newton, in 1717, and carried through the city to Wanstead, in Essex; and by license of sir Richard Child, lord Castlemain, reared in the park by the rev. Mr. Pound, rector of that parish, for the purpose of supporting the largest telescope at that period in the world, given by Mons. Hugon, a French member of the Royal Society, as a present; the telescope was one hundred and twenty-five feet long. This May-pole on public occasions was adorned with streamers, flags, garlands of flowers and other ornaments.

It was near the May-pole in the Strand that, in 1677, Mr. Robert Perceval was found dead with a deep wound under his left breast, and his sword drawn and bloody, lying by him. He was nineteen years of age, had fought as many duels as he had lived years, and with uncommon talents was an excessive libertine. He was second son to the right hon. sir Robert Perceval, bart. Some singular particulars are related of him in the "History of the House of Yvery." A stranger's hat with a bunch of ribbons in it was lying near his body when it was discovered, and there exists no doubt of his having been killed by some person who, notwithstanding royal proclamations and great inquiries, was never discovered. The once celebrated Beau Fielding was suspected of the crime. He was buried under the chapel of Lincoln's-inn. His elder brother, sir Philip Perceval, intent on discovering the murderers, violently attacked a gentleman in Dublin, whom he declared he had never seen before; he could only account for his rage by saying he was possessed with a belief that he was one of those who had killed his brother; they were soon parted, and the gentleman was seen no more.

The last poet who seems to have mentioned it was Pope; he says of an assemblage of persons that,—

* Cities Loyalty Displayed, 1661, 4to.

Amidst the area wide they took their stand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'er-look'd
the Strand.

A native of Penzance, in Cornwall, relates to the editor of the *Every-Day Book*, that it is an annual custom there, on May-eve, for a number of young men and women to assemble at a public-house, and sit up till the clock strikes twelve, when they go round the town with violins, drums, and other instruments, and by sound of music call upon others who had previously settled to join them. As soon as the party is formed, they proceed to different farmhouses, within four or five miles of the neighbourhood, where they are expected as regularly as May morning comes; and they there partake of a beverage called junket, made of raw milk and rennet, or running, as it is there called, sweetened with sugar, and a little cream added. After this, they take tea, and "heavy country cake," composed of flour, cream, sugar, and currants; next, rum and milk, and then a dance. After thus regaling, they gather the May. While some are breaking down the boughs, others sit and make the "May music." This is done by cutting a circle through the bark at a certain distance from the bottom of the May branches; then, by gently and regularly tapping the bark all round, from the cut circle to the end, the bark becomes loosened, and slips away whole from the wood; and a hole being cut in the pipe, it is easily formed to emit a sound when blown through, and becomes a whistle. The gathering and the "May music" being finished, they then "bring home the May," by five or six o'clock in the morning, with the band playing, and their whistles blowing. After dancing throughout the town, they go to their respective employments. Although May-day should fall on a Sunday, they observe the same practice in all respects, with the omission of dancing in the town.

On the first Sunday after May-day, it is a custom with families at Penzance to visit Rose-hill, Poltice, and other adjacent villages, by way of recreation. These pleasure-parties usually consist of two or three families together. They carry flour and other materials with them to make the "heavy cake," just described, at the pleasant farm-dairies, which are always open for their reception. Nor do they forget to take tea, sugar, rum, and other comfortable things

for their refreshment, which, by paying a trifle for baking, and for the niceties awaiting their consumption, contents the farmers for the house-room and pleasure they afford their welcome visitants. Here the young ones find delicious "junkets," with "sour milk," or curd cut in diamonds, which is eaten with sugar and cream. New made cake, refreshing tea, and exhilarating punch, satisfy the stomach, cheer the spirits, and assist the walk home in the evening. These pleasure-takings are never made before May-day; but the first Sunday that succeeds it, and the leisure of every other afternoon, is open to the frugal enjoyment; and among neighbourly families and kind friends, the enjoyment is frequent.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,

There still exists among the labouring classes in Wales the custom of May-dancing, wherein they exhibit their persons to the best advantage, and distinguish their agility before the fair maidens of their own rank.

About a fortnight previous to the day, the interesting question among the lads and lasses is, "Who will turn out to dance in the summer this year?" From that time the names of the gay performers are buzzed in the village, and rumour "with her hundred tongues" proclaims them throughout the surrounding neighbourhood. Nor is it asked with less interest, "Who will carry the garland?" and "Who will be the *Cadi*?" Of the peculiar offices of these two distinguished personages you shall hear presently.

About nine days or a week previous to the festival, a collection is made of the gayest ribbons that can be procured. Each lad resorts to his favoured lass, who gives him the best she possesses, and uses her utmost interest with her friends or her mistress to obtain a loan of whatever may be requisite to supply the deficiency. Her next care is to decorate a new white shirt of fine linen. This is a principal part of her lover's dress. The bows and puffs of ribbon are disposed according to the peculiar taste of each fair girl who is rendered happy by the pleasing task; and thus the shirts of the dauces, from the various fancies of the adorners, form a diversified and lively appearance.

During this time the chosen garland

bearer is also busily employed. Accompanied by one from among the intended dancers, who is best known among the farmers for decency of conduct, and consequent responsibility, they go from house to house, throughout their parish, begging the loan of watches, silver spoons, or whatever other utensils of this metal are likely to make a brilliant display; and those who are satisfied with the parties, and have a regard for the celebration of this ancient day, comply with their solicitation.

When May-day morn arrives, the group of dancers assemble at their rendezvous—the village tavern. From thence (when permission can be obtained from the clergyman of the parish,) the rustic procession sets forth, accompanied by the ringing of bells.

The arrangement and march are settled by the Cadi, who is always the most active person in the company; and is, by virtue of his important office, the chief marshal, orator, buffoon, and money collector. He is always arrayed in comic attire, generally in a partial dress of both sexes: a coat and waistcoat being used for the upper part of the body, and for the lower petticoats, somewhat resembling Moll Flagon, in the "Lord of the Manor." His countenance is also particularly distinguished by a hideous mask, or is blackened entirely over; and then the lips, cheeks, and orbits of the eyes are sometimes painted red. The number of the rest of the party, including the garland-bearer, is generally thirteen, and with the exception of the varied taste in the decoration of their shirts with ribbons, their costume is similar. It consists of clothing entirely new from the hat to the shoes, which are made neat, and of a light texture, for dancing. The white decorated shirts, plaited in the neatest manner, are worn over the rest of their clothing; the remainder of the dress is black velvet breeches, with knee-ties depending half-way down to the ancles, in contrast with yarn hose of a light grey. The ornaments of the hats are large rosettes of varied colours, with streamers depending from them; wreaths of ribbon encircle the crown, and each of the dancers carries in his right hand a white pocket handkerchief.

The garland consists of a long staff or pole, to which is affixed a triangular or square frame, covered with strong white linen, on which the silver ornaments are

firmly fixed, and displayed with the most studious taste. Silver spoons and smaller forms are placed in the shape of stars, squares, and circles. Between these are rows of watches; and at the top of the frame, opposite the pole in its centre, their whole collection is crowned with the largest and most costly of the ornaments: generally a large silver cup or tankard. This garland, when completed, on the eve of May-day, is left for the night at that farmhouse from whence the dancers have received the most liberal loan of silver and plate for its decoration, or with that farmer who is distinguished in his neighbourhood as a good master, and liberal to the poor. Its deposit is a token of respect, and it is called for early on the following morning.

The whole party being assembled, they march in single file, but more generally in pairs, headed by the Cadi. After him follows the garland-bearer, and then the fiddler, while the bells of the village merrily ring the signal of their departure. As the procession moves slowly along, the Cadi varies his station, hovers about his party, brandishes a ladle, and assails every passenger with comic eloquence and ludicrous persecution, for a customary and expected donation.

When they arrive at a farmhouse, they take up their ground on the best station for dancing. The garland-bearer takes his stand; the violin strikes up an old national tune uniformly used on that occasion, and the dancers move forward in a regular quick-step to the tune, in the order of procession; and at each turn of the tune throw up their white handkerchiefs with a shout, and the whole facing quickly about, retrace their steps, repeating the same manœuvre until the tune is once played. The music and dancing then vary into a reel, which is succeeded by another dance, to the old tune of "Cheshire Round."

During the whole of this time, the buffoonery of the Cadi is exhibited without intermission. He assails the inmates of the house for money, and when this is obtained he bows or curtsies his thanks, and the procession moves off to the next farmhouse. They do not confine the ramble of the day to their own parish, but go from one to another, and to any country town in the vicinity.

When they return to their resident village in the evening, the bells ringing merrily announce their arrival. The

money collected during the day's excursion is appropriated to defray whatever expenses may have been incurred in the necessary preparations, and the remainder is spent in jovial festivity.

This ancient custom, like many others among the ancient Britons, is annually growing into disuse. The decline of sports and pastimes is in every age a subject of regret. For in a civil point of view, they denote the general prosperity, natural energy, and happiness of the people, consistent with morality,—and combined with that spirit of true religion, which unlike the howling of the dismal hyæna or ravening wolf, is as a lamb sportive and innocent, and as a lion magnanimous and bold!

I am, Sir,

Yours sincerely,

H. T. B.

April 14, 1825.

MAY-DAY AT HITCHIN, IN HERTFORDSHIRE.

For the Every-Day Book.

EXTRACT from a letter dated Hitchin,
May 1st, 1823.

On this day a curious custom is observed here, of which I will give you a brief account.

Soon after three o'clock in the morning a large party of the town-people, and neighbouring labourers, parade the town, singing the "*Mayer's Song*." They carry in their hands large branches of May, and they affix a branch either upon, or at the side of, the doors of nearly every respectable house in the town; where there are knockers, they place these branches within the handles; that which was put into our knocker was so large that the servant could not open the door till the gardener came and took it out. The larger the branch is, that is placed at the door, the more honourable to the house, or rather to the servants of the house. If, in the course of the year, a servant has given offence to any of the Mayers, then, instead of a branch of May, a branch of elder, with a bunch of nettles, is affixed to her door: this is considered a great disgrace, and the unfortunate subject of it is exposed to the jeers of her rivals. On May morning, therefore, the girls look with some anxiety for their May-branch, and rise very early to ascertain their good or ill fortune. The houses are all thus de-

corated by four o'clock in the morning. Throughout the day parties of these Mayers are seen dancing and frolicking in various parts of the town. The group that I saw to-day, which remained in Bancroft for more than an hour, was composed as follows. First came two men with their faces blacked, one of them with a birch broom in his hand, and a large artificial hump on his back; the other dressed as a woman, all in rags and tatters, with a large straw bonnet on, and carrying a lade: these are called "mad Moll and her husband:" next came two men, one most fantastically dressed with ribbons, and a great variety of gaudy coloured silk handkerchiefs tied round his arms from the shoulders to the wrists, and down his thighs and legs to the ancles; he carried a drawn sword in his hand; leaning upon his arm was a youth dressed as a fine lady, in white muslin, and profusely bedecked from top to toe with gay ribbons: these, I understood, were called the "Lord and Lady" of the company; after these followed six or seven couples more, attired much in the same style as the lord and lady, only the men were without swords. When this group received a satisfactory contribution at any house, the music struck up from a violin, clarionet, and fife, accompanied by the long drum, and they began the merry dance, and very well they danced, I assure you; the men-women looked and footed it so much like *real* women, that I stood in great doubt as to which sex they belonged to, till Mrs. J.—assured me that women were not permitted to mingle in these sports. While the dancers were merrily footing it, the principal amusement to the populace was caused by the grimaces and clownish tricks of mad Moll and her husband. When the circle of spectators became so contracted as to interrupt the dancers, then mad Moll's husband went to work with his broom, and swept the road-dust, all round the circle, into the faces of the crowd, and when any pretended affronts were offered (and many were offered) to his wife, he pursued the offenders, broom in hand; if he could not overtake them, whether they were males or females, he flung his broom at them. These flights and pursuits caused an abundance of merriment.

I saw another company of Mayers in Sun-street, and, as far as I could judge from where I stood, it appeared to be of

exactly the same description as that above-mentioned, but I did not venture very near them, for I perceived mad Moll's

husband exercising his broom so briskly upon the flying crowd, that I kept at a respectful distance.



May-day at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire.

The "*Mayer's Song*" is a composition, or rather a medley, of great antiquity, and I was therefore very desirous to procure a copy of it; in accomplishing this, however, I experienced more difficulty than I had anticipated; but at length succeeded in obtaining it from one of the Mayers. The following is a literal transcript of it:

The Mayer's Song.

Remember us poor Mayers all,
And thus do we begin
To lead our lives in righteousness,
Or else we die in sin.

We have been rambling all this night,
And almost all this day,
And now returned back again
We have brought you a branch of May-

A branch of May we have brought you,
And at your door it stands,

It is but a sprout,
But it's well budded out
By the work of our Lord's hands.

The hedges and trees they are so green
As green as any leek,
Our heavenly Father He watered them
With his heavenly dew so sweet.

The heavenly gates are open wide,
Our paths are beaten plain,
And if a man be not too far gone,
He may return again.

The life of man is but a span,
It flourishes like a flower,
We are here to-day, and gone to-morrow,
And we are dead in an hour.

The moon shines bright, and the stars give a
light,
A little before it is day,
So God bless you all, both great and small,
And send you a joyful May.



Milkmaids' Garland on May-day.

In London, thirty years ago,
 When pretty milkmaids went about,
 It was a goodly sight to see
 Their May-day Pageant all drawn out :-

Themselves in comely colours drest,
 Their shining garland in the middle,
 A pipe and tabor on before,
 Or else the foot-inspiring fiddle.

They stopt at houses, where it was
 Their custom to cry "milk below!"
 And, while the music play'd, with smiles
 Join'd hands, and pointed toe to toe.

Thus they tripp'd on, till—from the door
 The hop'd-for annual present sent—
 A signal came, to curtsy low,
 And at that door cease merriment

Such scenes, and sounds, once blest my eyes,
 And charm'd my ears—but all have vanish'd !
 On May-day, now, no garlands go,
 For milk-maids, and their dance, are banish'd.

My recollections of these sights
 "Annihilate both time and space;"
 I'm boy enough to wish them back,
 And think their absence—out of place.

May 4, 1825.

From the preceding lines somewhat may be learned of a lately disused custom in London. The milkmaids' *garland* was a pyramidal frame, covered with damask, glittering on each side with polished silver plate, and adorned with knots of gay-coloured ribbons, and posies of fresh flowers, surmounted by a silver urn, or tankard. The *garland* being placed on a wooden horse, was carried by two men, as represented in the engraving, sometimes preceded by a pipe and tabor, but more frequently by a fiddle; the gayest milkmaids followed the music, others followed the garland, and they stopped at their customers' doors, and danced. The plate, in some of these garlands, was very costly. It was usually borrowed of the pawnbrokers, for the occasion, upon security. One person in that trade was particularly resorted to for this accommodation. He furnished out the entire garland, and let it at so much per hour, under bond from responsible housekeepers for its safe return. In this way one set of milkmaids would hire the garland from ten o'clock till one, and another set would have the garland from one o'clock till six; and so on, during the first three days of May.

It was customary with milk-people of less profitable walks to make a display of another kind, less gaudy in appearance, but better bespeaking their occupation, and more appropriate to the festival. This was an exhibition of themselves, in their best apparel, and of the useful animal which produced the fluid they re-tailed. One of these is thus described to the editor of the *Every-Day Book*; by an intelligent eye-witness, and admirer of the pleasant sight. A beautiful country girl "drest all in her best," and more gaily attired than on any other day, with floral ornaments in her neat little hat, and on her bosom, led her cow, by a rope depending from its horns, garlanded with flowers and knots of ribbons; the horns, neck, and head of the cow were decorated in like manner: a fine net, like those upon ladies' palfreys, tastefully stuck with flowers, covered Bess's back, and even her tail was ornamented, with products of the spring, and silken knots. The proprietress of the cow, a neat, brisk, little, matronly body, followed on one side, in holiday-array, with a sprig in her country bonnet, a blooming posy in her handkerchief, and ribbons on her stomach-er. This scene was in Westminster, near

the old abbey. Ah! *those were the days.*

The milkmaids' earlier plate-garland was a pyramid of piled utensils, carried on a stout damsel's head, under which she danced to the violin.

MAY-FAIR.

The great May-fair was formerly held near Piccadilly. An antiquary, (shudder not, good reader, at the chilling name—he was a kind soul,) Mr. Carter, describes this place in an interesting communication, dated the 6th of March, 1816, to his valued friend, the venerable "Sylvanus Urban." "Fifty years have passed away since this place of amusement was at its height of attraction: the spot where the fair was held still retains the name of May-fair, and exists in much the same state as at the above period: for instance, Shepherd's market, and houses surrounding it on the north and east sides, with White Horse-street, Shepherd's-court, Sun-court, Market-court. Westwards an open space extending to Tyburn (now Park) lane, since built upon, in Chapel-street, Shepherd's-street, Market-street, Hertford-street, &c. Southwards, the noted Duck-pond, house, and gardens, since built upon, in a large Riding-school, Carrington-street, (the noted Kitty Fisher lived in this street,) &c. The market-house consisted of two stories; first story, a long and cross aisle, for butcher's shops, externally, other shops connected with culinary purposes; second story, used as a theatre at fair-time, for dramatic performances. My recollection serves to raise before me the representation of the 'Revenge,' in which the only object left on remembrance is the 'black man,' Zanga. Below, the butchers gave place to toy-men and ginger-bread-bakers. At present, the upper story is unfloored, the lower ditto nearly deserted by the butchers, and their shops occupied by needy peddling dealers in small wares; in truth, a most deplorable contrast to what once was such a point of allurements. In the areas encompassing the market-building were booths for jugglers, prize-fighters, both at cudgels and back-sword, boxing-matches, and wild beasts. The sports not under cover were mountebanks, fire-eaters, ass-racing, sausage-tables, dice-tables, up-and-downs, merry-go-rounds, bull-baiting, grinning for a hat, running for a shift, hasty-pudding eaters, eel-divers, and an infinite variety of other similar pastimes. Among the

extraordinary and wonderful delights of the happy spot, take the following items, which still hold a place within my mind, though I cannot affirm they all occurred at one precise season. The account may be relied on, as I was born, and passed my youthful days in the vicinity, in Piccadilly, (Carter's Statuary,) two doors from the south end of White Horse-street, since rebuilt (occupied at present by lady Pulteney).—Before a large commodious house, with a good disposure of walks, arbours, and alcoves, was an area, with an extensive basin of water, otherwise 'Ducking-pond,' for the recreation of lovers of that *polite* and *humane* sport. Persons who came with their dogs paid a trifling fee for admission, and were considered the chief patrons and supporters of the pond; others, who visited the place as mere spectators, paid a double fee. A duck was put into the pond by the master of the hunt; the several dogs were then let loose, to seize the bird. For a long time they made the attempt in vain; for, when they came near the devoted victim, she dived under water, and eluded their remorseless fangs. Herein consisted the *extreme felicity* of the *interesting* scene. At length, some dog more expert than the rest, caught the feathered prize, and bore it away, amidst the loudest acclamations, to its most fortunate and envied master. This diversion was held in such high repute about the reign of Charles II., that he, and many of his prime nobility, did not disdain to be present, and partake, with their dogs, of the *elegant entertainment*. In Mrs. Behn's play of 'Sir Patient Fancy,' (written at the above period,) a sir Credulous Easy talks about a cobbler, his dog-tutor, and his expectation of soon becoming 'the duke of Ducking-pond.'—A 'Mountebanks' Stage' was erected opposite the Three Jolly Butchers' public-house, (on the east side of the market area, now the King's Arms.) Here Woodward, the inimitable comedian and harlequin, made his first appearance as merry-andrew; from these humble boards he soon after found his way to Covent-garden theatre.—Then there was 'Beheading of Puppets.' In a coal-shed attached to a grocer's shop, (then Mr. Frith's, now Mr. Frampton's,) one of these mock executions was exposed to the attending crowd. A shutter was fixed horizontally; on the edge of which, after many previous ceremonies, a puppet

laid its head, and another puppet then instantly chopped it off with an axe. In a circular staircase-window, at the north end of Sun-court, a similar performance took place by another set of puppets. The condemned puppet bowed its head to the cill which, as above, was soon decapitated. In these representations, the late punishment of the Scotch chieftain (lord Lovat) was alluded to, in order to gratify the feelings of southern loyalty, at the expense of that farther north.—In a fore one-pair room, on the west side of Sun-court, a Frenchman submitted to the curious the astonishing strength of the 'Strong Woman,' his wife. A blacksmith's anvil being procured from White Horse-street, with three of the men, they brought it up, and placed it on the floor. The woman was short, but most beautifully and delicately formed, and of a most lovely countenance. She first let down her hair, (a light auburn,) of a length descending to her knees, which she twisted round the projecting part of the anvil, and then, with seeming ease, lifted the ponderous weight some inches from the floor. After this, a bed was laid in the middle of the room; when, reclining on her back, and uncovering her bosom, the husband ordered the smiths to place thereon the anvil, and forge upon it a horse-shoe! This they obeyed; by taking from the fire a red-hot piece of iron, and with their forging hammers completing the shoe, with the same might and indifference as when in the shop at their constant labour. The prostrate fair one appeared to endure this with the utmost composure, talking and singing during the whole process; then, with an effort which to the by-standers seemed like some supernatural trial, cast the anvil from off her body, jumping up at the same moment with extreme gaiety, and without the least discomposure of her dress or person. That no trick or collusion could possibly be practised on the occasion was obvious, from the following evidence:—The audience stood promiscuously about the room, among whom were our family and friends; the smiths were utter strangers to the Frenchman, but known to us; therefore the several efforts of strength must have proceeded from the natural and surprising power this foreign dame was possessed of. She next put her naked feet on a red-hot salamander, without receiving the least

injury: but this is a feat familiar with us at this time. Here this kind of gratifica-

tion to the senses concluded.—Here, too, was 'Tiddy-doll.'



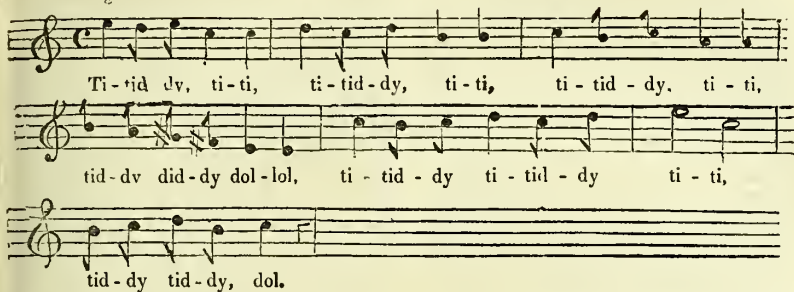
Tiddy Biddy Doll—loll, loll, loll.

This celebrated vender of gingerbread, from his eccentricity of character, and extensive dealings in his way, was always hailed as the king of itinerant tradesmen.* In his person he was tall, well made, and his features handsome. He affected to dress like a person of rank; white gold laced suit of clothes, laced ruffled shirt, laced hat and feather, white silk stockings, with the addition of a fine white apron. Among his harangues to gain customers, take this as a specimen:—

'Mary, Mary, where are you now, Mary? I live, when at home, at the second house in Little Ball-street, two steps under ground, with a wiscum, riscum, and a why-not. Walk in, ladies and gentlemen; my shop is on the second-floor backwards, with a brass knocker at the door. Here is your nice gingerbread, your spice gingerbread; it will melt in your mouth like a red-hot brickbat, and rumble in your inside like Punch and his wheelbarrow.' He always finished his address by singing this fag end of some popular ballad:—

* He was a constant attendant in the crowd on Lord Mayor's day.

Allegretto.



Hence arose his nickname of *'Tiddy-doll.'* In Hogarth's print of the execution of the 'Idle 'Prentice,' at Tyburn, *Tiddy-doll* is seen holding up a gingerbread cake with his left hand, his right being within his coat, and addressing the mob in his usual way:—'Mary, Mary,' &c. His costume agrees with the aforesaid description. For many years, (and perhaps at present,) allusions were made to his name, as thus:—'You are so fine, (to a person dressed out of character,) you look like Tiddy-doll. You are as tawdry as Tiddy-doll. You are quite Tiddy-doll,' &c.—Soon after the late lord Coventry occupied the house, corner of Engine-street, Piccadilly, (built by sir Henry Hunlocke, Bart., on the site of a large ancient inn, called the Greyhound;) he being annoyed with the unceasing uproar, night and day, during the fair, (the whole month of May,) procured, I know not by what means, the entire abolition of this festival of 'misrule' and disorder."

The engraving here given is from an old print of *Tiddy-doll*; it is presumed, that the readers of the *Every-Day Book* will look at it with interest.

EVIL MAY-DAY.

In the reign of king Henry VIII., a great jealousy arose in the citizens of London towards foreign artificers, who were then called "strangers." By the interference of Dr. Standish, in a Spital sermon, at Easter, this was fomented into so great rancour, that it violently broke forth in the manner hereafter related by Stow, and occasioned the name of "Evil May-day" to the first of May, whereon the tumult happened. It appears then from him that:—

"The 28th day of April, 1517, divers yong-men of the citie picked quarels with certaine *strangers*, as they passed along

the streets: some they smote and buffeted, and some they threw in the channell: for which, the lord maior sent some of the Englishmen to prison, as Stephen Studley, Skinner, Stevenson, Bets, and other.

"Then suddenly rose a secret rumour, and no man could tell how it began, that on May-day next following, the citie would slay all the aliens: insomuch that divers strangers fled out of the citie.

"This rumour came to the knowledge of the kings councill: whereupon the lord cardinall sent for the maior, and other of the councill of the citie, giving them to understand what hee had heard.

"The lord maior (as one ignorant of the matter) told the cardinall, that he doubted not so to governe the citie, but as peace should be observed.

"The cardinall willed him so to doe, and to take good heed, that if any riotous attempt were intended, he should by good policy prevent it.

"The maior comming from the cardinals house, about foure of the clocke in the afternoone on May eve, sent for his brethren to the Guild-hall, yet was it almost seven of the clocke before the assembly was set. Vpon conference had of the matter, some thought it necessary, that a substantial watch should be set of honest citizens, which might withstand the evill doers, if they went about any misrule. Other were of contrary opinion, as rather thinking it best, that every man should be commanded to shut in his doores, and to keepe his servants within. Before 8 of the clock, master recorder was sent to the cardinall, with these opinions: who hearing the same, allowed the latter. And then the recorder, and sir Thomas More, late under-sheriffe of London, and now of the kings councill, came backe againe to the Guild-hall, halfe an houre before nine of the clocke, and there shewed the pleasure

of the kings counsell: whereupon every alderman sent to his ward, that no man (after nine of the clocke) should stir out of his house, but keepe his doores shut, and his servants within, untill nine of the clocke in the morning.

“After this commandement was given, in the evening, as sir Iohn Mundy, alderman, came from his ward, hee found two young-men in Cheape, playing at the bucklers, and a great many of young-men looking on them, for the command seemed to bee scarcely published; he commanded them to leave off; and because one of them asked him why, hee would have him sent to the counter. But the prentices resisted the alderman, taking the young-man from him, and cryed prentices, prentices, clubs, clubs; then out at every doore came clubs and other weapons, so that the alderman was forced to flight. Then more people arose out of every quarter, and forth came servingmen, watermen, courtiers, and other, so that by eleven of the clocke, there were in Cheape, 6 or 7 hundred, and out of Pauls church-yard came about 300. From all places they gathered together, and brake up the Counter, took out the prisoners, which had been committed thither by the lord maior, for hurting the strangers: also they went to Newgate, and tooke out Studley and Bets, committed thither for the like cause. The maior and sheriffes were present, and made proclamation in the kings name, but nothing was obeyed.

“Being thus gathered into severall heaps, they ran thorow saint Nicholas shambles, and at saint Martins gate, there met with them sir Thomas More, and other, desiring them to goe to their lodgings.

“As they were thus intreating, and had almost perswaded the people to depart, they within saint Martins threw out stones and bats, so that they hurt divers honest persons, which were with sir Thomas More, perswading the rebellious rout to cease. Insomuch as at length, one Nicholas Dennis, a serjeant at arms, being there sore hurt, cryed in a fury, Downe with them: and then all the unruly persons ran to the doores and windowes of the houses within St. Martins, and spoiled all that they found. After that they ran into Cornehill, and so on to a house east of Leadenhal, called the Green-gate, where dwelt one Mewtas a Piccard or Frenchman, within whose house dwelled divers French men, whom they likewise

spoyled: and if they had found Mewtas, they would have stricken off his head.

“Some ran to Blanchapleton, and there brake up the strangers houses, and spoiled them. Thus they continued till 3 a clocke in the morning, at which time, they began to withdraw: but by the way they were taken by the maior and other, and sent to the Tower, Newgate and Counters, to the number of 300. The cardinal was advertised by sir Thomas Parre, whom in all haste he sent to Richmond, to informe the king: who immediately sent to understand the state of the city, and was truely informed. Sir Roger Cholmeley Lieutenant of the Tower, during the time of this business, shot off certaine peeces of ordnance against the city, but did no great hurt. About five of the clock in the morning, the earles of Shrewsbury and Surrey, Thomas Dockery, lord prior of saint Iohns, George Nevill, lord Aburgaveny, and other, came to London with such powers as they could make, so did the innes of court; but before they came, the business was done, as ye have heard.

“Then were the prisoners examined, and the sermon of doctor Bell called to remembrance, and hee sent to the Tower. A commission of oyer and determiner was directed to the duke of Norfolke, and other lords, for punishment of this insurrection. The second of May, the commissioners, with the lord maior, aldermen, and iustices, went to the Guildhall, where many of the offenders were indicted, whereupon they were arraigned, and pleaded not guilty, having day given them till the 4. of May.

“On which day, the lord maior, the duke of Norfolke, the earle of Surrey and other, came to sit in the Guildhall. The duke of Norfolke entred the city with one thousand three hundred men, and the prisoners were brought through the streets tyed in ropes, some men, some lads but of thirteen or foureteene yeeres old, to the number of 278 persons. That day Iohn Lincolne and divers other were indicted, and the next day thirteen were adjudged to be drawne, hanged, and quartered: for execution whereof, ten payre of gallowes were set up in divers places of the city, as at Aldgate, Blanchapleton, Grassestreet, Leaden-hall, before either of the counters, at Newgate, saint Martins, at Aldersgate and Bishopgate. And these gallowes were set upon wheels, to bee removed from street to street, and from

doore to doore, whereas the prisoners were to be executed.

“On the seventh of May, John Lincoln, one Shirwin, and two brethren, named Betts, with divers other were adjudged to dye. They were on the hurdles drawne to the standard in Cheape, and first was Lincoln executed: and as the other had the ropes about their neckes, there came a commandement from the king, to respit the execution, and then were the prisoners sent againe to prison, and the armed men went away out of the citie.

“On the thirteenth of May, the king came to Westminster-hall, and with him the lord cardinall, the dukes of Norfolk, and Suffolke, the earles of Shrewsbury, Essex, Wiltshire, and Surrey, with many lords and other of the kings councill; the lord maior of London, aldermen and other chiefe citizens, were there in their best veries, by nine of the clocke in the morning. Then came in the prisoners, bound in ropes in a ranke one after another, in their shirts, and every one had a halter about his necke, being in number 100 men, and 11 women.

“When they were thus come before the kings presence, the cardinall laid sore to the maior and aldermen their negligence, and to the prisoners he delared how justly they had deserved to dye. Then all the prisoners together cryed to the king for mercy, and there with the lords besought his grace of pardon: at whose request, the king pardoned them all. The generall pardon being pronounced, all the prisoners shouted at once, and cast their alters towards the roofof the hall. The prisoners being dismissed, the gallowes were taken downe, and the citizens tooke more heed to their servants: keeping (for ever after) as on that night, a strong watch in Armour, in remembrance of this May-day.

“These great Mayings and Maygames made by the governours and masters of this city, with the triumphant setting up of a great shaft (a principall May-pole in Cornhill, before the parish of saint Andrew) therefore called Vndershaft, by reason of that insurrection of youths, against aliens on May-day, 1517. the order of Henry the eighth, have not been so easily used as before.”

DRURY-LANE MAY-POLE

There was formerly a May-pole put up by a “smith” at the north end of little

Drury-lane, to commemorate his daughter's good fortune, who being married to general Monk, while a private gentleman, became duchess of Albemarle, by his being raised to the dukedom after the Restoration. The May-pole is only mentioned here on account of its origin. It appears, from a trial at bar on a matter of trespass, that the name of this “smith” was John Clarges, that he was a farrier in the Savoy, and farrier to colonel Monk, and that the farrier's daughter, Anne, was first married in the church of St. Laurence Pountney to Thomas Ratford, son of Thomas Ratford, late a farrier, servant to prince Charles, and resident in the Mews. She had a daughter, who was born in 1634, and died in 1638. Her husband and she “lived at the Three Spanish Gipsies in the New Exchange, and sold wash-balls, powder, gloves, and such things, and she taught girls plain work. About 1647, she, being a sempstress to colonel Monk, used to carry him linen.” In 1648, her father and mother died. In 1649, she and her husband “fell out, and parted.” But no certificate from any parish register appears reciting his burial. In 1652, she was married in the church of St. George, Southwark, to “general George Monk;” and, in the following year, was delivered of a son, Christopher (afterward the second and last duke of Albemarle abovementioned), who “was suckled by Honour Mills, who sold apples, herbs, oysters,” &c. One of the plaintiff's witnesses swore, that “a little before the sickness, Thomas Ratford demanded and received of him the sum of twenty shillings; that his wife saw Ratford againe after the sickness, and a second time after the duke and duchess of Albemarle were dead.” A woman swore, that she saw him on “the day his wife (then called duchess of Albemarle) was put into her coffin, which was after the death of the duke,” her second husband, who died Jan. 3, 1669-70. And a third witness swore, that he saw Ratford about July 1660. In opposition to this evidence it was alleged, that “all along, during the lives of duke George and duke Christopher, this matter was never questioned”—that the latter was universally received as only son of the former—and that “this matter had been thrice before tried at the bar of the King's Bench, and the defendant had had three verdicts.” The verdict on the trial was in favour of sir Walter Clarges, a grandson of the farrier, who

was knighted when his daughter, from the selling of wash-balls, became duchess of Albemarle. This sir Walter Clarges was created a baronet October 30, 1674,

and was ancestor to the baronets of this name.*

* Gentleman's Magazine.



Chimney Sweepers on May-day.

Here they are! The "sweeps" are come! Here is the garland and the lord and lady! Poor fellows! this is their great festival. Their garland is a large cone of holly and ivy framed upon hoops, which gradually diminishes in size to an apex, whereon is sometimes a floral crown, knots of ribbons, or bunches of flowers; its sides are decorated in like manner; and within it is a man who walks wholly unseen, and hence the garland has the semblance of a moving hillock of evergreens. The chimney-sweepers' jackets and hats are bedizened with gilt embossed paper; sometimes they wear coronals of flowers in their heads; their black faces and legs are grotesquely coloured with Dutch-pink; their shovels are scored with this crimson pigment, interlaced with white chalk. Their lord and lady are magnificent indeed; the lord

is always the tallest of the party, and selected from some other profession to play this distinguished character: he wears a huge cocked hat, fringed with yellow or red feathers, or laced with gold paper: his coat is between that of the full court dress, and the laced coat of the footman of quality; in the breast he carries an immense bunch of flowers; his waistcoat is embroidered; his frill is enormous; his "shorts" are satin, with paste knee-buckles; his stockings silk with figured clocks; his shoes are dancing pumps, with large tawdry buckles; his hair is powdered, with a bag and rosette; he carries in his right hand a high cane with a shining metal knob, and in his left a handkerchief held by one corner, and of a colour once white. His lady is sometimes a strapping girl, though usually a boy in female attire, indescriba-

bly flaunty and gaudy; her head in full dress; in her right hand a brass ladle, in her left a handkerchief like to my lord's. When the garland stops, my lord and lady exhibit their graces in a minuet *de la cour*, or some other grave movement; in a minute or two they quicken into a dance, which enables my lord to picture his conceptions of elegance; the curvilinear elevation of his arm, with his cane near his finger and thumb, is a courtly grace, corresponding with the stiff thrown-back position of his head, and the strait fall of the handkerchief in the other hand. My lady answers these inviting positions by equal dignity; they twirl and whirl in sight of each other, though on opposite sides of the dancing garland, to the continued clatter of the shovel and brush held by each capering member of the sooty tribe. The dance concluded, my lord and my lady interchange a bow and a curtsy; my lord flings up his cane-arm, displaces his magnificent hat with the other hand, and courteously bends, with imploring looks, to spectators at the adjacent windows or in the street; the little sootikins hold up their shovels, my lady with outstretched arm presents the bowl of her ladle, and "the smallest donations are thankfully received" by all the sable fraternity. This is the chimney-sweepers' London pageant on May-day 1825; but for the first time, there was this year added a clown, a-la-Grimaldi, to one or two of the sweeping processions; he grimaces with all his might, walks before Jack-in-the-green on his hands or his feet, as may be most convenient, and practises every antic and trick that his ingenuity can devise, to promote the interest of his party.

It is understood, however, that the offerings on the festival are not exclusively appropriated to the receivers; masters share a certain portion of their apprentices' profits from the holiday; others take the whole of the first two days' receipts, and leave to the worn-out, helpless objects, by whom they profit all the year round, no more than the scanty gleanings of the third day's performance.

ELIA, AND JEM WHITE'S FEAST TO THE SWEEPS.

ELIA, the noble heart of ELIA, responds to these humble claimants upon humanity; they cry and have none to help them; he is happy that a personal misfortune to himself can make one of them laugh; he

imagines "all the blood of all the Howards" in another; he conceives no degradation by supping with them in public at "Bartlemy Fair." Kind feelings and honesty make poets and philosophers. Listen to what Elia says:—

"I have a kindly yearning toward these dim specks—poor blots—innocent blacknesses—

"I reverence these young Africans of our own growth—these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption; and from their little pulpits (the tops of chimnies), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind.

"When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's-self enter, one knew not by what process, into what scemed the *fauces Averni*—to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark, stifling caveaus, horrid shades!—to shudder with the idea that 'now, surely, he must be lost for ever'—to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered day-light—and then (O, fulness of delight) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadell I seem to remember having been told, that a bad sweep was once left in a stack with his brush, to indicate which way the wind blew. It was an awful spectacle certainly; not much unlike the old stage direction in Macbeth, where the 'Apparition of a child crowned with a tree in his hand rises.'

"Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny. It is better to give him two-pence. If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation, a pair of kibed heels (no unusual accompaniment) be super-added, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester.

"I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts; the jeers and taunts of the populace; the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip, or splashed stocking, of a gentleman. Yet can I endure the jocularly of a young sweep with something more than forgiveness.—In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in

an instant. I scrambled up with pain and shame enough—yet outwardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened—when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me. There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth—but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?) in the March to Finchley, grinning at the pie-man—there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last for ever—with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in his mirth—for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it—that I could have been content, if the honour of a gentleman might endure it, to have remained his butt and his mockery till midnight.

“I am by theory obdurate to the seductiveness of what are called a fine set of teeth. Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket, presumably holding such jewels; but, methinks, they should take leave to ‘air’ them as frugally as possible. The fine lady, or fine gentleman, who show me their teeth, show me bones. Yet must I confess, that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shining ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery. It is, as when

“A sable cloud

Turns forth her silver lining on the night.

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; a badge of better days; a hint of nobility:—and, doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguisement, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry, and a lapsed pedigree. The premature apprenticeships of these tender victims give but too much encouragement, I fear, to clandestine, and almost infantile abductions; the seeds of civility and true courtesy, so often discernible in these young grafts (not otherwise to be accounted for) plainly hint at some forced

adoptions; many noble Rachels mourning for their children, even in our days, countenance the fact; the tales of fairy-spriting may shadow a lamentable verity, and the recovery of the young Montague be but a solitary instance of good fortune, out of many irreparable and hopeless *defiliations*.

“In one of the state-beds at Arundel Castle, a few years since—under a ducal canopy—(that seat of the Howards is an object of curiosity to visitors, chiefly for its beds, in which the late duke was especially a connoisseur)—encircled with curtains of delicatest crimson, with starry coronets inwoven—folded between a pair of sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Ascanius—was discovered by chance, after all methods of search had failed, at noon-day, fast asleep, a lost chimney-sweeper. The little creature, having somehow confounded his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimnies, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber; and, tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delicious invitation to repose, which he there saw exhibited; so, creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon the pillow, and slept like a young Howard.

“Such is the account given to the visitors at the Castle. But I cannot help seeming to perceive a confirmation of what I have just hinted at in this story. A high instinct was at work in the case, or I am mistaken. Is it probable that a poor child of that description, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have ventured, under such a penalty as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a duke’s bed, and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug or the carpet presented an obvious couch, still far above his pretensions—is this probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him, prompting to the adventure? Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me that he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full consciousness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapt by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was now but creeping back as into his proper *incunabula* and resting-place. By no other theory, than by this sentiment

of a pre-existent state (as I may call it), can I explain a deed so venturous, and, indeed, upon any other system so indecorous, in this tender, but unseasonable, sleeper.

“ My pleasant friend JEM WHITE was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently taking place, that in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of chimney-sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter. It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of St. Bartholomew. Cards were issued a week before to the master-sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry. Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked at; but our main body were infantry. One unfortunate wight, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered in time to be no chimney-sweeper (all is not soot which looks so), was quoited out of the presence with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment; but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable hubbub of that vanity; but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary parlours three tables were spread with napery, not so fine as substantial, and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savour. JAMES WHITE, as head waiter, had charge of the first table; and myself, with our trusty companion BIGOD, ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clambering and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table—for Rochester in his maddest days could not have done the humours of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of thanks for the honour the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of old dame Ursula (the fattest of the three), that stood frying and fretting, half-blessing, half-cursing ‘the gentleman,’ and imprint upon her chaste

lips a tender salute, whereat the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concave, while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with their brightness. O, it was a pleasure to see the sable youngers lick in the unctuous meat, with *his* more unctuous sayings—how he would fit the tit-bits to the puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors—how he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of some young desperado, declaring it ‘must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman’s eating’—how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-crust, to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which were their best patrimony,—how genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good, he should lose their custom; with a special recommendation to wipe the lip before drinking. Then we had our toasts—‘The King,’—the ‘Cloth,’—which, whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering;—and for a crowning sentiment, which never failed, ‘May the Brush supersede the Laurel.’ All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a ‘Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so,’ which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans; every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be squeamish on these occasions,) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savouriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment:—

“ Golden lads and lasses must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust—

“ JAMES WHITE is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died—of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens; and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of St. Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed for ever.”

A philanthropist, who rejoices over every attempt to cheer helplessness, will not quarrel with the late annual treat or “Jem White.” Our kindnesses wear different fashions, and Elia’s report of the

festival is a feast for a feeling and merry heart. Mrs. Montague's entertainment to the London chimney-sweepers was held every May-day, at her house, in Portman-square; she gave them roast-beef and plumb-pudding, and a shilling each, and they danced after their dinner. But Mrs. Montague and Jem White are dead; and now the poor fellows, though the legislature has interfered for their protection, want "a next friend" to cheer them once a year, and acquaint the sufferers that they have sympathizers. An extract from a letter to the editor of the *Every-Day Book*, dated April 16, 1825, from Sheffield, in Yorkshire, is a reproach to us of the metropolis:—"In the '*Chimney-sweepers' Friend, and Climbing-boys' Album*,' by Mr. James Montgomery, the poet, and editor of the '*Sheffield Iris*,' is a literal representation of an annual dinner which that gentleman, and a few of us, give to the lads employed as climbing-boys in Sheffield. This we have done for about eighteen years in succession. From twenty-four to twenty-six attend; and their appearance, behaviour, and acquirements, (I may say,) do credit to their masters. They are a much better generation to look upon than they were when we first took them by the hand. On last Easter Monday, out of the twenty-four present, there were only two who did not attend Sunday-schools; which, in whatever estimation these institutions may be held, shows that once, at least, every week, these poor children looked like other people's children, and associated with them; being clean washed, decently dressed, and employed in reading, or in learning to read: many of them could *write*. Something of the kind is projected at Leeds. A benevolent lady, at Derby, has this year raised friends, and a fund, for an annual dinner to the climbing-boys there on Easter Monday." Mr. Montgomery's "*Chimney-sweepers' Friend*" is a series of representations calculated to assist "the immediate relief of the sufferers, and the gradual abolition of this home slave-trade in little children." His applications to distinguished characters for literary contributions to his work were successful. "May 1," he said, "entreat your aid to this humble cause? Were you to see all the climbing-boys in the kingdom (and climbing-girls, too, for we have known parents who have employed their own daughters in this hideous way,

assembled in one place, you would meet a spectacle of deformed, degraded, and depraved humanity, in its very age of innocence, (pardon the phrase,) which would so affect your heart that we should be sure of your hand." Not one being of humanity can read the statements in Mr. Montgomery's volume with a dry eye—not one but before he has half perused it will resolve never to let a climbing-boy enter his chimney again. Fathers and mothers of England, read the book! The "*Examiner*," some time ago, related an anecdote much to the purpose, from a pamphlet by Mr. J. W. Orderson, late of Barbadoes; it is a fine specimen of pure feeling. "About fourteen years ago," says Mr. Orderson, "a Mrs. P. arrived at Bristol, from the West Indies, and brought with her a female Negro servant, mother of two or three children left in that country. A few days after their arrival, and they had gone into private lodgings, a sweep-boy was sent for by the landlady to sweep the kitchen chimney. This woman being seated in the kitchen when little *Soot* entered, was struck with amazement at the spectacle he presented; and with great vehemence, clapping her hands together, exclaimed, 'Wha dis me see! La, la, dat buckara piccaninny! So help me, nyung Misse,' (addressing herself to the housemaid then present,) 'sooner dan see one o' mine piccaninnies tan so, I drown he in de sea.' The progress of the poor child in sweeping the chimney closely engrossed her attention, and when she saw him return from his sooty incarceration, she addressed him with a feeling that did honour to her maternal tenderness, saying, 'Child! come yaw, child,' (and without waiting any reply, and putting a sixpence into his hand;) 'Who you mammy? You hab daddy, too? Wha dem be, da la you go no chimney for?' and moistening her finger at her lips, began to rub the poor child's cheek, to ascertain, what yet appeared doubtful to her, whether he was really a *buccara*, (white.) I saw this woman some time after in the West Indies; and it was a congratulation to her ever after, that her 'children were not born to be *sweepers*.'"

MAY-DAY IN IRELAND.

It appears from a volume of "Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of

reland,"* that there are romantic remains of antiquity connected with the celebration of May-day in that country of imagination. "Mummers in Ireland," says the author, "are clearly a family of the same race with those festive bands, termed Morris-dancers, in England. They appear at all seasons in Ireland, but *May-day* is their favourite and proper festival. They consist of a number, varying according to circumstances, of the girls and young men of the village or neighbourhood, usually selected for their good looks, or their proficiency,—the females in the dance, the youths in hurling and other athletic exercises. They march in procession, two abreast, and in three divisions; the young men in the van and the rear, dressed in white or other gay-coloured jackets or vests, and decorated with ribbons on their hats and sleeves; the young women are dressed also in light-coloured garments, and two of them bear each a holly bush, in which are hung several new hurling balls, the *May-day* present of the girls to the youths of the village. The bush is decorated with a profusion of long ribbons or paper cut in imitation, which adds greatly to the gay and joyous, yet strictly rural, appearance of the whole. The procession is always preceded by music; sometimes of the bagpipe, but more commonly of a military fife, with the addition of a drum or tamboreen. A clown is, of course, in attendance: he wears a frightful mask, and bears a long pole, with shreds of cloth nailed to the end of it, like a mop, which ever and anon he dips in a pool of water, or puddle, and besprinkles such of the crowd as press upon his companions, much to the delight of the younger spectators, who greet his exploits with loud and repeated shouts and laughter. The Mummers, during the day, parade the neighbouring villages, or go from one gentleman's seat to another, dancing before the mansion-house, and receiving money. The evening, of course, terminates with drinking. *May-eve* is considered a time of peculiar danger. The '*good people*,' are supposed then to possess the power and the inclination to do all sorts of mischief without the slightest restraint. The '*evil eye*' is then also deemed to have more than its usual vigilance and malignity; and the nurse who would walk in the open air with a child in her

arms, would be reprobated as a monster. Youth and loveliness are thought to be especially exposed to peril. It is therefore a natural consequence, that not one woman in a thousand appears abroad: but it must not be understood that the want of beauty affords any protection. The grizzled locks of age do not always save the cheek from a *blast*; neither is the brawny hand of the roughest ploughman exempt from a similar visitation. The *blast* is a large round tumour, which is thought to rise suddenly upon the part affected, from the baneful breath cast on it by one of the 'good people' in a moment of vindictive or capricious malice. *May-day* is called *la na Beal tina*, and *May-eve* *neen na Beal tina*,—that is, day and eve of Beal's fire, from its having been in heathen times, consecrated to the god Beal, or Belus; whence also the month of May is termed in Irish '*Mi na Beal-tine*.' The ceremony practised on *May-eve*, of making the cows leap over lighted straw, or faggots, has been generally traced to the worship of that deity. It is now vulgarly used in order to save the milk from being pilfered by 'the good people.'—Another custom prevalent on *May-eve* is the painful and mischievous one of stinging with nettles. In the south of Ireland it is the common practice for school-boys, on that day, to consider themselves privileged to run wildly about with a bunch of nettles, striking at the face and hands of their companions, or of such other persons as they think they may venture to assault with impunity."

A popular superstition related in the last quoted work, is, that at early dawn on *May-morning*, "the princely O'Donoghue gallops his white charger over the waters of Killarney." The founder of this is,

The Legend of O'Donoghue.

In an age so distant that the precise period is unknown, a chieftain named O'Donoghue ruled over the country which surrounds the romantic Lough Leane, now called the lake of Killarney. Wisdom, beneficence, and justice distinguished his reign, and the prosperity and happiness of his subjects were their natural results. He is said to have been as renowned for his warlike exploits as for his pacific virtues; and as a proof that his domestic administration was not the less rigorous because it was mild, a rocky island is pointed out to strangers, called 'O'Donog-

* Published in 1825, fc. 8vo.

hue's Prison' in which this prince once confined his own son for some act of disorder and disobedience.

"His end—for it cannot correctly be called his death—was singular and mysterious. At one of those splendid feasts for which his court was celebrated, surrounded by the most distinguished of his subjects, he was engaged in a prophetic relation of the events which were to happen in ages yet to come. His auditors listened, now wrapt in wonder, now fired with indignation, burning with shame, or melted into sorrow, as he faithfully detailed the heroism, the injuries, the crimes, and the miseries of their descendants. In the midst of his predictions, he rose slowly from his seat, advanced with a solemn, measured, and majestic tread to the shore of the lake, and walked forward composedly upon its unyielding surface. When he had nearly reached the centre, he paused for a moment, then turning slowly round, looked towards his friends, and waving his arms to them with the cheerful air of one taking a short farewell, disappeared from their view.

"The memory of the good O'Donoghue has been cherished by successive generations, with affectionate reverence; and it is believed, that at sunrise, on every May-day morning, the anniversary of his departure, he revisits his ancient domains: a favoured few only are, in general, permitted to see him, and this distinction is always an omen of good fortune to the beholders: when it is granted to many, it is a sure token of an abundant harvest,—a blessing, the want of which, during this prince's reign, was never felt by his people.

"Some years have elapsed since the last appearance of O'Donoghue. The April of that year had been remarkably wild and stormy; but on May-morning the fury of the elements had altogether subsided. The air was hushed and still; and the sky, which was reflected in the serene lake, resembled a beautiful but deceitful countenance, whose smiles, after the most tempestuous emotions, tempt the stranger to believe that it belongs to a soul which no passion has ever ruffled.

"The first beams of the rising sun were just gilding the lofty summit of Glenaa, when the waters near the eastern shore of the lake became suddenly and violently agitated, though all the rest of its surface lay smooth and still as a tomb of polished marble. The next moment a foaming

wave darted forward, and like a proud high-crested war-horse, exulting in his strength, rushed across the lake towards Toomies mountain. Behind this wave appeared a stately warrior, fully armed, mounted upon a milk-white steed: his snowy plume waved gracefully from a helmet of polished steel, and at his back fluttered a light-blue scarf. The horse, apparently exulting in his noble burthen, sprung after the wave along the water, which bore him up like firm earth, while showers of spray, that glittered brightly in the morning sun were dashed up at every bound.

"The warrior was O'Donoghue: he was followed by numberless youths and maidens, who moved light and unconstrained over the watery plain, as the moonlight fairies glide through the fields of air; they were linked together by garlands of delicious spring flowers, and they timed their movements to strains of enchanting melody. When O'Donoghue had nearly reached the western side of the lake, he suddenly turned his steed, and directed his course along the wood-fringed shore of Glenaa, preceded by the huge wave that curled and foamed up as high as the horse's neck, whose fiery nostrils snorted above it. The long train of attendants followed, with playful deviations, the track of their leader, and moved on with unabated fleetness to their celestial music, till gradually, as they entered the narrow strait between Glenaa and Dinis, they became involved in the mists which still partially floated over the lakes, and faded from the view of the wondering beholders: but the sound of their music still fell upon the ear, and echo catching up the harmonious strains, fondly repeated and prolonged them in soft and softer tones, till the last faint repetition died away, and the hearers awoke as from a dream of bliss."

Such is the story of O'Donoghue, in the words of the author of "Irish Legends," an elegant work of amusing and recondite lore regarding the land of his fathers.

MAY-DAY IN ITALY

Misson, who travelled in Italy in the beginning of the last century, speaks of May there in these terms. "The present season of the year inspires all the world with joy and good humour; and this month is every where particularly remarkable for sports and festivals: but I never

saw a more diverting object than troops of young girls, who regaled us with dances and songs on all this road; though perhaps the rarity of the sex might, in some measure, contribute to heighten the pleasure we took in seeing these merry creatures. Five or six of the prettiest and best attired girls of the village meet together, and go from house to house singing, and wishing every where a 'merry May.' All their songs consist of a great number of wishes, which are commonly very pleasant; for they wish you may at once enjoy all the pleasures of youth, and of the blooming season: that you may be still possessed with an equal love, morning and evening: that you may live a hundred and two years: that every thing

you may eat may be turned to sugar and oil: that your clothes and lace may never wear old: that nature may smile eternally, and that the goodness of its fruits may surpass the beauty of its flowers, &c. And then come their spiritual wishes: that the lady of Loretto may pour down her favours upon you: that the soul of St. Anthony of Padua may be your guardian angel: that St. Katharine of Sienna may intercede for you. And, for the burthen of the song, after every stanza, '*Allegro Magio, Allegro Magio!*' 'a merry, merry, merry May.'" To this picture of gladness might be added scenes from other countries, which testify the general rejoicing under the genial influence of the month.

All gentle hearts confess the quick'ning spring,
 For May invig'rates every living thing.
 Hark now the merry minstrels of the grove
 Devote the day to melody and love;
 Their little breasts with emulation swell,
 And sweetly strive in singing to excel.
 In the thick forests feed the cooing dove;
 The starling whistles various notes of love;
 Up spring the airy larks, shrill voic'd and loud,
 And breathe their matins from a morning cloud,
 To greet glad nature, and the god of day,
 And flow'ry Venus, blooming queen of May
 Thus sing the sweet musicians on the spray:
 Welcome thou lord of light, and lamp of day;
 Welcome to tender herbs and myrtle bowers,
 Welcome to plants and odour-breathing flowers,
 Welcome to every root upon the plain,
 Welcome to gardens, and the golden grain:
 Welcome to birds that build upon the breere,
 Welcome great lord and ruler of the year:
 Welcome thou source of universal good,
 Of buds to boughs, and beauty to the wood:
 Welcome bright Phæbus, whose prolific power
 In every meadow spreads out every flower;
 Where'er thy beams in wild effulgence play,
 Kind nature smiles and all the world is gay.

Gawin Douglas, by Fawkes

REMARKABLE CORRESPONDENT.

Although public notice has been given that anonymous correspondents will only be answered on the *wrappers* to the *parts* of this work, and that those who attach their real names will be noticed privately, yet it is necessary to remark on one who is without a local habitation, and is out of the reach of the two-penny and general post. This is the communication alluded to:—
To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,

I am the youngest of Three hundred

and sixty-six brethren—there are no fewer of us—who have the honour, in the words of the good old Song, to call the Sun our Dad. You have done the rest of our family the favour of bestowing an especial compliment upon each member of it individually—I mean, as far as you have gone; for it will take you some time before you can make your bow all round—and I have no reason to think that it is your intention to neglect any of us but poor Me. Some you have hung round with flowers; others you have made fine with

martyrs' palms and saintly garlands. The most insignificant of us you have sent away pleased with some fitting apologue, or pertinent story. What have I done, that you dismiss me without mark or attribute? What though I make my public appearance seldomer than the rest of my brethren! I thought that angels' visits had been accounted the more precious for their very rarity. Reserve was always looked upon as dignified. I am seen but once, for four times that my brethren obtrude themselves; making their presence cheap and contemptible, in comparison with the state which I keep.

Am I not a Day (when I do come) to all purposes as much as any of them. Decompose me, anatomise me; you will find that I am constituted like the rest. Divide me into twenty-four, and you shall find that I cut up into as many goodly hours (or main limbs) as the rest. I too have my arteries and pulses, which are the minutes and the seconds.

It is hard to be dis-familied thus, like Cinderella in her rags and ashes, while her sisters flaunted it about in cherry-coloured ribbons and favors. My brethren forsooth are to be dubbed; one, *Saint Day*; another, *Pope Day*; a third, *Bishop Day*; the least of them is *Squire Day*, or *Mr. Day*, while I am—plain Day. Our house, Sir, is a very ancient one, and the least of us is too proud to put up with an indignity. What though I am but a younger brother in some sense—for the youngest of my brethren is by some thousand years my senior—yet I bid fair to inherit as long as any of them, while I have the Calendar to show; which, you must understand, is our Title Deeds.

Not content with slurring me over with a bare and naked acknowledgement of my occasional visitation in prose, you have done your best to deprive me of my verse-honours. In column 310 of your Book, you quote an antique scroll, leaving out the last couplet, as if on purpose to affront me. "Thirty days hath September"—so you transcribe very faithfully for four lines, and most invidiously suppress the exceptive clause:—

Except in Leap Year, that's the time
When February's days hath twenty and —

I need not set down the rhyme which should follow; I dare say you know it very well, though you were pleased to

leave it out. These indignities demand reparation. While you have time, it will be well for you to make the *amende honorable*. Ransack your stores, learned Sir, I pray of you, for some attribute, biographical, anecdotal, or floral, to invest me with. Did nobody die, or nobody flourish—was nobody born—upon any of my periodical visits to this globe? does the world stand still as often as I vouchsafe to appear? Am I a blank in the Almanac? alms for oblivion? If you do not find a flower at least to grace me with (a Forget Me Not would cheer me in my present obscurity), I shall prove the worst Day to you you ever saw in your life; and your Work, instead of the Title it now vaunts, must be content (every fourth year at least) to go by the lame appellation of

The Every-Day—but—one—Book.

Yours, as you treat me,

TWENTY NINTH OF FEBRUARY.

To this correspondent it may be demurred and given in proof, that neither in February, nor at any other time in the year 1825, had he, or could he, have had existence; and that whenever he is seen, he is only an impertinence and an interpolation upon his betters. To his "floral honours" he is welcome; in the year 992, he slew St. Oswald, archbishop of York in the midst of his monks, to whom the greater perriwinkle, *Vinca Major*, is dedicated. For this honour our correspondent should have waited till his turr arrived for distinction. His ignorant impatience of notoriety is a mark of weakness, and indeed it is only in compassion to his infirmity that he has been condescended to; his brothers have seen more of the world, and he should have been satisfied by having been allowed to be in their company at stated times, and like all little ones, he ought to have kept respectful silence. Besides, he forgets his origin; he is illegitimate; and as a burthen to "the family," and an upstart, it has been long in contemplation to disown him, and then what will become of him? If he has done any good in the world he may have some claim upon it, but whenever he appears, he seems to throw things into confusion. His desire to alter the title of this work excites a smile—however, when he calls upon the editor he shall have justice, and be compelled to own that it is calumny to call this the *Every-Day—but—one—Book*.

May 2.

St. Athanasius, Patriarch of Alexandria.
A. D. 373.

St. Athanasius.

This learned doctor of the church, was patriarch of Alexandria; he is celebrated for his opposition to the Arians, and from

his name having been affixed to the creed which contains his doctrines. He dies in 373. Alban Butler says, the creed was compiled in Latin in the fifth century

CHRONOLOGY.

1519. Leonardo da Vinci, the painter, died.



Richmond.

In the beginning of May, a steam-boat for conveying passengers ascends the Thames in the morning from Queenhithe to Richmond, and returns the same day; and so she proceeds to and fro until the autumn. Before she unmoors she takes in little more than half her living freight, the remainder is obtained during the passage. Her band on deck plays a lively tune, and "off she goes" towards Blackfriars'-bridge. From thence, leisurely walkers, and holiday-wishing people, on their way to business, look from between the balustrades on the enviable steamer; they see her lower her chimney to pass beneath the arch, and ten to one, if they cross the road to watch her coming forth on the other side, they receive a puff

from the re-elevating mast; this fuliginous rebuke is inspiring.

A Legal Lament.

Y. Richmond Navigators bold
all on the liquid plain,
When from the bridge we envied you,
with pleasure mix'd with pain.
Why could you be so cruel as
to ridicule our woes,
By in our anxious faces turn-
ing up your steamer's nose?

'Twas 'strange, 'twas passing strange, 'twas
pitiful, twas wondrous
Pitiful, as Shakspeare says,
'by you then being under us,
'To be insulted as we were,
when you your chimney rose
And thought yourselves at liberty
to cloud our hopes and clothes

The same sweet poet says, you know,
 "each dog will have his day,"
 And hence for Richmond we, in turn,
 may yet get under weigh.
 So thus we are consoled in mind,
 and as to being slighted,
 For that same wrong, we'll right ourselves,
 and get you all indicted. *

The steam-boat is a good half hour in clearing the port of London, and arriving at Westminster; this delay in expedition is occasioned by "laying to" for "put offs" of single persons and parties, in Thames wherries. If the day be fine, the passage is very pleasant. The citizen sees various places wherein he has enjoyed himself,—he can point out the opening to Fountain-court, wherein is the "coal-hole," the resort of his brother "wolves," a club of modern origin, renowned for its support of Mr. Kean; on the left bank, he shows the site of "Cuper's-gardens," to which he was taken when a boy by his father's foreman, and where the halfpenny-hatch stood; or he has a story to tell of the "Fox-under-the-hill," near the Strand, where Dutch Sam mustered the fighting Jews, and Perry's firemen, who nightly assisted John Kemble's "What d'ye want," during the "O. P. row," at Covent-garden theatre. Then he directs his attention to the Mitre, at Stangate, kept by "independent Bent," a house celebrated for authors who "flourish" there, for "actors of all work," and artists of less prudence than powers. He will tell you of the capital porter-shops that were in Palace-yard before the old coffee-houses were pulled down, and he directs you to the high chimney of *Hodges's* distillery, in Church-street, Lambeth. He stands erect, and looks at Cumberland-gardens as though they were his freehold—for there has he been in all his glory; and at the Red-house, at Battersea, he would absolutely go ashore, if his wife and daughters had not gone so far in geography as to know that Richmond is above Battersea-bridge. Here he repeats after Mathews, that Battersea-steeple, being of copper, was coveted by the emperor of Russia for an extinguisher; that the horizontal wind-mill was a case for it; and that his imperial majesty intended to take them to Russia, but left them behind from forgetfulness. Others see other things. The grounds from which the walls of Brandenburgh-house were rased to the foun-

dation, after the decease of fallen majesty—the house wherein Sharp, the engraver, lived after his removal from Acton, and died—the tomb of Hogarth, in Chiswick church-yard — "Brentford town of mud," so immortalized by one of our poets, from whence runs Boston-lane, wherein dwelt the good and amiable Granger, who biographized every Englishman of whom there was a portrait—and numerous spots remarkable for their connection with some congenial sentiment or person.

The Aits, or Osier Islands, are picturesque interspersions on the Thames. Its banks are studded with neat cottages, or elegant villas crown the gentle heights; the lawns come sweeping down like carpets of green velvet, to the edge of its soft-flowing waters, and the grace of the scenery improves till we are borne into the full bosom of its beauty—the village of Richmond, or as it was anciently called, Sheen. On coming within sight of this, the most delightful scene in our sea-girt isle, the band on board the steam-boat plays "the lass of Richmond-hill," while the vessel glides on the translucent water, till she curves to the bridge-foot, and the passengers disembark. Ascending the stone stairs to the street, a short walk through the village brings us to the top of the far-famed hill, from whence there is a sudden sight of one of the loveliest views in the world. Here, unless an overflowing purse can command the preference of the "Star and Garter," we enter the pleasant and comfortable "Roebuck" inn, which has nothing to recommend it but civil treatment and domestic conveniences. The westward room on the second floor is quiet, and one of the pleasantest in the house. The walls of this peaceful apartment have no ornament, unless so can be called a mezzotinto engraving by Watson, after Reynolds, of Jeffery, lord Amherst, in armour, with a countenance remarkably similar to the rev. Rowland Hill's in his younger days. The advantage of this room is the delightful view from its windows. Hither come ye whose hearts are saddened, or whose nerves are shattered by the strife of life, or the disturbances of the world; inhale the pure air, and gaze awhile on a prospect more redolent of beauty than Claude or Poassin ever painted or saw. Whatever there be of soothing charm in scenery, is here exuberant. De-

scription must not be attempted, for poets have made it their theme and failed.

To the over-wearied inhabitants of the metropolis, the trip to Richmond is covetable. The lively French, the philosophic German, the elegant Italian, the lofty Spaniard, and the Cossack of the Don, pronounce the prospect from the hill the most enchanting in Europe. There was no itinerary of Richmond until Dr. John Evans, during a visit in 1824, hastily threw some memoranda into a neat little volume, illustrated by a few etchings, under the title of "Richmond and its Vicinity," which he purposes to improve.

In honour of the female character, and in illustration of the first of May, should be added, that upon the coin of Dort, or Dordrecht, in Holland, is a cow, under which is sitting a milk-maid. The same representation is in relieve on the pyramid of an elegant fountain in that beautiful town. Its origin is from the following historical fact:—When the United Provinces were struggling for their liberty two beautiful daughters of a rich farmer, on their way to the town, with *milk*, observed, not far from their path, several Spanish soldiers concealed behind some hedges. The patriotic maidens pretending not to have seen any thing, pursued their journey, and as soon as they arrived in the city, insisted upon an admission to the burgo-master, who had not yet left his bed; they were admitted, and related what they had discovered. He assembled the council, measures were immediately taken, the sluices were opened, and a number of the enemy lost their lives in

the water. The magistrates in a body honoured the farmer with a visit, where they thanked his daughters for the act of patriotism, which saved the town; they afterwards indemnified him fully for the loss he sustained from the inundation and the most distinguished young citizens, vied with each other, who should be honoured with the hands of those virtuous *milk-maids*.

It should also be noticed, in connection with Mr. Montgomery's volume in behalf of the chimney-sweepers, that a Mr. J. C. Hudson has addressed "A Letter to the Mistresses of Families, on the Cruelty of employing Children in the odious, dangerous, and often fatal Task of sweeping Chimnies." To Mr. Hudson's pamphlet, which is published at sixpence, there are two cuts, from designs by Mr. George Cruikshank.

It is observed by Dr. Forster, in the "Perennial Calendar," that "the melody of birds is perhaps at no time of the year greater and more constant than it is at this present period. The nightingale, the minstrel of the eve; and the lark, the herald of the morn; together with the numerous birds whose music fills the groves all day, contribute, in no small degree, to the pleasure derived from the country in this month. Nor is the lowing of distant cattle in the evening, the hooting of the owl, and many other rustic sounds, deficient in power to please by association of ideas. Shakspeare has a beautiful comparison of the lark and nightingale in 'Romeo and Juliet':—

SCENE. *Juliet's Chamber.*

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon Pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the Nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. You light is not daylight, I know it, l.
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torchbearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua.
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death ;
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
 I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye ;
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow :
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads.
 I have more care to stay than will to go."

TULIPS.

Dr. Forster notices, that " beds of tulips begin now to flower, and about London, Haerlem, Amsterdam, and other cities of England and Holland, are seen in perfection in the gardens of florists, who have a variety of very whimsical names for the different varieties. The early, or Van Thol tulip, is now out of blow, as is the variety called the Clarimond, beds of which appear very beautiful in April. The sort now flowering is the *tulipa Gesneriana*, of which the names Bizarre, Golden Eagle, &c. are only expressive of varieties. For the amusement of the reader, we quote from the ' Tatler ' the following account of an accident that once befell a gentleman in a tulip-garden:—' I chanced to rise very early one particular morning this summer, and took a walk into the country, to di-

vert myself among the fields and meadows while the green was new, and the flowers in their bloom. As at this season of the year every lane is a beautiful walk, and every hedge full of nosegays, I lost myself with a great deal of pleasure among several thickets and bushes that were filled with a great variety of birds, and an agreeable confusion of notes, which formed the pleasantest scene in the world to one who had passed a whole winter in noise and smoke. The freshness of the dews that lay upon every thing about me, with the cool breath of the morning, which inspired the birds with so many delightful instincts, created in me the same kind of animal pleasure, and made my heart overflow with such secret emotions of joy and satisfaction as are not to be described or accounted for. On this occasion, I could not but reflect upon a beautiful simile in Milton:—

As one who long in populous city pent,
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
 Among the pleasant villages, and farms
 Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight :
 The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.

" Those who are conversant in the writings of polite authors, receive an additional entertainment from the country, as it revives in their memories those charming descriptions, with which such authors do frequently abound. I was thinking of the foregoing beautiful simile in Milton, and, applying it to myself, when I observed to the windward of me a black cloud falling to the earth in long trails of rain, which made me betake myself for shelter to a house which I saw at a little distance from the place where I was walking. As I sat in the porch, I heard the voices of two or three persons, who seemed very earnest in discourse. My curiosity was raised when I heard the names of *Alexander the Great* and *Artaxerxes*; and as their talk seemed to run on ancient heroes, I concluded there could not be any secret in it; for which reason I thought I might very fairly listen

to what they said. After several parallels between great men, which appeared to me altogether groundless and chimerical, I was surprised to hear one say, that he valued the *Black Prince* more than the *duke of Vendosme*. How the duke of Vendosme should become a rival of the Black Prince, I could not conceive: and was more startled when I heard a second affirm with great vehemence, that if the *emperor of Germany* was not going off, he should like him better than either of them. He added, that though the season was so changeable, the *duke of Marlborough* was in blooming beauty. I was wondering to myself from whence they had received this odd intelligence; especially when I heard them mention the names of several other great generals, as the *prince of Hesse*, and the *king of Sweden*, who, they said, were both running away. To which they added, what

I entirely agreed with them in, that the *crown of France* was very weak, but that the *marshal Villars* still kept his colours. At last one of them told the company, if they would go along with him he would show them a *Chimney-sweeper* and a *Painted Lady* in the same bed, which he was sure would very much please them. The shower which had driven them as well as myself into the house, was now over; and as they were passing by me into the garden, I asked them to let me be one of their company. The gentleman of the house told me, if I delighted in flowers, it would be worth my while; for that he believed he could show me such a blow of *tulips* as was not to be matched in the whole country. I accepted the offer, and immediately found that they had been talking in terms of gardening, and that the kings and generals they had mentioned were only so many tulips, to which the gardeners, according to their usual custom, had given such high titles and appellations of honour. I was very much pleased and astonished at the glorious show of these gay vegetables, that arose in great profusion on all the banks about us. Sometimes I considered them with the eye of an ordinary spectator, as so many beautiful objects varnished over with a natural gloss, and stained with such a variety of colours as are not to be equalled in any artificial dyes or tinctures. Sometimes I considered every leaf as an elaborate piece of tissue, in which the threads and fibres were woven together into different configurations, which gave a different colouring to the light as it glanced on the several parts of the surface. Sometimes I considered the whole bed of tulips, according to the notion of the greatest mathematician and philosopher that ever lived, (sir Isaac Newton,) as a multitude of optic instruments, designed for the separating light into all those various colours of which it is composed. I was awakened out of these my philosophical speculations, by observing the company often seemed to laugh at me. I accidentally praised a tulip as one of the finest I ever saw, upon which they told me it was a common *Fool's Coat*. Upon that I praised a second, which it seems was but another kind of *Fool's Coat*. I had the same fate with two or three more; for which reason I desired the owner of the garden to let me know which were the finest of the flowers, for that I was so unskilful in the art, that I

thought the most beautiful were the most valuable, and that those which had the gayest colours were the most beautiful. The gentleman smiled at my ignorance: he seemed a very plain honest man, and a person of good sense, had not his head been touched with that distemper which Hippocrates calls the *Τυλιππομανια*, *Tulippomania*, insomuch, that he would talk very rationally on any subject in the world but a tulip. He told me, that he valued the bed of flowers, which lay before us, and was not above twenty yards in length and two in breadth, more than he would the best hundred acres of land in England; and added, that it would have been worth twice the money it is, if a foolish cookmaid of his had not almost ruined him the last winter, by mistaking a handful of tulip roots for a heap of onions, and by that means, says he, made me a dish of porridge, that cost me above a thousand pounds sterling. He then showed me what he thought the finest of his tulips, which I found received all their value from their rarity and oddness, and put me in mind of your great fortunes, which are not always the greatest beauties. I have often looked upon it as a piece of happiness, that I have never fallen into any of these fantastical tastes, nor esteemed any thing the more for its being uncommon and hard to be met with. For this reason, I look upon the whole country in spring time as a spacious garden, and make as many visits to a spot of daisies, or a bank of violets, as a florist does to his borders or parterres. There is not a bush in blossom within a mile of me which I am not acquainted with, nor scarce a daffodil or cowslip that withers away in my neighbourhood without my missing it. I walked home in this temper of mind through several fields and meadows with an unspeakable pleasure, not without reflecting on the bounty of Providence, which has made the most pleasing and the most beautiful objects the most ordinary and most common.'"

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Charlock. *Rhaphanus Rhafaristrum*.
Dedicated to *St. Athanasius*.

May 3.

The Invention, or Discovery of the Holy Cross, A. D. 326. *St. Alexander, Pope*, A. D. 119

INVENTION OF THE CROSS.

This festival of the Romish church is also in the church of England calendar; Mr. Audley says, "the word *invention* sometimes signifies the finding a thing that was hidden;" thence the name of this festival, which celebrates the alleged finding of the cross of Christ by St. Helena, who is said to have found three crosses on Mount Calvary, but the true one could not be distinguished, till a sick woman being placed on each, was healed by one, which was therefore pronounced the veritable cross. Mr. Audley quotes, that "the custody of the cross was committed to the bishop of Jerusalem. Every Easter Sunday it was exposed to view, and pilgrims from all countries were indulged with little pieces of it encased in gold or gems. What was most astonishing, the sacred wood was never lessened, although it was perpetually diminished, for it possessed a secret power of vegetation." It appears from Ribadeneira, that St. Paulinus says, "the cross being a piece of wood without sense or feeling, yet seemeth to have in it a living and everlasting virtue; and from that time to this it permitteth itself to be parted and divided to comply with innumerable persons, and yet suffereth no loss or detriment, but remains as entire as if it had never been cut, so that it can be severed, parted, and divided, for those among whom it is to be distributed, and still remains whole and entire for all that come to reverence and adore it." There is no other way left to the Romish church to account for the superabundance of the wood of the cross.

Robert Parker wrote a remarkably earned book, in folio, entitled—"A Scholastical Discourse against symbolizing with Antichrist in ceremonies: especially in the signe of the Crosse, 1607." This erudite work subjected Parker to a persecution under James I., from which he fled to Doesburg, where he died in 1630.

CROSS OF THE SOUTH

This constellation is in about 185 degrees of longitude; its south-polar dis-

tance being only about 39 degrees, it cannot be seen in the northern parts of Europe.* Humboldt who observed the cross of the south, thus eloquently describes it:—"The lower regions of the air were loaded with vapours for some days. We saw distinctly, for the first time, the cross of the south, only in the night of the 4th and 5th of July, in the sixteenth degree of latitude. It was strongly inclined, and appeared, from time to time, between the clouds, the centre of which, furrowed by uncondensed lightnings, reflected a silver light. The pleasure felt on discovering the southern cross was warmly shared by such of the crew as had lived in the colonies. In the solitude of the seas, we hail a star as a friend from whom we have been long separated. Among the Portuguese and the Spaniards, peculiar motives seem to increase this feeling; a religious sentiment attaches them to a constellation, the form of which recalls the sign of the faith planted by their ancestors in the deserts of the new world. The two great stars which mark the summit and the foot of the cross, having nearly the same right ascension, it follows, that the constellation is almost vertical at the moment when it passes the meridian. This circumstance is known to every nation that lives beyond the tropics, or in the southern hemisphere. It is known at what hour of the night, in different seasons, the southern cross is erect, or inclined. It is a timepiece that advances very regularly nearly four minutes a day; and no other group of stars exhibits, to the naked eye, an observation of time so easily made. How often have we heard our guides exclaim, in the savannas of Venezuela, or in the desert extending from Lima to Truxillo, 'Midnight is past, the cross begins to bend!' How often these words reminded us of that affecting scene, where Paul and Virginia, seated near the source of the river of Lataniers, conversed together for the last time; and when the old man, at the sight of the southern cross, warns them that it is time to separate!"

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Poetic Narcissus. *Narcissus poeticus*.
Invention of the Cross.

* Dr. Forster Peren. Cal.

May 4

St. Monica. St. Godard, Bp. A. D. 1038.

ST. MONICA, A. D. 387.

She was mother of St. Augustine, whom she sent to study at Carthage, where, in 373, he became a Manichee, and remained so, to his mother's affliction, until 386; she was a woman of piety, and he revered her memory. Her supposed remains were translated with the customary ceremonies of the church of Rome, but their identity has been doubted.*

CHRONOLOGY.

1471. Battle of Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, gained by Edward IV. over the Lancasterians.

1677. Dr. Isaac Barrow died, aged 47. He was an eminent mathematician, a learned divine, and a high cavalier. Educated at the Charter-house, he was disinclined to study; his recreation was in sports that led to fighting among the boys, yet he afterwards subdued his inclination to quarrels, and distinguished himself as a scholar. He became professor of mathematics at Cambridge, master of Trinity-college, served the office of vice-chancellor, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Charles II. used to say of him, that he exhausted every subject whereon he treated; yet he did nothing for him. After the Restoration, Barrow wrote a Latin distich, thus translated:—

O, how my breast did ever burn,
To see my lawful king return!
Yet, whilst his happy fate I bless,
No one has felt his influence less.

Barrow was a great smoker to help his thinking. He was a great wit: he met Rochester at court, who said to him, "doctor, I am yours to my shoe-tie;" Barrow bowed obsequiously with, "my lord, I am yours to the ground;" Rochester returned this by, "doctor, I am yours to the centre;" Barrow rejoined, "my lord, I am yours to the antipodes;" Rochester, not to be foiled by "a musty old piece of divinity," as he was accustomed to call him, exclaimed, "doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of hell;" whereupon Barrow turned from him with, "there, my lord, I leave you."

* Butler.

1736. Eustace Budgell drowned himself, at the age of 52, from vexation, that a bequest to him of 2,000*l.* in the will of Dr. Tindal, was set aside. He wrote in the "Spectator," "Tatler," and "Guardian;" was a member of the Irish parliament, and lost his property in the South-sea bubble.

1758. George Bickham, the eminent writing-engraver, died, aged 74; and was buried at St. Luke's, Old-street.

1795. John James Barthelemy, the celebrated author of "The Travels of Anacharsis the younger in Greece," died, aged 79. He was a man of deep learning and simplicity of character; unhappily he became involved in the troubles of the French revolution, and endured great hardships from the turbulence of men opposed to his views of social happiness.

BIRDS.

A distinguished naturalist obligingly communicates the subjoined table and prefatory remark.

For the Every-Day Book.

A notion prevails that birds do great injury in gardens and fields, and hence rewards are frequently offered to induce boys and others to kill them in spring. The notion and the practice are erroneous. A gentleman of long experience in horticulture, has ascertained that birds, in general, do more good by destroying vermin than they do harm by the little fruit and grain they consume; an entire district in Germany was once nearly deprived of its corn harvest, by an order to kill all the rooks having been generally obeyed.

SPRING BIRDS.

Table of the average terms of their arrival, deduced from a Journal of Natural History, kept during nearly sixty years.

The Least Willow Wren arrives	
about - - - -	March 31
Stone Curlew - - -	March 27
Chimney Swallow - -	April 15
Redstart - - - -	April 16
Blackcap - - - -	April 17
Nightingale - - -	April 14
Martlet - - - -	April 20
Sand Martin - - -	April 25
Yellow Willow Wren -	April 15
Lesser Reed Sparrow -	April 23
Cuckoo - - - -	April 21

Great Green Willow Wren	-	April 21
Grasshopper Lark	-	April 16
Spotted Flycatcher	-	April 20
Pied Flycatcher	-	April 15
Black Martin	-	May 9
Fern Owl	-	May 20
Swift	-	May 14

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Stock Gilly Flower. *Mathiola incana*.
Dedicated to *St. Monica*.

May 5.

St. Pius V., Pope, A. D. 1572. *St. Hilary*,
Abp. of Arles, A. D. 449. *St. An-
gelus*, A. D. 1225. *St. Mauront*,
Abbot, A. D. 706. *St. Avertin*, A. D.
1189.

CHRONOLOGY.

1760. The right honourable Laurence,
earl Ferrers, viscount Tamworth, was
hanged at Tyburn, for the murder of John
Johnson, his steward.

1785. Thomas Davies, died. He is
well recollected from frequent creditable
mention made of him in Boswell's "Life
of Johnson;" Davies was an actor, after-
wards a bookseller, turned strolling player,
returned to the bookselling business in
Russel-street, Covent-garden, became

bankrupt, was relieved in his misfortunes
by Dr. Johnson, wrote the "Life of Gar-
rick," "Dramatic Miscellanies," and
other pieces; and acquired before his
death the honourable appellation of
"honest Tom Davies." He was intrusted
by the rev. James Granger with the pub-
lication of his "Biographical History of
England."

1789. Joseph Baretti, author of the
"Italian Dictionary," &c. died, aged 73.

1821. Napoleon died at St. Helena, in
the sixth year of his confinement. What
he was all men pretend to know, and
historians will tell.

THE SEASON.

"Here they are! blowing, growing, all
alive!" This was an old London cry by
little flower gardeners, who brought the
products of their grounds to the metro-
polis, and wheeled them through the
streets in a barrow, "blowing, growing,
all alive!" to tempt purchasers in the
humble streets and alleys of working
neighbourhoods. Acts of Parliament
have put down the flower-pots, which
were accustomed to "topple on the
walkers' heads," from the windows of
houses, wherein flower-fanciers dwelt.

Flower Garden.

Fairhanded Spring unbosoms every grace,
Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first,
The daisy, primrose, violet darkly blue.
And polyanthus of unnumbered dyes;
The yellow wallflower, stained with iron brown,
The lavish stock that scents the garden round.
From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed
Anemones, auriculas, enriched
With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves,
And full ranunculus of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip race, where beauty plays
Her idle freaks, from family diffused
To family, as flies the father dust,
The varied colours run; and while they break
On the charmed eye, the exulting florist marks,
With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting, from the bud,
First born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes—
Nor hyacinths of purest virgin white,
Low bent and blushing inwards—nor jonquils
Of potent fragrance—nor Narcissus fair,
As o'er the fabled mountain hanging still—
Nor broad carnations, nor gay spotted pinks,
Nor showered from every bush the damask rose.

Thompson

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Apple Tree. *Pyrus Malus*.
Dedicated to *St. Angelus* and *St. Pius*.

May 6.

St. John before the Latin Gate. *St. John Damascen*, A. D. 780. *St. Eadbert*, Bp. of Lindisfarne, A. D. 687.

ST. JOHN PORT LATIN.

This was St. John the Evangelist, though his name stands with *Ante Port. Lat.* annexed to it in the church of England calendar. The description is founded on a Roman Catholic legend that St. John

the Evangelist in his old age was accused of atheism to Domitian, who sent him to Rome, and there, before the gate called *Porta Latina*, caused him to be put into a cauldron of boiling oil, from whence he suffered no pain, and came forth without harm. This miracle is fabled to have occurred before the exile of St. John to the desert isle of Patmos, in the Archipelago, where he is supposed to have written the Apocalypse, or book of "Revelations."



St. John in the Isle of Patmos.

There is no evidence that St. John suffered martyrdom; on the contrary, he is said to have returned to Ephesus in the reign of Nerva, who succeeded Domitian in the imperial dignity. Painters usually represent him in Patmos with an eagle by

his side; though, as St. John Port Latin, there are many engravings of him in the legendary oil cauldron. Other representations of him put a chalice in his hand, with a serpent issuing from it, founded on another legend, that being constrained

to drink poison, he swallowed it without sustaining injury.

There is a further legend, that while St. Edward the Confessor was dedicating a church to St. John, a pilgrim demanded alms of him in the saint's name, whereupon the king gave him the ring from his finger. This pilgrim was St. John, who discovered himself to two English pilgrims in the Holy Land, bidding them bear the ring to the king in his name, and require him to make ready to depart this world; after this they went to sleep. On awakening they found themselves among flocks of sheep and shepherds in a strange place, which turned out to be Barham Downs in Kent, wherefore they thanked God and St. John for their good speed, and coming to St. Edward on Christmas-day, delivered to him the ring with the warning; these the king received in a suitable manner, "And on the viggill of the Epyphanye, next after, he dyed and departed holyly out of this worlde, and is buried in the Abbey of Westmester by London, where as is yet unto this daye that same rynge." Again it is said, that Isidore affirms of St. John, that he transformed branches of trees into fine gold, and sea-gravel into precious stones, with other like incredibilities.*

CHRONOLOGY.

1677. Samuel Bochart, a learned French Protestant divine and orientalist, died at Caen, aged 68 years.

1802. Died at Guernsey, aged 40, of water in his chest, serjeant Samuel M'Donald, of the 93d regiment, commonly known by the name of Big Sam. He served during the American war with his countrymen, the Sutherland Fencibles, and afterwards as fugelman in the Royals, till 1791, when he was taken into the

household of his royal highness the prince of Wales, as lodge-porter at Carlton-house, and remained in that capacity till 1793; he was then appointed a serjeant in the late Sutherland Fencibles, and continued to act in that corps, and the 93d regiment, formed from it, till his death.—He was six feet ten inches in height, four feet round the chest, and well proportioned. He continued active till his 35th year, when he began to decline. His strength was prodigious, but he was never known to exert it improperly. Several considerable offers were made to engage him as a public exhibition, all of which he refused, and always disliked being stared at.

SPRING BLIGHT.

The greatest misfortune that the cultivator of a garden apprehends at this season, is blight, of which, according to Dr. Forster, there are three kinds. "The first occurs in the early spring, about the time of the blossoming of the peach, and is nothing more than a dry frosty wind, usually from the north or north-east, and principally affects the blossoms, causing them to fall off prematurely. The two other kinds of blight occur in this month, affecting principally the apple and pear trees, and sometimes the corn. One of these consists in the appearance of an immense multitude of aphides, a kind of small insect of a brown, or black, or green colour, attacking the leaves of plants, and entirely incrusting the young stems. These pests are always found to make their appearance after a north-east wind, and it has been supposed by many that they are actually conveyed hither by the wind. Thomson, too, positively ascribes them to the north wind:—

For oft engendered by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, insect armies warp
Keen in the poisoned breeze; and wasteful eat,
Through buds and bark, into the blackened core
Their eager way.

"In our opinion, an east wind more often brings blights. Many circumstances, indeed, favour the opinion that blights are animalculæ; as the suddenness with which they appear, being generally in the course of a single night, and those trees that are sheltered from the wind being uninfected: indeed, it

frequently happens that a single branch that chances to be screened, will escape unhurt, while the rest of the tree is quite covered with these minute destroyers. A third reason may be derived from the inactivity of these insects: they generally remain almost immovable on the branch or leaf where they are first seen, and are for the most part, unprovided with wings yet the places where they are commonly

* Golden Legend.

found are those parts of a tree which are farthest from the ground, and the most exposed to the wind. The last kind of blight is generally preceded by a south or south-west wind, unaccompanied by insects; the effects of which are visible in the burnt appearance of all leaves and shoots which are exposed to that quarter. Oaks and other large trees suffer from this blight."*

To Blossoms.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last!

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight?
And so to bid good night?
'Tis pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite!

But your lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile they glide
Into the grave!

Herrick.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Lucken Gowans. *Trollius Europæus.*
Dedicated to *St. John Damascen.*

May 7.

St. Stanislas, Bp. of Cracow, A. D.
1079 *St. Benedict II.* Pope, A. D.
686. *St. John* of Beverley.

ST. JOHN OF BEVERLEY, A. D. 721,

Was born at Harpham, a village in the north of England. In the reign of king Alfred, he was made bishop of Hexham; he gave venerable Bede the orders of deacon and priest; and built the monastery of Beverley, then a forest, now a market-town, twenty-seven miles from York, where he died, in 1721.† Bede assigns several miracles to him in his

lifetime. William of Malmesbury relates, that the inhabitants of Beverley acknowledge the sanctity of their patron, because the fiercest bulls being dragged with the strongest ropes, by the lustiest men, into his church-yard, lose their fury, become gentle as lambs, and being left to their freedom, innocently sport themselves, instead of goring and trampling with their horns and feet all that come near them.* It is related by another author that in 1312, on the feast of St. Bernard, wonderful oil miraculously issued from his sepulchre, which was a sovereign remedy against many diseases. Also, that king Ethelstan laid his knife on the saint's altar, in pledge, that if by his interference he obtained a victory over the Scots, he would enrich his church; by the merits of the saint he conquered, and desiring to have a sign as a perpetual testimony of prerogative over the Scots, he struck his sword into a rock near Dunbar-castle, which for many ages retained a mark of a yard in length from the blow, and this was referred to by king Edward I. before pope Boniface, in proof of his right over Scotland. Ethelstan, in consequence of his victory, granted right of sanctuary to the church of Beverley, with other privileges.†

SEASONABLE STORY.

If the north-east wind blow on this day, or on any other day in May, or in any other summer month, the nervous reader will experience the uneasiness which is sure to afflict him from that baleful quarter. The sun may shine, and the birds may sing, and flowers may give forth their odours, yet pernicious influences prevail against the natural harmony and spirit of the season. To one, therefore, so afflicted, the story of Daniel O'Rourke, from the "Fairy Legends," may be diverting.

DANIEL O'ROURKE.

People may have heard of the renowned adventures of Daniel O'Rourke, but how few are there who know that the cause of all his perils, above and below, was neither more nor less than his having slept under the walls of the Phooka's tower. I knew the man well:

* Peren. Calendar.

† Butler.

* Cressy.

• Porter's Flowers

he lived at the bottom of Hungry Hill, just at the right hand side of the road as you go towards Bantry. An old man was he at the time that he told me the story, with gray hair, and a red nose; and it was on the 25th of June, 1813, that I heard it from his own lips, as he sat smoking his pipe under the old poplar tree, on as fine an evening as ever shone from the sky. I was going to visit the caves in Dursey Island, having spent the morning at Glengariff.

"I am often *axed* to tell it, sir," said he, "so that this is not the first time. The master's son, you see, had come from beyond foreign parts in France and Spain, as young gentlemen used to go, before Buonaparte or any such was heard of; and sure enough there was a dinner given to all the people on the ground, gentle and simple, high and low, rich and poor. The *ould* gentlemen were the gentlemen, after all, saving your honour's presence. They'd swear at a body a little, to be sure, and, may be, give one a cut of a whip now and then, but we were no losers by it in the end;—and they were so easy and civil, and kept such rattling houses, and thousands of welcomes;—and there was no grinding for rent, and few agents; and there was hardly a tenant on the estate that did not taste of his landlord's bounty often and often in the year;—but now it's another thing: no matter for that, sir, for I'd better be telling you my story.

"Well, we had every thing of the best, and plenty of it; and we ate, and we drank, and we danced, and the young master by the same token danced with Peggy Barry, from the Bohereen—a lovely young couple they were, though they are both low enough now. To make a long story short, I got, as a body may say, the same thing as tipsy almost, for I can't remember ever at all, no ways, how it was that I left the place: only I did leave it, that's certain. Well, I thought, for all that, in myself. I'd just step to Molly Cronahan's, the fairy woman, to speak a word about the bracket heifer what was bewitched; and so as I was crossing the stepping-stones of the ford of Ballyashenogh, and was looking up at the stars and blessing myself—for why? it was Lady-day—I missed my foot, and souse I fell into the water. 'Death alive!' thought I, 'I'll be drowned now?' However, I began swimming, swimming, swimming away for the dear

life, till at last I got ashore, somehow or other, but never the one of me can tell how, upon a *dissolute* island.

"I wandered and wandered about there, without knowing where I wandered, until at last I got into a big bog. The moon was shining as bright as day, or your fair lady's eyes, sir, (with your pardon for mentioning her,) and I looked east and west, and north and south, and every way, and nothing did I see but bog, bog, bog,—I could never find out how I got into it; and my heart grew cold with fear, for sure and certain I was that it would be my *berrin* place. So I sat down upon a stone which, as good luck would have it, was close by me, and I began to scratch my head, and sing the *Ullagone*—when all of a sudden the moon grew black, and I looked up, and saw something for all the world as if it was moving down between me and it, and I could not tell what it was. Down it came with a pounce, and looked at me full in the face; and what was it but an eagle? as fine a one as ever flew from the kingdom of Kerry. So he looked at me in the face, and says he to me, 'Daniel O'Rourke,' says he, 'how do you do?' 'Very well, I thank you, sir,' says I: 'I hope you're well;' wondering out of my senses all the time how an eagle came to speak like a Christian. 'What brings you here, Dan?' says he. 'Nothing at all, sir,' says I; 'only I wish I was safe home again.' 'Is it out of the island you want to go, Dan?' says he. 'Tis, sir,' says I: so I up and told him how I had taken a drop too much, and fell into the water; how I swam to the island; and how I got into the bog, and did not know my way out of it. 'Dan,' says he, after a minute's thought, 'though it was very improper for you to get drunk on Lady-day, yet as you are a decent, sober man, who 'tends mass well, and never flings stones at me or mine, nor cries out after us in the fields—my life for yours,' says he; 'so get up on my back, and grip me well for fear you'd fall off, and I'll fly you out of the bog.' 'I am afraid,' says I, 'your honour's making game of me; for who ever heard of riding a horseback on an eagle before?' 'Pon the honour of a gentleman,' says he, putting his right foot on his breast, 'I am quite in earnest; and so now either take my offer or starve in the bog—besides, I see that your weight is sinking the stone.'

"It was true enough as he said, for I

found the stone every minute going from under me. I had no choice; so thinks I to myself, faint heart never won fair lady, and this is fair persuadance:—"I thank your honour," says I, "for the loan of your civility; and I'll take your kind offer." I therefore mounted upon the back of the eagle, and held him tight enough by the throat, and up he flew in the air like a lark. Little I knew the trick he was going to serve me. Up—up—up—God knows how far up he flew. "Why, then," said I to him—thinking he did not know the right road home—very civilly, because why?—I was in his power entirely;—"sir," says I, "please your honour's glory, and with humble submission to your better judgment, if you'd fly down a bit, you're now just over my cabin, and I could be put down there, and many thanks to your worship."

"'Arrah, Dan,' said he, 'do you think me a fool? Look down in the next field, and don't you see two men and a gun? By my word it would be no joke to be shot this way, to oblige a drunken blackguard that I picked up off of a *could* stone in a bog.' 'Bother you,' said I to myself, but I did not speak out, for where was the use? Well, sir, up he kept, flying, flying, and I asking him every minute to fly down, and all to no use. 'Where in the world are you going, sir?' says I to him. 'Hold your tongue, Dan,' says he: 'mind your own business, and don't be interfering with the business of other people.' 'Faith, this is my business, I think,' says I. 'Be quiet, Dan,' says he: so I said no more.

"At last where should we come to, but to the moon itself. Now you can't see it from this, but there is, or there was in my time a reaping-hook sticking out of the side of the moon, this way (drawing the figure on the ground with the end of his stick.)

"'Dan,' said the eagle, 'I'm tired with this long fly; I had no notion 'twas so far.' 'And my lord, sir,' said I, 'who in the world *axed* you to fly so far—was it I? did not I beg, and pray, and beseech you to stop half an hour ago?' 'There's no use talking, Dan,' said he; 'I'm tired bad enough, so you must get off, and sit down on the moon until I rest myself.' 'Is it sit down on the moon?' said I; 'is it upon that little round thing, then? why, then, sure I'd fall off in a minute, and be *kilt* and spilt, and smashed all to bits. you are a vile deceiver—so you

are.' 'Not at all, Dan,' said he: 'you can catch fast hold of the reaping-hook that's sticking out of the side of the moon, and 'twill keep you up.' 'I won't, then,' said I. 'May be not,' said he, quite quiet. 'If you don't, my man, I shall just give you a shake, and one slap of my wing, and send you down to the ground, where every bone in your body will be smashed as small as a drop of dew on a cabbage-leaf in the morning.' 'Why, then, I'm in a fine way,' said I to myself, 'ever to have come along with the likes of you;' and so giving him a hearty curse in Irish, for fear he'd know what I said, I got off of his back with a heavy heart, took a hold of the reaping-hook, and sat down upon the moon, and a mighty cold seat it was, I can tell you that.

"When he had me there fairly landed, he turned about to me, and said, 'Good morning to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he: 'I think I've nicked you fairly now. You robbed my nest last year,' ('twas true enough for him, but how he found it out is hard to say,) 'and in return you are freely welcome to cool your heels dangling upon the moon like a cockthrow.'

"'Is that all, and is this the way you leave me, you brute, you?' says I. 'You ugly unnatural *baste*, and is this the way you serve me at last? Bad luck to yourself, with your hook'd nose, and to all your breed, you blackguard.' 'Twas all to no manner of use: he spread out his great big wings, burst out a laughing, and flew away like lightning. I bawled after him to stop; but I might have called and bawled for ever, without his minding me. Away he went, and I never saw him from that day to this—sorrow fly away with him! You may be sure I was in a disconsolate condition, and kept roaring out for the bare grief, when all at once a door opened right in the middle of the moon, creaking on its hinges as if it had not been opened for a month before. I suppose they never thought of greasing 'em, and out there walks—who do you think but the man in the moon? I knew him by his bush.

"'Good morrow to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he: 'How do you do?' 'Very well, thank your honour,' said I. 'I hope your honour's well.' 'What brought you here, Dan?' said he. So I told him how I was a little overtaken in liquor at the master's, and how I was cast on a *dissolute* island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of

an eagle promised to fly me out of it, and how instead of that he had fled me up to the moon.

“‘Dan,’ said the man in the moon, taking a pinch of snuff when I was done, ‘you must not stay here.’ ‘Indeed, sir,’ says I, ‘’tis much against my will I’m here at all; but how am I to go back?’ ‘That’s your business,’ said he, ‘Dan: mine is to tell you that here you must not stay, so be off in less than no time.’ ‘I’m doing no harm,’ says I, ‘only holding on hard by the reaping-hook, lest I fall off.’ ‘That’s what you must not do, Dan,’ says he. ‘Pray, sir,’ says I, ‘may I ask how many you are in family, that you would not give a poor traveller lodging: I’m sure ’tis not so often you’re troubled with strangers coming to see you, for ’tis a long way.’ ‘I’m by myself, Dan,’ says he; ‘but you’d better let go the reaping-hook.’ ‘Faith, and with your leave,’ says I, ‘I’ll not let go the grip.’ ‘You had better, Dan,’ says he again. ‘Why, then, my little fellow,’ says I, taking the whole weight of him with my eye from head to foot, ‘there are two words to that bargain; and I’ll not budge, but you may if you like.’ ‘We’ll see how that is to be,’ says he; and back he went, giving the door such a great bang after him (for it was plain he was huffed), that I thought the moon and all would fall down with it.

“Well, I was preparing myself to try strength with him, when back again he comes, with the kitchen cleaver in his hand, and without saying a word, he gave two bangs to the handle of the reaping-hook that was keeping me up, and *whap!* it came in two. ‘Good morning to you, Dan,’ says the spiteful little old black-guard, when he saw me cleanly falling down with a bit of the handle in my hand; ‘I thank you for your visit, and fair weather after you, Daniel.’ I had not time to make any answer to him, for I was tumbling over and over, and rolling and rolling at the rate of a fox-hunt. ‘God help me,’ says I, ‘but this is a pretty pickle for a decent man to be seen in at this time of night: I am now sold fairly.’ The word was not out of my mouth, when whiz! what should fly by close to my ear but a flock of wild geese; and the *ould* gander, who was their general, turning about his head, cried out to me, ‘Is that you Dan?’ I was not a bit daunted now at what he said, for I was

by this time used to all kinds of *bedevilment*, and, besides, I knew him of *ould*. ‘Good morrow, to you,’ says he, ‘Daniel O’Rourke: how are you in health this morning?’ ‘Very well, sir,’ says I, ‘I thank you kindly,’ drawing my breath, for I was mightily in want of some. ‘I hope your honour’s the same.’ ‘I think ’tis falling you are, Daniel,’ says he. ‘You may say that, sir,’ says I. ‘And where are you going all the way so fast?’ said the gander. So I told him how I had taken the drop, and how I came on the island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle flew me up to the moon, and how the man in the moon turned me out. ‘Dan,’ said he, ‘I’ll save you: put out your hand and catch me by the leg, and I’ll fly you home.’ ‘Sweet is your hand in a pitcher of honey, my jewel,’ says I, though all the time I thought in myself that I don’t much trust you; but there was no help, so I caught the gander by the leg, and away I and the other geese flew after him as fast as hops.

“We flew, and we flew, and we flew, until we came right over the wide ocean. I knew it well, for I saw Cape Clear to my right hand, sticking up out of the water. ‘Ah! my lord,’ said I to the goose, for I thought it best to keep a civil tongue in my head any way, ‘fly to land if you please.’ ‘It is impossible, you see, Dan,’ said he, ‘for a while, because you see we are going to Arabia.’ ‘To Arabia,’ said I; ‘that’s surely some place in foreign parts, far away. Oh! Mr. Goose: why then, to be sure, I’m a man to be pitied among you.’ ‘Whist, whist, you fool,’ said he, ‘hold your tongue; I tell you Arabia is a very decent sort of place, as like West Carbery as one egg is like another, only there is a little more sand there.’

“Just as we were talking, a ship hove in sight, scudding so beautiful before the wind: ‘Ah! then, sir,’ said I, ‘will you drop me on the ship, if you please?’ ‘We are not fair over it,’ said he. ‘We are,’ said I. ‘We are not,’ said he: ‘I dropped you now, you would go splash into the sea.’ I would not,’ says I; ‘I know better than that, for it is just clean under us, so let me drop now at once.’

“‘If you must, you must,’ said he. ‘There, take your own way,’ and he opened his claw, and faith he was right—sure enough I came down plump into

the very bottom of the salt sea! Down to the very bottom I went, and I gave myself up then for ever, when a whale walked up to me, scratching himself after his night's sleep, and looked me full in the face, and never the word did he say, but lifting up his tail, he splashed me all over again with the cold salt water, till there wasn't a dry stitch upon my whole carcass; and I heard somebody saying—'twas a voice I knew, too—'Get up, you drunken brute, off of that:' and with that I woke up, and there was Judy with a tub full of water, which she was splashing me all over;—for, rest her soul! though she was a good wife, she never could bear to see me in drink, and had a bitter hand of her own.

"'Get up,' said she again: 'and of all places in the parish, would no place *serve* your turn to lie down upon but under the *ould* walls of Carrigahooka? an uneasy resting I am sure you had of it.' And sure enough I had; for I was fairly bothered out of my senses with eagles, and men of the moons, and flying ganders, and whales, driving me through bogs, and up to the moon, and down to the bottom of the great ocean. If I was in drink ten times over, long would it be before I'd lie down in the same spot again, I know that."

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Asiatic Globeflower. *Trollius Asiaticus*.
Dedicated to *St. John* of Beverley.

May 8.

The Apparition of St. Michael the Archangel. *St. Peter*, Abp. of Tarentaise, or Monstiers, A. D. 1174. *St. Victor*, A. D. 303. *St. Wiro*, Bp. 7th Cent. *St. Odrian*, Bp. of Waterford. *St. Gybrian*, or *Gobrian*, 8th Cent.

ST. MICHAEL, THE ARCHANGEL.

It is not clear what particular apparition of St. Michael is celebrated in the Roman Catholic church on this day; their books mention several of his apparitions. They rank him as field-marshal and commander-in-chief of the armies of heaven, as prince of the angels opposed to Lucifer, and, especially, as principal guardian of human souls against

the infernal powers.* In heraldry, as head of the order of archangels, his ensign is a banner hanging on a cross, and he is armed as Victory, with a dart in one hand, and a cross on his forehead, or the top of the head; archangels are distinguished from angels by that sign. Usually, however, he is painted in coat-armour, in a glory, with a dart, throwing Lucifer headlong into a flame of fire issuing out of a base *proper*; this is also termed the battle between Michael and the devil, with his casting out of heaven into the lake of fire and brimstone. "There remained," says a distinguishing herald, "still in heaven, after the fall of Lucifer, the bright star, and his company, more angels than there ever was, is, and shall be men born in the earth, which God ranked into nine orders or chorus, called the nine choirs of holy angels."†

St. Michael is further represented in catholic books as engaged with weighing souls in a pair of scales. A very curious spiritualizing romance, originally in French, printed in English by Caxton, in the reign of Edward V., exemplifies the office of St. Michael in this capacity; the work is entitled—"The Pilgrimage of the Sowle." The author expresses himself under "the similitude of a dream," which, he says, befell him on a St. Laurence' night sleeping in his bed. He thought himself travelling towards the city of Jerusalem, when death struck his body and soul asunder; whereupon *Satan* in a foul and horrible form came towards the soul, which being in great terror, its warden, or guardian angel, desired *Satan* to flee away and not meddle with it. *Satan* refuses, alleging that God had permitted that no soul which had done wrong should, on its passage, escape from being "snarlyd in his trappe;" and he said, that the guardian angel well knew that he, the said guardian, could never withdraw the soul from evil, or induce it to follow his good counsel; and that even if he had, the soul would not have thanked him for it; *Satan*, therefore, knew not why the angel should interfere, and begged he would let him alone to do with the soul what he had a right to do, and could not be prevented from doing. The parley continued, until they agreed to carry the soul before *Michael*, the provost of heaven, and abide his award on *Satan's* claim.

* Butler.

† Holme.

The soul was then lifted between them both into the transparent air, wherein the spirits of the newly dead were passing thickly on every side, to and fro, as motes flitting in the sun-beam. They tarried not until they arrived at a marvellous place of bright fire, shining with a brilliant light, surrounded by a great multitude of souls attending there for a like purpose. The guardian angel entered, leaving Satan without, and also the soul, who could hear the voice of his warden speaking in his behalf, and acquainting Michael that he had brought from earth a pilgrim, who was without, and with him Satan his accuser, abiding judgment.

Then Satan began to cry out and said, "Of right he is mine, and that I shall prove; wherefore deliver him to me by judgment, for I abide naught else." This caused proclamation to be made by sound of trumpet in these words:—"All ye that are without, awaiting your judgment, present yourselves before the provost to receive your doom; but first ye that have longest waited, and especially those that have no great matter and are not much troubled; for the plain and light causes shall first be determined, and then other matters that need greater tarrying."

This proclamation greatly disturbed the souls without. Satan and his evil spirits were most especially angry, and holding a consultation, he spoke as follows: "It appears we are of little consequence, and hence our wicked neighbours do us injustice. These wardens hinder us from our purposes, and we are without favour. There is no catiff pilgrim but hath had a warden assigned him from his birth, to attend him and defend him at all times from our hands, and especially from the time that he washed in the 'salt lye,' ordained by *grace de Dieu*, who hath ever been our enemy; and then they are taken, as soon as these wardens come, before the provost, and have audience at their own pleasure; while we are kept here without, as mere ribalds. Let us cry out a *rowe* [*haro*], and out upon them all! they have done us wrong; and we will speak so loud that in spite of them they shall hear us." Then Satan and his spirits cried out all at once, "Michael! provost, lieutenant, and commissary of the high judge! do us right, without exception or favour of any party. You know very well that in every upright court the prosecutor is admitted to make his accusation and propose his petition;

but you first admit the defendant to make his excusation. This manner of judging is suspicious; for were these pilgrims innocent yet, if reason were to be heard, and right were to prevail, the accusers would have the first hearing to say what they would, and then the defendants after them, to excuse themselves if they could: we, then, being the prosecutors, hear us first, and then the defendants."

After Satan's complaint, the soul heard within the curtain, "a longe parliament;" and, at the last, there was another proclamation ordered by sound of trumpet, as follows:—"All ye that are accustomed to come to our judgments, to hear and to see, as assessors, that right be performed, come forth immediately and take your seats; ye well knowing your own assigned places. Ye also that are without, waiting the sitting of the court, present yourselves forthwith to the judgment thereof, in order as ye shall be called; so that no one hinder another, or interrupt another's discourse. Ye pilgrims, approach the entrance of this curtain, awaiting without and your wardens, because they are our equals, belonging to our company, are to appear, as of right they ought, within our presence."

After this proclamation was observed, the guardian angel said,—“Provost Michael! I here present to you this pilgrim, committed to my care in the world below: he has kept his faith to the last and ought to be received into the heaven of Jerusalem, whereto his body hath long been travelling.”—Satan answered—“Michael! attend to my word and I shall tell you another tale.” The soul being befriended throughout by St. Michael, finally escapes the dreadful doom of eternal punishment.

On St. Michael's contention with the devil about the body of Moses, more may be seen in the volume on "Ancient Mysteries," from which the present notice is extracted, or in "Bishop Marsh's translation of Michaeli's Introduction to the New Testament."

The managers of an institution for the encouragement of British talent, less versed in biblical criticism than in art, lately offered a prize to the painter who should best represent this strange subject

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Lily of the Valley. *Convallaria majalis*
Dedicated to St. Selena



Canonbury Tower.

People methinks are better, but the scenes
 Wherein my youth delighted are no more.
 I wander out in search of them, and find
 A sad deformity in all I see.
 Strong recollections of my former pleasures,
 And knowledge that they never can return,
 Are causes of my sombre mindedness :
 I pray you then bear with my discontent.

A walk out of London is, to me, an event ; I have an *every-day* desire to bring it about, but weeks elapse before the time arrives whereon I can sally forth. In my boyhood, I had only to obtain parental permission, and stroll in fields now no more,—to scenes now deformed, or that I have been wholly robbed of, by “the spirit of improvement.” Five and thirty years have altered every thing -- myself with the rest. I am obliged to “ask leave to go out,” of time and circumstance ; or to wait till the only enemy I cannot openly face has ceased from before me—the north-east wind—or to brave that foe and get the worst of it. I did so yesterday. “This is the time,” I said, to an artist, “when we Londoners begin
 No. 21.

to get our walks ; we will go to a place or two that I knew many years ago, and see how they look now ; and first to Canonbury-house.”

Having crossed the back Islington-road, we found ourselves in the rear of the *Pied Bull*. Ah ! I know this spot well : this stagnant pool was a “famous” carp pond among boys. How dreary the place seems ! the yard and pens were formerly filled with sheep and cattle for Smithfield market ; graziers and drovers were busied about them ; a high barred gate was constantly closed ; now all is thrown open and neglected, and not a living thing to be seen. We went round to the front, the house was shut up, and nobody answered to the knocking. It had

been the residence of the gallant sir Walter Raleigh, who threw down his court mantle for queen Elizabeth to walk on, that she might not damp her feet; he, whose achievements in Virginia secured immense revenue to his country; whose individual enterprise in South America carried terror to the recreant heart of Spain; who lost years of his life within the walls of the Tower, where he wrote the "History of the World," and better than all, its inimitable preface; and who finally lost his life on a scaffold for his courage and services. By a door in the rear we got into "the best parlour;" this was on the ground-floor; it had been Raleigh's dining-room. Here the arms of sir John Miller are painted on glass in the end window; and we found Mr. John Cleghorn sketching them. This gentleman, who lives in the neighbourhood, and whose talents as a draftsman and engraver are well known, was obligingly communicative; and we consoled on the decaying memorials of past greatness. On the ceiling of this room are stuccoed the five senses; Feeling in an oval centre, and the other four in the scroll-work around. The chimney-piece of carved oak, painted white, represents Charity, supported by Faith on her right, and Hope on her left. Taking leave of Mr. Cleghorn, we hastily passed through the other apartments, and gave a last farewell look at sir Walter's house; yet we bade not adieu to it till my accompanying friend expressed a wish, that as sir Walter, according to tradition, had there smoked the first pipe of tobacco drawn in Islington, so *he* might have been able to smoke the last whiff within the walls that would in a few weeks be levelled to the ground.

We got to Canonbury. Geoffrey Crayon's "Poor Devil Author" so-journed here:—

"Chance threw me," he says, "in the way of Canonbury Castle. It is an ancient brick tower, hard by 'merry Islington;' the remains of a hunting-seat of queen Elizabeth, where she took the pleasure of the country when the neighbourhood was all woodland. What gave it particular interest in my eyes was the circumstance that it had been the residence of a poet. It was here Goldsmith resided when he wrote his 'Deserted Village.' I was shown the very apartment. It was a relic of the original style of the castle, with pannelled wainscots and Gothic windows

I was pleased with its air of antiquity and with its having been the residence of poor Goldy. 'Goldsmith was a pretty poet,' said I to myself, 'a very pretty poet, though rather of the old school. He did not think and feel so strongly as is the fashion now-a-days; but had he lived in these times of hot hearts and hot heads, he would no doubt have written quite differently.' In a few days I was quietly established in my new quarters; my books all arranged; my writing-desk placed by a window looking out into the fields, and I felt as snug as Robinson Crusoe when he had finished his bower. For several days I enjoyed all the novelty of change and the charms which grace new lodgings before one has found out their defects. I rambled about the fields where I fancied Goldsmith had rambled. I explored merry Islington; ate my solitary dinner at the Black Bull, which, according to tradition, was a country seat of sir Walter Raleigh, and would sit and sip my wine, and muse on old times, in a quaint old room where many a council had been held. All this did very well for a few days; I was stimulated by novelty; inspired by the associations awakened in my mind by these curious haunts; and began to think I felt the spirit of composition stirring with me. But Sunday came, and with it the whole city world, swarming about Canonbury Castle. I could not open my window but I was stunned with shouts and noises from the cricket ground; the late quiet road beneath my window was alive with the tread of feet and clack of tongues; and, to complete my misery, I found that my quiet retreat was absolutely a 'show house,' the tower and its contents being shown to strangers at sixpence a head. There was a perpetual tramping up stairs of citizens and their families to look about the country from the top of the tower, and to take a peep at the city through the telescope, to try if they could discern their own chimneys. And then, in the midst of a vein of thought, or a moment of inspiration, I was interrupted, and all my ideas put to flight, by my intolerable landlady's tapping at the door, and asking me if I would 'just please to let a lady and gentleman come in, to take a look at Mr. Goldsmith's room.' If you know any thing what an author's study is, and what an author is himself, you must know that there was no standing this. I put a positive interdict on my room's being

exhibited; but then it was shown when I was absent, and my papers put in confusion; and on returning home one day I absolutely found a cursed tradesman and his daughters gaping over my manuscripts, and my landlady in a panic at my appearance. I tried to make out a little longer, by taking the key in my pocket; but it would not do. I overheard mine hostess one day telling some of her customers on the stairs that the room was occupied by an author, who was always in a tantrum and interrupted; and I immediately perceived, by a slight noise at the door, that they were peeping at me through the key-hole. By the head of Apollo, but this was quite too much! With all my eagerness for fame, and my ambition of the stare of the million, I had no idea of being exhibited by retail, at sixpence a head, and that through a key-hole. So I bade adieu to Canonbury Castle, merry Islington, and the haunts of poor Goldsmith, without having advanced a single line in my labours."

Now for this and some other descriptions, I have a quarrel with the aforesaid Geoffroy Crayon, gent. What right has a transatlantic settler to feelings in England? He located in America, but it seems he did not locate his feelings there; if not, why not? What right has *he* of New York to sit "solitary" in Raleigh's house at Islington, and "muse" on *our* "old times;" himself clearly a *pied* animal, mistaking the *pied* bull for a "black" bull. There is "black" blood between us. By what authority has *he* a claim to a domicile at Canonbury? Under what international law laid down by Vattel or Martens, or other jurist, ancient or modern, can *his* pretension to feel and muse at sir Walter's or queen Elizabeth's tower, be admitted? He comes here and describes as if he were a *real* Englishman; and claims copyright in our courts for his feelings and descriptions, while he himself is a copyist; a downright copyist of *my* feelings, who *am* an Englishman, and a forestaller of *my* descriptions—flattering the "black" bull. He has left me nothing to do.

My friend, the artist, obligingly passed the door of Canonbury tower to take a sketch of its north-east side; not that the tower has not been taken before, but it has not been given exactly in that position. We love every look of an old friend, and this look we get after crossing the bridge of the New River, coming from the

"Thatched house" to "Canonbury tavern." A year or so ago, the short walk from the lower Islington-road to this bridge was the prettiest "bit" on the river nearest to London. Here the curve of the stream formed the "horse-shoe." In by-gone days only three or four hundred, from the back of Church-street southerly, and from the back of the upper street westerly, to Canonbury, were open green pastures with uninterrupted views easterly, bounded only by the horizon. Then the gardens to the houses in Canonbury-place, terminated by the edge of the river, were covetable retirements; and ladies, lovely as the marble bust of Mrs. Thomas Gent, by Behnes, in the Royal Academy Exhibition, walked in these gardens, "not unseen," yet not obtruded on. Now, how changed!

My ringing at the tower-gate was answered by Mr. Symes, who for thirty-nine years past has been resident in the mansion, and is bailiff of the manor of Islington, under lord Northampton. Once more, to "many a time and oft" aforetime, I ranged the old rooms, and took perhaps a last look from its roof. The eye shrunk from the wide havoc below. Where new buildings had not covered the sward, it was embowelling for bricks, and kilns emitted flickering fire and sulphurous stench. Surely the dominion of the brick-and-mortar king will have no end; and cages for commercial spirits will be instead of every green herb. In this high tower some of our literary men frequently shut themselves up, "far from the busy haunts of men." Mr. Symes says that his mother-in-law, Mrs. Evans, who had lived there three and thirty years, and was wife to the former bailiff, often told him that her aunt, Mrs. Tapps, a seventy years' inhabitant of the tower, was accustomed to talk much about Goldsmith and his apartment. It was the old oak room on the first floor. Mrs. Tapps affirmed that he there wrote his "Deserted Village," and slept in a large press bedstead, placed in the eastern corner. From this room two small ones for sleeping in have since been separated, by the removal of the pannelled oak wainscotting from the north-east wall, and the cutting of two doors through it, with a partition between them; and since Goldsmith was here, the window on the south side has been broken through. Hither have I come almost every year, and frequently in many years, and seen the changing occupancy of these apart-

inents. Goldsmith's room I almost suspect to have been tenanted by Geoffrey Crayon; about seven years ago I saw books on one of the tables, with writing materials, and denotements of more than a "Poor Devil Author." This apartment, and other apartments in the tower, are often to be let comfortably furnished, "with other conveniences." It is worth while to take a room or two, were it only to hear Mr. Symes's pleasant conversation about residences and residentiaries, manorial rights and boundaries, and "things as they used to be" in his father's time, who was bailiff before him, and "in Mrs. Evans's time," or "Mrs. Tapps's time." The grand tenantry of the tower has been in and through him and them during a hundred and forty-two years.

Canonbury tower is sixty feet high, and seventy feet square. It is part of an old mansion which appears to have been erected, or, if erected before, much altered about the reign of Elizabeth. The more ancient edifice was erected by the priors of the canons of St. Bartholomew, Smithfield, and hence was called Canonbury, to whom it appertained until it was surrendered with the priory to Henry VIII.; and when the religious houses were dissolved, Henry gave the manor to Thomas lord Cromwell; it afterwards passed through other hands till it was possessed by sir John Spencer, an alderman and lord mayor of London, known by the name of "rich Spencer." While he resided at Canonbury, a Dunkirk pirate came over in a shallop to Barking creek, and hid himself with some armed men in Islington fields, near to the path sir John usually took from his house in Crosby-place to this mansion, with the hope of making him prisoner; but as he remained in town that night, they were glad to make off, for fear of detection, and returned to France disappointed of their prey, and of the large ransom they calculated on for the release of his person. His sole daughter and heiress, Elizabeth, was carried off in a baker's basket from Canonbury-house by William, the second lord Compton, lord president of Wales. He inherited Canonbury, with the rest of sir John Spencer's wealth at his death, and was afterwards created earl of Northampton; in this family the manor still remains. The present earl's rent-roll will be enormously increased, by the extinction of ~~comport~~ to the inhabitants of Islington and its vicinity, through the covering up

of the open fields and verdant spots on his estates.

As a custom it is noticeable, that many metropolitans visit this antique edifice in summer, for the sake of the panoramic view from the roof. To those who inquire concerning the origin or peculiarities of its erection or history, Mr. Symes obligingly tenders the loan of "Nelson's History of Islington," wherein is ample information on these points. In my visit, yesterday, I gathered one or two particulars from this gentleman not befitting me to conceal, inasmuch as I hold and maintain that the world would not be the worse for being acquainted with what every one knows; and that it is every one's duty to contribute as much as he can to the amusement and instruction of others. Be it known then, that Mr. Symes says he possesses the ancient key of the gate belonging to the prior's park. "It formerly hung there," said he, pointing with his finger as we stood in the kitchen, "withinside that clock-case, but by some accident it has fallen to the bottom, and I cannot get at it." The clock-case is let into the solid wall flush with the surface, and the door to the weights opening only a small way down from the dial plate, they descend full two-thirds the length of their lines within a "fixed abode." Adown this space Mr. Symes has looked, and let down inches of candle without being able to see, and raked with long sticks without being able to feel, the key; and yet he thinks it there, in spite of the negative proof, and of a suggestion I uncharitably urged, that some antiquary, with confused notions as to the "rights of things," might have removed the key from the nail in the twinkling of Mr. Symes's eye, and finally deposited it among his own "collections." A very large old arm chair, with handsome carved claws, and modern verdant baize on the seat and back, which also stands in the kitchen, attracted my attention. "It was here," said Mr. Symes, "before Mrs. Tapps's time; the old tapestry bottom was quite worn out, and the tapestry back so ragged, that I cut them away, and had them replaced as you see; but I have kept the back, because it represents Queen Elizabeth hunting in the woods that were hereabout in her time—I'll fetch it." On my hanging this tapestry against the clock-case, it was easy to make out a lady gallantly seated on horseback, with a sort of turbaned headdress, and about to throw a spear from her right

hand; a huntsman on foot, with a pole in one hand, and leading a brace of dogs with the other, runs at the side of the horse's head; and another man on foot, with a gun on his shoulder, follows the horse; the costume, however, is not so early as the time of Elizabeth; certainly not before the reign of Charles I.

This edifice is well worth seeing, and Mr. Symes's plain civility is good entertainment. Readers have only to ring at the bell above the brass plate with the word "Tower" on it, and ask, "Is Mr. Tower at home?" as I do, and they will

be immediately introduced; at the conclusion of the visit the tender of sixpence each, by way of "quit-rent," will be accepted. Those who have been before and not lately, will view "improvement" rapidly devastating the forms of nature around this once delightful spot; others who have not visited it at all may be amazed at the extensive prospects; and none who see the "goings on" and "ponder well," will be able to foretell whether Mr. Symes or the tower will enjoy benefit of survivorship.

To Canonbury Tower.

As some old, stout, and lonely holyhock,
 Within a desolate neglected garden,
 Doth long survive beneath the gradual choke
 Of weeds, that come and work the general spoil;
 So, Canonbury, thou dost stand awhile:
 Yet fall at last thou must; for thy rich warden
 Is fast "improving;" all thy pleasant fields
 Have fled, and brick-kilns, bricks, and houses rise
 At his command; the air no longer yields
 A fragrance—scarcely health; the very skies
 Grow dim and townlike; a cold, creeping gloom
 Steals into thee, and saddens every room:
 And so realities come unto me,
 Clouding the chambers of my mind, and making me—like thee.

May 18, 1825.

*

Rogation Sunday.

This is the fifth Sunday after Easter. "Rogation" is *supplication*, from the Latin *rogare*, to beseech.

Rogation Sunday obtained its name from the succeeding Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, which are called Rogation-days, and were ordained by Mammertus, archbishop of Vienne, in Dauphiné; about the year 469 he caused the litanies, or supplications, to be said upon them, for deliverance from earthquakes, fires, wild beasts, and other public calamities, which are alleged to have happened in his city; hence the whole week is called *Rogation-week*, to denote the continual praying.*

Shepherd, in his "Elucidation of the Book of Common Prayer," mistaking *Vienne* for Vienna the capital of Germany, says: "The example of Mammertus was followed by many churches in the West, and the institution of the Rogation-days, soon passed from the diocese of

Vienne into France, and from France into England."

Rogation-week is also called *grass-week*, from the appetite being restricted to salads and greens; *cross-week*, from the cross being more than ordinarily used; *procession-week*, from the public processions during the period; and *gang-week*, from the *ganging*, or going about in these processions.*

The rogations and processions, or singing of litanies along the streets during this week, were practised in England till the Reformation. In 1554, the priests of queen Mary's chapel made public processions. "All the three days there went her chapel about the fields: the first day to St. Giles's, and there sung mass: the next day, being Tuesday, to St. Martin's in the Fields; and there a sermon was preached, and mass sung; and the company drank there: the third day to Westminster; where a sermon was made, and then mass and good cheer made; and after, about the park, and so to St. James's

* Butler

* Brand.

court. The same Rogation-week went out of the Tower, on procession, priests and clerks, and the lieutenant with all his waiters; and the axe of the Tower borne in procession: the waits attended. There joined in this procession the inhabitants of St. Katharine's, Radcliff, Linehouse, Poplar, Stratford, Bow, Shore-ditch, and all those that belonged to the Tower, with their halberts. They went about the fields of St. Katharine's, and the liberties.* On the following Thursday, "Being *Holy* Thursday, at the court of St. James's, the queen went in procession within St. James's, with heralds and serjeants of arms, and four bishops mitred; and bishop Bonner, beside his mitre, wore a pair of slippers of silver and gilt, and a pair of rich gloves with ouches of silver upon them, very rich."†

The effect of processions in the churches, must have been very striking. A person sometimes inquires the *use* of a large portion of unappropriated room in some of our old ecclesiastical edifices;

he is especially astonished at the enormous unoccupied space in a cathedral, and asks, "what is it for?"—the answer is, at this time, nothing. But if the Stuarts had succeeded in reestablishing the catholic religion, then this large and now wholly useless portion of the structure, would have been devoted to the old practices. In that event, we should have had cross-carrying, canopy-carrying, censing, chanting, flower-strewing, and all the other accessories and essentials of the grand pageantry, which distinguishes catholic from protestant worship. The utmost stretch of episcopal ceremonial in England, can scarcely extend to the use of an eighth part of any of our old cathedrals, each of which, in every essential particular as a building, is papal.

May 9.

St. Gregory Nazianzen, A. D. 389, or 391.
St. Hermas, 1st Cent. *St. Nicholas*
Bp. A. D. 1391.

May Morning.

The sun is up, and 'tis a morn of May
Round old Ravenna's clear-shown towers and bay,
A morn, the loveliest which the year has seen
Last of the spring, yet fresh with all its green;
For a warm eve, and gentle rains at night,
Have left a sparkling welcome for the light,
And there's a crystal clearness all about;
The leaves are sharp, the distant hills look out
A balmy briskness comes upon the breeze;
The smoke goes dancing from the cottage trees;
And when you listen, you may hear a coil
Of bubbling springs about the grassy soil;
And all the scene, in short—sky, earth, and sea
Breathes like a bright-eyed face, that laughs out openly.

Leigh Hunt.

A benevolent lover of nature,‡—and who that loves nature is not benevolent—observes, in a notice of this day, that "the *Swift*, which arrives in England about this time, in the morning and in the evening comes out in quest of food, and utters, while rapidly flying, its peculiar scream, whence it is called Squeaker. In a warm summer morning these birds may be seen flying round in small companies, and all squeaking together: in the evening they come forth again; but

there are times in the middle of the day when few or none of these birds are seen. We have already observed," continues Dr. Forster, "that the scenery of a May morning is particularly beautiful; a serene sky, a refreshing fragrance arising from the face of the earth, and the melody of the birds, all combine to render it inexpressibly delightful, to exhilarate the spirits, and call forth a song of grateful adoration.

How fresh the breeze that wafts the rich perfume,
And swells the melody of waking birds!
The hum of bees beneath the verdant grove,
And woodman's song, and low of distant herds!

* *Styrc.*

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Dr. Forster.*

And yet there are some to whom these scenes give no delight, and who hurry away from all the varieties of rural beauty, to lose their hours and divert their thoughts by a tavern dinner, or the prattle or the politics of the day. Such was, by his own confession, Mr. Boswell, the biographer of Johnson; and, according to this 'honest chronicler's' report, the doctor himself was alike insensible to the charms of nature. 'We walked in the evening,' says Boswell, 'in Greenwich-park. Johnson asked me, I suppose by way of trying my disposition, 'Is not this very fine?'

Having no exquisite relish of the beauties of nature, and being more delighted with the 'busy hum of men,' I answered, 'Yes, sir; but not equal to Fleet-street.' Johnson said, 'You are right, sir.' I am aware that many of my readers may censure my want of taste. Let me, however, shelter myself under the authority of a very fashionable baronet in the brilliant world, who, on his attention being called to the fragrance of a May evening in the country, 'This may be very well; but, for my part, I prefer the smell of a flam beau at the playhouse!'

Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things.
But smoke and dust, and noise and crowds, delight;
And to be pressed to death, transports her quite:
Where silvery rivulets play through flowery meads,
And woodbines give their sweets, and limes their shades
Black kennels' absent odours she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets;
Nor likes to leave her bed at early dawn,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Solomon's Seal. *Convallaria multiflora*.
Dedicated to *St. Gregory* of Nazianzen.

May 10.

St. Antoninus, or *Little Antony*, Abp. A. D. 1459. *Sts. Gordian*, A. D. 362, and *Epimachus*, A. D. 250. *St. Isidore*, Patron of Madrid, A. D. 1170. *St. Comgall*, Irish abbot, A. D. 601. *St. Cataldus*, Bp. of Tarentum.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Slender-leaved Piony. *Pæonia Tenuifolia*.
Dedicated to *St. Comgall*.

THE DOTTEREL.

(For the Every-Day Book.)

In May and June this bird is to be found on Gogmagog-hills and the moors adjacent. It is caught with nets, by people using a whistle made to imitate its note; the bird is so simple and fond of imitation, it suffers itself to be ap-

proached, and the net dropped over it. There is a tradition current here, that king James I. was very fond of seeing dotterels taken; and when he came to Newmarket, used to accompany the birdcatchers to the Gogmagog-hills and moors, for that purpose. It is said, a needy clergyman residing in the parish of Sawston, who was very expert in dotterel-catching, attended the king; his majesty was pleased with his skill, and promised him a living: the clergyman waited some years, till, concluding that the king "had remembered to forget his promise," he went to London and appeared at court, where too he was unnoticed and forgotten; at length, approaching the king, and making the same signs as he was wont to do when catching dotterels with the king near Cambridge, his majesty exclaimed, "Why, here is my reverend dotterel-catcher," and instantly gave him the long-delayed living:—

The boggy moor a fruitful field appears,
Since the *inclosure* of those latter years;
Though oft a victim to the fowler's snare,
The dotterel keeps her wonted vigils there!
Ah! simple bird to imitate false man,
Who does by stratagem thy life trepan!
So by the world is man oft led astray,
Not strives to save the siren's 'witching lay;

But knows, alas ! like thee, when 'tis too late,
The want of caution, and repents his fate.
In sad reality—too often seen,
Does folly end in sorrow's tragic scene.

Cambridge, May 18, 1825.

T. N

May 11.

St. Mammertus, Abp. of Vienne, A. D.
477. St. Maieul, or Majolus, Abbot
A. D. 994.

BEES AND BIRDS.

A Warwickshire correspondent says, that in that county "the first swarm of bees is simply called a *swarm*, the second from the same hive is called a *cast*, and the third from the same hive a *spindle*. It is a saying in this county, that

"A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay ;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spune (spoon) ;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

"In Warwickshire, also, there is a different version of verses about the swallow, &c.

"The robin and the wren
Are God Almighty's cock and hen ;
The martin and the swallow
Are God Almighty's bow and arrow."

CHRONOLOGY.

King James I. and his queen arrived in Scotland on Old May-day, 1590, it being then according to the old style the first day of May, in order to be at the queen's coronation. The entry and coronation were conducted with great ceremony ; the pageant on the latter occasion is an example of splendid dramatic effect, which in this country no longer prevails on such occasions. According to the account printed at London, in black letter, A. D. 1590, these are the particulars :—

"The King arrived at Lyeth the first day of May, anno 1590, with the Queene his wife and his traine in thirteene shippes, accompanied with *Peter Munch*, Admirall of Denmarke, one of the Regentes of the King, *Steven Brave*, a Danish Lorde, and undry other the Lordes of the same countrey, where at theyr arrivall they were welcommed by the Duke of *Lenox*,

the Earle *Bothwell*, and sundry other the Scottish Nobility. At their landing, one M. James Elpheston, a Senator of the Colledge of Justice, with a Latine oration welcommed them into the countrey, which done, the King went on to the church of Lyeth, where they had a sermon preached by Maister *Patrick Galloway*, in English, importing a thanksgiving for their safe arrivall, and so they departed to their lodging, where they expected the coming in of the rest of the nobility, together with such preparation as was to bee provided in Edinborough and the Abbey of the Holy Rood House.

"This performed and the nobility joyning to the township of Edinborough, they received the King and Queene from the town of Lyeth, the King riding before, and the Queene behind him in her chariot, with her maides of honor on each side of her Majesties one. Her chariot was drawne with eight horses, capparisoned in velvet, imbrodred with silver and gold, very rich, her highnesse maister of her household, and other Danish ladies on the one side, and the Lorde *Hamilton* on the other, together with the rest of the nobility, and after her chariot followed the Lorde Chancelours wife, the Lady *Bothwell*, and other the ladies, with the burgeses of the towne and others round about her, as of Edinborough, of Lyeth, of Fishrow, of Middleborow, of Preston, of Dalkith, &c. all the inhabitants being in armour, and giving a volle of shotte to the King and Queene in their passage, in joy of their safe arrivall. In this manner they passed to the Abbey of Holy Rood House, where they remained until the seaventeenth of May, upon which day the Queene was crowned in the said Abbey Church, after the sermon was ended by Maister *Robert Bruce* and M. *David Linsey*, with great triumphes. The coronation ended, she was conveide to her chamber, being led by the Lord Chancelour, on the one side and the Embassador of Englande on the other, sixe ladies bearing uppe her traine, having going before her twelve heraultes in their coates of armes, and sundrye trumpets still sounding. The Earle of

Angus bare the sworde of honor, the L. Hamilton the scepter, and the Duke of Lenox the crowne. Thus was that day spent in joy and mirth. Upon Tuesday the nineteenth of May, her Majesty made her entry into Edinborough in her chariot, with the Lordes and Nobility giving their attendance, among the which ther were sixe and thirty Danes on horsebacke with foote clothes, every of them being accompanied with some Scottish Lorde or Knight, and all the ladies following the chariot. At her comming to the South side of the yardes of the Canogit, along the parke wall, being in sight of the Castle, they gave her thence a great volle of shotte, with their banners and auncientes displaied upon the walles. Thence shee came to the West port, under the which her highnesse staid, and had an oration to welcome her to the towne, uttered in Latine by one maister *John Russell*, who was thereto appointed by the towneshippe, whose sonne also being placed upon the toppe of the portehead, and was let downe by a devise made in a globe, which being come somewhat over her Majesties heade, opened at the toppe into foure quarters, where the childe appearing in the resemblance of an angell delivered her the keyes of the towne in silver, which done, the quarters closed, and the globe was taken uppe agayne, so as the childe was no more seene there. Shee had also a canapie of purple velvet, embrodered with gold, carried over her by sixe ancient townes-men. There were also three score young men of the towne lyke Moores, and clothed in cloth of silver, with chaines about their neckes, and bracelets about their armes, set with diamonds and other precious stones, verie gorgeous to the eie, who went before the chariot betwixt the horsemen and it, everie one with a white staffe in his hande to keepe off the throng of people, where also rid the Provost and Baileefes of the towne with foote clothes to keepe the people in good order, with most of the inhabitants in their best araic to doe the like. In this order her Grace passed on the Bow street, where was erected a table, whereupon stood a globe of the whole worlde, with a boy sitting therby, who represented the person of a King, and made her an oration, which done, she went up the Bowe, wher were cast forth a number of banketing dishes as they came by, and comming to the butter trone, there were placed nine maidens bravely

arraied in cloth of silver and gold, representing the nine Muses, who sung verie sweete musicke, where a brave youth played upon the organs, which accorded excellentlie with the singing of their psalmes, whereat her Majestie staid awhile, and thence passed downe through the high gate of Edinborough, which was all decked with tapistry from the top to the bottom : at her Graces comming to the Tolboth, there stood on high the four vertues, as first, Justice with the ballance in one hand, and the sword of justice in the other; then Temperance, having in the one hand a cup of wine, and in the other hand a cup of water; Prudence, holding in her hand a serpent and a dove, declaring that men ought to bee as wise as the serpent to prevent mischief, but as simple as a dove eyther in wrath or malice. The last is Fortitude, who held a broken piller in her hand, representing the strength of a kingdome.

“ Thus shee passed on to the crosse, upon the toppe whereof shee had a psalm sung in verie good musicke before her comming to the church, whiche done, her Majestie came forth of her chariot, and was conveyed unto S. Giles Church, where she heard a sermon preached by M. *Robert Bruce*. That ended, with praiers for her highnesse, shee was conveyed againe to her chariot. Against her comming forth, there stood upon the top of the crosse a table covered, whereupon stood cups of gold and silver full of wine, with the goddess of Corne and Wine sitting thereat, and the corne on heapes by her, who in Latine cried that there should be plentie thereof in her time, and on the side of the crosse sate the God *Bacchus* upon a punchion of wine, drinking and casting it by cups full upon the people, besides other of the townsmen that cast apples and nuts among them, and the crosse itself ranne claret wine upon the caulsway for the royaltie of that daie. Thence her Grace rode downe the gate to the sault trone, whereupon sate all the Kings heretofore of Scotland, one of them lying along at their feete, as if he had bene sick, whom certain souldiers seemed to awake at her Majesties comming; whereupon he arose and made her an oration in Latine. Which ended, she passed down to the neather bow which was beautified with the marage of a King and his Queene, with all their nobilitie about them, among whom at her highness presence there arose a youth

who applied the same to the marriage of .he King and herself, and so blessed that marriage. Which done, there was let downe unto her from the top of the porte in a silke string a box covered with purple velvet, whereupon was embrodered an A. for *Anna* (her Majesties name) set with diamonds and precious stones, esteemed at twentie thousand crownes, which the townshippe gave for a present to her highness; and then, after singing of some psalmes with very good musicke, her Grace departed to the Abbey for that night."

1778. William Pitt, the great earl of Chatham, died in the House of Lords, aged 70 years.

1782. Richard Wilson, the eminent English landscape painter, died, neglected, at the age of 68 years; for in his lifetime his labours were unappreciated. He was accustomed to say, that posterity would do him justice; and now his pictures produce astonishing sums.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Lancashire Asphodel. *Asphodelus Luteus*.

Dedicated to *St. Mammertus*.

May 12.

Ho v Thursday, holiday at the Public Offices, except Excise, Stamp, and Custom.

Sts. Nereus and Achilleus. St. Flavia Domitilla. St. Pancras, A. D. 304. St. Epiphanius, Abp. A. D. 403. St. Germanus, Patriarch of Constantinople, A. D. 733. St. Rictrudes, Abbess, A. D. 688.

Holy Thursday,

Or Ascension Day.

The anniversary of Christ's Ascension as kept by the Romish church, is set forth in the "Popish Kingdom," thus:

Then comes the day when Christ ascended
to his father's seate
Which day they also celebrate,
with store of drinke and meate,
Then every man some birde must eate,
I know not to what ende,
And after dinner all to church
they come, and their attende
The blocke that on the aultar still,
till then was seene to stande,

Is drawne vp hie about the rooffe,
by ropes, and force of hande:
The Priestes about it rounde do stand,
and chaunt it to the skie,
For all these mens religion great,
in singing most doth lie.
Then out of hande the dreadfull shape
of Sathan downe they throw,
Oft times, with fire burning bright,
and dasht a sunder tho,*
The boyes with greedie eyes do watch,
and on him straight they fall,
And beate him sore with rods, and breake
him into peeces small.
This done, they wafers downe doe cast,
and singing Cakes the while,
With papers round amongst them put,
the children to beguile.
With laughter great are all things done:
and from the beames they let
Great streames of water downe to fall,
on whom they meane to wet.
And thus this solemne holiday,
and hie renowned feast,
And all their whole deuotion here,
is ended with a ieast.†

It is sufficient for the present to observe of Holy Thursday, that with us on this day it is a common custom of established usage, for the minister of each parish, with the parochial officers and other inhabitants of the parish, followed by their master, to go in procession to the different parish boundaries; which boundaries the boys strike with peeled willow wands that they bear in their hands, and this is called "beating the bounds." More, concerning this and other practices connected with the day, is purposely deferred till the subject be properly set forth hereafter.

Rule of Health for May.

The month of May is called a "trying" month, to persons long ailing with critical complaints. It is common to say, "Ah, he'll never get up *May-hill!*" or, "If he can climb over *May-hill* he'll do." "As a rule of health for May," says Dr. Forster, "we may advise early rising in particular, as being essentially conducive to that blessing. Every thing now invites the sluggard to leave his bed and go abroad. Milton has given such a lively description of morning scenes as must rouse every lover of the country from his couch:—

* Shepherd.

† Naogeorgus, by Googe.

Lines from l'Allegro

To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing, startle the dull night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow,
 Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine:
 While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin;
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before.
 Oft listening now the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:
 Some time walking, not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate
 Where the great sun begins his state,
 Robed in flames, and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
 While the ploughman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landscape round it measures:
 Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
 Mountains, on whose barren breast,
 The labouring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim with daisies pide,
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

MANNERS IN IRELAND.

Not as a picture of general manners, but as sketches of particular characters in certain parts of Ireland, the following anecdotes are extracted from one of the "Letters from the Irish Highlands," dated in May, 1823.

"In the same spirit, the pleasures of the table are but too often shared by the gentlemen of the country with those who are very much their inferiors, both in birth and fortune. The lowest and most degrading debauchery must be the natural consequence, and here I must not forget an anecdote which will at once illustrate this, and also make you acquainted with a childish superstition, with which it is a frequent practice of all ranks to combat this pernicious vice, encouraged by their sordid manner of life, and by the former

facility of procuring smuggled liquors. A gentleman, whose rental at one time amounted to 10,000*l.* per annum, and who was in the constant habits of intoxication, took an oath to drink nothing after the cloth was removed; but, unable to comply with the spirit, he soon contented himself with adhering to the letter of this rash vow, and, keeping the cloth on table after dinner was over, could drink all night without fear of infringing it. He then swore not to drink in his dining-parlour, but again as easily evaded his engagement, by adjourning to the next apartment; in the next apartment, however, on some fresh qualms of conscience, the vow was renewed; and so, in each room successively, until he fairly swore himself out of the house. He then took refuge in the summer-house of his garden, and there used to dine and drink daily; till, rashly renewing his vow here also, he was reduced to find a new subterfuge by taking lodgings in a neighbouring town.

"This story reminds me of a circumstance which has taken place within these few days, and in which the chief actor was one of the remaining branches of a numerous family, among the second-rate gentry, who are here distinguished by the title of *buckeens*. Originally supported in a state of comparative ease and indulgence, partly by their share in the contraband trade, partly by their close connection and alliance with the principal families in the country, their incomes have gradually sunk with the change of circumstances, which has, in a great measure, dissolved this ancient bond of fellowship, as well as destroyed their more illegitimate sources of revenue. Many of these, without seeking employment for themselves, or education for their children, still cling to customs which have now passed away; and, when reduced almost to a state of mendicity, continue their former boast of being 'gentlemen.'

"A puncheon of spirits lately came ashore, and fell to the share of the individual above mentioned. It was too large to be got in at the door of his house; he therefore pulled part of the wall down; still, however, it stuck half way. His small stock of patience could last no longer; he tapped the end that was within, and he and his wife, with their servant, soon became completely intoxicated. His neighbours, aware of this, tapped the cask at the other end,

and the next day, when this worthy personage would have taken his *morning*, he found the cask completely emptied!"

Conduct, or rather misconduct, such as this, is very natural in a country wherein social feelings are cultivated; wherein capital is not employed; and wherein the knowledge of principles among the influ-

ential classes of the community, is not sufficiently extended to unite in cooperation by way of example and instruction. Industry is essential to happiness, and the unemployed will be either playful or vicious. We say of children, "Give them something to do, or they will be in mischief;" this is equally true of men.



Francis Grose, Esq. F. S. A. etc.

This gentlemen died on the 12th of May, 1791; he was son of Francis Grose, esq. jeweller at Richmond, who fitted up the coronation crown of George II. He was a captain in the Surrey militia, an eminent antiquary, and a right worthy man. His "Antiquities of England and Wales, Scotland and Ireland," are more generally known perhaps than other topographical works of more profound inquiry. They were commenced in numbers, and published by "Master Samuel Hooper,"

so he called his bookseller, to whom he was a steady and affectionate friend, though he says, in one of his letters, "he never did any one thing I desired him." His "Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue," Mr. Nichols says, "it would have been for his credit to have suppressed." The truth of this observation is palpable to every one who is not sophisticated by the wretchedly mischievous line, that "Vice, to be hated, needs but to be seen."

A more mischievous sentiment was

never promulgated. Capt. Grose's "Olio" is a pleasant medley of whimsicalities. He was an excellent companion, a humorist, and caricaturist; he wrote "Rules for drawing Caricatures," and drew and etched many, wherein he took considerable liberties with his friends. Yet he seems to have disliked a personal representation of himself sleeping in a chair, which Mr. Nichols pronounces "an ex-

cellent" likeness; a copy of which we have given in the preceding page. Adjoining it is another of him, a whole length, standing, from an engraving by Bartolozzi, after a drawing by Dance. The sleeping portrait is attributed to the rev. James Douglas, one of his brother antiquaries, who dedicated the print to their "devoted brethren" of the society. Beneath it were inscribed the following lines:

"Now *Grose*, like bright *Plœbus*, has sunk into rest,
Society droops for the loss of his jest;
Antiquarian debates, unseason'd with mirth,
To Genius and Learning will never give birth.
Then wake, Brother Member, our friend from his sleep,
Lest *Apollo* should frown, and *Bacchus* should weep."

He was remarkably corpulent, as the engravings show. In a letter to the rev. James Granger, he says, "I am, and ever have been, the idlest fellow living, even before I had acquired the load of adventitious matter which at present stuffs my doublet." On the margin of this letter Mr. Granger wrote, "As for the matter that *stuff*'s your doublet, I hope it is all good *stuff*; if you should *double* it, I shall call it morbid matter and tremble for you. But I consider it as the effect of good digestion, pure blood, and laughing spirits, coagulated into a wholesome mass by as much sedentariness (I hate this long word) as is consistent with the activity of your disposition." In truth, Grose was far from an idle man; he had great mental activity, and his antiquarian knowledge and labours were great. He was fond however of what are termed the pleasures of the table; and is represented in a fine mezzotinto, drawn and engraved by his friend Nathaniel Hone, with Theodosius Forrest, the barrister, and Hone himself, dressed in the character of monks, over a bowl, which Grose is actively preparing for their carousal. He died of apoplexy in Mr. Hone's house in Dublin, at the age of fifty-two. In reference to his principal works, the following epitaph, quoted by Mr. Nichols in his "Anecdotes," was proposed for him in the "St. James's Chronicle":—

Here lies Francis Grose.
On Thursday, May 12, 1791,
Death put an end to
His *views* and *prospects*.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

German Fleur de lis. *Iris Germanica*.
Dedicated to *St. Germanus*.

May 13.

St. John the Silent, Bp. A. D. 558. *St. Peter Regalati*, A. D. 1456. *St. Servatus*, Bp. of Tongres, A. D. 384.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Common Comfrey. *Symphetum officinale*.

Dedicated to *St. John* the Silent.

May 14.

St. Boniface, A. D. 307. *St. Pachomius*, Abbot, A. D. 348. *St. Pontius*, A. D. 258. *St. Carthagh*, or *Mochudu*, Bp. of Lismore, A. D. 637 or 638.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Common Piony. *Pœonia officinalis*.

Coralline Piony. *Pœonia corallina*.

Dedicated to *St. Pontius*.

May 15.

St. Peter, Andrew, and *Companions*, Martyrs, A. D. 250. *St. Dymphna*, 7th Cent. *St. Genebrard* or *Genebern*.

For the *Every-Day Book*.

A "SEASONABLE STORY."

'Tis hard, you'll tell me, but tis true—
Thanks to that heathen dog, Mahomet—
In Turkey if you want to woo—
But, by the bye, you'd best keep from it—
The object of your love must hide
Her face from every idle gazer—
A wholesome check on female pride
I think; and what's *your* notion, pray sir?

"Where beechen boughs their shade diffuse"
'Twas once my lot to hear a ditty,
Fill'd with such stuff as lovers use
To melt the maiden heart with pity,

Recited by a Turk : 'twas queer
 I thought that one like him, who never
 Had *seen* his mistress, should appear
 In "puff" and "eulogy" so clever.

"Two swains were smoking," tales, you know,
 Of love begin and end in vapour—
 "Beside a purling stream, when lo !
 By came a maiden, slim and taper.
 Her eyes were like two stars at night"—
 No matter how I came to know it—
 The one beholds her with delight
 And all at once becomes a poet.

"Why sits thy soul within those eyes?"
 The other asks, "resume your smoking,"
 The lover hears him with surprise
 And answers, "Set aside all joking,
 The pipe has now no charms for me ;
 My heart is, as a fig, transported
 To the thick foliage of some tree,
 And there a bright-eyed bird has caught it."

Now hear a *moral* ! Love's a sly
 And roguish fellow : look about ye
 Watch all he does with careful eye,
 Or else 'tis ten to one he'll flout ye.
 Give him an inch he'll take an ell ;
 And, if he once make conquest o'er ye,
 Then seuse, wit, reason, will, farewell !—
 Thus ends this *seasonable* story.

▲

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Welsh Poppy. *Papaver Cambricum*.
 Dedicated to *St. Dymyna*.

May 16.

St. John Nepomucen, A. D. 1383. *St. Simon Stock*, A. D. 1265. *St. Ubaldus*, A. D. 1160. *St. Honoratus*, Bp. A. D. 660. *St. Abdjesus*, or *Hebedjesus*, Bp. *St. Abdas*, Bp. *St. Brendan the Elder*, Abbot of Clonfert, A. D. 578.

Last day of Easter Term, 1825 ; it commenced 20th of April.

A PASTORAL RECESS.

From the "Diana" of George of Montemayor, 1598, there is an extract in the *Literary Pocket Book* sweetly descriptive of a placid scene in nature. It begins with—"When the joyous companie arrived thus far, they saw how a little brooke, covered almost all over with sweet and smelling herbs, ran gently thorow a greene meadow amongst a ranke of divers trees that were nourished and maintained by the cleere water ; under the shadowes of which, as they were now determined to rest themselves, Syænus

said, 'Let us see from whence this little spring dot'a issue forth. It may be the place is more fresh and cool thereabouts : if not, or if we cannot finde out the fountaine from whence it flowes, we will return here.' It liked his company well, and so they desired him to lead the way. Everie place and part of all the brooke upwards invited them to pleasant rest ; but, when, at length, after much perplexitie, resulting from the very abundance and luxurie of their choice, they were about to lay themselves downe, they sawe that with greater quantitie of waters and fresher shades of green trees the brooke ran up higher, forsaking its right course towards the left hande, where our companie discovered a great thicket and spring of divers trees, in which they saw a very narrow entrance, and somewhat long, whose sides were not of walls fabricated by artificiall hand but made of trees by nature, the mistresse of all things. For there were seene the deadly Cypresse, the triumphant laurell, the hard oke, the low sallow, the invincible palme, the blacke and ruggie elme, the olive, the prickie chestnut, and the high pine-apple, one amongst another, whose bodies were bound about with greene ivie and the fruitfull vine, and beset with sweet jesmines and many other redolent flowers, that grew very thicke together in that place. Amongst the which many little birds (inhabitants of that wood) went leaping from bough to bough, making the place more pleasant with their sweet and silver notes. The trees were in such order set together that they denied not the golden sunbeames to have an entrance, to paint the greene ground with divers colours (which reverberated from the flowers) that were never steadie in one place, by reason that the moveable leaves did disquiet them. This narrow way did leade to a little greene, covered all over with fine grasse, and not touched with the hungrie mouthes of devouring flockes. At the side of it was the fountaine of the brooke, having a care that the place should not drie up, sending forth on every side her flowing waters."

The season is coming on wherein the heart will court retreat to such a scene of natural beauty.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Great Star of Bethlehem. *Ornithogalum Umbrellatum*.

Dedicated to *St. John Nepomucen*.

May 17.

St. Paschal Babylon, A. D. 1592. *St. Possidius*, Bp. of Calama, in Numidia, A. D. 430. *St. Maden*, or *Madern*. *St. Maw*. *St. Cathan*, 6th or 7th Cent. *St. Silave*, or *Silan*, Bp. A. D. 1100.

CHRONOLOGY.

1817. Died at Heckington, aged sixty-five, Mr. Samuel Jessup, an opulent grazier, of pill-taking memory. He lived in a very eccentric way, as a bachelor, without known relatives; and at his decease possessed of a good fortune, notwithstanding a most inordinate craving for physic, by which he was distinguished for the last thirty years of his life, as appeared on a trial for the amount of an apothecary's bill, at the assizes at Lincoln, a short time before Mr. Jessup's death, wherein he was defendant. The evidence on the trial affords the following materials for the epitaph of the deceased, which will not be transcended by the memorabilia of the life of any man:—In twenty-one years (from 1791 to 1816) the deceased took 226,934 pills, supplied by a respectable apothecary at Bottesford; which is at the rate of 10,806 pills a year, or twenty-nine pills each day; but as the patient began with a more moderate appetite, and increased it as he proceeded, in the last five years preceding 1816, he took the pills at the rate of seventy-eight a day, and in the year 1814 he swallowed not less than 51,590. Notwithstanding this, and the addition of 40,000 bottles of mixture, and juleps and electuaries, extending altogether to fifty-five closely written columns of an apothecary's bill, the deceased lived to attain the advanced age of sixty-five years.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Early Red Poppy. *Papaver Argemone*
Dedicated to *St. Paschal Babylon*.

May 18.

St. Eric, King of Sweden, A. D. 1151. *St. Theodotus*, Vintner, and Seven *Virgins*, Martyrs, A. D. 303. *St. Venantius*, A. D. 250. *St. Potamon*, Bp. of Heraclea, in Egypt, A. D. 341.

CHRONOLOGY.

1808. Sir John Carter, knt. died at Portsmouth, his native town, aged sixty-seven. He was an alderman, and nine

times mayor of the borough; and a magistrate of the county, for which he also served the office of sheriff in 1784. His name is here introduced to commemorate an essential service that he rendered to his country, by his mild and judicious conduct during the mutiny at Spithead, in the spring of 1797. The sailors having lost three of their body in consequence of the resistance made to their going on board the London, then bearing the flag of admiral Colpoys, wished to bury them in Kingston churchyard, and to carry them in procession through the town of Portsmouth. This request was most positively refused them by the governor. They then applied to sir John Carter to grant their request, who endeavoured to convince the governor of the propriety and necessity of complying with it, declaring that he would be answerable for the peace of the town, and the orderly conduct of the sailors. The governor would not be prevailed on, and prepared for resistance; and resistance on both sides would most probably have been resorted to, had not the calmness, perseverance, and forbearance of sir John Carter at length compromised the affair, by obtaining permission for the sailors to pass through the garrison of Portsmouth in procession, and the bodies to be landed at the Common Hard in Portsea, where the procession was to join them.

So great was sir John Carter's influence over the sailors, that they most scrupulously adhered to the terms he prescribed to them in their procession to the grave. Two of their comrades having become "a little groggy" after they came on shore, they were carefully locked up in a room by themselves, lest they should become quarrelsome, or be unable to conduct themselves with propriety. It was a most interesting spectacle. Sir John accompanied them himself through the garrison, to prevent any insult being offered to them. At the Common Hard he was joined by Mr. Godwin, the friend and associate of his youth, and also a most worthy magistrate of this borough. They attended the procession till it had passed the fortifications at Portsea: every thing was conducted with the greatest decorum. When the sailors returned, and were sent off to their respective ships, two or three of the managing delegates came to sir John, to inform him that the men were all gone on board, and to thank him for his great goodness to them.

Sir John seized the opportunity of inquiring after their admiral, as these delegates belonged to the London. "Do you know him, your honour?" "Yes; I have a great respect for him, and I hope you will not do him any harm." "No, by G—d, your honour, he shall not be hurt." It was at that time imagined admiral Colpoys would be hung at the yard-arm, and he had prepared for this event by arranging his affairs and making his will. In this will he had left to the widows of the three men who were so unfortunately killed an annuity of 20*l.* each. The next morning, however, the admiral was privately, unexpectedly, and safely brought on shore, though pursued by a boat from the Mars, as soon as they suspected what was transacting. The delegates brought him to sir John Carter, and delivered him to his care: they then desired to have a receipt for him, as a proof to their comrades that they had safely delivered him into the hands of the civil power; and this receipt he gave. The admiral himself, in his first appearance at court afterwards, acknowledged to the king that he owed his life to sir John Carter, and assured his majesty that his principles were misinterpreted and his conduct misrepresented, and that he had not a more faithful and worthy subject in his dominions. Notwithstanding this, the duke of Portland, then secretary of state for the home department, received a very strong letter against him, which letter his grace sent to sir John, assuring him at the same time that the government placed the utmost confidence in his honour, integrity, and patriotism, and concluded by proposing to offer a large reward for the discovery of the writer: this, with a dignified consciousness of the purity of his conduct, sir John declined; though, from some well-founded conjectures, the discovery might possibly have been easily made. This inestimable consciousness enabled him to meet with the greatest composure every effort of party rage to sully his reputation and destroy his influence. So pure were his principles, that when in the year 1806 he was offered a baronetage by Mr. Fox, he declined it on the ground that he believed the offer to have been made for his undeviating attachment to Mr. Fox's politics; and that, to accept it, would be a manifest departure from his principles. In every public and domestic relationship he was uniformly mild, impartial, and upright;

nor was he ever deterred by personal difficulties or inconveniences from a faithful, and even minute attendance on his widely extended duties. The poor in him ever found a friend, and the unfortunate a protector. The peace, comfort, and happiness of others, and not his own interest, were the unwearied objects of his pursuit. Never was there a character in which there was less of self than in his.

MANURES.

Rambling in cultivated spots renders one almost forgetful of cultivating friends. On the subject of "manure," the editor of the *Every-Day Book* has no competent knowledge; he has not settled in his own mind whether he should decide for "long straw or short straw," and as regards himself would willingly dispose of the important question by "drawing cuts;" all he can at present do for his country readers, is to tell them what lord Bacon affirms; his lordship says that "muck should be spread." This would make a capital text or vignette for a dissertation; but there is no space here to dissertate, and if Messrs. Taylor and Hessey's *London Magazine*, for May, had not suggested the subject, it would scarcely have occurred. There the reviewer of "Gaieties and Gravities" has extracted some points from that work, which are almost equal to the quantity of useful information derivable from more solid books—here they are:—

Gaieties.

"Residing upon the eastern coast, and farming a considerable extent of country, I have made repeated and careful experiments with this manure; and as the mode of burial in many parts of the Continent divides the different classes into appropriated portions of the churchyard, I have been enabled, by a little bribery to sextons and charnel-house men, to obtain specimens of every rank and character, and to ascertain with precision their separate qualities and results for the purposes of the farmer, botanist, or common nurseryman. These it is my purpose to communicate to the reader, who may depend upon the caution with which the different tests were applied, as well as upon the fidelity with which they are reported.

"A few cartloads of citizens' bones gave me a luxuriant growth of London pride, plums, Sibthorpia or base moneywort, mud-wort, bladder-wort, and mushrooms; but for *laburnum* or golden

chain, I was obliged to select a lord mayor. Hospital bones supplied me with cyclamen in any quantity, which I intermixed with a few seeds from the Cyclades Islands, and the scurvy-grass came up spontaneously; while manure from different fields of battle proved extremely favourable to the hamanthus or blood-flower, the trumpet-flower and laurel, as well as to widow-wail and cypress. A few sample skulls from the poet's corner of a German abbey furnished poet's cassia, grass of Parnassus, and bays, in about equal quantities, with wormwood, crab, thistle, stinging-nettle, prickly holly, teasel, and loose-strife. Courtiers and ministers, when converted into manure, secured an ample return of jack-in-a-box, service-apples, climbers, supple-jacks, parasite plants, and that species of sun-flower which invariably turns to the rising luminary. Nabobs form a capital compost for hepatica, liver-wort, spleen-wort, hips, and pine; and from those who had three or four stars at the India-house, I raised some particularly fine China asters. A good show of adonis, narcissus, jessamine, cockscomb, dandelion, money-flower, and buckthorn, may be obtained from dandies, although they are apt to encumber the ground with tickweed; while a good drilling with *dandisettes* is essential to those beds in which you wish to raise Venus's looking-glass, Venus's catchfly, columbines, and love-apples. A single dressing of jockies will ensure you a quick return of horse-mint, veronica or speedwell, and colt's-foot; and a very slight layer of critics suffices for a good thick spread of scorpion sen-^a, viper's bugloss, serpent's tongue, poison-nut, nightshade, and hellebore. If you are fond of raising stocks, manure your bed with jobbers; wine-merchants form the most congenial stimulant for sloes, fortune-hunters for the marygold and golden rod, and drunkards for Canary wines, mad-wort and horehound. Failing in repeated attempts to raise the chaste tree from the bones of nuns, which gave me nothing but liquorice-root, I applied those of a dairy-maid, and not only succeeded perfectly in my object, but obtained a good crop of butter-wort, milk-wort, and heart's-ease. I was equally unsuccessful in raising any sage, honesty, or everlasting from monks; but they yielded a plentiful bed of monk's hood, or jesuit's park, medlars, and cardinal flowers. My importation of shoemakers was unfor-

tunately too scanty to try their effect upon a large scale, but I contrived to procure from them two or three ladies' slippers. As school-boys are raised by birch, it may be hardly necessary to mention, that when reduced to manure, they return the compliment; but it may be useful to make known as widely as possible, that dancing-masters supply the best hops and capers, besides quickening the growth of the citharexylum or fiddle-wood. For your mimosas or sensitive plants there is nothing better than a layer of novel-readers, and you may use up the first bad author that you can disinter for all the poppies you may require. Coffee-house waiters will keep you supplied in cummin; chronologists furnish the best dates, post-office men serve well for rearing scarlet-runners, poulterers for hen-bane, tailors for cabbage, and physicians for truffles, or any thing that requires to be quickly buried. I could have raised a few bachelors' buttons from the bones of that class; but as nobody cares a button for bachelors, I did not think it worth while. As a general remark it may be noticed, that young people produce the passion-flower in abundance, while those of a more advanced age may be beneficially used for the elder-tree, the sloe, and snapdragon; and with respect to different nations, my experiments are only sufficiently advanced to enable me to state that Frenchmen are favourable to garlic, and that Poles are very good for hops. Of mint I have never been able to raise much; but as to thyme, I have so large a supply, as the reader will easily perceive, that I am enabled to throw it away; and as he may not possibly be in a similar predicament, I shall refer him for the rest of my experiments to the records of the Horticultural Society.

It is noticed by Dr. Forster, that about this time the purple goatsbeard *tragopogon porrifolius* and the yellow goatsbeard *tragopogon pratensis* begin to blow; and that of all the indices in the *HOROLOGIUM FLORÆ* the above plants are the most regular: they open their flowers at sunrise, and shut them so regularly at mid-day, that they have been called by the whimsical name of *go to bed at noon*. They are as regular as a clock, and are mentioned as such in the following verses:—

RETIRED LEISURE'S DELIGHT.

To sit and smoke between two rows of Limes,
 Along the wall of some neat old Dutch town,
 In noontide heat, and hear the jingling chimes
 From Stadhouse Steeple; then to lay one down
 Upon a Primrose bank, where Violet flowers
 Smell sweetly, and the meads in bloomy prime,
 'Till Flora's clock, the Goat's Beard, mark the hours,
 And closing says, Arise, 'tis dinner time;
 Then dine on Pyes and Cauliflower heads,
 And roam away the afternoon in Tulip Beds.

To give an idea of the general face of nature at this period, Dr. Forster composed the subjoined

Catalogue of Plants which compose the VERNAL FLORA in the Garden.

COMMON PEONY *Paeonia officinalis* in full blow.

SLENDERLEAVED PEONY *P. tenuifolia* going off.

CRIMSON PEONY *P. peregrina*.

DWARF PEONY *P. humilis*.

TULIP *Tulipa Gesneriana* in infinite varieties.

MONKEY POPPY *Papaver Orientale*.

WELCH POPPY *P. Cambricum*.

PALE POPPY *P. nudicaule*.

EUROPEAN GLOBEFLOWER *Trollius Europaeus*.

ASIATIC GLOBEFLOWER *Trollius Asiaticus*.

BACHELOR'S BUTTONS *Ranunculus aeris plenus*.

BIFLOWERED NARCISSUS *N. biflorus*.

POETIC NARCISSUS *N. poeticus*.

GERMAN FLEUR DE LIS *Iris Germanica*, two varieties.

LURID IRIS *Iris lurida*.

WALLFLOWER *Chieranthus cheiri*, numerously, both single and double sorts.

STOCK GILLIFLOWER *Chiranthus fruticosus* beginning. Of this plant there are red, white, and purple varieties; also double Stocks.

YELLOW ASPHODEL *Asphodelus luteus*.

COLUMBINE *Aquilegia vulgaris* begins to flower, and has several varieties in gardens.

GREAT STAR OF BETHLEHEM *Ornithogalum umbellatum*.

PERUVIAN SQUILL *Scilla Peruviana*.

YELLOW AZALEA *Azalea Pontica*.

SCARLET AZALEA *Azalea nudiflora*.

PURPLE GOATSBEAR *Tragopogon porrifolius*.

YELLOW GOATSBEAR *Tragopogon pratensis*.

MOTHERWORT *Hesperis matronalis* begins to blow.

GREAT LEOPARD'S BANE *Doronicum pardalianches*.

LESSER LEOPARD'S BANE *Doronicum plantagineum*.

RAMSHORNS OF MALE ORCHIS *O. mascula* still blows.

FEMALE ORCHIS *Orchis morio* still flowers.

In the Fields.

THE HAREBELL *Scylla nutans* makes the ground blue in some places.

BULBOUS CROWFOOT *Ranunculus bulbosus*.

CREEPING CROWFOOT *R. repens* now common.

UPRIGHT MEADOW CROWFOOT *R. acris* the latest of all.

ROUGH CROWFOOT *R. hirsutus* not so common as the above. The fields are quite yellow with the above genus.

MEADOW LYCHNIS *Lychnis Flos Cuculi*.

CAMPION LYCHNIS *Lychnis dioica* under hedges in our chalky soils.

GERMANDER SPEEDWELL *Veronica chamaedris* on banks, covering them with its lively blue, comparable only to the Borage, or the *Cynoglossum Omphalodes*, still blowing and luxuriant in gardens.

MOUSEEAR SCORPION GRASS *Myosotus Scorpioides*.

OUR LADY'S SMOCK *Cardamine pratensis*.

BITTER LADY'S SMOCK *Cardamine amara*.

HEDGE GERANIUM *Geranium Robertianum*; also several other wild Geraniums.

KIDLOCK *Sinapis arvensis*.

CHARLOCK *Raphanus Raphanistrum*.

STICHWORT *Stellaria Holostea*.

YELLOW WATER LILY *Nuphar luteum* in ponds and rivers.

WHITE WATER LILY *Nymphaea alba* in the same.

We might add numerous others, which will be found noticed on the days when they usually first flower. Besides these, many of the plants of the Primaverl Flor

still remain in blow, as violets, hearteases, hepaticas, narcissi, some hyacinths, marsh marigolds, wood anemonies, garden anemonies, &c. &c. The cuckoo pint, or lord and lady Arum, is now in prime.

The nations among whom a taste for flowers was first discovered to prevail in modern times, were China, Persia, and Turkey. The vegetable treasures of the eastern world were assembled at Constantinople, whence they passed into Italy, Germany, and Holland, and from the latter into England; and since botany has assumed the character of a science, we have laid the whole world under contribution for trees, and shrubs, and flowers, which we have not only made our own, but generally improved in vigour and beauty. The passion for flowers preceded that of ornamental gardening. The Dutch system of straight walks, enclosed by high clipped hedges of yew or holly, at length prevailed; and tulips and hyacinths bloomed under the sheltered windings of the "Walls of Troy," most ingeniously traced in box and yew. A taste for gardening, which, however formal, is found at length to be preferable to the absurd winding paths, and the close imitation of wild nature by art, which modern garden-makers have pretended to of late years. The learned baron Maseres used to say, "Such a garden was to be had every where wild in summer, and in a garden formality was preferable."

Proverbs relating to May.

A cold May and a windy
Makes a fat barn and a findy.
A hot May makes a fat churchyard.

Proverbs relating to the Weather and Seasons generally.

Collected by Dr. Forster.

Drought never bred dearth in England.
Whoso hath but a mouth, shall ne'er in
England suffer drought.
When the sand doth feed the clay,
England woe and welladay;
But when the clay doth feed the sand,
Then it is well with Angle land.
After a famine in the stall,
Comes a famine in the hall.
When the cuckoo comes to the bare thorn,
Sell your cow, and buy your corn;
But when she comes to the full bit,
Sell your corn, and buy your sheep.
If the cock moult before the hen,
We shall have weather thick and thin;

But if the hen moult before the cock,
We shall have weather hard as a block
As the days lengthen, so the cold strengthen
If there be a rainbow in the eve, it will rain
and leave,
But if there be a rainbow in the morrow, it
will neither lend nor borrow.

A rainbow in the morning
Is the shepherd's warning;
But a rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight.

No tempest, good July,
Lest corn come off blue by.

When the wind's in the east,
It's neither good for man nor beast.
When the wind's in the south,
It's in the rain's mouth.

When the wind's in the south,
It blows the bait into the fishes' mouth.

No weather is ill,
If the wind be still.

When the sloe-tree is as white as a sheet,
Sow your barley, whether it be dry or wet

A green winter makes a fat churchyard.

Hail brings frost in the tail.

A snow year, a rich year.

Winter's thunder's summer's wonder.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Mouse Ear. *Hieracium Pilosella.*
Dedicated to *St. Eric.*

May 19.

St. Peter Celestine, Pope, A. D. 1296.
St. Pudentiana. *St. Dunstan*, Abp. of
Canterbury, A. D. 988.

St. Dunstan.

He was born at Glastonbury, of which monastery he became abbot, and died archbishop of Canterbury in 988.*

The legend of *St. Dunstan* relates many miracles of him, the most popular of which is to this effect; that *St. Dunstan*, as the fact really was, became expert in goldsmith's work; it then gives as a story, that while he was busied in making a chalice, the devil annoyed him by his personal appearance, and tempted him; whereupon *St. Dunstan* suddenly seized the fiend by the nose with a pair of iron tongs, burning hot, and so held him while he roared and cried till the night was far spent.

* Butler.



St. Dunstan and the Devil.

There is an engraved portrait of St. Dunstan thus detaining the devil in bondage, with these lines, or lines to that effect beneath; they are quoted from memory:—

St. Dunstan, as the story goes,
Once pull'd the devil by the nose
With red-hot tongs, which made him roar,
That he was heard three miles or more.

On lord mayor's day, in 1687, the pageants of sir John Shorter, knt. as lord mayor, were very splendid. He was of the company of goldsmiths, who, at their own expense, provided one of the pageants representing this miracle of St. Dunstan. It must have been of amazing size, for it was a "Hieroglyphic of the Company," consisting of a spacious laboratory or workhouse, containing several conveniences and distinct apartments, for the different operators and artificers, with forges, anvils, hammers, and all instruments proper for the mystery of the goldsmiths. In the middle of the frontispiece, on a rich golden chair of state, sat ST. DUNSTAN, the ancient patron and tutelar guardian of the company. He was attired, to express his prelatial dignity and canonization, in a robe of fine lawn, with a cope over it of shining cloth of gold reaching to the ground. He wore a golden mitre beset with precious

stones, and bore in his left hand a golden crosier, and in his right a pair of goldsmith's tongs. Behind him were Orpheus and Amphion playing on melodious instruments; standing more forward were the cham of Tartary, and the grand sultan, who, being "conquered by the christian harmony, seemed to sue for reconciliation." At the steps of the prelatial throne were a goldsmith's forge and furnace, with fire, crucibles, and gold, and a workman blowing the bellows: On each side was a large press of gold and silver plate. Towards the front were shops of artificers and jewelers all at work, with anvils, hammers, and instruments for enamelling, beating out gold and silver plate; on a step below St. Dunstan, sat an assay-master, with his trial-balance and implements. There were two apartments for the processes of disgrossing, flattening, and drawing gold and silver wire, and the fining, melting, smelting, refining, and separating of gold and silver, both by fire and water. Another apartment contained a forge, with miners in canvass breeches, red waistcoats and red caps, bearing spades, pickaxes, twibbles, and crowes for sinking shafts and making adits. The lord mayor having approached and viewed the curiosity of the pageant, was addressed in

A SPEECH BY ST. DUNSTAN.

Waked with this musick from my silent urn,
 Your patron DUNSTAN comes t' attend your turn.
 A MPHION and old ORPHEUS playing by,
 To keep our *forge* in tuneful harmony.
 These pontifical ornaments I wear,
 Are types of rule and order all the year
 In these white robes none can a fault decry,
 Since all have liberty as well as I:
 Nor need you fear the shipwreck of your cause,
 Your loss of charter or the penal laws,
 Indulgence granted by your bounteous prince,
 Makes for that loss too great a recompence.
 This charm the Lernæan Hydra will reclaim;
 Your patron shall the tameless rabble tame.
 Of the proud CHAM I scorn to be afraid;
 I'll take the angry SULTAN by the beard.
 Nay, should the DEVIL intrude amongst your foes [Enter Devil
 Devil. What then?

St. Dunstan. ----- Snap, thus, I have him by the nose!

The most prominent feature in the devil's face being held by St. Dunstan's tongs, after the prelate had duly spurned the submission of the cham of Tartary and the grand sultan, a silversmith with three other workmen proceeding to the great anvil, commenced working a plate of massy metal, singing and keeping time upon the anvil.*

CHRONOLOGY.

1536. Anne Boleyn, queen of Henry VIII., fell a victim to his brutal passions by the hands of the executioner.

1692. The great sea battle off la Hogue.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Monk's hood. *Aconitum Napellus*.
 Dedicated to St. Dunstan.

May 20.

St. Bernardin of Sienna, A. D. 1444. St. Ethelbert, King of the East Angles, A. D. 793. St. Yvo, Bp. of Chartres, A. D. 1115.

ON BEING CONFINED TO SCHOOL ONE PLEASANT MORNING IN SPRING.

The morning sun's enchanting rays
 Now call forth every songster's praise;
 Now the lark, with upward flight,
 Gaily ushers in the light;
 While wildly warbling from each tree,
 The birds sing songs to Liberty.

Lucretius on Spring and the Seasons, translated by Good.

Spring comes, and Venus with fell foot advanced;
 Then light-winged Zephyr, harbinger beloved;
 Maternal Flora, strewing ere she treads,
 For every footstep flowers of choicest hue,
 And the glad æther loading with perfumes

But for me no songster sings,
 For me no joyous lark up-springs;
 For I, confined in gloomy school,
 Must own the pedant's iron rule,
 And, far from sylvan shades and bowers,
 In duration vile, must pass the hours;
 There con the scholiast's dreary lines,
 Where no bright ray of genius shines,
 And close to rugged learning cling,
 While laughs around the jocund spring.

How gladly would my soul forego
 All that arithmeticians know,
 Or stiff grammarians quaintly teach,
 Or all that industry can reach,
 To taste each morn of all the joys
 That with the laughing sun arise;
 And unconstrain'd to rove along
 The bushy brakes and glens among;
 And woo the muse's gentle power,
 In unfrequented rural bower'
 But, ah! such heaven-approaching joys
 Will never greet my longing eyes;
 Still will they cheat in vision fine,
 Yet never but in fancy shine.

Oh, that I were the little wren
 That shrilly chirps from yonder glen
 Oh, far away I then would rove,
 To some secluded bushy grove;
 There hop and sing with careless glee,
 Hop and sing at liberty;
 And till death should stop my lays,
 Far from men would spend my days.

In the "Perennial Calendar," Dr Forster with great taste introduces a beautiful series of quotations adapted to the season from different poets:—

* Flone, on Ancient Mysteries.

Then Heat succeeds, the parched Etesian breeze,
 And dust-discoloured Ceres ; Autumn then
 Follows, and tipsy Bacchus, arm in arm,
 And stormæ and tempests ; Eurus roars amain,
 And the red south brews thunders ; till, at length,
 Cold shuts the scene, and Winter's train prevails,
 Snows, hoary Sleet, and Frost, with chattering teeth.

Milton makes the most heavenly clime to consist of an eternal spring :—

The birds that quire apply ; airs, vernal airs,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
 Knit with the graces, and the hours in dance,
 Led on the eternal spring.

From Atherstone's Last Days of Herculeaneum.

Soot tints of sweet May morn, when day's bright god
 Looks smiling from behind delicious mists ;
 Throwing his slant rays on the glistening grass,
 Where 'gainst the rich deep green the Cowslip hangs
 His elegant bells of purest gold :—the pale
 Sweet perfumed primrose lifts its face to beaven,
 Like the full, artless gaze of infancy :—
 The little ray-crowned daisy peeps beneath,
 When the tall neighbour grass, heavy with dew,
 Rows down its head beneath the freshening breeze ;
 Where oft in long dark lines the waving trees
 Throw their soft shadows on the sunny fields ;
 Where, in the music-breathing hedge, the thorn
 And pearly white May blossom, full of sweets,
 Hang out the virgin flag of spring, entwined
 With dripping honey-suckles, whose sweet breath
 Sinks to the heart—recalling, with a sigh,
 Dim recollected feelings of the days
 Of youth and early love.

From Spring, by Kleist

Who thus, O tulip ! thy gay-painted breast
 In all the colours of the sun has drest ?
 Well could I call thee, in thy gaudy pride,
 The queen of flowers ; but blooming by thy side
 Her thousand leaves that beams of love adorn,
 Her throne surrounded by protecting thorn,
 And smell eternal, form a juster claim,
 Which gives the heaven-born rose the lofty name,
 Who having slept throughout the wintry storm,
 Now through the opening buds displays her smiling form.
 Between the leaves the silver whitethorn shows
 Its dewy blossoms, pure as mountain snows.
 Herc the blue hyacinth's nectareous cell
 To my charmed senses gives its cooling smell.
 In lowly beds the purple violets bloom,
 And liberal shower around their rich perfume.
 See, how the peacock stalks yon beds beside,
 Where rayed in sparkling dust and velvet pride,
 Like brilliant stars, arranged in splendid row,
 The proud auriculas their lustre show :
 The jealous bird now shows his swelling breast,
 His many-coloured neck, and lofty crest ;
 Then all at once his dazzling tail displays,
 On whose broad circle thousand rainbows blaze.
 The wanton butterflies, with fickle wing,
 Flutter round every flower that decks the spring
 Then on their painted pinions eager haste,
 The luscious cherry's blood to taste.

Prognostics of Weather and Horologe of Flora.

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.

From the "Perennial Calendar."

Chickweed.—When the flower expands boldly and fully, no rain will happen for four hours or upwards: if it continues in that open state, no rain will disturb the summer's day: when it half conceals its miniature flower, the day is generally showery; but if it entirely shuts up, or veils the white flower with its green mantle, let the traveller put on his great coat, and the ploughman, with his beasts of drought, expect rest from their labour.

Siberian sowthistle.—If the flowers of this plant keep open all night, rain will certainly fall the next day.

Trefoil.—The different species of trefoil always contract their leaves at the approach of a storm: hence these plants have been termed the husbandman's barometer.

African marygold.—If this plant opens not its flowers in the morning about seven o'clock, you may be sure it will rain that day, unless it thunders.

The convolvulus also, and the pimpernel *anagalis arvensis*, fold up their leaves on the approach of rain: the last in particular is termed the poor man's weather-glass.

White thorns and dog-rose bushes.—Wet summers are generally attended with an uncommon quantity of seed on these shrubs; whence their unusual fruitfulness is a sign of a severe winter.

Besides the above, there are several plants, especially those with compound yellow flowers, which nod, and during the whole day turn their flowers towards the sun: viz. to the east in the morning, to the south at noon, and to the west towards evening; this is very observable in the sowthistle *sonchus arvensis*: and it is a well-known fact, that a great part of the plants in a serene sky expand their flowers, and as it were with cheerful looks behold the light of the sun; but before rain they shut them up, as the tulip.

The flowers of the alpine whitlow grass *draba alpina*, the bastard feverfew *parthenium*, and the wintergreen *tribentalis*, hang down in the night as if the plants were asleep, lest rain or the moist air should injure the fertilizing dust.

One species of woodsorrel shuts up or doubles its leaves before storms and tempests, but in a serene sky expands or

unfolds them, so that the husbandman can pretty clearly foretell tempests from it. It is also well known that the mountain ebony *bauhinia*, sensitive plants, and cassia, observe the same rule.

Besides affording prognostics, many plants also fold themselves up at particular hours, with such regularity, as to have acquired particular names from this property. The following are among the more remarkable plants of this description:—

Goatsbeard.—The flowers of both species of tragopogon open in the morning at the approach of the sun, and without regard to the state of the weather regularly shut about noon. Hence it is generally known in the country by the name of go to bed at noon.

The princesses' leaf, or four o'clock flower, in the Malay Islands, is an elegant shrub so called by the natives, because their ladies are fond of the grateful odour of its white leaves. It takes its generic name from its quality of opening its flowers at four in the evening, and not closing them in the morning till the same hour returns, when they again expand in the evening at the same hour. Many people transplant them from the woods into their gardens, and use them as a dial or a clock, especially in cloudy weather.

The evening primrose is well known from its remarkable properties of regularly shutting with a loud popping noise, about sunset in the evening, and opening at sunrise in the morning. After six o'clock, these flowers regularly report the approach of night.

The tamarind tree *parkinsonia*, the nipplewort *lapsana communis*, the water lily *nymphaea*, the marygolts *calendulae*, the bastard sensitive plant *aeschynomene*, and several others of the diadelphia class, in serene weather, expand their leaves in the daytime, and contract them during the night. According to some botanists, the tamarind-tree enfolds within its leaves the flowers or fruit every night, in order to guard them from cold or rain.

The flower of the garden lettuce, which is in a vertical plane, opens at seven o'clock, and shuts at ten.

A species of serpentine aloe, without prickles, whose large and beautiful flowers exhale a strong odour of the vanilla during the time of its expansion, which is very short, is cultivated in the imperial garden at Paris. It does not

blow till towards the month of July, and about five o'clock in the evening, at which time it gradually opens its petals, expands them, droops, and dies. By ten o'clock the same night, it is totally withered, to the great astonishment of the spectators, who flock in crowds to see it.

The cerea, a native of Jamaica and Vera Cruz, expands an exquisitely beautiful coral flower, and emits a highly fragrant odour, for a few hours in the night, and then closes to open no more. The flower is nearly a foot in diameter; the inside of the calyx, of a splendid yellow; and the numerous petals are of a pure white. It begins to open about seven or eight o'clock in the evening, and closes before sunrise in the morning.

The flower of the dandelion possesses very peculiar means of sheltering itself from the heat of the sun, as it closes entirely whenever the heat becomes excessive. It has been observed to open, in summer, at half an hour after five in the morning, and to collect its petals towards the centre about nine o'clock.

Linnaeus has enumerated forty-six flowers, which possess this kind of sensibility: he divides them into three classes.—1. Meteoric flowers, which less accurately observe the hour of folding, but are expanded sooner or later according to the cloudiness, moisture, or pressure of the atmosphere. 2. Tropical flowers, that open in the morning and close before evening every day, but the hour of their expanding becomes earlier or later as the length of the day increases or decreases. 3. Equinoctial flowers, which open at a certain and exact hour of the day, and for the most part close at another determinate hour.

On Flora's Horologe, by Charlotte Smith.

In every copse and sheltered dell,

Unveiled to the observant eye,

Are faithful monitors, who tell

How pass the hours and seasons by.

The green-robed children of the Spring

Will mark the periods as they pass,

Mingle with leaves Time's feathered wing,

And bind with flowers his silent glass.

Mark where transparent waters glide,

Soft flowing o'er their tranquil bed;

There, cradled on the dimpling tide,

Nymphæa rests her lovely head.

But conscious of the earliest beam,

She rises from her humid nest,

And sees reflected in the stream

The virgin whiteness of her breast.

Till the bright Daystar to the west
Declines, in Ocean's surge to lave
Then, folded in her modest vest,
She slumbers on the rocking wave.

See Hieracium's various tribe,
Of plummy seed and radiate flowers,
The course of Time their blooms describe,
And wake or sleep appointed hours.

Broad o'er its imbricated cup
The Goatsbeard spreads its golden rays
But shuts its cautious petals up,
Retreating from the noontide blaze.

Pale as a pensive cloistered nun,
The Bethlem Star her face unveils,
When o'er the mountain peers the Sun,
But shades it from the vesper gales.

Among the loose and arid sands
The humble Arenaria creeps;
Slowly the Purple Star expands,
But soon within its calyx sleeps.

And those small bells so lightly rayed
With young Aurora's rosy hue,
Are to the noontide Sun displayed,
But shut their plaits against the dew.

On upland slopes the shepherds mark
The hour, when, as the dial true,
Cichorium to the towering Lark
Lifts her soft eyes serenely blue.

And thou, "Wee crimson tipped flower,"
Gatherest thy fringed mantle round
Thy bosom, at the closing hour,
When nightdrops bathe the turfy ground.

Unlike Silene, who declines
The garish noontide's blazing light;
But when the evening crescent shines,
Gives all her sweetness to the night.

Thus in each flower and simple bell,
That in our path betrod den lie,
Are sweet remembrancers who tell
How fast their winged moments fly.

Dr. Forster remarks that towards the close of this month, the cat's ear *hypochaeris radicata* is in flower every where; its first appearance is about the 18th day. This plant, as well as the rough dandelion, continues to flower till after Midsummer. The lilac, the barberry tree, the maple, and other trees and shrubs, are also in flower. The meadow grasses are full grown and flowering. The flowers of the garden rose, in early and warm years, begin to open.

On a Young Rosebud in May, from the German of Goëthe.

A Rose, that bloomed the roadside by,
Caught a young vagrant's wand'ring eye;

The child was gay, the morn was clear,

The child would see the rosebud near :

She saw the blooming flow'r.

My little Rose, my Rosebud dear !

My Rose that blooms the roadside near !

The child exclaimed, " My hands shall dare,

Thee, Rose, from off thy stem to tear : "

The Rose replied, " If I have need,

My thorns shall make thy fingers bleed—

Thy rash design give o'er. "

My little Rose, my Rosebud dear !

My Rose that blooms the roadside near !

Regardless of its thorny spray,

The child would tear the Rose away ;

The Rose bewailed with sob and sigh,

But all in vain, no help was nigh

To quell the urchin's pow'r.

My little Rose, my Rosebud dear !

My Rose that bloomed the roadside near !

New Monthly Magazine.

From Dr. Aikin's " Natural History of the Year," the ensuing passages regarding the season will be found agreeable and useful.

On hedge-banks the wild germander of a fine azure blue is conspicuous, and the whole surface of meadows is often covered by the yellow crowfoot. These flowers, also called buttercups, are erroneously supposed to communicate to the butter at this season its rich yellow tinge, as the cows will not touch it on account of its acrid biting quality; this is strikingly visible in pastures, where, though all the grass is cropped to the very roots, the numerous tufts of this weed spring up, flower, and shed their seeds in perfect security, and the most absolute freedom from molestation by the cattle; they are indeed cut down and made into hay together with the rest of the rubbish that usually occupies a large proportion of every meadow; and in this state are eaten by cattle, partly because they are incapable of separating them, and partly because, by dying, their acrimony is considerably subdued; but there can be no doubt of their place being much better supplied by any sort of real grass. In the present age of agricultural improvement the subject of grass lands among others has been a good deal attended to, but much yet remains to be done, and the tracts of the ingenious Stillingfleet, and of Mr. Curtis, on this important division of rural economy, are well deserving the notice of every liberal farmer. The excellence of a meadow consists in its producing as much herbage as pos-

sible, and that this herbage should be agreeable and nutritious to the animals which are fed with its crop. Every plant of crowfoot therefore ought, if practicable, to be extirpated, for, so far from being grateful and nourishing to any kind of cattle, it is notorious, that in its fresh state nothing will touch it. The same may be said of the hemlock, kex, and other umbelliferous plants which are common in most fields, and which have entirely overrun others; for these when fresh are not only noxious to the animals that are fed upon hay, but from their rank and straggling manner of growth occupy a very large proportion of the ground. Many other plants that are commonly found in meadows may upon the same principles be objected to; and though the present generation of farmers has done much, yet still more remains for their successors to perform.

The gardens now yield an agreeable though immature product in the young gooseberries and currants, which are highly acceptable to our tables, now almost exhausted of their store of preserved fruits.

Early in the month the latest species of the summer birds of passage arrive, generally in the following order: fern-owl or goat-sucker, fly-catcher, and sedge-bird.

This is also the principal time in which birds hatch and rear their young. The assiduity and patience of the female during the task of sitting are admirable, as well as the conjugal affection of the male, who sings to his mate, and often supplies her place; and nothing can exceed the parental tenderness of both when the young are brought to light.

Several species of insects are this month added to those which have already been enumerated; the chief of which are the great white cabbage butterfly, capilio brassicæ; the may-chaffer, the favourite food of the fern-owl; the horse-fly, or forest-fly, so great a plague to horses and cattle; and several kinds of moths and butterflies.

Towards the end of May the bee-hives send forth their earlier swarms. These colonies consist of the young progeny, and some old ones, now grown too numerous to remain in their present habitation, and sufficiently strong and vigorous to provide for themselves. One queen bee is necessary to form each colony, and wherever she flies they follow. Na-

ture directs them to march in a body in quest of a new settlement, which, if left to their choice, would generally be some hollow trunk of a tree. But man, who converts the labours and instincts of so many animals to his own use, provides them with a dwelling, and repays himself with their honey. The early swarms are generally the most valuable, as they have time enough to lay in a plentiful store of honey for their subsistence through the winter.

About the same time the glow-worm shines. Of this species of insect the females are without wings and luminous, the males are furnished with wings, but are not luminous; it is probable, therefore, that this light may serve to direct the male to the haunts of the female, as Hero of Sestos is said to have displayed a torch from the top of a high tower to guide her venturous lover Leander in his dangerous passage across the Hellespont:—

You (i. e. the Sylphs)

Warm on her mossy couch the radiant worm,
Guard from cold dews her love-illumined form,

From leaf to leaf conduct the virgin light,
Star of the earth, and diamond of the night.
Darwin.

These little animals are found to extinguish their lamps between eleven and twelve at night.

Old May-day is the usual time for turning out cattle into the pastures, though frequently then very bare of grass. The milk soon becomes more copious, and of finer quality, from the juices of the young grass; and it is in this month that the making of cheese is usually begun in the dairies. Cheshire, Wiltshire, and the low parts of Gloucestershire, are the tracts in England most celebrated for the best cheese.

Many trees and shrubs flower in May, such as the oak, beech, maple, sycamore,

barberry, laburnum, horse-chestnut, lilac, mountain ash, and Guelder rose; of the more humble plants the most remarkable are the lily of the valley, and woodroof in woods, the male orchis in meadows, and the lychnis, or cuckoo flower, on hedge-banks.

This month is not a very busy season for the farmer. Some sowing remains to be done in late years; and in forward ones, the weeds, which spring up abundantly in fields and gardens, require to be kept under. The husbandman now looks forward with anxious hope to the reward of his industry:—

Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man

Has done his part. Ye fost'ring breezes, blow!

Ye soft'ning dews, ye tender show'rs descend;

And temper all, thou world-receiving sun,
Into the perfect year! *Thomson.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

The Horse-chestnut. *Æschylus Hippocastanum.*

Dedicated to *St. Barnardine* of Sienna.

May 21.

Holiday at the Public Offices.

St. Felix of Cantalicio. A. D. 1587. *St.*

Godrick, Hermit, A. D. 1170. *St.*

Hospitius, A. D. 681.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Ragged Robin. *Lychnis flos cuculi.*

Dedicated to *St. Felix.*

May 22.

St. Yvo, A. D. 1303. *St. Basiliscus*, Bp.

A. D. 312. *Sts. Castus* and *Æmilius*,

A. D. 250. *St. Bobo*, A. D. 985. *St*

Conall, Abbot.

When first the soul of Love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought, to plume the painted wing,
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent and wide,
Than all alive at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfined. Up springs the Lark,
Shrill voiced and loud, the messenger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunt
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse

Deep tangled, tree irregular, and bush
 Bending with dewy moisture o'er the heads
 Of the coy quoristers that lodge within,
 Are prodigal of harmony. The Thrush
 And Woodlark, o'er the kind contending throng
 Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
 Of notes, when listening Philomela deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
 Elate, to make her night excel their day,
 The Blackbird whistles from the thorny brake,
 The mellow Bullfinch answers from the grove.
 Nor are the Linnets, o'er the flowering furze
 Pour'd out profusely, silent. Joined to these
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
 Of newsprung leaves, their modulations mix,
 Mellifluous. The Jay, the Rook, the Daw,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert, while the Stockdove breathes
 A melancholy murmur through the whole.
 Around our heads the whitewinged Plover wheels
 Her sounding flight, and then directly on,
 In long excursion, skims the level lawns,
 To tempt him from her nest. The Wild Duck hence :
 O'er the rough moss and o'er the trackless waste
 The Heath Hen flutters, pious fraud, to lead
 The hot pursuing Spaniel far astray !

Thomson.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Yellow Star of Bethlehem. *Tragopogon
 pratensis.*
 Dedicated to *St. Yvo.*

May 23.

St. Julia, 5th Cent. *St. Desiderius*, Bp.
 of Langres, 7th Cent. *St. Desiderius*,
 Bp. of Vienne, A. D. 612.

Whitsuntide.

Mr. Fosbroke remarks that this feast was celebrated in Spain with representations of the gift of the Holy Ghost, and of thunder from engines, which did much damage. Wafers, or cakes, preceded by water, oak-leaves, or burning torches, were thrown down from the church roof; small birds, with cakes tied to their legs, and pigeons were let loose; sometimes there were tame white ones tied with strings, or one of wood suspended. A long censer was also swung up and down. In an old Computus, anno 1509, of St. Patrick's, Dublin, we have iv^s. vii^d. paid to those playing with the great and little angel and the dragon; iii^s. paid for little cords employed about the Holy Ghost; iv^s. vi^d. for making the angel (*thurificantis*) censing, and ii^s. ii^d. for cords of it—all on the feast of Pentecost. On the day before Whitsuntide, in some places, men and boys rolled themselves, after drinking, &c. in the mud in the streets. The Irish kept the feast with milk food, as among the

Hebrews; and a breakfast composed of cake, bread, and a liquor made by hot water poured on wheaten bran. The *Whitson Ales* were derived from the *Agapai*, or love-feasts of the early Christians, and were so denominated from the churchwardens buying, and laying in from presents also, a large quantity of malt, which they brewed into beer, and sold out in the church or elsewhere. The profits, as well as those from sundry games, there being no poor rates, were given to the poor, for whom this was one mode of provision, according to the christian rule that all festivities should be rendered innocent by alms. Aubrey thus describes a Whitson Ale. "In every parish was a church-house, to which belonged spits, crocks, and other utensils for dressing provisions. Here the house-keepers met. The young people were there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c. the ancients sitting gravely by, and looking on." It seems too that a tree was erected by the church door, where a banner was placed, and maidens stood gathering contributions. An arbour, called Robin Hood's Bower, was also put up in the church-yard. The modern Whitson Ale consists of a lord and lady of the ale, a steward, sword-bearer, purse-bearer, mace-bearer, train-bearer, or page, fool, and pipe and tabor man, with a company of young men and women, who dance in a barn.

ODE, WRITTEN ON WHIT-MONDAY

Hark! how the merry bells ring jocund round,
 And now they die upon the veering breeze;
 Anon they thunder loud
 Full on the musing ear.

Wafted in varying cadence, by the shore
 Of the still twinkling river, they bespeak
 A day of jubilee,
 An ancient holiday.

And, lo! the rural revels are begun,
 And gaily echoing to the laughing sky,
 On the smooth-shaven green
 Resounds the voice of Mirth—

Alas! regardless of the tongue of Fate,
 That tells them 'tis but as an hour since they,
 Who now are in their graves,
 Kept up the Whitsun dance;

And that another hour, and they must fall
 Like those who went before, and sleep as still
 Beneath the silent sod,
 A cold and cheerless sleep.

Yet why should thoughts like these intrude to scare
 The vagrant Happiness, when she will deign
 To smile upon us here,
 A transient visitor?

Mortals! be gladsome while ye have the power,
 And laugh and seize the glittering lapse of joy;
 In time the bell will toll
 That warns ye to your graves.

I to the woodland solitude will bend
 My lonesome way—where Mirth's obstreperous shout
 Shall not intrude to break
 The meditative hour;

There will I ponder on the state of man,
 Joyless and sad of heart, and consecrate
 This day of jubilee
 To sad Reflection's shrine;

And I will cast my fond eye far beyond
 This world of care, to where the steeple loud
 Shall rock above the sod,
 Where I shall sleep in peace.

H. K. White.

Whitsuntide at Greenwich.

I have had another holiday—a Whitsuntide holiday at Greenwich: it is true that I did not take a run down the hill, but I saw many do it who appeared to me happier and healthier for the exercise, and the fragrant breezes from the fine May trees of the park.

I began Whit-Monday by breakfasting on Blackheath hill. It was my good fortune to gain a sight of the beautiful grounds belonging to the noblest mansion on the heath, the residence of the princess Sophia of Gloucester. It is not a "show house," nor is her royal highness a woman of show. "She is a noble lady," said a worthy inhabitant of

the neighbourhood, "she is always doing as much good as she can, and more, perhaps, than she ought; her heart is larger than her purse." I found myself in this retreat I scarcely know how, and imagined that a place like this might make good dispositions better, and intelligent minds wiser. Some of its scenes seemed, to my imagination, lovely as were the spots in "the blissful seats of Eden." Delightful green swards with majestic trees lead on to private walks; and gladdening shrubberies terminate in broad borders of fine flowers, or in sloping paths, whereon fairies might dance in silence by the sleeping moonlight, or to the chant of nightingales that come

hither, to an amphitheatre of copses surrounding a "rose mount," as to their proper choir, and pour their melody, unheard by earthly beings,

— save by the ear
Of her alone who wanders here, or sits
Intrelissed and enchanted as the Fair
Fabled by him of yore in Comus' song,
Or rather like a saint in a fair shrine
Carved by Cellini's hand.

It may not be good taste, in declaring the truth, to state "the whole truth," but it is a fact, that I descended from the heights of royalty to "Sot's hole." There, for "corporal refection," and from desire to see a place which derives its name from the great lord Chesterfield, I took a biscuit and a glass of ginger-beer. His lordship resided in the mansion I had just left, and his servants were accustomed to "use" this alehouse too frequently. On one occasion he said to his butler, "Fetch the fellows from that sot's hole:" from that time, though the house has another name and sign, it is better known by the name or sign of "Sot's hole." Ascending the rise to the nearest park-gate, I soon got to the observatory in the park. It was barely noon. The holiday folks had not yet arrived; the old pensioners, who ply there to ferry the eye up and down and across the river with their telescopes, were ready with their craft. Yielding to the importunity of one, to be freed from the invitations of the rest, I took my stand, and in less than ten minutes was conveyed to Barking church, Epping Forest, the men in chains, the London Docks, St. Paul's Cathedral, and Westminster Abbey. From the seat around the tree I watched the early comers; as each party arrived the pensioners hailed them with good success. In every instance, save one, the sight first demanded was the "men in chains:" these are the bodies of pirates, suspended on gibbets by the river side, to warn sailors against crimes on the high seas. An able-bodied sailor, with a new hat on his Saracen-looking head, carrying a handkerchief full of apples in his left hand, with a bottle neck sticking out of the neck of his jacket for a nosegay, dragged his female companion up the hill with all the might of his right arm and shoulder; and the moment he was at the top, assented to the proposal of a telescope-keeper for his "good lady" to have a view of the "men in chains." She wanted to "see something else first." "Don't be a fool,"

said Jack, "see *them* first; it's the best sight." No; not she: all Jack's arguments were unavailing. "Well! what is it you'd like better, you fool you?" "Why I wants to see our house in the court, with the flower-pots, and if I don't see that, I wont see nothing—what's the men in chains to *that*? Give us an apple." She took one out of the bundle, and beginning to eat it, gave instructions for the direction of the instrument towards Limehouse church, while Jack drew forth the bottle and refreshed himself. Long she looked, and squabbled, and almost gave up the hope of finding "our house;" but on a sudden she screamed out, "Here Jack! here it is, pots and all! and there's our bed-post; I left the window up o' purpose as I might see it!" Jack himself took an observation. "D'ye see it, Jack?" "Yes." "D'ye see the pots?" "Yes." "And the bed-post?" "Ay; and here Sal, here, here's the cat looking out o' the window." "Come away, let's look again;" and then she looked, and squalled "Lord! what a sweet place it is!" and then she assented to seeing the "men in chains," giving Jack the first look, and they looked "all down the river," and saw "Tom's ship," and wished Tom was with them. The breakings forth of nature and kind-heartedness, and especially the love of "home, sweet home," in Jack's "good lady," drew forth Jack's delight, and he kissed her till the apples rolled out of the bundle, and then he pulled her down the hill. From the moment they came up they looked at nobody, nor saw any thing but themselves, and what they paid for looking at through the telescope. They were themselves a sight: and though the woman was far from

whatever fair

High fancy forms or lavish hearts could wish, yet she was all that to Jack; and all that she seemed to love or care for, were "our house," and the "flower-pots," and the "bed-post," and "Jack."

At the entrances in all the streets of Greenwich, notices from the magistrates were posted, that they were determined to put down the fair; and accordingly not a show was to be seen in the place wherein the fair had of late been held. Booths were fitting up for dancing and refreshment at night, but neither Richardson's, nor any other itinerant company of performers, was there. There were gingerbread stalls, but no learned pig, no

dwarf, no giant, no fire-eater, no exhibition of any kind. There was a large round-about of wooden horses for boys, and a few swings, none of them half filled. The landlord of "the Struggler" could not struggle his stand into notice. In vain he chalked up "Hagger's entire, two-pence a bottle;" this was ginger-beer; if it was not brisker than the demand for it, it was made "poor indeed;" he had little aid, but unsold "Lemmun aid, one penny a glass." Yet the public-houses in Greenwich were filling fast, and the fiddles squeaked from several first-floor windows. It was now nearly two o'clock, and the stage-coaches from London, thoroughly filled inside and out, drove rapidly in: these, and the flocking down of foot passengers, gave sign of great visitation. One object I cannot pass by, for it forcibly contrasted in me mind with the joyous disposition of the day. It was a poor blackbird in a cage, from the first-floor window of a house in Melville-place. The cage was high and square; its bars were of a dark brown bamboo; the top and bottom were of the same dolorous colour; between the bars were strong iron wires; the bird himself sat dull and mute; I passed the house several times; not a single note did he give forth. A few hours before I had heard his fellows in the thickets whistling in full throat; and here was he, in endless thrall, without a bit of green to cheer him, or even the decent jailery of a light wicker cage. I looked at him, and thought of the Lollards at Lambeth, of Thomas Delaune in Newgate, of Prynne in the Gatehouse, and Laud in the Tower:—all these were offenders; yet wherein had this poor bird offended that he should be like them, and be forced to keep Whitsuntide in prison? I wished him a holiday, and would have given him one to the end of his life, had I known how.

After dining and taking tea at the "Yorkshire Grey," I returned to the park, through the Greenwich gate, near the hospital. The scene here was very lively. Great numbers were seated on the grass, some refreshing themselves, others were lookers at the large company of walkers. Surrounded by a goodly number was a man who stood to exhibit the wonders of a single-folded sheet of writing paper to the sight of all except himself; he was blind. By a motion of his hand he changed it into various forms. "Here," said he, "is a garden-chair for

your seat—this is a flight of stairs to your chamber—here is a flower-stand for your mantle-piece;" and so he went on; presenting, in rapid succession, the well-shaped representation of more than thirty forms of different utensils or conveniences: at the conclusion, he was well rewarded for his ingenuity. Further on was a larger group; from the centre whereof came forth sounds unlike those heard by him who wrote—

"Orpheus play'd so well, he moved old Nick,
But thou mov'st nothing but thy fiddlestick."

This player so "imitated Orpheus," that he moved the very bowels, uneasiness seemed to seize on all who heard his discords. He was seated on the grass, in the garb of a sailor. At his right hand lay a square board, whereon was painted "a tale of woe," in letters that disdained the printer's art; at the top, a little box, with a glass cover, discovered that it was "plus" of what himself was "minus;" its inscription described its contents—"These bones was taken out of my leg." I could not withstand his claim to support. He was effecting the destruction of "Sweet Poll of Plymouth," for which I gave him a trifle more than his "fair" audience usually bestowed, perhaps. He instantly begged I would name my "favourite;" I desired to be acquainted with his; he said he could not "deny nothing to so noble a benefactor," and he immediately began to murder "Black-eyed Susan." If the man at the wall of the Fishmongers' almshouses were dead, he would be the worst player in England.

There were several parties playing at "Kiss in the ring," an innocent merriment in the country; here it was certainly not merriment. On the hill the runners were abundant, and the far greater number were, in appearance and manners, devoid of that vulgarity and grossness from whence it might be inferred that the sport was any way improper; nor did I observe, during a stay of several hours, the least indication of its being otherwise than a cheerful amusement. One of the prettiest sights was a game at "Thread my needle," played by about a dozen lasses, with a grace and glee that reminded me of Angelica's nymphs. I indulged a hope that the hilarity of rural pastimes might yet be preserved. There was no drinking in the park. It lost its

visitants fast while the sun was going down. Many were arrested in their progress to the gate by the sight of the boys belonging to the college, who were at their evening play within their own grounds, and who, before they retired for the night, sung "God save the King," and "Rule Britannia," in full chorus, with fine effect.

The fair, or at least such part of it as was suffered to be continued, was held in the open space on the right hand of the street leading from Greenwich to the Creek bridge. "The Crown and Anchor" booth was the great attraction, as indeed well it might. It was a tent, three hundred and twenty-three feet long, and sixty feet wide. Seventy feet of this, at the entrance, was occupied by seats for persons who chose to take refreshment, and by a large space from whence the viands were delivered. The remaining two hundred and fifty feet formed the "Assembly room," wherein were boarded floors for four rows of dancers throughout this extensive length; on each side were seats and tables. The price of admission to the assembly was one shilling. The check ticket was a card, whereon was printed,

VAUXHALL.
CROWN AND ANCHOR,
WHIT MONDAY.

This room was thoroughly lighted up by depending branches from the roofs handsomely formed; and by stars and festoons, and the letters G. R. and other devices, bearing illumination lamps. It was more completely filled with dancers and spectators, than were convenient to either. Neither the company nor the scene can be well described. The orchestra, elevated across the middle of the

tent, consisting of two harps, three violins, a bass viol, two clarionets, and a flute, played airs from "Der Freischütz," and other popular tunes. Save the crowd, there was no confusion; save in the quality of the dancers and dancing, there was no observable difference between this and other large assemblies; except, indeed, that there was no master of the ceremonies, nor any difficulty in obtaining or declining partners. It was neither a dancing school, nor a school of morals; but the moralist might draw conclusions which would here, and at this time, be out of place. There were at least 2,000 persons in this booth at one time. In the fair were about twenty other dancing booths; yet none of them comparable in extent to the "Crown and Anchor." In one only was a price demanded for admission; the tickets to the "Albion Assembly" were sixpence. Most of these booths had names; for instance, "The Royal Standard;" "The Lads of the Village," "The Black Boy and Cat Tavern," "The Moon-rakers," &c. At eleven o'clock, stages from Greenwich to London were in full request. One of them obtained 4s. each for inside, and 2s. 6d. for outside passengers; the average price was 3s. inside, and 2s. outside; and though the footpaths were crowded with passengers, yet all the inns in Greenwich and on the road were thoroughly filled. Certainly, the greater part of the visitors were mere spectators of the scene. *

NIGHT

The late Henry Kirke White, in a fragment of a poem on "Time," beautifully imagines the slumbers of the sorrowful Reader, bear with its melancholy tone. A summer's day is not less lovely for a passing cloud.

Behold the world
Rests, and her tired inhabitants have paused
From trouble and turmoil. The widow now
Has ceased to weep, and her twin-orphans lie
Lock'd in each arm, partakers of her rest.
The man of sorrow has forgot his woes;
The outcast that his head is shelterless,
His griefs unshared. The mother tends no more
Her daughter's dying slumbers, but surprised
With heaviness, and sunk upon her couch,
Dreams of her bridals. Even the hectic lull'd
On Death's lean arm to rest, in visions wrapt,
Crowning with Hope's bland wreath his shuddering nurse,
Poor victim! smiles.—Silence and deep repose
Reign o'er the nations; and the warning voice
Of Nature utters audibly within
The general moral;—tells us that repose,
Deathlike as this, but of far longer span,

Is coming on us—that the weary crowds,
 Who now enjoy a temporary calm,
 Shall soon taste lasting quiet, wrapt around
 With grave-clothes; and their aching restless heads
 Mouldering in holes and corners unobserved
 Till the last trump shall break their sullen sleep.



The Sluice-house.

Ye who with rod and line aspire to catch
 Leviathans that swim within the stream
 Of this fam'd *River*, now no longer *New*,
 Yet still so call'd, come hither to the Sluice-house .
 Here, largest gudgeons live, and fattest roach
 Resort, and even barbel have been found.
 Here too doth sometimes prey the rav'ning shark
 Of streams like this, that is to say, a jack.
 If fortune aid ye, ye perchance shall find
 Upon an average within one day,
 At least a fish, or two; if ye do not,
 This will I promise ye, that ye shall have
 Most glorious nibbles: come then, haste ye here,
 And with ye bring large stock of baits and patience.

From Canonbury tower onward by the New River, is a pleasant summer afternoon's walk. Highbury barn, or, as it is now called, Highbury tavern, is the first place of note beyond Canonbury. It was anciently a barn belonging to the ecclesiastics of Clerkenwell; though it is at present only known to the inhabitants of that suburb, by its capacity for filling them with good things in return for the money they spend

there. The "barn" itself is the assembly-room, whereon the old roof still remains. This house has stood in the way of all passengers to the Sluice-house, and turned many from their firm-set purpose of fishing in the waters near it. Every man who carries a rod and line is not an Isaac Walton, whom neither blandishment nor obstacle could swerve from his mighty end, when he went forth to kill fish.

He was the great progenitor of all
 That war upon the tenants of the stream,
 He neither stumbled, stopt, nor had a fall
 When he essay'd to war on dace, bleak,
 bream,
 Stone-loach or pike, or other fish, I deem.

The Sluice-house is a small wooden building, distant about half a mile beyond Highbury, just before the river angles off towards Newington. With London anglers it has always been a house of celebrity, because it is the nearest spot wherein they have hope of tolerable sport. Within it is now placed a machine for forcing water into the pipes that supply the inhabitants of Holloway, and other parts adjacent. Just beyond is the Eel-pie house, which many who angle thereabouts mistake for the Sluice-house. To instruct the uninformed, and to gratify the eye of some who remember the spot they frequented in their youth, the preceding view, taken in May 1825, has been engraved. If the artist had been also a portrait painter, it would have been well to have secured a sketch of the present keeper of the Sluice-house; his manly mien, and mild expressive face, are worthy of the pencil: if there be truth in physiognomy, he is an honest, good-hearted man. His dame, who tenders Barcelona nuts and oranges at the Sluice-house door for sale, with fishing-lines from two-pence to six-pence, and rods at a penny each, is somewhat stricken in years, and wholly innocent of the metropolis and its manners. She seems of the times—

“When our fathers pluck'd the blackberry
 And sipp'd the silver tide.”

An etching of the eccentric individual, from whence the present engraving is taken, was transmitted by a respectable “Cantab,” for insertion in the *Every-Day Book*, with the few particulars ensuing:—

James Gordon was once a respectable solicitor in Cambridge, till “love and liquor”

“Robb'd him of that which once enriched him,
 And made him poor indeed!”

He is well known to many resident and non-resident sons of *alma mater*, as a *déclamateur* and for ready wit and re-

partee, which few can equal. One or two instances may somewhat depict

Jemmy Gordon.



Gordon meeting a gentleman in the streets of Cambridge who had recently received the honour of knighthood, Jemmy approached him, and looking him full in the face, exclaimed,

“The king, by merely laying sword on,
 Could make a knight of Jemmy Gordon.”

At a late assize at Cambridge, a man named Pilgrim was convicted of horse-stealing, and sentenced to transportation. Gordon seeing the prosecutor in the street, loudly vociferated to him, “You, sir, have done what the pope of Rome cannot do; you have put a stop to *Pilgrim's Progress!*”

Gordon was met one day by a person of rather indifferent character, who pitied Jemmy's forlorn condition, (he being without shoes and stockings,) and said, “Gordon, if you will call at my house, I will give you a pair of shoes.” Jemmy, assuming a contemptuous air, replied,

“No, sir! excuse me, I would not stand in your shoes for all the world!”

Some months ago, Jemmy had the misfortune to fall from a hay-loft, wherein he had retired for the night, and broke his thigh; since then he has *reposed* in a workhouse. No man's life is more calculated

“To adorn a moral, and to point a tale.”

N.

These brief memoranda suffice to memorialize a peculiar individual. James Gordon at one time possessed “fame, wealth, and honours:” now—his “fame” is a hapless notoriety; all the “wealth” that remains to him is a form that might have been less careworn had he been less careless; his honour is “air—thin air,” “his gibes, his jests, his flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar,” no longer enliven the plenteous banquet:—

“Deserted in his utmost need
By men his former bounty fed,”

the bitter morsel for his life's support is parish dole. “The gayest of the gay” is forgotten in his age—in the darkness of life; when reflection on what *was*, cannot better what *is*. Brilliant circles of acquaintance sparkle with frivolity, but friendship has no place within them. The prudence of sensuality is selfishness.

The Cambridge communication concerning James Gordon is accompanied by an amusing list of names derived from “men and things.”

Personages and their Callings at Cambridge in 1825.

A King . . . is . . . a brewer
A Bishop a tailor
A Baron a horse-dealer
A Knight a turf-dealer
A Proctor a tailor
A Marshall a cheesemonger
An Earl a laundress
A Butler a picture-frame maker
A Page a bookbinder
A Pope an old woman
An Abbott a bonnet-maker
A Monk a waterman
A Nun a horse-dealer
A Moor a poultterer
A Savage a carpenter
A Scott an Englishman
A Rose a fishmonger
A Lilly a brewer

A Crab a butcher
A Salmon a linendraper
A Leech a fruiterer
A Pike a milkman
A Sole a shoemaker

A Wood a grocer
A Field a confectioner
A Tunnell a baker
A Marsh a carrier
A Brook a turf-dealer
A Greenwood a baker

A Lee an innkeeper
A Bush a carpenter
A Grove a shoemaker
A Lane a carpenter
A Green a builder
A Hill a butcher
A Haycock a publican
A Barne a grocer
A Shed a butler
A Hutt a shoebblack
A Hovel a draper

A Hatt a bookseller
A Capp a gardener
A Spencer a butcher

A Bullock a baker
A Fox a brazier
A Lamb a sadler
A Lion a grocer
A Mole a town-crier
A Roe an engraver
A Buck a college gyp.
A Hogg a gentleman

A Bond a grocer
A Binder a fruiterer

A Cock a shoemaker
A Hawk a paperhanger
A Drake a dissenting minister
A Swan a shoemaker
A Bird an innkeeper
A Peacock a lawyer
A Rook a tailor
A Wren a bricklayer's labourer
A Falcon a gentleman
A Crow a builder

A Pearl a cook
A Stone a glazier
A Cross a boatwright

A Barefoot an innkeeper
A Leg a mantua-maker

White a shoemaker
Green a carpenter
Brown a fishmonger
Grey a painter
Pink a publican

Tall a printer
Short a tailor
Long a shopkeeper

Christmasan ironmonger
 Summera carpenter
 Sada barber
 Griefa glazier
 Peacea carpenter
 Bacona tobacconist.

A Hard-man	A Spear-man
A Wise-man	A Hill-man
A Good-man	A Wood-man
A Black-man	A Pack-man
A Chap-man	A Pit-man
A Free-man	A Red-man
A New-man	A True-man.
A Bow-man	

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Lilac. *Syringa vulgaris*.
 Dedicated to *St. Julia*.

May 24.

St. Vincent of Lerins, A. D. 450. *Sts.*
Donatian and *Rogatian*, A. D. 287.
St. John de Prado.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Monkey Poppy. *Papaver Orientale*.
 Dedicated to *St. Vincent*.

May 25.

St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi, A. D. 1607.
St. Urban, Pope, A. D. 223. *St. Ad-*
helm, or *Aldhelm*. *St. Gregory VII.*,
 Pope, A. D. 1085. *Sts. Maximus*, or
Mauze, and *Venerand*, Martyrs in Nor-
 mandy, 6th Cent. *St. Dumhade*, Abbot,
 A. D. 717.

St. Aldhelm.

He founded the abbey of Malmesbury, and was the first Englishman who cultivated Latin and English or Saxon poesy. Among his other mortifications, he was accustomed to recite the psalter at night, plunged up to the shoulders in a pond of water. He was the first bishop of Sherborne, a see which was afterwards removed to Salisbury, and died in 709.*

He turned a sunbeam into a clothes-peg; at least, so say his biographers: this was at Rome. Saying mass there in the church of *St. John de Lateran*, he put off his vestment; the servant neglecting to take it, he hung it on a sunbeam, whereon it remained, "to the wonderful admiration of the beholders."†

FLORAL DIRECTORY.
 Common Avens. *Geum Urbanum*.
 Dedicated to *St. Urban*

May 26.

St. Philip Neri, A. D. 1595. *St. Augusti-*
tine, Abp. of Canterbury, A. D. 604.
St. Eleutherius, Pope, A. D. 192. *St.*
Quadratus, Bp. A. D. 125. *St. Oduvald*,
 Abbot, A. D. 698.

St. Philip Neri.

He was born at Florence in 1515, became recluse when a child, dedicated himself to poverty, and became miraculously fervent. "The divine love," says Alban Butler, "so much dilated the breast of our saint, that the gristle which joined the fourth and fifth ribs on the left side was broken, which accident enlarged the heart and the larger vessels more play; in which condition he lived fifty years." According to the same authority, his body was sometimes raised from the ground during his devotions some yards high. Butler relates the same of *St. Dunstan*, *St. Edmund*, and many other saints, and says that "Calmet, an author still living, assures us that he knows a religious man who, in devout prayer, is sometimes involuntarily raised in the air, and remains hanging in it without any support; also that he is personally acquainted with a devout nun to whom the same had often happened." Butler thinks it probable that they themselves would not determine whether they were raised by angels, or by what other supernatural operation. He says, that *Neri* could detect hidden sins by the smell of the sinners. He died in 1595: the body of such a saint of course worked miracles.

St. Philip Neri founded the congregation or religious order of the Oratory, in 1551. The rules of this religious order savour of no small severity. By the "Institutions of the Oratory," (printed at Oxford, 1687, 8vo. pp. 49.) they are required to mix corporal punishments with their religious harmony:—"From the first of November to the feast of the resurrection, their contemplation of celestial things shall be heightened by a concert of music; and it is also enjoined, that at certain seasons of frequent occurrence, they all whip themselves in the Oratory. After half an hour's mental prayer, the officers distribute whips made of small

* Butler. † Porter, Golden Legend.

cords full of knots, put forth the children, if there be any, and carefully shutting the doors and windows, extinguish the other lights, except only a small candle so placed in a dark lanthorn upon the altar, that the crucifix may appear clear and visible, but not reflecting any light, thus making all the room dark: then the priest, in a loud and doleful voice, pronounceth the verse *Jube Domine benedicere*, and going through an appointed service, comes *Apprehendite disciplinam*, &c.; at which words, taking their whips, they scourge their naked bodies during the recital of the 50th Psalm, *Miserere*, and the 129th, *De profundis*, with several prayers; at the conclusion of which, upon a sign given, they end their whipping, and put on their clothes in the dark and in silence."

Oratorios.

The *Oratorio* commenced with the fathers of the *Oratory*. In order to draw youth to church, they had hymns, psalms, and spiritual songs, or cantatas, sung either in chorus or by a single favourite voice. These pieces were divided into two parts, the one performed before the sermon, and the other after it. Sacred stories, or events from scripture, written in verse, and by way of dialogue, were set to music, and the first part being performed, the sermon succeeded, which the people were induced to stay and hear, that they might be present at the performance of the second part. The subjects in early times were the good Samaritan, the Prodigal Son, Tobit with the angei, his father, and his wife, and similar histories, which by the excellence of the composition, the band of instruments, and the performance, brought the *Oratory* into great repute; hence this species of musical drama obtained the general appellation of *Oratorio*.

St. Augustine.

This was the monk sent to England by St. Gregory the Great, to convert the English; by favour of Ethelbert, he became archbishop of Canterbury. Christianity, however, had long preceded Augustine's arrival, for the queen of Ethelbert, previous to his coming, was accustomed to pay her devotions in the church of St. Martin just without Canterbury. This most ancient edifice still exists. Not noticing more at present concerning

his historical character, it is to be observed that, according to his biographers, he worked many miracles, whereof may be observed this:—

St. Augustine came to a certain town, inhabited by wicked people, who "refused hys doctryne and prechyng uterly, and drof hym out of the towne, castyng on hym the tayles of thornback, or lyke fysshes; wherefore he besought Almyghty God to shewe hys judgement on them; and God sent to them a shamefull token; for the chyl dren that were born after in the place, had tayles, as it is sayd, tyll they had repented them. It is said comynly that this fyll at Strode in Kente; but blyssed be Gode, at thys daye is no such deformyte."* It is said, however, that they were the natives of a village in Dorsetshire who were thus tail-pieced.†

Another notable miracle is thus related. When St. Augustine came to Compton, in Oxfordshire, the curate complained, that though he had often warned the lord of the place to pay his tythes, yet they were withheld, "and therefore I," said the curate, "have cursed hym, and I fynde him the more obstynate." Then St. Augustine demanded why he did not pay his tythes to God and the church; whereto the knight answered, that as he tilled the ground, he ought to have the tenth sheaf as well as the ninth. Augustine, finding that he could not bend this lord to his purpose, then departed and went to mass; but before he began, he charged all those that were accursed to go out of the church. Then a dead body arose, and went out of the church into the churchyard with a white cloth on his head, and stood there till mass was done; whereupon St. Augustine went to him, and demanded what he was; and the dead body said, "I was formerly lord of this town, and because I would not pay my tithes to my curate, he cursed me, and then I died and went to hell." Then Augustine bade the dead lord bring him to where the curate was buried, which accordingly he did, and Augustin commanded the dead curate to arise, wherupon accordingly arose and stood before all the people. Then Augustin demanded of the dead curate if he knew the dead lord, who answered, "Would to God I had never known him, for he was a withholder of his tythes, and, moreover, an evil-doer." Then Augustin delivered to the said curate a rod, at

* Golden Legend.

† Porter's Flowers

then the dead lord kneeling, received penance thereby; which done, Augustine commanded the dead lord to go again to his grave, there to abide until the day of judgment; and forthwith the said lord entered his grave, and fell to ashes. Then Augustine asked the curate, how long he had been dead; and he said, a hundred and fifty years. And Augustine offered to pray for him, that he might remain on earth to confirm men in their belief; but the curate refused, because he was in the place of rest. Then said Augustine, "Go in peace, and pray for me and for holy church;" and immediately the curate returned to his grave. At this sight, the lord who had not paid the curate his tythes was sore afraid, and came quaking to St. Augustine, and to his curate, and prayed forgiveness of his trespass, and promised ever after to pay his tythes.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 26th of May, 1555, was a gay May-game at St. Martin's-in-the-fields, with *giants* and hobby-horses, drums and guns, morrice-dances, and other minstrels.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY

Rhododendron. *Rhododendrum Ponticum*.
Dedicated to *St. Augustine*.
Yellow Azalea. *Azalea pontica*.
Dedicated to *St. Philip Neri*.

May 27.

St. John, Pope, A. D. 526. *St. Bede*, A. D. 735. *St. Julius*, about A. D. 302.

St. John, Pope.

This pontiff was imprisoned by Theodoric, king of the Goths, in Italy, and died in confinement. This sovereign had

previously put to death the philosopher Boëtius, who, according to Ribadeneira, after he was beheaded, was scoffingly asked by one of the executioners, "who hath put thee to death?" whereupon Boëtius answered, "wicked men," and immediately taking up his head in his own hands, walked away with it to the adjoining church.

St. Bede

The life of "Venerable Bede" in Butler, is one of the best memoirs in his biography of the saints. He was an Englishman, in priest's orders. It is said of him that he was a prodigy of learning in an unlearned age; that he surpassed Gregory the Great in eloquence and copiousness of style, and that Europe scarcely produced a greater scholar. He was a teacher of youth, and, at one time had six hundred pupils, yet he exercised his clerical functions with punctuality, and wrote an incredible number of works in theology, science, and the polite arts. It is true he fell into the prevailing credulity of the early age wherein he flourished, but he enlightened it by his erudition, and improved it by his unfeigned piety and unwearied zeal.

Not to ridicule so great a man, but as an instance of the desire to attribute wonderful miracles to distinguished characters, the following silly anecdote concerning Bede is extracted from the "Golden Legend." He was blind, and desiring to be led forth to preach, his servant carried him to a heap of stones, to which, the good father, believing himself preaching to a sensible congregation, delivered a noble discourse, whereunto, when he had finished his sermon, the stones answered and said "Amen!"

Methinks that to some vacant hermitage

My feet would rather turn—to some dry nook

Scooped out of living rock, and near a brook

Hurled down a mountain cove from stage to stage,

Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling rage

In the soft heaven of a translucent pool;

Thence creeping under forest arches cool,

Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage

Perchance would throng my dreams. A beechen bowl,

A Maple dish, my furniture should be;

Crisp yellow leaves my bed; the hooting Owl

My nightwatch: nor should e'er the crested fowl

From thorp or vill his matins sound for me,

Tired of the world and all its industry.

But what if one, through grove or flowery mead,

Indulging thus at will the creeping feet

Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet

* Strype's Memorials.

The hovering shade of venerable Bede,
 The saint, the scholar, from a circle freed
 Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat
 Of learning, where he heard the billows beat
 On a wild coast—rough monitors to feed
 Perpetual industry—sublime recluse!
 The recreant soul, that dares to shun the debt
 Imposed on human kind, must first forget
 Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use
 Of a long life, and, in the hour of death,
 The last dear service of thy passing breath!

Wordsworth.

THE SEASON.

Every thing of good or evil, incident to any period of the year, is to be regarded seasonable; the present time of the year, therefore, must not be quarrelled with, if it be not always agreeable to us. Many days of this month, in 1825, have been most oppressive to the spirits, and injurious to the mental faculties, of persons who are unhappily susceptible of changes

in the weather, and especially the winds. These have been borne with some philosophy, by the individual now holding the pen; but, alas! the effects are too apparent, he apprehends, to many who have read what he has been scarcely able to throw together. He hopes that these defaults will be placed to their proper account, and that cloudless skies and genial breezes will enable him to do better.

MAY, 1825.

All hail to thee, hail to thee, god of the morning!
 How joyous thy steeds from the ocean have sprung!
 The clouds and the waves smile to see thee returning,
 And young zephyrs laugh as they gambol along.

No more with the tempest the river is swelling,
 No angry clouds frown, and no sky darkly lowers;
 The bee winds his horn, and the gay news is telling,
 That spring is arrived with her sunshine and flowers.

From her home in the grass see the white primrose peeping,
 While diamond dew-drops around her are spread,
 She smiles through her tears, like an infant, whose weeping
 To laughter is changed when its sorrows are fled.

In the pride of its beauty the young year is shining,
 And nature with blossoms is wreathing the trees,
 The white and the green, in rich clusters entwining,
 Are sprinkling their sweets on the wings of each breeze.

Then hail to thee, hail to thee, god of the morning!
 Triumphant ride on in thy chariot of light;
 The earth, with thy bounties her forehead adorning,
 Comes forth, like a bride, from the chamber of night.

E. C.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Buttercups. *Ranunculus acris.*

Dedicated to *St. John, Pope.*

Yellow Bachelor's Buttons. *Ranunculus acris plenus.*

Dedicated to *St. Bede.*

May 28.

CHRONOLOGY.

St. Germanus, Bp. of Paris, A. D. 576.
St. Caranus, also *Caranus* and *Caro*,
 (in French, *Cheron*.)

1546. Cardinal Beaton was on this day assassinated in Scotland. He was primaet of that kingdom, over which he

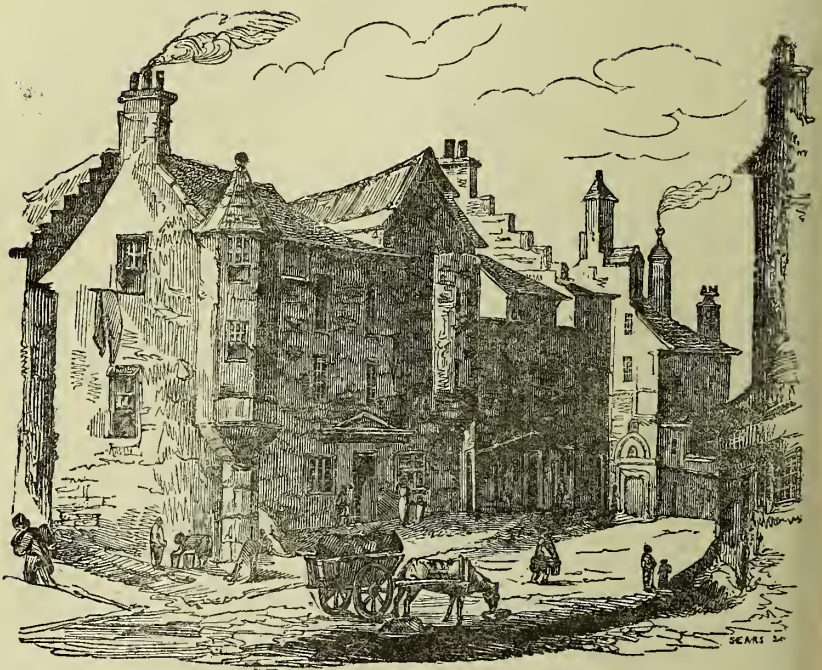
exercised almost sovereign sway. Just before his death he got into his power George Wishart, a gentleman by birth, who preached against Romish superstitions, and caused him to be condemned to the stake for heresy. The cardinal refused the sacrament to his victim, on the ground that it was not reasonable to allow a spiritual benefit to an obstinate heretic, condemned by the church. Wishart was tied to a tree in the castle-yard of St. Andrew's, with bags of gunpowder fastened about his body. The cardinal and prelates were seated on rich cushions with tapestry hangings before them, from whence they viewed the execution of their sentence. The gunpowder having exploded without ending Wishart's bodily sufferings, the inflexible reformer exclaimed from the fire, "This flame hath scorched my body, yet hath it not daunted my spirit: but he who from yonder high place beholdeth me with such pride, shall within a few days lie in the same as ignominiously as now he is seen proudly to rest himself." After these words, the cord that went about his neck was drawn by one of the executioners to stop his breath, the fire was increased, his body was consumed to ashes, and the cardinal caused proclamation to be made that none should pray for the heretic under pain of the heaviest ecclesiastical censures. If the church, said the priests, had found such a protector in former times, she had maintained her authority; but the cardinal's cruelty struck the people with horror, and John Lesly, brother to the earl of Rothes, with Normand Lesly, the earl of Rothes' son, (who was disgusted on account of some private quarrel,) and other persons of birth and quality, openly vowed to avenge Wishart's death. Early in the morning they entered the cardinal's palace at St. Andrews, which he had strongly fortified; though they were not above sixteen persons, they thrust out a hundred tradesmen and fifty servants, whom they seized separately, before any suspicion arose of their intentions; and having shut the gates, they proceeded very deliberately to execute their purpose on the cardinal. Beaton alarmed with the noise which he heard in the castle, barricadoed the door of his chamber: but finding that they had brought fire in order to force their way, and having obtained, as is believed, a promise of life, he opened the door; and reminding them that he was a priest, he

conjured them to spare him. Two of them rushed upon him with drawn swords, but a third, James Melvil, stopped their career, and bade them reflect that this work was the work and judgment of God, and ought to be executed with becoming deliberation and gravity. Then turning the point of his sword towards Beaton, he called to him, "Repent thee, thou wicked cardinal, of all thy sins and iniquities, especially of the murder of Wishart, that instrument of God for the conversion of these lands: it is his death which now cries vengeance upon thee: we are sent by God to inflict the deserved punishment. For here, before the Almighty, I protest, that it is neither hatred of thy person, nor love of thy riches, nor fear of thy power, which moves me to seek thy death: but only because thou hast been, and still remainest, an obstinate enemy to Christ Jesus, and his holy gospel." Having spoken these words, without giving Beaton time to finish that repentance to which he exhorted him, he thrust him through the body, and the cardinal fell dead at his feet. Upon a rumour that the castle was taken, a great tumult arose in the city; and several partisans of the cardinal armed themselves with intent to scale the walls. When they were told of his death, they desisted, and the people insisting upon a sight of the cardinal's body, his corpse was exposed to their view from the very same place wherein he sat to behold the execution of George Wishart.

The sanguinary spirit of these times has disappeared, and we look upon what remains to us of the individuals who suffered, or acted under its influence, as memorials of such crimes and criminals as we in a milder age dare not imagine our country can be again afflicted with. The sight of cardinal Beaton's house in the Cowgate, at Edinburgh, may have induced useful reflections on past intolerance, and increased charitable dispositions in some whose persuasions widely differ. If this be so, a representation of it in this sheet may not be less agreeable to the moralist than to the lover of antiquities. The drawing from whence the engraving on the next page is taken, was made on the spot in 1824.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Lurid Fleur-de-lis. *Irid Lurida*
Dedicated to *St. Germain*.



Cardinal Beaton's house at Edinburgh.

May 29.

St. Maximinus, Bp. of Friers, A. D. 349.

St. Cyril. *St. Conon and his son*, of Iconia in Asia, about A. D. 275. *Sts.*

Sisinnius, Martyrius, and Alexander, A. D. 397.

Restoration Day.

This day is so called from its being the anniversary of the day whereon king Charles II. entered London, in 1660, and re-established royalty, which had been suspended from the death of his father. It is usual with the vulgar people to wear oak-leaves in their hats on this day, and dress their horses' heads with them. This is in commemoration of the shelter afforded to Charles by an oak while making his escape from England, after his defeat at Worcester, by Cromwell.

The battle was fought on the 3d of September, 1651; Cromwell having utterly routed his army, Charles left Worcester at six o'clock in the afternoon, and without halting, travelled about twenty-six miles, in company with fifty or sixty of his friends, from whom he separated, without communicating his intentions to any of them, and went to Boscobel, a lone house in the borders of Staffordshire, inhabited by one Penderell, a farmer, to whom he intrusted himself. This man, assisted by his four brothers, clothed the king in a garb like their own, led him into the neighbouring wood, put a bill into his hand, and pretended to employ themselves in cutting faggots. Some nights he lay upon straw in the house, and fed on such homely fare as it afforded. For better concealment, he mounted upon an

oak, where he sheltered himself among the leaves and branches for twenty-four hours. He saw several soldiers pass by. All of them were intent in search of the king; and some expressed, in his hearing, their earnest wishes of seizing him. This tree was afterwards denominated the *Royal Oak*; and for many years was regarded by the neighbourhood with great veneration. Charles could neither stay, nor stir, without imminent danger. At length he and lord Wilmot, who was concealed in the neighbourhood, put themselves into the hands of colonel Lane, a zealous royalist, who lived at Bentley, not many miles distant. The king's feet were so hurt by walking in heavy boots or countrymen's shoes, which did not fit him, that he was obliged to mount on horseback; and he travelled in this situation to Bentley, attended by the Penderells. Lane formed a scheme for his journey to Bristol, where, it was hoped, he would find a ship, in which he might transport himself. He had a near kinswoman, Mrs. Norton, who lived within three miles of that city, and he obtained a pass (for, during those times of confusion, this precaution was requisite) for his sister Jane Lane and a servant to travel towards Bristol, under pretence of visiting and attending her relation. The king rode before the lady, and personated the servant. When they arrived at Norton's, Mrs. Lane pretended that she had brought along as her servant a poor lad, a neighbouring farmer's son, who was ill of an ague; and she begged a private room for him where he might be quiet. Though Charles kept himself retired in this chamber, the butler, one Pope, soon knew him: Charles was alarmed, but made the butler promise that he would keep the secret from every mortal, even from his master; and he was faithful to his engagement. No ship, it was found, would, for a month, set sail from Bristol, either for France or Spain; and the king was obliged to go to colonel Windham of Dorsetshire, a partisan of the royal family. During his journey he often passed through the hands of catholics; the *Priest's Hole*, as they called it, the place where they were obliged to conceal their persecuted priests, was sometimes employed to shelter him. He continued several days in Windham's house; and all his friends in Britain, and in every part of Europe, remained in the most anxious suspense with regard to his

fortunes: no one could conjecture whether he were dead or alive; and the report of his death being generally believed, relaxed the vigilant search of his enemies. Trials were made to procure a vessel for his escape; but he still met with disappointments. Having left Windham's house, he was obliged again to return to it. He passed through many other adventures; assumed different disguises; in every step was exposed to imminent perils; and received daily proofs of uncorrupted fidelity and attachment. The sagacity of a smith, who remarked that his horse's shoes had been made in the north, and not in the west, as he pretended, once detected him; and he narrowly escaped. At Shoreham, in Sussex, a vessel was at last found, in which he embarked. He had been known to so many, that if he had not set sail in that critical moment it had been impossible for him to escape. After one and forty days' concealment, he arrived safely at Fescamp in Normandy. No less than forty men and women had at different times been privy to his concealment and escape.*

Charles II. himself wrote a narrative of his remarkable "Escape." From this it appears that while journeying with the Penderells, "he wore a very greasy old grey steeple-crowned hat, with the brims turned up, without lining or hatband: a green cloth coat, threadbare, even to the threads being worn white, and breeches of the same, with long knees down to the garter; with an old leathern doublet, a pair of white flannel stockings next to his legs, which the king said were his boot stockings, their tops being cut off to prevent their being discovered, and upon them a pair of old green yarn stockings, all worn and darned at the knees, with their feet cut off; his shoes were old, all slashed for the ease of his feet, and full of gravel; he had an old coarse shirt, patched both at the neck and hands; he had no gloves, but a long thorn stick, not very strong, but crooked three or four several ways, in his hand; his hair cut short up to his ears, and hands coloured; his majesty refusing to have any gloves, when father Hodlestone offered him some, as also to change his stick."

Charles's narrative is very minute in many particulars; especially as regards

* Hume.

his getting on shipboard, and his passage across the channel.

“ We went,” he says, “ towards Shoreham, four miles off a place called Brightelmstone, taking the master of the ship with us, on horseback, behind one of our company, and came to the vessel’s side, which was not above sixty tons. But it being low water, and the vessel lying dry, I and my lord Wilmot got up with a ladder into her, and went and lay down in the little cabin, till the tide came to fetch us off.

“ But I was no sooner got into the ship, and lain down upon the bed, but the master came in to me, fell down upon his knees, and kissed my hand; telling me, that he knew me very well, and would venture life, and all that he had in the world, to set me down safe in France.

“ So, about seven o’clock in the morning, it being high-water, we went out of the port; but the master being bound for Pool, loaden with sea-coal, because he would not have it seen from Shoreham that he did not go his intended voyage, but stood all the day, with a very easy sail, towards the Isle of Wight (only my lord Wilmot and myself, of my company, on board.) And as we were sailing, the master came to me, and desired me that I would persuade his men to use their endeavours with me to get him to set us on shore in France, the better to cover him from any suspicion thereof. Upon which, I went to the men, which were four and a boy, and told them, truly, that we were two merchants that had some misfortunes, and were a little in debt; that we had some money owing us at Rouen, in France, and were afraid of being arrested in England; that if they would persuade the master (the wind being very fair) to give us a trip over to Dieppe, or one of those ports near Rouen, they would oblige us very much, and with that I gave them twenty shillings to drink. Upon which, they undertook to second me, if I would propose it to the master. So I went to the master, and told him our condition, and that if he would give us a trip over to France, we would give him some consideration for it. Upon which he counterfeited difficulties, saying, that it would hinder his voyage. But his men, as they had promised me, joining their persuasions to ours, and, at last, he yielded to set us over.

“ So, about five o’clock in the afternoon, as we were in sight of the Isle of Wight, we stood directly over to the coast of France, the wind being then full north; and the next morning, a little before day, we saw the coast. But the tide failing us, and the wind coming about to the south-west, we were forced to come to an anchor within two miles of the shore, till the tide of flood was done.

“ We found ourselves just before an harbour in France, called Fescamp; and just as the tide of ebb was made, espied a vessel to leeward of us, which, by her nimble working, I suspected to be an Ostend privateer. Upon which, I went to my lord Wilmot, and telling him my opinion of that ship, proposed to him our going ashore in the little cock-boat, for fear they should prove so, as not knowing, but finding us going into a port of France, (there being then a war betwixt France and Spain,) they might plunder us, and possibly carry us away and set us ashore in England; the master also himself had the same opinion of her being an Ostender, and came to me to tell me so, which thought I made it my business to dissuade him from, for fear it should tempt him to set sail again with us for the coast of England: yet so sensible I was of it, that I and my lord Wilmot went both on shore in the cock-boat; and going up into the town of Fescamp, staid there all day to provide horses for Rouen. But the vessel which had so affrighted us, proved afterwards only a French hoy.

“ The next day we got to Rouen, to an inn, one of the best in the town, in the fish-market, where they made difficulty to receive us, taking us, by our clothes, to be some thieves, or persons that had been doing some very ill thing, until Mr. Sandburne, a merchant, for whom I sent, came and answered for us.

“ One particular more there is observable in relation to this our passage into France; that the vessel that brought us over had no sooner landed me, and I given her master a pass, for fear of meeting with any of our Jersey frigates, but the wind turned so happily for her, as to carry her directly for Pool, without its being known that she had ever been upon the coast of France.

“ We staid at Rouen one day, to provide ourselves better clothes, and give notice to the queen, my mother, (who was then at Paris,) of my being safe.

landed. After which, setting out in a hired coach, I was met by my mother, with coaches, short of Paris; and by her conducted thither, where I safely arrived."

An antiquary, a century ago, mentions the "Royal Oak" as standing in his time. "A bow-shoot from Boscobel-house, just by a horse-track passing through the wood, stood the royal oak, into which the king and his companion, colonel Carlos, climbed by means of the hen-roost ladder, when they judged it no longer safe to stay in the house; the family reaching their victuals with the nut-hook. The tree is now inclosed in with a brick wall, the inside whereof is covered with laurel, of which we may say, as Ovid did of that before the Augustan palace, 'mediamque tubere quercum.' Close by its side grows a young thriving plant from one of its acorns. Over the door of the inclosure, I took this inscription in marble:—
'Felicissimam arborem quam in asylum potentissimi Regis Caroli II. Deus O. M. per quem reges regnant hic crescere voluit, tam in perpetuum rei tantæ memoriam, quam specimen fermæ in reges fidei, muro cinctam posteris commendant Basilius et Jana Fitzherbert.

"'Quercus amica Jovi.'"*

A letter from an obliging correspondent, whose initials are affixed, claims a place here, in order to correct a literal inaccuracy, and for the facts subsequently mentioned.

To the Editor of the Every-day Book.

Sir,

As the "Royal Oak day" will form a prominent subject in your interesting work, I beg to call your attention to the fact, that colonel William Carlos was the companion of his majesty, in his concealment in the tree in Boscobel wood, and to hope that you will point out the right mode of spelling his name; Lord Clarendon, and others who copy from him, always call him colonel Careless, which is a vile misnomer. When a man does an action worthy of record, it is highly grievous to have his name spelt wrong:

"Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt

In the despatch. I knew a man whose loss Was printed Grove, altho' his name was Grose."

Lord Byron.

A coat of arms and a grant of ballast-age dues were made to the colonel; but the latter interfering with the rights of the Trinity-house, was given up. A son of the colonel is buried at Fulham church. The book of "Boscobel," first printed in 1660, contains accurate particulars of the event I refer to: this little work you have no doubt seen. I have seen a print of W. Pendrill, in an oval, encircled within the foliage of an oak tree, (as we may still see king Charles's head on some alehouse signs,) with a copy of verses, in which the name of the colonel is correctly spelt.

I am, Sir, &c.

April 16, 1825.

E. J. C.

The "Royal Oak" at Boscobel perished many years ago, but another tree has been raised in its stead to mark the spot.

Another correspondent, "Amicus," who writes to the editor under his real name, favours the readers of this work with an account of a usage still preserved, on "Royal Oak day," in the west of England.

To the Editor of the Every-day Book.

Sir,

At Tiverton Devon, on the 29th of May, it is customary for a number of young men, dressed in the style of the 17th century, and armed with swords, to parade the streets, and gather contributions from the inhabitants. At the head of the procession walks a man called "Oliver," dressed in black, with his face and hands smeared over with soot and grease, and his body bound by a strong cord, the end of which is held by one of the men to prevent his running too far. After these come another troop, dressed in the same style, each man bearing a large branch of oak: four others, carrying a kind of throne made of oaken boughs on which a child is seated, bring up the rear. A great deal of merriment is excited among the boys, at the pranks of master "Oliver," who capers about in a most ludicrous manner. Some of them amuse themselves by casting dirt, whilst others, more mischievously inclined, throw stones at him; but woe betide the young urchin who is caught; his face assumes a most awful appearance from the soot and grease with which "Oliver" begrimes it, whilst his companions, who have been lucky enough to escape his clutches, testify their

* Stukeley, *Itiner. Curios.* 1724.

pleasure by loud shouts and acclamations. In the evening the whole party have a feast, the expenses of which are defrayed by the collection made in the morning.

I am, sir, yours, most obediently,
AMICUS.

It has been customary on this day to dress the statue of Charles II. in the centre of the Royal Exchange with oaken boughs. As the removal of this statue has been contemplated, it may interest merchants and persons connected with the corporation, to be informed of the means adopted for placing it there. A correspondent, H. C. G., has enabled the editor to do this, by favouring him with the original precept issued by the court of aldermen on the occasion.

SMITH, MAYOR.

“*Martis Vndecimo Die Novembr’, 1684, Annoque Regni Regis CAROLI Secundi, Angl’, &c. Tricesimo Sexto.*”

“Whereas the statue of King CHARLES the First (of Blessed Memory) is already Set up on the Royal Exchange, And the Company of Grocers have undertaken to Set up the Statue of His present MAJESTY, And the Company of Clothworkers that of King JAMES, And the Companies of Mercers and Fishmongers the Statues of Queen MARY and Queen ELIZABETH, And the Company of Drapers that of EDWARD the Sixth, This Court doth Recommend it to the several Companies of this City hereafter named, (viz. The Companies of Goldsmiths, Skinners, Merchant-Tailors, Haberdashers, Salters, Ironmongers, Vintners, Dyers, Brewers, Leathersellers, Pewterers, Barber-Chirurgeons, Cutlers, Bakers, Waxchandlers, Tallowchandlers, Armourers, Girdlers, Butchers, Sadlers,) to raise Money by Contributions, or otherwise, for Setting up the Statues of the rest of the KINGS of England (each Company One) beginning at the CONQUEROR, as the Same were There Set up before the Great Fire. And for the better Order in Their proceeding herein, the Master and Wardens, or some Members of the said respective Companies, are desired within some Convenient time to Appear before This Court, and receive the further Directions of This Court therein.

“And in regard of the Inability of the Chamber of London to Advance Moneys for the Carrying on and Finishing the Conduit, begun to be Set up with

His MAJESTIES Approbation, at the Upper End of Cheapside, It is earnestly Recommended from This Court to all the Rest of the Companies of This City (other than those before Named) to raise Moneys likewise by Contributions, or otherwise, for the Carrying on and Finishing the said Work, so Necessary to the Ornament of this City; And to Pay the Same into the Chamber, to be Laid out and Employed for the said Purpose.
“*Wagstaffe.*”

It is affirmed of Charles II. that he was mightily delighted with these beautiful stanzas,

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
Their tame but one another still.
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they pale captives creep to Death.
The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds:
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb:
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

If it be really true that this king admired these sentiments, he is entitled to the praise of having libelled himself by his admiration of virtue. Waller in a letter to St. Evremont, relates a dialogue between Charles and the earl of Rochester, which shows the tenour of their manners. Waller says, “Grammont once told Rochester that if he could by any means divest himself of one half of his wit, the other half would make him the most agreeable man in the world. This observation of the Count's did not strike me much when I heard it, but I remarked the propriety of it since. Last night I supped at lord Rochester's with a select party; on such occasions he is not ambitious of shining; he is rather pleasant than arch; he is, comparatively, reserved; but you find something in that

restraint that is more agreeable than the utmost exertion of talents in others. The reserve of Rochester gives you the idea of a copious river that fills its channel, and seems as if it would easily overflow its extensive banks, but is unwilling to spoil the beauty and verdure of the plains. 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 (no unusual thing with Charles II.) ‘Something has vexed him,’ said Rochester; ‘he never does me this honour but when he is in an ill humour.’ 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 intractable people upon earth.

‘*Rochester*.—I must 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 King*.—How then?

‘*Rochester*.—I would send for my good lord Rochester, and command him to govern.

‘*The King*.—But the singular modesty of that nobleman.

‘*Rochester*.—He would certainly conform himself to your majesty’s bright example. How gloriously would the two grand social virtues flourish under his auspices!

‘*The King*.—*O, prisca fides!* What can these be?

‘*Rochester*.—The love of wine and women!

‘*The King*.—God bless your majesty!

‘*Rochester*.—These attachments keep the world in good humour, and therefore I say they are social virtues. 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 30th of January nor the 29th 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 King*.—That is too much—

‘*Rochester*.—Nay, I only mean that the business would be a little too grave for the day. Nothing but the indulgence of the two grand social virtues could be a proper testimony for my joy upon that occasion.

‘*The King*.—Thou art the happiest fellow in my dominions. Let me perish if I do not envy thee thy impudence!’

“It is in such strain of conversation, generally, that this prince passes off his chagrin; and he never suffers his dignity to stand in the way of his humour.”

This showing is in favour of Charles, on whose character, as a king of England, posterity has long since pronounced judgment. A slave to his passions, and a pensioner to France, he was unworthy of the people’s “precious diadem.” He broke his public faith, and disregarded his private word. To the vessel of the state he was a “sunk rock,” whereon it had nearly foundered.

Trinity Sunday.

In the Romish church this was a splendid festival, with processions and services peculiar to its celebration; devotions were daily addressed to every person of the Trinity: as the other festivals commemorated the Unity in Trinity, so this commemorated the Trinity in Unity.*

In the Lambeth accounts are churchwardens’ charges for garlands and drink for the children, for garnishing-ribbons, and for singing men in the procession on Trinity-Sunday-even.†

It is still a custom of ancient usage for the judges and great law-officers of the crown, together with the lord mayor, aldermen, and common council, to attend divine service at St. Paul’s cathedral, and hear a sermon which is always preached there on Trinity Sunday by the lord mayor’s chaplain. At the first ensuing meeting of the common council, it is

* Shepherd.

† Lyons in Brand.

usual for that court to pass a vote of thanks to the chaplain for such sermon, and order the same to be printed at the expense of the corporation, unless, as sometimes has occurred, it contained sentiments obnoxious to their views.

In Curll's "Miscellanies, 1714," 8vo is an account of Newnton, in North Wiltshire; where, to perpetuate the memory of the donation of a common to that place by king Athelstan and of a house for the hayward, *i. e.* the person who looked after the beasts that fed upon this common, the following ceremonies were appointed: "Upon every Trinity Sunday, the parishioners being come to the door of the hayward's house, the door was struck thrice, in honour of the Holy Trinity; they then entered. The bell was rung; after which, silence being ordered, they read their prayers aforesaid. Then was a ghirland of flowers (about the year 1660, one was killed striving to take away the ghirland) made upon an hoop, brought forth by a maid of the town upon her neck, and a young man (a bachelor) of another parish, first saluted her three times, in honour of the Trinity, in respect of God the Father. Then she puts the ghirland upon his neck, and kisses him three times, in honour of the Trinity, particularly God the Son. Then he puts the ghirland on her neck again, and kisses her three times, in respect of the Holy Trinity, and particularly the Holy Ghost. Then he takes the ghirland from her neck, and, by the custom, must give her a penny at least, which, as fancy leads, is now exceeded, as 2s. 6d. or &c. The method of giving this ghirland is from house to house annually, till it comes round. In the evening every commoner sends his supper up to this house, which is called the Eale-house: and having before laid in there equally a stock of malt, which was brewed in the house, they sup together, and what was left was given to the poor."

An old homily for Trinity Sunday declares that the form of the Trinity was found in man: that Adam, our forefather of the earth, was the first person; that Eve, of Adam, was the second person; and that of them both was the third person: further, that at the death of a man three bells were to be rung as his knell in worship of the Trinity, and two bells

for a woman, as the second person of the Trinity.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Blue Bottle. *Centauria montana*.
Dedicated to *St. Cyril*.

May 30.

St. Felix I., Pope, A. D. 274. *St. Walstan*, Confessor, A. D. 1016. *St. Ferdinand III.*, Confessor, King of Castile and Leon, A. D. 1252. *St. Maguil*, in Latin, *Madelgisilus*, Recluse in Picardy, about A. D. 685.

Trinity Monday.

Deptford Fair.

Of late years a fair has been held at Deptford on this day. It originated in trifling pastimes for persons who assembled to see the master and brethren of the Trinity-house, on their annual visit to the Trinity-house, at Deptford. First there were jingling matches; then came a booth or two; afterwards a few shows; and, in 1825, it was a very considerable fair. There were Richardson's, and other dramatic exhibitions; the Crown and Anchor booth, with a variety of dancing and drinking booths, as at Greenwich fair this year, before described, besides shows in abundance.

Brethren of the Trinity-house.

This maritime corporation, according to their charter, meet annually on Trinity Monday, in their hospital for decayed sea-commanders and their widows at Deptford, to choose and swear in a master, wardens, and other officers, for the year ensuing. The importance of this institution to the naval interests of the country, and the active duties required of its members, are of great magnitude, and hence the master has usually been a nobleman of distinguished rank and statesman-like qualities, and his associates are always experienced naval officers: of late years lord Liverpool has been master. The ceremony in 1825 was thus conducted. The outer gates of the hospital were closed against strangers, and kept by a party of the hospital inhabitants; no person being allowed entrance without express permission. By this means the large and pleasant

* Home on Ancient Mysteries.

court-yard formed by the quadrangle, afforded ample accommodation to ladies and other respectable persons. In the mean time, the hall on the east side was under preparation within, and the door strictly guarded by constables stationed without; an assemblage of well-dressed females and their friends, agreeably diversified the lawn. From eleven until twelve o'clock, parties of two or three were so fortunate as to find favour in the eyes of Mr. Snaggs, the gentleman who conducted the arrangements, and gained entrance. The hall is a spacious handsome room, wherein divine service is performed twice a-week, and public business, as on this occasion, transacted within a space somewhat elevated, and railed off by balustrades. On getting within the doors, the eye was struck by the unexpected appearance of the boarded floor; it was strewed with green rushes, the use of which by our ancestors, who lived before floors were in existence, is well known. The reason for continuing the practice here, was not so apparent as the look itself was pleasant, by bringing the simple manners of other times to recollection. At about one o'clock, the sound of music having announced that lord Liverpool and his associate brethren had arrived within the outer gate, the hall doors were thrown open, and the procession entered. His lordship wore the star of the garter on a plain blue coat, with scarlet collar and cuffs, which dress, being the Windsor uniform, was also worn by the other gentlemen. They were preceded by the rev. Dr. Spry, late of Birmingham, now of Langham church, Portland-place, in full canonicals. After taking their seats at the great table within the balustrades, it was proclaimed, that this being Trinity Monday, and therefore, according to the charter, the day for electing the master, deputy-master, and elder brethren of the holy and undivided Trinity, the brethren were required to proceed to the election. Lord Liverpool, being thereupon nominated master, was elected by a show of hands, as were his coadjutors in like manner. The election concluded, large silver and silver-gilt cups, richly embossed and chased, filled with cool drink, were handed round; and the doors being thrown open, and the anxious expectants outside allowed to enter, the hall was presently filled, and a merry scene ensued. Large baskets filled with biscuits were laid on the table before

the brethren; Lord Liverpool then rose, and throwing a biscuit into the middle of the hall, his example was followed by the rest of the brethren. Shouts of laughter arose, and a general scramble took place. This scene continued about ten minutes, successive baskets being brought in and thrown among the assembly, until such as chose to join in the scramble were supplied; the banner-bearers of the Trinity-house, in their rich scarlet dresses and badges, who had accompanied the procession into the hall, increased the merriment by their superior activity. A procession was afterwards formed, as before, to Deptford old church, where divine service was performed, and Dr. Spry being appointed to preach before the brethren, he delivered a sermon from Psalm cxlv. 9. "The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works." The discourse being ended, the master and brethren returned in procession to their state barges, which lay at the stairs of Messrs. Gordon & Co., anchor-smiths. They were then rowed back to the Tower, where they had embarked, in order to return to the Trinity-house from whence they had set out. Most of the vessels in the river hoisted their colours in honour of the corporation, and salutes were fired from different parts on shore. The Trinity-yacht, which lay off St. George's, near Deptford, was completely hung with the colours of all nations, and presented a beautiful appearance. Indeed the whole scene was very delightful, and created high feelings in those who recollected that to the brethren of the Trinity are confided some of the highest functions that are exercised for the protection of life and property on our coasts and seas.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Dear Sir,

Though I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance, I know enough to persuade me that you are no *every-day* body. The love of nature seems to form so prominent a trait in your character, that I, who am also one of her votaries, can rest no longer without communicating with you on the subject. I like, too, the sober and solitary feeling with which you ruminate over by-gone pleasures, and scenes wherein your youth delighted: for, though I am but young myself, I have witnessed by far too many changes, and

have had cause to indulge too frequently in such cogitations.

I am a "Surrey-man," as the worthy author of the "Athenæ Oxon." would say: and though born with a desire to ramble, and a mind set on change, I have never till lately had an opportunity of strolling so far northward as "culd Iselton," or "merry Islington:"—you may take which reading you please, but I prefer the first. But from the circumstance of your "walk out of London" having been directed that way, and having led you into so pleasant a mood, I am induced to look for similar enjoyment in my rambling excursions through its "town-like" and dim atmosphere. I am not ashamed to declare, that my taste in these matters differs widely from that of the "great and good" Johnson; who, though entitled, as a constellation of no ordinary "brilliance," to the high sounding name of "the Great Bear," (which I am not the first to appropriate to him,) seems to have set his whole soul on "bookes olde," and "modern authors" of every other description, while the book of nature, which was schooling the negro-wanderer of the desert, proffered nothing to arrest his attention! Day unto day was uttering speech, and night unto night showing knowledge; the sun was going forth in glory, and the placid moon "walking in brightness;" and could he close his ears, and revert his gaze?—"De gustibus nil disputandum" I cannot say, for I do most heartily protest against his taste in such matters.

"The time of the singing of birds is come," but, what is the worst of it, all these "songsters" are not "feathered." There is a noted "Dickey" bird, who took it into his head, so long ago as the 25th of December last, to "sing through the heavens,"*—but I will have nothing to do with the "Christemasse Caroles"

of modern day. Give me the "musical pyping" and "pleasaunte songes" of olden tyme, and I care not whether any more "ditees" of the kind are concocted till doomsday.

But I must not leave the singing of birds where I found it: I love to hear the nightingales emulating each other, and forming, by their "sweet jug jug," a means of communication from one skirt of the wood to the other, while every tree seems joying in the sun's first rays. There is such a wildness and variety in the note, that I could listen to it, unwearied, for hours. The dew still lies on the ground, and there is a breezy freshness about us: as our walk is continued, a "birde of songe, and mynstrell of the woode," holds the *tenor* of its way across the path:—but it is no "noiseless tenor." "Sweet jug, jug, jug," says the olde balade:—

"Sweet jug, jug, jug,
The nightingale doth sing,
From morning until evening,
As they are hay-making."

Was this "songe" put into their throats "aforen y^e this balade ywritten was?" I doubt it, but in later day Wordsworth and Conder have made use of it; but they are both poets of nature, and might have fancied it in the song itself.

I look to my schoolboy days as the happiest I ever spent: but I was never a genius, and laboured under habitual laziness, and love of ease: "the which," as Andrew Borde says, "doth much comber young persones." I often rose for a "lark," but seldom *with* it, though I have more than once "cribbed out" betimes, and always found enough to reward me for it. But these days are gone by, and you will find below all I have to say of the matter "collected into English metre:"—

Years of my boyhood! have you passed away?
Days of my youth and have you fled for ever?
Can I but joy when o'er my fancy stray
Scenes of young hope, which time has failed to sever
From this fond heart:—for, tho' all else decay,
The memory of those times will perish never.—
Time cannot blight it, nor the tooth of care
Those wayward dreams of joyousness impair.
Still, with the bright May-dew, the grass is wet;
No human step the slumbering earth has prest:
Cheering as hope, the sun looks forth; and yet
There is a weight of sorrow on my breast:

* Vide a Christmas Carol, by Richard Ryan, in Time's Telescope for the present year.

Life, light, and joy, his smiling beams beget,
 But yield they aught, to soothe a mind distrest ;
 Can the heart, cross'd with cares, and born to sorrow,
 From Nature's smiles one ray of comfort borrow !

But I must sympathize with you in your reflections, amid those haunts which are endeared by many a tie, on the decay wrought by time and events. An old house is an old friend ; a dingy "tenement" is a poor relation, who has seen better days ; "it looks, as it would look its last," on the surrounding innovations, and wakes feelings in *my* bosom which have no vent in words. Its "im-bowed windows," projecting each story beyond the other, go to disprove Bacon's notion, that "houses are made to live in, and not to look on:" they give it a *brow-beating* air, though its days of "pomp and circumstance" are gone by, and have left us cheerlessly to muse and mourn over its ruins:—

Oh ! I can gaze, and think it quite a treat,
 So they be **old**, on buildings grim and shabby ;
 I love within the church's walls to greet
 Some "olde man" kneeling, bearded like a rabbi,
 Who never prayed himself, but has a whim
 That you'll "**orate**," that is—"**praye**" for him.

But this has introduced me to another and an equally pleasing employ ; that of traversing the aisles of our country churches, and "meditating among the 'ombs." I dare not go farther, for I am such an enthusiast, that I shall soon write down your patience

You expressed a wish for my name and address, on the cover of your third part ; I enclose them : but I desire to be known to the public by no other designation than my old one.

I am, dear sir,
 Yours, &c.

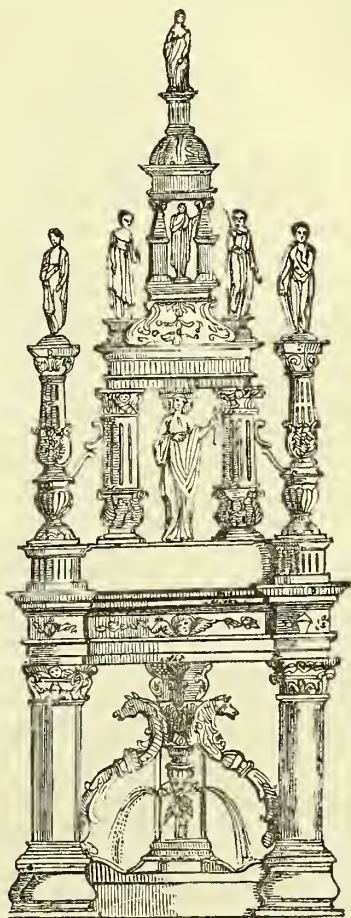
Camberwell.

LECTOR.

CHRONOLOGY.

1431. Joan of Arc, the maid of Orleans was burnt. This cruel death was inflicted on her, in consequence of the remarkable events hereafter narrated. Her memory is revered by Frenchmen, and rendered more popular, through a poem by Voltaire, eminent for its wit and licentiousness. One of our own poets, Southey, has an epic to her honour.

No. 24



Fountain

Erected in the old Market-place at Rouen,
 on the spot whereon

Joan of Arc

WAS BURNT.

In the petty town of Neufchateau, on the borders of Lorraine, there lived a country girl of twenty-seven years of age, called Joan d'Arc. She was servant in a small inn, and in that station had been accustomed to ride the horses of the

guests, without a saddle, to the watering-place, and to perform other offices, which, in well-frequented inns, commonly fall to the share of the men-servants. This girl was of an irreproachable life, and had not hitherto been remarked for any singularity. The peculiar character of Charles, so strongly inclined to friendship, and the tender passions, naturally rendered him the hero of that sex whose generous minds know no bounds in their affections. The siege of Orleans, the progress of the English before that place, the great distress of the garrison and inhabitants, the importance of saving this city, and its brave defenders, had turned thither the public eye; and Joan, inflamed by the general sentiment, was seized with a wild desire of bringing relief to her sovereign in his present distresses. Her unexperienced mind, working day and night on this favourite object, mistook the impulses of passion for heavenly inspirations; and she fancied that she saw visions, and heard voices, exhorting her to reestablish the throne of France, and to expel the foreign invaders. An uncommon intrepidity of temper, made her overlook all the dangers which might attend her in such a path; and, thinking herself destined by heaven to this office, she threw aside all that bashfulness and timidity so natural to her sex, her years, and her low station. She went to Vaucouleurs; procured admission to Baudricourt, the governor; informed him of her inspirations and intentions; and conjured him not to neglect the voice of God, who spoke through her, but to second those heavenly revelations which impelled her to this glorious enterprise. Baudricourt treated her, at first, with some neglect; but, on her frequent returns to him, he gave her some attendants, who conducted her to the French court, which at that time resided at Chinon.

It is pretended, that Joan, immediately on her admission, knew the king, though she had never seen his face before, and though he purposely kept himself in the crowd of courtiers, and had laid aside every thing in his dress and apparel which might distinguish him: that she offered him, in the name of the supreme Creator, to raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct him to Rheims, to be there crowned and anointed; and, on his expressing doubts of her mission, revealed to him, before some sworn confidants, a secret, which was unknown to all the world beside himself, and which nothing but a heavenly

inspiration could have discovered to her: and that she demanded, as the instrument of her future victories, a particular sword, which was kept in the church of St. Catherine of Fierbois, and which, though she had never seen it, she described by all its marks, and by the place in which it had long lain neglected. This is certain, that all these miraculous stories were spread abroad, in order to captivate the vulgar. The more the king and his ministers were determined to give in to the illusion, the more scruples they pretended. An assembly of grave doctors and theologians cautiously examined Joan's mission, and pronounced it undoubted and supernatural. She was sent to the parliament, then at Poitiers, who became convinced of her inspiration. A ray of hope began to break through that despair in which the minds of all men were before enveloped. She was armed cap-a-pee, mounted on horseback, and shown in that martial habiliment before the whole people.

Joan was sent to Blois, where a large convoy was prepared for the supply of Orleans, and an army of ten thousand men, under the command of St. Severe, assembled to escort it; she ordered all the soldiers to confess themselves before they set out on the enterprise; and she displayed in her hands a consecrated banner, where on the Supreme Being was represented grasping the globe of earth, and surrounded with flower-de-luces.

The English affected to speak with derision of the maid, and of her heavenly commission; and said, that the French king was now indeed reduced to a sorry pass, when he had recourse to such ridiculous expedients. As the convoy approached the river, a sally was made by the garrison on the side of Beausse, to prevent the English general from sending any detachment to the other side: the provisor were peaceably embarked in boats, which the inhabitants of Orleans had sent to receive them: the maid covered with her troops the embarkation; Suffolk did not venture to attack her; and Joan entered the city of Orleans arrayed in her military garb, and displaying her consecrated standard. She was received as a celestial deliverer by all the inhabitants, who no longer believed themselves invincible under her influence. Victory followed upon victory, and the spirit resulting from a long course of uninterrupted success was on a sudden transferred from the conquerors to the conquered. The maid called aloud, th

the garrison should remain no longer on the defensive. The generals seconded her ardour: an attack was made on the English intrenchments, and all were put to the sword, or taken prisoners. Nothing, after this success, seemed impossible to the maid and her enthusiastic votaries; yet, in one attack, the French were repulsed; the maid was left almost alone; she was obliged to retreat; but displaying her sacred standard, she led them back to the charge, and overpowered the English in their intrenchments. In the attack of another fort, she was wounded in the neck with an arrow; she retreated a moment behind the assailants; pulled out the arrow with her own hands; had the wound quickly dressed; hastened back to head the troops; planted her victorious banner on the ramparts of the enemy; returned triumphant over the bridge, and was again received as the guardian angel of the city. After performing such miracles, it was in vain even for the English generals to oppose with their soldiers the prevailing opinion of supernatural influence: the utmost they dared to advance was, that Joan was not an instrument of God, but only the implement of the devil. In the end the siege of Orleans was raised, and the English thought of nothing but of making their retreat, as soon as possible, into a place of safety; while the French esteemed the overtaking them equivalent to a victory. So much had the events which passed before this city altered every thing between the two nations! The raising of the siege of Orleans was one part of the maid's promise to Charles: the crowning of him at Rheims was the other: and she now vehemently insisted that he should forthwith set out on that enterprise. A few weeks before, such a proposal would have appeared the most extravagant in the world. Rheims lay in a distant quarter of the kingdom; was then in the hands of a victorious enemy; the whole road which led to it was occupied by their garrisons; and no man could be so sanguine as to imagine that such an attempt could so soon come within the bounds of possibility. The enthusiasm and influence of Joan prevailed over all obstacles. Charles set out for Rheims at the head of twelve thousand men: he passed Troye, which opened its gates to him: Chalons imitated the example: Rheims sent him a deputation with its keys, before his approach to it; and the ceremony of his coronation was there performed, with the maid of Orleans by

his side in complete armour, displaying her sacred banner, which had so often dissipated and confounded his fiercest enemies. The people shouted with unfeigned joy on viewing such a complication of wonders, and after the completion of the ceremony, the maid threw herself at the king's feet, embraced his knees, and with a flood of tears, which pleasure and tenderness extorted from her, she congratulated him on this singular and marvellous event.

The duke of Bedford, who was regent during the minority of Henry VI., endeavoured to revive the declining state of his affairs by bringing over the young king of England, and having him crowned and anointed at Paris. The maid of Orleans, after the coronation of Charles, declared to the count of Dunois, that her wishes were now fully gratified, and that she had no farther desire than to return to her former condition and to the occupation and course of life which became her sex: but that nobleman, sensible of the great advantages which might still be reaped from her presence in the army, exhorted her to persevere, till, by the final expulsion of the English, she had brought all her prophecies to their full completion. In pursuance of this advice, she threw herself into the town of Compiègne, which was at that time besieged by the duke of Burgundy, assisted by the earls of Arundel and Suffolk; and the garrison, on her appearance, believed themselves encircled invincible. But their joy was of short duration. The maid, next day after her arrival (25th of May,) headed a sally upon the quarters of John of Luxembourg; she twice drove the enemy from their intrenchments; finding their numbers to increase every moment, she ordered a retreat; when hard pressed by the pursuers, she turned upon them, and made them again recoil; but being here deserted by her friends, and surrounded by the enemy, she was at last, after exerting the utmost valour, taken prisoner by the Burgundians. The common opinion was, that the French officers, finding the merit of every victory ascribed to her, had, in envy to her renown, by which they themselves were so much eclipsed, willingly exposed her to this fatal accident.

A complete victory would not have given more joy to the English and their partisans. The service of *Te Deum*, which has so often been profaned by princes, was publicly celebrated on this fortunate event at Paris. The duke of

Bedford fancied, that, by the captivity of that extraordinary woman, who had blasted all his successes, he should again recover his former ascendancy over France; and, to push farther the present advantage, he purchased the captive from John of Luxembourg, and formed a prosecution against her, which, whether it proceeded from vengeance or policy, was equally barbarous and dishonourable. It was contrived, that the bishop of Beauvais, a man wholly devoted to the English interest, should present a petition against Joan, on pretence that she was taken within the bounds of his diocese; and he desired to have her tried by an ecclesiastical court, for sorcery, impiety, idolatry, and magic. The university of Paris was so mean as to join in the same request: several prelates, among whom the cardinal of Winchester was the only Englishman, were appointed her judges: they held their court at Rouen, where the young king of England then resided: and the maid, clothed in her former military apparel, but loaded with irons, was produced before this tribunal. Surrounded by inveterate enemies, and brow-beaten and overawed by men of superior rank, and men invested with the ensigns of a sacred character, which she had been accustomed to revere, felt her spirit at last subdued; Joan gave way to the terrors of that punishment to which she was sentenced. She declared herself willing to recant; acknowledged the illusion of those revelations which the church had rejected; and promised never more to maintain them. Her sentence was mitigated: she was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and to be fed during life on bread and water. But the barbarous vengeance of Joan's enemies was not satisfied with this victory. Suspecting that the female dress, which she had now consented to wear, was disagreeable to her, they purposely placed in her apartment a suit of men's apparel, and watched for the effects of that temptation upon her. On the sight of a dress in which she had acquired so much renown, and which, she once believed, she wore by the particular appointment of heaven, all her former ideas and passions revived; and she ventured in her solitude to clothe herself again in the forbidden garment. Her insidious enemies caught her in that situation: her fault was interpreted to be no less than a relapse into heresy: no recantation would now suffice, and no pardon could be granted her. She was condemn-

ed to be burned in the market-place of Rouen, and the infamous sentence was accordingly executed. This admirable heroine, to whom the more generous superstition of the ancients would have erected altars, was, on pretence of heresy and magic, delivered over alive to the flames, and expiated, by that dreadful punishment, the signal services which she had rendered to her native country. To the eternal infamy of Charles and his adherents, whom she had served and saved, they made not a single effort, either by force or negotiation, to save this heroic girl from the cruel death to which she had been condemned. Hume says she was burnt on the 14th of June. According to Lingard she perished on the 30th of May.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Lesser Spearwort *Ranunculus flammula*.

Dedicated to *St. Ferdinand*.

May 31.

St. Petronilla, 1st Cent. *St. Cantius* and *Cantianus*, brothers, and *Cantianilla*, their sister, A. D. 304.

St. Petronilla.

"Her name," says Butler, "is the feminine, and diminutive of Peter, and she is said to have been a daughter of the apostle St. Peter, which tradition is confirmed by certain writings, quoted by the Manichees, in the time of St. Austin, which affirm, that St. Peter had a daughter whom he cured of the palsy; but it seems not certain whether she was more than the spiritual daughter of that apostle." Ribadeneira refers to these Manichaean writings, by which, according to Butler, the "tradition is confirmed," and unluckily for Butler, he says, that St. Augustine calls these writings *apocryphal*. Ribadeneira carefully adds though, that Augustine "doth not therefore prove it as false." Yet it is curious to find this jesuit telling of Augustine, that he teacheth, "that *without prejudice of charity* we may chastise the body of our enemy, the heretic, for the salvation of his soul." This saying of Augustine's is wholly uncalled for by any thing that Ribadeneira says regarding Petronilla; it is a hot puff of a fiery spirit.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Yellow Turkscap Lily. *Lilium Pomponicum flavum*.

Dedicated to *St. Petronilla*.



JUNE.

And after her came jolly June, array'd
 All in green leaves, as he a player were ;
 Yet in his time he wrought as well as play'd,
 That by his plough-irons mote right well appeare.
 Upon a crab he rode, that him did bare
 With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pase,
 And backward-yode, as bargemen wont to fare
 Bending their force contrary to their face ;
 Like that ungracious crew which faines demurest grace.

Spenser.

This is the sixth month of the year. According to an old author " unto June the Saxons gave the name of *Weyd-monat*, because their beasts did then weyd in the meddowes, that is to say, goe to feed there, and hereof a medow is also in the Tutonick called a *weyd*, and of *weyd* we yet retaine our word *wade*, which we understand of going through watrie places, such as medowes are wont to be."* Another author likewise says, that "*weyd* is probably derived from *weyden* (German), to go about as if to pasture;" he further says, they called it *Woedmonath*, and that *woed* means "weed"; and that

they called it also by the following names : *Medemonath*, *Midsumormonath*, and *Braeckmonath* ; thought to be so named from the breaking up of the soil from *bræcan* (Saxon), to break : they also named it *Lida erra* ; the word *Lida*, or *litha*, signifying in Icelandic, " to move, or pass over," may imply the sun's passing its greatest height, and *Lida erra* consequently mean the first month of the sun's descent. *Lida*, it is added, has been deemed to signify *smooth-air*.*

Mr. Leigh Hunt observes, in his "*Months*," that " the name of June, and indeed that of May, gave rise to

* Versteگان.

* Dr. F. Sayers.

various etymologies; but the most probable one derives it from Juno, in honour of whom a festival was celebrated at the beginning of the month." He says, "it is now complete summer :—

' Summer is ycomen in,
Loud sing cuckoo;
Groweth seed,
And bloweth mead,
And springeth the weed new.

"Thus sings the oldest English song extant, in a measure which is its own music.—The temperature of the air, however, is still mild, and in our climate sometimes too chilly; but when the season is fine, this is, perhaps, the most delightful month of the year. The hopes of spring are realized, yet the enjoyment is but commenced: we have all summer before us; the cuckoo's two notes are now at what may be called their ripest,—deep and loud; so is the hum of the bee; little clouds lie in lumps of silver about the sky, and sometimes fall to complete the growth of the herbage; yet we may now lie down on the grass, or the flowering banks, to read or write; the grass-hoppers click about us in the warming verdure; and the fields and hedges are in full blossom with the clover, the still more exquisite bean, the pea, the blue and yellow nightshade, the fox-glove, the wallow, white briony, wild honeysuckle, and the flower of the hip or wild rose, which blushes through all the gradations of delicate red and white. The leaves of the hip, especially the young ones, are as beautiful as those of any garden rose. Towards evening, the bat and the owl venture forth, flitting through the glimmering quiet; and at night, the moon looks silveriest, the sky at once darkest and clearest; and when the nightingale, as well as the other birds have done singing, you may hear the undried brooks of the spring running and panting through their leafy channels. 'It ceased,' says the poet, speaking of a sound of heavenly voices about a ship,—

It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook,
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

Coleridge.

"There is a greater accession of flowers.

in this month than in any other. In addition to those of the last, the garden sparkles with marygolds, golden-road, larkspur, sun-flowers, amarynths, (which Milton intermingles with sun-beams for his angel's hair,) lupins, carnations, Chinese pinks, holyhocks, ladies' slipper, annual stocks, campanulas, or little bells martagons, periwinkles, wall-flower, snapdragon, orchis, nasturtium, apocynum, chrysanthemum, cornflower, gladiolus, and convolvulus. The reader who is fond of poetry, and of the Greek fables, and does not happen to be acquainted with professor Martyn's notes upon Virgil, should here be informed, that the species of red lily, called the martagon or Turk's-cap, has been proved by that writer, at least to our satisfaction, to be the real ancient hyacinth, into which the youth of that name was turned by Apollo. The hyacinth, commonly so called, has nothing to show for its being the ancient one, which should be of a blood colour, and was said to be inscribed with the Greek exclamation of sorrow *AI, AI*. Now, we were struck with the sort of literal black marks with which the Turk's-cap is speckled, and on reading the professor's notes, and turning to the flower again, we could plainly see, that with some allowance, quite pardonable in a superstition, the marks might now and then fall together, so as to indicate those characters. It is a most beautiful, glowing flower; and shoots gracefully forth in a vase or glass from among white lilies and the double narcissus :—

Νυν ἰακινθε, λαλει τα σα γραμματα, κκι
πλεον Αι Αι
Λαμβανε σοις πεταλοισι.

Moschus.

'Now tell your story, Hyacinth; and show
AI AI the more amidst your sanguine woe.'

"The rural business of this month is made up of two employments, as beautiful to look at as they are useful,—sheep-shearing and hay-making. Something like a holiday is still made of the former, and in the south-west of England, the custom, we believe, is still kept up, of throwing flowers into the streams, an evident relic of paganism; but, altogether, the holiday is but a gleam of the same merry period in the cheap and rural time of our ancestors."

June 1.

St. Justin, Martyr, A. D. 167. *St. Pamphilus*, A. D. 309. *St. Caprais*, Abbot, A. D. 430. *St. Peter*, of Pisa, A. D. 1435. *St. Wistan*, Prince of Mercia, A. D. 849.

St. Nicomede.

This saint is in the English almanacs of this day; for what reason is unknown. He was an ancient martyr in no way distinguished from others who perished during the persecution under Domitian.

CHRONOLOGY.

1794 Lord Howe's memorable victory by sea over the French fleet.

1814. A newspaper of this day notices that the Tuesday preceding was observed at Burton, in Dorsetshire, as a great festival, in consequence of the arrival at that place of a vat of Hambro' yarn, from London, being the first that had come into the town for many years. The inhabitants met the waggon, took out the horse, decorated the vat with ribands, and various emblems of peace, plenty, trade and commerce, and drew the same through the village, preceded by a flag and band of music, amidst the acclamations of thousands, many of whom were regaled with bread, cheese, and strong beer: one loaf (among others) baked for the occasion, claimed the admiration of every one present; its length being six feet three inches, breadth twenty-one inches, depth fourteen inches, and its weight considerably above 100 lbs. To explain the occasion of this rejoicing, it is necessary to state that Burton, as a manufacturing place, had suffered under the privation which was felt more or less throughout the British dominions, by Buonaparte declaring them to be in a state of blockade. By this decree, from the continent of Europe being within his power, he was enabled to injure and derange the industry and commerce of our artisans and merchants to an extent that was not contemplated. They have happily been liberated by an unlooked-for, and wonderful, combination of circumstances; nor so long as good faith and wise dispositions prevail, can they be prevented from arriving to a height of prosperity unparalleled in our annals.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Yellow Rose. *Rosa lutea.*

Dedicated to *St. Justin*

June 2.

Sts. Pothinus, Bp. *Sanctus*, *Attalus* *Blandina*, &c., of Lyons, A. D. 177. *Sts. Marcellinus* and *Peter*, A. D. 304. *St. Erasmus*, or *Ermo*, or *Elmo*, A. D. 303.

Corpus Christi Day,
and the performance of

Mysteries.

This grand festival of the Romish church is held on the Thursday next after Trinity Sunday, in which order it also stands in the church of England calendar, and in the English almanacs. It celebrates the doctrine of transubstantiation. In all Roman catholic countries it is observed with music, lights, flowers strewed in the street, rich tapestries hung upon the walls, and with other demonstrations of rejoicing: this is the usage still. Anciently in this country, as well as abroad, it was the custom to perform plays on this day, representing scripture subjects. From an author before cited, the following verses relating to these manners are extracted:—

“ Then doth ensue the solemne feast
of Corpus Christi Day,
Who then can shewe their wiked use,
and fond and foolish play?
The hallowed bread, with worship great,
in silver pix they beare
About the church, or in the cite
passing here and there.
His armes that beares the same two of
the welthiest men do holde,
And over him a canopy
of silke and cloth of golde.
Christe's passion here derided is,
with sundrie masks and playes,
Faire Ursley, with hir maydens all,
doth passe amid the wayes:
Aud, valiant George, with speare thou killest
the dreadfull dragon here,
The Devil's house is drawne about,
wherein there doth appere
A wondrous sort of damned sprites,
with foule and fearefull looke,
Great Christopher doth wade and passe
with Christ amid the brooke:
Sebastian full of feathred shaftes,
the dint of dart doth feele,
There walketh Kathren, with hir sworde
in hand, and cruel wheele:
The Challis and the singing Cake
with Barbara is led,
And sundrie ather pageants playde,
in worship of this bred.

* * * * *

* Brand.

The common ways with bowes are strawde,
 and every streete beside,
 And to the walles and windowes all
 are boughes and braunches tide.
 The monkes in every place do roame,
 the nonnes abroad are sent,
 The priestes and schoolmen lowd do rore,
 some use the instrument.
 The stranger passing through the streete,
 upon his knees doc fall :
 And earnestly upon this bread,
 as on his God, doth call.
 For why, they counte it for their Lorde,
 and that he doth not take
 The form of flesh, but nature now
 of breade that we do bake.
 A number great of armed men
 here all this while do stande,
 To looke that no disorder be,
 nor any filching hande :
 For all the church-goodes out are brought,
 which certainly would bee
 A bootie good, if every man
 might have his libertie.”*

The *Religious Plays* performed on Corpus Christi Day, in the times of superstition, were such as were represented at other periods, though with less ceremony. From a volume on the subject, by the editor of the *Every-Day-book* he, relates so much as may set forth their origin and the nature of the performances.

Origin of Religious Plays.

A Jewish play, of which fragments are still preserved in Greek iambics, is the first drama known to have been written on a scripture subject. It is taken from Exodus : a performer, in the character of Moses, delivers the prologue in a speech of sixty lines, and his rod is turned into a serpent on the stage. The play is supposed to have been written at the close of the second century, by one Ezekiel, a Jew, as a political spectacle to animate his dispersed brethren with the hopes of a future deliverance from their captivity.

The emperor Julian made a law that no Christian should be taught in the heathen schools, or make use of that learning ; but there were two men living at that time, who exerted their talents to supply the deficiency of instruction and entertainment that the Christians experienced from Julian's edict : these were Apollinarius, bishop of Laodicea, and his father, a priest of the same city ; they were both scholars, well skilled in oratory and the rules of composition, and of high literary

renown. Apollinarius, the elder, a profound philologist, translated the five books of Moses into heroic verse, and in the same manner composed the history of the Israelites to the time of Saul, into a poem of twenty-four books, in imitation of Homer. He also wrote religious odes, and turned particular histories and portions of the Old and New Testament into comedies and tragedies, after the manner of Menander, Euripides, and Pindar. His son the bishop, an eloquent rhetorician, and already an antagonist of Julian's, anxious that the Christians might not be ignorant of any species of Greek composition, formed the writings of the evangelists, and the works of the apostles, into dialogues, in the manner of Plato.

About the same time, Gregory Nazianzen, patriarch and archbishop of Constantinople, one of the fathers of the church, and master to the celebrated Jerome, composed plays from the Old and New Testament, which he substituted for the plays of Sophocles and Euripides at Constantinople, where the old Greek stage had flourished until that time. The ancient Greek tragedy was a religious spectacle ; and the sacred dramas of Gregory Nazianzen were formed on the same model ; he transformed the choruses into Christian hymns. One only of the archbishop's plays is extant : it is a tragedy called “Christ's Passion ;” the prologue calls it an imitation of Euripides ; the play is preserved in Gregory Nazianzen's works. The remainder of his dramas have not survived those inimitable compositions over which they triumphed for a time.

It is not known whether the religious dramas of the Apollinarii perished so early as some of their other writings, that were ordered to be destroyed for, a crime common in all ages, heresy ; but this is certain, that the learning they endeavoured to supply gradually disappeared before the progress of Constantine's establishment. Suddenly acquiring power, and finally assuming infallibility, observing pagan feasts as religious festivals, consecrating heathen rites into christian solemnities, and transforming the non-observances of primitive simplicity into precedents for gorgeous ceremony, the church blazed with a scorching splendour that withered up the heart of man. Every accession to the dominion of its ecclesiastics over his property and intellect induced self-relaxation and sloth ; to the boldness

* Naogeorgus, by Googe.

that seized a liberal supply for spiritual support, succeeded the craft that extended it to a boundless revenue for effeminate indulgence. The miraculous powers of the church wonderfully multiplied; but implicit belief in miracles was equivocal, unless the act of faith was accompanied by liberal contributions at the altar. The purchase of pardons for sin, and the worship of the relics exhibited in sumptuous shrines, were effectual ways of warring with the powers of darkness, and the coffers overflowed with contributions. These active hostilities against Satan occasioned him to ascend upon earth, and, to terrify the devout, he often appeared to them in the natural ugliness of his own proper person. When put to flight, by masses and holy water, he took lodgings *incog.* in the bodies of careless people, nor would he leave a tenement he occupied, till he was forcibly turned out of possession by a priest acquainted with the forms of ejection. Dislike to clean linen was a peculiar mark of piety, and dirty hermits emitted the odour of sanctity. Though their holinesses were so violently hated by the devil, that he took the trouble to assault and tempt them in the holes of the earth and trunks of old trees where they inhabited, yet it was rewarded with visits to their chosen abodes from all the orders of heaven; and by long familiarity with the powers of the other world, these "tender-nosed saints could detect the presence of invisible angels." They who turn their backs upon the concerns of life were especial favourites above. A nun reported that Christ opened her side with his corporal hands, took out her heart, and then carefully placing his own in the chasm, left it there and closed the wound, at the same time doing her the honour to wear her shift. Nor did the faithful, who believed the former relation, doubt for an instant that the Virgin descended from heaven to visit the cells of monasteries, and milk her breasts into the mouths of monks. Doubts were effectually removed by burning doubters. All who were privileged to shave the top of the head in a circle, as a token of emancipation from worldly superfluities, were partners in the profitable trade of granting licenses for unmolested existence at the price of unconditional admission. Ecclesiastical policy accomplished its purpose: the human mind was in a delirium; the hierarchy at the summit of its ascendancy.

From the complete establishment of the

church until within a short time before the reformation, darkness overspread the world, and the great mass of the clergy themselves were in a state of deplorable ignorance. During this period, in order to wean the people from the ancient spectacles, particularly the Bacchanalian and calendary solemnities, religious shows were instituted partaking of the same spirit of licentiousness.

To these shows the clergy added the acting of *mysteries*, or representing the miraculous acts of saints circumstances from apocryphal story, and subjects from the Old and New Testament. There are different opinions as to the religious class by whom they were introduced into Europe, though it seems reasonable to suppose that they were adopted by the Italians in the depth of the dark ages from the spiritual dramas of the Apollinarii, father and son, and Gregory Nazianzen; but, however that may be, there is no room for surprise that all writers concur in attributing the performance of *mysteries*, or religious plays, to the clergy of the catholic church.

As mysteries arose with Gregory Nazianzen, it is not likely that his example as a father of the church should be lost sight of as soon as he had succeeded in destroying the performance of the ancient Greek plays; yet English writers do not appear to have traced sacred representations in a dramatic form until many centuries after Gregory Nazianzen's death.

The first dramatic representation in Italy was a spiritual comedy, performed at Padua in 1243; and there was a *company* instituted at Rome in 1264, whose chief employment was to represent the sufferings of Christ in Passion week. The rev. Mr. Croft, and the hon. Topham Beauclerc, collected a great number of these Italian plays or mysteries; and at the sale of their libraries, Dr. Burney purchased many of the most ancient, which he speaks of as being evidently much earlier than the discovery of printing, from the gross manner in which the subjects are treated, the coarseness of the dialogue, and the ridiculous situation into which most sacred persons and things are thrown.

In 1313, Philip the Fair gave the most sumptuous entertainment at Paris ever remembered in that city. Edward II. and his queen Isabella, crossed over from England with a large retinue of nobility and partook of the magnificent festivities. The pomp and profusion of the banquet.

tings, the variety of the amusements, and the splendour of the costume were unsurpassed. On each of the eight days the princes and nobles changed their dresses three times; while the people were sometimes entertained with representations of the *Glory of the blessed*, at other times with the *Torments of the damned*, and various other spectacles. In 1402, by an edict of Charles VI. dated Dec. 4, the mystery of the conception, passion, and resurrection of Christ, was performed at St. Maur, about five miles from Paris. At the council at Constance, in the year 1417, the English fathers played the mystery of the massacre of the Holy Innocents. The mystery of the passion was performed on the entrance of the kings of France and England at Paris, on December 1. 1420, in the street *Kalende*, before the palace, upon a raised scaffolding of one hundred paces in length.

In the Royal Library of Paris, No. 4350, is *Le Mystere de la passion Jesus Christ*; Paris, printed by Antoine Verard, 1490, folio. This is a fine copy on vellum with every page richly illuminated, and containing a MS. note in French, purporting to be an extract from an old chronicle, entitled, "Histoire de Metz veritable," whence it appears that its performance was attended by many foreign lords and ladies whose names are specified, and that there were lanterns placed in the windows during the whole time of the plays: but the most curious part of the MS. note is, that, "in the year 1437, on the 3rd of July was represented the game or play, *de la Passion, N. S.* in the plain of Vexmiel, when the park was arranged in a very noble manner, for there were nine ranges of seats in height rising by degrees; all around and behind were great and long seats for the lords and ladies. On the stage was represented the mouth of hell, it is described as having been very well done, for that it opened and shut when the devils required to enter and come out, and had two large eyes of steel."

On the 27th of May, 1509, was performed at Romans, in Dauphiny, before the Cordelier's church, the *Mystery of the Three Dons*. In this religious play, which lasted three days, there are emissaries who undertake very long journeys, and must come back before the play can be ended. The scene, besmeared with the blood of the three martyrs, the Dons, is sometimes at Rome, sometimes at Vienna, soon after at Lyons, and at other times in the Alps.

The stage constantly represents hell and paradise; and Europe, Asia, and Africa, are cantoned in three towers. Some metaphysical beings are most curiously personified. Dame Silence, for instance, speaks the prologue; Human Succour, Divine Grace, and Divine Comfort, are the supporters of the heroes and heroines of the piece, while hell exhibits monsters and devils, to frighten the audience. They are constantly abusing Proserpine, who is introduced with all the trappings of Tartarean pomp into this performance, where there are no less than ninety-two dramatis personæ, among whom are the Virgin and God the Father.

The story of *Le Mystere du Chevalier qui donne sa Femme au Diable*, played by ten persons in 1505, is of a dissipated knight reduced by his profligacy to distress and wickedness. In his misfortunes the devil appears, and proposes to make him richer than ever, if he will assign his wife, that the devil may have her in seven years. After some discussion the knight consents, his promise is written out, and he signs it with his blood. The seducer then stipulates that his victim shall deny his God; the knight stoutly resists for a time, but in the end the devil gains his point, and emboldened by success ventures to propose that the knight shall deny the Virgin Mary. This, however, being a still greater sin, he refuses to commit it with the utmost indignity and vehemence, and the devil walks off baffled. At the end of seven years, the promise being due, the devil presents it to the knight, who, considering it a debt of honour, prepares to discharge it immediately. He orders his wife to follow him to a certain spot, but on their way she perceives a church, which after obtaining her husband's permission she enters, for the purpose of offering her devotion; while thus engaged, the Virgin Mary recollecting the knight's unsullied allegiance to her, assumes the semblance of his wife, and in that character joins him. The moment that they both appear before the devil, he perceives who he has to deal with, and upbraids the unconscious knight for attempting to deceive him. The knight protests his ignorance and astonishment, which the Virgin corroborates, by telling the devil that it was her own plan, for the rescue of two souls from his power, and she orders him to give up the knight's promise. He of course obeys so high an authority, and runs off in great terror.

The Virgin exhorts the knight to better conduct in future, restores his wife to him, and the piece concludes.

In the reign of Francis I., 1541, the performance of a grand mystery of the *Acts of the Apostles*, was proclaimed with great solemnity, and acted at Paris for many successive days, before the nobility, clergy, and a large assemblage in the Hotel de Flandres. These plays written in French rhyme, by the brothers Greban, were printed in 2 vols. folio, black letter, under letters patent of the king to William Alabat, a merchant of Bourges. The dramatis personæ, were a multitude of celestial, terrestrial, and infernal personages, amounting altogether to four hundred and eighty-five characters. Though the scenes of these plays were chiefly scriptural, yet many were from apocryphal story, and the whole exhibition was a strange mixture of sacred and profane history.

Bayle calls the work entitled the *Mystere des Actes Apostres*, "a very rare and uncommon work." He obtained the loan of a copy from sir Hans Sloane in England, and largely describes the volume. It is, however, more curious than rare. From the public instruments prefixed to the work, and the circumstances related by Bayle, it is evident that there was much importance attached to these plays; but it cannot so well be conceived from perusing them, as from the remarkable ceremonial of the public proclamation for their performance, concerning which he says nothing, probably from the extreme rarity of the tract, he had not seen it. It ordained, that the proclamation of this play should be made by sound of trumpets, with the city officers and serjeants attending, and directed that the performance should take place "in the hall of the Passion, the accustomed place for rehearsals and repetitions of the Mysteries played in the said city of Paris; which place, being well hung with rich tapestry chairs and forms, is for the reception of all persons of honest and virtuous report, and of all qualities therein assisting, as well as a great number of citizens and merchants, and other persons, as well as clergy and laity, in the presence of the commissaries and officers of justice appointed and deputed to hear the speeches of each personage; and these are to make report, according to the merit of their well doing, as in such case required, concerning which have a gra

rious reception; and from day to day, every day, so to continue to do, until the perfection of the said Mystery." It is not necessary to trace these plays abroad; they continue to be represented there to the present hour. At Berlin, 1804 and 5, the grand sacred comedy of "David," in five acts, with battles and choruses, was performed by the comedians in the National Theatre. Throughout March, April, and May, 1810, the same play was represented at Vienna; and while the Congress was held therein 1815, it was again performed with the utmost possible splendour. The back of the stage, extending into the open air, gradually ascended to a distance sufficient to admit carriages and horses, and to allow the evolutions of at least five hundred Austrian soldiers, infantry and cavalry, who, habited in the characters of Jews and Philistines, carried muskets and carbines, defiled and deployed, charged with the bayonet, let off their fire-arms, and played artillery, to represent the battles described in the Book of Kings. The emperor Alexander of Russia, the king of Prussia, and other monarchs, with their ministers, and the representatives of different courts, at the Congress, attended these plays, which were exhibited at the great theatre (An der Wien) to crowded audiences, at the usual prices of admission.

The first trace of theatrical representation in this country is recorded by Matthew Paris, who wrote about 1240, and relates, that Geoffrey, a learned Norman, master of the school of the abbey of Dunstable, composed the play of *St. Catharine*, which was acted by his scholars. Geoffrey's performance took place in the year 1110, and he borrowed copes from the sacrist of the neighbouring abbey of St. Albans, to dress his characters. Fitzstephen writing in 1174, says that, "London, for its theatrical exhibitions, has *religious plays*, either the representations of miracles wrought by holy confessors, or the sufferings of martyrs." Besides those of Coventry, there are MSS. of the Chester mysteries, ascribed to Ranulph Higden, compiler of the *Polychronicon*, and a Benedictine monk of that city, where they were performed at the expense of the incorporated trades, with a thousand days of pardon from the pope, and forty days of pardon from the bishop of Chester to all who attended the representation, which is supposed to have been first had in the year 1328.

It is related in the Museum MS., of these Chester plays, that the author, "was thrice at Rome before he could obtain leave of the pope to have them in the *English* tongue." The subjects of these plays being "from the Old and New Testament," seem to supply the reasons for the difficulty in obtaining the pope's consent. Scripture in English had been scrupulously withheld from the people, and the pope probably anticipated, that if they were made acquainted with a portion of it, the remainder would be demanded; while the author of the plays, better acquainted than the pope with the more immediate difficulty of altogether repressing the curiosity that had been excited towards it, conceived, perhaps, that the growing desire might be delayed, by distorted and confusing representations of certain portions. Perhaps such corruptions and absurdities, as are in these plays, seconded by the eloquence of their author, abated the papal fears concerning the appearance of these *scriptural* interludes in *English*, and finally obtained the sanction for their performance.

It may be supposed, that the Chester plays, written in an early and dark age, would contain a great mass of apocryphal interpolation, and that the Coventry plays, written much later, would contain less; yet the contrary is the fact. Among the Chester mysteries, the "Descent into Hell" is the only one not founded on scripture, and that even has a colourable authority by implication; while among the Coventry mysteries, which were produced ninety years afterwards, there are, besides the "Descent," no less than eight founded on apocryphal Testament story. This remarkable difference of feature, may probably be accounted for. From the fourth century, when Gregory Nazianzen, and the Apollonarii, turned portions of the bible into tragedies and comedies, the clergy of the continent must have done much in the same way, and with much of apocryphal engraftment; and though "religious plays" prevailed in England, yet *scriptural* subjects were new to the people, and the Chester mystery-maker of 1328, found these so numerous, as to render recourse to the New Testament *Apocrypha* unnecessary. But the Coventry mystery-maker of 1416, was under circumstances that would suggest powerful motives to the cunning of a monkish mind for apocryphal adoption. He was likely to

conceive that a false glare might obscure the dawns of the human mind. The rising day of the Reformation had been foretold by the appearance of its "morning star," in the person of the intrepid Wycliffe, who exercised the right of private judgment in England, a century and a half before Luther taught it as a principle in Germany. It was a period of fearful foreboding to the church. In 1404 Henry IV. held a parliament at Coventry which, from its desire to compel the clergy to contribute largely to the exigencies of the state, was called the Laymen's Parliament. The country was in imminent danger; an abundant supply of money was immediately necessary; the church property and income were enormous; the parliament knew that this profusion of ecclesiastical wealth could only have been acquired from the industry of the laity; and they represented that the clergy had been of little service to the king, while the laity had served in his wars with their persons, and by contributions for the same purpose had impoverished their estates. The archbishop of Canterbury said, that if the clergy did not fight in person their tenants fought for them, that their contributions had been in proportion to their property, and that the church had offered prayers and masses day and night for God's blessing on the king and the army. The speaker, sir John Cheyne, answered, that the prayers of the church were a very slender supply. To this the archbishop replied, that it might easily be seen what would become of the kingdom when such devout addresses were so slighted. The persistence of the archbishop saved the church at that time from the impending storm; but the priests saw that their exactions and their worship were only tolerated. Wycliffe had then been dead about twenty years. After a life wonderfully preserved from the unsparing cruelty of ecclesiastical power, by the protection of Edward III., his memory was affectionately revered, and, as printing had not been discovered, his writings were scarce, and earnestly sought. The good seed of dissent had germinated, and the appearance of dissenters at intervals, was a specimen of the harvest that had not yet come. Nothing more fearfully alarmed the establishment than Wycliffe's translation of the New Testament into English. All arts were used to suppress it, and to enliven the slumbering attachment of the people

to the "good old customs" of the church. There is abundant evidence of studious endeavours to both these ends in the Coventry mysteries. The priests industriously reported, that Wycliffe's Testament was a false one; that he had distorted the language, and concealed facts. There was no printing press to multiply copies of his book; biblical criticism was scarcely known but by being denounced; the ecclesiastics anathematized scriptural inquiry as damnable heresy from their confessionals and pulpits; and as "the churches served as theatres for holy farces," the Franciscan friars of Coventry, shortly after the meeting of the Laymen's Parliament in that city, craftily engrafting stories from the pseudo-gospels upon narratives in the New Testament, composed and performed the plays called the Coventry mysteries. These fraudulent productions were calculated to postpone the period of illumination, and to stigmatize, by implication, the labours of Wycliffe. Yet, if the simulation succeeded for a while with the vulgar, it reinvigorated the honest and the persevering; and as the sun breaks forth after a season of cold and darkness, so truth, finally emerging from the gulph of the papal hierarchy, animated the torpid intellect, and cheered the "long abused sight."

But to return. In 1538, Ralph Radcliffe, a scholar and a lover of graceful erudition, wrote plays in Latin and English, which were exhibited by his pupils. Among his comedies, were "Dives and Lazarus," the "Delivering of Susannah," "Job's sufferings," the "Burning of John Huss," &c. The scholars of St. Paul's school in London, were, till a comparatively late period, in great celebrity for their theatrical talent, which it appears was in full exercise upon the mysteries so early as the reign of Richard II.; for in that year, 1378, they presented a petition to his majesty, praying him "to prohibit some unexpert people from presenting the history of the Old and New Testament, to the great prejudice of the said clergy, who have been at great expense in order to represent it publicly at Christmas."

But the more eminent performers of mysteries in London, were the society of parish clerks. On the 18th, 19th, and 20th of July, 1390, they played interlude at the Skinner's-well, as the usual place of their performance, before king Richard II., his queen, and their court; and at the same place, in 1490, they played the

"Creation of the World," and subjects of the like kind, for eight successive days, to splendid audiences of the nobility and gentry from all parts of England. The parish-clerks' ancient performances is memorialized in raised letters of iron, upon a pump on the east side of Rag-street, now called Ray-street, beyond the Sessions-house, Clerkenwell.

The pump of the Skinner's-well is let into a low dead wall. On its north side is an earthenware shop; and on the south a humble tenement occupied by a bird-seller, whose cages with their chirping tenants, hang over and around the inscription. The passing admirer of linnets and redpoles, now and then stops awhile to listen to the melody, and refresh his eye with a few green clover turfs, that stand on a low table for sale by the side of the door; while the monument, denoting the histrionic fame of the place, and alluding to the miraculous powers of the water for healing incurable diseases, which formerly attracted multitudes to the spot, remains unobserved beneath its living attractions. The present simplicity of the scene powerfully contrasts with the recollection of its former splendour. The choral chant of the Benedictine nuns accompanying the peal of the deep-toned organ through their cloisters, and the frankincense curling its perfume from priestly censers at the altar, are succeeded by the stunning sounds of numerous quickly plied-hammers, and the smith's bellows flashing the fires of Mr. Bond's iron-foundry, erected upon the unrecognised site of the convent. This religious house stood about half-way down the declivity of the hill, which commencing near the church on Clerkenwell-green, terminates at the river Fleet. The prospect then, was uninterrupted by houses, and the people upon the rising grounds could have had an uninterrupted view of the performances at the well. About pistol-shot from thence, on the N. N. E. part of the hill, there was a Bear garden; and scarcely so far from the well, at the bottom of the hill westward, and a little to the north, in the hollow of Air-street, lies Hockley-in-the-Hole, where different rude sports, which probably arose with the discontinuance of the parish clerks' acting, were carried on, within the recollection of persons still living, to the great annoyance of this suburb.

The religious guild, or fraternity of *Corpus Christi* at York, was obliged an-

nually to perform a *Corpus Christi* play. Drake says, that this ceremony must have been in its time one of the most extraordinary entertainments the city could exhibit. It was acted in that city till the twenty-sixth year of queen Elizabeth, 1584.

Corpus Christi day, at *Newcastle-upon-Tyne*, was celebrated with similar exhibitions by the incorporated trades. The earliest mention of the performance of mysteries there, is in the ordinary of the coopers for 1426. In 1437, the barbers played the "Baptizing of Christ." In 1568, the "Offering of Abraham and Isaac" was exhibited by the slaters. About 1578, the *Corpus Christi* plays were on the decline, and never acted but by a special command of the magistrates of Newcastle. They are spoken of as the general plays of the town of Newcastle, and when thought necessary by the mayor to be set forth and played, the millers were to perform the "Deliverance of Israel;" the housecarpenters, the "Burial of Christ;" the masons, the "Burial of our lady Saint Mary the Virgin." Between the first and last mentioned periods, there are many minutes in the trades' books of the acting in different years.

In the reign of Henry VII., 1487, that king, in his castle of Winchester, was entertained on a Sunday, while at dinner, with the performance of Christ's "Descent into Hell," by the choir boys of Hyde abbey and St. Swithin's priory, two large monasteries there; and in the same reign, 1489, there were shows and ceremonies, and (religious) plays, exhibited in the palace at Westminster.

On the feast of St. Margaret, in 1511, the miracle play of the "Holy Martyr St. George," was acted on a stage in an open field at Bassingborne, in Cambridgeshire, at which were a minstrel and three waits hired from Cambridge, with a property-man and a painter.

It appears from the *Earl of Northumberland's Household-book*, (1512,) that the children of his chapel performed mysteries during the twelve days of Christmas, and at Easter, under the direction of his master of the revels. Bishop Percy cites several particulars of the regulated sums payable to "parsones" and others for these performances. The exhibiting scripture dramas on the great festivals entered into the regular establishment, and formed part of the domestic regulations of our ancient nobility; and

what is more remarkable, it was as much the business of the chaplain in those days to compose plays for the family, as it is now for him to make sermons.

At London, in the year 1556, the "Passion of Christ" was performed at the Grey Friars, before the lord mayor, the privy-council, and many great estates of the realm. In 1577, the same play was performed at the same place, on the day that war was proclaimed in London against France; and in that year, the holiday of St. Olave, the patron of the church in Silver-street, dedicated to that saint, being celebrated with great solemnity, at eight o'clock at night, a play of the "miraculous Life of St. Olave," was performed for four hours, and concluded with many religious plays. The acting of religious plays experienced interruption during the reign of Elizabeth, and occasionally at other periods. Malone thinks that the last mystery represented in England, was that of "Christ's Passior," in the reign of king James I. Prynne relates that it was performed at Ely-house, in Holborn, when Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, lay there, on Good Friday, at night, and that thousands were present.

Concerning the Coventry mysteries, Dugdale relates, in his "History of Warwickshire," published in 1656, that, "Before the suppression of the monasteries, this city was very famous for the pageants that were played therein, upon Corpus Christi day (one of their ancient faires,) which occasioning very great confluence of people thither from far and near, was of no small benefit thereto: which pageants being acted with mighty state and reverence by the Grey Friars, had theatres for the several scenes, very large and high, placed upon wheels, and drawn to all the eminent parts of the city, for the better advantage of spectators, and contained the story of the Old and New Testament, composed in the Old Englishe rithme, as appeareth by an ancient MS. (in Bibl. Cotton. Vesp. D. VIII.) intituled, *Ludus Corporis Christi*, or *Ludus Coventriæ*. 'I have been told,' says Dugdale, 'by some old people, who in their younger years were eye-witnesses of these pageants so acted, that the yearly confluence of people to see that shew was extraordinary great, and yielded no small advantage to this city.' The celebrity of the performances may be inferred from the rank of the audiences; for, at the festival of Corpus

Christi, in 1483, Richard III. visited Coventry to see the plays, and at the same season in 1492, they were attended by Henry VII. and his queen, by whom they were highly commended."

The mysteries were acted at Chester, by the trading companies of the city. "Every company had his pagiante, or parte, which pagiantes were a highe scafolde with two rowmes, a higher and a lower upon four wheeles. In the lower they apparelled themselves, in the higher rowme they played, being all open on the tope, that all beholders might hear and see them. The places where they played them was in every streete. They begane first at the Abay gates, and when the pagiante was played, it was wheeled to the High-cross before the mayor, and so to every streete; and so every streete had a pagiante playing before them, till all the pagiantes for the daye appointed were played, and when one pagiante was neer ended, worde was broughte from streete to streete, that soe the mighte come in place thereof, excedinge orderlye, and all the streetes had their pagiante afore them, all at one time, playing together, to se which playes was great resorte, and also scafoldes, and stages made in the streetes, in those places where they determined to playe their pagiantes."

In Cornwall they had interludes in the Cornish language from scripture history. These were called the *Gnary Miracle plays*, and were sometimes performed in the open fields, at the bottom of earthen amphitheatres, the people standing around on the inclined plane, which was usually forty or fifty feet diameter. Two MSS. in the Bodleian Library contains the Cornish plays of the "Deluge," the "Passion," and the "Resurrection."

According to Strutt, when mysteries were the only plays, the stage consisted of three platforms, one above another. On the uppermost sat God the Father, surrounded by his angels; on the second, the glorified saints, and on the last and lowest, men who had not yet passed from this life. On one side of the lowest platform was the resemblance of a dark pitchy cavern, from whence issued the appearance of fire and flames; and when it was necessary, the audience was treated with hideous yellings and noises in imitation of the howlings and cries of wretched souls tormented by relentless demons. From this yawning cave the devils themselves

constantly ascended to delight, and to instruct the spectators.*

Cat Worship on Corpus Christi Day.

In the middle ages, animals formed as prominent a part in the worship of the time as they had done in the old religion of Egypt. The cat was a very important personage in religious festivals. At Aix, in Provence, on the festival of *Corpus Christi*, the finest Tom cat of the country, wrapt in swaddling clothes like a child, was exhibited in a magnificent shrine to public admiration. Every knee was bent, every hand strewed flowers or poured incense, and Grimalkin was treated in all respects as the god of the day. But on the festival of *St. John*, poor Tom's fate was reversed. A number of the tabby tribe were put into a wicker basket and thrown alive into the midst of an immense fire, kindled in the public square by the bishop and his clergy. Hymns and anthems were sung, and processions were made by the priests and people in honour of the sacrifice.†

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Pimpernal. *Anagallis arvensis*.

Dedicated to *St. Erasmus*.

June 3.

St. Cecilius, A. D. 211. *St. Clotildis*, or *Clotilda*, Queen of France, A. D. 545. *St. Coemgen*, or *Keivin*, A. D. 618. *St. Lifard*, Abbot, about the middle of the 6th Cent. *St. Genesis*, in French, *Genes*, Bp. about A. D. 662.

CHRONOLOGY.

1817, June 3, *Paris*.—Yesterday the *ladies* of the market of *St. Germain*, having invited the rector of *St. Sulpice* to bless their new market-place, that pastor accompanied by the clergy of the parish, repaired there at five o'clock, and sung the hymn, *Veni Creator*. A procession took place inside the edifice, and the market was formally *blessed*. The whole concluded with *Domine, Salvum fac Regem*. The market was to open the next morning.—*Moniteur*.

* Hone on Mysteries.

† Mill's Hist. Crusades.



Hornsey-wood House.

A house of entertainment—in a place
 So rural, that it almost doth deface
 The lovely scene : for like a beauty-spot,
 Upon a charming cheek that needs it not,
 So Hornsey Tavern seems to me. And yet,
 Tho' nature be forgotten, to forget
 The artfical wants of the forgetters,
 Is setting up oneself to be their betters.
 This is unwise ; for *they* are passing wise,
 Who have no eyes for scenery, and despise
 Persons like me, who sometimes have sensations
 Through too much sight, and fall in contemplations,
 Which, as cold waters cramp and drown a swimmer,
 Chill and o'erwhelm me. Pleasant is that glimmer,
 Whereby trees *seem* but wood :—The men who know
 No qualities but forms and uses, go
 Through life for happy people :—*they are so.*

Hornsey-wood house is beyond the Sluice-house, from whence anglers and other visitors pass to it through an upland meadow, along a straight gravel-path, angle-wise. It is a good, "plain, brown brick," respectable, modern, London looking building. Within the entrance to the left, is a light and spacious room of ample accommodation, and of which more care

has been taken, than of its fine leather-folding screen in ruins—an unseemly sight for him, who respects old requisites for their former beauty and convenience. This once partook of both, but disuse hath abused and "time hath written strange defeatures" on its face, which in its early days was handsome. It still bears some remains of a spirited painting, spread all

over its leaves, to represent the amusements and humours of a fair in the low countries. At the top of a pole, which may have been the village May-pole, is a monkey with a cat on his back; then there is a sturdy bear-ward, in scarlet, with a wooden leg, exhibiting his bruin; an old woman telling fortunes to the rustics; a showman's drummer on a stage before a booth, beating up for spectators to the performance within, which the show-cloth represents to be a dancer on the tight-rope; a well set-out stall of toys, with a woman displaying their attractions; besides other really interesting "bits" of a

crowded scene, depicted by no mean hand, especially a group coming from a church in the distance, apparently a wedding procession, the females well-looking and well dressed, bearing ribbons or scarfs below their waists in festoons. The destruction of this really interesting screen by worse than careless keeping, is to be lamented. This ruin of art is within a ruin of nature. Hornsey-tavern and its grounds have displaced a romantic portion of the wood, the remains of which, however, skirt a large and pleasant piece of water, formed at a considerable expense.



Lake of Hornsey-wood House.

To this water, which is well stored with fish, anglers resort with better prospect of success than to the New River; the walk around it, and the prospect, are very agreeable.

The old Hornsey-wood house well became its situation; it was embowered, and seemed a part of the wood. Two sisters, Mrs. Lloyd and Mrs. Collier, kept the house; they were ancient women; large in size, and usually sat before their door, on a seat fixed between two venerable oaks, wherein swarms of bees hived themselves. Here the venerable and cheerful dames tasted many a refreshing cup, with their good-natured customers, and told tales of by-gone days, till, in very old age, one of them passed to her grave, and the other followed in a few months. Each died regretted by the frequenters of the rural dwelling, which was

No. 25.

soon afterwards pulled down, and the old oaks felled, to make room for the present roomy and more fashionable building. To those who were acquainted with it in its former rusticity, when it was an unassuming "calm retreat," it is indeed an altered spot. To produce the alteration, a sum of ten thousand pounds was expended by the present proprietor, and Hornsey-wood tavern is now a well-frequented house. The pleasantness of its situation is a great attraction in fine weather.

CHRONOLOGY.

1802. On the 3d of June, madame Mara, the celebrated singer, took leave of the English public. The *Dictionary of Musicians*, in recording the performance, observes, that never certainly was such a transcendent exercise of ability as

a duet composed to display the mutual accomplishments of madame Mara and Mrs. Billington, which they sung with mutual excitement to the highest pitch of scientific expression.

Madame Mara was born at Cassel, in Germany, in 1750. Her paternal name was Schmelling. Her early years were devoted to the study of the violin, which, as a child, she played in England, but quitted that instrument, and became a singer, by the advice of the English ladies, who disliked a "female fiddler." To this, perhaps, we owe the delight experienced from the various excellencies of the most sublime singer the world ever saw. Her first efforts were in songs of agility, yet her intonation was fixed by the incessant practice of plain notes. To confirm the true foundation of all good singing, by the purest enunciation, and the most precise intonation of the scale, was the study of her life, and the part of her voicing upon which she most valued herself. The late Dr. Arnold saw Mara dance, by way of experiment, and assume the most violent gesticulations, while going up and down the scale; yet such was her power of chest, that the tone was as undisturbed and free as if she had stood in the customary quiet position of the orchestra. The Italians say, that "of the hundred requisites to make a singer, he who has a fine voice has ninety-nine." Mara had certainly the ninety-nine in one. Her voice was in compass from G to E in altissimo, and all its notes were alike even and strong; but she had the hundredth also in a supereminent degree, in the grandest and most sublime conception. At the early age of twenty-four, when she was at Berlin, in the immaturity of her judgment and her voice, the best critics admitted her to have exceeded Cuzzoni, Faustina, and indeed all those who preceded her. Our age has since seen Billington and Catalani, yet in majesty and truth of *expression* (a term comprehending the most exalted gifts and requisites of vocal science,) Mara retains her superiority. From her we deduce all that has been learned concerning the great style of singing. The memory of her performance of Handel's sublime work, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' is immortalized, together with the air itself. Often as we have since heard it, we have never witnessed even an approach to the simple majesty of Mara: it is to this air alone that she owes her

highest preeminence; and they who, not having heard her, would picture to themselves a just portraiture of her performance, must image a singer who is fully equal to the truest expression of the inspired words, and the scarcely less inspired music of the loftiest of all possible compositions. She was the child of sensibility: every thing she did was directed to the heart; her tone, in itself pure, sweet, rich, and powerful, took all its various colourings from the passion of the words; and she was not less true to nature and feeling in 'The Soldier tir'd,' and in the more exquisite, 'Hope told a flattering tale,' than in 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Her tone, perhaps, was neither so sweet nor so clear as Billington's, nor so rich and powerful as Catalani's, but it was the most touching language of the soul. It was on the mastery of the feelings of her audience that Mara set her claims to fame. She left surprise to others, and was wisely content with an apparently, but not really humbler, style, and she thus chose the part of genuine greatness." Her *elocution* must be taken rather as universal than as national; for although she passed some time in England when a child, and retained some knowledge of the language, her pronunciation was continually marred by a foreign accent, and those mutilations of our words which are inseparable from the constant use of foreign languages, during a long residence abroad. Notwithstanding this drawback, the impression she made even upon uneducated persons, always extremely alive to the ridiculous effects of mispronunciation, and upon the unskilled in music, was irresistible. The fire, dignity, and tenderness of her vocal appeal could never be misunderstood; it spoke the language of all nations, for it spoke to the feelings of the human heart. Mrs. Billington, with a modesty becoming her great acquirements, voluntarily declared that she considered Mara's execution to be superior to her own in genuine effect though not in extent, compass, rapidity and complication. Mara's divisions always seemed to convey a *meaning*; they were vocal, not instrumental; they had light and shade, and variety of tone; they relaxed from or increased upon the time according to the sentiment of which they always appeared to partake: these attributes were always remarkable in her open, true, and liquid shake, which was certainly full of expression. Neither is

aments, learned and graceful as they are, nor in her cadences, did she ever exhibit the appropriate characteristics of the sense of melody. She was, by turns, majestic, tender, pathetic, and elegant, but in the one or the other not a note was breathed in vain. She justly commanded every species of ornamental execution, and she was subordinate to the grand end of exhibiting the effects of sound sense, in their applications upon the feelings of her hearers. True to this spirit, if any one commended the agility of a singer, Mara would ask, "Can she sing six plain notes?" In majesty and simplicity, in grace, tenderness, and pathos, in the loftiest attributes of art, in the elements of great style, she far transcended all her competitors in the list of fame. She gave Handel's compositions their natural grandeur and effect, which is, in our ears, the very highest degree of praise we can bestow. Handel is heavy, say the musical fashion-mongers of the day. Mara would be heavy beyond endurance, in the mouth of a reader of talents even to give mediocrity. The fact is, that to wield such arms, demands the strength of giants. Mara possessed this heavenly strength. It was in the performance of Handel that her finer mind fixed its expression, and called to its aid all the powers of her voice, and all the acquisitions of her science. From the time of her retirement from England, Mara chiefly resided in Russia; yet as the flagration of Moscow destroyed great part of her property, towards the close of the year 1819, or the beginning of 1820, she returned to London, and determined on presenting herself once more to the judgment of the English public, who had revered her name so highly and so long. She, consequently, had a concert at the Opera-house, but her powers were diminished that it proved unsuccessful. Justice to the channel which supplies these particulars concerning madame Mara requires it to be observed, that they are almost verbatim from a book of great merit and extensive usefulness, the *Dictionary of Musicians*. Its information obviously results from extensive research concerning the deceased, and personal acquaintance with many of the great individuals whose memoirs it contains. The work has experienced the test of originality and excellence—it has not been pillaged without acknowledgment; the discovery of an error or two,

which the pillagers themselves were too ignorant to detect, have enabled them to abuse it. Although written by scientific hands, it is exempt from the meanness of envy, and honestly renders honour to whom honour is due. It is a book full of facts, with interspersions of anecdote so eloquently related, that it is one of the pleasantest works a lover of literature can take up, and is therefore not only a valuable accession to our biographical collections, but to our stores of amusement.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Rosa de meaux. *Rosa provincialis*.
Dedicated to *St. Cecilia*.

June 4.

St. Quirinus, Bp. A. D. 304. *St. Optatus*, Bp. 4th Cent. *St. Walter*, Abbot, 13th Cent. *St. Petroc*, or *Perreuse*, Abbot, 6th Cent. *St. Breaca*, or *Breague*. *St. Burian*. *St. Nenoc*, or *Nennoca*, A. D. 467.

CHRONOLOGY.

1738. King George III. born: he began his reign, October 25, 1760, and died, January 29, 1820.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Indian Pink. *Dianthus Chinensis*.
Dedicated to *St. Quirinus*.

June 5.

St. Boniface, 8th Cent. *St. Dorotheus*, of Tyre. *St. Dorotheus*, Abbot, 4th Cent. *St. Illidius*, Bp. 4th Cent.

St. Boniface.

This saint is in the church of England calendar. His name was Winfred. He was born at Crediton in Devonshire, educated in a Benedictine monastery at Exeter, sent to Friesland as a missionary, became archbishop of Mentz and primate of Germany and Belgium, and obtained the appellation of apostle of the Germans. His conversions were extensive, but many of them were effected by pious frauds; he was murdered in East Friesland by the peasantry, while holding a confirmation, in 755.

CHRONOLOGY.

1814. From a newspaper of June the 5th in that year it appears, that on the

preceding Sunday morning, while the sexton of All Saints' church, at Stamford, was engaged in ringing the bells, two youths, named King and Richards, through mere emulation, ascended the steeple by means of the crotchets, or projecting stones on the outside of that beautiful and lofty spire. The projecting stones on which they stepped in the ascent are twenty-six in number, three feet asunder, and the summit of the spire 152 feet from the ground. In ten or twelve minutes the feat was performed, and the adventurers had safely descended; one of them (Richards) having hung his waistcoat on the weathercock as a memento.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Three-leaved Rose. *Rosa Sinica*.
Dedicated to *St. Boniface*

June 6.

St. Norbert, A. D. 1134. *St. Philip the Deacon*, A. D. 58. *St. Gudwall*, Bp. 6th Cent. *St. Claude*, Abp. A. D. 696 or 703.

CHRONOLOGY

1762. George lord Anson, the circumnavigator of the world, died, at Moorpark, near Rickmansworth, Herts; he was born at Shuckborough, in Staffordshire, in 1700.

Abduction.

This offence was by no means uncommon in England some years ago. In the *London Chronicle* for 1762, there is an extract from a letter, dated "Sunday, Highgate, June 6," from whence it appears, that on that morning, between twelve and one, a postchaise, in which was a lady, was driven through that place very furiously by two postillions, and attended by three persons who had the appearance of gentlemen, from which she cried out, "Murder! save me! Oh, save me!" Her voice subsided from weakness into faint efforts of the same cries of distress; but as there was at that time no possibility of relief, they hastily drove towards Finchley Common. "From another quarter," says the *London Chronicle*, "we have undoubted intelligence of the same carriage being seen, and the same outcries heard, as it passed through Islington, with the additional circumstance of

the two postillions being in their shirts. Is this outrage to be suffered in England?"

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Common Pink. *Dianthus deltoides*.
Dedicated to *St. Norbert*.

June 7.

St. Paul, Bp. of Constantinople, A. D. 350, or 351. *St. Robert*, Abbot, A. D. 1159. *St. Colman*, Bp. of Dromore, A. D. 610. *St. Godeschal*, Prince of the Western Vandals, and his companions. *St. Meriadec*, Bp. A. D. 1302.

CHRONOLOGY.

1779. William Warburton, bishop of Gloucester, died. He was born at Newark-upon-Trent, in 1698, followed the profession of an attorney, relinquished it for the church, and became an eminently able and learned prelate. His writings are distinguished by genius, but deformed by a haughty and vindictive spirit.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Red Centaury. *Chironia centaureum*.
Dedicated to *St. Paul*.

June 8.

St. Medard, Bp. 6th Cent. *St. Gildard*, or *Godard*, Bp. A. D. 511. *St. Maximinus*, 1st Cent. *St. William*, Abp. of York, A. D. 1154. *St. Clou*, or *Clodulphus*, Bp. A. D. 696. *St. Syra*, 7th Cent.

Thimble and Pea.

On the 8th of June, 1825, a publican in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel was charged at the Public Office, Bow-street, by Mr. John Francis Panchaud, a foreigner, with having, in conjunction with several other persons, defrauded him of a 10l. note, at Ascot Heath race-course, on the Thursday preceding. The alleged fraud, or robbery, was effected by means of an unfair game known among the frequenters of races and fairs by the name of "the thimble rig," of which J. Smith, the officer, this day gave the following description to Mr. Minshall, in order that the worthy magistrate might perfectly understand the case:—A gang of seven or eight, or more, set up a table, but they

all appear strangers to each other, and unconnected with the game, except one who conducts it, and who appears to be the sole proprietor. This master of the ceremonies has three thimbles, and is provided with a number of peas, or pepper-corns. He puts one under each thimble, or perhaps only under one or two, as the case may be. He then offers a bet as to which thimble a pepper-corn is or is not under, and offers at first such a wager as is eagerly taken by those round the table, and he loses. He pays the losings freely, and the other members of this joint-stock company affect to laugh at him, as what they call a "good flat." Having thus drawn the attention, and probably excited the cupidity of a stranger, who appears to have money, they suffer him to win a stake or two, and get him to increase his bets. When he seems thoroughly in the humour, the master of the table lifts a thimble, under which is a pepper-corn, and turning his head aside to speak to some one, he suffers the corn to roll off; and, seeming to be unconscious of this, he replaces the thimble, and offers bets to any amount that there is a corn underneath that particular thimble. The stranger having seen the corn roll off "with his own eyes," as the phrase is, chuckles to himself, and eagerly takes the bet; the thimble is removed, and behold!—there is a pepper-corn under it still, the fellow having dexterously slipped another under it when the first rolled off the table. "So that the plain fact is, sir," continued Smith, "that the stranger, fancying he is taking in the master of the table, cheerfully stakes his money with a dead certainty, as he supposes, of winning, and he finds that he has been taken in himself." Smith said, he had known instances of gentlemen getting from their carriages, and in a few moments ridding themselves of 20*l.* or 30*l.*, or perhaps more, and going off wondering at their folly, and looking uncommon silly.

It appeared that Mr. Panchaud went up to one of these tables, at which the defendant and many others were playing, and after winning two or three times, the trick above described was commenced. The conductor of the game offered a bet of 5*l.*, and Mr. Panchaud having seen the pepper-corn roll off, took the wager, and put down a 10*l.* note. In a moment after there was a general hustling, the table was upset, and the whole party peculiarly disappeared, together with the

10*l.* note. When the bet was offered, the defendant, who stood next to him, jogged his elbow, and said eagerly, "Bet him, bet him; you must win, the ball is under our feet." Mr. Panchaud had no doubt, from his whole manner, that the defendant was concerned with the others in the trick. The case stood over for further investigation. It is only mentioned here for the purpose of showing a species of slight of hand continued in our own times to defraud the unwary.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Moneywort. *Lysimachia nummularia*
Dedicated to *St. Medard.*



Passion Flower

This flower, says the elegant author of the *Flora Domestica*, derives its name from an idea, that all the instruments of Christ's passion are represented in it.

The above engraving from an ancient print, shows the curious distortion of the flower in those parts whereon the imagination has indulged. The original print bears an inscription to this effect; that nature itself grieves at the crucifixion, as is denoted by the flower representing the five wounds, and the column or pillar of scourging, besides the three nails, the crown of thorns, &c.

Most of the passion-flowers are natives

of the hottest parts of America. The rose coloured passion-flower is a native of Virginia, and is the species which was first known in Europe. It has since been, in a great measure, superseded by the blue passion-flower, which is hardy enough to flower in the open air, and makes an elegant tapestry for an unsightly wall. The leaves of this, in the autumn, are of the most brilliant crimson; and, when the sun is shining upon them, seem to transport one to the gardens of Pluto.*

June 9.

Sts. Primus and Felicianus, A. D. 286.
St. Columba, or *Columkille*, A. D. 597.
St. Pelagia, A. D. 311. *St. Vincent*,
 3d Cent. *St. Richard*, Bp. of Andria,
 5th Cent.

CHRONOLOGY.

1760. Nicholas Lewes, count Zinzendorf, a native of Saxony, and founder of the religious society called Moravians, died at Chelsea.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Barberry. *Barberis vulgaris*.
 Dedicated to *St. Columba*.

June 10.

St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, A. D. 1093. *St. Getulius* and companions, 2d Cent. *St. Landry*, or *Landericus*, Bp. A. D. 650. *B. Henry* of Treviso, A. D. 1315.

CHRONOLOGY.

1735. Thomas Hearne, the learned antiquary, died at Oxford: he was born at White Waltham, in Berkshire, in 1680.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Yellow Fleur-de-lis. *Iris Pseudacorus*.
 Dedicated to *St. Margaret*.

June 11.

St. Barnabas, Apostle, 1st Cent. *St. Tochumra*, of Tochumrach in Ireland. Another *St. Tochumra*, diocese of Kilmore.

St. Barnabas the Apostle.

He was of the tribe of Levi, and coadjutor with the apostle Paul for several years. Though denominated an apostle, it seems agreed that he was not entitled to that character; if he were, his extant epistle would have equal claim with the writings of the other apostles to a place among the books in the New Testament. He is said to have been martyred, but of this there is not sufficient evidence.

St. Barnabas' Day.

This was a high festival in England formerly.

Besides the holy thorn, there grew in the abbey churchyard of Glastonbury, on the north side of St. Joseph's chapel, a miraculous walnut-tree, which never budded forth before the feast of *St. Barnabas*, viz. the eleventh of June, and on that very day shot forth leaves, and flourished like its usual species. This tree is gone, and in the place thereof stands a very fine walnut-tree of the common sort. It is strange to say how much this tree was sought after by the credulous; and, though not an uncommon walnut, queen Anne, king James, and many of the nobility of the realm, even when the times of monkish superstition had ceased, gave large sums of money for small cuttings from the original.*

Midsummer, or nightless days, now begin and continue until the 2d of July.† There is still this saying among country people,—

“Barnaby Bright, Barnaby Bright,
 The longest day and the shortest night.”

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Midsummer Daisy. *Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum*.

Dedicated to *St. Barnabas*.

June 12.

St. John, Hermit, A. D. 1479. *St. Basilides*, *Quirinus*, or *Cyrinus*, *Nabor*, and *Nazarius*. *St. Eskill*, Bp. *St. Onuphrius*, Hermit. *St. Ternan*, Bp. of the Picts.

CHRONOLOGY.

1734. The duke of Berwick, illegitimate son of James II., by Arabella

* Flora Domestica.

† Collinson's Somersetshire.
 † Dr. Forster's Perennial Calendar

churchill, sister to the great duke of Marlborough, was killed by a cannon ball, at the siege of Phillipsburgh, in Germany, in the 64th year of his age. He was only excelled in the art of war by the duke of Marlborough himself.

FLORAL DIRECTORY

White Dog Rose. *Rosa arvensis*.
Dedicated to *St. John*.

June 13.

St. Antony of Padua, A. D. 1231. *St. Damhanade*.

CHRONOLOGY.

1625. Henrietta Maria, youngest daughter to Henry IV. of France, landed at Dover, and was married to Charles I., at Canterbury, on the same day; her portraits represent her to have been beautiful. She was certainly a woman of ability, but faithless to her unfortunate consort, after whose death on the scaffold she lived in France, and privately married her favourite, the lord Jermyn, a descendant of whom, with that name, is (in 1825,) a grocer in Chiswell-street, and a member of the society of friends. Henrietta Maria, though a Bourbon, was so little regarded in the court of the Bourbons, and reduced to so great extremity, that she was without fuel for her fire-place during the depth of winter, in the palace assigned to her by the French monarch.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Garden Ranunculus. *Ranunculus Asiaticus*.
Dedicated to *St. Antony*.

June 14.

St. Basil, Abp. A. D. 379. *Sts. Rufinus* and *Valerius*, 3d Age. *St. Methodius*, Patriarch of Constantinople, A. D. 846. *St. Docmael*, 6th Cent. *St. Nennus*, or *Nehemias*, Abbot, A. D. 654. *St. Psalmodius*, A. D. 630.

CHRONOLOGY.

1645. The battle of Naseby, between the royalists under Charles I., and the parliament troops under Fairfax, was decided this day by the entire rout of the king's army, and the seizure of all his

artillery and ammunition. Among the spoil was the king's cabinet with his letters, which the parliament afterwards published. Hume says, "they give an advantageous idea both of the king's genius and morals." Yet it is a fact, which every person who reads the correspondence must inevitably arrive at, that the king purposed deception, when he professed good faith, and that, as true genius never exists with fraud, these letters do not entitle him to reputation for common honesty, or real ability.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Sweet Basil. *Oscimum Basilicum*.
Dedicated to *St. Basil*.

June 15.

Sts. Vitus, or *Guy*, *Crescentia*, and *Monestus*, 4th Cent. *St. Landelin*, Abbot, A. D. 686. *B. Bernard*, of Menthon, A. D. 1008. *St. Vauge*, Hermit, A. D. 585. *B. Gregory Lewis Barbadigo*, Cardinal Bp. A. D. 1697.

St. Vitus.

This saint was a Sicilian martyr, under Dioclesian. Why the disease called *St. Vitus's dance* was so denominated, is not known. Dr. Forster describes it as an affection of the limbs, resulting from nervous irritation, closely connected with a disordered state of the stomach and bowels, and other organs of the abdomen. In papal times, fowls were offered on the festival of this saint, to avert the disease. It is a vulgar belief, that rain on *St. Vitus's day*, as on *St. Swithin's day*, indicates rain for a certain number of days following.

It is related, that after *St. Vitus* and his companions were martyred, their heads were enclosed in a church wall, and forgotten, so that no one knew where they were, until the church was repaired, when the heads were found, and the church bells began to sound of themselves, which causing inquiry, a writing was found, authenticating the heads; they consequently received due honour, and worked miracles in due form.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Sensitive Plant. *Mimosa sensit*.
Dedicated to *St. Vitus*.

CEREMONY OF LAYING

THE

First Stone of the New London-bridge,

ON WEDNESDAY, THE 15TH OF JUNE, 1825.



New London-bridge.

London, like famous old Briareus,
 With fifty heads and twice told fifty arms,
 Laid one strong arm across yon noble flood,
 For free communication with each shore ;
 Hence, though the thews and sinews sink and shrink,
 And we so manifold and strong have grown,
 That a renewal of the limb for purposes
 Of national and private weal be requisite,
 It is to be regarded as a friend
 That oft hath served us in our utmost need,
 With all its strength. Be ye then merciful,
 Good citizens, to this our ancient "sib,"
 Operate on it tenderly, and keep
 Some fragments of it, as memorials
 Of its former worth : for our posterity
 Will to their ancestors do reverence,
 As we, ourselves, do reverence to ours.—

The present engraving is from the design at the head of the admission tickets, and is exactly of the same form and dimensions ; the tickets themselves were

large cards of about the size that the present leaf will present when bound in the volume, and cut round the edges.

COPY OF THE TICKET

Admit the Bearer

to witness THE CEREMONY of laying

THE FIRST STONE

of the

New London-bridge,

on Wednesday, the 15th day of June, 1825.

(Signed) HENRY WOODTHORPE, JUN.

Clerk of the Committee.

Seal
of the
City Arms.

N.B. The access is from the present bridge, and the time of admission will be between the hours of twelve and two.

N^o 281.

It has been truly observed of the design for the new bridge, that it is striking for its contrast with the present gothic edifice, whose place it is so soon to supply. It consists but of five elliptical arches, which embrace the whole span of the river, with the exception of a double pier on either side, and between each arch a single pier of corresponding design: the whole is more remarkable for its simplicity than its magnificence; so much, indeed, does the former quality appear to have been consulted, that it has not a single balustrade from beginning to end.

New London-bridge is the symbol of an honourable British merchant: it unites plainness with strength and capacity, and will be found to be more expansive and ornamental, the more its uses and purposes are considered.

The following are to be the dimensions of the new bridge:—

Centre arch—span, 150 feet; rise, 32 feet; piers, 24 feet.

Arches next the centre arch—span, 140 feet; rise, 30 feet; piers 22 feet.

Abutment arches—span, 130 feet; rise, 25 feet; abutment, 74 feet.

Total width, from water-side to water-side, 690 feet.

Length of the bridge, including the abutments, 950 feet; without the abutments, 782 feet.

Width of the bridge, from outside to outside of the parapets, 55 feet; carriage-way, 33 feet 4 inches.

“Go and set London-bridge on fire,” said Jack Cade, at least so Shakspeare makes him say, to “the rest” of the insurgents, who, in the reign of Henry VI., came out of Kent, took the city itself, and there raised a standard of revolt against the royal authority. “Sooner said than done, master Cade,” may have been the answer; and now, when we are about to erect a new one, let us “remember the bridge that has carried safe over.” Though its feet were manifold as a centipede’s, and though, in gliding between its legs, as it

“doth bestride the Thames,”

some have, ever and anon, passed to the bottom, and craft of men, and craft with goods, so perished, yet the health and wealth of ourselves, and those from whom we sprung, have been increased by safe and uninterrupted intercourse above.

By admission to the entire ceremony of laying the first stone of the new London-bridge, the editor of the *Every-Day Book* is enabled to give an authentic account of the proceedings from his own close observation; and therefore, collating the narratives in every public journal of the following day, by his own notes, he relates the ceremonial he witnessed, from a chosen situation within the cofferdam.

At an early hour of the morning the vicinity of the new and old bridges presented an appearance of activity, bustle, and preparation; and every spot that could command even a bird’s-eye view of the scene, was eagerly and early occupied by persons desirous of becoming spectators of the intended spectacle, which, it was confidently expected, would be extremely magnificent and striking; these anticipations were in no way disappointed.

So early as twelve o’clock, the avenues leading to the old bridge were filled with individuals, anxious to behold the approaching ceremony, and shortly afterwards the various houses, which form the streets through which the procession was

to pass, had their windows graced with numerous parties of well-dressed people. St. Magnus' on the bridge, St. Saviour's church in the Borough, Fishmongers'-hall, and the different warehouses in the vicinity, had their roofs covered with spectators; platforms were erected in every nook from whence a sight could be obtained, and several individuals took their seats on the Monument, to catch a bird's-eye view of the whole proceedings. The buildings, public or private, that at all overlooked the scene, were literally roofed and walled with human figures, clinging to them in all sorts of possible and improbable attitudes. Happy were they who could purchase seats, at from half a crown to fifteen shillings each, for so the charge varied, according to the degree of accommodation afforded. As the day advanced, the multitude increased in the street; the windows of the shops were closed, or otherwise secured, and those of the upper floors became occupied with such of the youth and beauty of the city as has not already repaired to the river: and delightfully occupied they were: and were the sun down, as it was not, it had scarcely been missed—for there—

“ From every casement came the light,
Of women's eyes, so soft and bright,
Peeping between the trelliced bars,
A nearer, dearer heaven of stars!”

The wharfs on the banks of the river, between London-bridge and Southwark-bridge, were occupied by an immense multitude. Southwark-bridge itself was clustered over like a bee-hive; and the river from thence to London-bridge presented the appearance of an immense dock covered with vessels of various descriptions; or, perhaps, it more closely resembled a vast country fair, so completely was the water concealed by multitudes of boats and barges, and the latter again hidden by thousands of spectators, and canvass awnings, which, with the gay holiday company within, made them not unlike booths and tents, and contributed to strengthen the fanciful similitude. The tops of the houses had many of them also their flags and awnings; and, from the appearance of them and the river, one might almost suppose the dry and level ground altogether deserted, for this aquatic fete, worthy of Venice at her best of times. All the vessels in the pool hoisted their flags top-mast-high, in honour of the occasion, and many of them sent out their

boats manned, to increase the bustle and interest of the scene.

At eleven o'clock London-bridge was wholly closed, and at the same hour Southwark-bridge was thrown open, free of toll. At each end of London-bridge barriers were formed, and no persons were allowed to pass, unless provided with tickets, and these only were used for the purpose of arriving at the coffer-dam. There was a feeling of awful solemnity at the appearance of this, the greatest thoroughfare of the metropolis, now completely vacated of all its foot-passengers and noisy vehicles.

At one o'clock the lord mayor and sheriffs arrived at Guildhall, the persons engaged in the procession having met at a much earlier hour.

The lady mayoress and a select party went to the coffer-dam in the lord mayor's private state carriage, and arrived at the bridge about half-past two o'clock.

The Royal Artillery Company arrived in the court-yard of the Guildhall at two o'clock.

The carriages of the members of parliament and other gentlemen, forming part of the procession, mustered in Queen-street and the Old Jewry.

At twelve o'clock, the barrier at the foot of the bridge on the city side of the river was thrown open, and the company, who were provided with tickets for the coffer-dam, were admitted within it, and kept arriving till two o'clock in quick succession. At that time the barriers were again closed, and no person was admitted till the arrival of the chief procession. By one o'clock, however, most of the seats within the coffer-dam were occupied, with the exception of those reserved for the persons connected with the procession.

The tickets of admission issued by the committee, consisting of members of the court of common council, were in great request. By their number being judiciously limited, and by other arrangements there was ample accommodation for all the company. At the bottom of each ticket, there was a notice to signify the hours of admission were between twelve and two, and not a few of the fortunate holders were extremely punctual in attending at the first mentioned hour for the purpose of securing the best places. They were admitted at either end of the

bridge, and passed on till they came to an opening that had been made in the balustrade, leading to the platform that surrounded the area of the proposed ceremony. This was the coffer-dam formed in the bed of the river, for the building of the first pier, at the Southwark side. The greatest care had been taken to render the dam water-tight, and during the whole of the day, from twelve till six, it was scarcely found necessary to work the steam-engine a single stroke. On passing the aperture in the balustrade, already mentioned, the company immediately arrived on a most extensive platform, from which two staircases divided—the one for the *pink* tickets, which introduced the possessor to the lowest stage of the works, and the other for the white ones, of less privilege, and which were therefore more numerous. The interior of the works was highly creditable to the committee. Not only were the timbers, whether horizontal or upright, of immense thickness, but they were so securely and judiciously bolted and pinned together, that the probability of any danger or accident was entirely done away with. The very awning which covered the whole coffer-dam, to ensure protection from the sun or rain, had there been any, was raised on a little forest of scaffolding poles, which, anywhere but by the side of the huge blocks of timber introduced immediately beneath, would have appeared of an unusual stability. In fact, the whole was arranged so securely and as comfortably as though it had been intended to serve the time of all the lord mayors for the next century to come, while on the outside, in the river, every necessary precaution was taken to keep off boats, by stationing officers there for that purpose. With the exception of the lower floor, which, as already mentioned, was only attainable by the possession of *pink* tickets, and a small portion of the floor next above it, the whole was thrown open without reservation, and the visitors took possession of the unoccupied places they liked best.

The entire coffer-dam was ornamented with as much taste and beauty as the purposes for which it was intended would possibly admit. The entrance to the platform from the bridge, was fitted up with crimson drapery, tastefully festooned. The coffer-dam itself was divided into four tiers of galleries, along which several rows of benches, covered with scarlet cloth, were arranged for the benefit of the spec-

tators. It was covered with canvass to keep out the rays of the sun, and from the transverse beams erected to support it, which were decked with rosettes of different colours, were suspended flags and ensigns of various descriptions brought from Woolwich yard; which by the constant motion in which they were kept, created a current of air, which was very refreshing. The floor of the dam, which is 45 feet below the high water mark, was covered, like the galleries, with scarlet cloth, except in that part of it where the first stone was to be laid. The floor is 95 feet in length, and 36 in breadth; is formed of beech planks, four inches in thickness, and rests upon a mass of piles, which are shod at the top with iron, and are crossed by immense beams of solid timber. By two o'clock all the galleries were completely filled with well-dressed company, and an eager impatience for the arrival of the procession was visible in every countenance. The bands of the Horse Guards, red and blue, and also that of the Artillery Company, played different tunes, to render the interval of expectation as little tedious as possible; but, in spite of all their endeavours, a feeling of listlessness appeared to pervade the spectators.—In the mean time the arrangements at Guildhall being completed, the procession moved from the court-yard, in the following order:—

A body of the Artillery Company.
Band of Music.

Marshalmen.

Mr. Cope, the City Marshal, mounted, and in the full uniform of his Office.

The private carriage of — Saunders, Esq., the Water Bailiff, containing the Water-Bailiff, and Nelson, his Assistant.

Carriage containing the Barge-masters.

City Watermen bearing Colours.

A party of City Watermen without Colours.

Carriage containing Messrs. Lewis and Gillman, the Bridge-masters, and the Clerk of the Bridge-house Estate.

Another party of the City Watermen.

Carriage containing Messrs. Jolliffe and Sir E. Banks, the Contractors for the Building of the New Bridge.

Model of the New Bridge.

Carriages containing Members of the Royal Society
Carriage containing John Holmes, Esq., the Bailiff of Southwark.

Carriage containing the Under-Sheriffs.

Carriages containing Thomas Shelton, Esq., Clerk of the Peace for the City of London; W. L. Newman, Esq., the City Solicitor; Timothy Tyrrell, Esq., the Remembrancer; Samuel Collingridge, Esq., and P. W. Crowther, Esq., the Secondarys; J. Boudon, Esq., Clerk of the Chamber; W. Boland, Esq., and George Bernard, Esq., the Common Pleaders; Henry Woodthorpe, Esq., the Town Clerk; Thomas Deuman, Esq., the Common Sergeant; R. Clarke, Esq., the Chamberlain.

These Carriages were followed by those of several Members of Parliament.

Carriages of Members of the Privy Council.

Band of Music and Colours, supported by City Watermen

Members of the Goldsmiths' (the Lord Mayor's) Company.
 Marshalmen.
 Lord Mayor's Servants in their State Liveries.
 Mr. Brown, the City Marshal, mounted on horseback, and in the full uniform of his Office.
 The Lord Mayor's State Carriage, drawn by six bay horses, beautifully caparisoned, in which were his Lordship and the Duke of York.
 The Sheriffs, in their State Carriages.
 Carriages of several Aldermen who have passed the Chair.
 Another body of the Royal Artillery Company.

The procession moved up Cornhill and down Gracechurch-street, to London-bridge. While awaiting the arrival of the procession, wishes were wafted from many a fair lip, that the lord of the day, as well as of the city, would make his appearance. Small-talk had been exhausted, and the merits of each particular timber canvassed for the hundredth time, when, at about a quarter to three, the lady mayoress made her appearance, and renovated the hopes of the company. They argued that his lordship as a family man, would not be long absent from his lady. The clock tolled three, and no lord mayor had made his appearance. At this critical juncture a small gun made its report; but, except the noise and smoke, it produced nothing. More than an hour elapsed before the eventful moment arrived; a flourish of trumpets in the distance gave hope to many hearts, and finally two six-pounders of the Artillery Company, discharged from the wharf at Old Swan Stairs, at about a quarter-past four o'clock, announced the arrival of the cavalcade. Every one stood up, and in a very few minutes the city watermen, bearing their colours flying, made their appearance at the head of the coffer-dam, and would, if they could, have done the same thing at the bottom of it; but owing to the unaccommodating narrowness of the staircase, they found it inconvenient to convey their flags by the same route that they intended to convey themselves. Necessity, however, has long been celebrated as the mother of invention, and a plan was hit upon to wind the flags over this timber and under that, till after a very serpentine proceeding, they arrived in safety at the bottom. After this had been accomplished, there was a sort of pause, and every body seemed to be thinking of what would come next, when some one in authority hinted, that as the descent of the flags had been performed so dexterously, or for some other reason that did not express itself, they might as easily be conveyed back, so that the company,

whose patience, by the bye, was exemplary, were gratified by the ceremony of those poles returning, till the arrival of the expected personages, satisfied every desire. A sweeping train of aldermen were seen winding in their scarlet robes through the mazes of the pink-ticketed staircase, and in a very few minutes a great portion of these dignified elders of the city made their appearance on the floor below, the band above having previously struck up the "Hunter's Chorus" from *Der Freischütz*. Next in order entered a strong body of the common-councilmen, who had gone to meet the procession on its arrival at the barriers. Independently of those that made their appearance on the lower platform, glimpses of their purple robes with fur-trimmings, were to be caught on every stage of the scaffolding, where many of them had been stationed throughout the day. After these entered the recorder, the common sergeant, the city solicitor, the city clerk, the city chamberlain, and a thousand other city officers, "all gracious in the city's eyes." These were followed by the duke of York and the lord mayor, advancing together, the duke being on his lordship's right hand. His royal highness was dressed in a plain blue coat with star, and wore at his knee the garter. They were received with great cheering, and proceeded immediately up the floor of the platform, till they arrived opposite the place where the first stone was suspended by a tackle, ready to be swung into the place that it is destined to occupy for centuries. Opposite the stone, an elbowed seat had been introduced into the line of bench, so as to afford a marked place for the chief magistrate, without breaking in upon the direct course of the seats. His lordship, who was in his full robes, offered the chair to his royal highness, which was positively declined on his part. The lord mayor therefore seated himself, and was supported on the right by his royal highness, and on the left by Mr. Alderman Wood. The lady mayoress, with her daughters in elegant dresses, sat near his lordship, accompanied by two fine-looking intelligent boys her sons; near them were the two lovely daughters of lord Suffolk, and many other fashionable and elegantly dressed ladies. In the train which arrived with the lord mayor and his royal highness were the earl of Darnley, lord J. Stewart, the right hon. C. W. Wynn, M. P., sir G. Warrender, M. P., sir I. Coffin, M. P., sir

G. Cockburn, M. P., sir R. Wilson, M. P., Mr. T. Wilson, M. P., Mr. W. Williams, M. P., Mr. Davies Gilbert, M. P., Mr. W. Smith, M. P., Mr. Holme Sumner, M. P., with several other persons of distinction, and the common sergeant, the city pleaders, and other city officers.

The lord mayor took his station by the side of the stone, attended by four gentlemen of the committee, bearing, one, the glasscut bottle to contain the coins of the present reign, another, an English inscription incrusting in glass, another, the mallet, and another, the level.

The sub-chairman of the committee, bearing the golden trowel, took his station on the side of the stone opposite the lord mayor.

The engineer, John Rennie, esq., took his place on another side of the stone, and exhibited to the lord mayor the plans and drawings of the bridge.

The members of the committee of management, presented to the lord mayor the cut glass bottle which was intended to contain the several coins.

The ceremony commenced by the children belonging to the wards' schools, Candlewick, Bridge, and Dowgate, singing 'God save the King.' They were stationed in the highest eastern gallery for that purpose; the effect produced by their voices, stealing through the windings caused by the intervening timbers to the depth below, was very striking and peculiar.

The chamberlain delivered to his lordship the several pieces of coin: his lordship put them into the bottle, and deposited the bottle in the place whereon the foundation stone was to be laid.

The members of the committee, bearing the English inscription incrusting on glass, presented it to the lord mayor. His lordship deposited it in the subjacent tone.

Mr. Jones, sub-chairman of the Bridge Committee, who attended in purple gowns and with staves, presented the lord mayor, on behalf of the committee, with an elegant silver-gilt trowel, embossed with the combined arms of the Bridge House Estate and the City of London," and bearing on the reverse an inscription of the date, and design of its presentation to the right hon. the lord mayor, who was born in the ward, and is a member of the guild wherein the new bridge is situated. This trowel was designed by Mr. John Green, of Ludgate-

hill, and executed by Messrs. Green, Ward, and Green, in which firm he is partner. Mr. Jones, on presenting it to the lord mayor, thus addressed his lordship: "My lord, I have the honour to inform you, that the committee of management has appointed your lordship, in your character of lord mayor of London, to lay the first stone of the new London-bridge, and that they have directed me to present to your lordship this trowel as a means of assistance to your lordship in accomplishing that object."

The lord mayor having signified his consent to perform the ceremony, Henry Woodthorpe, esq., the town clerk, who has lately obtained the degree of L. L. D., held the copper plate about to be placed beneath the stone with the following inscription upon it, composed by Dr. Coplestone, master of Oriol-college, Oxford:—

Pontis vetvsti
 qvum propter crebras nimis interiectas moles
 impedito cursv flvminis
 navicvlæ et rates
 non levi saepe iactvra et vitæ periclvlo
 per angvstas favces
 præcepti aquarvum impetv ferri solerent
 Civitas Londinensis
 his incommodis remedium adhibere volens
 et celeberrimi simvl in terris emporii
 vtilitatibvs consvlens
 regni insvper senatvs auctovitate
 ac mvnificentiã adivta
 pontem
 sitv prorsvs novo
 amplioribvs spatiis constrvndvm decrev
 ea scilicet forma ac magnitvdine
 qvæ regie vrbs mæiestati
 tandem responderet.
 Neqve alio magis tempore
 tantum opvs inchoandvm drixit
 qvam cvm pacato ferme toto terrarv orbe
 Imperivm Britannicvm
 fama opibus mvltitvdine civivm et concordia pollens
 principe
 item gavderet
 artivm favore ac patronn
 civis svb avspiciis
 novvs indies aedificiorv splendor vrbi accederet.

Primum operis lapidem
 posvit
 Ioannes Garratt armiger
 prætor
 xv. die Ivnii
 anno regis Georgii Quarti sexto
 a. s. m. d. ccc. xxv.

Ioanne Rennie S. R. S. architecto.

Translation.

The free course of the river
 being obstructed by the numerous piers
 of the ancient bridge,
 and the passage of boats and vessels
 through its narrow channels
 being often attended with danger and loss of life
 by reason of the force and rapidity of the current,
 the City of London,
 desirous of providing a remedy for this evil,
 and at the same time consulting
 the convenience of commerce
 in this vast emporium of all nations,
 under the sanction and with the liberal aid of
 parliament,

resolved to erect a bridge
 upon a foundation altogether new,
 with arches of wider span,
 and of a character corresponding
 to the dignity and importance
 of this royal city:
 nor does any other time seem to be more suitable
 for such an undertaking
 than when in a period of universal peace
 the British empire,
 flourishing in glory, wealth, population, and
 domestic union,
 is governed by a prince,
 the patron and encourager of the arts,
 under whose auspices
 the metropolis has been daily advancing in
 elegance and splendour.

The first stone of this work
 was laid
 by John Garratt, esquire,
 lord mayor,
 on the 15th day of June,
 in the sixth year of king George the Fourth,
 and in the year of our Lord
 m.d.ccc.xxv.

John Rennie, F. R. S. architect.

Dr. Woodthorpe read the Latin inscription aloud, and the lord mayor, turning to the duke of York, addressed his royal highness and the rest of the company.

Lord Mayor's Speech.

“It is unnecessary for me to say much upon the purpose for which we are assembled this day, for its importance to this great commercial city must be evident; but I cannot refrain from offering a few observations, feeling as I do more than ordinary interest in the accomplishment of the undertaking, of which this day's ceremony is the primary step. I should not consider the present a favourable moment to enter into the chronology or detailed history of the present venerable structure, which is now, from the increased commerce of the country, and the rapid strides made by the sciences in this kingdom, found inadequate to its purposes, but would rather advert to the great advantages which will necessarily result from the execution of this national work. Whether there be taken into consideration, the rapid and consequently dangerous currents arising from the obstructions occasioned by the defects of this ancient edifice, which have proved destructive to human life and to property, or its difficult and incommodious approaches and acclivity, it must be a matter of sincere congratulation that we are living in times when the resources of this highly favoured country are competent to a work of such great public utility. If ever there was a period more suitable than another for em-

barking in national improvements, it must be the present, governed as we are by a sovereign, patron of the arts, under whose mild and paternal sway (by the blessing of divine providence) we now enjoy profound peace; living under a government by whose enlightened and liberal policy our trade and manufactures are in a flourishing state; represented by a parliament whose acts of munificence shed a lustre upon their proceedings: thus happily situated, it is impossible not to hail such advantages with other feelings than those of gratitude and delight. I cannot conclude these remarks without acknowledging how highly complimentary I feel it to the honourable office I now fill, to view such an auditory as surrounds me, among whom are his majesty's ministers, several distinguished nobles of the land, the magistrates and commonalty of this ancient and loyal city, and above all, (that which must ever enlighten and give splendour to any scene,) a brilliant assembly of the other sex, all of whom, I feel assured, will concur with me in expressing an earnest wish that the new London-bridge, when completed, may reflect credit upon the architects, prove an ornament to the metropolis, and redound to the honour of its corporation. I offer up a sincere and fervent prayer, that in executing this great work, there may occur no calamity; that in performing that which is most particularly intended as a prevention of future danger, no mischief may occur with the general admiration of the undertaking.”

The lord mayor's address was received with cheers. His lordship then spread the mortar, and the stone was gradually lowered by two men at a windlass. When finally adjusted, the lord mayor struck it on the surface several times with a long-handled mallet, and proceeded to ascertain the accuracy of its position, by placing a level on the top of the east end, and then to the north, west, and south; his lordship passing to each side of the stone for that purpose, and in that order. The city sword and mace were then placed on it crossways; the foundation of the new London-bridge was declared to be laid; the music struck up “God save the King;” and three times three excessive cheers, broke forth from the company; the guns of the honourable Artillery Company, on the Old Swan Wharf, fired a salute by signal, and every face wore smiles of gratulation. Three cheers were afterwards given for the duke of York;

three for Old England ; and three for the architect, Mr. Rennie.

It was observed in the coffer-dam, as a remarkable circumstance, that as the day advanced, a splendid sun-beam, which had penetrated through an accidental space in the awning above, gradually approached towards the stone as the hour for laying it advanced, and during the ceremony, shone upon it with dazzling lustre.

At the conclusion of the proceedings, the lord mayor, with the duke of York, and the other visitors admitted to the floor of the coffer-dam, retired ; after which, many of the company in the galleries came down to view the stone, and several of the younger ones were allowed to ascend and walk over it. Some ladies were handed up, and all who were so indulged, departed with the satisfaction of being enabled to relate an achievement honourable to their feelings.

Among the candidates for a place upon the stone, was a gentleman who had witnessed the scene with great interest, and seemed to wait with considerable anxiety for an opportunity of joining in the pleasure of its transient occupants. This gentleman was P. T. W., by which initials he is known to the readers of the *Morning Herald*, and other journals. The lightness and agility of his person, favoured the enthusiasm of his purpose ; he leapt on the stone, and there

—toeing it and heeling it,
With ball-room grace, and merry face,
Kept lively quadrilling it,

till three cheers from the spectators announced their participation in his merriment ; he then tripped off with a graceful bow, amidst the clapping of hands and other testimonials of satisfaction at a performance wholly singular, because unprecedented, unimitated, and inimitable.

The lord mayor gave a grand dinner in the Egyptian-hall, at the Mansion-house, to 376 guests ; the duke of York, being engaged to dine with the king, could not attend. The present lord mayor has won his way to the hearts of good livers, by his entertainments, and the court of common council commenced its proceedings on the following day by honourable mention of him for this entertainment especially, and complacently re-

ceived a notice to do him further honour for the general festivity of his mayoralty.

His lordship's name is Garratt ; he is a tea-dealer. Stow mentions that one of similar name, and a grocer, was commemorated by an epitaph in our lady's chapel, in the church of St. Saviour's, Southwark ; which church the first pier of the proposed bridge adjoins. He says,

Upon a faire stone under the Grocers' arms, is this inscription :—

Garret some ca'd him,
but that was too hye,
His name is Garrard,
who now here doth lye ;
Weepe not for him
since he is gone before
To heaven, where *Grocers*
there are many more.*

It is supposed that the first bridge of London was built between the years 993 and 1016 ; it was of wood. There is a vulgar tradition, that the foundation of the old stone bridge was laid upon wool-packs : this report is imagined to have arisen from a tax laid upon wool towards its construction. The first stone-bridge began in 1176, and finished in 1209, was much injured by a fire in the Borough, in 1212, and three thousand people perished. On St. George's day, 1395, there was a great justing upon it, between David, earl of Crawford, of Scotland, and lord Wells of England. It had a drawbridge for the passage of ships with provisions to Queenhithe, with houses upon it, mostly tenanted by pin and needle-makers ; there was a chapel on the bridge, and a tower, whereon the heads of unfortunate partisans were placed : an old map of the city, in 1597, represents a terrible cluster ; in 1598, Hentzner the German traveller, counted above thirty poles with heads. Upon this bridge was placed the head of the great chancellor, sir Thomas More, which was blown off the pole into the Thames and found by a waterman, who gave it to his daughter ; she kept it during life as a relic, and directed at her death it should be placed in her arms and buried with her.

Howel, the author of "*Londinopolis*," in a paraphrase of some lines by Sanzauius, has this—

* Stow's Survey, 1633, page 896.

Encomium on London-bridge.

When Neptune from his billows London spy'd,
 Brought proudly thither by a high spring-tide,
 As thro' a floating wood he steer'd along,
 And dancing castles cluster'd in a throng ;
 When he beheld a mighty bridge give law
 Unto his surges, and their fury awe ;
 When such a shelf of cataracts did roar,
 As if the Thames with Nile had chang'd her shore ;
 When he such massy walls, such towers did eye,
 Such posts, such irons, upon his back to lye ;
 When such vast arches he observ'd, that might
 Nineteen Rialtos make for depth and height ;
 When the Cerulean god these things survey'd,
 He shook his trident, and, astonish'd, said,
 " Let the whole earth now all the wonders count,
 This bridge of wonders is the paramount."

Thus has commenced, under the most favourable auspices, a structure which is calculated to secure from danger the domestic commerce of the port of London. That such a work has not long since been executed, is attributable more to the financial difficulties under which the corporation of London has been labouring for the last quarter of a century, than to any doubts of its being either expedient or necessary. A similar design to that which is now in course of execution, was in contemplation more than thirty years ago ; and we believe that many of the first architects of the day sent in plans for the removal of the old bridge, and the construction of a new bridge in its place. A want of funds to complete such an undertaking compelled the projectors of it, to abandon it for a time ; but the improved condition of the finances of the corporation, the increasing commerce of the city of London with the internal parts of the country, the growing prosperity of the nation at large, and we may also add, a more general conviction derived from longer experience, that the present bridge was a nuisance which deserved to be abated, induced them to resume it, and to resume it with a zeal proportionate to the magnitude of the object which they had in view. Application was made to parliament for the grant of a sum of money to a purpose which, when considered with regard either to local or to national interests, was of great importance. That application was met with a spirit of liberality which conferred as much honour upon the party who received, as upon the party who gave, the bounty. The first results of it were be-

held in the operations of *to-day* ; the further results are in the bosom of time ; but from the spirit with which the work has been commenced, we have no doubt but they will tend no less to the benefit, than the glory, of the citizens of London.*

There is something peculiarly imposing and impressive in ceremonies of this description, as they are usually conducted, and we certainly do not recollect any previous spectacle of a similar nature, which can be said to have surpassed in general interest, grandeur of purpose, or splendid effect, than that just recorded.

It is at all times agreeable to a philosophical mind, and an understanding which busies itself, not only with the surface and present state of things, but also with their substance and remote tendencies, to contemplate the exercise of human power, and the triumphs of human ingenuity, whether developed in physical or mental efforts, in the pursuit of objects which comprehend a mixture of both. And perhaps, it is in a good degree attributable to this secret impulse of our nature, which operates in some degree upon all, however silent and imperceptible in its operation, that the mass of mankind are accustomed to take such an eager interest in ceremonials like the present. It is true, that show, and preparation, and bustle, and the excitement consequent upon these, are the immediate and apparent motives ; but it does not therefore follow that the other reasons are inefficient, or that because they are less prominent and apparent, they are therefore inoperative. The erection of a

* The Times.

bridge, without reference to the immediate object or the extent of its design, is *per se* a triumph of art over nature—a conquering of one of these obstacles, which the latter, even in her most bountiful and propitious designs, delights to present to man, as if for the purpose of calling his powers into exercise, and affording him the quantity of excitement necessary to the happiness of a sentient being. But if we do not entertain these sentiments, and give them utterance in so many words, we nevertheless feel and act upon them. We delight to attend spectacles like the present, where the first germ of a stupendous work is to be prepared. We look round on the complicated apparatus, and the seemingly discordant and unorganized beams and blocks of wood and granite, and then we think of the simple structure, the harmonious and complete whole to which these confused elements will give birth. Such a structure is pregnant with a multitude of almost indefinable thoughts and anticipations. We bethink ourselves of the stream of human life, which, some five years hence, will flow over the new London-bridge as thickly, and almost with as little cessation, as the waters of the Thames below: and then we reflect upon the tide of hopes and fears which that human stream will carry in its bosom! One of our first reflections will necessarily be of its adaptation to trade and commerce, of which it will then constitute a new and immense conduit. Trade, and science, and learning, and war, (Providence long avert it!) will at various periods pass across it. Next we consider what will be the immediate and individual destiny of the structure:—is it to moulder away after the lapse of many ages, under the slow but effectual influence of time, or to suffer dilapidation suddenly from the operation of some natural convulsion? Will it fall before the wrath or wilfulness of man, or is it to be displaced by new improvements and discoveries, in like manner as its old and many-arched neighbour makes way for it—and as *that* once superseded its narrower and shop-covered predecessor? These are questions which the imaginative man may ask himself; but who is to answer? However, even the man of business may be well excused in indulging some speculations such as these, upon the occasion of the erection of a structure, which is to constitute a new artery to and fro in the mighty heart of London—a

fresh vein through which that commerce, which is the life-blood of our national prosperity and greatness will have to flow.*

This is one of those public occurrences which may be considered as an event in a man's life, and an epoch in the city's history—a sort of station in one's worldly journey, from which we measure our distances and dates. To witness the manner and the moment, in which is laid the first single resting stone of a grand national structure—the very origin of the existence of a massive and magnificent pile, which will require years to complete, and ages to destroy, has an elevating and sublime effect on the mind.

Great public works are the truest signs of a nation's prosperity and power; originally its grandest ornaments, and ultimately the strongest proofs of its existence. Its religion, language, arts, sciences, government, and history, may be swept into nothingness; but yet its national buildings will remain entire through the lapse of successive ages—after their very founders are forgotten—after their local history has become a mere matter of conjecture. The columns of Palmyra stand over the ashes of their framers, in a desert as well of history as of sand. The palaces of imperial Rome are still existing, though her religion, her very language, is dead; and the history of the man-wrought miracles of Egypt, had been looked at but as the very dreamings of philosophy long before Napoleon said to his Egyptian army—"From the summits of these pyramids, forty centuries are looking down upon you."

Of all public edifices, a bridge is the most necessary, the most generally and frequently useful—open at all hours and to all persons. It was probably the very first public building. Some conjecture, that the first hint of it was taken from an uprooted tree lying across a narrow current. What a difference between that first natural bridge, and the perfection of pontifical architecture—the vast, solid, and splendid Waterloo—the *monumentum si queras* of John Rennie. We feel pleasure in learning, that the new London-bridge has been designed by the same distinguished architect. It falls to the lot of the son to consummate the plans of the father—we hope with equal success,

* British Press.

and with similar benefits, as well to the conductor as to the public.

Old London-bridge, for which the new one is intended as a more commodious substitute, was the first that connected the Surrey and Middlesex banks. It was built originally of wood, about 800 years ago, and rebuilt of stone in the reign of king John, 1209, just two years after the chief civic officer assumed the name of mayor. Until the middle of the last century, it was crowded with houses, which made it very inconvenient to the passengers. The narrowness and inequality of its arches, have caused it to be compared to "a thick wall, pierced with small uneven holes, through which the water, dammed up by this clumsy fabric, rushes, or rather leaps, with a velocity extremely dangerous to boats and barges." Of its nineteen arches, none except the centre, which was formed by throwing two into one, is more than twenty feet wide. This is but the width of each of the piers of Waterloo-bridge. It is the most crowded thoroughfare in London, and, in this point, exceeds Charing-cross, which, according to Dr. Johnson, was overflowed by the full tide of human existence. It has been calculated, that there daily pass over London-bridge 90,000 foot passengers; 800 waggons; 300 carts and drays; 1,300 coaches; 500 gigs and tax carts; and 800 saddle horses. The importance of this great point of communication, and the necessity of rendering it adequate to the purposes of its construction, are proved, by the numbers to whom it affords a daily passage at present, and, still more, by the probable increase of the numbers hereafter. The present bridge having been for some years considered destitute of the proper facilities of transition for passengers as well as for vessels, an Act of Parliament, passed in 1823, for building a new one, on a scale and plan equal to the other modern improvements of the metropolis. The first pile of the works was driven on the west side of the present bridge, in March, 1824, and the first coffer-dam having been lately finished, the ceremony of laying the first stone of the new bridge, has been happily and auspiciously completed.*

MRS. BARBAULD

The decease of this literary and excel-

* New Times.

lent lady in the spring of 1825, occasioned a friend to the *Every-Day Book* to transmit the following fugitive poem for insertion. It is not collected in any of the works published by Mrs. Barbauld during her lifetime; this, and the rectitude of spirit in the production itself, may justify its being recorded within these pages.

To her honoured Friends

of the families of

MARTINEAU AND TAYLOR

These lines are inscribed

By their affectionate

A. L. BARBAULD

On the Death

OF

MRS. MARTINEAU.

Ye who around this venerated bier
In pious anguish pour the tender tear,
Mourn not!—"Tis Virtue's triumph, Nature's
doom,
When honoured Age, slow bending to the
tomb,
Earth's vain enjoyments past, her transient
woes,
Tastes the long sabbath of well-earned
repose.
No blossom here, in vernal beauty shed,
No lover lies, warm from the nuptial bed;
Here rests *the full of days*,—each task fulfilled,
Each wish accomplished, and each passion
stilled.
You raised her languid head, caught her last
breath,
And cheered with looks of love the couch
of death.

Yet mourn!—for sweet the filial sorrows
flow,
When fond affection prompts the gush of
woe;
No bitter drop, 'midst Nature's kind relief,
Sheds gall into the fountain of your grief;
No tears you shed for patient love abused,
And counsel scorned, and kind restraints
refused.
Not yours the pang the conscious bosom
wings,
When late remorse inflicts her fruitless
stings.
Living you honoured her, you mourn for
dead;
Her God you worship, and her path you
tread.

Your sighs shall aid reflection's serious hour,
 And cherished virtues bless the kindly shower:
 On the loved theme your lips unblamed shall dwell;
 Your lives, more eloquent, her worth shall tell.
 —Long may that worth, fair Virtue's heritage,
 From race to race descend, from age to age!
 Still purer with transmitted lustre shine
 The treasured birthright of the spreading line!

For me, as o'er the frequent grave I bend,
 And pensive down the vale of years descend;
 Companions, Parents, Kindred called to mourn,
 Dropt from my side, or from my bosom torn;
 A boding voice, methinks, in Fancy's ear
 Speaks from the tomb, and cries "Thy friends are here!"

Summer Evening's Adventure in Wales.

Mr. Proger of Werndee, riding in the evening from Monmouth, with a friend who was on a visit to him, heavy rain came on, and they turned their horses a little out of the road towards Perthyer. "My cousin Powell," said Mr. Proger, "will, I am sure, be ready to give us a night's lodging." At Perthyer all was still; the family were abed. Mr. Proger shouted aloud under his cousin Powell's chamber-window. Mr. Powell soon heard him; and putting his head out, inquired, "In the name of wonder what means all this noise? Who is there?" "It is only your cousin Proger of Werndee, who is come to your hospitable door for shelter from the inclemency of the weather; and hopes you will be so kind as to give him, and a friend of his, a night's lodging." "What is it you, cousin Proger? You, and your friend shall be instantly admitted; but upon one condition, namely, that you will admit now, and never hereafter dispute, that I am the head of your family." "What was that you said?" replied Mr. Proger. "Why, I say, that if you expect to pass the night in my house, you must admit that I am the head of your family." "No, sir, I never will admit that—were it to rain swords and daggers, I would ride through them this night to Werndee, sooner than let down the consequence of my family by submitting to such an ignominious condition. Come up, Bald! come up!" "Stop a moment, cousin Proger; have you not

often admitted, that the first earl of Pembroke (of the name of Herbert) was younger son of Perthyer; and will you set yourself up above the earls of Pembroke?" "True it is I must give place to the earl of Pembroke, because he is a peer of the realm; but still, though a peer, he is of the youngest branch of my family, being descended from the fourth son of Werndee, who was your ancestor, and settled at Perthyer, whereas I am descended from the eldest son. Indeed, my cousin Jones of Lanarth is of a branch of the family elder than you are; and yet he never disputes my being the head of the family." "Well, cousin Proger, I have nothing more to say: good night to you."—"Stop a moment, Mr. Powell," cried the stranger, "you see how it pours; do let me in at least; I will not dispute with you about our families." "Pray, sir, what is your name, and where do you come from?" "My name is so and so; and I come from such a county." "A Saxon of course; it would indeed be very curious, sir, were I to dispute with a Saxon about family. No, sir, you must suffer for the obstinacy of your friend, so good night to you both."*

June 16.

Sts. Quirius, or Cyr and Julitta, Martyrs
 A. D. 304. *St. John Francis Regis,*
 A. D. 1640. *Sts. Ferreolus, or Far-
 geau, and Ferrutius, A. D. 211 or 212*
St. Aurelian, Abp. A. D. 552.

CHRONOLOGY.

1722. John Churchill, the great duke of Marlborough, died at Windsor-lodge, in a state of idiocy. He was son of sir Winston Churchill, an English historian, and born at Ashe, in Devonshire, 1650. At twelve years of age he became page to the duke of York, afterwards James II.; at sixteen he entered the guards, and distinguished himself under Turenne. He was called the handsome Englishman, married Miss Jennings, (the celebrated duchess of Marlborough,) obtained distinguished rank and offices, suppressed the duke of Monmouth's rebellion, and served king James with apparent fidelity in the wane of his fortune, while he faithlessly made court to the prince of Orange. His great military achieve-

* Williams's Monmouth. App. 168.

ments, under king William and queen Anne, were rewarded by munificent public grants, and a public funeral in Westminster-abbey.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Moss Privince Rose. *Rosa muscosa*.
Dedicated to *St. Julitta*.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Dear Sir,

A great deal has been lately attempted, by men of feeling minds, to prevent wanton cruelty towards animals; which (unhappily even in this enlightened age,) is but too prevalent.

The lower class of persons, to whom the care of the horse is intrusted, frequently possess less sense than those noble animals, which groan under their tyranny; we constantly find ignorant farriers, who think that a cure can only be effected, by most violent and painful remedies. It is to these brutal men, that the lameness of so many horses may be attributed; for, not understanding the beautiful and singular construction of the interior of a horse's foot, by cutting away the hoof they contract the foot, and gradually prevent the elasticity so necessary: thus by repeated shoeing, the foot is cramped, as much so, as a man's who would attempt to walk in a shoe considerably too tight for him. Lameness ensues, and these farriers pronounce the seat of lameness any where but where it actually exists; then comes firing and blistering, and every possible torture, and the poor animal lamed for life, long before his time, is consigned to the lowest drudgery, and subsequently to the dogs.

The inhuman rate at which horses are driven in stage coaches, conduces greatly to mortality; this consumption of animal life is, in some instances, one in three annually.

Soame Jenyns, whose works are well known, and who was himself a man of the finest feelings, in a paper *On Cruelty to Animals*, adverts to the disciples of Pythagoras, who held that the souls of men, and all other animals, existed in a state of perpetual transmigration, and that when by death they were dislodged from one corporeal habitation, they were immediately reinstated in another, happier or more miserable, according to their be-

haviour in the former. Soame Jenyns favours this doctrine of transmigration, "first, from its justice; secondly, from its utility; and lastly, from the difficulty we lie under to account for the sufferings of many innocent creatures without it." He says, "If we look around us, we cannot but observe a great and wretched variety of this kind; numberless animals subjected by their own natures to many miseries, and by our cruelties to many more, *incapable of crimes, and consequently incapable of deserving them*, called into being, as far as we can discover, only to be miserable for the service or diversion of others less meritorious than themselves, without any possibility of preventing, deservng, or receiving recompense for their unhappy lot, if their whole existence is comprehended in the narrow and wretched circle of their present life." He then proceeds to observe, that "the theory here inculcated, removes all these difficulties, and reconciles all these seemingly unjust dispensations, with the strictest justice. It informs us, that their sufferings may by no means be understood, but as the just punishments of their former behaviour, in a state, where by means of their vices, they may have escaped them. It teaches us, that the pursued and persecuted fox, was once probably some crafty and rapacious minister, who had purchased by his ill acquired wealth, that safety, which he cannot now procure by his flight; that the bull, baited with all the cruelties that human ingenuity, or human malevolence can invent, was once some relentless tyrant, who had inflicted all the tortures which he endures; that the poor bird, blinded, imprisoned, and at last starved to death in a cage, may have been some unforgiving creditor; and the widowed turtle, pining away life for the loss of her mate, some fashionable wife, rejoicing at the death of her husband, which her own ill-usage had occasioned. Never can the delicious repast of roasted lobsters excite my appetite, whilst the ideas of the tortures in which those innocent creatures have expired present themselves to my imagination. But when I consider that they must have once probably been Spaniards at Mexico, or Dutchmen at Amboyna, I fall too, with a good stomach and a good conscience. Never can I repose myself with satisfaction in a post chaise, whilst I look upon the starved, foundered, accelerated, and excoriated animals which draw it, as

mere horses, condemned to such unmerited torments for my convenience, but I reflect, they must have undoubtedly existed in the fathers of the holy inquisition. I very well know that these sentiments will be treated as ludicrous by many of my readers, but they are in themselves just and serious, and carry with them the strongest probability of their truth. So strong is it, that I cannot but hope it will have some good effect on the conduct of those polite people, who are so sagacious, learned, and courageous to be kept in awe by the threats of hell and damnation; and I exhort every fine lady to consider, how wretched will be her condition, if after twenty or thirty years spent at cards, in elegant rooms, kept warm by good fires and soft carpets, she should at last be obliged to change places with one of her coach horses; and every fine gentleman to reflect, how much more wretched would be his, if after wasting his estate, his health, and his life in extravagance, indolence, and luxury, he should again revive in the situation of one of his creditors."

Besides Jenyns's suppositions, allow me to notice the crimping of fish, the skinning of calves, the whipping of pigs to death, to make them tender, the boiling of live rabbits, having first put them in cold water to make them lively; together with the reference given to hunted hares, on account of their delicacy of muscles, softened by worry and exertion. These are but too common instances of a barbarous taste.

At this season of enjoyment and leisure, when we derive pleasure from contemplating the beautiful forms and appearances of nature, and are grateful for annual abundance, let us reflect on the criminal heedlessness wherewith we allow our appetites and pleasures to be indulged, by needless sufferings in the animals we subdue to our wants and whims. While we endeavour to inculcate kindness in our children towards one another, let us teach them kindness to the meanest of created beings. I know that the *Every-Day Book* widely circulates in families; the humane sentiments that pervade it, must therefore have considerable influence, and for this reason I select it as a channel for conveying a humane suggestion.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours sincerely,
J. B

THE SEASON.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

Sir,

The perusal of your remarks on the season and the winds, in the *Every-Day Book*, page 707, reminded me of some lines I wrote at Ramsgate. If you know Wellington-crescent, where they were composed, you know a very pretty place, for either summer or winter residence.

I am, Sir, &c.

June 6, 1825.

J. S.

THE EAST WIND.

A summer sun in brightness glows,
But, ah! the blighting east wind blows,
And weighs the spirit down!
All smiling is th' enlivening ray,
That tips with silvery tinge the spray,
O'er ocean's bosom thrown!

Yet, all inviting though it seems,
And tempts one forth to court its beams
I tremblingly retire:
For I am one who hate and dread
That eastern blast, and oft have fled
Its pestilences dire!

But the young shoots that round me rise
And make me old,—(though still unwise)
Feel no such fear as I
Brimful of joy they venture forth
Wind blowing west, south, east, or north,
If cloudless be the sky!

They tripping lightly o'er the path,
To them yet free from grief or scath,
Press on—and onward still,
With brow unwrinkled yet by care,
With spirit buoyant as the air—
They breathe at freedom's will

Where shipwreck'd seamen oft deplore
The loss of all their scanty store,
They rove at ebb of tide
In quest of shells, or various weed,
That, from the bed of ocean freed,
Their anxious search abide.

Proud and elated with their prize,
(All eagerness with sparkling eyes,
The treasures home are brought
To me, who plunged in gloom the while,
At home have watch'd the sea bird's guile:—
Or, in a sea of thought,

Have sent *my spirit* forth to find
Fit food for an immortal mind,
Else of itself the prey!
And in th' abstraction of that mood.
Full oft I've realized the good,
We boast not every day.

Sometimes tho', with a courage bold,
As ever faced the arctic's cold,
I pace the Colonnade ;*
And then am soon compelled to beat,
And seek a cowardly retreat,
Within the parlour's shade !

Sometimes the place, † warm shelter'd close,
Where Sharwood's decorated house,
From roof to step all flowers,
Shines forth as Flora's temple, where
Domuion falls to sea and air ;—
Napoleonic powers !

There, snugly shelter'd from the blast,
My eyes right pensively I cast
Where famed sir Williams's bark
Lies moor'd, awaiting the time when
That Noah of citizens again
Shall venture on such ark :

But, ah ! still round the corner creeps,
That treach'rous wind ! and still it sweeps
Too clean the path I tread :
Arm'd as with numerous needle points,
Its painful searchings pierce my joints,
And then capsize my head !

So home again full trot I speed,
As, after wound, the warrior's steed ;
And sit me down, and sigh
O'er the hard-hearted fate of those
Who feel like me these east-wind woes
That braiu and marrow try !

Again upon the sea I look,
Of nature that exhaustless book
With endless wonder fraught :—
How oft upon that sea I've gazed,
Whose world of waters has amazed
Man—social or untaught.

And, spite of all that some may say,
It is the place from day to day,
Whereon the soul can dwell !
My soul enkindles at the sight
Of such accumulated might ;
And loves such grandeur well !

J. S.

June 17.

Sts. Nicandeo and Marcian, about A. D. 303. *St. Botolph*, Abbot, A. D. 655. *St. Aвитus*, or *Avy*, A. D. 530. *St. Mollingus*, or *Dairchilla*, Bp. A. D. 697. *St. Prior*, Hermit, 4th Cent.

St. Alban.

This saint, the proto-martyr of Britain, is in the church of England calendar and

almanacs on this day, but he stands in the Romish calendar, on the 22d of the month.

St. Alban was born at Verulam, in Hertfordshire, in the third century, and went to Rome, where he served seven years as a soldier under Dioclesian. He afterwards returned to England, became a Christian, and suffered martyrdom in 303, during the dreadful persecution raised by Dioclesian. Several miracles are said by Bede to have been wrought at his martyrdom.*

The fame of Alban, recorded as it was by Bede, made a deep impression on the minds of the superstitious. "The Ecclesiastical History" of that author, was published in 731; and in the year 795, Offa, king of the Mercians, built a monastery to the honour of Alban, on the place where he had suffered, then called by the Anglo-Saxons, Holmhurst, but since, in honour of the martyr, named St. Alban's. The town built near the abbey still retains the latter appellation; and the abbey-church is even yet in existence, having, at the suppression of the monasteries by Henry the Eighth, been purchased by a rich clothier of the name of Stump, for 400*l.*, and converted by him into a parochial church, for the use of the inhabitants. In the year 1257, some workmen repairing this ancient church, found the remains of some sheets of lead, containing relics, with a thick plate of lead over them, upon which was cut the following inscription :—

"In hoc Mausoleo inventum est
Venerabile corpus SANCTI ALBANI, Proto
Martyris Anglorum."†

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Monkey Flower. *Mimulus luteus*.
Dedicated to *St. Nicandeo*.

June 18.

Sts. Marcus and Marcellianus, A. D. 286. *St. Marina*, 8th. Cent. *St. Elizabeth* of Sconage, Abbess, A. D. 1165. *St Amand*, Bp. of Bourdeaux.

CHRONOLOGY.

1815. The battle of Waterloo, which terminated the personal power of Napoleon, was fought on this day.

* Wellington-crescent.
† Albion-place.

Audley. † Brady's Clavus.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO

There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men :
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfin'd ;
 No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying fleet---
 But, hark !---that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
 And nearer, nearer, deadlier than before.
 Arm ! arm ! it is !---it is---the cannon's opening roar !

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated : who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could rise ?

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused by the soldier ere the morning star ;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—" The foe ! they come ! they come !"

And wild, and high, the " Cameron's gathering rose !"
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill ! but with the breath which fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
 The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,---the day
 Battle's magnificently-stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse,---friend,---foe,---in one red burial blent!

Byron.

On the 18th of June, 1817, the Strand-bridge, a noble structure, erected at the expense of private individuals, was opened

for the public accommodation, under the denomination of Waterloo-bridge, with military and other ceremonies.



“Buy a Broom?”

These poor “Buy-a-Broom” girls exactly dress now,
 As Hollar etch'd such girls two cent'ries ago;
 All formal and stiff, with legs, only, at ease—
 Yet, pray, judge for yourself; and don't, if you please,
 Like Matthews's “Chyle,” in his Monolo-Play,
 Cry “*The Ev'ry-Day Book* is quite *right*, I dare say;”
 But ask for the print, at old print shops, (they'll show it,)
 And look at it, “with your own eyes,” and you'll “*know it.*”

These girls are Flenings. They come to England from the Netherlands in the spring, and take their departure with the summer. They have only one low, shrill, twittering note, "Buy a broom?" sometimes varying into the singular plural, "Buy a brooms?" It is a domestic cry; two or three go together, and utter it in company with each other; not in concert, nor to a neighbourhood, and scarcely louder than will attract the notice of an inmate seen at a parlour window, or an open street-door, or a lady or two passing in the street. Their hair is tightened up in front, and at the sides, and behind, and the ends brought together, and so secured, or skewered, at the top of the head, as if it were constricted by a tourniquet: the little close cap, not larger than an infant's, seems to be put on and tied down by strings fastened beneath the chin, merely as a concealment of the machinery. Without a single inflexion of the body, and for any thing that appears to the contrary, it may be incased in tin. From the waist, the form abruptly and boldly bows out like a large beehive, or an arch of carpentry, built downward from above the hips, for the purpose of opening and distending the enormous petticoat into numerous plaits and folds, and thereby allowing the legs to walk without incumbrance. Their figures are exactly miniaturized in an unpainted penny doll of turnery ware, made all round, before and behind, and sold in the toyshops for the amusement of infancy.

These Flemish girls are of low stature, with features as formal and old fashioned as their dress. Their gait and manner answer to both. They carry their brooms, not under the left arm, but upon it, as they would children, upright between the arm and the side, with the heads in front of the shoulder. One, and one only, of the brooms is invariably held in the right hand, and this is elevated with the sharp cry "Buy a broom?" or "Buy a brooms?" to any one likely to become a purchaser, till it is either bought or wholly declined. The sale of their brooms is the sole purpose for which they cross the seas to us; and they suffer nothing to divert them from their avocation. A broom girl's countenance, so wearisomely indicates unwearied attention to the "main chance," and is so inflexibly solemn, that you doubt whether she ever did or can smile; yet when she does, you are astonished that

she does not always: her face does not relax by degrees, but breaks suddenly into an arch laugh. This appearance may be extorted by a joke, while driving a bargain, but not afterwards: she assumes it, perhaps, as a sort of "turn" to hasten the "business transaction;" for when that is concluded, the intercourse ends immediately. Neither lingering nor loitering, they keep constantly walking on, and looking out for customers. They seldom speak to each other; nor when their brooms are disposed of, do they stop and rejoice upon it as an end to their labours; but go homewards reflectively, with the hand every now and then dipping into the pocket of the huge petticoat, and remaining there for a while, as if counting the receipts of the day while they walk, and reckoning what the before accumulated riches will total to, with the new addition. They seem influenced by this admonition, "get all you can, and keep all you get."

Rather late in an autumn afternoon, in Battersea-fields, I saw one of these girls by herself; she was seated, with her brooms on her lap, in a bit of scenery, which, from Weirrotter's etchings and other prints, I have always fancied resembled a view in the Low Countries: it is an old windmill, near the "Red-house," with some low buildings among willows, on the bank of the Thames, thrown up to keep the river from overflowing a marshy flat. To my imagination, she was fixed to that spot in a reverie on her "vaderland.*" She gazed on the strait line of stunted trees, as if it were the line of beauty; and from the motion of her lips, and the enthusiasm of her look, I deemed she was reciting a passage from a poet of her native country. Elevation of feeling, in one of these poor girls, was hardly to be looked for; and yet I know not why I should have excluded it, as not appertaining to their character, except from their seeming intentness on thrift alone. They are cleanly, frugal, and no wasters of time; and that they are capable of sentiment, I state on the authority of my imagining concerning this poor girl; whereon, too, I pledge myself not to have been mistaken, for the language of the heart is universal—and hers discoursed to mine; though from the situation wherein

* *Vader-land*, a word signifying country, but infinitely more expressive; it was first adopted by Lord Byron into our language; he Englishes it "Fatherland."

I stood, she saw me not. I was not, nor could I be, in love with *her*—I was in love with human nature.

The "brooms" are one entire piece of wood; the sweeping part being slivered from the handle, and the shavings neatly turned over and bound round into the form of a besom. They are bought to dust curtains and hangings with; but good housewives have another use for them; one of them dipt in fair water, sprinkles the dried clothes in the laundry, for the process of ironing, infinitely better than the hand; it distributes the water more equally and more quickly.

"Buy a Broom?!"

There is a print with this inscription. It is a caricature representation of Mr. Brougham, with his barrister's wig, in the dress of a broom girl, and for its likeness of that gentleman, and the play on his name, it is amazingly popular; especially since he contended for a man's right to his own personal appearance, in the case of *Abernethy v. The Lancet*, before the chancellor. Mr. Brougham's good-humoured allusion to his own countenance, was taken by the auditors in court, to relate particularly to his portrait in this print, called "*Buy a Broom?*" It is certainly as good as "*The Great Bell of Lincoln's-inn*," and two or three other prints of gentlemen eminent at the chancery-bar, sketched and etched, apparently, by the same happy hand at a thorough likeness.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Horned Poppy. *Chelidonium glaucum*.
Dedicated to *St. Marina*.

June 19.

Sts. Gervasius and Protasius. St. Boniface, Abp., Apostle of Russia, A. D. 1009. *St. Juliana Falconieri*, A. D. 1340. *St. Die, or Deodatus*, Bp. A. D. 673 or 680.

CHRONOLOGY.

1215. Magna Charta was signed, on compulsion, by king John, at Runnymede, near Windsor.

1820. Sir Joseph Banks, president of the royal society, died, aged 77.

The Summer Midnight.

The breeze of night has sunk to rest,
Upon the river's tranquil breast,
And every bird has sought her nest,
Where silent is her minstrelsy;
The queen of heaven is sailing high,
A pale bark on the azure sea,
Where not a breath is heard to sigh—
So deep the soft tranquillity.

Forgotten now the heat of day
That on the burning waters lay,
The noon of night her mantle gray,
Spreads, from the sun's high blazonry;
But glittering in that gentle night
There gleams a line of silvery light,
As tremulous on the shores of white
It hovers sweet and playfully.

At peace the distant shallop rides;
Not as when dashing o'er her sides
The roaring bay's unruly tides
Were beating round her gloriously;
But every sail is furl'd and still,
Silent the seaman's whistle shrill,
While dreamy slumbers seem to thrill
With parted hours of ecstasy.

Stars of the many spangled heaven!
Faintly this night your beams are given,
Tho' proudly where your hosts are driven
Ye rear your dazzling galaxy;
Since far and wide a softer hue
Is spread across the plains of blue,
Where in bright chorus ever true
For ever swells your harmony.

O! for some sadly dying note
Upon this silent hour to float,
Where from the bustling world remote,
The lyre might wake its melody;
One feeble strain is all can swell
From mine almost deserted shell,
In mournful accents yet to tell
That slumbers not its minstrelsy.

There is an hour of deep repose
That yet upon my heart shall close,
When all that nature dreads and knows
Shall burst upon me wond'rously;
O may, I then awake for ever
My harp to rapture's high endeavour,
And as from earth's vain scene I sever,
Be lost in Immortality!

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

La Julienne de Nuit. *Hesperis tristis*.
Dedicated to *St. Juliana*.

June 20.

St. Silverius, Pope, A. D. 538. *St. Gobian*
Priest and Martyr, about 656. *St. Ida*

burga, or *Edburge*. *St. Bain*, Bp. of Terouanne (now *St. Omer*), and Abbot, about A. D. 711.

Translation of Edward

This day is so distinguished in the church of England calendar. Edward was the king of the West Saxons, murdered by order of Elfrida. He had not only an anniversary on the 18th of March, in commemoration of his sufferings, or rather of the silly and absurd miracles alleged to have been wrought at his tomb; but he was even honoured by our weak forefathers with another festival on the 20th of June, in each year, in remembrance of the removal, or *translation*, as it is termed, of his relics at Wareham, where they were inhumed, to the minster at Salisbury, three years after his decease.

It is observed by Mr. Brady, on the *translation* of *St. Edward*, as follows:—

“At the period this solemn act of absurd pomp took place, all Europe was plunged in a state of profound ignorance and mental darkness; no marvel, therefore, that great importance should have been attached to such superstitious usage; but for what reason our reformers chose to keep up a recollection of that folly, cannot readily be ascertained.

“Of the origin of translations of this kind, much has been written; and if we are to credit the assertions of those monkish writers, whose works are yet found in catholic countries, though they have themselves long passed to the silent tomb, we must believe not only that they had their source from a principle of devotion, but that peculiar advantages accrued to those who encouraged their increase. In the year 359, the emperor Constantius, out of a presumed and, perhaps, not inconsistent respect, caused the remains of *St. Andrew* and *St. Luke* to be removed from their ancient place of interment to the temple of the twelve apostles, at Constantinople; and from that example, the practice of searching for the bodies of saints and martyrs increased so rapidly, that in the year 386, we find almost the whole of the devotees engaged in that pursuit. Relics, of course, speedily became of considerable value; and as they were all alleged to possess peculiar virtues, no expense or labour were spared to provide such treasures for every public religious foundation. Hence translations innumerable took place of the decayed members of persons

reputed saints; and where the entire bodies could not be collected, the pious contented themselves with possessing such parts alone as ‘Providence chose to bless them with.’ Without these sacred relics, no establishments could expect to thrive; and so provident had the persons been who laboured in their collection, that not a single religious house but could produce one or more of those invaluable remains; though, unless we are to believe that most relics, like the holy cross itself, possessed the power of self-augmentation, we must either admit, that some of our circumspect forefathers were imposed upon, or that *St. John the Baptist* had more heads than that of which he was so cruelly deprived, as well as several of their favourite saints having each kindly afforded them two or three skeletons of their precious bodies; circumstances that frequently occurred, ‘because,’ says *Father John Ferand*, of *Ancy*, ‘God was pleased so to multiply and re-produce them, for the devotion of the faithful!’

“Of the number of these relics that have been preserved, it is useless to attempt a description, nor, indeed, could they be detailed in many volumes; yet it may gratify curiosity to afford some brief account of such as, in addition to the heads of *St. John the Baptist*, were held in the greatest repute, were it for no other reason than to show how the ignorance and credulity of the commonalty have, in former ages, been imposed upon, viz. :—

“A finger of *St. Andrew*;

“A finger of *St. John the Baptist*;

“The thumb of *St. Thomas*;

“A tooth of our Lord;

“A rib of our Lord, or, as it is profanely styled, of the *Verbum caro factum*, the word made flesh;

“The hem of our Lord’s garment, which cured the diseased woman;

“The seamless coat of our Lord;

“A tear which our Lord shed over *Lazarus*; it was preserved by an angel, who gave it in a phial to *Mary Magdalene*;

“Two handkerchiefs, on which are impressions of our Saviour’s face; the one sent by our Lord himself as a present to *Agbarus*, prince of *Edessa*; the other given at the time of his crucifixion to a holy woman, named *Veronica*;

“The rod of *Moses*, with which he performed his miracles;

“A lock of hair of *Mary Magdalene’s*;

" A hem of Joseph's garment ;
 " A feather of the Holy Ghost ;
 " A finger of the Holy Ghost ;
 " A feather of the angel Gabriel ;
 " A finger of a cherubim ;
 " The water-pots used at the marriage
 in Galilee ;
 " The slippers of the antediluvian
 Enoch ;
 " The face of a seraphim, with only part
 of the nose ;
 " The ' *snout*' of a seraphim, thought to
 have belonged to the preceding ;
 " The coal that broiled St. Lawrence ;
 " The square buckler, lined with ' red
 velvet,' and the short sword of St
 Michael ;
 " A phial of the ' sweat of St. Michael,'
 when he contended with Satan ;
 " Some of the rays of the star that ap-
 peared to the Magi; with innumerable
 others, not quite consistent with decency
 to be here described.
 " The miracles wrought by these and
 other such precious remains, have been
 enlarged upon by writers, whose testi-
 mony, aided by the *protecting care* of the
 inquisition, no one durst openly dispute
 who was not of the ' holy brotherhood ;'

although it would appear, by the confes-
 sions of some of those respectable persons,
 that ' instances have occurred of their
 failure,' but that they always ' recovered
 their virtue, when,' as Galbert, a monk
 of Marchiennes, informs us, ' they were
 flogged with rods, &c.!'**

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Doubtful Poppy. *Papaver dubium*.
 Dedicated to *St. Silverius*.

June 21.

St. Aloysius, or *Lewis Gonzaga*, A. D.
 1591. *St. Ralph*, Abp. of Bourges,
 A. D. 866. *St. Meen*, in Latin, *Me-*
vennus, also *Melanus*, Abbot in Brittany,
 about A. D. 617. *St. Aaron*, Abbot in
 Brittany, 6th Cent. *St. Eusebius*,
 Bp. of Samosata, A. D. 379 or 380. *St.*
Leufredus, in French, *Leufroi*, Abbot,
 A. D. 738

* Brady's Clavis.

Summer Morning and Evening.

The glowing morning, crown'd with youthful roses,
 Bursts on the world in virgin sweetness smiling,
 And as she treads, the waking flowers expand,
 Shaking their dewy tresses. Nature's choir
 Of untaught minstrels blend their various powers
 In one grand anthem, emulous to salute
 Th' approaching king of day, and vernal Hope
 Jocund trips forth to meet the healthful breeze,
 To mark th' expanding bud, the kindling sky,
 And join the general pæan.
 While, like a matron, who has long since done
 With the gay scenes of life, whose children all
 Have sunk before her on the lap of earth—
 Upon whose mild expressive face the sun
 Has left a smile that tells of former joys—
 Grey Eve glides on in pensive silence musing.
 As the mind triumphs o'er the sinking frame,
 So as her form decays, her starry beams
 Shed brightening lustre, till on night's still bosom
 Serene she sinks, and breathes her peaceful last,
 While on the rising breeze sad melodies,
 Sweet as the notes that soothe the dying pillow,
 When angel-music calls the saint to heaven,
 Come gently floating : 'tis the requiem
 Chaunted by Philomel for day departed.

Ado.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Viper's Buglos. *Echium vulgare*.
 Dedicated to *St. Aloysius*



Summer.

Now cometh welcome Summer with great strength,
 Joyously smiling in high lustihood,
 Conferring on us days of longest length,
 For rest or labour, in town, field, or wood;
 Offering, to our gathering, richest stores
 Of varied herbage, corn, cool fruits, and flowers,
 As forth they rise from Nature's open pores,
 To fill our homesteads, and to deck our bowers;
 Inviting us to renovate our health
 By recreation; or, by ready hand,
 And calculating thought, t' improve our wealth:
 And so, invigorating all the land,
 And all the tenantry of earth or flood,
 Cometh the plenteous Summer—full of good. *

“How beautiful is summer,” says the elegant author of *Sylvan Sketches*, a volume that may be regarded as a sequel to the *Flora Domestica*, from the hand of the same lady.—“How beautiful is summer! the trees are heavy with fruit and foliage; the sun is bright and cheering in the morning; the shade of broad and leafy boughs is refreshing at noon; and the calm breezes of the even-

ing whisper gently through the leaves, which reflect the liquid light of the moon when she is seen—

“lifting her silver rim
 Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim
 Coming into the blue with all her light.”

On page 337 of the present work, there is the spring dress of our ancestors in the fourteenth century, from an illumination

in a manuscript copied by Strutt. From the same illumination, their summer dress in that age is here represented.



LONGEST DAY.

No day is disadvantageous to an agreeable thought or two upon "Time;" and the present, being the *longest day*, is selected for submitting to perusal a very pleasant little apologue from a miscellany addressed to the young. The object of the writer was evidently to do good, and it is hoped that its insertion here, in furtherance of the purpose, may not be less pleasing to the editor who first introduced it to the public eye, than it will be found by the readers of the *Every-Day Book*. This is the tale.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

An old clock, that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen, without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family was stirring, suddenly stopped.

Upon this, the dial-plate (if we may credit the fable,) changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke:—

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged, that it was on the very point of *striking*.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate,

holding up its hands.—"Very good," replied the pendulum: "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as every body knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards, year after year, and do."—"As to that," said the dial, "Is there not a window in your house, on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here: and, although there is a window, I dare not stop, even for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and, if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours: perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum."

The minute hand, being *quick* at figures, presently replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times.

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum; "well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied:—

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden notion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; which, although it may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do*. Would you now do me the favour to give about half a dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace.—"Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire, if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of millions."

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect, that though you may think of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to execute but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum. "Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon, if we stand idling thus."

Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hand began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half-an-hour in the night.

A celebrated modern writer says, "take care of the *minutes*, and the *hours* will take care of themselves." This is an admirable remark, and might be very seasonably recollected when we begin to be "weary in well-doing," from the thought of having much to do. The present moment is all we have to do with in any sense; the past is irrecoverable; the future is uncertain; nor is it fair to burthen one moment with the weight of the next. Sufficient unto the *moment* is the trouble thereof. If we had to walk a hundred miles, we should still have to set but one step at a time, and this process continued would infallibly bring us to our journey's end. Fatigue generally begins, and is always increased, by calculating in a minute the exertion of hours.

Thus, in looking forward to future life, let us recollect that we have not to sustain all its toil, to endure all its sufferings, or encounter all its crosses at once. One moment comes laden with its own *little* burthens, then flies, and is succeeded by another no heavier than the last; if *one*

could be borne, so can another, and another.

Even in looking forward to a single day, the spirit may sometimes faint from an anticipation of the duties, the labours, the trials to temper and patience that may be expected. Now, this is unjustly laying the burthen of many thousand moments upon *one*. Let any one resolve always to do right *now*, leaving *then* to do as it can; and if he were to live to the age of Methusalem, he would never do wrong. But the common error is to resolve to act right after breakfast, or after dinner, or to-morrow morning, or *next time*; but *now*, *just now*, *this once*, we must go on the same as ever.

It is easy, for instance, for the most ill-tempered person to resolve, that the next time he is provoked he will not let his temper overcome him; but the victory would be to subdue temper on the *present* provocation. If, without taking up the burthen of the future, we would always make the *single* effort at the *present* moment, while there would, at any time, be very little to do, yet, by this simple process continued, every thing would at last be done.

It seems easier to do right to-morrow than to-day, merely because we forget, that when to-morrow comes, *then* will be *now*. Thus life passes with many, in resolutions for the future, which the present never fulfils.

It is not thus with those, who, "by *patient continuance in well-doing*, seek for glory, honour, and immortality:" day by day, minute by minute, they execute the appointed task to which the requisite measure of time and strength is proportioned: and thus, having worked while it was called day, they at length rest from their labours, and their "works follow them."

Let us then, "whatever our hands find to do, do it with all our might, recollecting that *now* is the proper and accepted time."*

June 22.

St Paulinus, Bp. of Nola, A.D. 431. *St Alban*, Proto-Martyr of Britain, A.D. 303.

American Newspapers.

The following singular advertisement, appeared in the "Connecticut Courant," of June 2, 1784.

* From the *Youth's Magazine*, for November, 1819

TAKE NOTICE, DEBTORS

For Newspapers to the Subscriber.

This is the last time of asking in this way; all those who settle their accounts by the 18th of June, instant, will have the thanks of their humble servant; and those that neglect, will find their accounts in the hands of some person, who will collect them in a more fashionable way, but more expensive.

JAMES JOHNSON.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Canterbury Bells. *Campanula Medium.*

Dedicated to *St. Paulinus.*

June 23.

St Etheldreda, or Audry, A.D. 679. St. Mary of Oignies, A.D. 1213.



Midsummer-Eve Bonfire.

This engraving represents a rejoicing formerly common to this season; it is from a French print, inscribed "*Le Feu de St. Jean Mariette ex.*"

The *summer solstice* has been celebrated throughout all ages by the lighting up of fires, and hence on "St. John's eve," or the vigil of the festival of St. John the Baptist, there have been popular ceremonies of this kind from the earliest times of the Romish church to the present.

Before, however, particularizing any of these celebrations, it may be worth while to notice the following practice, which is still maintained.

Midsummer Eve, in Ireland.

At Stoodle, near Downpatrick, in the north of Ireland, there is a ceremony commencing at twelve o'clock at night on every Midsummer-eve.—Its sacred mount is consecrated to St. Patrick: the plain contains three wells, to which the most

extraordinary virtues are attributed. Here and there are heaps of stones, around some of which appear great numbers of people running with as much speed as possible; around others, crowds of worshippers kneel with bare legs and feet as an indispensable part of the penance. The men, without coats, with handkerchiefs on their heads instead of hats, having gone seven times round each heap, kiss the ground, cross themselves, and proceed to the hill; here they ascend on their bare knees, by a path so steep and rugged that it would be difficult to walk up: many hold their hands clasped at the back of their necks, and several carry large stones on their heads. Having repeated this ceremony seven times, they go to what is called St. Patrick's chair, which are two great flat stones fixed upright in the hill; here they cross and bless themselves as they step in between these stones, and while repeating prayers, an old man, seated for the purpose, turns them round on their feet three times, for which he is paid; the devotee then goes to conclude his penance at a pile of stones named the altar. While this busy scene of superstition is continued by the multitude, the wells, and streams issuing from them, are thronged by crowds of halt, maimed, and blind, pressing to wash away their infirmities with water consecrated by their patron saint; and so powerful is the impression of its efficacy on their minds, that many of those who go to be healed, and who are not totally blind, or altogether crippled, really believe for a time that they are by means of its miraculous virtues perfectly restored. These effects of a heated imagination are received as unquestionable miracles, and are propagated with abundant exaggeration.*

The annual resort of the ignorant portion of our Roman Catholic countrymen, was never so numerously attended as it has been during the late anniversary of this festival, in 1825. The extent of the number of strangers from very remote parts of the country was unprecedented. The usual ablutions, penances, and *miraculous* results, were performed, and attested by the devotees, who experienced some disappointment in not having the accustomed arch-officiater to consummate the observances by thrice revolving the votary in the chair of St. Patrick. This

deprivation, it is said, marks the sense of a dignitary of the church respecting the annual ceremony.*

Ancient Custom of

SETTING THE WATCH IN LONDON

on St. John's Eve.

The curfew-bell, commanded by William Conquerour to be nightly rung at eight of the clock, as a warning, or command, that all people should then put out their fires and lights, was continued throughout the realm till the time of Henry the First, when Stow says, that it followed, "by reason of warres within the realme, that many men gave themselves to robbery and murders in the night." Stow then recites from an ancient chronicler, Roger Hoveden, that in the year 1175, during the time of a council held at Nottingham, a brother of the earle Ferrers, was "in the night privily slaine at London, and thrown out of his inne into the dirty street; when the king understood thereof he sware that he would be revenged on the citizens. It was then a common practice in this city, that a hundred or more in a company, young and old, would make nightly invasions upon houses of the wealthy, to the intent to rob them; and if they found any man stirring in the city within the night, that were not of their crue, they would presently murder him: insomuch, that when night was come, no man durst adventure to walk in the streets. When this had continued long, it fortun'd, that a crue of young and wealthy citizens assembling together in the night, assaulted a stone house of a certaine rich man, and breaking through the wall, the good man of that house having prepared himself with other in a corner, when hee perceived one of the theeves, named Andrew Bucquint, to lead the way, with a burning brand in the one hand, and a pot of coles in the other, which hee assaid to kindle with the brand, he flew upon him, and smote off his right hand, and then with a loud voyce cryed 'theeves.' At the hearing whereof, the theeves took their flight, all saving he that had lost his hand, whom the good man (in the next morning) delivered to Richard de Lucie, the king's justice. This theefe, upon warrant of his

* Hibernian Magazine, July, 1817.

* Belfast Chronicle.

life, appeached his confederates, of whom many were taken, and many were fled. Among the rest that were apprehended, a certaine citizen of great countenance, credit, and wealth, named John Senex, who for as much he could not acquit himselfe by the water-dooome (as that law was then tearmed) hee offered to the king five hundred pounds of silver for his life. But forasmuch as he was condemned by judgement of the water, the king would not take the offer, but commanded him to be hanged on the gallowes, which was done, and then the city became more quiet for a long time after."

It appears that the city of London was subject to these disorders till 1253, when Henry III. commanded watches to be kept in the cities, and borough towns, for the preservation of the peace; and this king further ordained "that if any man chanced to be robbed, or by any means damnified, by any theefe or robber, he to whom the charge of keeping that county, city, or borough, chiefly appertained, where the robbery was done, should competently restore the losse."

This origin of the present nightly watch in London was preceded by other popular customs, or they rather, it may be said, assisted in its formation. "In the months of June and July, on the vigils of festivall dayes, and on the same festivall dayes in the evenings, after the sun-setting, there were usually made bone-fires in the streets, every man bestowing wood or labour towards them. The wealthier sort also before their doores, neere to the said bone-fires, would set out tables on the vigils, furnished with sweete bread, and good drinke, and on the festivall dayes with meats and drinckes plentifully, whereunto they would invite their neighbours and passengers also to sit, and be merry with them in great familiarity, praying God for his benefits bestowed on them. These were called *bone-fires*, as well of amity amongst neighbours, that being before at controversie, were there by the labour of others reconciled, and made of bitter enemies, loving friends; as also for the vertue that a great fire hath, to purge the infection of the ayre.

"On the vigil of St. John Baptist, and on Sts. Peter and Paul the apostles, every man's doore being shaddowed with greene birch, long fennel, St. John's wort, orpin, white lilies, and such like, garnished upon with garlands of beautifull

flowers, had also lamps of glasse, with oyle burning in them all the night; some hung out branches of iron curiously wrought, containing hundreds of lamps lighted at once, which made a goodly shew, namely in new Fish-street, Thames-street, &c.

"Then had ye, besides the *standing* watches, all in bright harnesse, in every ward and street of this city and suburbs, a *marching* watch, that passed through the principall streets thereof, to wit, from the little conduit by Paul's gate, through West Cheape, by the Stocks, through Cornehill, by Leadenhall to Aldgate, then backe down Fen-church-street, by Grasse-church, about Grasse-church conduit, and up Grasse-church-street into Cornhill, and through it into West Cheape again, and so broke up.

"The whole way ordered for this marching watch, extended to three thousand two hundred taylors' yards of assize; for the furniture whereof with lights, there were appointed seven hundred cressets, five hundred of them being found by the companies, the other two hundred by the chamber of London. Besides the which lights, every constable in London, in number more than two hundred and forty, had his *cresset*: the charge of every cresset was in light two shillings foure pence, and every cresset had two men, one to beare or hold it, another to beare a bag with light, and to serve it: so that the poore men pertaining to the cressets, taking wages, (besides that every one had a strawen hat, with a badge painted, and his breakfast in the morning,) amounted in number to almost two thousand.

"The marching watch contained in number two thousand men, part of them being old souldiers, of skill to bee captaines, lieutenants, serjeants, corporals, &c. wiffers, drummers, and fifes, standard and ensigne-bearers, sword-players, trumpeters on horsebacke, demilaunces on great horses, gunners with hand-guns, or halfe hakes, archers in cotes of white fustian, signed on the breste and backe with the armes of the city, their bowes bent in their hands, with sheafes of arrowes by their sides, pike-men in bright corslets, burganets, &c., holbards, the like bill-men in almaine rivets, and apers on mayle in great number.

"There were also divers pageants, and morris dancers attendant on the setting of this marching watch. The *constables*

were divided into two parties; one halfe consisting of one hundred and twenty, were appointed on St. John's eve, the other halfe on St. Peter's eve." They were "in bright harnesse, some over-gilt, and every one a jornet of scarlet there-upon and a chaine of gold, his hench-man following him, his minstrels before him, and his *cresset* light passing by him." In the procession were "the *waytes* of the city, the maiors officers, for his guard before him, all in a livery of wosted, or say jackets, party coloured; the maior himselfe well mounted on horseback, the sword-bearer before him in faire armour, well mounted also, the maiors foot-men, and the like torch-bearers about him; hench-men twaine, upon great stirring horses following him. The sheriffes watches came one after the other in like order, but not so large in number as the maiors: for whereas the maior had, besides his giant, three pageants, each of the sheriffes had, besides their giants, but two pageants; each their morris-dance, and one hench-man, their officers in jackets of wosted, or say, party-coloured, differing from the maiors, and each from other, but having harnessed men a great many, &c. This *Midsummer watch* was thus accustomed yeerely, time out of minde, untill the yeere 1539, the thirty-first of Henry the Eighth, in which yeere, on the eighth of May, a great muster was made by the citizens at the Miles end, all in bright harnesse, with coats of white silke or cloth, and chaines of gold, in three great battels, to the number of fifteen thousand, which passed thorow London to Westminster, and so through the sanctuary, and round about the parke of St. James, and returned home thorow Oldborne."

In that year, 1539, king Henry VIII. forbid this muster of armed men, and prohibited the marching watch altogether, and it was disused "til the yeere 1548." When sir John Gresham, then lord mayor, revived the marching watch, both on the eve of St. John the baptist, and of St. Peter the apostle, and set it forth, in order as before had been accustomed; "which watch was also beautified by the number of more than three hundred demilances and light-horsemen, prepared by the citizens to be sent into Scotland, for the rescue of the town of Haddington." After that time the marching watch again fell into disuse; yet, in the year

1585, "a booke was drawne by a grave citizen, (John Mountgomery,) and by him dedicated to sir Tho. Pullison, then l. maior, and his brethren the aldermen, containing the manner and order of a marching watch in the citie, upon the evens accustomed; in commendation whereof, namcly, in times of peace to be used, he hath words to this effect: 'The artificers of sundry sorts were thereby well set aworke, none but rich men charged, poor men helped, old souldiers, trumpeters, drummers, fifes, and engine-bearers, with such like men meet for the prince's service, kept in use, wherein the safety and defence of every common-weale consisteth. Armour and weapons being yeerely occupied in this wise, the citizens had of their owne readily prepared for any neede, whereas, by intermission hereof, armorers are out of worke, souldiers out of use, weapons overgrowne with foulness, few or none good being provided,' &c. Notwithstanding these plausible grounds, the practice was discontinued.

There can be little doubt that so great an array of armed citizens, was not only viewed with distrust by the government, but had become of so great charge to the corporation, that it was found mutually convenient to substitute a less expensive and less warlike body to watch and ward the city's safety. The splendour wherein it was annually set forth was, however, a goodly sight, and attracted the curiosity of royalty itself, for we find that on St. John's eve, in 1510, king Henry VIII. came to the King's-head, in Cheap, in the livery of a yeoman of the guard, with a halbert on his shoulder, and there, in that disguise, beheld the watch till it had passed, and was so gratified with the show, that "on St. Peter's night next following, he and the queen came royally riding to the sayd place, and there, with their nobles, beheld the watch of the city, and returned in the morning."* In 1519, Christern, king of Denmark, and his queen, being then in England, were conducted to the King's-head, in Cheap, there to see the watch.

On taking leave of the old London watch, on St. John's eve, a remark or two may be made respecting their lights.

* Stow.

The Cresset.

Concerning the *cressets* or lights of the watch, this may be observed by way of explanation.

The cresset light was formed of a wreathed rope smeared with pitch, and placed in a cage of iron, like a trivet suspended on pivots, in a kind of fork;

or it was a light from combustibles, in hollow pan. It was rendered portable by being placed on a pole, and so carried from place to place. Mr. Douce, in his "Illustrations of Shakspeare," gives the following four representations from old prints and drawings of

CRESSETS.



Lamps in the Old Streets,

AND ALSO CARRIED BY THE

Marching Watch of London.

Mr. Douce imagines the word cresset to have been derived from the French word *croiset*, a cruet or earthen pot.

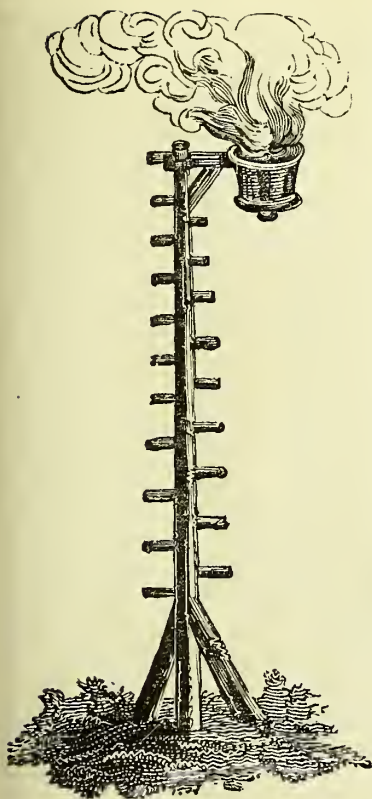
When the cresset light was stationary it served as a beacon, or answered the purpose of a fixed lamp, and in this way our ancestors illuminated or lighted up their streets. There is a volume of sermons, by Samuel Ward, printed 1617-24, with a wood-cut frontispiece, representing two of these fixed cressets or street-lamps, with verses between them, in relation to his name and character, as a faithful watchman. In the first lines old Ward is addressed thus:—

"*Watch* WARD, and keepe thy Garments tight,
For I come thiefe-like at Midnight."

Whereto WARD answers the injunction, to *watch*, in the lines following:—

"All-seeing, never-slumbering LORD;
Be thou my *Watch*, Ile be thy WARD."

Ward's "lamp, or beacon," is transferred from his frontispiece to the next column, in order to show wherein our ancient standing lamps differed from the present.



An Old Beacon,
OR
Standing Lamp.

It will be seen from this engraving that the person, whose business it was to "watch" and trim the lamp, did not ascend for that purpose by a ladder, as the gas-lighters do our gas-lamps, or as the lamp-lighter did the oil-lamps which they superseded, but by climbing the pole, hand and foot, by means of the projections on each side.

St. John's Eve Watch at Nottingham.

The practice of setting the watch, at Nottingham, on St. John's eve, was maintained until the reign of Charles I., the manner whereof is thus described:—

"In Nottingham, by an ancient custom, they keep yearly a general watch every Midsummer eve at night, to which every inhabitant of any ability sets forth a man, as well voluntaries as those who are charged with arms, with such munition

as they have; some pikes, some muskets, calivers, or other guns, some partisans, holberts, and such as have armour send their servants in their armour. The number of these are yearly almost two hundred, who, at sun-setting, meet on the Row, the most open part of the town, where the mayor's serjeant at mace gives them an oath, the tenor whereof followeth, in these words: 'They shall well and truly keep this town till to-morrow at the sun-rising; you shall come into no house without license, or cause reasonable. Of all manner of casualties, of fire, of crying of children, you shall due warning make to the parties, as the case shall require you. You shall due search make of all manner of affrays, bloud-sheds, outcrys, and of all other things that be suspected,' &c. Which done, they all march in orderly array through the principal parts of the town, and then they are sorted into several companies, and designed to several parts of the town, where they are to keep the watch until the sun dismiss them in the morning. In this business the fashion is for every watchman to wear a garland, made in the fashion of a crown imperial, bedeck'd with flowers of various kinds, some natural, some artificial, bought and kept for that purpose; as also ribbons, jewels, and, for the better garnishing whereof, the townsmen use the day before to ransack the gardens of all the gentlemen within six or seven miles about Nottingham, besides what the town itself affords them, their greatest ambition being to outdo one another in the bravery of their garlands.* So pleasant a sight must have been reluctantly parted with; and accordingly in another place we find that this Midsummer show was held at a much later period than at Nottingham, and with more pageantry in the procession.

St. John's Eve Watch at Chester.

The annual setting of the watch on St. John's eve, in the city of Chester, was an affair of great moment. By an ordinance of the mayor, aldermen, and common councilmen of that corporation, dated in the year 1564, and preserved among the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, a pageant which is expressly said to be "according to ancient custom," is ordained to consist of four giants, one unicorn, one dromedary, one camel, one luce, one dracor, and six hobby-horses

* Deering's Nottingham

with other figures. By another MS. in the same library it is said, that Henry Hardware, Esq., the mayor, in 1599, caused the giants in the Midsummer show to be broken, "and not to goe *the devil in his feathers*;" and it appears that he caused a man in complete armour to go in their stead: but in the year 1601, John Ratclyffe, beer-brewer, being mayor, set out the giants and Midsummer show as of old it was wont to be kept. In the time of the commonwealth the show was discontinued, and the giants with the beasts were destroyed.

At the restoration of Charles II., the citizens of Chester replaced their pageant, and caused all things to be made new, because the old models were broken. According to the computation, the four great giants were to cost five pounds a-piece, at the least, and the four men to carry them were to have two shillings and six-pence each; the materials for constructing them were to be hoops of various sizes, deal boards, nails, pasteboard, scaleboard, paper of various sorts, buckram, size-cloth, and old sheets for their body-sleeves and shirts, which were to be coloured; also tinsel, tinfoil, gold and silver leaf, and colours of various kinds, with glue and paste in abundance. The provision of a pair of old sheets to cover the "father and mother giants," and three yards of buckram for the mother's and daughter's hoods, seems to prove that three of these monstrous pasteboard figures represented females. A desire to preserve them may be inferred from an entry in the bill of charges:—"For arsenick to put into the paste, to save the giants from being eaten by the rats, one shilling and four-pence." There was an item in the estimate—"For the new making the city mount, called the maior's mount, as aunciently it was, and for hiring of bays for the same, and a man to carry it, three pounds six shillings and eight-pence." Twenty-pence was paid to a joiner for cutting pasteboard into several images for the "merchant's mount,"

which being made, "as it aunciently was with a ship to turn round," cost four pounds, including the hiring of the "bays," and five men to carry it. The charge for the ship, and new dressing it, was five shillings. Strutt, who sets forth these particulars, conjectures, that the ship was probably made with pasteboard, that material seeming, to him, to have been a principle article in the manufacturing of both these movable mountains. The ship was turned, he says, by means of a swivel, attached to an iron handle underneath the frame; the "bays" was to hang round the bottom of the frames to the ground, and so conceal the bearers. Then there was a new "elephant and castell, and a cupid," with his bows and arrows, "suitable to it;" the castle was covered with tin foil, and the cupid with skins, so as to appear to be naked, and the charge for these, with two men to carry them, was one pound sixteen shillings and eight-pence. The "four beastes called the unicorne, the antelop, the flower-de-luce (?) and the camell, cost one pound sixteen shillings and four-pence each, and eight men were paid sixteen shillings to carry them. Four boys for carrying the four hobby-horses, had four shillings, and the hobby-horses cost six shillings and eight-pence each. The charge for the new dragon, with six naked boys to beat at it, was one pound sixteen shillings. Six morris-dancers, with a pipe and tabret, had twenty shillings; and "hance-staves, garlands, and balls, for the attendants upon the mayor and sheriffs cost one pound nineteen shillings."*

These preparations it will be remembered were for the setting forth of the Midsummer-watch at Chester, so late as the reign of Charles II. After relating these particulars, Mr. Strutt aptly observes, that exhibitions of this kind for the diversions of the populace, are well described in a few lines from a dramatic piece, entitled "A pleasant and stately Morall of the Three Lordes of London:"—

— "Let nothing that's magnificent,
Or that may tend to London's graceful state,
Be unperformed, as shoves and solenne feastes,
Watches in armour, triumphes, cresset lightes,
Bonafires, belles, and peales of ordinaunce
And pleasure. See that plaies be published,
Mai-games and maskes, with mirthe and minstrelsie,
Pageants and school-feastes, beares and puppet-plaies."

* Strutt's Sports.

Somersetshire Custom.

In the parishes of Congresbury and Puxton, are two large pieces of common land, called East and West Dolemoors, (from the Saxon *dal*, which signifies a share or portion,) which are divided into single acres, each bearing a peculiar and different mark cut in the turf; such as a horn, four oxen and a mare, two oxen and a mare, a pole-axe, cross, dung-fork, oven, duck's-nest, hand-reel, and hare's-tail, On the Saturday before *Old-Midsummer*, several proprietors of estates in the parishes of Congresbury, Puxton, and Week St. Lawrence, or their tenants, assemble on the commons. A number of apples are previously prepared, marked in the same manner with the before-mentioned acres, which are distributed by a young lad to each of the commoners from a bag or hat. At the close of the distribution each person repairs to his allotment, as his apple directs him, and takes possession for the ensuing year. An adjournment then takes place to the house of the overseer of Dolemoors, (an officer annually elected from the tenants,) where four acres, reserved for the purpose of paying expenses, are let by inch of candle, and the remainder of the day is spent in that sociability and hearty mirth so congenial to the soul of a Somersetshire yeoman.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY

Our Lady's Slipper. *Cypripedium Calceolus.*
Dedicated to *St. Etheldreda.*

June 24.

Nativity of St. John the Baptist. The Martyrs of Rome under Nero, A. D. 64. St. Bartholomew.

Midsummer-day.

Nativity of St. John the Baptist.

At Oxford on this day there was lately a remarkable custom, mentioned by the Rev. W. Jones of Nayland, in his "Life of Bishop Horne," affixed to the bishop's works. He says, "a letter of July the

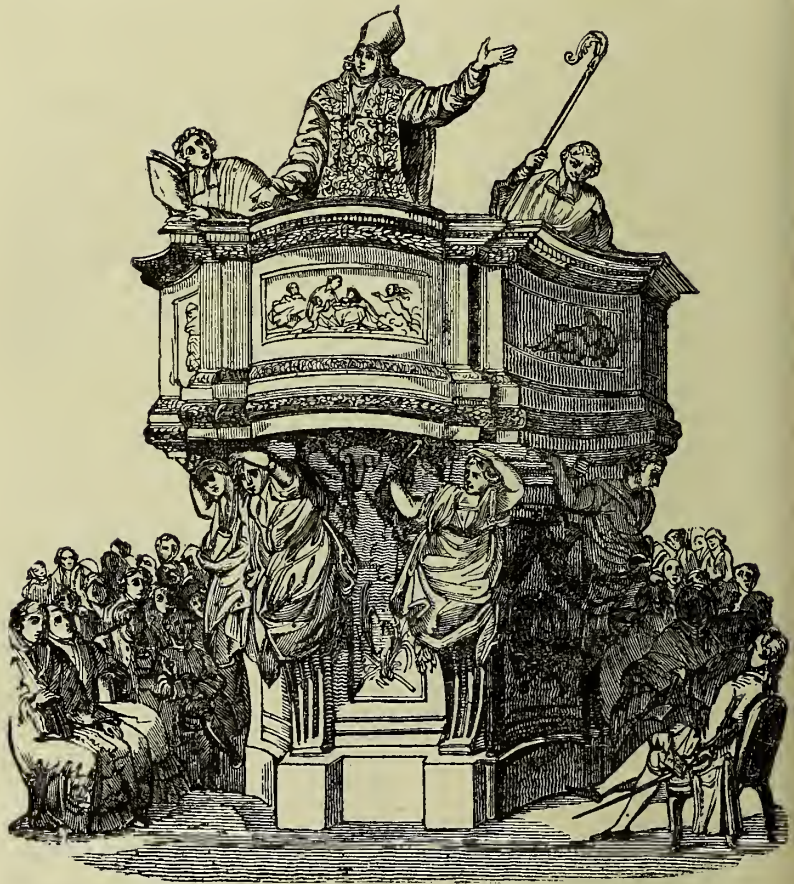
25th, 1755, informed me that Mr. Horne, according to an established custom at Magdalen-college in Oxford, had begun to preach before the university on the day of St. John the baptist. For the preaching of this annual sermon, a permanent pulpit of stone is inserted into a corner of the first quadrangle; and, so long as the stone pulpit was in use, (of which I have been a witness,) the quadrangle was furnished round the sides with a large fence of green boughs, that the preaching might more nearly resemble that of John the baptist in the wilderness; and a pleasant sight it was: but for many years the custom has been discontinued, and the assembly have thought it safer to take shelter under the roof of the chapel."

Pulpits.

Without descanting at this time on the manifold construction of the pulpit, it may be allowable, perhaps, to observe, that the *ambo*, or *first* pulpit, was an elevation consisting of two flights of stairs; on the higher was read the gospel, on the lower the epistle. The pulpit of the present day is that fixture in the church, or place of worship, occupied by the minister while he delivers his sermon. Thus much is observed for the present, in consequence of the mention of the Oxford pulpit; and for the purpose of introducing the representation of a remarkably beautiful structure of this kind, from a fine engraving by Fessard in 1710.

This pulpit is larger than the pulpit of the church of England, and the other Protestant pulpits in our own country. It is a pulpit of the Romish church with a bishop preaching to a congregation of high rank. It is customary for a Roman Catholic prelate to have the ensigns of his prelacy displayed in the pulpit, and hence they are so exhibited in Fessard's print. This, however, is by no means so large as other pulpits in Romish churches, which are of increased magnitude for the purpose of congregating the clergy, when their occupations at the altar have ceased, before the eye of the congregation; and hence it is common for many of them to sit robed, by the side of the preacher during the sermon.

* Collinson's Somersetshire.



French Pulpit

FROM A FINE ENGRAVING.

An English lady visiting France, who had been mightily impressed by the rites of the Roman Catholic religion, revived there since the restoration of the Bourbons, was induced to attend the Protestant worship, at the chapel of the British ambassador. She says "the splendour of the Romish service, the superb dresses, the chanting, accompanied by beautiful music, the lights, and the other ceremonies, completely overpowered my mind; at last on the Sunday before I left Paris I went to our ambassador's chapel, just to say that I *had* been. There

was none of the pomp I had been so lately delighted with; the prevailing character of the worship was simplicity; the minister who delivered the sermon was only sufficiently elevated to be seen by the auditors; he preached to a silent and attentive congregation, whose senses had not been previously affected; his discourse was earnest, persuasive, and convincing. I began to perceive the difference between appeals to the feelings and to the understanding, and I came home a better Protestant and I hope a better Christian than when I left England."

Quarter-day.

For the Every-Day Book.

This is *quarter-day!*—what a variety of thought and feeling it calls up in the minds of thousands in this great metropolis. How many changes of abode, voluntary and involuntary, for the better and for the worse, are now destined to take place! There is the charm of novelty at least; and when the mind is disposed to be pleased, as it is when the will leads, it inclines to extract gratification from the anticipation of advantages, rather than to be disturbed by any latent doubts which time may or may not realize.

Perhaps the *removal* is to a house or decidedly superior class to the present; and if this step is the consequence of augmented resources, it is the first indication to the world of the happy circumstance. Here, then, is an additional ground of pleasure, not very heroic indeed, but perfectly natural. Experience may have shown us that mere progression in life is not always connected with progression in happiness; and therefore, though we may smile at the simplicity which connects them in idea, yet our recollection of times past, when we ourselves indulged the delusion, precludes us from expressing feelings that we have acquired by experience. The pleasure, if from a shallow source, is at least a present benefit, and a sort of counterpoise to vexations from imaginary causes. It does not seem agreeable to contemplate retrogression; to behold a family descending from their wonted sphere, and becoming the inmates of a humbler dwelling; yet, they who have had the resolution, I may almost say the magnanimity, voluntarily to descend, may reasonably be expected again to rise. They have given proof of the possession of one quality indispensable in such an attempt — that mental decision, by which they have achieved a task, difficult, painful, and to many, impracticable. They have shown, too, their ability to form a correct estimate of the value of the world's opinion, so far as it is influenced by external appearances, and boldly disregarding its terrors, have wisely resolved to let go that which could not be much longer held. By this determination, besides rescuing themselves from a variety of perpetually recurring embarrassments and annoyances, they have suppressed half the sneers which the malicious had in

store for them, had their decline reached its expected crisis, while they have secured the approbation and kind wishes of all the good and considerate. The consciousness of this consoles them for what is past, contents them with the present, and animates their hopes for the future.

Now, let us shift the scene a little, and look at quarter-day under another aspect. On this day some may quit, some may remain; *all* must pay—that can! Alas, that there should be some unable! I pass over the rich, whether landlord or tenant; the effects of quarter-day to them are sufficiently obvious: they feel little or no sensation on its approach or arrival, and when it is over, they feel no alteration in their accustomed necessaries and luxuries. Not so with the *poor* man; I mean the man who, in *whatever* station, feels his growing inability to meet the demands periodically and continually making on him. What a day quarter-day is to *him!* He sees its approach from a distance, tries to be prepared, counts his expected means of being so, finds them short of even his not very sanguine expectations, counts again, but can make no more of them; and while day after day elapses, sees his little stock diminishing. What shall he do? He perhaps knows his landlord to be inexorable; how then shall he satisfy him? Shall he borrow? Alas, of whom? Where dwell the practicers of this precept — “From him that would borrow of thee turn thou not away?” Most of the professors of the religion which enjoins this precept, construe it differently. What shall he do? something must be soon decided on. He sits down to consider. He looks about his neatly-furnished house or apartments, to see what out of his humble possessions, he can convert into money. The faithful wife of his bosom becomes of his council. There is nothing they have, which they did not purchase for some particular, and as they then thought, necessary purpose; how, then, can they spare any thing? they ruminat; they repeat the names of the various articles, they fix on nothing—there is nothing they can part with. They are about so to decide; but their recollection that external resources are now all dried up, obliges them to resume their task, and resolutely determine to do without something, however painful may be the sacrifice. Could we hear the reasons which persons thus situated assign, why this or that article

should by no means be parted with, we should be enabled, in some degree, to appreciate their conflicts, and the heart-aches which precede and accompany them. In such inventories much jewellery, diamond rings, or valuable trinkets, are not to be expected. The few that there may be, are probably tokens of affection, either from some deceased relative or dear friend; or not less likely from the husband to the wife, given at their union—"when life and hope were new"—when their minds were so full of felicity, that no room was left for doubts as to its permanence; when every future scene appeared to their glowing imaginations dressed in beauty; when every scheme projected, appeared already crowned with success; when the possibility of contingencies frustrating judicious endeavours, either did not present itself to the mind, or presenting itself, was dismissed as an unwelcome guest, "not having on the wedding garment." At such a time were those tokens presented, and they are now produced. They serve to recal moments of bliss unalloyed by cares, since become familiar. They were once valued as pledges of affection, and now, when that affection endures in full force and tenderness, they wish that those pledges had no other value than affection confers on them, that so there might be no temptation to sacrifice them to a cruel necessity. Let us, however, suppose some of them selected for disposal, and the money raised to meet the portentous day. Our troubled fellow-creatures breathe again, all dread is for the present banished; joy, temporary, but oh! how sweet after such bitterness, is diffused through their hearts, and gratitude to Providence for tranquillity, even by such means restored, is a pervading feeling. It is, perhaps, prudent at this juncture to leave them, rather than follow on to the end of the next quarter. It may be that, by superior prudence or some unexpected supply, a repetition of the same evil, or the occurrence of a greater is avoided; yet, we all know that evils of the kind in question, are too frequently followed by worse. If a family, owing to the operation of some common cause, such as a rise in the price of provisions, or a partial diminution of income from the depression of business, become embarrassed and with difficulty enabled to pay their rent; the addition of a fit of sickness, the unexpected failure of a debtor, or any other contingency of the

sort, (assistance from without not being afforded,) prevents them altogether. The case is then desperate. The power which the law thus permits a landlord to exercise, is one of fearful magnitude, and is certainly admirably calculated to discover the stuff he is made of. Yet, strange as it seems, this power is often enforced in all its rigour, and the merciless enforcers lose not, apparently, a jot of reputation, nor forfeit the esteem of their intimates: so much does familiarity with an oppressive action deaden the perception of its real nature, and so apt are we to forget that owing to the imperfection of human institutions, an action may be legal and cruel at the same time! The common phrase, "So and so have had their goods seized for rent," often uttered with indifference and heard without emotion, is a phrase pregnant with meaning of the direst import. It means that they—wife, children, and all—who last night sat in a decent room, surrounded by their own furniture, have now not a chair of their own to sit on; that they, who last night could retire to a comfortable bed, after the fatigues and anxieties of the day, have tonight not a bed to lie on—or none but what the doubtful ability or humanity of strangers or relations may supply: it means that sighs and tears are produced, where once smiles and tranquillity existed; or, perhaps, that long cherished hopes of surmounting difficulties, have by one blow been utterly destroyed,—that the stock of expedients long becoming threadbare, is at last quite worn out, and all past efforts rendered of no avail, though some for a time seemed likely to be available. It means that the hollowness of professed friends has been made manifest; that the busy tongue of detraction has found employment; that malice is rejoicing; envy is at a feast; and that the viands are the afflictions of the desolate. Landlord! ponder on these consequences ere you distrain for rent, and let your heart, rather than the law, be the guide of your conduct. The additional money you may receive by distraining may, indeed, add something to the luxuries of your table, but it can hardly fail to diminish your relish. You may, perhaps, by adopting the harsh proceeding, add down to your pillow, but trust not that your sleep will be tranquil or your dreams pleasant. Above all remember the benediction—
 "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall

obtain mercy;" and inspired with the sentiment, and reflecting on the fluctuations which are every day occurring, the poor and humble raised, and the wealthy and apparently secure brought down, you will need no other incitement to fulfil the golden rule of your religion—"Do unto others as ye would they should do unto you."

SIGMA.

Concerning the *Feast of St. John the Baptist*, an author, to whom we are obliged for recollections of preceding customs, gives us information that should be carefully perused in the old versified version:—

Then doth the joyfull feast of John
the Baptist take his turne,
When *boufiers* great, with loftie flame,
in every towne doe burne;
And yong men round about with maides,
doe daunce in every streete,
With *garlands* wrought of Motherwort,
or else with Vervain sweete,
And many other flowres faire,
with Violets in their handes,
Whereas they all do fondly thinke,
that *whosoever standes*,
And throw the flowres beholds the flame,
his eyes shall feel no paine.
When thus till night they daunced have,
they through the fire amaine,
With *striving mindes doe runne*, and all
their *hearbes they cast therein*,
And then with wordes devout and prayers
they solemnely begin,
Desiring God that all their ills
may there consumed bee;
Whereby they thinke through all that
yeare
from agues to be free.
Some others get a rotten *Whee*le,
all worne and cast aside,
Which covered round about with *strawe*
and *tow*, they closely hide:
And *caryed to some mountaines top*,
being all with fire light,
They *hurl it downe with violence*,
when darke appears the night:
Resembling much the sunne, that from
the Heavens down should fall,
A strange and monstrous sight it seemes,
and fearefull to them all:
But they suppose their mischiefes all
are likewise throwne to hell,
And that from harmes and daungers now,
in safetie here they dwell.*
A very ancient "Homily" relates other

particulars and superstitions relating to the bonfires on this day:—

"In worship of Saint Johan the people waked at home, and made three maner of fyres: one was clene bones, and noo woode, and that is called a bone fyre; another is clene woode, and no bones, and that is called a wood fyre, for people to sit and wake thereby; the thirde is made of wode and bones, and it is callyd Saynt Johannys fyre. The first fyre, as a great clerke, Johan Belleth, telleth, he was in a certayne countrey, so in the countrey there was so soo greate hete, the which causid that dragons to go togyther in tokenynge, that Johan dyed in brennyng love and charyte to God and man, and they that dye in charyte shall have part of all good prayers, and they that do not, shall never be saved. Then as these dragons flewe in th' ayre they shed down to that water froth of ther kynde, and so envyned the waters, and caused moche people for to take theyr deth thereby, and many dyverse sykenesse. Wyse clerkes knoweth well that dragons hate nothyng more than the stenche of brennyng bones, and therefore they gaderyd as many as they mighte fynde, and brent them; and so with the stenche thereof they drove away the dragons, and so they were brought out of greete dysease. The seconde fyre was made of woode, for that wyll brenne lyght, and wyll be seen farre. For it is the chefe of fyre to be seen farre, and betokennyng that Saynt Johan was a lanterne of lyght to the people. Also the people made blases of fyre for that they shulde be seene farre, and specyally in the nyght, in token of St. Johan's having been seen from far in the spirit by Jeremiah. The third fyre of bones betokenneth Johan's martyrdom, for hys bones were brente."—Brand calls this "a pleasant absurdity;" the justice of the denomination can hardly be disputed.

Gebelin observes of these fires, that "they were kindled about midnight on the very moment of the summer solstice, by the greatest part as well of the ancient as of modern nations; and that this fire-lighting was a religious ceremony of the most remote antiquity, which was observed for the prosperity of states and people, and to dispel every kind of evil." He then proceeds to remark, that "the origin of this fire, which is still retained by so many nations, though enveloped in the mist of antiquity, is very simple: it was a *feu de joie*, kindled the very mo-

* Naageorgus by Gonge.

ment the year began; for the first of all years, and the most ancient that we know of, began at this month of June. Thence the very name of this month, junior, *the youngest*, which is renewed; while that of the preceding one is May, major, *the ancient*. Thus the one was the month of young people, while the other belonged to old men. These *feux de joie* were accompanied at the same time with vows and sacrifices for the prosperity of the people and the fruits of the earth. They danced also round this fire; for what feast is there without a dance? and the most active leaped over it. Each on departing took away a fire-brand, great or small, and the remains were scattered to the wind, which, at the same time that it dispersed the ashes, was thought to expel every evil. When, after a long train of years, the year ceased to commence at this solstice, still the custom of making these fires at this time was continued by force of habit, and of those superstitious ideas that are annexed to it." So far remarks Gebelin concerning the universality of the practice.

Bourne, a chronicler of old customs, says, "that men and women were accustomed to gather together in the evening by the sea side, or in some certain houses, and there adorn a girl, who was her parent's first begotten child, after the manner of a bride. Then they feasted, and leaped after the manner of bacchantals, and danced and shouted as they were wont to do on their holidays; after this they poured into a narrow-necked vessel some of the sea water, and put also into it certain things belonging to each of them; then, as if the devil gifted the girl with the faculty of telling future things, they would inquire with a loud voice about the good or evil fortune that should attend them: upon this the girl would take out of the vessel the first thing that came to hand, and show it, and give it to the owner, who, upon receiving it, was so foolish as to imagine himself wiser as to the good or evil fortune that should attend him." "In Cornwall, particularly," says Borlase, "the people went with lighted torches, tarred and pitched at the end, and made their perambulations round their fires." They went "from village to village, carrying their torches before them, and this is certainly the remains of the Druid superstition."

And so in Ireland, according to sir Henry Piers, in Vallancey, "on the eve

of St. John the baptist and St. Peter, they always have in every town a bonfire late in the evenings, and carry about bundles of reeds fast tied and fired; these being dry, will last long, and flame better than a torch, and be a pleasing divertive prospect to the distant beholder; a stranger would go near to imagine the whole country was on fire." Brand cites further, from "The Survey of the South of Ireland," that—"It is not strange that many Druid remains should still exist; but it is a little extraordinary that some of their customs should still be practised. They annually renew the sacrifices that used to be offered to Apollo, without knowing it. On Midsummer's eve, every eminence, near which is a habitation, blazes with bonfires; and round these they carry numerous torches, shouting and dancing, which affords a beautiful sight. Though historians had not given us the mythology of the pagan Irish, and though they had not told us expressly that they worshipped Beal, or Bealin, and that this Beal was the sun, and their chief god, it might, nevertheless, be investigated from this custom, which the lapse of so many centuries has not been able to wear away." Brand goes on to quote from the "Gentleman's Magazine," for February 1795, "The Irish have ever been worshippers of fire and of Baal, and are so to this day. This is owing to the Roman Catholics, who have artfully yielded to the superstitions of the natives, in order to gain and keep up an establishment, grafting christianity upon pagan rites. The chief festival in honour of the sun and fire is upon the 21st of June, when the sun arrives at the summer solstice, or rather begins its retrograde motion. I was so fortunate in the summer of 1782, as to have my curiosity gratified by a sight of this ceremony to a very great extent of country. At the house where I was entertained, it was told me that we should see at midnight the most singular sight in Ireland, which was *the lighting of fires in honour of the sun*. Accordingly, exactly at midnight, the fires began to appear: and taking the advantage of going up to the leads of the house, which had a widely extended view, I saw on a radius of thirty miles, all around, the fires burning on every eminence which the country afforded. I had a farther satisfaction in learning, from undoubted authority, that the people *danced round the fires*, and at the close went through

these fires, and made their sons and daughters, together with their cattle, pass the fire; and the whole was conducted with religious solemnity."

Mr. Brand notices, that Mr. Douce has a curious French print, entitled "L'este le Feu de la St. Jean;" *Mariette ex.* In the centre is the fire made of wood piled up very regularly, and having a tree stuck in the midst of it. Young men and women are represented dancing round it hand in hand. Herbs are stuck in their hats and caps, and garlands of the same surround their waists, or are slung across their shoulders. A boy is represented carrying a large bough of a tree. Several spectators are looking on. The following lines are at the bottom:—

"Que de Feux brulans dans les airs!

Qu'ils font une douce harmonie!

Redoublons cette mélodie

Par nos dances, par nos concerts!"

This "curious French print," furnished the engraving at page 825, or to speak more correctly, it was executed from one in the possession of the editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

To enliven the subject a little, we may recur to recent or existing usages at this period of the year. It may be stated then on the authority of Mr. Brand's collections, that the Eton scholars formerly had bonfires on St. John's day; that bonfires are still made on Midsummer eve in several villages of Gloucester, and also in the northern parts of England and in Wales; to which Mr. Brand adds, that there was one formerly at Whiteborough, a tumulus on St. Stephen's down near Launceston, in Cornwall. A large summer pole was fixed in the centre, round which the fuel was heaped up. It had a large bush on the top of it. Round this were parties of wrestlers contending for small prizes. An honest countryman, who had often been present at these merriments, informed Mr. Brand, that at one of them an evil spirit had appeared in the shape of a black dog, since which none could wrestle, even in jest, without receiving hurt: in consequence of which the wrestling was, in a great measure, laid aside. The rustics there believe that giants are buried in these tumuli, and nothing would tempt them to be so sacrilegious as to disturb their bones.

In Northumberland, it is customary on this day to dress out stools with a cushion

of flowers. A layer of clay is placed on the stool, and therein is stuck, with great regularity, an arrangement of all kinds of flowers, so close as to form a beautiful cushion. These are exhibited at the doors of houses in the villages, and at the ends of streets and cross-lanes of larger towns, where the attendants beg money from passengers, to enable them to have an evening feast and dancing.*

One of the "Cheap Repository Tracts," entitled, "Tawney Rachel, or the Fortune-Teller," said to have been written by Miss Hannah More, relates, among other superstitious practices of Sally Evans, that "she would never go to bed on *Midsummer eve*, without sticking up in her room the well-known plant called *Midsummer Men*, as the bending of the leaves to the right, or to the left, would never fail to tell her whether her lover was true or false." The *Midsummer Men* were the orpyne plants, which Mr. Brand says is thus elegantly alluded to in the "Cottage Girl," a poem "written on *Midsummer eve*, 1786:—

"The rustic maid invokes her swain;
And hails, to pensive damsels dear,
This eve, though direst of the year.
* * * * *

"Oft on the shrub she casts her eye,
That spoke her true-love's secret sigh;
Or else, alas! too plainly told
Her true-love's faithless heart was cold."

In the "Connoisseur," there is mention of divinations on *Midsummer eve*. "I and my two sisters tried the dumb-cake together: you must know, two must make it, two bake it, two break it, and the third put it under each of their pillows, (but you must not speak a word all the time), and then you will dream of the man you are to have. This we did: and to be sure I did nothing all night but dream of Mr. Blossom. The same night, exactly at twelve o'clock, I sowed hemp-seed in our back-yard, and said to myself,—'Hemp-seed I sow, hemp-seed I hoe, and he that is my true-love come after me and mow.' Will you believe me? I looked back, and saw him behind me, as plain as eyes could see him. After that, I took a clean shift and wetted it, and turned it wrong-side out, and hung it to the fire upon the back of a chair and very likely my sweetheart would have come and turned it right again, (for I

* Hutchinson's Northumberland.

heard his step) but I was frightened, and could not help speaking, which broke the charm. I likewise stuck up two *Midsummer Men*, one for myself and one for him. Now if his had died away, we should never have come together, but I assure you his blowed and turned to mine. Our maid Betty tells me, that if I go backwards, without speaking a word, into the garden upon Midsummer eve, and gather a rose, and

At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of *hemp-seed* brought :
I scattered round the seed on every side,
And three times, in a trembling accent cried :—
“ This *hemp-seed* with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true love be, the crop shall mow.”
I straight looked back, and, if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.

It is also a popular superstition that any unmarried woman fasting on Midsummer eve, and at midnight laying a clean cloth, with bread, cheese, and ale, and sitting down as if going to eat, the street-door being left open, the person whom she is afterwards to marry will come into the room and drink to her by bowing; and after filling the glass will leave it on the table, and, making another bow, retire.*

So also the ignorant believe that any person fasting on Midsummer eve, and sitting in the church porch, will, at midnight, see the spirits of the persons of that parish who will die that year, come and knock at the church door, in the order and succession in which they will die.

In the “*Cottage Girl*,” before referred to, the gathering the rose on Midsummer eve and wearing it, is noticed as one of the modes by which a lass seeks to divine the sincerity of her suitor’s vows:—

Spanish Ballad.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, 'tis the day of good St. John,
It is the Baptist's morning that breaks the hills upon;
And let us all go forth together, while the blessed day is new,
To dress with flowers the snow-white wether, ere the sun has dried the dew.

Come forth, come forth, &c.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, the hedgerows all are green,
And the little birds are singing the opening leaves between;
And let us all go forth together, to gather trefoil by the stream,
Ere the face of Guadalquivir glows beneath the strengthening beam.

Come, forth, come forth, &c.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, and slumber not away
The blessed, blessed morning of John the Baptist's day;
There's trefoil on the meadow, and lilies on the lee,
And hawthorn blossoms on the bush, which you must pluck with me.

Come forth, come forth. &c.

keep it in a clean sheet of paper, without looking at it till Christmas-day, it will be as fresh as in June; and if I then stick it in my bosom, he that is to be my husband will come and take it out. My own sister Hetty, who died just before Christmas, stood in the church porch last Midsummer eve, to see all that were to die that year in our parish; and she saw her own apparition.”

Gay, in one of his pastorals, says—

The moss-rose that, at fall of dew,
(Ere Eve its dusker curtain drew,)
Was freshly gather'd from its stem,
She values as the ruby gem;
And, guarded from the piercing air,
With all an anxious lover's care,
She bids it, for her shepherd's sake,
Await the new-year's frolic wake—
When, faded, in its alter'd hue
She reads—the rustic is untrue!
But, if it leaves the crimson paint,
Her sick'ning hopes no longer faint.
The rose upon her bosom worn,
She meets him at the peep of morn;
And lo! her lips with kisses prest,
He plucks it from her panting breast.

In “*Time's Telescope*,” there is cited the following literal version of a beautiful ballad which has been sung for many centuries by the maidens, on the banks of the Guadalquivir in Spain, when they go forth to gather flowers on the morning of the festival of St John the baptist:—

* Grose

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, the air is calm and cool,
 And the violet blue far down ye'll view, reflected in the pool ;
 The violets and the roses, and the jasmynes all together,
 We'll bind in garlands on the brow of the strong and lovely wether.

Come forth, come forth, &c.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, we'll gather myrtle boughs,
 And we all shall learn, from the dew of the fern, if our lads will keep their vows
 If the wether be still, as we dance on the hill, and the dew hangs sweet on the flowers,
 Then we'll kiss off the dew, for our lovers are true, and the Baptist's blessing is ours.

Come forth, come forth, &c.

Come forth, come forth, my maidens, 'tis the day of good St. John,
 It is the Baptist's morning that breaks the hills upon ;
 And let us all go forth together, while the blessed day is new,
 To dress with flowers the snow-white wether, ere the sun has dried the dew.

Come forth, come forth, &c.

There are too many obvious traces of the fact to doubt its truth, that the making of bonfires, and the leaping through them, are vestiges of the ancient worship of the heathen god Bal ; and therefore, it is, with propriety, that the editor of "Times's Telescope," adduces a recent occurrence from Hitchin's "History of Cornwall," as a probable remnant of pagan superstition in that county. He presumes that the vulgar notion which gave rise to it, was derived from the druidical sacrifices of beasts. "An ignorant old farmer in Cornwall, having met with some severe losses in his cattle, about the year 1800, was much afflicted with his misfortunes. To stop the growing evil, he applied to the farriers in his neighbourhood, but unfortunately he applied in vain. The malady still continuing, and all remedies failing, he thought it necessary to have recourse to some extraordinary measure. Accordingly, on consulting with some of his neighbours, equally ignorant with himself, and evidently not less barbarous, they recalled to their recollections a tale, which tradition had handed down from remote antiquity, that the calamity would not cease until he had actually *burned alive the finest calf which he had upon his farm* ; but that, when this sacrifice was made, the murrian would afflict his cattle no more. The old farmer, influenced by this counsel, resolved immediately on reducing it to practice ; that, by making the detestable experiment, he might secure an advantage, which the whisperers of tradition, and the advice of his neighbours, had conspired to assure him would

follow. He accordingly called several of his friends together, on an appointed day, and having lighted a large fire, brought forth his best calf ; and, without ceremony or remorse, pushed it into the flames. The innocent victim, on feeling the intolerable heat, endeavoured to escape ; but this was in vain. The barbarians that surrounded the fire were armed with pitchforks, or *pikes*, as in Cornwall they are generally called ; and, as the burning victim endeavoured to escape from death, with these instruments of cruelty the wretches pushed back the tortured animal into the flames. In this state, amidst the wounds of pitchforks, the shouts of unfeeling ignorance and cruelty, and the corrosion of flames, the dying victim poured out its expiring groan, and was consumed to ashes. It is scarcely possible to reflect on this instance of superstitious barbarity, without tracing a kind of resemblance between it, and the ancient sacrifices of the Druids. This *calf* was *sacrificed to fortune, or good luck*, to avert impending calamity, and to ensure future prosperity, and was selected by the farmer as the finest among his herd." Every intelligent native of Cornwall will perceive, that this extract from the history of his county, is here made for the purpose of shaming the brutally ignorant, if it be possible, into humanity.

To conclude the present notices rather pleasantly, a little poem is subjoined, which shows that the superstition respecting the St. John's wort is not confined to England ; it is a version of some lines transcribed from a German almanac :—

The St. John's Wort.

The young maid stole through the cottage door,
 And blushed as she sought the plant of pow'r ;—

“Thou silver glow-worm, O lend me thy light,
I must gather the mystic St. John’s-wort to-night,
The wonderful herb, whose leaf will decide
If the coming year shall make me a bride.”

And the glow-worm came
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Thro’ the night of St. John,
And soon has the young maid her love-knot tied

With noiseless tread
To her chamber she sped,
Where the spectral moon her white beams shed :—
“Bloom here—bloom here, thou plant of pow’r,
To deck the young bride in her bridal hour !”
But it drooped its head that plant of power,
And died the mute death of the voiceless flower
And a withered wreath on the ground it lay,
More meet for a burial than bridal day.

And when a year was past away,
All pale on her bier the young maid lay
And the glow-worm came
With its silvery flame,
And sparkled and shone
Thro’ the night of St. John,
And they closed the cold grave o’er the maid’s cold clay.

It would be easy, and perhaps more agreeable to the editor than to his readers, to accumulate many other notices concerning the usages on this day ; let it suffice, however, that we know enough to be assured, that knowledge is engendering good sense, and that the superstitions of our ancestors will in no long time have passed away for ever. Be it the business of their posterity to hasten their decay.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

St. John’s Wort. *Hypericum Pulchrum*.
Nativity of St. John.

June 25.

St. Prosper, A. D. 463. *St. Maximus*,
Bp. A. D. 465. *St. William* of Monte-
Vergine, A. D. 1142. *St. Adelbert*,
A. D. 740. *St. Moloc*, Bp. 7th Cent.
Sts. Agoard and Aglibert, A. D. 400.

CHRONOLOGY.

1314. The battle of Bannockburn which secured the independence of Scotland, and fixed Robert Bruce on the throne of that kingdom, was fought on this day between the Scots under that chieftain, and the English under Edward II.

Franking of Newspapers.

By a recent regulation it is not necessary to put the name of a member of either house of parliament on the cover ; the address of the party to whom it is sent, with the ends of the paper left open as usual, will be sufficient to ensure its delivery. This is a praiseworthy accommodation to common sense. The old fiction was almost universally known to be one, and yet it is only a few years ago, that a member of parliament received a humble letter of apology, coupled with a request from one of his constituents, that he might be allowed to use the name of his representative in directing a newspaper. To the ingenuous, pretences seem realities.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Sweet Williams. *Dianthus barbatus*.
Dedicated to *St. William*.

June 26.

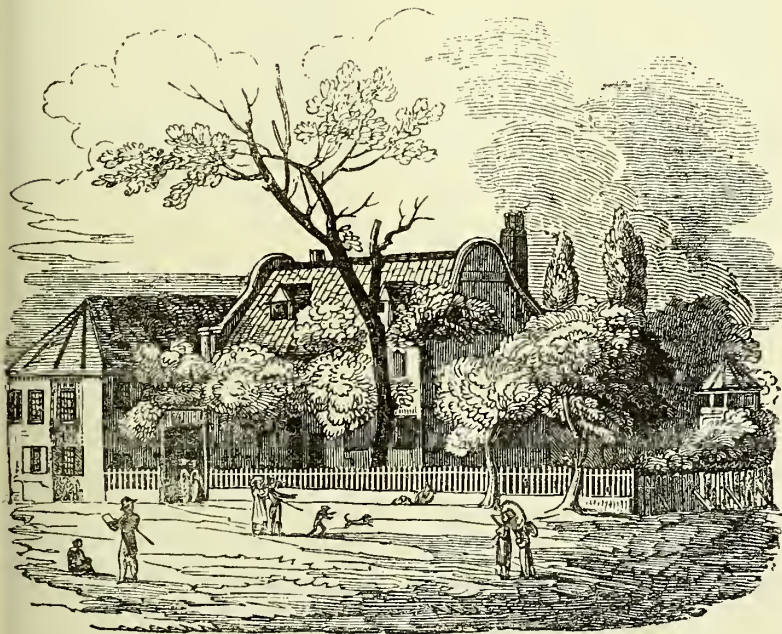
St. John and Paul, Martyrs about A. D. 362. *St. Maxentius*, Abbot, A. D. 515. *St. Vigilus*, Bp. A. D. 400, or 405. *St. Babolen*. *St. Anthelm*, Bp. of Bellay, A. D. 1178. *Raingarda*, Widow, A. D. 1135

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 26th of June, 1541, Francis Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, was assassinated. He was born at Truxillo, in Spain; his birth was illegitimate, and in his youth he was a keeper of hogs. Becoming a soldier, he went to America, and settled at Punama, where he projected the prosecution of discoveries to the eastward of that settlement. By means of an expedition, which he solicited and was intrusted to command from the court of Spain, he entered Peru when the empire was divided by a civil war between Huascar the legitimate monarch, and Atahualpa his half brother. Pretending succour to Atahualpa, he was permitted to penetrate twelve days' journey into the country, and received as an ally by Atahualpa, whose confidence he rewarded

by suddenly attacking him, and making him prisoner. The exaction of an immense ransom for this king's release; the shameful breach of faith, by which he was held in captivity after his ransom was paid; his brutal murder under the infamous mockery of a trial; the horrible frauds by which he was inveigled to die in the profession of the christian faith, without being able to comprehend its tenets; and the superaddition of other acts of perfidy and cruelty, will render the name of Pizarro infamous so long as it exists.

His assassination was effected by the friends of Almagro, his original associate, with whom he had quarrelled, and whom he caused to be executed when he got him into his power.



Copenhagen-house

In olden times, so high a rise
Was, perhaps, a Tor or beacon ground
And lit, or 'larm'd, the country round,
For pleasure, or against surprise

There is a cobbler's stall in London that
go out of my way to look at whenever

I pass its vicinity, because it was the seat of
an honest old man who patched my shoes

and my mind, when I was a boy. I involuntarily reverence the spot; and if I find myself in Red Lion-square, I, with a like affection, look between the iron railings of its enclosure, because, at the same age, from my mother's window, I watched the taking down of the obelisk, stone by stone, that stood in the centre, and impatiently awaited the discovery of the body of Oliver Cromwell, which, according to local legend, was certainly buried there in secrecy by night. It is true that Oliver's bones were not found; but then "every body" believed that "the workmen did not dig deep enough." Among these believers was my friend, the cobbler, who, though no metaphysician, was given to ruminate on "causation." He imputed the nonpersistence of the diggers to "private reasons of state," which his awfully mysterious look imported he had fathomed, but dared not reveal. From ignorance of wisdom, I venerated the wisdom of ignorance; and though I now know better, I respect the old man's memory. He allowed me, though a child, to sit on the frame of his little pushed-back window; and I obtained so much of his good-will and confidence, that he lent me a folio of fragments from Caxton's "Polychronicon," and Pynson's "Shepherd's Kalendar," which he kept in the drawer of his seat, with "St. Hugh's bones," the instruments of his "gentle craft." This black-letter lore, with its wood-cuts, created in me a desire to be acquainted with our old authors, and a love for engravings, which I have indulged without satiety. It is impossible that I should be without fond recollections of the spots wherein I received these early impressions.

From still earlier impressions, I have like recollection of the meadows on the Highgate side of Copenhagen-house. I often rambled in them in summer-time, when I was a boy, to frolic in the new-mown hay, or explore the wonders of the hedges, and listen to the songs of the birds. Certain indistinct apprehensions of danger arose in me from the rude noises of the visitors at Copenhagen-house itself, and I scarcely ventured near enough to observe more than that it had drinking-benches outside, and boisterous company within. I first entered the place in the present month of June, 1825, and the few particulars I could collect concerning it, as an old place of public entertainment, may be acceptable to many who recollect its former notoriety. Spe-

culators are building up to it, and if they continue with their present speed, it will in a few years be hidden by their operations.

Copenhagen-house stands alone in the fields north of the metropolis, between Maiden-lane, the old road to Highgate on the west, and the very ancient north road, or bridle-way, called Hagbush-lane, on the east; on this latter side it is nearly in a line with Cornwall-place, Holloway. Its name is said to have been derived from a Danish prince, or a Danish ambassador, having resided in it during a great plague in London; another representation is, that in the beginning of the seventeenth century, it was opened under its present name by a Dane, as a place of resort for his countrymen. "Coopenhagen" is the name given to it in the map in Camden's "Britannia," published in 1695.* It is situated in the parish of Islington, in the manor of St. John of Jerusalem, in the rental of which manor, dated the 25th of February, 1624, its name does not occur;† it is therefore probable from thence, and from the appearance of the oldest part of the present edifice, that it was not then built.

It is certain that Copenhagen-house has been licensed for the sale of beer, and wine, and spirits, upwards of a century; and for such refreshments, and as a tea-house, with a garden and grounds for skittles and Dutch pins, it has been greatly resorted to by Londoners. No house of the kind commands so extensive and uninterrupted a view of the metropolis and the immense western suburb, with the heights of Hampstead and Highgate, and the rich intervening meadows. Those nearest to London are now rapidly destroying for their brick-earth, and being covered with houses; though from Copenhagen-street, which is built on the green lane from White Conduit-house, there is a way to the footpath leading to Copenhagen-house, from the row of handsome cottages called Barnesbury-park.

The latter buildings are in the manor of Berners, or Bernersbury, otherwise Barnesbury; the name being derived

* Mr. Nelson's History of Islington.

† To Mr. Simes, bailiff of the manor, I am indebted for a sight of this rental.

from the Berners' family,* of whom the most distinguished individual was John Bouchier, the last lord Berners, and "the fifth writer in order of time among the nobility." He was author of "a comedy usually acted in the great church of Caais after vespers," of which town he held the command by appointment of king Henry VIII.; † he also translated several works, and particularly "Froissart's Cronycles, oute of Frenche into our maternale Englysshe tongue."

West of Barnesbury-park, and close to the footpath from thence to Copenhagen-house, are the supposed remains of a Roman encampment. It is a square of about one hundred and twenty feet, surrounded by a ditch, with a high embankment or breast work to the west. This is presumed to have been a position occupied by Suetonius, the Roman general, when he destroyed eighty thousand of the Britons under Boadicea, in a memorable engagement presumed to have been fought from this place in the fields of Pentonville, and terminating in the plain at Battle-bridge, from whence that place is said to have been so named.

From Battle-bridge up Maiden-lane, and from Barnesbury-park, there are still footways to Copenhagen-house, which, from standing alone on an eminence, is visible from every open spot for many miles round. To the original edifice is attached a building at the west end, with a large parlour below for drinking and smoking, and beyond it is a billiard-room; above is a large tea-room. The engraving represents its present appearance, from a drawing made for that purpose.

About the year 1770, this house was left by a person named Harrington; at his decease the business was continued by his widow, wherein she was assisted for several years by a young woman who came from Shropshire. This female assistant afterwards married a person named Tomes, and kept the Adam and Eve at Islington; she is now a widow; and from her information the editor of the *Every-Day Book* gathers, that at the time of the London riots in the year 1780, a body of the rioters passed Copenhagen-house on their way to attack the seat of

lord Mansfield, at Caen-wood: happily, they did not sack Copenhagen; but Mrs. Harrington and her maid were so alarmed, that they despatched a man to justice Hyde, who sent a party of soldiers to garrison this important place, where they remained till the riots were quelled. From this spot the view of the nightly conflagrations in the metropolis must have been terrific. Mrs. Tomes says, she saw nine large fires at one time. On new-year's day previous to this, the house was broken into after the family had retired to rest. The burglars forced the kitchen window, and mistaking the salt-box in the chimney corner for a man's head, fired a ball through it. They then ran up stairs with a dark-lantern, tied the man and the woman servant, burst the lower pannel of Mrs. Harrington's room-door, while she secreted fifty pounds between her bed and the mattress, and three of them rushed to her bedside, armed with a cutlass, crowbar, and pistol, while a fourth remained on the watch outside. They demanded her money; and as she denied that she had any, they wrenched her drawers open with the crowbar, refusing to use the keys she offered to them. In these they found about ten pounds belonging to her daughter, a little child, whom they threatened to murder unless she ceased crying, while they packed up all the plate, linen, and clothes, which they carried off. They then went to the cellar, set all the ale-barrels running, broke the necks off the wine-bottles, spilt the other liquors, and slashed a round of beef with their cutlasses. From this wanton spoil they reserved sufficient to carouse with in the kitchen, where they ate, drank, and sung, till they resolved to "pinch the old woman, and make her find more money." On this, they all ran up stairs again, where she still lay in bed, and by their threats and violence soon obtained from her a disclosure of the hidden fifty pounds. This rather appeared to enrage than pacify them, and they seriously proposed cutting her throat for the deception; but that crime was not perpetrated, and they departed with their plunder. Rewards were offered, by government and the parish of Islington, for the apprehension of the felons: in May following, one of them, named Clarkson, was discovered, and hopes of mercy tendered to him if he would discover his accomplices. This man was a watch-maker in Clerkenwell, the other three were trades-

* Mr. Nelson's History of Islington.

† Mr. Utterson's Preface to his edition of Lord Berners' Froissart, 2 vo. s. 4to.

men; his information led to their discovery; they were tried and executed, and Clarkson was pardoned; though, some time afterwards, he, also, suffered death, for obtaining a box of plate from the White-horse, in Fetter-lane, upon pretence that it had been sent thither by mistake.

The robbery at Copenhagen-house, was so far fortunate to Mrs. Harrington, that she obtained a subscription considerably more in amount than the value of the money and property she had lost. Mr. Leader, the coachmaker, in Long-acre, who was her landlord, remitted to her a year's rent of the premises, which at that time was 30*l*. The notoriety of the robbery increased the visitors to the house, and Mr. Leader built the additional rooms to the old house, instead of a wooden room, to accommodate the new influx of custom; and soon afterwards the house was celebrated for fives-playing. This last addition was almost accidental. "I made the first fives-ball," says Mrs. Tonies, "that was ever thrown up against Copenhagen-house. One Hickman, a butcher at Highgate, a countryman of mine, 'used' the house, and seeing me 'country,' we talked about our country sports, and amongst the rest *fives*; I told him we'd have a game some day: I laid down the stone in the ground myself, and, against he came again, made a ball. I struck the ball the first blow and he gave it the second, and so we played; and as there was company they liked the sport, and it got talked of. This was the beginning of the *fives-play*, which has since become so famous at Copenhagen-house."

A word or two on *ball-play*.

Fives was our old *hand-tennis*, and is a very ancient game.

In the fourteenth century there was a game at ball, where a line, called the *cord*, was traced upon the wall, below which the stroke was faulty. Some of the players were on foot; others had the two hands tied together, or played in a hollow cask.*

Hand-ball was before the days of Homer. He introduces the princess Corcyra, daughter of Alcinous, king of Phœacia, amusing herself, with her maidens, at hand-ball:—

"O'er the green mead the sporting virgins
play;
Their shining veils unbound, along the
skies,
Tost and re-tost, the ball incessant flies."*

It is related of St. Cuthbert, who lived in the seventh century, that "whan he was viii yere old, as he *played at the ball* with other chyldren, sodeynly there stode amonge them a fayre yonge chyldre," who admonished Cuthbert against "vayne playes," and seeing Cuthbert take no heed, he fell down, wept sore and wrung his hands; "and than Cuthbert and the other chyldren lefte their playe and comforted hym; and than sodeynly he vanyshed away; and than he knewe veryly that it was an angel; and, fro than forth on, he lefte all such vayne playes, and never used them more." †

Ball-play was formerly played at Easter in churches, and statutes passed to regulate the size of the ball. The ceremony was as follows: the ball being received, the dean, or his representative, began an antiphone, or chant, suited to Easter-day; then taking the ball in his left hand, he commenced a dance to the tune, others of the clergy dancing round, hand in hand. At intervals the ball was handed or tossed by the dean to each of the choristers, the organ playing according to the dance and sport: at the conclusion of the anthem and dance, they went and took refreshment. It was the privilege of the lord, or his locum tenens, to throw the ball, and even the archbishop did it. ‡

The French *palm-play* consisted in receiving the ball and driving it back again with the palm of the hand. Anciently they played with the naked hand, then with a glove, which, in some instances, was lined; afterwards they bound cords and tendons round their hands, to make the ball rebound more forcibly; and hence, says St. Foix, the *racket* derived its origin.

In the reign of Charles V., *palm-play*, which, Strutt says, may properly enough be denominated *hand-tennis*, or *fives*, was exceedingly fashionable in France, being played by the nobility for large sums of money; and when they had lost all that they had about them, they would sometimes pledge a part of their wearing apparel rather than give up the game. The

* Mr. Fosbroke's Dict. of Antiquities.

* Pope's Homer.

† Golden Legend.

‡ Mr. Fosbroke's Dict. of Antiquities.

duke of Bourbon having lost sixty francs at palm-play with M. William de Lyon, and M. Guy de la Trimouille, and not having money enough to pay them, gave his girdle as a pledge for the remainder.

A damsel, named Margot, who resided at Paris in 1424, played at *hand-tennis* with the palm, and also with the back of her hand, better than any man; and what is most surprising, says St. Foix, at that time the game was played with the naked hand, or at least with a double glove.

Hand-tennis still continues to be played, though under a different name, and probably a different modification of the game: it is now called *fives*, which denomination, perhaps, it might receive from having five competitors in it, as the succeeding passage shews: When queen Elizabeth was entertained at Elvetham, in Hampshire, by the earl of Hertford, "after dinner about three o'clock, ten of his lordship's servants, all Somersetshire men, in a square greene court before her majesties windowe, did hang up lines, squaring out the forme of a tennis court, and making a cross line in the middle; in this square they, being stripped out of their dublets, played five to five with hand-ball at bord and cord as they tearme it, to the great liking of her highness."*

Fives-playing at Copenhagen-house, is recorded in a memoir of Cavanagh, the famous *fives*-player, by Mr. Hazlitt. It first appeared in the *Examiner* of February 17, 1819, and is subjoined, with the omission of a passage or two, not essentially connected with the subject.

DEATH OF JOHN CAVANAGH.

— "And is old Double dead? See, see, he drew a good bow; and dead! he shot a fine shoot. John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead! he would have clapt in the clout at twelve score, and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see."

Died at his house in Burbage-street, St. Giles's, John Cavanagh, the famous and *fives*-player. When a person dies, who does any one thing better than any

one else in the world, which so many others are trying to do well, it leaves a gap in society. It is not likely that any one will now see the game of *fives* played in its perfection for many years to come—for Cavanagh is dead, and has not left his peer behind him.

It may be said that there are things of more importance than striking a ball against a wall—there are things indeed that make more noise and do as little good, such as making war and peace, making speeches and answering them, making verses and blotting them, making money and throwing it away. But the game of *fives* is what no one despises who has ever played at it. It is the finest exercise for the body, and the best relaxation for the mind.

The Roman poet said that "Care mounted behind the horseman, and stuck to his skirts." But this remark would not have applied to the *fives*-player. He who takes to playing at *fives* is twice young. He feels neither the past nor future "in the instant." Debts, taxes, "aomestic treason, foreign levy, nothing can touch him further." He has no other wish, no other thought, from the moment the game begins, but that of striking the ball, of placing it, of *making* it! This Cavanagh was sure to do. Whenever he touched the ball, there was an end of the chase. His eye was certain, his hand fatal, his presence of mind complete. He could do what he pleased, and he always knew exactly what to do. He saw the whole game, and played it; took instant advantage of his adversary's weakness, and recovered balls, as if by a miracle and from sudden thought, that every one gave for lost. He had equal power and skill, quickness and judgment. He could either outwit his antagonist by finesse, or beat him by main strength. Sometimes, when he seemed preparing to send the ball with the full swing of his arm, he would, by a slight turn of his wrist, drop it within an inch of the line. In general, the ball came from his hand, as if from a racket, in a strait horizontal line; so that it was in vain to attempt to overtake or stop it. As it was said of a great orator, that he never was at a loss for a word, and for the properest word, so Cavanagh always could tell the degree of force necessary to be given to a ball, and the precise direction in which it should be sent. He did

* Strutt's sports, from Mr. Nichol's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, &c.

his work with the greatest ease; never took more pains than was necessary, and while others were fagging themselves to death, was as cool and collected as if he had just entered the court.

His style of play was as remarkable as his power of execution. He had no affectation, no trifling. He did not throw away the game to show off an attitude, or try an experiment. He was a fine, sensible, manly player, who did what he could, but that was more than any one else could even affect to do. He was the best *up-hill* player in the world; even when his adversary was fourteen, he would play on the same or better, and as he never flung away the game through carelessness and conceit, he never gave it up through laziness or want of heart. The only peculiarity of his play was that he never *volleyed*, but let the balls hop; but if they rose an inch from the ground, he never missed having them. There was not only no body equal, but nobody second to him. It is supposed that he could give any other player half the game, or beat them with his left hand. His service was tremendous. He once played Woodward and Meredith together (two of the best players in England) in the Fives-court, St. Martin's-street, and made seven and twenty aces following by services alone—a thing unheard of. He another time played Peru, who was considered a first-rate fives-player, a match of the best out of five games, and in the three first games, which of course decided the match, Peru got only one ace.

Cavanagh was an Irishman by birth, and a house-painter by profession. He had once laid aside his working-dress, and walked up, in his smartest clothes, to the Rosemary Branch to have an afternoon's pleasure. A person accosted him, and asked him if he would have a game. So they agreed to play for half-a-crown a game, and a bottle of cider. The first game began—it was seven, eight, ten, thirteen, fourteen, all. Cavanagh won it. The next was the same. They played on and each game was hardly contested. "There," said the unconscious fives-player, "there was a stroke that Cavanagh could not take: I never played better in my life, and yet I can't win a-game. I don't know how it is." However, they played on, Cavanagh winning every game, and the bystanders drinking the cider and laughing

all the time. In the twelfth game, when Cavanagh was only four, and the stranger thirteen, a person came in, and said, "What are you here, Cavanagh!" The words were no sooner pronounced than the astonished player let the ball drop from his hand, and saying, "What! have I been breaking my heart all this time to beat Cavanagh?" refused to make another effort. "And yet, I give you my word," said Cavanagh, telling the story with some triumph, "I played all the while with my clenched fist."

He used frequently to play matches at Copenhagen-house for wagers and dinners. The wall against which they play is the same that supports the kitchen-chimney, and when the wall resounded louder than usual, the cooks exclaimed, "Those are the Irishman's balls," and the joints trembled on the spit!

Goldsmith consoled himself that there were places where he too was admired: and Cavanagh was the admiration of all the fives-courts where he ever played. Mr. Powell, when he played matches in the court in St. Martin's-street, used to fill his gallery at half-a-crown a head, with amateurs and admirers of talent in whatever department it is shown. He could not have shown himself in any ground in England, but he would have been immediately surrounded with inquisitive gazers, trying to find out in what part of his frame his unrivalled skill lay.

He was a young fellow of sense, humour, and courage. He once had a quarrel with a waterman at Hungerford-stairs, and they say, "served him out" in great style. In a word, there are hundreds at this day, who cannot mention his name without admiration, as the best fives-player that perhaps ever lived (the greatest excellence of which they have any notion)—and the noisy shout of the ring happily stood him instead of the unheard voice of posterity.

The only person who seems to have excelled as much in another way as Cavanagh did in his, was the late John Davies, the racket-player. It was remarked of him that he did not seem to follow the ball, but the ball seemed to follow him. Give him a foot of wall, and he was sure to make the ball. The four best racket-players of that day were Jack Spines, Jem Harding, Armitage, and Church. Davies could give any one of these two hands a time, that is, half the

game, and each of these at their best, could give the best player now in London the same odds. Such are the gradations in all exertions of human skill and art. He once played four capital players together, and beat them. He was also a first-rate tennis-player, and an excellent fives-player. In the Fleet or King's Bench, he would have stood against Powell, who was reckoned the best open-ground player of his time. This last-mentioned player is at present the keeper of the Fives-court, and we might recommend to him for a motto over his door,—“Who enters here, forgets himself, his country, and his friends.” And the best of it is, that by the calculation of the odds, none of the three are worth remembering!

Cavanagh died from the bursting of a blood-vessel, which prevented him from playing for the last two or three years. This, he was often heard to say, he thought hard upon him. He was fast recovering, however, when he was suddenly carried off to the regret of all who knew him.

Jack Cavanagh was a zealous Catholic, and could not be persuaded to eat meat on a Friday, the day on which he died. We have paid this willing tribute to his memory.

“Let no rude hand deface it,
And his forlorn ‘*Hic Jacet.*’”

Fives-play from the year 1780 was a chief diversion at Copenhagen-house, particularly while Mrs. Harrington remained the landlady. She was careless of all customers, except they came in shoals to drink tea in the gardens and long room up stairs, or to play at fives, skittles, and Dutch pins, and swill and smoke. The house was afterwards kept by a person named Orchard, during whose time the London Corresponding Society, in 1795, held meetings in the adjacent fields.* In 1812, it was proposed by a company of projectors to bring sea-water through iron pipes “from the coast of Essex to *Copenhagen fields*,” and construct baths, which, according to the proposals, would yield twelve and a half per cent. on a capital of 200,000*l.*; but the subscription was not filled up, though the names of several eminent physicians sanctioned the undertaking, and the project failed.†

After Orchard's tenancy, Copenhagen-house was kept by one Tooth, who encouraged brutal sports for the sake of the liquors he sold. On a Sunday morning the fives-ground was filled by bull-dogs and ruffians, who lounged and drank to intoxication; so many as fifty or sixty bull-dogs have been seen tied up to the benches at once, while their masters boozed and made match after match, and went out and fought their dogs before the house, amid the uproar of idlers attracted to the “bad eminence” by its infamy. This scene lasted throughout every Sunday forenoon, and then the mob dispersed, and the vicinity was annoyed by the yells of the dogs and their drunken masters on their return home. There was also a common field, east of the house, wherein bulls were baited; this was called the bull-field. These excesses, although committed at a distance from other habitations, occasioned so much disturbance, that the magistrates, after repeated warnings to Tooth, refused him a license in 1816, and granted it to Mr. Bath, the present landlord, who abated the nuisance by refusing to draw beer or afford refreshment to any one who had a bull-dog at his heels. The bull-field has since been possessed and occupied by a great cow-keeping landlord in the neighbourhood, though by what title he holds it is not known, certainly not by admission to it as *waste* of the manor. This field is close to the mud cottage hereafter mentioned in Hagbush-lane, an ancient way to Highgate-hill.

Near the spot at which Hagbush-lane comes out into the Holloway-road to Highgate, the great lord Bacon met with the cause of his death, in a way not generally known. He was taking an airing in his coach, on a winter-day, with Dr. Witherborne, a Scotchman, physician to James I., and the snow laying on the ground. It occurred to lord Bacon that flesh might be preserved in snow as well as in salt; resolving to try the experiment, they alighted from the carriage, and going into a poor woman's cottage at the foot of Highgate-hill, they bought a hen; his lordship helped to stuff the body with snow, which so chilled him that he fell ill, and could not return to his lodgings; he therefore went to the earl of Arundel's house at Highgate, where a bed was warmed for him with a pan of coals

* Mr. Nelson's History of Islington. † *Ibid.*

but the bed not having been lain in for about a year before was damp, and so increased his disorder that in two or three days he died.

It is not to defame so great a man, the greatest of modern times, but merely to illustrate his well-known attachment to particular *favourites*, that a paper is here for the first time printed. It is a bill of fees to counsel, upon an order made in the court of chancery by lord Bacon, as keeper of the great seal, during the first year he held it. From this it appears that counsel had been retained to argue a demurrer, on the first day of Michaelmas term, 1617; and that the hearing stood over till the following Tuesday, before which day "one of my lord-keeper's *favourites*" was retained as other counsel, and, "*being* one of my lord-keeper's *favourites*," had a double fee for his services. The mention of so extraordinary a fact in a common bill of costs may perhaps justify its rather out-of-the-way introduction in this place. The paper from whence it is here printed, the editor of the *Every-Day Book* has selected from among other old unpublished manuscripts in his possession, connected with the affairs of sir Philip Hoby, who was amhassador to the emperor of Germany from Henry VIII., and held other offices during that reign.

(COPY.)

Termino Micalis, 1617.

To Mr. Bagger of the Iner-Temple, Councillor, the firste day of the Tearme, for attending at the Chancery barr, to mayntain or demurrer against Sr. Tho. Hoby, by my Lo: Keeper's order, that daye to attend the Corte, wch. herd noe motions that daye, but deferd it of until Tusday following - - - - - xxii. s.

Upon Tusdaye following wee had yonge Mr. Tho: Finch, and Mr. Bagger, of our Councill, to attend there to mayntaine the same demurrer, and the cause be canceled; Upon (which) my Lo: Keeper ordered, that he referred the cause to be heard before Sr. Charles Ceser King, one of the Docters of the Chancery, to make

a reporte unto his Lo: of the Cause, that his Lo: might better consider, whether the demurrer should stand good, or noe:—Mr.

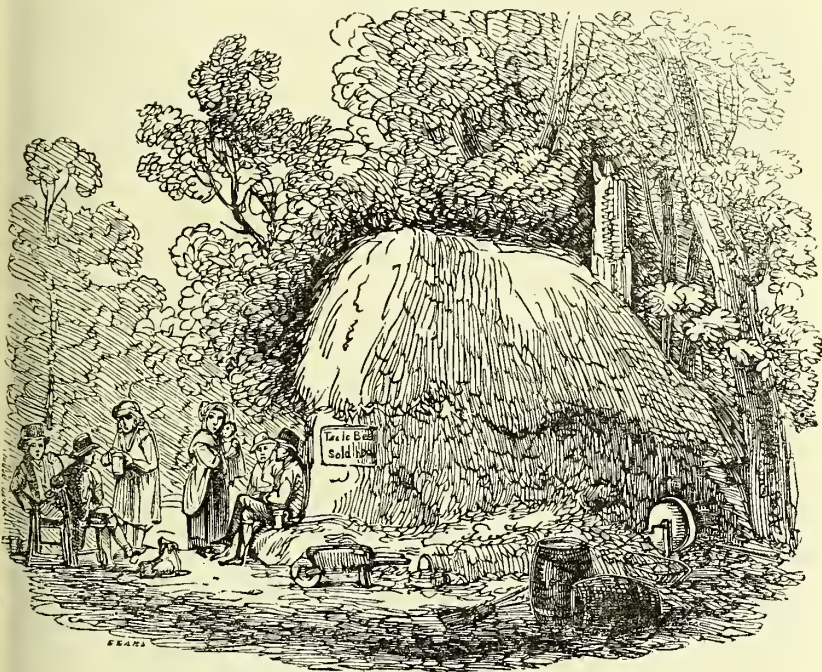
Tho: Finch his fee, *being one of my Lo: favourites, had* - - - 44s
Mr. Bagger his Fee - - - - - 22s.

At Copenhagen-house, the eye and the stomach may be satisfied together. A walk to it through the fresh air creates an appetite, and the sight must be allowed some time to take in the surrounding prospect. A seat for an hour or two at the upstairs tea-room windows on a fine day is a luxury. As the clouds intercept the sun's rays, and as the winds disperse or congregate the London atmosphere, the appearance of the objects it hovers over continually varies. Masses of building in that direction daily stretch out further and further across the fields, so that the metropolis may be imagined a moving billow coming up the heights to drown the country. Behind the house the

"Hedge-row elms, o'er hillocks green,"

is exquisitely beautiful, and the fine amphitheatre of wood, from Primrose-hill to Highgate-archway and Hornsey, seems built up to meet the skies. A stroll towards either of these places from Copenhagen-house, is pleasant beyond imagination. Many residents in London to whom walking would be eminently serviceable, cannot "take a walk" without a motive; to such is recommended the "delightful task" of endeavouring to trace Hagbush-lane.

Crossing the meadow west of Copenhagen-house, to the north-east corner, there is a mud built cottage in the widest part of Hagbush-lane, as it runs due north from the angle formed by its eastern direction. It stands on the site of one still more rude, at which until destroyed, labouring men and humble wayfarers, attracted by the sequestered and rural beauties of the lane, stopped to recreate. It was just such a scene as Morlan would have coveted to sketch, and therefore Mr. Fussell with "an eye for the picturesque," and with a taste akin to Morland's, made a drawing of it while it was standing, and placed it on the wood whereon it is engraven, to adorn the next page.



Cottage formerly in Hagbush-lane.

“ Why this cottage, sir, not three miles from London, is as secluded as if it were in the weald of Kent.”

This cottage stands no longer : its history is in the “ simple annals of the poor.” About seven years ago, an aged and almost decayed labouring man, a native of Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, with his wife and child, lay out every night upon the road side of Hagbush-lane, under what of bough and branch they could creep for shelter, till “ winter’s cold” came on, and then he erected this “ mud edifice.” He had worked for some great land-holders and owners in Islington, and still jobbed about. Like them, he was, to this extent of building, a speculator ; and to eke out his insufficient means, he profited, in his humble abode, by the sale of small beer to stragglers and rustic wayfarers. His cottage stood between the lands of two rich men ; not upon the land of either, but partly on the disused road, and partly on the waste of the manor. Deeming him by no means a respectable

neighbour for their cattle, they “ warned him off ;” he, not choosing to be houseless, nor conceiving that their domains could be injured by his little enclosure between the banks of the road, refused to accept this notice, and he remained. For this offence, one of them caused his labourers to level the miserable dwelling to the earth, and the “ houseless child of want,” was compelled by this wanton act to apply for his family and himself to be taken into the workhouse. His application was refused, but he received advice to build again, with information that his disturber was not justified in disturbing him. In vain he pleaded incompetent power to resist ; the workhouse was shut against him, and he began to build another hut. He had proceeded so far as to keep off the weather in one direction, when wealth again made war upon poverty, and while away from his wife

and child, his scarcely half raised hut was pulled down during a heavy rain, and his wife and child left in the lane shelterless. A second application for a home in the workhouse was rejected, with still stronger assurances that he had been illegally disturbed, and with renewed advice to build again. The old man has built for the third time; and on the site of the cottage represented in the engraving, erected another, wherein he dwells, and sells his small beer to people who choose to sit and drink it on the turf seat against the wall of his cottage; it is chiefly in request, however, among the brickmakers in the neighbourhood, and the labourers on the new road, cutting across Hagbush-lane from Holloway to the Kentish-town road, which will ultimately connect the Regent's-park and the western suburb, with the eastern extremity of this immensely growing metropolis. Though immediately contiguous to Mr. Bath, the landlord of "Copenhagen-house," he has no way assisted in obstructing this poor creature's endeavour to get a morsel of bread. For the present he remains unmolested in his almost sequestered nook, and the place and himself are worth seeing, for they are perhaps the nearest specimens to London, of the old country labourer and his dwelling.

From the many intelligent persons a stroller may meet among the thirty thousand inhabitants of Islington, on his way along Hagbush-lane, he will perhaps not find one to answer a question that will occur to him during his walk. "Why is this place called Hagbush-lane?" Before giving satisfaction here to the inquirer, he is informed that, if a Londoner, Hagbush-lane is, or ought to be, to him, the most interesting way that he can find to walk in; and presuming him to be influenced by the feelings and motives that actuate his fellow-citizens to the improvement and adornment of their city, by the making of a *new* north road, he is informed that Hagbush-lane, though now wholly disused, and in many parts destroyed, was the *old*, or rather the *oldest* north road, or ancient bridle-way to and from London, and the northern parts of the kingdom.

Now for its name—Hagbush-lane. *Hag* is the old Saxon word *hæg*, which became corrupted into *hawgh*, and afterwards into *haw*, and is the name for the berry of the hawthorn; also the Saxon word

haga signified a hedge or any enclosure. *Hag* afterwards signified a bramble, and hence, for instance, the blackberry-bush, or any other bramble, would be properly denominated a *hag*. Hagbush-lane, therefore, may be taken to signify either Hawthornbush-lane, Bramble-lane, or Hedgebush-lane; more probably the latter. Within recent recollection, Whitcomb-street, near Charing-cross, was called *Hedge-lane*.

Supposing the reader to proceed from the old man's mud-cottage in a northerly direction, he will find that the widest part of Hagbush-lane reaches, from that spot, to the road now cutting from Holloway. Crossing immediately over the road, he comes again into the lane, which he will there find so narrow as only to admit convenient passage to a man on horseback. This was the general width of the road throughout, and the usual width of all the English roads made in ancient times. They did not travel in carriages, or carry their goods in carts, as we do, but rode on horseback, and conveyed their wares or merchandise in pack-saddles or packages on horses' backs. They likewise conveyed their money in the same way. In an objection raised in the reign of Elizabeth to a clause in the Hue and Cry bill, then passing through parliament, it was urged, regarding some travellers who had been robbed in open day within the hundred of Beyntesh, in the county of Berks, that "they were clothiers, and yet traaveled not withe the great trope of clothiers; they also carried their money openlye in wallets upon their saddles."* The customary width of their roads was either four feet or eight feet. Some parts of Hagbush-lane are much lower than the meadows on each side; and this defect is common to parts of every ancient way, as might be exemplified, were it necessary, with reasons founded on their ignorance of every essential connected with the formation, and perhaps the use, of a road.

It is not intended to point out the tortuous directions of Hagbush-lane; for the chief object of this notice is to excite the reader to one of the pleasantest walks he can imagine and to tax his ingenuity to the discovery of the route the road takes. This, the *ancient* north road, comes into the *present* north road, in Upper Holloway, at the foot of Highgate-hill, and

* Hoby MSS.

went in that direction to Hornsey. From the mud-cottage towards London, it proceeded between Paradise-house, the residence of Mr. Greig, the engraver, and the Adam and Eve public-house, in the Holloway back-road, and by circuitous windings approached London, at the distance of a few feet on the eastern side of the City Arms public-house, in the City-road, and continued towards Old-street, St. Luke's. It no where communicated with the back-road, leading from Battle-bridge to the top of Highgate-hill, called Maiden-lane.

Hagbush-lane is well known to every botanizing perambulator on the west side of London. The wild onion, clownswound-wort, wake-robin, and abundance of other simples, lovely in their form, and of high medicinal repute in our old herbals and receipt-books, take root, and seed and flower here in great variety. How long beneath the tall elms and pollard oaks, and the luxuriant beauties on the banks, the infirm may be suffered to seek health, and the healthy to recreate, who shall say? Spoilers are abroad.

Through Hagbush-lane every man has a right to ride and walk; in Hagbush-lane no one man has even a shadow of right to an inch as private property. It is a public road, and public property. The trees, as well as the road, are public property; and the very form of the road is public property. Yet bargains and sales have been made, and are said to be now making, under which the trees are cut down and sold, and the public road thrown, bit by bit, into private fields as pasture. Under no conveyance or admission to land by any

proprietor, whether freeholder or lord of a manor, can any person legally dispossess the public of a single foot of Hagbush-lane, or obstruct the passage of any individual through it. All the people of London, and indeed all the people of England, have a right in this road as a common highway. Hitherto, among the inhabitants of Islington, many of whom are opulent, and all of whom are the local guardians of the public rights in this road, not one has been found with sufficient public virtue, or rather with enough of common manly spirit, to compel the restoration of public plunder, and in his own defence, and on the behalf of the public, arrest the *highway* robber.

Building, or what may more properly be termed the tumbling up of tumble-down houses, to the north of London, is so rapidly increasing, that in a year or two there will scarcely be a green spot for the resort of the inhabitants. Against covering of private ground in this way, there is no resistance; but against its evil consequences to health, some remedy should be provided by the setting apart of open spaces for the exercise of walking in the fresh air. The preservation of Hagbush-lane therefore is, in this point of view, an object of public importance. Where it has not been thrown into private fields, from whence, however, it is recoverable, it is one of the loveliest of our green lanes; and though persons from the country smile at Londoners when they talk of being "rural" at the distance of a few miles from town, a countryman would find it difficult to name any lane in his own county, more sequestered or of greater beauty.

LINES

WRITTEN IN HAGBUSH-LANE.

A scene like this,
Would woo the care-worn wise
To moralize,
And courting lovers court to tell their bliss.

Had I a cottage here
I'd be content; for where
I have my books
I have old friends,
Whose cheering looks
Make me amend

For coldnesses in men : and so,
 With them departed long ago,
 And with wild-flowers and trees
 And with the living breeze,
 And with the "still small voice"
 Within, I would rejoice,
 And converse hold, while breath
 Held me, and then—come Death !

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Blue Sowthistle. *Sonchus Cœruleus*.
 Dedicated to *B. Raingarda*.

June 27.

St. Ladislas I., king of Hungary, A. D.
 1095. *St. John*, of Moutier, 6th
 Cent.

THE SEASON.

Mr. Howard, in his work on the weather, is of opinion, that farmers and others, who are particularly interested in being acquainted with the variations in the weather, derive considerable aid from the use of the barometer. He says, "in fact, much less of valuable fodder is spoiled by wet now than in the days of our forefathers. But there is yet room for improvement in the knowledge of our farmers on the subject of the atmosphere. It must be a subject of great satisfaction and confidence to the husbandman, to know, at the beginning of a summer, by the certain evidence of meteorological results on record, that the season, in the ordinary course of things, may be expected to be a dry and warm one; or to find, in a certain period of it, that the average quantity of rain to be expected for the month has already fallen. On the other hand, when there is reason, from the same source of information, to expect much rain, the man who has courage to begin his operations under an unfavourable sky, but with good ground to conclude, from the state of his instruments and his collateral knowledge, that a fair interval is approaching, may often be profiting by his observations; while his cautious neighbour, who waited for the weather to 'settle,' may find that he has let the opportunity go by. This superiority, however, is attainable by a very moderate share of application to the subject; and by the keeping of a plain diary of the barometer and rain-gauge with the

hygrometer and the vane under his daily notice."

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Perforated *St. John's Wort*. *Hypericum perforatum*.
 Dedicated to *St. John*.

June 28.

St. Irenæus, Bp. of Lyons, A. D. 202. *St. Leo* II., Pope A. D. 683. *Sts. Plutarch* and others, Martyrs, about A. D. 202. *Sts. Potamiana* and *Basilides*, Martyrs.

CHRONOLOGY.

1797. George Keate, F.R.S., died, aged sixty-seven. He was born at Trowbridge in Wilts, educated at Kingston school, called to the bar, abandoned the profession of the law, amused himself with his pen, and wrote several works. His chief production is the account of "Capt. Wilson's Voyage to the Pelew Islands;" his "Sketches from Nature," written in the manner of Sterne, are pleasing and popular.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Blue Cornflower. *Centaurea Cyanus*.
 Dedicated to *St. Irenæus*.

NOW,

A hot day.

Now the rosy- (and lazy-) fingered Aurora, issuing from her saffron house, calls up the moist vapours to surround her, and goes veiled with them as long as she can; till Phœbus, coming forth in his power, looks every thing out of the sky, and holds sharp uninterrupted empire from his throne of beams. Now the mower begins to make his sweeping cuts more slowly, and resorts oftener to the

beer. Now the carter sleeps a-top of his load of hay, or plods with double slouch of shoulder, looking out with eyes winking under his shading hat, and with a hitch upward of one side of his mouth. Now the little girl at her grandmother's cottage-door watches the coaches that go by, with her hand held up over her sunny forehead. Now labourers look well, resting in their white shirts at the doors of rural alehouses. Now an elm is fine there, with a seat under it; and horses drink out of the trough, stretching their yearning necks with loosened collars; and the traveller calls for his glass of ale, having been without one for more than ten minutes; and his horse stands wincing at the flies, giving sharp shivers of his skin, and moving to and fro his ineffectual docked tail; and now Miss Betty Wilson, the host's daughter, comes streaming forth in a flowered gown and earrings, carrying with four of her beautiful fingers the foaming glass, for which, after the traveller has drunk it, she receives with an indifferent eye, looking another way, the lawful two-pence: that is to say, unless the traveller, nodding his ruddy face, pays some gallant compliment to her before he drinks, such as "I'd rather kiss you, my dear, than the tumbler,"—or "I'll wait for you, my love, if you'll marry me;" upon which, if the man is good-looking and the lady in good-humour, she smiles and bites her lips, and says "Ah—men can talk fast enough;" upon which the old stage-coachman, who is buckling something near her, before he sets off, says in a hoarse voice, "So can women too for that matter," and John Boots grins through his ragged red locks, and doats on the repartee all the day after. Now grasshoppers "fry," as Dryden says. Now cattle stand in water, and ducks are envied. Now boots and shoes, and trees by the road side, are thick with dust; and dogs rolling in it, after issuing out of the water, into which they have been thrown to fetch sticks, come scattering horror among the legs of the spectators. Now a fellow who finds he has three miles further to go in a pair of tight shoes, is in a pretty situation. Now rooms with the sun upon them become intolerable; and the apothecary's apprentice, with a bitterness beyond aloes, thinks of the pond he used to bathe in at school. Now men with powdered heads (especially if thick) envy those that are unpowdered, and stop to wipe them up hill, with

countenances that seem to expostulate with destiny. Now boys assemble round the village pump with a ladle to it, and delight to make a forbidden splash and get wet through the shoes. Now also they make suckers of leather, and bathe all day long in rivers and ponds, and follow the fish into their cool corners, and say millions of "my eyes!" at "tittle-bats." Now the bee, as he hums along, seems to be talking heavily of the heat. Now doors and brick-walls are burning to the hand; and a walled lane, with dust and broken bottles in it, near a brick-field, is a thing not to be thought of. Now a green lane, on the contrary, thick-set with hedge-row elms, and having the noise of a brook "rumbling in pebble-stone," is one of the pleasantest things in the world. Now youths and damsels walk through hay-fields by chance; and the latter say, "Ia' done then, William;" and the overseer in the next field calls out to "let thic thear hay thear bide;" and the girls persist, merely to plague "such a frumpish old fellow."

Now, in town, gossips talk more than ever to one another, in rooms, in doorways, and out of windows, always beginning the conversation with saying that the heat is overpowering. Now blinds are let down, and doors thrown open, and flannel waitcoats left off, and cold meat preferred to hot, and wonder expressed why tea continues so refreshing, and people delight to sliver lettuces into bowls, and apprentices water doorways with tincanisters that lay several atoms of dust. Now the water-cart, jumbling along the middle of the streets, and jolting the showers out of its box of water, really does something. Now boys delight to have a waterpipe let out, and set it bubbling away in a tall and frothy volume. Now fruiterers' shops and dairies look pleasant, and ices are the only things to those who can get them. Now ladies loiter in baths; and people make presents of flowers; and wine is put into ice; and the after-dinner lounger recreates his head with applications of perfumed water out of long-necked bottles. Now the loungee, who cannot resist riding his new horse, feels his boots burn him. Now buckskins are not the lawn of Cos. Now jockies, walking in great coats to lose flesh, curse inwardly. Now five fat people in a stage coach, hate the sixth fat one who is coming in, and think he has no right to be so large. Now clerks in

offices do nothing, but drink soda-water and spruce-beer, and read the newspaper. Now the old clothes-man drops his solitary cry more deeply into the areas on the hot and forsaken side of the street; and bakers look vicious; and cooks are aggravated: and the steam of a tavern kitchen catches hold of one like the breath of Tartarus. Now delicate skins are beset with gnats; and boys make their sleeping companion start up, with playing a burning-glass on his hand; and blacksmiths are super-carbonated; and cobblers in their stalls almost feel a wish to be transplanted; and butter is too easy

to spread; and the dragoons wonder whether the Romans liked their helmets; and old ladies, with their lappets unpinned, walk along in a state of dilapidation; and the servant-maids are afraid they look vulgarly hot; and the author, who has a plate of strawberries brought him, finds that he has come to the end of his writing.—*Indicator*.

In the "Miscellanies," published by the Spalding Society of Antiquaries there is a poem of high feeling and strong expression against "man's cruelty to man:"—

Why should mans high aspiring mind
Burn in him, with so proud a breath;
When all his haughty views can find
In this world, yields to death;
The fair, the brave, the vain, the wise,
The rich, the poor, and great, and small,
Are each, but worms anatomys,
To strew, his quiet hall.

Power, may make many earthly gods,
Where gold, and bribery's guilt, prevails;
But death's, unwelcome honest odds,
Kicks oer, the unequal scales.
The flatter'd great, may clamours raise
Of Power,—and, their own weakness hide,
But death, shall find unlooked for ways
To end the Farce of pride.—

An arrow, hurtel'd ere so high
From e'en a giant's sinewy strength,
In time's untraced eternity,
Goes, but a pigmy length—
Nay, whirring from the tortured string,
With all its pomp, of hurried flight,
Tis, by the Skylarks little wing,
Outmeasured, in its height.

Just so, mans boasted strength, and power,
Shall fade, before deaths lightest stroke;
Laid lower, than the meanest flower—
Whose pride, oertopt the oak.
And he, who like a blighting blast,
Dispeopled worlds, with wars alarms,
Shall, be himself destroyed at last,
By poor, despised worms.

Tyrants in vain, their powers secure,
And awe slaves' murmurs, with a frown,
But unav'd death, at last is sure,
To sap the Babels down —
A stone thrown upward, to the skye,
Will quickly meet, the ground agen:
So men-gods, of earths vanity,
Shall drop at last, to men;

And power, and pomp, their all resign
Blood purchased Thrones, and banquet Hall.
Fate, waits to sack ambitions shrine
As bare, as prison wallis,

Where, the poor suffering wretch bows down,
 To laws, a lawless power hath past ;—
 And pride, and power, and King, and Clown,
 Shall be death's slaves at last.

Time, the prime minister of death,
 There's nought, can bribe his honest will
 He, stops the richest Tyrants breath,
 And lays, his mischief still :
 Each wicked scheme for power, all stops,
 With grandeurs false, and mock display,
 As Eve's shades, from high mountain tops,
 Fade with the rest, away.

Death levels all things, in his march,
 Nought, can resist his mighty strength ;
 The Pallace proud,—triumphal arch,
 Shall mete, their shadows length :
 The rich, the poor, one common bed,
 Shall find, in the unhonoured grave,
 Where weeds shall crown alike, the head,
 Of Tyrant, and of Slave.

Marvel.

June 29.

Holiday at the Public Offices, except Excise,
 Stamp, and Custom.

St. Peter, the Apostle. *St. Hemma*, A. D.
 1045.

St. Peter.

From this apostle the Romish church assumes to derive her authority, and appoints this his anniversary, which she splendidly celebrates. The illuminations at Rome on this day would astonish the apostle were he alive. From the account of a recent traveller, they appear to be more brilliant than an Englishman can well imagine; he witnessed them, and describes them in these words:—

“At Ave Maria we drove to the piazza of St. Peter's. The lighting of the lanternoni, or large paper lanterns, each of which looks like a globe of ethereal fire, had been going on for an hour, and, by the time we arrived there, was nearly completed. As we passed the Ponte San Angelo, the appearance of this magnificent church, glowing in its own brightness—the millions of lights reflected in the calm waters of the Tiber, and mingling with the last golden glow of evening, so as to make the whole building seem covered with burnished gold, had a most striking and magical effect.

“Our progress was slow, being much impeded by the long line of carriages before us; but at length we arrived at the piazza of St. Peter's, and took out station on the right of its farther extremity, so

as to lose the deformity of the dark, dingy, Vatican palace. The gathering shades of night rendered the illumination every moment more brilliant. The whole of this immense church—its columns, capitals, cornices, and pediments—the beautiful swell of the lofty dome, towering into heaven, the ribs converging into one point at top, surmounted by the lantern of the church, and crowned by the cross,—all were designed in lines of fire; and the vast sweep of the circling colonnades, in every rib, line, mould, cornice, and column, were resplendent in the same beautiful light.

“While we were gazing upon it, suddenly a bell chimed. On the cross of fire at the top waved a brilliant light, as if wielded by some celestial hand, and instantly ten thousand globes and stars of vivid fire seemed to roll spontaneously along the building, as if by magic; and self-kindled, it blazed in a moment into one dazzling flood of glory. Fancy herself, in her most sportive mood, could scarcely have conceived so wonderful a spectacle as the instantaneous illumination of this magnificent fabric: the agents by whom it was effected were unseen, and it seemed the work of enchantment. In the first instance, the illuminations had appeared to be complete, and one could not dream that thousands and tens of thousands of lamps were still to be illumined. Their vivid blaze harmonized beautifully with the softer, milder light of the lanternoni; while the brilliant glow of the whole illumination shed a rosy light upon the fountains, whose silver

fall, and ever-playing showers, accorded well with the magic of the scene.

“Viewed from the Trinità de’ Monti, its effect was unspeakably beautiful: it seemed to be an enchanted palace hung in air, and called up by the wand of some invisible spirit. We did not, however, drive to the Trinità de’ Monti till after the exhibition of the girandola, or great fire-works from the castle of St. Angelo, which commenced by a tremendous explosion that represented the raging eruption of a volcano. Red sheets of fire seemed to blaze upwards into the glowing heavens, and then to pour down their liquid streams upon the earth. This was followed by an incessant and complicated display of every varied device that imagination could figure—one changing into another, and the beauty of the first effaced by that of the last. Hundreds of immense wheels turned round with a velocity that almost seemed as if demons were whirling them, letting fall thousands of hissing dragons, and scorpions, and fiery snakes, whose long convolutions, darting forward as far as the eye could reach in every direction, at length vanished into air. Fountains and jets of fire threw up their blazing cascades into the skies. The whole vault of heaven

shone with the vivid fires, and seemed to receive into itself innumerable stars and suns, which, shooting up into it in brightness almost insufferable, vanished, like earth-born hopes. The reflection in the depth of the calm clear waters of the Tiber, was scarcely less beautiful than the spectacle itself; and the whole ended in a tremendous burst of fire, that, while it lasted, almost seemed to threaten conflagration to the world.

“The expense of the illumination of St. Peter’s, and of the girandola, when repeated two successive evenings, as they invariably are at the festival of St. Peter, is one thousand crowns; when only exhibited one night they cost seven hundred. Eighty men were employed in the instantaneous illuminations of the lamps, which to us seemed the work of enchantment: they were so posted as to be unseen.”*

Dr. Forster, in certain remarks on the excitement of the imagination, cites some “Verses by a modern poet, on an appearance beheld in the clouds,” which may aptly come after the glowing description of the illumination of St. Peter’s:—

The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,
Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth
Far sinking into splendour, without end!
Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt
With battlements, that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems!
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified; on them, and on the coves,
And mountain steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapours had receded—taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky

CHRONOLOGY

363. The emperor Julian died, aged thirty-two. He was denominated the apostate, from having professed Christianity before he ascended the throne, and afterwards relapsing to Paganism. He received his death wound in a battle with the Persians. Dr. Watkins in his “Biographical Dictionary” says, that he was virtuous and modest in his manners, and liberal in his

disposition, an enemy to luxury, and averse to public amusements.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Yellow Rattle. *Rhinanthus Galli*
Dedicated to *St. Peter*.

* Romæ in the Nineteenth Century.

June 30.

St. Paul, the Apostle. *St. Martial*, Bp. of Limoges, 3d Cent.

St. Paul.

Paul, the apostle, was martyred, according to some accounts, on the 29th of June, in the year, 65; according to others in the month of May, 66.* A Romish writer fables that, before he was beheaded, he "looked vp into heuen, markynge his foreheed and his breste with the sygne of the crosse," although that sign was an after invention; and that, "as soone as the heed was from the body," it said "Jesus Christus fifty tymes."† Another pretends

from St. Chrysostom, that "from the head of St. Paul when it was cut off there came not one drop of blood, but there ran fountains of milk;" and that "we have by tradition, that the blessed head gave three leaps, and at each of them there sprung up a fountain where the head fell: which fountains remain to this day, and are ever enced with singular devotion by all Christian Catholics."‡ The fictions of the Romish church, and its devotions to devices, are innumerable.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Yellow Cistus. *Cistus Helianthemum*.
Dedicated to *St. Paul*.

* Butler.

† Golden Legend.

‡ Ribadeneira



JULY.

Then came hot July, boiling like to fire,

That all his garments he had cast away.

Upon a lyon raging yet with ire

He boldly rode, and made him to obey :

(It was the beast that whilom did forray

The Nemæan forest, till the Amphitryonide

Him slew, and with his hide did him array :)

Behind his backe a sithe, and by his side

Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

July is the seventh month of the year. According to ancient reckoning it was the fifth, and called *QUINTILIS*, until Mark Antony denominated it July, in compliment to Caius Cæsar, the Roman dictator, whose surname was Julius, who improved the calendar, and was born in this month.

July was called by the Saxons *hen-month*, which probably expressed the meaning of the German word *hain*, signifying wood or trees; and hence *hen-month* might mean foliage month. They likewise called it *heymonth*, or *hay-*

month; "because," says Verstegan, "therein they usually mowed and made their hay harvest;" and they also denominated it *Lida-astera*, meaning the second "Lida," or second month after the sun's descent.*

The beautiful representation preceding Spenser's personification of July, on the preceding page, was designed and engraved by Mr. Samuel Williams, of whom it should in justice be said, that his talents have enriched the *Every-Day Book* with most of its best illustrations.

Now comes July, and with his fervid noon
 Unsnews labour. The swink't mower sleeps;
 The weary maid rakes feebly; the warm swain
 Pitches his load reluctant; the faint steer,
 Lashing his sides, draws sulkily along
 The slow encumbered wain in midday heat.

Mr. Leigh Hunt in his *Months*, after remarking that "July is so called after Julius Cæsar, who contrived to divide his names between months and dynasties, and among his better deeds of ambition reformed the calendar," proceeds to notice, that—"The heat is greatest in this month on account of its previous duration. The reason why it is less so in August is, that the days are then much shorter, and the influence of the sun has been gradually diminishing. The farmer is still occupied in getting the productions of the earth into his garners; but those who can avoid labour enjoy as much rest and shade as possible. There is a sense of heat and quiet all over nature. The birds are silent. The little brooks are dried up. The earth is chapped with parching. The shadows of the trees are particularly grateful, heavy, and still. The oaks, which are freshest because latest in leaf, form noble clumpy canopies, looking, as you lie under them, of a strong and emulous green against the blue sky. The traveller delights to cut across the country through the fields and the leafy lanes, where nevertheless the flints sparkle with heat. The cattle get into the shade, or stand in the water. The active and air-cutting swallows, now beginning to assemble for migration, seek their prey about the shady places, where the insects, though of differently compounded natures, 'fleshless and bloodless,' seem to get for coolness, as they do at other times for warmth. The sound of insects is also the only audible thing now, increasing rather than lessening the sense of quiet by its gentle contrast. The bee now and

then sweeps across the ear with his gravest tone. The gnats

Their murmuring small trumpets sounden wide;
Spenser.

and here and there the little musician of the grass touches forth his tricky note.

The poetry of earth is never dead;
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,

And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead:

That is the grasshopper's. *Keats.*

"Besides some of the flowers of last month, there are now candy-tufts, catch-fly, columbines, egg-plant, French mary-golds, lavateras, London-pride, marvel of Peru, veronicas, tuberoses, which seem born of the white rose and lily; and scarlet-beans, which though we are apt to think little of them because they furnish us with a good vegetable, are quick and beautiful growers, and in a few weeks will hang a walk or trellis with an exuberant tapestry of scarlet and green.

"The additional trees and shrubs in flower are bramble, button-wood, iteas, cistuses, climbers, and broom. Pimpernel, cockle, and fumitory, are now to be found in corn-fields, the blue-bell in wastes or by the road-sides; and the luxuriant hop is flowering.

"The fruits begin to abound and are more noticed, in proportion to the necessity for them occasioned by the summer heat. The strawberries are in their greatest quantity and perfection; and

* Dr. Frank Sayers.

currants, gooseberries, and raspberries, have a world of juice for us, prepared, as it were, in so many crowds of little bottles, in which the sunshine has turned the dews of April into wine. The strawberry lurks about under a beautiful leaf. Currants are also extremely beautiful. A handsome bunch looks like pearls or rubies, and an imitation of it would make a most graceful ear-ring. We have seen it, when held lightly by fair fingers, present as lovely a drop, and piece of contrast, as any holding hand in a picture of Titian.

“Bulbous rooted flowers, that have almost done with their leaves, should now be taken up, and deposited in shallow wooden boxes. Mignonette should be transplanted into small pots, carnations be well attended to and supported, and auriculas kept clean from dead leaves and weeds, and in dry weather frequently watered.

“It is now the weather for bathing, a refreshment too little taken in this country, either in summer or winter. We say in winter, because with very little care in placing it near a cistern, and having a leathern pipe for it, a bath may be easily filled once or twice a week with warm water; and it is a vulgar error that the warm bath relaxes. An excess, either warm or cold, will relax; and so will any other excess: but the sole effect of the warm bath moderately taken is, that it throws off the bad humours of the body by opening and clearing the pores. As to summer bathing, a father may soon teach his children to swim, and thus perhaps might be the means of saving their lives some day or other, as well as health. Ladies also, though they cannot bathe in the open air as they do in some of the West Indian islands and other countries, by means of natural basins among the rocks, might oftener make a substitute for it at home in tepid baths. The most beautiful aspects under which Venus has been painted or sculptured, have been connected with bathing: and indeed there is perhaps no one thing that so

equally contributes to the three graces of health, beauty, and good temper;—to health, in putting the body into its best state; to beauty, in clearing and tinting the skin; and to good temper, in rescuing the spirits from the irritability occasioned by those formidable personages ‘the nerves,’ which nothing else allays in so quick and entire a manner. See a lovely passage on the subject of bathing in sir Philip Sydney’s ‘Arcadia,’ where ‘Philoclea, blushing, and withall smiling, making shamefastnesse pleasant, and pleasure shamefast, tenderly moved her feet, unwonted to feel the naked ground, until the touch of the cold water made a pretty kind of shrugging come over her body, like the twinkling of the fairest among the fixed stars.’”

July 1.

St. Rumbold, Bp. A. D. 775. *Sts. Julius and Aaron*. *St. Theobald*, or *Thibault*, 11th Cent. *St. Gal I.* Bp. 5th Cent. *St. Calais*, or *Carilephus*, A. D. 542. *St. Leonorus*, or *Lunaire*, Bp. *St. Simeon Salus*, 6th Cent. *St. Thieri*, A. D. 533. *St. Cybar*, A. D. 581.

CHRONOLOGY.

1690. The battle of the Boyne, fought on this day, decided the fate of James II. and the Stuart tyranny, and established William III. on the throne of the people

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Agrimony. *Agrimonia Eupatoria*.
Dedicated to *St. Aaron*.

July 2.

Visitation of the B. Virgin. *Sts. Processus and Martinian*, 1st Cent. *St. Otho*, Bp. 12th Cent. *St. Monegoude*, A. D. 570. *St. Oudocous*, Bp. of Landaff 6th Cent.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

White Lily. *Lilium candidum*.
Dedicated to the *Virgin Mary*.

A Morning's Walk in July.

But when mild morn, in saffron stole,
First issues from her eastern goal,
Let not my due feet fail to climb
Some breezy summit's brow sublime,
Whence Nature's universal face
Illumined smiles with newborn grace,
The misty streams that wind below
With silver sparkling lustre glow,

The groves and castled cliffs appear
 Invested all in radiance clear ;
 O every village charm beneath .
 The smoke that mounts in azure wreath
 O beauteous rural interchange !
 The simple spire and elmy grange ;
 Content, indulging blissful hours,
 Whistles o'er the fragrant flowers :
 And cattle rous'd to pasture new,
 Shake jocund from their sides the dew.*

July 3.

St. Phocas, a Gardener, A. D. 303. *St. Guthagon*. *St. Gunthiern*, a Welsh Prince, 6th Cent. *St. Bertram*, 6th Cent.

The Bleeding Image.

On the 3d of July is annually celebrated, in Paris, in the church of St. Leu and St. Giles, a solemn office, in commemoration of a *miracle* wrought by the blessed virgin, in la Rue aux Ours, or the street for the bears; the history of which is as follows:—In the year 1518, a soldier coming out of a tavern in this Bear-street, where he had been gambling, and losing his money and clothes, was blaspheming the name of God; and as he passed by the image of the holy virgin, standing very quietly and inoffensively at the corner of the street, he struck it, *or her*, furiously with a knife he had in his hand; on which *God permitted*, as the modern and modest tellers of this tale say, the image to bleed abundantly. The ministers of justice were informed, and the wretch was seized, conducted to the spot where he had committed the sacrilege, tied to a post, and scourged, from six o'clock in the morning till night, till his eyes dropped out; his tongue was bored with a hot iron, and his body was cast into the fire. The blessed image was transported to Rome. This was the origin of a ceremony still remembered, and which once was very curious. The zeal of the inhabitants of Bear-street was conspicuous, and their devotion to the blessed virgin not less so. At first they only made the figure of the soldier, as we in England do of Guy Faux, and threw it into the fire; by degrees the feast became more solemn, and the soldier, who had been rudely fashioned out of faggots, was at last a composition of fireworks, which, after being carried in procession through the streets of Paris, took a flight into the air, to the great joy and edification of the Parisians, particularly

of Bear-street. At last, however, the magistrates wisely recollected that the streets being narrow, and the buildings numerous in that part of the city, a fire might happen, and it would then be still more miraculous if the holy image should travel from Rome to Paris to extinguish the flames: not to mention that the holy image might not at that precise moment be so plentifully supplied as on a similar occasion our friend Gulliver was. In 1744, therefore, they forbade any future fire-work soldiers, and the poor distressed inhabitants of Bear-street, were once more reduced to their man of wood, whom they continue to burn with great affection every 3d of July, after having walked him about Paris three days. This figure is now made of osier, clothed, and armed with a knife, and of so horrid an appearance, it would undoubtedly frighten women and children who did not know the story of the sacrilegious soldier; as it is, they believe they see him breathe blasphemy. Messieurs, the associated gentlemen of Bear-street, give the money formerly spent in fireworks, to make procession to the proxy of the blessed image which now stands where the bleeding one did, and to say a solemn mass to the blessed virgin, for the souls of the defunct gentlemen, associates of Bear-street. The mummery existed under Napoleon, as appears by the preceding particulars, dated Paris, July 12, 1807, and may be seen in the *Sunday Advertiser*, of the 19th of that month.

On the 3d of July, 1810, a small loaf fastened by a string, was suspended from the equestrian statue at Charing-cross, to which was attached a placard, stating that it was purchased from a baker, and was extremely deficient in weight, and was one of a numerous batch. The notice concluded by simply observing, "Does this not deserve the *aid* of par-

* Ode on the Approach of Summer

liament?" This exhibition attracted a great crowd of people, until the whole of the loaf was nearly washed away by subsequent heavy rain.

The Dog-days.



"The Dog-star rages."

Sirius, or the Dog-star, is represented as in the above engraving, on a garnet gem, in lord Besborough's collection, etched by Worlidge. The late Mr. William Butler, in his *Chronological Exercises*, says, that on this day "commence, according to the almanacs, the Canicular, or Dog-days, which are a certain number of days preceding and following the heliacal rising of Canicula, or the Dog-star, in the morning. Their beginning is usually fixed in the calendars on the 3d of July, and their termination on the 11th of August; but this is a palpable mistake, since the heliacal rising of this star does not now take place, at least in our latitude, till near the latter end of August; and in five or six thousand years more, Canicula may chance to be charged with bringing frost and snow, as it will then, owing to the precession of the equinoxes, rise in November and December."

Dr. Hutton remarks, that some authors say, from Hippocrates and Pliny, that the day this star first rises in the morning, the sea boils, wine turns sour, dogs begin to grow mad, the bile increases and irritates, and all animals grow languid; also, "the diseases it usually occasions in men are burning fevers, hysterics, and phrensies. The Romans sacrificed a *brown dog* every

year to Canicula, at his first rising to appease his rage."

A Cambridge contributor to the *Every-Day Book* affirms, that, in the year 1824, an edict was issued there for all persons keeping dogs either to *muzzle* or *tie them up*, and many a dog was tied up by the neck as a sacrifice; whether to the *Mayor* or *Canicular*, this deponent saith not; but the act and deed gave rise to the following

JEU D'ESPRIT.

Good mister Mayor

All dogs declare

The beam of justice falters!

To miss the *puppies*—sure she's blind,

For *dogs* they are alone consign'd

To *muzzles* or to *halter*!

Cambridge.

T. N.

Mr. Brady observes, in his "Clavis Calendaria," "That the weather in July and August is generally more sultry than at any other period of the year, and that some particular diseases are consequently at that time more to be dreaded, both to man and beast, is past dispute. The exaggerated effects of the rising of Sirius are now, however, known to be groundless; and the superior heat usually felt during the Dog-days has been more philosophically accounted for. The sun, at this period of the year, not only darts his rays almost perpendicularly upon us, and of course with greater power; but has also continued to exert his influence through the spring and summer seasons, whereby the atmosphere and earth have received a warmth, proportioned to the continuity of its action; and moisture, in itself naturally cold, has been dissipated. Even in the course of a *day*, which has been aptly typified as a *short year*, the greatest effect of the sun is generally felt at about two o'clock, although it has then passed the meridian, because by having so much longer exerted its powers, its consequent effects are more than commensurate for the diminution of heat in its rays. The cold of winter in like manner augments about the time the days begin to *increase*, and *continues* to do so, for a considerable time after, because, at that season, the earth has become wet and chilled, from the effects of the preceding gradual *decrease of power in the sun*, although, *at that time*, when the cold is usually most severe, that orb is ascensive, and returning from the winter solstice; and our Saxon ancestors were *experimentally* so well aware of this latter circum

stance, that in the delineation on their calendars, to illustrate the characters of the months they represented February, as a man in the act of striking his arms across his body to warm himself: while there is also yet in common use a very old saying, grounded upon the like conviction, that 'when the days lengthen, the frost is sure to strengthen.'

"The early Egyptians, whose *hieroglyphical characters*, aptly adapted by them to the peculiarity of their climate and circumstances, were the principal or perhaps sole origin of all the heathenish superstitions of other nations, were taught by long observation and experience, that as soon as a particular star became visible, the Nile would overflow its banks; and they accordingly upon its very first appearance retreated to their terraces, where they remained until the inundation had subsided. This star, therefore, was called by them *Sihor*, i. e. the Nile; as *Zeigios* is in Greek, and *Sirius* in Latin; and from the *warning* it afforded them, they typified it as a *dog*, or in most cases as a man with a dog's head; that faithful animal having been, even in those times, distinguished for his peculiar qualities of watching over the affairs of man, and affording *warning* of approaching danger. The names assigned to this star by the Egyptians was *Thaout*, or *Tayout*, the *dog*; and in later times *Sothis*, *Thotes*, or *Thot*, each bearing the like signification; but it was left for the subsequent ignorance of those other nations who adopted that character for *Sihor*, now *Sirius*, without considering the true origin of its appellation, falsely to assign to it, the increasing heat of the season, and its consequent effects upon animated nature. The idea, however, of any such effects, either as to heat, or to disorders, from the influence of the canicular star, is now wholly exploded, from the reasons already assigned, and because 'that star not only varies in its rising every year, as the latitude varies, but that it rises later and later every year in all latitudes;' so that when it rises in winter, which, by the way, cannot be for five or six thousand years, it might, with equal propriety, be charged with increasing the frost: and besides, it is to be observed, that although *Sirius* is the nearest to the earth of any of the *fixed stars*, it is computed to be at the enormous distance of 2,200,000,000 miles from our globe; a space too prodigious to admit of its rays affording *any sensible heat*:

and which could not be passed by a cannon-ball, flying with its calculated velocity of 480 miles in one hour, in less than 523,211 years! Upon the whole, therefore, it evidently appears, that the origin of the name of this star was not only wholly disregarded, but that common and undigested opinion made its *conjunction* with the *sun*, the *cause* of heat, &c. instead of having regarded it as a *sign* of the period when such effects might naturally be expected."

Mad Dogs.

There is no cure for the bite of a mad dog; and as at this time dogs go mad, it is proper to observe, that immediate burning out of the bitten part by caustic, or the cutting of it out by the surgeon's knife, is the only remedy. If either burning or cutting be omitted, the bitten person, unless opiumed to death, or smothered between featherbeds, will in a few days or weeks die in unspeakable agony. The latter means are said to have been sometimes resorted to as a merciful method of extinguishing life. It is an appalling fact, that *there is no cure for hydrophobia*.

Preventive is better than cure, and in this case it is easy. Dogs, however useful in some situations, are wholly useless in towns. Exterminate them.

Against this a cry will go forth from all dog-owners: they will condemn the measure as proceeding from a barbarian; but *they* are the barbarians who keep animals subject to a disease fatal to human life. Such persons, so far from being entitled to a voice against its execution, merit abhorrence and contempt for daring to propose that every man, woman, and child among their friends and neighbours, should run the risk of a cruel death for the gratification of selfishness. Every honest man in every town who keeps a dog, should destroy it, and use his influence with others to destroy theirs. No means of preventing *hydrophobia* exists but the destruction of dogs.

Oh! but dogs are useful; they guard our houses at night; they go in carts and guard our goods by day; they catch our rats; and, then, they are such faithful creatures! All this, though very true, does not urge one reason against their destruction as a preventive from their communicating a fatal and wholly incurable disease. Instead of house-dogs at night, get additional watchmen, or secure

watchmen more vigilant than those you have, by paying a proper price for the important services required of them, which in most places are not half required. Instead of cart-dogs, employ boys, of whom there are scores half-starving, who would willingly take charge of carts at little more than the expense of dog-keep. If rats must be caught, cats can catch them, or they may be poisoned. Instead of cultivating the fidelity of dogs, let dog-keepers cultivate a little fidelity in themselves towards their neighbours, and do as they would be done unto, by destroying their dogs.

Oh, but would you deprive the "poor" man of his dog? Yes. The poorer he is, the less occasion he has for a dog, and the less ability he has to maintain a dog. Few poor men in towns keep dogs but for the purpose of sport of some kind; making matches to fight them, drawing badgers with them, baiting bulls with them, or otherwise brutally misemploying them.

An act of parliament, inflicting heavy penalties for keeping dogs in towns, and empowering constables, beadles, street-keepers, and others, with rewards for carrying it into effect on every dog they meet, would put an end to *hydrophobia*.

It is a common practice to kill dogs at this season in some parts of the continent, and so did our ancestors. Ben Jonson, in his "Bartholomew Fair," speaks of "the dog-killer in this month of August." A dog-destroyer in every parish would be an important public officer. REMEMBER! *there is no cure for the bite of a mad dog.*

To the Bellflower.

With drooping bells of clearest blue
Thou didst attract my childish view,
Almost resembling
The azure butterflies that flew
Where on the heath thy blossoms grew
So lightly trembling.

Where feathery fern and golden broom
Increase the sandrock cavern's gloom
I've seen thee tangled,
Mid tufts of purple heather bloom
By vain Arachne's treacherous loom
With dewdrops spangled.

Mid ruins tumbling to decay,
Thy flowers their heavenly hues display,
Still freshly springing,
Where pride and pomp have passed away
On mossy tomb and turret gray,
Like friendship clinging.

When glowworm lamps illumine the scene
And silvery daisies dot the green,
Thy flowers revealing,
Perchance to soothe the fairy queen,
With faint sweet tones on night serene
Soft bells are pealing.

But most I love thine azure braid,
When softer flowers are all decayed,
And thou appearest
Stealing beneath the hedgerow shade,
Like joys that linger as they fade,
Whose last are dearest.

Thou art the flower of memory;
The pensive soul recalls in thee
The year's past pleasures;
And, led by kindred thought, will flee,
Till, back to careless infancy,
The path she measures.

Beneath autumnal breezes bleak,
So faintly fair, so sadly meek,
I've seen thee bending,
Pale as the pale blue veins that streak
Consumption's thin, transparent cheek,
With death hues blending.

Thou shalt be sorrow's love and mine
The violet and the e. lantine
With Spring are banished.
In Summer pinks and roses shine,
But I of thee my wreath will twine,
When these are vanished.

May you like it.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Tried Mallow. *Malva Sylvestris*
Dedicated to *St. Phocas*.

July 4.

St. Ulric, or *Udatric*. *St. Odo*, Abp. of Canterbury, 10th Cent. *St. Sisoës*, or *Sisoy*, A. D. 429. *St. Bertha*, 8th Cent. *St. Finbar*, of Crmien. *St. Bolcan*, disciple of *St. Patrick*.

St. Ulric.

He was son of count Huchbald, one of the first dukes of higher Germany. He became bishop of Augsburg, and rebuilt the celebrated cathedral there, in 962, dedicating it to *St. Afra*, patroness of that city, and died eighty years old, in 973, on ashes laid in the form of a cross upon a floor. Customs peculiar to this day are related in these verses:—

St. Huldryche.

Wheresoeuer Huldryche hath his place,
The people there brings in
Both carpes, and pykes, and mullets fat,
His fauour here to win.

Amid the church there sitteth one,
and to the altar nie,
That selleth fish, and so good cheepe,
that every man may buie :
Nor any thing he loseth here,
bestowing thus his paine,
For when it hath bene offred once,
'tis brought him all againe.
That wise or thrise he selles the same
vngodlinesse such gaine
Doth still bring in, and plentifully
the kitchin doth maintaine.

Whence comes this same religion newe ?
what kind of God is this
Same Huldryche here, that so desires,
and so delights in fish ? *

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Copper Day Lily. *Hemerocallis fulva*
Dedicated to *St. Ulric*.

* Naogeorgus by Googe.



The London Barrow-woman

See! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,
Scatt'ring like blooming maid their glances round
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside,
And must be bought.

Shenstone.

This is cherry season, but it is not to me as cherry seasons were. I like a great deal that *is*, but I have an affection for what *was*. By-gone days seem to have been more fair than these; and I cannot help trying to

“catch the manners *dying* as they *fall*.”

I have lived through the extremity of one age, into the beginning of another, and I believe a better; yet the former has been too much detracted: every thing new is not, therefore, good; nor was

every thing old, bad. When I was a boy, I speak of just after the French revolution broke out, my admiration and taste were pure and natural, and one of my favourites at all times, and in cherry-time especially, was the London barrow-woman. There are no barrow-women now. They are quite “gone out,” or, rather, they have been “put down,” and by many they are not even missed. Look around; there is not one to be seen.

In those days there were *women* on the earth; finely grown, every way well-pro-

portioned, handsome, and in stature like Mrs. Siddons. I speak of London women. Let not the ladies of the metropolis conceive offence, if I maintain that some of their mothers, and more among their grandmothers, were taller and more robust than they. That *they* are otherwise may not be in their eyes a misfor-

tune; should they, however, think it so "their *schools* are more in fault than they." Be that as it may, I am merely stating a fact. They have declined in personal elevation, as they have increased in moral elevation.

At that time lived the London barrow-woman:—

Her hair loose eurl'd, the rest tuck'd up between
Her neatly frill'd mob-cap, was scarcely seen;
A black chip-hat, peculiarly her own,
With ribbon puff'd around the small flat crown
Pinn'd to her head-dress, gave her blooming face
A jaunty openness and winning grace.

On her legs were "women's blacks," or, in dry sunny weather, as at this season, stockings of white cotton, with black high-heeled shoes, and a pair of bright sparkling buckles; tight lacing distended her hips, which were further enlarged by her flowered cotton or chintz gown being drawn through the pocket-holes to balloon out behind, and display a quilted glazed petticoat of black or pink stuff, terminating about four inches above the ankles; she wore on her bosom, which was not so confined as to injure its fullness, a light gauze or muslin kerchief. This was her full dress, as she rolled through the street, and cried—

"Round and sound,
Two-pence a pound,
Cherries! rare ripe cherries!"

"Green and ripe gooseberries! amber-berries! ripe amber-berries?" "Currants! rare ripe currants!" ending, as she began, with cherries:—

"Cherries a ha'penny a stick!
Come and pick! come and pick
Cherries! big as plums!
Who comes? who comes?"

Each side of her well-laden barrow was dressed nearly halfway along with a row of sticks having cherries tied on them. To assist in retailing her other fruit, there lay before her a "full alehouse measure" of clean pewter, and a pair of shining brass scales, with thick turn-over rims, and leaden weights, for the "real black-hearts" that dyed the white cloth they lay on with purple stains. If she had an infant, she was sometimes met with it, at a particular spot, for her to suckle. She was then a study for a painter. Her hearty caresses of her child, while she hastily sat down on the arm of her barrow, and bared her bountiful bosom to give it nourishment; the frolic

with which she tickled it; the tenderness with which she looked into its young, up-turned eyes, while the bland fluid overflowed its laughing mouth; her smothering kisses upon its crowing lips after its nurture; and her loud affectionate "God bless it!" when it was carried away, were indescribably beautiful.

As the seasons changed, so her wares varied. With the "rolling year," she rolled round to us its successive fruits; but cherry-time was the meridian of her glory. Her clear and confident cry was then listened for, in the distance, with as much anxiety to hear it, as the proclamation of a herald, in the full authority of office, was awaited in ancient times. "What can keep the barrow-woman so long?—Surely she has not gone another way!—Hush! there she is; I hear her!" These were tokens of her importance in the neighbourhood she circled; and good housewives and servant girls came to the doors, with basins and dishes, to await her approach, and make their purchases of fruit for their pies and puddings. As she slowly trundled her barrow along the pavement, what doating looks were cast upon its delicacies by boys with ever-ready appetites! How he who had nothing to lay out envied him who a halfpenny entitled to a perplexing choice amidst the tempting variety! If currants were fixed on, the question was mooted, "Which are best—red or white?" If cherries—"white hearts, or blacks?" If gooseberries—"red or yellow?" Sometimes the decision as to the comparative merits of colour was negatived by a sudden impulsive preference for "the other sort," or "something else;" and not seldom, after these deliberations, and being "served," arose doubts and regrets, and an application to be allowed to change "these" for "them,"

and perhaps the last choice was, in the end, the least satisfactory. Indecisiveness is not peculiar to childhood; "men are but children of a larger growth," and their "conduct of the understanding" is nearly the same.

Mr. George Cruikshank, whose pencil is distinguished by power of decision in every character he sketches, and whose close observation of passing manners is unrivalled by any artist of the day, has sketched the barrow-woman for the *Every-Day Book*, from his own recollection of her, aided somewhat by my own. It is engraved on wood by Mr. Henry White, and placed at the head of this article.

Before barrow-women quite "went out," the poor things were sadly used. If they stopped to rest, or pitched their seat of custom where customers were likely to pass, street-keepers, authorized by orders unauthorized by law, drove them off, or beadles overthrew their fruit into the road. At last, an act of parliament made it penal to roll a wheel or keep a stand for the sale of any articles upon the pavement; and barrow-women and fruit-stalls were "put down."

Fruit Stalls.

These daily purveyors to the refreshment of passengers in hot weather are not wholly extinct; a few, very few, still exist by mere sufferance—no more. Upon recollection of their number, and the grateful abundance heaped upon them, I could almost exclaim, in the words of the old Scotch-woman's epitaph—

"Such desolation in my time has been
I have an end of all perfection seen!"

Ah! what a goodly sight was Holborn-hill in "my time." Then there was a comely row of fruit-stalls, skirting the edge of the pavement from opposite the steps of St. Andrew's church to the corner of Shoe-lane. The fruit stood on tables covered with white cloths, and placed end to end, in one long line. In autumn, it was a lovely sight. The pears and apples were neatly piled in "ha'p'orths," for there were then no pennyworths; "a pen'orth" would have been more than sufficient for moderate eating at one time. First, of the pears, came the "ripe Kat'er'nes;" these were succeeded by "fine Windsors," and "real bergaunys." Apples "came in"

with "green codlins;" then followed "golden rennets," "golden pippins," and "ripe nonpareils." These were the common street-fruits. Such "golden pippins" as were then sold, three and four for a halfpenny, are now worth pence a piece, and the true "golden rennet" can only be heard of at great fruiterers. The decrease in the growth of this delightful apple is one of the "signs of the times!"

The finest apples in Covent-garden market come from Kent. Growers in that county, by leaving only a few branches upon the tree, produce the most delicious kinds, of a surprisingly large size. For these they demand and obtain very high prices; but instead of London in general being supplied, as it was formerly, with the best apples, little else is seen except swine-feed, or French, or American apples. The importations of this fruit are very large, and under the almost total disappearance of some of our finest sorts, very thankful we are to get inferior ones of foreign growth. Really good English apples are scarcely within the purchase of persons of moderate means.

"Women's Blacks."

This is the name of the common black worsted stockings, formerly an article of extensive consumption; they are now little made, because little worn. One of the greatest wholesale dealers in "women's blacks," in a manufacturing town, was celebrated for the largeness of his stock; his means enabled him to purchase all that were offered to him for sale, and it was his favourite article. He was an old-fashioned man, and while the servant-maids were leaving them off, he was unconscious of the change, because he could not believe it; he insisted it was impossible that household work could be done in "white cottons." Offers of quantities were made to him at reduced prices, which he bought; his immense capital became locked up in his favourite "women's blacks;" whenever their price in the market lowered, he could not make his mind up to be quite low enough; his warehouses were filled with them; when he determined to sell, the demand had wholly ceased; he could effect no sales; and, becoming bankrupt, he literally died of a broken heart—from an excessive and unrequited attachment to "women's blacks."

July 5

St. Peter, of Luxemburg, Card. A. D. 1387. *St. Modwena*, 9th Cent. *St. Edana*, of Ephim and Tuam.

There is a beautiful mention of flowers, at this season, in some lines from the Italian of Louis Gonzago.

With an Indian Perfume-box to Maria de Mancini, 1648.

Oh! the Florence rose is freshe and faire,
And rich the young carnations blowe,
Wreathing in beauties' ebonne haire,
Or sighing on her breaste of snowe,
But onlie violette shall twine
Thy ebonne tresses, lady mine.

Oh! dazzling shines the noon-daye sunne,
So kinglye in his golden carre,
But sweeter 'tis when day is done,
To watche the evening's dewye starre,
In silence lighting fieldc and grove,
How like mye heart, how like mye love!

Then, ladye, lowlye at thy feete
I lay this gift of memorie,
All strange and rude, but treasures swecte
Within its gloomy bosome lie.
Trifles, Marie! may telle the tale,
When wisdom, witte, and courage faile.
Pulci.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Double Yellow Rose. *Rosa Sulphurea*.
Dedicated to *St. Edana*.

July 6.

St. Palladius, A. D. 450. *St. Julian*, Anchorite, 4th Cent. *St. Sexburgh*, 7th Cent. *St. Goar*, A. D. 575. *St. Moninna*, A. D. 518.

FLORAL DIRECTORY

Garden Hawks'-eyes. *Crepis barbata*.
Dedicated to *St. Julian*.

July 7.

St. Pantænus, 3d Cent. *St. Willibald*, Bp. 8th Cent. *St. Heddu*, A. D. 705. *St. Edelburga*. *St. Felix*, Bp. of Nantes, A. D. 584. *St. Benedict XI*. Pope, A. D. 1304.

CHRONOLOGY.

1816. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the poet, dramatist, orator, and statesman, died. He was the third son of Mr Thomas Sheridan, celebrated as an actor, eminent as a lecturer on elocution, and entitled to the gratitude of the public for his judicious and indefatigable exertions to improve the system of education in this country. His father, the rev. Dr. Thomas Sheridan, was a distinguished divine, the ablest school-master of his time, and the intimate friend of the dean of St. Patrick. Mr. Thomas Sheridan died at Margate, on the 14th of August, 1788. Mrs. Frances Sheridan, the mother of Richard Brinsley, was the author of "Sidney Biddulph," a novel, which has the merit of combining the purest morality with the most powerful interest. She also wrote "Nourjahad," an oriental tale, and the comedies of the "Discovery," the "Dupe," and "A Trip to Bath." She died at Blois, in France, the 17th of September, 1766.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan was born in Dorset-street, Dublin, in the month of October, 1751. He was placed, in his seventh year, under the tuition of Mr. Samuel Whyte, of Dublin, the friend of their father. He was placed at Harrow school, after the christmas of 1762. His literary advancement at this seminary appears to have been at first retarded; and it was reserved for the late Dr. Parr, who was at that time one of the sub-preceptors, to discover and call into activity the faculties of young Sheridan's mind. His memory was found to be uncommonly retentive, and his judgment correct; so that when his mind was quickened by competition, his genius gradually expanded. But to be admired seemed his only object, and when that end was attained, he relaxed in his application, and sunk into his former indolence. His last year at Harrow was spent more in reflecting on the acquirements he had made, and the eventful scenes of a busy life, which were opening to his view, than in enlarging the circle of his classical and literary attainments. His father deemed it unnecessary to send him to the university; and he was, a short time after his departure from Harrow, entered as a student of the Middle Temple.

Mr. Sheridan, when about twenty, was peculiarly fond of the society of men of taste and learning, and soon gave proofs

that he was inferior to none of his companions in wit and argument. At this age he had recourse to his literary talents for pecuniary supplies, and directed his attention to the drama; but disgusted with some sketches of comic character which he drew, he actually destroyed them, and in a moment of despair renounced every hope of excellence as a dramatic writer. His views with respect to the cultivation and exertion of his genius in literary pursuits, or to the study of the profession to which he had been destined by his father, were all lost in a passion that mastered his reason. He at once saw and loved Miss Linley, a lady no less admirable for the elegant accomplishments of her sex and the affecting simplicity of her conversation, than for the charms of her person and the fascinating powers of her voice. She was the principal performer in the oratorios at Drury-lane theatre. The strains which she poured forth were the happiest combinations of nature and art; but nature predominated over art. Her accents were so melodious and captivating, and their passage to the heart so sudden and irresistible, that "list'ning Envy would have dropped her snakes, and stern-ey'd Fury's self have melted" at the sounds.

Her father, Mr. Linley, the late ingenious composer, was not at first propitious to Mr. Sheridan's passion, and he had many rivals to overcome in his attempts to gain the lady's affections. His perseverance, however, increased with the difficulties that presented themselves, and his courage and resolution were displayed in vindicating Miss Linley's reputation from a calumnious report, which had been basely thrown out against it.

Mr. Mathews, a gentleman then well known in the fashionable circles at Bath, had caused a paragraph to be inserted in a public paper at that place, and had set out for London. He was closely pursued by Mr. Sheridan. They met and fought a duel with swords at a tavern in Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, the house at the north-west corner, opposite Bedford-court. Mr. Sheridan's second on the occasion was his brother, Charles Francis, a late secretary at war in Ireland. Great courage and skill were displayed on both sides; but Mr. Sheridan having succeeded in disarming his adversary, compelled him to sign a formal retraction of the paragraph which had been published. The conqueror instantly returned to Bath;

and thinking that, as the insult had been publicly given, the apology should have equal notoriety, he caused it to be published in the same paper. Mr. Mathews soon heard of this circumstance, and, irritated at his defeat, as well as the use which his antagonist had made of his apology, repaired to Bath, and called upon Mr. Sheridan for satisfaction. The parties met on Kingsdown. The victory was desperately contested, and, after a discharge of pistols, they fought with swords. They were both wounded, and closing with each other fell on the ground, where the fight was continued until they were separated. They received several cuts and contusions in this arduous struggle for life and honour, and a part of his opponent's weapon was left in Mr. Sheridan's ear. Miss Linley rewarded Mr. Sheridan for the dangers he had braved in her defence, by accompanying him on a matrimonial excursion to the continent. The ceremony was again performed on their return to England, with the consent of her parents; from the period of her marriage, Mrs. Sheridan never appeared as a public performer.

Mr. Sheridan, when encumbered with the cares of a family, felt the necessity of immediate exertion to provide for the pressing calls inseparable from a domestic establishment, which, if not splendid, was marked with all the appearance of genteel life.

On finishing his play of the "Rivals," he presented it to the manager of Covent-garden theatre, and it was represented on the 17th of January, 1775. In consequence of some slight disapprobation, it was laid aside for a time, after the first night's performance. Mr. Sheridan having made some judicious alterations, both in the progress of the plot and in the language, it was shortly after brought forward again, and received in the most favourable manner. His next production was the farce of "St. Patrick's Day, or The Scheming Lieutenant." This was followed by the comic opera of the "Duenna," a composition in every respect superior to the general class of English operas then in fashion. It surpassed even the "Beggars' Opera" in attraction and popularity, and was performed seventy-five nights during the season, while Gay's singular production ran only sixty-five.

Mr. Garrick having resolved to retire from the management of Drury-lane

theatre, his share of the patent was sold to Mr. Sheridan, who, in 1776, paid 30,000*l.* for it. He immediately brought out the "Trip to Scarborough," altered from Vanburgh's comedy of the "Relapse." It was performed on the 24th of February, 1777. His next production was the comedy of the "School for Scandal," which raised his fame to undisputed pre-eminence over contemporary dramatic writers, and conferred, in the opinion of foreign *literati*, a lustre on the British comedy which it did not previously possess. It was first performed on the 8th of May, 1777.

Early in the following season, he produced the musical piece of "The Camp." His "Critic," written upon the model of the duke of Buckingham's "Rehearsal," came out on the 30th of October, 1787.

On the death of Mr. Garrick, in 1779, Mr. Sheridan wrote the monody to the memory of Mr. Garrick, recited at Drury-lane theatre by Mrs. Yates.

Notwithstanding the profits which he derived from his pieces, and the share he had in the theatre, which was very considerable, as he had obtained Mr. Lacy's interest in the patent, a property equally valuable with that of Mr. Garrick, and of course worth, on the lowest calculation, 30,000*l.*, his pecuniary embarrassments had considerably increased. His domestic establishment was not only very expensive, but conducted without any kind of economy. The persuasions of Mr. Fox, whose friendship he had carefully cultivated, operated, with a firm conviction of his own abilities, in determining him to obtain a seat in the house of commons, and a general election taking place in 1780, Mr. Sheridan was returned for Stafford; and though he contented himself at the commencement of the session with giving a silent vote against the minister, he was indefatigable without doors in seconding the views of the whigs under Mr. Fox, against the measures of the ministry. He had a considerable share in the "Englishman," a paper opposed to administration of lord North; and when the Rockingham party came into power, in 1782, his exertions were rewarded with the appointment of under secretary to Mr. Fox, then secretary of state for the foreign department.

The death of the marquis of Rockingham, and the unexpected elevation of the earl of Shelburne to the important office

of first lord of the treasury, completely defeated the views of himself and friends and the ever-memorable coalition having been formed between Mr. Fox and lord North, Mr. Sheridan was once more called upon to commence literary hostilities against the new administration. The periodical work of the "Jesuit" soon appeared, and several very distinguished members of the party contributed to that production.

At length the coalition having gained a decisive victory over the new administration, formed by the Shelburne party, Mr. Sheridan was once more brought into place, in April, 1783, as secretary of the treasury. Under Mr. Pitt, an entire change took place in men and measures, and on the trial of an *ex officio* information against the "Jesuit," Mr. Wilkie, who had the courage to conceal the names of the gentlemen by whom he had been employed, was sentenced to an imprisonment of twelve months.

Mr. Sheridan's speech in defence of Mr. Fox's celebrated East-India Bill was so masterly, as to induce the public opinion to select him from the second class of parliamentary speakers. He was viewed as a formidable opponent by Mr. Pitt, and looked up to with admiration, as a principal leader of the opposition.

He was rapidly approaching to perfection as an orator, when the impeachment of Mr. Hastings supplied him with an opportunity of displaying powers which were then unrivalled. He was one of the managers of the prosecution, and his speech delivered in the house of commons, in April, 1787, on the eighth article as stated in the order laid down by Mr. Burke, relative to "money corruptly and illegally taken," was allowed to equal the most argumentative and impassioned orations that had ever been addressed to the judgment and feelings of the British parliament. He fixed the uninterrupted attention of the house for upwards of five hours, confirmed the minds of those who wavered, and produced co-operation from a quarter which it was supposed would have been hostile to any further proceeding. In the long examination of Mr. Middleton, he gave decided proofs of a strong and discriminating mind; but when, in June, 1788, he summed up the evidence on the charge, respecting the confinement and imprisonment of the princesses of Oude, and the seizure of their treasures, his superiority over his

colleagues was established by universal consent. To form a just opinion of this memorable oration, which occupied the attention of the court and excited the admiration of the public for several hours, it would be necessary to have heard Mr. Sheridan himself. It is difficult to select any part of it as the subject of peculiar encomium. The address with which he arranged his materials; the art and force with which he anticipated objections; the unexampled ingenuity with which he commented on the evidence, and the natural boldness of his imagery, are equally entitled to panegyric. He combined the three kinds of eloquence. He was clear and unadorned—diffuse and pathetic—animated and vehement. There was nothing superfluous—no affected turn—no glittering point—no false sublimity. Compassion and indignation were alternately excited, and the wonderful effects related of the eloquence of Greece and Rome were almost revived.

During the indisposition of his late majesty, Mr. Sheridan took a leading part in the attempts which were made to declare the prince of Wales regent, without such restrictions as parliament should think fit to impose. He contended, that the immediate nomination of the heir-apparent ought to take place, as a matter of constitutional right.

He was ever the zealous supporter of parliamentary reform, and the uniform friend of the liberty of the press and of religious toleration; but he rose superior to the selfish drudgery of a mere partizan, and his conduct, during the crisis of the naval mutiny, received the thanks of the minister.

Mrs. Sheridan died in June, 1792, and he had a son by that lady, Mr. Thomas Sheridan, who inherited much of his father's talents, but fell a victim to indulgence. In 1795, Mr. Sheridan married his second wife, Miss Ogle, youngest daughter of the rev. Dr. Newton Ogle, dean of Winchester. The issue of this second marriage was also a son.

His conduct as manager and principal proprietor of the first theatre in the kingdom, and his punctuality in the discharge of the duties contracted by him in that situation, have rarely been the subject of praise; but in the legal discussion of the claims of the proprietors of Drury-lane theatre, in the court of chancery, so far from any imputation being thrown out against his conduct, it was general

commended; and the chancellor himself (lord Eldon) spoke in the handsomest terms of Mr. Sheridan's *integrity*, though certainly he thought his *prudence* was, in some instances, liable to be questioned.

On the formation of the Fox and Grenville administration, after the death of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Sheridan was appointed treasurer of the navy, and returned member for Westminster, after a strong opposition on the part of Mr. Paul. But in the latter years of his life he had not sat in parliament; where, during the period after his last return, he attended irregularly, and spoke seldom. One of the wittiest of his closing efforts in the house, was a speech, in answer to Mr. Yorke, respecting a discussion on the "Nightly Watch," which had arisen out of the murder of the families of Marr and Williamson, at Wapping.

Mr. Sheridan was one of that circle denominated the prince's friends. So long as his mind remained unaffected by the pressure of personal distress and embarrassment, and whilst he could contribute to the hilarity of the table by his wit, as he had formerly contributed to forward the interests of the prince by his earnest and unremitting endeavours, he appears to have been a welcome visitor at Carlton-house—but this was all. Nor the brilliancy of genius, nor the master of talent, nor time, nor intellect employed and exhausted in the service of the prince, obtained for this great man the means of a peaceful existence, on his cession from public life. In June, 1816, his constitution was completely broken up, and his speedy dissolution seemed inevitable.

He died at noon, on Sunday, the 7th of July, 1816. For several weeks prior to his death he lay under arrest, and it was only by the firmness and humanity of the two eminent physicians who attended him, Dr. Baillie and Dr. Bain, that an obdurate attorney was prevented from executing a threat to remove him from his house to a death-bed in gaol. He enjoyed, however, to the last moment, the sweetest consolation that the heart can feel in the affectionate tenderness, sympathy, and attention of his amiable wife and son. Mrs. Sheridan, though herself labouring under severe illness watched over him with the most anxious solicitude through the whole of that protracted suffering, which has parted them for ever.

To these particulars of this extraordi-

any individual, which are extracted from a memoir of him that appeared in *The Times* newspaper, must be added a passage or two from a celebrated "Estimate of his Character and Talents" in the same journal.

"Mr. Sheridan in his happiest days never effected any thing by steady application. He was capable of intense, but not of regular study. When public duty or private difficulty urged him, he endured the burden as if asleep under its pressure. At length, when the pain could be no longer borne, he roused himself with one mighty effort, and burst like a lion through the toils. There are reasons for believing that his constitutional indolence began its operation upon his habits at an early age. His very first dramatic scenes were written by snatches, with considerable intervals between them. Convivial pleasures had lively charms for one whose wit was the soul of the table; and the sparkling glass—the medium of social intercourse—had no small share of his affection. These were joys to be indulged without effort: as such they were too well calculated to absorb the time of Mr. Sheridan, and sooner or later to make large encroachments on his character. His attendance in parliament became every year more languid—the *vis inertię* more incurable—the plunges by which his genius had now and then extricated him in former times less frequent and more feeble. We never witnessed a contrast much more melancholy than between the brilliant and commanding talent displayed by Mr. Sheridan throughout the first regency discussions, and the low scale of nerve, activity, and capacity, to which he seemed reduced when that subject was more recently agitated in parliament. But indolence and intemperance must banish reflection, if not corrected by it; since no man could support the torture of perpetual self-reproach. Aggravated, we fear, by some such causes, the naturally careless temper of Mr. Sheridan became ruinous to all his better hopes and prospects. Without a direct appetite for spending money, he thought not of checking its expenditure. The economy of time was as much disregarded as that of money. All the arrangements, punctualities, and minor obligations of life were forgotten, and the household of Mr. Sheridan was always in a state of nature. His domestic feelings were originally kind, and his manners gentle: but the same

bad habits seduced him from the house of commons, and from home; and equally injured him as an agent of the public good, and as a dispenser of private happiness. It is painful, it is mortifying, but it is our sacred duty, to pursue this history to the end. Pecuniary embarrassments often lead men to shifts and expedients—these exhausted, to others of a less doubtful colour. Blunted sensibility—renewed excesses—loss of cast in society—follow each other in melancholy succession, until solitude and darkness close the scene.

"It has been made a reproach by some persons, in lamenting Mr. Sheridan's cruel destiny, that 'his friends' had not done more for him. We freely and conscientiously declare it as our opinion, that had Mr. Sheridan enjoyed ten receiverships of Cornwall instead of one, he would not have died in affluence. He never would have attained to comfort or independence in his fortune. A vain man may become rich, because his vanity may thirst for only a single mode of gratification; an ambitious man, a *bon vivant*, a sportsman, may severally control their expenses; but a man who is inveterately thoughtless of consequences, and callous to reproof—who knows not when he squanders money, because he feels not those obligations which constitute or direct its uses—such a man it is impossible to rescue from destruction. We go further—we profess not to conjecture to what individuals the above reproach of forgotten friendships has been applied. If against persons of illustrious rank, there never was a more unfounded accusation. Mr. Sheridan, throughout his whole life, stood as high as he ought to have done in the quarters alluded to. He received the most substantial proofs of kind and anxious attachment from these personages; and it is to his credit that he was not insensible to their regard. If the mistaken advocates of Mr. Sheridan were so much his enemies as to wish he had been raised to some elevated office, are they not aware that even one month's active attendance out of twelve he was at times utterly incapable of giving? But what friends are blamed for neglecting Mr. Sheridan? What *friendships* did he ever form? We more than doubt whether he could fairly claim the rights of friendship with any leader of the whig administration. We know that he has publicly asserted Mr. Fox to be his friend, and

that he has dwelt with much eloquence on the sweets and enjoyments of that connection; but it has never been our fortune to find out that Mr. Fox had, on any public or private occasion, bound himself by reciprocal pledges. Evidence against the admission of such ties on his part may be drawn from the well-known anecdotes of what occurred within a few days of that statesman's death. The fact is, that a life of conviviality and intemperance seldom favours the cultivation of those better tastes and affections which are necessary to the existence of intimate friendship. That Mr. Sheridan had as many admirers as acquaintances, there is no room to doubt; but they admired only his astonishing powers; there never was a second opinion or feeling as to the unfortunate use which he made of them.

“Never were such gifts as those which Providence showered upon Mr. Sheridan so abused—never were talents so miser-

ably perverted. The term ‘greatness has been most ridiculously, and, in a moral sense, most perniciously applied to the character of one who, to speak charitably of him, was the weakest of men. Had he employed his matchless endowments with but ordinary judgment, nothing in England, hardly any thing in Europe, could have eclipsed his name, or obstructed his progress.”

May they who read, and he who writes, reflect, and profit by reflection, on

The talents lost—the moments run
To waste—the sins of act, of thought,
Ten thousand deeds of folly done,
And countless virtues cherish'd not.
Bowring.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Nasturtium. *Tropocolum majus*
Dedicated to *St. Felix*

To the Summer Zephyr.

Zephyr, stay thy vagrant flight,
And tell me where you're going.—
Is it to sip off the dew-drop bright
That hangs on the breast of the lily white
In yonder pasture growing;
Or to revel 'mid roses and mignonette sweet;
Or wing'st thou away some fair lady to meet?—
If so, then, hie thee away, bland boy;
Thou canst not engage in a sweeter employ.

“From kissing the blue of yon bright summer sky,
To the vine-cover'd cottage, delighted, I fly,
Where Lucy the gay is shining;
To sport in the beams of her lovely eye,
While her temples with roses she's twining.
Then do not detain me; I sigh to be there,
To fan her young bosom—to play 'mid her hair!”

July 8.

St. Elizabeth, Queen of Portugal, A. D. 1336. *St. Procopius*, A. D. 303. *Sts. Kilian, Colman, and Totnam*, A. D. 688. *St. Withburge*, 10th Cent. *B. Theobald*, 13th Cent. *St. Grimbold*, A. D. 903.

New Churches.

Every one must have been struck by the great number of new churches erected within the suburbs of the metropolis, and

the novel forms of their steeples; yet few have been aware of the difficulties encountered by architects in their endeavours to accommodate large congregations in edifices for public worship. Sir Christopher Wren experienced the inconvenience when the fifty churches were erected in queen Anne's time. He says, “The Romanists, indeed, may build large churches; it is enough if they hear the murmur of the mass, and see the elevation of the host, but ours are to be fitted for auditories. I can hardly think it practicable to make a single room so capacious with pews and galleries, as to hold above two thousand persons, and both to hear

distinctly, and see the preacher. I endeavoured to effect this, in building the parish church of St. James's, Westminster, which I presume is the most capacious, with these qualifications, that hath yet been built; and yet, at a solemn time, when the church was much crowded, I could not discern from a gallery that two thousand were present. A moderate voice may be heard fifty feet distant before the preacher, thirty feet on each side, and twenty behind the pulpit; and not this, unless the pronunciation be distinct and equal, without losing the voice at the last word of the sentence, which is commonly emphatical, and, if obscured, spoils the whole sense. A French is heard further than an English preacher, because he raises his voice, and does not sink his last words. I mention this as an insufferable fault in the pronunciation of some of our otherwise excellent preachers; which schoolmasters might correct in the young, as a vicious pronunciation, and not as the Roman orator spoke; for the principal verb is in Latin usually the last word; and if that be lost, what becomes of the sentence?"

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Evening Primrose. *Oenothera biennis*.
Dedicated to *St. Elizabeth*.

July 9.

St. Ephrem of Edessa, A. D. 378. *The Martyrs of Gorcum*, A. D. 1572. *St. Everildis*.

Health.

In hot weather walk slowly, and as much as possible in the shade.

When fatigued recline on a sofa, and avoid all drafts.

Eat sparingly of meat, and indeed of every thing.

Especially shun unripe fruits, and be moderate with cherries.

Strawberries may be safely indulged in; with a little cream and bread they make a delightful supper, an hour or two before retiring to rest.

If the frame be weakened by excessive heat, a table spoonfull of the best brandy, thrown into a tumbler of spring water, becomes a cooling restorative; otherwise spirits should not be touched.

Spring water, with a toast in it, is the best drink.

No. 30.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Marsh Sowthistle. *Sonchus palustris*.
Dedicated to *St. Everildis*.



Captain Starkey.

Died, July 9, 1822.

Reader! see the famous Captain Starkey, in his own coat wrapt in;
Mark his mark'd nose, and mark his eye,
His lengthen'd chin, his forehead high,
His little stick, his humble hat,
The modest tie of his cravat;
Mark how easy sit his hose,
Mark the shoes that hold his toes;
So he look'd when Ranson sketch'd him
While alive—but Death has fetch'd him.

Auto-biography is agreeable in the writing, and sometimes profitable in the publication, to persons whose names would otherwise die and be buried with them. Of this numerous class was captain Starkey, who to his "immortal memory" wrote and published his own "Memoirs."*

* "Memoirs of the Life of Benj. Starkey, late of London, but now an inmate of the Free-men's Hospital, in Newcastle. Written by himself. With a portrait of the Author and a Fac-simile of his hand writing. Printed and sold by William Hall, Great Market, Newcastle." 1818. 12mo. pp. 14.

The preface to a fine uncut copy of captain Starkey's very rare "Memoirs," *venes me*, commences thus:—"The writers of biographical accounts have *always* prepared articles, which at once, when held forth to the public, were *highly entertaining, useful, and satisfactory.*" This particular representation, so directly opposed to general experience, is decisively original. Its expression bespeaks an independence of character, rendered further conspicuous by an amiable humility. "I am afraid," says the captain, "I shall fall infinitely short in commanding your attention; none, on *this* side of time, are perfect, and it is in the nature of things impossible it should be otherwise." He trusts, "if truth has any force," that "patience and candour" will hear him out. Of captain Starkey then—it may be said, that "he knew the truth, and knowing dared maintain it."

The captain declares, he was born of honest and poor parents, natives of Newcastle upon Tyne, at the Lying-in Hospital, Brownlow-street, Long-acre, London, on the 19th of December, 1757. "My infantile years," he observes, "were attended with much indisposition." The nature of his "indisposition" does not appear; but it is reasonable to presume, that as the "infantile years" of all of "living born," at that time, were passed in "much indisposition," the captain suffered no more than fell to him in the common lot. It was then the practice to afflict a child as soon as it breathed the air, by forcing spoonfulls of "unctuousities" down its throat, "oil of sweet almonds and syrup of blue violets." A strong cotton swathe of about six inches in width, and from ten to twenty feet in length, was tightly rolled round the body, beginning under the arm pits and ending at the hips, so as to stiffly encase the entire trunk. After the child was dressed, if its constraint would allow it to suck, it was suckled; but whether suckled or not, the effect of the swathing was soon visible; its eyes rolled in agony, it was pronounced convulsed, and a dose of "Dalby's Carminative" was administered as "the finest thing in the world for convulsions." With "pap" made of bread and water, and milk loaded with brown sugar, it was fed from a "pap-boat," an earthen vessel in the form of a butter-boat. If "these contents" were not quickly "received in full," the infant was declared "not very well," but if by cry-

ing, kicking of the legs, stiffening of the back, and eructation from the stomach, it resisted further overloading, then it was affirmed that it was "troubled with wind," and was drenched with "Daffy's Elixir," as "the finest thing in the world for wind." As soon as the "wind" had "a little broken off, poor thing!" it was suckled again, and fed again; being so suckled and fed, and fed and suckled, it was wonderful if it could sleep soundly, and therefore, after it was undressed at night, it had a dose of "Godfrey's Cordial," as "the finest thing in the world for composing to rest." If it was not "composed" out of the world before morning, it awoke to undergo the manifold process of being again over-swathed, over-fed, "Dalby'd, Daffy'd, and Godfrey'd" for that day; and so, day by day, it was put in bonds, "carminativ'd, elixir'd, and cordial'd," till in a few weeks or months it died, or escaped, as by miracle, to be weaned and made to walk. It was not to be put on its legs "too soon," and therefore, while the work of repletion was going on, it was not to feel that it had legs, but was kept in arms, or rather kept lolling on the arm, till ten or twelve months old. By this means its body, being unduly distended, was too heavy to be sustained by its weak and comparatively diminutive sized limbs; and then a "go-cart" was provided. The go-cart was a sort of circular frame-work, running upon wheels, with a door to open for admission of the child; wherein, being bolted, and the upper part being only so large as to admit its body from below the arms, the child rested by the arm pits, and kicking its legs on the floor, set the machine rolling on its wheels. This being the customary mode of "bringing children up" at the time of captain Starkey's birth, and until about the year 1790, few were without a general disorder and weakness of the frame, called "the rickets." These afflicted ones were sometimes hump-backed, and usually bow-shinned, or knock-kneed, for life, though to remedy the latter defects in some degree, the legs were fastened by straps to jointed irons. From the whole length portrait at the head of this article, which is copied from an etching by Mr. Thomas Ranson, prefixed to captain Starkey's "Memoirs," it is reasonably to be conjectured that the captain in his childhood had been ricketty and had worn irons. Mr. Ranson has draped the figure in t

long coat. Had this been done to conceal the inward inclination of the captain's knees, it would have been creditable to Mr. Ranson's delicacy; for there is a sentiment connected with the meeting of the knees, in the owner's mind, which he who knows human nature and has human feelings, knows how to respect; and no one either as a man or an artist is better acquainted with the "humanities" than Mr. Ranson. But that gentleman drew the captain from the life, and the captain's coat is from the coat he actually wore when he stood for his picture. There is a remarkable dereliction of the nose from the eyebrows. It was a practice with the race of nurses who existed when the captain's nose came into the world, to pinch up that feature of our infant ancestors from an hour old, till "the month was up." This was from a persuasion that nature, on that part of the face, required to be assisted. A few only of these ancient females remain, and it does not accord with the experience of one of the most experienced among them, that they ever *depressed* that sensible feature; she is fully of opinion, that for the protrusion at the end of the captain's, he was indebted to his nurse "during the month;" and she says that, "it's this, that makes him look so sensible."

According to captain Starkey's narrative, when "learning to walk alone," he unfortunately fell, "and so hurt his left arm, that it turned to a white swelling as large as a child's head." The captain says, "my poor parents immediately applied to two gentlemen of the faculty, at the west end of the town, named Bloomfield and Hawkins, physicians and surgeons to his then reigning majesty, king George the Second, of these kingdoms, who declared that, *they could not do any more than cut it off; unto which my tender parents would not consent.*" A French surgeon restored to him the use of his arm, and gave him advice "not to employ it in any arduous employment." "I, therefore," says the captain, "as my mother kept a preparatory school, was *learned* by her to read and spell." At seven years old he was "put to a master to learn to write, cipher, and the classics." After this, desiring to be acquainted with other languages, he was sent to another master, and "improved," to the pleasure of himself and friends, but was "not so successful" as he could wish; for which

he says, "I am, as I ought to be, thankful to divine providence." With him he stayed, improving and not succeeding till he was fourteen, "at which age," says the captain, "I was bound apprentice to Mr. William Bird, an eminent writer and teacher of languages and mathematics, in Fetter-lane, Holborn." After his apprenticeship the captain, in the year 1780, went with his father, during an election, to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, his parents' native town. Returning to London, he, in 1784, went electioneering again to Newcastle, having left a small school in London to the care of a substitute, who managed to reduce twenty-five scholars to ten, "although he was paid a weekly allowance." Being "filled with trouble by the loss," he was assisted to a school in Sunderland; "but," the captain remarks, "as the greatest success did not attend me in *that*, I had the happiness and honour of receiving a better employment in the aforesaid town of Sunderland, from that ever to be remembered gentleman, William Gooch, esq., comptroller of the customs, who died in the year 1791, and did not die unmindful of *me*: for he left me in his will the sum of 10%, with which, had I been prudent enough, and left his employ immediately after his interment, I might have done well; but foolishly relying on the continuance of my place, continued doing the duties for nine months without receiving any remuneration; and at last was obliged to leave, it not being the pleasure of the then collector, C. Hill, esq., that I should *continue any longer in office.*" Great as the sensation must have been at Sunderland on this important change "*in office,*" the fact is entirely omitted in the journals of the period, and might at this time have been wholly forgotten if the captain had not been his own chronicler. On his forced "retirement" he returned to Newcastle, willing to take "office" there, but there being no opening he resolved once more to try his fortune in London. For that purpose he crossed the Tyne-bridge, with two shillings in his pocket, and arriving at Chester-le-street, obtained a subscription of two guineas, by which, "with helps and hopes," and "walking some stages," and getting "casts by coaches," he arrived in the metropolis, where he obtained a recommendation back, to the then mayor of Newcastle. Thither he again repaired, and presented his letter to the mayor, who

promised him a place in the Freemen's Hospital, and gave it him on the first vacancy. "In which situation," says captain Starkey, "I have now been twenty-six years enjoying the invaluable blessing of health and good friends." So ends his "Memoir written by himself."

To what end captain Starkey wrote his history, or how he came by his rank, he does not say; but in the "Local Records, or Historical Register of Remarkable Events in Durham, Northumberland, Newcastle, and Berwick," a volume compiled and published by Mr. JOHN SYKES, of Newcastle, there is a notice which throws some light on the matter. "Mr. Starkey, who was uncommonly polite, had a peculiarly smooth method of obtaining the *loan* of a halfpenny, for which he was always ready to give his promissory note, which his creditors held as curiosities." Halfpenny debentures were tedious instruments for small "loans," and Starkey may have compiled his "Memoirs," with-

out affixing a price, for the purpose of saying, "what you please," and thereby raising "supplies" by sixpence and shilling at a time. It is to be observed to his credit, that had he made his book more entertaining, it would have had far less claim upon an honest reader. It is the adventureless history of a man who did no harm in the world, and thought he had a right to live, because he was a living being. Mr. Ranson's portrait represents him as he was. His stick, instead of a staff of support, appears symbolical of the assistance he required towards existence. He holds his hat behind, as if to intimate that his head is not entitled to be covered in "a gentleman's *presence*." He seems to have been a poor powerless creature, sensible of incompetency to do; anxious not to suffer; and with just enough of worldly cunning, to derive to himself a little of the superabundance enjoyed by men, who obtain for greater cunning the name of cleverness.

QUATRAINS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVERY-DAY BOOK.

[From the London Magazine.]

I like you, and your book, ingenuous Hone!
 In whose capacious, all-embracing leaves
 The very marrow of tradition's shown;
 And all that history—much that fiction—weaves.

By every sort of taste your work is graced.
 Vast stores of modern anecdote we find,
 With good old story quaintly interlaced—
 The theme as various as the reader's mind.

Rome's lie-fraught legends you so truly paint—
 Yet kindly—that the half-turn'd Catholic
 Scarcely forbears to smile at his own saint,
 And cannot curse the candid Heretic.

Rags, relics, witches, ghosts, fiends, crowd your page;
 Our father's mummeries we well-pleased behold;
 And, proudly conscious of a purer age,
 Forgive some fopperies in the times of old.

Verse-honouring Phœbus, Father of bright *Days*,
 Must needs bestow on you both good and many.
 Who, building trophies to his children's praise,
 Run their rich Zodiac through, not missing any.

Dan Phœbus loves your book—trust me, friend Hone—
 The title only errs, he bids me say :
 For while such art—wit—reading—there are shown.
 He swears, 'tis not a work of *every day*.

C. LAMB

 QUATORZIANS

TO THE AUTHOR OF "QUATRAINS."

In feeling, like a stricken deer, I've been
 Self-put out from the herd, friend Lamb ; for I
 Imagined all the sympathies between
 Mankind and me had ceased, till your full cry
 Of kindness reach'd and roused me, as I lay
 " Musing—on divers things foreknown : " it bid
 Me know, in you, a friend ; with a fine gay
 Sincerity, before all men it chid,
 Or rather, by not chiding, seem'd to chide
 Me, for long absence from you ; re-invited
 Me, with a herald's trump, and so defied
 Me to remain immured ; and it requited
 Me, for others' harsh misdeeming—which I trust is
 Now, or will be, known by them, to be injustice.

I am " ingenuous : " it is all I can
 Pretend to ; it is all I wish to be ;
 Yet, through obliquity of sight in man,
 From constant gaze on tortuosity,
 Few people understand me : still, I am
 Warmly affection'd to each human being ;
 Loving the right, for right's sake ; and, friend Lamb,
 Trying to see things as they are ; hence, seeing
 Some " good in ev'ry thing " however bad,
 Evil in many things that look most fair,
 And pondering on all : this may be mad-
 ness, but it is my method ; and I dare
 Deductions from a strange diversity
 Of things, not taught within a University.

No schools of science open'd to my youth ;
 No learned halls, no academic bowers ;
 No one had I to point my way to truth,
 Instruct my ign'rance, or direct my powers :
 Yet I, though all unlearned, p'rhaps may aid
 The march of knowledge in our " purer age,"
 And, without seeming, may perchance persuade
 The young to think,—to virtue some engage .
 So have I hoped, and with this end in view,
 My little *Every-Day Book* I design'd ;
 Praise of the work, ^{wrote} of its author too,
 From you, friend Lamb, is more than good and kind :
 To such high meed I did not dare aspire
 As public honour, from the hand of ALLWORTHY EDITOR.

As to the message from your friend above :—

Do me the favour to present my best
Respects to old " Dan Phœbus," for the " love
He bears the *Every-Day Book* : for the rest,
That is, the handsome mode he has selected
Of making me fine compliments by you, 'tis
So flatt'ring to me, and so much respected
By me, that, if you please, and it should suit his
Highness, I must rely upon you, for
Obtaining his command, to introduce me
To him yourself, when quite convenient ; or
I trust, at any rate, you'll not refuse me
A line, to signify, that I'm the person known
To him, through you, friend Lamb, as

Your Friend

WILLIAM HONE

July 10.

The Seven Brothers, Martyrs, and *St. Felicitas*, their Mother. 2nd Cent.
Sts. Rufina and Secunda, V. A. D. 257.

Spider Barometers.

If the weather is likely to become rainy, windy, or in other respects disagreeable, spiders fix the terminating filaments, on which the whole web is suspended, unusually short. If the terminating filaments are made uncommonly long, the weather will be serene, and continue so, at least for ten or twelve days. If spiders be totally indolent, rain generally succeeds ; though their activity during rain is certain proof that it will be only of short duration, and followed by fair and constant weather. Spiders usually make some alterations in their webs every twenty-four hours ; if these changes take place between the hours of six and seven in the evening, they indicate a clear and pleasant night.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Speckled Snapdragon. *Antirrhinum triphyllum*.

Dedicated to *Sts. Rufina and Secunda*.

July 11.

St. James, Bp. of Nisibis, A. D. 350. *St. Hidulphus*, Bp. A. D. 707, or 713. *St. Pius I.*, Pope, A. D. 157. *St. Drostan*, A. D. 809.

Sun-set.

Soft o'er the mountain's purple brow,
Meek twilight draws her shadowy grey ;
From tufted woods, and valleys low,
Light's magic colours steal away.

Yet still, amid the spreading gloom,
Resplendent glow the western waves
That roll o'er Neptune's coral caves
A zone of light on evening's dome.

On this lone summit let me rest,
And view the forms to fancy dear,
'Till on the ocean's darkened breast,
The stars of evening tremble clear ;
Or the moon's pale orb appear,
Throwing her light of radiance wide,
Far o'er the lightly curling tide.

No sounds o'er silence now prevail,
Save of the murmur'ing brook below,
Or sailor's song borne on the gale,
Or oar at distance striking slow.

So sweet, so tranquil, may my evening ray,
Set to this world—and rise in future day.

FLORAL DIRECTORY

Yellow Lupin. *Lupinus flavus*
Dedicated to *St. James*.

July 12.

St. John Gualbert, Abbot, A. D. 1073.
Sts. Nabor and Felix, Martyrs, A. D. 304.

In the " Poems " of Mr. Gent, there are some lines of tranquillizing tendency.

To Mary.

Oh ! is there not in infant smiles
A witching power, a cheering ray,
A charm that every care beguiles,
And bids the weary soul be gay ?

There surely is—for thou hast been
Child of my heart, my peaceful dove,
Gladd'ning life's sad and chequered scene
An emblem of the peace above.

Now all is calm and dark and still,
 And bright the beam the moonlight
 throws
 On ocean wave, and gentle rill,
 And on thy slumb'ring cheek of rose.

And may no care disturb that breast,
 Nor sorrow dim that brow serene ;
 And may thy latest years be blest
 As thy sweet infancy has been.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Great Snapdragon. *Antirrhinum purpureum*

Dedicated to *St. John Gualbert.*

July 13.

St. Eugenius, Bp. A. D. 505. *St. Anacletus*, Pope, A. D. 107. *St. Turias*, Bp. A. D. 749.

How soothing is a calm stroll on a summer's evening after sun-set, while the breeze of health is floating gently over the verdure, the moon ascending, and the evening star glistening like a diamond.

Diana's bright crescent, like a silver bow,
 New strung in Heaven, lifts high its beamy
 horns

Impatient for the night, and seems to push
 Her brother down the sky; fair Venus
 shines

Ev'n in the eye of day; with sweetest beam,
 Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling
 flood

Of softened radiance from her dewy locks.
 The shadows spread apace; while meek-
 ey'd eve,

Her cheeks yet warm with blushes, slow
 retires

Thro' the Hesperian garden of the west,
 And shuts the gates of day.

FLORAL DIRECTORY

Blue Lupin. *Lupinus cæruleus.*

Dedicated to *St. Eugenius.*

July 14.

St. Bonaventure, Card. Bp. A. D. 1274.

St. Camillus de Lellis, A. D. 1614. *St.*

laus. Bp. in Leinster

WARMTH.

The heat of the season, unless patiently endured, has a tendency to inflame the mind, and render it irritable. On some infants its effects are visible in their restlessness and peevishness. Parents, and those who have the care of childhood, must now watch themselves as well as their offspring.

A father's voice in threat'ning tone
 The storm of rage revealing,
 His flashing eye and angry frown,
 Would rouse a kindred feeling.
 But where's the child his sigh can hear,
 When grief his heart is rending?
 And who unmov'd can see the tear,
 A parent's cheek descending.

Oh, yes! a child may brave the heat,
 A father's rage confessing,
 But, ah! how sweet his smile to meet,
 And, oh! how dear his blessing!
 Then let me shun with shrinking fear,
 The thought of not conceding,
 I could not bear affection's tear,
 When parent's lips were pleading.

The Cross Bill. (Loxia curvi rostra.)

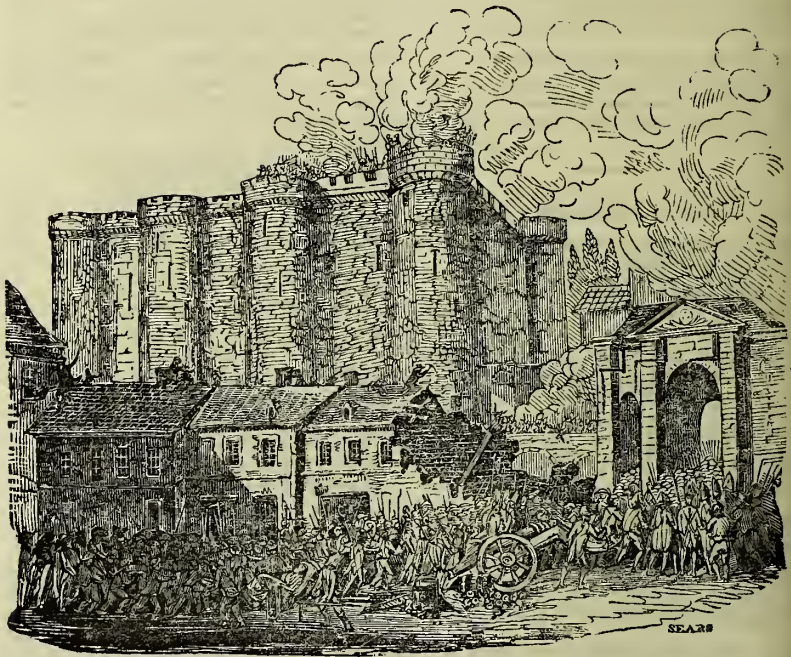
In July, 1821, at West Felton, in Shropshire, this rare and beautiful bird was seen, in a flight of about eighteen or twenty, alighting on the tops of pine trees and larch; the cone of which it opens with adroit neatness, holding it in one claw, like a parrot, and picking out the seeds. They were of various colours, brown, green, yellow, and crimson, and some entirely of the most lovely rose colour; hanging and climbing in fanciful attitudes, and much resembling a group of small paroquets. Their unusual note, somewhat like the quick chirp of linnets, but much louder, first attracted attention. The observer had repeated opportunities of viewing them to the greatest advantage, by means of a small telescope. They also eat excrescent knobs, or the insects formed therein by the *cynips*, at the ends of the young spruce branches. These birds are natives of Germany and the Pyrenees, and are very rarely seen in England. It was remarked, that the same mandible of the bill crossed on the right side in some birds, and on the left in others.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Red Lupin. *Lupinus perennis.*

Dedicated to *St. Bonaventure.*

* Shrewsbury Chronicle.



Destruction of the Bastille.

— Sir, 'tis the Bastille,
 Full of such dark, deep, damp, chill dungeons of horror and silence.
 Young men shut therein oft grew gray-haired in a twelvemonth ;
 Old men lost their senses, forgetting they had not been born there ;
 Thumb-screws, weapons of torture, were found, most shocking to think of !
 Fetters still lock'd on the limbs of unburied skeletons starved there,
 Curses engraved with a nail in the stone walls.

Hexameters, in Annual Anthology, vol. ii.

The Bastille of Paris, the great state prison of France, was stormed and destroyed by the populace on the 14th of July, 1789. This extraordinary event took place during the sitting of the national assembly convened by Louis XVI. under great exigency. The French government at that time afforded no security to life or property. Persons offensive to the state were arrested under arbitrary warrants, called *Lettres de Cachet*, consigned to the dungeons of the Bastille, remained there without trial, often for life, and sometimes perished from neglect, or the cruel incident to imprisonment in the fortress.

Louis XVI. was surrounded by advisers, who insisted on the maintenance of the royal prerogative, in opposition to the growing and loudly expressed desires of the most intelligent men in France, for an administration of public affairs, and the formation of a government, on principles of acknowledged right and justice. The king refused to yield ; and, to crush the popular power, and overawe the national assembly in its deliberations, troops were ordered to approach Paris. At this juncture the assembly addressed the king, praying the removal of the troops ; he refused, the troops prepared to enter Paris, the people flew to arms, the Bastille

was taken, and fatal ills prevailed in the cabinet, till popular fury arrived at a height uncontrollable by public virtue, and the king himself perished on the scaffold, with several of his family.

In recording the destruction of the Bastile on this day, it is necessary to remark, that on the morning of the day before, (the 13th of July,) the populace marched in a body to the *Hôtel des Invalides*, with intent to seize the arms deposited there. The governor, M. de Sombreuil, sensible that resistance was vain, opened the gates, and suffered them to carry away the arms and the cannon. At the same time, the curate of the parish church of *St. Etienne du Mont*, having put himself at the head of his parishioners, invited his neighbours to arm themselves in their own defence, and in support of good order.

By the interception of couriers, the grand plan of hostility against the city was universally known and understood. It was ascertained that marshall Broglio had accepted the command of the troops; that he had made dispositions for the blockade of Paris; and that considerable convoys of artillery had arrived for that purpose. These facts occasioned violent agitation, and eager search for arms, wherever they could be found. Every one flew to the post of danger; and, without reflection, commenced perilous attacks, seemingly reserved only for military science and cool reflection, to achieve with success.

On the 14th, there was a sudden exclamation among the people, *Let us storm the Bastile!* If they had only said, let us attack the Bastile, the immense walls that surrounded the edifice, the broad and deep ditches that prevented approach to its walls, and the batteries of cannon placed on them, would have at least cooled their resolution. But insensible of the danger and hazard of the assault, all at once, and with one voice, a numerous body of men, among whom were many of the national guards, exclaimed, *Let us storm the Bastile!* and that instant they proceeded towards it, with such arms as they happened to be provided with, and presented themselves before this tremendous fortress, by the great street of St. Anthony. M. de Launay, the governor, perceiving this insurrection, caused a flag of truce to be hung out. Upon this appearance, a detachment of the patriotic guards, with five or six hun-

dred citizens, introduced themselves into the outer court, and the governor, advancing to the draw-bridge, inquired of the people what they wanted. They answered, *ammunition and arms*. He promised to furnish them, *when any persons presented themselves on the part of the Hôtel de Ville*; meaning by that, from Des Flesselles, *Prevot des Marchands*. The people, little satisfied with this answer, replied by menaces, threats, and great appearance of violence. De Launay then caused the draw-bridge to be raised, and ordered a discharge of artillery on the persons who by this means he had cut off from the main body, and enclosed within the court. Several soldiers, and a greater number of the citizens, fell, and the cannon fired on the city threw the neighbourhood into the greatest disorder. The besiegers, burning to retaliate the loss of their comrades, applied to the districts for reinforcements, sent for the artillery they had just taken from the invalids, and obtained five pieces of cannon, with six gunners, who offered their services, and brought ammunition for the attack. Two serjeants of the patriotic corps, M. Warquier and Labarthe, at the head of a party of their comrades, supported by a troop of citizens, headed by M. Hulin, whom they had unanimously chosen for their commander, traversed on the side of the *Celestins*, all the passages near the arsenal, and with three pieces of artillery which they brought into the court *des Salpêtres*, contiguous to the Bastile, immediately commenced a brisk fire, the besiegers endeavouring to outdo each other in courage and intrepidity. M. Hely, an officer of the regiment of infantry (*de la Reine*), caused several waggons loaded with straw to be unloaded and set on fire, and by means of the smoke that issued from them, the besieged were prevented from seeing the operations of the besiegers. The governor, knowing that he could not hold out against an incessant fire on the fortress, and seeing that the chains of the first draw-bridge were carried away by the shot from the besiegers' cannon, again hung out a white flag, as a token of peace. The besiegers, determined to revenge the massacre of their comrades by the perfidy of De Launay, were deaf to all entreaties, and would look at nothing that would lessen their resentment. In vain the governor made a second attempt to pacify the assailants. Through the crevices of the inward draw-bridge, he affixed

a writing, which a person went in quest of, at the hazard of his life. The paper was to this purport: "*We have twenty thousand weight of gunpowder, and we will blow up the garrison and all its environs, if you do not accept of our capitulation.*"

The besiegers despising the menace, redoubled their firing, and continued their operations with additional vigour. Numberless spectators of all ages, of all conditions, and many English, were present at this wonderful enterprise; and it is recorded, that a British female, unrestrained by the delicacy of her sex, accepted a lighted match on its being offered to her, and fired one of the cannon against the fortress.

Three pieces of artillery being brought forward to beat down the draw-bridge, the governor demolished the little bridge of passage on the left hand, at the entrance of the fortress; but three persons, named Hely, Hulin, and Maillard, leaped on the bridge, and demanding that the inmost gate should be instantly opened, the besieged obeyed, and the besiegers pushed forward to make good their entrance. The garrison still persisted in a vain resistance. The people massacred all who came in their way, and the victorious standard was soon hoisted from the highest tower. In the mean time, the principal draw-bridge having been let down, a great crowd rushed in at once, and every one looked out for the governor. Arné, a grenadier, singled him out, seized, and disarmed him, and delivered him up to M. Hulin and Hely. The people tore from his coat the badge of honour; numerous hands were lifted against him; and De Launay threw himself into the arms of M. Templement, and conjured him to protect him from the rage of the populace.

The deputy governor, major, and the captain of the gunners, were now united in one group. The horrid dungeons of the fortress were thrown open, never more to be closed; unhappy victims, with hoary locks and emaciated bodies, were astonished at beholding the light, on their release, and shouts of joy and victory resounded through the remotest cells of the Bastille.

The victors formed a kind of march, and while some uttered acclamations of triumph, others vented their passions in threats of revenge against the vanquished. The city militia mixing with the patriotic guards, crowns of laurel, gar-

lands, and ribands, were offered to them by the spectators. The conquerors, proceeding to the *Hotel de Ville*, were scarcely arrived at the square before that edifice, *La Place de Greve*, when the multitude called aloud for sudden vengeance on the objects of their resentment. The governor and the other officers were impetuously torn from the hands of their conquerors, and De Launay, with several other victims, perished beneath the weapons of an infuriated populace.

Thus fell the Bastille, after a siege of only three hours. Tumultuous joy prevailed throughout Paris, and the city was illuminated in the evening. By the most experienced military engineers under Louis XIV., it had been deemed impregnable.

The Bastille consisted of eight strong towers. It was surrounded with a *fossé* one hundred and twenty yards wide, and on the summit of the towers there was a platform, connected by terraces, whereon prisoners were sometimes permitted to walk, attended by a guard. Thirteen pieces of cannon mounted on this platform were fired on days of public rejoicing. There were five sorts of chambers in the Bastille. The dungeons under these towers exhaled noxious vapours and stench, and were frequented by rats, lizards, toads, and other loathsome reptiles. In the angle of each dungeon, was a camp-bedstead, of planks resting on bars of iron fixed in the wall. These cells were dark and hideous, without windows or apertures, to admit either fresh air or light. They were secured by double doors of seven inches thick, the interior one covered with iron-plates, and fastened by strong bolts and heavy locks. The most horrible receptacles were the dungeons, wherein the iron cages were fixed. These cages, the disgrace of human nature, were eight feet high, by six feet wide, and formed of strong beams, strengthened further by iron plates. As this building is amply described in several works, further particulars of it may here cease.

Cowper, after an eloquent passage upon the blessings of liberty to man, says, "The author hopes that he shall not be censured for unnecessary warmth upon so interesting a subject. He is aware that it is become almost fashionable, to stigmatize such sentiments as no better than empty declamation; but it is an ill symptom, and peculiar to modern times." He then rolls a flood of indignation

against the Bastile. The dreadful fortress was at that time standing. His imagination of human endurance under the horrors of confinement in its cells, beautifully illustrates his compassionate feelings. He says,—

Shame to manhood, and opprobrious more
To France than all her losses and defeats,
Old or of later date, by sea or land,
Her house of bondage, worse than that of
old

Which God aveng'd on Pharaoh—the Bas-
tile.

Ye horrid tow'rs, th' abode of broken
hearts ;

Ye dungeons and ye cages of despair,
That monarchs have supplied from age to
age

With music, such as suits their sov'reign
ears,

The sighs and groans of miserable men !
There's not an English heart, that would
not leap,

To hear that ye were fall'n at last ; to know
That ev'n our enemies, so oft employ'd
In forging chains for us, themselves were
free.

For he, who values liberty, confines
His zeal for her predominance within
No narrow bounds ; her cause engages him
Wherever pleaded. 'Tis the cause of man.
There dwell the most forlorn of human kind,
Immur'd though unaccus'd, condemn'd un-
tried,

Cruelly spar'd, and hopeless of escape.
There, like the visionary emblem seen
By him of Babylon, life stands a stump,
And, filleted about with hoops of brass,
Still lives, though all his pleasant boughs
are gone.

To count the hour-bell, and expect no
change ;

And ever, as the sullen sound is heard,
Still to reflect, that, though a joyless note
To him, whose moments all have one dull
pace,

Ten thousand rovers in the world at large
Account it music ; that it summons some
To theatre, or jocund feast, or ball :

The wearied hireling finds it a release
From labour ; and the lover, who has chid
its long delay, feels ev'ry welcome stroke
Upon his heart-strings, trembling with de-
light—

To fly for refuge from distracting thought
To such amusements, as ingenious woc
Contrives, hard-fighting, and without her
tools—

To read engraven on the mouldy walls,
In stagg'ring types, his predecessor's tale
A sad memorial, and subjoin his own—
To turn purveyor to an overgorg'd
And bloated spider, till the pamp'rd pest

Is made familiar, watches his approach,
Comes at his call, and serves him for a
friend—

To wear out time in numb'ring to and fro
The studs, that thick emboss his iron door ;
Then downward and then upward, then
aslant

And then alternate ; with a sickly hope
By dint of change to give his tasteless task
Some relish ; till the sum, exactly found
In all directions, he begins again—

Oh, comfortless existence ! henim'd around
With woes, which who that suffers would
not kneel

And beg for exile, or the pangs of death.
That man should thus encroach on fellow
man,

Abridge him of his just and native rights,
Eradicate him, tear him from his hold
Upon th' endearments of domestic life
And social, nip his fruitfulness and use,
And doom him for perhaps a heedless word
To barrenness, and solitude, and tears.

Moves indignation, makes the name of king
(Of king whom such prerogative car-
please)

As dreadful as the Manichean god,
Ador'd through fear, strong only to destroy.

Witchcraft.

In July, 1825, a man was “swam for a wizard,” at Wickham-Skeith, in Suffolk, in the presence of some hundreds of people ! In that parish lives Isaac Stebbings, a little spare man about sixty-seven years old, who obtains a livelihood as a huckster ; and hard by his cottage lives a thatcher, whose wife is afflicted in mind. In the same parish there happens to be a farmer whose mind is occasionally disturbed. Some one or other put forth the surmise, that these two afflicted persons were bewitched, and Stebbings was spoken of as the “worker of the mischief.” Story grew on story ; accumulated hearsays were accepted, as “proof undeniable.” Among other things it was said, that the friends of the afflicted woman had recourse to some means recorded in the annals of witchcraft for detecting the devil's agent ; and that whilst the operation was going on at night, Stebbings came dancing up to the door. In his denial of this circumstance, Stebbings admitted that he did once call at his neighbour's with mackarel for sale at four o'clock in the morning, before the family were up, and this admission was taken to be as much as he was likely to make. Besides this, the village shoemaker persisted that one morning, as Stebbings passed two or three times

before his house, he could not "make" his wax—the ingredients would neither melt nor mix. Dubbed a wizard beyond all doubt, poor Stebbings, ignorant as his neighbours, and teased beyond bearing, proposed at length of himself, the good old-fashioned ordeal of "sink or swim." The proposal was readily caught at, and on the following Saturday, at two o'clock, in a large pond, called the *Grimmer*, on Wickham-green, four men walked into the water with him, and the constable of the parish engaged to attend and keep the peace! The sides of the pond were crowded with spectators—men, women, and children. Stebbings had on his breeches and shirt; and when the men had walked with him into the water breast-high, they lifted him up and laid him flat upon his back on the water. Stebbings moved neither hand nor foot, and continued in that position for ten minutes. This was the first trial, and the spectators called out "give him another." Another trial was accordingly given, for the same length of time, and with the same result. "Try him again, and dip him under the water," was then the cry. They did so: one of the four men pressed his chest, and down went his head, whilst up came his heels; in a word, he was like a piece of cork in the water. These trials kept the poor old fellow three-quarters of an hour in the pond, and he came out "more dead than alive." Still, some were not satisfied. Another man, they said, of his age and size, ought to be swam with him. Stebbings agreed even to this, for he was determined to get rid of the imputation, or die. The following Saturday was appointed for the purpose, and a man called Tom Wilden, of Bacton parish, hard by, was named for his companion. The story now got more wind, and hundreds of people from all the neighbouring parishes attended to witness the second ordeal. But, in the interval, the clergyman of the parish, and the two churchwardens, had interfered, and the swimmers were kept away, to the no small vexation and disappointment of the deluded multitude. It is gravely told, that at the very time Stebbings was swam, the afflicted farmer alluded to above was unusually perturbed; he cried out, "I can see the imps all about me; I must frighten them away with my voice;" and his delusion and his noise, as Stebbings did not sink, are put down to his account. To complete the affair, a respectable farmer in a neighbouring parish went, it is

said, to some "cunning man," and learnt to a certainty that Stebbings was a wizard. The sum of 3*l.* was paid for this intelligence, and for the assurance that Stebbings should be "killed by inches."

These particulars in *The Times* newspaper of July 19, 1825, extracted from the *Suffolk Chronicle*, prove the deplorable ignorance of certain human beings in England. It is to be hoped, that such persons are not allowed to bring up their offspring in the same darkness. Little can be done towards civilizing adults of this description, but their infants may be reared as intelligent members of society.

Dog Days.

"Now Sirius rages."

To the Editor of the *Every-day Book*.
Sir,

I am one of those unfortunate creatures, who, at this season of the year, are exposed to the effects of an illiberal prejudice. Warrants are issued out in form, and whole scores of us are taken up and executed annually, under an obsolete statute, on what is called suspicion of lunacy. It is very hard that a sober, sensible dog, cannot go quietly through a village about his business, without having his motions watched, or some impertinent fellow observing that there is an "odd look about his eyes." My pulse, for instance, at this present writing, is as temperate as yours, Mr. Editor, and my head as little rambling, but I hardly dare to show my face out of doors for fear of these scrutinizers. If I look up in a stranger's face, he thinks I am going to bite him. If I go with my eyes fixed upon the ground, they say I have got the mopes, which is but a short stage from the disorder. If I wag my tail, I am too lively; if I do not wag it, I am sulky—either of which appearances passes alike for a prognostic. If I pass a dirty puddle without drinking, sentence is infallibly pronounced upon me. I am perfectly swilled with the quantity of ditch-water I am forced to swallow in a day, to clear me from imputations—a worse cruelty than the water ordeal of your old Saxon ancestors. If I snap at a bone, I am furious; if I refuse it, I have got the sul-fens, and that is a bad symptom. I dare not bark outright, for fear of being adjudged to rave. It was but yesterday, that I indulged in a little innocent *veh*

any, on occasion of a cart-wheel going over my leg, and the populace was up in arms, as if I had betrayed some marks of flightiness in my conversation.

Really our case is one which calls for the interference of the chancellor. He should see, as in cases of other lunatics, that commissions are only issued out against proper objects; and not a whole race be proscribed, because some dreaming Chaldean, two thousand years ago, fancied a canine resemblance in some star or other, that was supposed to predominate over addle brains, with as little justice as Mercury was held to be influential over rogues and swindlers; no compliment I am sure to either star or planet. Pray attend to my complaint, Mr. Editor, and speak a good word for us this hot weather.

Your faithful, though sad dog,

POMPEY.

This "sad dog" is a "sensible dog," must know, that England is by no means favourable to him or his fellow-creatures. Dogs here are mostly the property of persons who by "training," and "working," and "fighting" them, drive many of them mad, and render every dog at this season an object of fear. They have, at present, the right to do wrong to dogs, and the liberty of making them as brutal as themselves. If a few of these dog-masters were tied up, as an example to others, dogs might have rights and liberties. The condition of the lower animals will improve with the subjugation of the passions in the master-animal, man.

ARCHITECTURE OF THE NEW CHURCHES.

For the Every-Day Book.

Taking into consideration the competition excited amongst architects by the public advertizing for designs for the new churches, it might reasonably have been expected that greater specimens of genius would have been elicited, and more variety displayed in the elevations than we at present see. From whatever cause it arises, whether from the interference of individual partiality, or the predominating influence of a bad taste, it is certain that a tameness of design is too generally apparent in these buildings.

Mr. Grey Bennett, speaking of the church in Langham-place, in the house of commons said, "that it was deplorable, a horrible object, and never had he

seen so shameful a disgrace to the metropolis. It was like a flat candlestick with an extinguisher on it. He saw a great number of churches building, of all of which it might be said, that one was worse than the other; it seemed as if an adventurous spirit of architecture prevailed, and that its professors had resolved to follow nothing that had ever appeared before, and to invent nothing new that was not purely absurd. No man who knew what architecture was, would have put up the edifices he alluded to, and which disgusted every body, while it made every body wonder who could be the asses that planned, and the fools that built them."* These remarks are upon the whole, perhaps, too severe and sweeping. The greatest fault in the new churches is the want of variety, the eye is tired with the repetition of the same design, and looks with eagerness for something to relieve the general monotony. We have before us so many examples of good church-building, that the spectator is more fastidious in his judgment upon any new specimen, and is led to judge of its merits by comparison with some favourite design, rather than by an examination of its intrinsic beauties or defects: in this view the new churches have not been fairly treated.

Much has been written on the style of architecture most proper for churches. The balance of argument is in favour of the gothic. Architects would decide for the Grecian, but their judgments are so biassed by education, that very few who look at the subject professionally, are likely to form an opinion upon it of any value. If the beauty of a building consists in its appropriateness to the objects for which it is intended, then the gothic style will ever bear away the palm when put into competition with the Greek or Roman architecture for ecclesiastical edifices.

By gothic architecture it should here be understood, that the fashionable mode of building, correctly styled "*modern gothic*," is not referred to. So widely different is it from the correct and beautiful architecture which it professes to imitate, that it may with great justness be called a new order. The late Mr. Carter, than whom, no man ever entered into the spirit of gothic architecture with more attention, or ever understood its

* The Times, March 31. 1824.

properties and beauties more soundly, very justly called this splendid invention of modern genius, the "fantastic order;" the correctness of the cognomen is now so far acknowledged, that even architects are giving up this their favourite child, and endeavouring to assume a greater justness of detail, and form a closer imitation of the genuine style. From the reports of the commissioners for building new churches, it appears that the gothic style is adopted in the majority of those churches built in the country; in the environs of the metropolis but in a very few instances. This is to be lamented; it would have been more desirable had the gothic churches been allowed to have borne a proportion to the others, at least of one in three. It has been often urged, that the rejection of this style arises from the expensiveness of its details.—To show at once how little weight there is in this objection, let any one contrast the splendid gothic church lately erected at Chelsea, rich in crockets and mullions, with its stone roof, and pinnacled tower, against the frigid ionic temple built for the parish of St. Pancras. The estimate of the first is, perhaps, little more than a third of the cost of the latter building; the dimensions are at least equal; and which of these buildings displays the most ornament? In the one much money is consumed in delicate mouldings and rich friezes; delicate, minute, and scarcely seen embellishments, which the smoke and damp of a London atmosphere will soon fill with dirt, while it will corrode the composition in which they are worked. In the other, though the gothic detail is marked with a want of coldness, yet what ornament is introduced shows to advantage, and is more calculated to endure than the other. The gothic style in detail is bold and conspicuous, and a little money laid out in embellishment with judgment goes a long way—witness the beautiful chapel at Mile-end, which proves beyond all dispute, that even an ornamented gothic building can be erected at a very limited expense. The architect was the late Mr. Walters, and had he built nothing more than this chapel, he would be entitled to have ranked high in his profession. Another edifice in the gothic style may be worth notice as affording a striking contrast to that last mentioned, this is a church now building in Somers-town. Its only characteristics are meanness and poverty; the style re-

sembles that of a Chinese summer-house, without its lightness; it is clumsy where solidity is required, and possesses not one redeeming quality to atone for the many absurdities it contains.

As to the Grecian architecture of the present day, it is much a matter of question, whether the style of many of the new churches is not as much removed from the original as the gothic I have complained of. It would, however, occupy too much time to inquire into the classical authorities to warrant many of these edifices, and it is very questionable whether many of their architects have done so. It has already been remarked that, a great sameness appears in the new churches. This is in a great measure to be attributed to the designs of the steeples being cramped by the style, which admits of little more than a square tower supporting a circular or polygonal story. It is, however, rather an error of choice than the effect of necessity; the architect does not appear to have been guided by what he can or cannot do; but a want of energy seems the principal cause; he forms a design and fears to deviate from it. This may be exemplified in the three churches erected from Mr. Smirke's designs, at Wandsworth, Bryanstone-square, and West Hackney. In all, the same design is seen; the same round tower, the same cupola, differing only in height and situation. The bodies of the churches too are so strikingly similar, that the spectator cannot help feeling disappointment from the plainness of the designs and their want of variety; it is not what he has been led to expect from an architect of the eminence to which Mr. Smirke has been raised. The same observations apply even more forcibly to four churches in Surrey: viz. Camberwell, Norwood, Trinity church, Newington, and St. John's in the Waterloo-road. The steeples of the three latter, as originally designed, would have been exact copies of each other. The first differs but little. The last named church has the good fortune to have had a spire added, as far superior to the others, as it is to the generality of the modern designs. The bodies of all these churches are so closely copied that it would be a difficult matter to point out in what respect they differ. It will be almost needless to add, that the whole four are the work of one architect, Mr. Bedford, of Camberwell. It is not only the sameness of design, but the sameness

of style, which I complain of. Though Grecian edifices may be tolerated amidst modern houses, as assimilating with their architecture, they are out of all character in the country. Lambeth parish for instance has built four churches. The Grecian style prevails in the whole, and though the buildings are creditable to their architects, yet, in the case of Brixton, which is certainly a very chaste and pretty doric church, and does honour to the genius of Mr. Porden, and at Norwood, where in every point of view at the least distance, and particularly the latter place, the steeples are seen in connection with trees and country scenery, the pepper-box towers remind the spectator more of pigeon-houses than church steeples; and he, to whom the sight of a village-spire brings almost enthusiastic feelings, and an earnest desire of arriving at it, would scarce bestow any notice on these modern and unappropriate objects. Let the town and the city retain the portico and the dome, the country claims the gothic spire, the mullioned window, and the buttressed wall; but things are now reversed and changed from their natural order. The slender pointed spire is now made to terminate a splendid street of modern houses, where it appears as awkward as the cupola does amidst fields and hedges. Mr. Nash is to build a gothic church at Haggerstone, and let us hope he will atone for his fault at the west, by bestowing a more orthodox steeple upon the eastern erection. Mr. Soane is the architect of Walworth church, which is the first specimen of his ecclesiastical structures; it differs from the generality of new churches, in having a range of arches rising from the parts of the galleries, dividing the structure longitudinally into three aisles, in the style of the older churches. It formed one of the groupes of churches exhibited by this gentleman at Somerset-house in the present year. One recommendation it has, and that by no means a trifling one; the voice of the clergyman may be distinctly heard in every part of the building without the least echo or indistinctness, a fault very common in large buildings.

It would occupy too much space to notice, even briefly, every new church. In regard to steeples, that of the new church building at Hoxton (architect Edwards) is one of the prettiest designs of the modern school of cupolas; and the spire of St. Paul's, Shadwell, of which

Mr. Walters, before spoken of, was the architect, forms a brilliant exception; it is closely formed on the model of Bow steeple, but there are some variations so pleasing, that the design may justly be said to be the architect's own property—he has followed sir Christopher Wren without copying him. The spire at Poplar is a fine object, but decidedly inferior to the last, inasmuch as it diminishes more abruptly. The steeple attached to St. John's church, in the Waterloo-road, is a very finely proportioned erection, and shows exceedingly well from the Strand and the Temple-gardens; those who have seen an engraving of this church with the tower originally designed for it, will see what has been gained by the exchange.

There are more new churches still to be built; let us hope then, that the architects who may be selected to erect them, having seen the faults and defects of their predecessors, will produce something better; or, at least, that their designs will differ from the generality of those already built, if only for the sake of variety.

In conclusion, the writer has only to add, that much more might be said both on old and new churches; it is a subject which has more than once employed his pen; he feels, however, that he has already occupied a larger space than he is entitled to do, if he has trespassed on your readers patience he has to beg their pardon; his excuse is, that the subject is a favourite one.

E. I. C.

July, 1825.

A HOT LETTER

For Captain Lion, Brighton.

My dear sir,

I anticipated a sojournment in your "neat little country cottage" during your absence, with more pleasure than I expressed, when you made me the offer of it. I imagined how much more comfortable I should be there, than in my own out-of-town single-room. I was mistaken. I have been comfortable nowhere. The malignity of an evil star is against me; I mean the dog-star. You recollect the heat I fell into during our Hornsey walk I have been hot ever since, "hissing hot,—think of that Master Brook;" I would that thou wert really a brook I would

cleave thy bosom, and, unless thou wert cool to me, I would not acknowledge thee for a true friend.

After returning from the coach wherein you and your lady-cousin departed, I “larded the lean earth” to my own house in town. That evening I got into a hackney coach to enjoy your “cool” residence; but it was hot; and there was no “cool of the evening;” I went to bed hot, and slept hot all night, and got up hot to a hot tea-breakfast, looking all the while on the hot print opposite, Hogarth’s “Evening,” with the fat hot citizen’s wife sweltering between her husband and the New River, the hot little dog looking wistfully into the reachless warm water, her crying hot boy on her husband’s stick, the scolding hot sister, and all the other heats of that ever-to-be-warmly-admired engraving. The coldest picture in the room, to my heated eye, was the fruit-piece worked in worsted—worsted in the dog-days!

How I got through that hot day I cannot remember. At night, when, according to Addison, “evening shades prevail,” the heat prevailed; there were no “cool” shades, and I got no rest; and therefore I got up restless, and walked out and saw the morning star, which I suppose was the dog-star, for I sought coolness and found it not; but the sun arose, and methought there was no atmosphere but burning beams; and the metropolis poured out its heated thousands towards the New River, at Newington; and it was filled with men, and boys, and dogs; and all looked as “comfortable” as live eels in a stew pan.

I am too hot to proceed. What a summer! The very pumps refuse “spring” water; and, I suppose, we shall have no more till next spring.

My heart melts within me, and I am not so inhuman as to request the servant to broil with this letter to the post-office, but I have ordered her to give it to the newsman, and ask him to slip it into the first letter-box he passes, and to tell him, if he forgets, it is of no consequence, and in no hurry; he may take it on to Ludgate-hill, and Mr. Hone, if he please, may print it in his *Every-Day Book*. I dare say he is too hot to write, and this may help to fill up; so that you’ll get it, at any rate. I don’t care if all the world reads it, for the hot weather is no secret. As Mr. Freeling cannot say that printing a letter is privately convey-

ing it, I shall not get into hot water at the post-office.

I am, my dear sir,

Your warmest friend, till winter,
Coleman Cottage,
Sun Day.

I. FRY.

P. S. I am told the sight of the postmen in their scarlet coats is not bearable in London; they look *red-hot*.

Weather.

Duncomb, for many years the principal vender of Dunstable larks, resided at the village of Haughton-Regis, near Dunstable. He was an eccentric character, and, according to Dunno’s “Originals,” (himself an “original”) he was “remarkable for his humorous and droll method of rhyming.” The following lines are shrewd and pleasant:—

Duncomb’s Answer in Hay-time relating to the Weather.

Well, Duncomb, how will be the weather?
Sir, it looks cloudy altogether.
And coming ’cross our Houghton Green,
I stopp’d and talk’d with old Frank Beane.
While we stood there, sir, old Jan Swain,
Went by and said, he know’d ’twood rain.
The next that came was Master Hunt,
And he declar’d, he knew it wont.
And then I met with farmer Blow,
He told me plainly he di’nt know.
So, sir, when doctors disagree
Who’s to decide it, you or me?

Dunstable Larks.

The larks which are caught at Dunstable are unequalled for their size and richness of flavour. Their superiority is said to be owing in a great measure to the chalky soil. On their first arrival they are very lean and weak, but they recover in a short time, and are braced and fattened by picking considerable quantities of the finest particles of chalk with their food. They are usually taken in great quantities, with trammellin nets, on evenings and mornings from Michaelmas to February. When dressed and served up at some of the inns in the town, “in great perfection, by a peculiar and secret method in the process of cooking them,” they are admired as a luxury by travellers during the time they are in season; and by an ingenious contrivance in their package, they are sent read-dressed to all parts of England.

July 15.

St. Henry II., Emperor, A. D. 1024. *St. Plechelm*, A. D. 714. *St. Swithin*, Bp. A. D. 862.

Swithin is still retained on this day in our almanacs, and at some public offices is a holiday.

St. Swithin.

He was of noble parentage, and also called Swithun, or in the Saxon language Swithum. He received the tonsure in the church at Winchester, and became a monk in the old monastery there, of which, after being ordained priest, he was made provost or dean. He studied grammar, philosophy, and theology. For his learning and virtue, Egbert, king of England, appointed him his priest, in which character he subscribed a charter to the abbey of Croyland, in 833. Egbert also committed to him the education of his son Ethelwolf, who on succeeding to the throne procured Swithin to be chosen bishop of Winchester in 852.

Tithes were established in England through *St. Swithin*, who prevailed on Ethelwolf to enact a law, by which he gave the tenth of the land to the church, on condition that the king should have a prayer said for his soul every Wednesday in all the churches for ever. Ethelwolf solemnized the grant by laying the charter on the altar of *St. Peter* at Rome, in a pilgrimage he made to that city, and by procuring the pope to confirm it.

St. Swithin died on the 2d of July, 862, in the reign of king Ethelbert, and he was buried, according to his own order, in the churchyard. Alban Butler, from whom these particulars are related, affirms the translation of his relics into the church a hundred years afterwards, and refers to the monkish historians for the relation of "such a number of miraculous cures of all kinds wrought by them, as was never known in any other place." His relics were afterwards removed into the cathedral of Winchester, on its being built under William the Conqueror. It was dedicated to the Holy Trinity, under the patronage of *St. Peter*, afterwards to *St. Swithin*, in 980, and was called *St. Swithin's* until Henry VIII. ordered it to be called by the name of the Holy Trinity.

Among the notable miracles alleged to have been worked by *St. Swithin* is this, that after he had built the bridge at Winchester, a woman came over it with her lap full of eggs, which a rude fellow broke, but the woman showed the eggs to the saint, who was passing at the time, and he lifted up his hand and blessed the eggs, "and they were made hole and sounde." To this may be added another story; that when his body was translated, or removed, two rings of iron, fastened on his grave-stone, came out as soon as they were touched, and left no mark of their place in the stone; but when the stone was taken up, and touched by the rings, they of themselves fastened to it again.*

St. Swithin's Day.

"If it rains on *St. Swithin's* day, there will be rain the next forty days afterwards." The occasion of this old and well-known saying is obscure. In Mr. Douce's interleaved copy of Brand's "Popular Antiquities," there is a printed statement "seemingly cut out of a newspaper" cited, in the last edition of Mr. Brand's work, thus:—"In the year 865, *St. Swithin*, bishop of Winchester, to which rank he was raised by king Ethelwolfe, the dane, dying, was canonized by the then pope. He was singular for his desire to be buried in the open churchyard, and not in the chancel of the minister, as was usual with other bishops, which request was complied with; but the monks, on his being canonized, taking it into their heads that it was disgraceful for the saint to lie in the open churchyard, resolved to remove his body into the choir, which was to have been done with solemn procession on the 15th of July. It rained, however, so violently on that day, and for forty days succeeding, as had hardly ever been known, which made them set aside their design as heretical and blasphemous: and, instead, they erected a chapel over his grave, at which many miracles are said to have been wrought."

Also in "Poor Robin's Almanac" for 1697, the saying, together with one of the miracles before related, is noticed in these lines:—

"In this month is *St. Swithin's* day:
On which, if that it rain, they say

* Golden Legend.

Full forty days after it will,
 Or more or less, some rain distill.
 This Swithin was a saint, I trow,
 And Winchester's bishop also.
 Who in his time did many a feat,
 As popish legends do repeat :
 A woman having broke her eggs
 By stumbling at another's legs,
 For which she made a woful cry,
 St. Swithin chanc'd for to come by,
 Who made them all as sound, or more
 Than ever that they were before.
 But whether this were so or no
 'Tis more than you or I do know :
 Better it is to rise betime,
 And to make hay while sun doth shine,
 Than to believe in tales and lies
 Which idle monks and friars devise."

The satirical Churchill also mentions the superstitious notions concerning rain on this day:—

" July, to whom, the dog-star in her train,
 St. James gives oysters, and St. Swithin
 rain."

The same legend is recorded by Mr. Brand, from a memorandum by Mr. Douce: " I have heard these lines upon St. Swithin's day:—

" St. Swithin's day if thou dost rain,
 For forty days it will remain :
 St. Swithin's day if thou be fair
 For forty days 't will rain na mair.

Ben Jonson, in " Every man out of his humour," has a touch at almanac-wisdom, and on St. Swithin's power over the weather:—

" Enter *Sordido*, *Macilente*, *Hine*.

" *Sord*.—(looking at an almanac)—O

Now, if on Swithin's feast the welkin lours,
 And every penthouse streams with hasty showers,
 Twice twenty days shall clouds their fleeces drain
 And wash the pavements with incessant rain.
 Let not such vulgar tales debase thy mind ;
 Nor Paul nor Swithin rule the clouds and wind
 If you the precepts of the Muse despise,
 And slight the faithful warning of the skies,
 Others you'll see, when all the town's afloat,
 Wrapt in the embraces of a kersey coat,
 Or double bottomed frieze ; their guarded feet
 Defy the muddy dangers of the street ;
 While you, with hat unlooped, the fury dread
 Of spouts high streaming, and with cautious tread
 Shun every dashing pool, or idly stop,
 To seek the kind protection of a shop.
 But business summons ; now with hasty scud
 You jostle for the wall ; the spattered mud
 Hides all thy lose behind ; in vain you scorn
 Thy wig, alas ! uncurled, admits the shower

rare ! good, good, good, good, good ! I
 thank my stars, I thank my stars for it.

" *Maci*.—(aside)—Said I not true ? 'tis
Sordido, the farmer,

A boar, and brother, to that swine was
 here.

" *Sord*. Excellent, excellent, excellent !
 as I could wish, as I could wish !—Ha,
 ha, ha ! I will not sow my grounds this
 year. Let me see what harvest shall we
 have ? *June, July, August ?*

" *Maci*.—(aside)—What is't, a prognos-
 tication raps him so ?

" *Sord*.—(reading)—The xx, xxi, xxii
 days, Rain and Wind ; O good, good !
 the xxiii and xxiv Rain and some Wind :
 the xxv, Rain, good still ! xxvi, xxvii,
 xxviii, wind and some rain ; would it had
 been rain and some wind ; well, 'tis good
 (when it can be no better ;) xxix inclining
 to rain : inclining to rain ? that's not so
 good now : xxx and xxxi wind and no
 rain : no rain ? 'Slid stay ; this is worse
 and worse : what says he of Saint
Swithin's ? turn back, look, Saint *Swith-*
in's : no rain ?—O, here, Saint *Swithin's*,
 the xv day ; variable weather, for the most
 part rain, good ; for the most part rain :
 why, it should rain forty days after, now,
 more or less, it was a rule held, afore I
 was able to hold a plough, and yet here
 are two days no rain ; ha ! it makes me
 muse."

Gay, whilst he admonishes against
 falling into the vulgar superstition, re-
 minds his readers of necessary precautions
 in a wet season, which make us smile,
 who forbear from hats to loop and un-
 loop, and do not wear wigs:—

So fierce Electo's snaky tresses fell,
 When Orpheus charmed the rigorous powers of hell ;
 Or thus hung Glaucus' beard, with briny dew
 Clotted and straight, when first his amorous view
 Surprised the bathing fair ; the frightened maid
 Now stands a rock, transformed by Circe's aid.

Dr. Forster, in his "Perennial Calendar," cites from Mr. Howard's work on the climate of London the following—

"*Examination of the popular Adage of 'Forty Days' Rain after St. Swithin' how far it may be founded in fact.*"

The opinion of the people on subjects connected with natural history is commonly founded in some degree on fact or experience ; though in this case vague and inconsistent conclusions are too frequently drawn from real premises. The notion commonly entertained on this subject, if put strictly to the test of experience at any one station in this part of the island, will be found fallacious. To do justice to popular observation, I may now state, that in a majority of our summers, a showery period, which, with some latitude as to time and local circumstances, may be admitted to constitute daily rain for forty days, does come on about the time indicated by this tradition : not that any long space before is often so dry as to mark distinctly its commencement.

The tradition, it seems, took origin from the following circumstances. Swithin or Swithum, bishop of Winchester, who died in 868, desired that he might be buried in the open churchyard, and not in the chancel of the minster, as was usual with other bishops, and his request was complied with ; but the monks, on his being canonized, considering it disgraceful for the saint to lie in a public cemetery, resolved to remove his body into the choir, which was to have been done with solemn procession, on the 15th of July : it rained, however, so violently for forty days together at this season, that the design was abandoned. Now, without entering into the case of the bishop, who was probably a man of sense, and wished to set the example of a more wholesome, as well as a more humble, mode of resigning the perishable clay to the destructive elements, we may observe, that the fact of the hindrance of the ceremony by the cause related is sufficiently authenticated by tradition ;

and the tradition is so far valuable, as it proves that the summers in this southern part of our island were subject a thousand years ago to occasional heavy rains, in the same way as at present. Let us see how, in point of fact, the matter now stands.

In 1807, it rained with us on the day in question, and a dry time followed. In 1808, it again rained on this day, though but a few drops : there was much lightning in the west at night, yet it was nearly dry to the close of the lunar period, at the new moon, on the 22d of this month, the whole period having yielded only a quarter of an inch of rain ; but the next moon was very wet, and there fell 5·10 inches of rain.

In 1818 and 1819, it was dry on the 15th, and a very dry time in each case followed. The remainder of the summers occurring betwixt 1807 and 1819, appear to come under the general proposition already advanced : but it must be observed, that in 1816, the wettest year of the series, the solstitial abundance of rain belongs to the lunar period, ending, with the moon's approach to the third quarter, on the 16th of the seventh month ; in which period there fell 5·13 inches, while the ensuing period, which falls wholly within the forty days, though it had rain on twenty-five out of thirty days, gave only 2·41 inches.

I have paid no regard to the change effected in the relative position of this so much noted day by the reformation of the calendar, because common observation is now directed to the day as we find it in the almanac ; nor would this piece of accuracy, without greater certainty as to a definite commencement of this showery period in former times, have helped us to more conclusive reasoning on the subject.

Solstitial and Equinoctial Rains.—Our year, then, in respect of quantities of rain, exhibits a dry and a wet moiety. The latter again divides itself into two periods distinctly marked. The first period is that which connects itself with the popular opinion we have been discussing

It may be said on the whole, to set in with the decline of the diurnal mean temperature, the maximum of which, we may recollect, has been shown to follow the summer solstice at such an interval as to fall between the 12th and 25th of the month called July. Now the 15th of that month, or Swithin's day in the old style, corresponds to the 26th in the new; so that common observation has long since settled the limits of the effect, without being sensible of its real causes. The operation of this cause being continued usually through great part of the eighth month, the rain of this month exceeds the mean by about as much as that of the ninth falls below it.

As regards St. Swithin and his day, it may be observed, that according to bishop Hall when Swithin died, he directed that "his body should not be laid within the church, but where the drops of rain might wet his grave; thinking that no vault was so good to cover his grave as that of heaven." This is scarcely an exposition of the old saying, which, like other old sayings, still has its votaries. It is yet common on this day to say, "Ah! this is St. Swithin; I wonder whether it will rain?" An old lady who so far observed this festival, on one occasion when it was fair and sunshiny till the afternoon, predicted fair weather; but tea-time came, and—

"there follow'd some droppings of rain." This was quite enough. "Ah!" said she, "now we shall have rain every day for forty days;" nor would she be persuaded of the contrary. Forty days of our humid climate passed, and many, by their having been perfectly dry, falsified her prediction. "Nay, nay," said she, "but there was wet in the night, depend upon it." According to such persons St. Swithin cannot err.

It appears from the parish accounts of Kingston upon Thames, in 1508, that "any householder keeping a brode gate" was to pay to the parish priest's "wages 3d." with a halfpenny "to the paschall:" this was the great wax taper in the church; the halfpenny was towards its purchase and maintaining its light; also he was to give to St. Swithin a halfpenny. A holder of one tenement paid twopence to the priest's wages a halfpenny to the "paschall;" likewise St. Swithin a halfpenny.

Rain on St Swithin's day is noticed in

some places by this old saying, "St. Swithin is christening the apples."

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Small Cape Marigold. *Calendula phrygalis*.

Dedicated to St. Swithin

July 16.

St. Eustathius, Patriarch of Antioch, A. D. 338. St. Elier or Helier.

French Hoaxing.

July, 1817.—A man of imposing figure, wearing a large sabre and immense mustachios, arrived at one of the principal inns of a provincial city, with a female of agreeable shape and enchanting mein. He alighted at the moment that dinner was serving up at the *table d'hôte*. At his martial appearance all the guests rose with respect; they felt assured that it must be a lieutenant-general, or a major-general at least. A new governor was expected in the province about this time, and every body believed that it was he who had arrived *incognito*. The officer of gendarmerie gave him the place of honour, the comptroller of the customs and the receiver of taxes sat by the side of Madame, and exerted their wit and gallantry to the utmost. All the tit-bits, all the most exquisite wines, were placed before the fortunate couple. At length the party broke up, and every one ran to report through the city that Monsieur the governor had arrived. But, oh! what was their surprise, when the next day "his excellence," clad in a scarlet coat, and his august companion dressed out in a gown glittering with tinsel, mounted a small open calash, and preceded by some musicians, went about the squares and public ways, selling Swiss tea and balm of Mecca. Imagine the fury of the guests! They complained to the mayor, and demanded that the audacious quack should be compelled to lay aside the characteristic mark of the brave. The prudent magistrate assembled the common council; and those respectable persons, after a long deliberation, considering that nothing in the charter forbade the citizens to let their beard grow on their upper lip, dismissed the complaint altogether. The same evening the supposed governor gave a serenade to the complainants, and the next day took his leave, and continued

his journey amidst the acclamations of the populace; who, in small as well as in great cities, are very apt to become passionately fond of charlatans*.

FLORAL DIRECTORY

Great Garden Convolvulus. *Convolvulus purpureus*.
Dedicated to *St. Eustathius*.

July 17.

St. Alexius, 5th Cent. *St. Speratus* and his Companions. *St. Marcellina*, A. D. 397. *St. Ennodius*, Bp. A. D. 521. *St. Leo IV.*, Pope, A. D. 855. *St. Turpinus*, 8th Cent.

Mackerel.

The mackerel season is one of great interest on the coast, where these beautiful fish are caught. The going out and coming in of the boats are really "sights." The prices of mackerel vary according to the different degrees of success. In 1807, the first Brighton boat of mackerel, on the 14th of May, sold at Billingsgate, for forty guineas per hundred, seven shillings each, the highest price ever known at that market. The next boat that came in reduced their value to thirteen guineas per hundred. In 1808, these fish were caught so plentifully at Dover, that they sold sixty for a shilling. At Brighton, in June, the same year, the shoal of mackerel was so great, that one of the boats had the meshes of her nets so completely occupied by them, that it was impossible to drag them in. The fish and nets, therefore, in the end sank together; the fisherman thereby sustaining a loss of nearly sixty pounds, exclusive of what his cargo could he have got into the boat, would have produced. The success of the fishery in 1821, was beyond all precedent. The value of the catch of sixteen boats from Lowestoff, on the 30th of June, amounted to 5,252*l.* 15*s.* 1*d.*, being an average of 328*l.* 5*s.* 11*d.* per each boat; and it is supposed that there was no less a sum than 14,000*l.* altogether realized by the owners and men concerned in the fishery of the Suffolk coast.†

* Journal des Debats.
† Daniel's Rural Sports.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Sweet Pea. *Lathyrus odoratus*
Dedicated to *St. Marcellina*.

July 18.

Sts. Symphorosa and her seven Sons, Martyrs, A. D. 120. *St. Philastrius*, Bp. A. D. 384. *St. Arnoul*, Bp. A. D. 640. *St. Arnoul*, A. D. 534. *St. Frederick*, Bp. A. D. 838. *St. Odolph*. *St. Bruno*, Bp. of Segni, A. D. 1125.

Summer Morning.

The cocks have now the morn foretold,
The sun again begins to peep,
The shepherd, whistling to his fold,
Unpens and frees the captive sheep. *
O'er pathless plains at early hours
The sleepy rustic sloomy goes;
The dews, brushed off from grass and flowers,

Bemoistening sop his hardened shoes

While every leaf that forms a shade,
And every floweret's silken top,
And every shivering bent and blade,
Stoops, bowing with a diamond drop.
But soon shall fly those diamond drops,
The red round sun advances higher,
And, stretching o'er the mountain tops,
Is gilding sweet the village-spire.

'Tis sweet to meet the morning breeze,
Or list the gurgling of the brook;
Or, stretched beneath the shade of trees,
Peruse and pause on Nature's book,
When Nature every sweet prepares
To entertain our wished delay,—
The images which morning wears,
The wakening charms of early day!

Now let me tread the meadow paths
While glittering dew the ground illumines,
As, sprinkled o'er the withering swaths,
Their moisture shrinks in sweet perfumes;

And hear the beetle sound his horn;
And hear the skylark whistling nigh,
Sprung from his bed of tufted corn,
A hailing minstrel in the sky. *Clare.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Autumn Marigold. *Chrysanthemum coronarium*.
Dedicated to *St. Bruno*.

July 19.

St. Vincent, of Paul, A. D. 1660. *St. Arsenius*, A. D. 449. *St. Symmachus*, Pope, A. D. 514. *St. Macrina V.*, A. D. 379.

In July, 1797, as Mr. Wright, of Saint Faith's, in Norwich, was walking in his garden, a flight of bees alighted on his head, and entirely covered his hair, till they made an appearance like a judge's wig. Mr. W. stood upwards of two hours in this situation, while the customary means were used for hiving them, which was completely done without his receiving any injury. Mr. Wright had expressed a strong wish, for some days before, that a flight of bees might come on his premises

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Golden Hawkweed. *Hieracium Aurantiacum*.

Dedicated to *St. Vincent* of Paul.

July 20

St. Joseph Barsabas, the Disciple. *St. Margaret*, of Antioch. *Sts. Justa* and *Rufina*, A. D. 304. *St. Ceslas*, A. D. 1242. *St. Aurelius*, Abp., A. D. 423. *St. Ulmar*, or *Wulmar*, A. D. 710. *St. Jerom Æmiliani*, A. D. 1537.

Midnight and the Moon.

Now sleep is busy with the world,
The moon and midnight come; and curl'd
Are the light shadows round the hills;
The many-tongued and babbling rills

Play on the drowsy ear of night,
Gushing at times into the light
From out their beds, and hastening al
To join the trembling waterfall.

Fair planet! when I watch on high,
Star-heralded along the sky,
That face of light and holiness,
I turn, and all my brethren bless
And it must be—(the hour is gone
When the fair world thou smilest upon,
Lay chained in darkness,) thou wert sent
Ministering in the firmament,
To be—calm, beautiful, above—
The eye of universal love.

'Twere good to die in such an hour,
And rest beneath the almighty power,
(Beside yon ruin still and rude)
Of beauty and of solitude.

Literary Pocket Book.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Virginian Dragon's Head. *Dracocephalus Virginianum*.

Dedicated to *St. Margaret*.

July 21.

St. Praxedes. *St. Zodicus*, Bp., A. D. 204. *St. Barhadbesciabas*, A. D. 354. *St. Victor*, of Marseilles. *St. Arbo gastus*, Bp. A. D. 678.

Flowers.

A sensitive plant in a garden grew
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fanlike leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the spirit of love felt every where;
And each flower and shrub on earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss,
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless sensitive plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sweet,
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied windflowers, and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess
Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the naiadlike lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair, and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen,
Through their pavilions of tender green.

And the hyacinth purple, white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense.

And the rose, like a nymph to the bath address,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast,
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare.

And the wandlike lily, which lifted up,
As a Moenad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky

And the jessamine faint, and sweet tuberosé,
The sweetest flower, for scent, that blows ;
And all rare blossoms from every clime,
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

Shelley

CAPTAIN STARKEY

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Dear Sir,

I read your account of this unfortunate Being, and his forlorn piece of self-history, with that smile of half-interest which the Annals of Insignificance excite, till I came to where he says "I was bound apprentice to Mr. William Bird, an eminent writer and Teacher of languages and Mathematics," &c.—when I started as one does on the recognition of an old acquaintance in a supposed stranger. This then was that Starkey of whom I have heard my Sister relate so many pleasant anecdotes ; and whom, never having seen, I yet seem almost to remember. For nearly fifty years she had lost all sight of him—and behold the gentle Usher of her youth, grown into an aged Beggar, dubbed with an opprobrious title, to which he had no pretensions ; an object, and a May game ! To what base purposes may we not return ! What may not have been the meek creature's sufferings—what his wanderings—before he finally settled down in the comparative comfort of an old Hospitaller of the Almonry of Newcastle ? And is poor Starkey dead ?—

I was a scholar of that "eminent writer" that he speaks of ; but Starkey had quitted the school about a year before I came to it. Still the odour of his merits had left a fragrant upon the recollection of the elder pupils. The school-room stands

where it did, looking into a discoloured dingy garden in the passage leading from Fetter Lane into Bartlett's Buildings. It is still a School, though the main prop, alas ! has fallen so ingloriously ; and bears a Latin inscription over the entrance in the Lane, which was unknown in our humbler times. Heaven knows what "languages" were taught in it then ; I am sure that neither my Sister nor myself brought any out of it, but a little of our native English. By "mathematics," reader, must be understood "cyphering." It was in fact a humble day-school, at which reading and writing were taught to us boys in the morning, and the same slender erudition was communicated to the girls, our sisters, &c. in the evening. Now Starkey presided, under Bird, over both establishments. In my time, Mr. Cook, now or lately a respectable Singer and Performer at Drury-lane Theatre, and Nephew to Mr. Bird, had succeeded to him. I well remember Bird. He was a squat, corpulent, middle-sized man, with something of the gentleman about him, and that peculiar mild tone—especially while he was inflicting punishment—which is so much more terrible to children, than the angriest looks and gestures. Whippings were not frequent ; but when they took place, the correction was performed in a private room adjoining, whence we could only hear the plaints, but saw nothing. This heightened the decorum and the solemnity. But the ordinary public chastisement was the

bastinado, a stroke or two on the palm with that almost obsolete weapon now—the ferule. A ferule was a sort of flat ruler, widened at the inflicting end into a shape resembling a pear,—but nothing like so sweet—with a delectable hole in the middle, to raise blisters, like a cupping-glass. I have an intense recollection of that disused instrument of torture—and the malignancy, in proportion to the apparent mildness, with which its strokes were applied. The idea of a rod is accompanied with something ludicrous; but by no process can I look back upon this blister-raiser with any thing but unmingled horror.—To make him look more formidable—if a pedagogue had need of these heightenings—Bird wore one of those flowered Indian gowns, formerly in use with schoolmasters; the strange figures upon which we used to interpret into hieroglyphics of pain and suffering. But boyish fears apart—Bird I believe was in the main a humane and judicious master.

O, how I remember our legs wedged in to those uncomfortable sloping desks, where we sat elbowing each other—and the injunctions to attain a free hand, unattainable in that position; the first copy I wrote after, with its moral lesson “Art improves Nature;” the still earlier pot-hooks and the hangers some traces of which I fear may yet be apparent in this manuscript: the truant looks side-long to the garden, which seemed a mockery of our imprisonment; the prize for best spelling, which had almost turned my head, and which to this day I cannot reflect upon without a vanity, which I ought to be ashamed of—our little leaden inkstands, not separately subsisting, but sunk into the desks; the bright, punctually-washed morning fingers, darkening gradually with another and another ink-spot: what a world of little associated circumstances, pains and pleasures mingling their quotas of pleasure, arise at the reading of those few simple words—“Mr. William Bird, an eminent Writer and Teacher of languages and mathematics in Fetter Lane, Holborn!”

Poor Starkey, when young, had that peculiar stamp of old-fashionedness in his face, which makes it impossible for a beholder to predicate any particular age in the object. You can scarce make a guess between seventeen and seven and thirty. This antique cast always seems to promise ill-luck and penury. Yet it

seems, he was not always the abject thing he came to. My Sister, who well remembers him, can hardly forgive Mr. Thomas Ranson for making an etching so unlike her idea of him, when he was a youthful teacher at Mr. Bird’s school. Old age and poverty—a life-long poverty she thinks, could at no time have so effaced the marks of native gentility, which were once so visible in a face, otherwise strikingly ugly, thin, and care-worn. From her recollections of him, she thinks that he would have wanted bread, before he would have begged or borrowed a halfpenny. If any of the girls (she says) who were my school-fellows should be reading, through their aged spectacles, tidings from the dead of their youthful friend Starkey, they will feel a pang, as I do, at ever having teased his gentle spirit. They were big girls, it seems, too old to attend his instructions with the silence necessary; and however old age, and a long state of beggary, seem to have reduced his writing faculties to a state of imbecility, in those days, his language occasionally rose to the bold and figurative, for when he was in despair to stop their chattering, his ordinary phrase was, “Ladies, if you will not hold your peace, not all the powers in heaven can make you.” Once he was missing for a day or two; he had run away. A little old unhappy-looking man brought him back—it was his father—and he did no business in the school that day, but sate moping in a corner, with his hands before his face; and the girls, his tormentors, in pity for his case, for the rest of that day forbore to annoy him. I had been there but a few months (adds she) when Starkey, who was the chief instructor of us girls, communicated to us as a profound secret, that the tragedy of “Cato” was shortly to be acted by the elder boys, and that we were to be invited to the representation. That Starkey lent a helping hand in fashioning the actors, she remembers; and but for his unfortunate person, he might have had some distinguished part in the scene to enact; as it was, he had the arduous task of prompter assigned to him, and his feeble voice was heard clear and distinct, repeating the text during the whole performance. She describes her recollection of the cast of characters even now with relish. Martia, by the handsome Edgat Hickman, who afterwards went to Africa and of whom she never afterwards heard tidings,—Lucia, by Master Walker, whose

ister was her particular friend ; Cato, by John Hunter, a masterly declaimer, but a plain boy, and shorter by the head than his two sons in the scene, &c. In conclusion, Starkey appears to have been one of those mild spirits, which, not originally deficient in understanding, are crushed by

penury into dejection and feebleness. He might have proved a useful adjunct, if not an ornament to Society, if Fortune had taken him into a very little fostering, but wanting that, he became a Captain—a by-word—and lived, and died, a broken bulrush. C. L.



Peerless Pool.

—The sprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known Pool. Awhile he stands
Gazing th' inverted landscape, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below ;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon tresses, and his rosy cheek,
Instant emerge ; and thro' th' obedient wave,
At each short breathing by his lip repell'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an easy winding path ;
While, from his polish'd sides, a dewy light
Effuses on the pleas'd spectators round.

Thomson.

Coming from the city, on the left-hand side of the City-road, just beyond Old-street, and immediately at the back of St. Luke's hospital, Peerless Pool

— flows unseen,
And wastes its waters in the silver Thames.

It is a pleasure-bath in the open air, a hundred and seventy feet long, and upwards of a hundred feet wide, nearly

surrounded by trees, with an arcade divided off into boxes for privately dressing and undressing ; and is therefore, both in magnitude and convenience, the greatest bathing-place in the metropolis. Here the lover of cleanliness, or of a "cool dip" in a hot day, may at all times, for a shilling, enjoy the refreshment he desires, without the offensive publicity, and without the risk of life, attendant on river-

batling; while there is “ample room and verge enough” for all the sports and delights which “*swimmers* only know.” It is no where so deep as five feet, and on one side only three; the experienced and the inexperienced are alike safe. There is likewise a capacious cold-bath in an adjacent building, for the use of those who prefer a temperature below that of the atmosphere.

Peerless Pool is distinguished for having been one of the ancient springs that supplied the metropolis with water, when our ancestors drew that essential element from public conduits; that is to say, before the “old” water-works at London-bridge “commenced to be,” or the “New River” had been brought to London by sir Hugh Myddelton. The streams of this “pool” at that time were conveyed, for the convenience of the inhabitants near Lothbury, through pipes terminating “close to the south-west corner of the church.”* Stow speaks of it as a “cleere water, called *Perilous Pond*, because,” says our chronicler, “divers youths, by swimming therein, have been drowned.”† “Upon Saterdag the 19 of January, 1633, sixe pretty young lads, going to sport themselves upon the frozen Ducking-pond, neere to Clearkenwell, the ice too weake to support them, fell into the water, concluding their pastime with the lamentable losse of their lives: to the great griefe of many that saw them dying, many more that afterward saw them dead, with the in-expressible griefe of their parents.”‡ In consequence of such accidents, and the worthy inhabitants of Lothbury having obtained their water from other sources, *Perilous Pond* was entirely filled up, and rendered useless, till Mr. William Kemp, “an eminent jeweller and citizen of London,” “after ten years’ experience of the temperature” of this water, and “the happy success of getting clear of a violent pain of the head by bathing in it, to which he had for many years been subject, was generously led for public benefit” to open the spring in the year 1743, and “to form the completest swimming-bath in the whole

world;” and “in reference to the improvements he had made on the ruins of that once *Perilous Pond*, and by a very natural transition, he changed that disagreeable appellation of *Perilous*,” that is,” says Maitland, “*dangerous*, or *hazardous*, to the more agreeable name of *Peerless Pool*, that is, *Matchless Bath*, a name which carries its own reason with it.”

Maitland says, that Kemp “spared no expense nor contrivance to render it quite private and retired from public inspection, decent in its regulation, and as genteel in its furniture as such a place could be made.” He added a cold-bath, “generally allowed,” says Maitland, “to be the largest in England, being forty feet long, and twenty feet broad; this bath is supplied by a remarkably cold spring, with a convenient room for dressing.” The present cold-bath, faced with marble and paved with stone, was executed by sir William Staines, when he was a journeyman mason. He was afterwards lord mayor of London, and often boasted of this, while he smoked his pipe at the Jacob’s-well in Barbican, as amongst his “best work.”

Kemp’s improvements provided an entrance to it across a bowling-green on the south side, through a neat marble pavilion or saloon, thirty feet long, with a large gilt sconce over a marble table. Contiguous to this saloon were the dressing apartments, some of which were open, others were private with doors. There was also a green bower on each side of the bath, divided into other apartments for dressing. At the upper end was a circus-bench, capable of accommodating forty persons, under the cover of a wall twelve feet high, surmounted on one side by a lofty bank with shrubs, and encircled by a terrace-walk planted with lime-trees at the top. The descent to the bath was by four pair of marble stairs, as it still is, to a fine gravel-bottom, through which the springs gently bubbled and supplied, as they do at this time, the entire basin with the crystal fluid. Hither many a “lover and preserver” of health and long life, and many an admirer of calm retreat, resorted “ever and anon:”—

And in hyghe sommer eueliche daye I wene,
Scapyng the hot son’s euer beynyg face,
He dyd hym wend unto a pleasaunt place,
Where auncient trees shut owht escorchyng shene;

* Maitland.

† Stow’s Survey edit. 1633, p. 11.

‡ Ibid. p. 772

And in a solempne lyghte, through braunches grene
 In quyet, sytting on a lytel stole,
 For hys delection he woulde ther' unlace,
 -Wythin an arbre, where bryddes onlie hene
 And goe, and bayn hym in the waters cool
 That alway wellyd there, and made a peerlesse poole.

The most remarkable feature of Peerless Pool, to the public eye, was a noble fish-pond, constructed by Kemp, due east and west. It was three hundred and twenty feet long, ninety-three feet broad, and eleven feet deep, stocked with carp, perch, and a great variety of the finny

tribe, wherein subscribers and frequenters of either the pleasure or the cold-bath were privileged to angle. On each side was a high slope or bank, with thousands of variegated shrubs, terminated at the top by a gravelled walk between stately lime-trees:—

These beautiful plantations shadow'd all;
 And flung their beauteous greens so deep and full,
 Into the surface of the quiet lake,
 That the cool water seem'd an open mirror
 Reflecting patterns of all liveries
 The gentle seasons give the constant earth
 Wherein to wait on man; or rather seem'd
 An open portal to the great abyss
 Inviting entrance.

At the head of the fish-pond, westward, stood the house that Kemp built for his own residence, with a garden and orchard of pears and apple-trees, and walled round. It was a handsome old-country-squire-like building, very similar to the present parsonage-house of St. Luke's in Helmet-row; the back-front looked upon the water, and had an arch in the embankment on that side, beneath which two boats, kept for the accommodation of gentlemen of the rod and line, were drawn in at night.

Mr. Kemp expired before his lease; but he left property to his family, and his son in possession of the "Pool," and of his lease. He was not so successful as his father; and after him the premises were held by a person named Taylor, and subsequently by one Crewe. At the expiration of his lease, a new lease upon building terms was obtained of St. Bartholomew's hospital, at a rental of 600*l.* per annum, by Mr. Joseph Watts, the present occupier and proprietor of the baths, who, to remunerate himself, set about "improving," by draining the fish-pond, pulling down Kemp's house, and felling the trees. He built Baldwyn-street on the site of the fish-pond; Bath-buildings on the ground of Kemp's orchard; and erected other adjoining streets; preserving the baths as he found them, and in many respects improving them. The pleasure-bath is still a pleasant spot, and

both that and the cold-bath retain their ancient capabilities. Indeed, the attractions to the pleasure-bath are undiminished. Its size is the same as in Kemp's time, and trees enough remain to shade the visitor from the heat of the sun while on the brink, irresolute whether to plunge gloriously in, or ignobly walk down the steps. On a summer evening it is amusing to survey the conduct of the bathers: some boldly dive; others "timorous stand," and then descend step by step, "unwillingly and slow." Choice swimmers attract attention by divings and somersets, and the whole sheet of water sometimes rings with merriment. Every fine Thursday and Saturday afternoon in the summer, columns of blue-coat boys, more than three score in each, headed by their respective beadles, arrive, and some half-strip themselves ere they reach their destination; the rapid plunges they make into the pool, and their hilarity in the bath, testify their enjoyment of the tepid fluid.

Mr. John Cleghorn, of Chapman-street, Islington, the architectural draftsman and engraver, was resident near Peerless Pool many years. There being no representation of the fish-pond and house, as they remained within the recollection of himself and the editor of the *Every-Day Book*, this gentleman, whose taste and knowledge of perspective have by the pencil

and the graver exquisitely and accurately illustrated Mr. Rutter's "Description of Fonthill," has supplied the drawing from whence the subjoined engraving has been

made. Mr. Cleghorn also made the drawing of the pleasure-bath, as it now is, for the engraving at the commencement of this article.



The old Fish-pond at Peerless Pool.

To the Shepherd and Shepherdess then they go
 To tea with their wives, for a constant rule ;
 And next cross the road to the Fountain also,
 And there they all sit, so pleasant and cool,
 And see, in and out,
 The folks walk about,
 And gentlemen angling in Peerless Pool.

The great earthquake, on the first of November, 1755, which destroyed seventy thousand human beings at Lisbon, and swallowed up the greatest part of the city, affected Peerless Pool. Dr. Birch, then secretary to the Royal Society, authenticated the fact, and records it in the

"Philosophical Transactions." It appears, that on reports that the agitation of the waters observed in many parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, Holland, &c. on that day, had likewise been noticed at Peerless Pool, Dr. Birch, being desirous of as accurate and circumstantial an account as possible of a fact which he had not heard to have been remarked in any other part of London or its suburbs, himself went thither, on Saturday, December the 6th, 1755, and there took

down the particulars from the mouth of one of the two waiters, who were eyewitnesses of it. This waiter said, that having been engaged, between ten and eleven in the morning, with his fellow-waiter, near the wall which enclosed the ground of the fish-pond, he accidentally cast his eye on the water, and was surprised to see it greatly moved without the least apparent cause, as the air was quite calm. He called to his companion to take notice of it, who at first neglected, but being urged to attend to so extraordinary an appearance, he was equally struck with the sight of it. Large waves rolled slowly to and from the bank near them for some time, and at last left the bed of the pond dry for several feet, and in their reflux overflowed the bank ten or

welve feet, as they did the opposite one, which was evident from the wetness of the ground about it. This motion having continued for five or six minutes, the two waiters stepped to the cold-bath near the fish-pond, to see what passed there; but no motion was observed in it by them, or by a gentleman who had been in it, and was then dressing himself, and who, on being told of the agitation in the fish-pond, went directly thither with the waiters, and was a third witness of it. On the ceasing of it, they all three went to the pleasure-bath, between which and the fish-pond the cold-bath was situated; they found the pleasure-bath then motionless, but to have been agitated in the same manner with the fish-pond, the water having left plain marks of its having overflowed the banks, and risen to the bushes on their sides. The motion in the fish-pond had also been observed by some persons in Mr. Kemp's house.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Philadelphian Lily. *Lilium Philadelphicum*.

Dedicated to *St. Praxedes*.

July 22.

St. Mary Magdalen. *St. Vandrille*, or *Wandregisilus*, A. D. 666. *St. Joseph*, of Palestine, called *Count Joseph*, about A. D. 356. *St. Meneve*, Abbot, A. D. 720. *St. Dabius* or *Davius*.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

African Lily. *Agapanthus umbellatus*.

Dedicated to *St. Mary Magdalen*.

July 23.

St. Apollinaris, Bp. of Ravenna. *St. Liborius*, Bp. A. D. 397.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Muskflower. *Scabiosa atropurpurea*.

Dedicated to *St. Apollinaris*.

July 24.

St. Lupus, Bp. A. D. 478. *St. Francis Solano*, A. D. 1610. *Sts. Romanus* and *David*, Patrons of Muscovy. *St. Christina*. *Sts. Wulfhad* and *Ruffin*, A. D. 670. *St. Lewine*. *St. Declan*, Bp. *St. Kinga*, or *Cunegundes*, A. D. 1292.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Tree Lupin. *Lupinus arboreus*
Dedicated to *St. Lupus*.

July 25.

St. James the Great, Apostle, A. D. 43. *St. Christopher*. *Sts. Thca*, and *Valentina*, and *Paul*, A. D. 308. *St. Cucufas*, A. D. 304. *St. Nissen*, Abbot.

St. James's Day.

On this day oysters come in; by act of parliament they are prohibited until its arrival. It is a vulgar superstition, that whoever eats oysters on *St. James's day* will never want money. The indifference to industry which such notions engender in many minds, can be testified by some of themselves, who falsify the frivolous legend by their present abodes in workhouses.

Apples were blessed on this day by the priest. There is a special form for blessing them in the manual of the church of Sarum. A greater blessing is conferred at *Cliff*, in *Kent*, by the rector there: by an old custom he distributes "at his parsonage-house on *St. James's day*, annually, a mutton pye and a loaf to as many as choose to demand it, the expense of which amounts to about 15*l.* per annum."*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Herb Christopher. *Actæa Spicata*
Dedicated to *St. Christopher*

July 26.

St. Anne, Mother of the Virgin. *St Germanus*, Bp. A. D. 448.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Field Chamomile. *Matricaria Chamomilla*.

Dedicated to *St. Anne*.

LION FIGHT.

On Tuesday, the 26th of July, 1825 there was a "fight," if so it might be called, between a lion and dogs, which is thus reported in the public journals.—

This extremely gratuitous, as well as

* Brand, from Hasted's Kent

disgusting, exhibition of brutality, took place, at a late hour on Tuesday evening, at Warwick; and, except that it was even still more offensive and cruel than was anticipated, the result was purely that which had been predicted in *The Times* newspaper.

The show was got up in an extensive enclosure, called the "Old Factory-yard," just in the suburbs of Warwick, on the road towards Northampton; and the cage in which the fight took place stood in the centre of a hollow square, formed on two sides by ranges of empty workshops, the windows of which were fitted up with planks on barrels as seats for the spectators; and, in the remaining two, by the whole of Mr. Wombwell's wild "collection," as they have been on show for some days past, arranged in their respective dens and travelling carriages.

In the course of the morning, the dogs were shown, for the fee of a shilling, at a public-house in Warwick, called the "Green Dragon." Eight had been brought over originally; but, by a mistake of locking them up together on the preceding night, they had fallen out among themselves, and one had been killed entirely; a second escaping only with the loss of an ear, and a portion of one cheek. The guardian of the beasts being rebuked for this accident, declared he could not have supposed they would have fought each other—being "all on the same side:" six, however, still remained in condition, as *Mrs. Heidelberg* expresses it, for the "runcounter."

The price of admission demanded in the first instance for the fight seemed to have been founded on very gross miscalculation. Three guineas were asked for seats at the windows in the first, second, and third floors of the unoccupied manufactory; two guineas for seats on the fourth floor of this building; one guinea for places at a still more distant point; and half-a-guinea for standing room in the square. The appearance of the cage when erected was rather fragile, considering the furious struggle which was to take place within it. It measured fifteen feet square, and ten feet high, the floor of it standing about six feet from the ground. The top, as well as the sides, was composed merely of iron bars, apparently slight, and placed at such a distance from each other that the dogs might enter or escape between, but too close for the lion to follow. Some doubts were ex-

pressed about the sufficiency of this last precaution—merely because a number of "ladies," it was understood, would be present; but the ladies in general escaped that disgrace, for not a single female came; and, at all events, the attendant bear-wards swore in the most solemn way—that is to say, using a hundred imprecations instead of one—that the security of the whole was past a doubt. Towards afternoon the determination as to "prices" seemed a little to abate; and it was suspected that, in the end, the speculator would take whatever prices he could get. The fact became pretty clear, too, that no real match, nor any thing approaching to one, was pending; because the parties themselves, in their printed notices, did not settle any circumstances satisfactorily, under which the contest could be considered as concluded. Wheeler, Mr. Martin's agent, who had come down on Monday, applied to the local authorities to stop the exhibition; but the mayor, and afterwards, as we understood, a magistrate of the name of Wade, declined interfering, on the ground that, under Mr. Martin's present act, no steps could be taken before the act constituting "cruelty" had been committed. A gentleman, a quaker, who resides near Warwick, also went down to the menagerie, in person, to remonstrate with Mr. Wombwell; but, against the hope of letting seats at "three guineas" a-head, of course his mediation could have very little chance of success.

In the mean time, the unfortunate lion lay in a caravan by himself all day, in front of the cage in which he was to be baited, surveying the preparations for his own annoyance with great simplicity and apparent good humour; and not at all discomfited by the notice of the numerous persons who came to look at him. In the course of the day, the dogs who were to fight were brought into the menagerie in slips, it being not the least singular feature of this combat that it was to take place immediately under the eyes of an immense host of wild beasts of all descriptions (not including the human spectators); three other lions; a she wolf, with cubs; a hyæna; a white bear; a lioness; two female leopards, with cubs; two zebras, male and female; a large assortment of monkeys; and two wild asses; with a variety of other interesting foreigners, being arranged within a few yards of the grand stand.

These animals, generally, looked clean and in good condition; and were (as is the custom with such creatures when caged) perpetually in motion; but the dogs disappointed expectation—they were very little excited by the introduction. They were strong, however, and lively; crossed, apparently the majority of them, between the bull and the mastiff breed; one or two showed a touch of the lurcher, a point in the descent of fighting dogs which is held to give an increased capacity of mouth. The average weight of those which fought was from about five and thirty to five and forty pounds each; one had been brought over that weighed more than sixty, but he was on some account or other excluded from the contest. The cub leopards were “fine darling little creatures,” as an old lady observed the morning, fully marked and coloured, and about the size of a two months’ old kitten. The young wolves had a gaggard, cur-like look; but were so completely like sheep-dog puppies, that another of that race might have suckled them for her own. A story was told of the lion “Nero” having already had a trial in the way of “give and take,” with a bull bitch, who had attacked him, but, the first onset, been bitten through the throat. The bitch was said to have been cut off by throwing meat to the lion; and if the account were true, the result was only such as with a single dog, against such odds, might reasonably have been expected. Up to a late hour of the day, the arrival of strangers was far less considerable than had been anticipated; and doubts were entertained, whether, in the end, the owner of the lion would not declare off.

At a quarter past seven, however, in the evening, from about four to five hundred persons of different descriptions being assembled, preparations were made for commencing

The Combat.

The dens which contained the animals were covered in with shutters; the lion’s travelling caravan was drawn close to the fighting cage, so that a door could be opened from one into the other; and the keeper, Wombwell, then going to the travelling caravan, in which no other man had already been staying with the lion for some time, the animal allowed him into the cage as tamely as a Newfoundland dog. The whole demeanour of the beast, indeed, was so quiet and

generous, that, at his first appearance, it became very much doubted whether he would attempt to fight at all. While the multitude shouted, and the dogs were yelling in the ground below, he walked up and down his cage, Wombwell still remaining in it, with the most perfect composure, not at all angered, or even excited; but looking with apparently great curiosity at his new dwelling and the objects generally about him; and there can hardly be a question, that, during the whole contest, such as it turned out, any one of the keepers might have remained close to him with entire safety.

Wombwell, however, having quitted the cage, the first relay of dogs was laid on. These were a fallow-coloured dog, a brown with white legs, and a third brown altogether—averaging about forty pounds in weight a-piece, and described in the printed papers which were distributed, by the names of Captain, Tiger, and Turk. As the dogs were held for a minute in slips, upon the inclined plane which ran from the ground to the stage, the lion crouched on his belly to receive them; but with so perfect an absence of any thing like ferocity, that many persons were of opinion he was rather disposed to play: at all events, the next moment showed clearly that the idea of fighting, or doing mischief to any living creature, never had occurred to him.

At the first rush of the dogs—which the lion evidently had not expected, and did not at all know how to meet—they all fixed themselves upon him, but caught only by the dewlap and the mane. With a single effort, he shook them off, without attempting to return the attack. He then flew from side to side of the cage, endeavouring to get away; but in the next moment the assailants were upon him again, and the brown dog, Turk, seized him by the nose, while the two others fastened at the same time on the fleshy part of his lips and under-jaw. The lion then roared dreadfully, but evidently only from the pain he suffered—not at all from anger. As the dogs hung to his throat and head, he pawed them off by sheer strength; and in doing this, and in rolling upon them, did them considerable mischief; but it amounts to a most curious fact, that he never once bit, or attempted to bite, during the whole contest, or seemed to have any desire to retaliate any of the punishment which was inflicted upon him. When he was first “pinned,” for

instance, (to use the phraseology of the bear-garden,) the dogs hung to him for more than a minute, and were drawn, holding to his nose and lips, several times round the ring. After a short time, roaring tremendously, he tore them off with his claws, mauling two a good deal in the operation, but still not attempting afterwards to act on the offensive. After about five minutes' fighting, the fallow-coloured dog was taken away, lame, and apparently much distressed, and the remaining two continued the combat alone, the lion still working only with his paws, as though seeking to rid himself of a torture, the nature of which he did not well understand. In two or three minutes more, the second dog, Tiger, being dreadfully maimed, crawled out of the cage; and the brown dog, Turk, which was the lightest of the three, but of admirable courage, went on fighting by himself. A most extraordinary scene then ensued: the dog, left entirely alone with an animal of twenty times its weight, continued the battle with unabated fury, and, though bleeding all over from the effect of the lion's claws, seized and pinned him by the nose at least half a dozen times; when at length, releasing himself with a desperate effort, the lion flung his whole weight upon the dog, and held him lying between his fore paws for more than a minute, during which time he could have bitten his head off a hundred times over, but did not make the slightest effort to hurt him. Poor Turk was then taken away by the dog-keepers, grievously mangled but still alive, and seized the lion, for at least the twentieth time, the very same moment that he was released from under him.

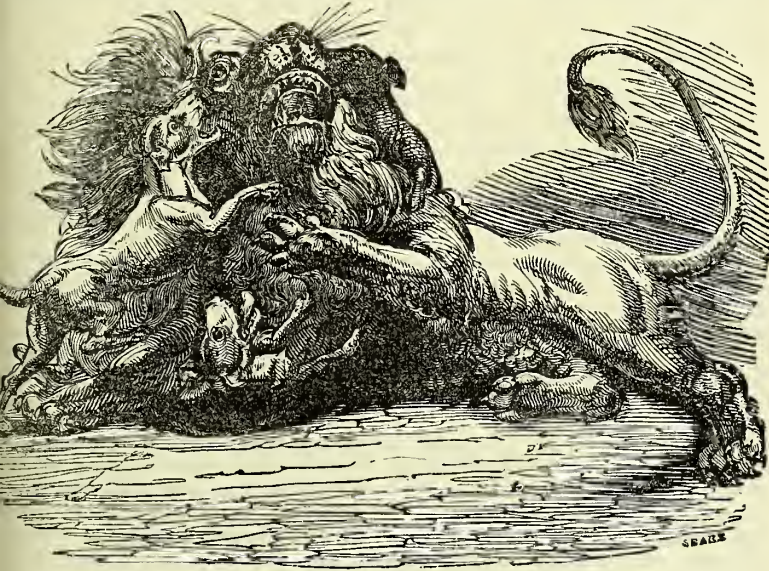
It would be tiresome to go at length into the detail of the "second fight," as it was called, which followed this; the undertaking being to the assembly—for the notion of "match" now began to be too obvious a humbug to be talked about—that there should be two onsets, at twenty minutes' interval, by three dogs at each time. When the last dog of the first set, *Turk*, was removed, poor *Nero's* temper was just as good as before the affair began. The keeper, Wombwell, went into the cage instantly, and alone, carrying a pan of water, with which he first sluiced the animal, and then offered him some to drink. After a few minutes the lion laid down, rubbing the parts of his head which had been torn (as a cat would do) with

his paw; and presently a pan of fresh water being brought, he lapped out of it for some moments, while a second keeper patted and caressed him through the iron grate. The second combat presented only a repetition of the barbarities committed in the first, except that it completely settled the doubt—if any existed—as to the sum of money being depending. In throwing water upon the lion, a good deal had been thrown upon the stage. This made the floor of course extremely slippery; and so far it was a very absurd blunder to commit. But the second set of dogs led in being heavier than the first, and the lion more exhausted, he was unable to keep his footing on the wet boards, and fell in endeavouring to shake them off, bleeding freely from the nose and head, and evidently in a fair way to be seriously injured. The dogs, all three seized him on going in, and he endeavoured to get rid of them in the same way as before, using his paws, and not thinking of fighting, but not with the same success. He fell now, and showed symptoms of weakness, upon which the dogs were taken away. This termination, however, did not please the crowd, who cried out loudly that the dogs were not beaten. Some confusion then followed; after which the dogs were again put in, and again seized the lion, who by this time, as well as bleeding freely from the head, appeared to have got a hurt in one of his fore feet. At length the danger of mischief becoming pressing, and the two divisions of the second combat having lasted about five minutes, Mr. Wombwell announced that he gave up on the part of the lion; and the exhibition was declared to be at an end.

The first struggle between the lion and his assailants lasted about eleven minutes, and the last something less than five; but the affair altogether wanted even the savage interest which generally belongs to a common bull or bear bait. For, from the beginning of the matter to the end, the lion was merely a sufferer—he never struck a blow. The only picturesque point which could present itself in such a contest would have been, the seeing an animal like the lion in a high state of fury and excitation; but before the battle began, we felt assured that no such event would take place; because the animal in

tion, had not merely been bred up in a manner as would go far to extinguish all natural disposition to ferocity, the greatest pains had been taken to render him tame, and gentle, and submissive. Wombwell, the keeper, walked out in the cage with the lion at least as much at his ease as he could have done

with any one of the dogs who were to be matched against him. At the end of the first combat, the very moment the dogs were removed, he goes into the cage and gives him water. At the end of the last battle, while he is wounded and bleeding, he goes to him again without the least hesitation. Wombwell must have known, to



Tame Lion Bait.

“The dogs would not give him a moment's respite, and all three set on him again, while the poor animal howling with pain, threw his great paws awkwardly upon them as they came.”

Morning Herald.

certainly, that the animal's temper was not capable of being roused into ferocity. I might admit, perhaps, of some question, whether the supposed untameable nature of many wild animals is not something overrated: and whether it could not be the irresistible strength of a domestic lion (in case he should become excited,) that could render him a dangerous inmate, rather than the probability that he would easily become furious; but, as regards the particular animal in question, and the battle which he had to fight, he evidently had no understanding of it, no notion that the dog was his enemy. A very large dog, the property of a gentleman in Warwick, was led up to his caravan on the day before the fight; this dog's appearance did not produce the slightest impression upon him. So, with the other wild beasts of Wombwell's collection, who were shown

No 32.

to the fighting dogs, as we observed above, on the morning of Tuesday, not one of them appeared to be roused by the meeting in the smallest degree. A common house cat would have been upon the *qui vive*, and *aux mains* too probably, in a moment. All the contest that did take place arose out of the fact, that the dogs were of a breed too small and light to destroy an animal of the lion's weight and strength, even if he did not defend himself. It was quite clear, from the moment when the combat began, that he had no more thought or knowledge of fighting, than a sheep would have had under the same circumstances. His absolute refusal to bite is a curious fact; he had evidently no idea of using his mouth or teeth as a means for his defence. The dogs, most of them, showed considerable game; the brown dog Turk, perhaps as much as ever was exhibited, and none of them seemed

to feel any of that instinctive dread or horror which some writers have attributed to dogs in the presence of a lion.

It would be a joke to say any thing about the feelings of any man, who, for the sake of pecuniary advantage, could make up his mind to expose a noble animal which he had bred, and which had become attached to him, to a horrible and lingering death. About as little reliance we should be disposed to place upon any appeal to the humanity of those persons who make animal suffering—in the shape of dog-fighting, bear-baiting, &c., a sort of daily sport—an indemnification, perhaps, for the not being permitted to torture their fellow-creatures. But as, probably, a number of persons were present at this detestable exhibition, which we have been describing, who were attracted merely by its novelty, and would be as much disgusted as we ourselves were with its details, we recommend their attention to the following letter, which a gentleman, a member of the Society of Friends, who applied personally to Mr. Wombwell to omit the performance, delivered to him as expressive of his own opinions upon the question, and those of his friends. Of course, addressed to such a quarter, it produced no effect; but it does infinite credit both to the head and heart of the writer, and contains almost every thing that, to honourable and feeling men, need be said upon such a subject:—

“Friend,—I have heard with a great degree of horror, of an intended fight between a lion that has long been exhibited by thee, consequently has long been under thy protection, and six bulldogs. I seem impelled to write to thee on the subject, and to entreat thee, I believe in christian love, that, whatever may be thy hope of gain by this very cruel and very disgraceful exhibition, thou wilt not proceed. Recollect that they are God’s creatures, and we are informed by the holy scriptures, that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice; and as this very shocking scene must be to gratify a spirit of cruelty, as well as a spirit of gambling,—for it is asserted that large sums of money are wagered on the event of the contest,—it must be marked with divine displeasure. Depend upon it that the Almighty will avenge the sufferings of his tormented creatures on their tormentors; for, though he is a God of love, he is also a God of justice; and I believe

that no deed of cruelty has ever passed unpunished. Allow me to ask thee how thou wilt endure to see the noble animal thou hast so long protected, and which has been in part the means of supplying thee with the means of life, mangled and bleeding before thee? It is unmanly, it is mean and cowardly, to torment any thing that cannot defend itself,—that cannot speak to tell its pains and sufferings,—that cannot ask for mercy. Oh, spare thy poor lion the pangs of such a death as may perhaps be his,—save him from being torn to pieces—have pity on the dogs that may be torn by him. Spare the horrid spectacle—spare thyself the sufferings that I fear will yet reach thee if thou persist—show a noble example of humanity. Whoever have persuaded thee to expose thy lion to the chance of being torn to pieces, or of tearing other animals, are far beneath the brutes they torment, are unworthy the name of men, or rational creatures. Whatever thou mayest gain by this disgraceful exhibition will, I fear, prove like a canker-worm among the rest of thy substance. The writer of this most earnestly entreats thee to refrain from the intended evil, and to protect the animals in thy possession from all unnecessary suffering. The practice of benevolence will afford thee more true comfort than the possession of thousands. Remember, that He who gave life did not give it to be the sport of cruel man; and that He will assuredly call man to account for his conduct towards his dumb creatures. Remember, also, that cowards are always cruel, but the brave love mercy, and delight to save. With sincere desire for the preservation of thy honour, as a man of humanity, and for thy happiness and welfare, I am, thy friend,

“S. HOARE.”

Mr. Hoare’s excellent letter, with the particulars of this brutal transaction, thus far, are from *The Times* newspaper which observes in its leading article thus:

“With great sincerity we offered a few days ago our earnest remonstrance against the barbarous spectacle then preparing, and since, in spite of every better feeling, indulged—we mean the torture of a noble lion, with the full consent, and for the profit, of a mercenary being, who had gained large sums of money by hawking the poor animal about the world and exhibiting him. It is vain, however, to make any appeal to humanity where none exists, or to expatiate on mercy, justice,

tribution hereafter, when those whom we strive to influence have never learned that language in which alone we can address them.

Little more can be said upon this painful and degrading subject, beyond a relation of the occurrence itself, which it is more our wish than our hope to have prevented. Nothing, at least, could be better said by any other person, as it has been said by a humane and eloquent member of the Society of Friends, in his excellent though unavailing letter to Wombwell. "What must have been the texture of that conduct, on which such sentiments could make no impression?"

This question may be illustrated by Wombwell's subsequent conduct.

To the preceding account, extracted from *The Times*, additional circumstances are subjoined, in order to preserve a full record of this disgraceful act.

The Morning Herald says—For several months the country has been amused with notices that a fight between a lion and dogs was intended, and time and place were more than once appointed. This had the desired effect—making the lion an object of great attraction in the provincial towns, and a golden harvest was secured by showing him at two shillings a head. The next move was to get such a fight as would draw all the world from London, as well as from the villages, to fill places marked at one and two guineas each to see it; and lastly, to add dogs of such weight and inferior quality as to stand no chance before an enraged lion—thus securing the lion from injury, and making him still a greater lion than before, or that the world ever saw to be exhibited as the wonderful animal that at six British bred mastiffs. The related disappointments as to time and place led people to conclude that the affair was altogether a hoax, and the magnitude of the stake of 5,000*l.* said to be at stake, was so far out of any reasonable calculation, that the whole was looked upon as a fabrication, and the majority became incredulous on the subject. Nay, the very persons who saw the lion and the dogs, and the stage, disbelieved even at the last moment that the fight was in reality intended. But the proprietor of the concern was too good a judge to let the flats altogether escape him, though his draught was diminished from having troubled the waters too much. Womb-

well, the proprietor, as the leader of a collection of wild beasts, may be excused for his proficiency in trickery, which is the essence and spirit of his calling, but we think him accountable, as a man, for his excessive cruelty in exposing a poor animal that he has reared himself, and made so attached that it plays with him, and fondles him like a spaniel—that has never been taught to know its own powers, or the force of its savage nature, to the attacks of dogs trained to blood, and bred for fighting. The lion now five years old, was whelped in Edinburgh, and has been brought up with so much softness, that it appears as inoffensive as a kitten, and suffers the attendants of the menagerie to ride upon its back or to sleep in its cage. Its nature seems to be gentleness itself, and its education has rendered it perfectly domestic, and deprived it of all savage instinct. In the only experiment made upon its disposition, he turned from a dog which had been run at him, and on which he had fastened, to a piece of meat which was thrown into the cage. Nero is said to be one of the largest lions ever exhibited, and certainly a finer or more noble looking animal cannot be imagined.

Wombwell announced in his posting-bills at Birmingham, Coventry, Manchester, and all the neighbouring towns, that the battle was to be for 5,000*l.*, but communicated, by way of secret, that, in reality, it was but 300*l.* aside, which he asserted was made good with the owner of the dogs on Monday night, at the Bear, in Warwick; but who the owner of the dogs was, or the maker of the match, it was impossible to ascertain; and though well aware of the impropriety of doubting the authority of the keeper of the menagerie, we must admit that our impression is, that no match was made, that no wagers were laid, and that the affair was got up for the laudable purpose hinted at in the commencement of this notice. The dogs to be sure, were open to the inspection of the curious on Monday, and a rough-coated, game-keeping, butcher-like, honest, ruffianly person from the north, announced himself as their ostensible friend on the occasion; but by whom employed he was unwilling to declare. His orders were to bring the dogs to "the scratch," and very busy we saw him preparing them for slaughter, and anointing the wounds of one little bitter animal that got its head laid open in the course of the night, while laudably engaged in mangling the throat

and forcing out the windpipe of one of its companions, near whom it had been unfortunately chained. The other dogs were good-looking savage vermin, averaging about 40lbs. weight; one of them being less than 30lbs., and the largest not over 60lbs. Four were described as real bull dogs, and the other bull and mastiff crossed. The keeper said they were quite equal to the work; but, to one not given to the fancy dog line, they appeared quite unequal to attack and master a lion, many times as large as all the curs put together. Wedgbury, a person well known in London for his breed of dogs, brought down one over 70lbs., of most ferocious and villainous aspect, with the intention of entering him for a run, but it was set aside by Wombwell; thus affording another proof that Wombwell had the whole concern in his hands, and selected dogs unable, from their weight or size, to do a mortal injury to his lion.

Wombwell appointed seven in the evening as the hour of combat. Accommodations were prepared for about a thousand people, but owing to the frequent disappointments and to the exorbitant prices demanded, not more than two hundred and fifty persons appeared willing or able to pay for the best places, and about as many more admitted on the ground. The charge to the former was reduced to two guineas and one guinea, and to the latter from half a guinea to 7s. 6d. About 400*l.* was collected, from which, deducting 100*l.* for expenses, 300*l.* was cleared by the exhibition, a sum barely the value of the lion if he should lose his life in the contest. The cages in which the other beasts were confined, were all closed up. It was well understood that no match had really been made, and consequently no betting of consequence took place, but among a few countrymen, who, contrasting the size of the lion with the dogs, backed him at 2 to 1.

Wombwell, having no longer the fear of the law before him, proceeded to complete his engagements, and distributed the following bills:—

“THE LION FIGHT.

“The following are the conditions under which the combat between Nero and the dogs will be decided:—

“1st. Three dogs are at once to be slipped at him.

“2d. If one or any of them turn tail, he or they are to be considered as beaten,

and no one of the other remaining three shall be allowed to attack him until twenty minutes shall be expired, in order to give Nero rest; for he must be allowed to beat the first three, one by one, or as he may choose before the remaining three shall be started.

“After the expiration of the stipulated time, the remaining three dogs are to start according to the foregoing rules, and be regulated as the umpires shall adjudge.

“The dogs to be handled by Mr. Edwards, John Jones, and William Davis, assisted by Samuel Wedgbury.

“1. Turk, a brown coloured dog.—2. Captain, a fallow and white dog, with skewbald face.—Tiger, a brown dog, with white legs.—4. Nettle, a little brindled bitch, with black head.—5. Rose, a skewbald bitch.—6. Nelson, a white dog, with brindled spots.”

The place chosen for the exhibition was, as we have said, the yard of a large factory, in the centre of which an iron cage, about fifteen feet square, elevated five feet from the ground, was fixed as the place of combat. This was secured at top by strong open iron work, and at the sides by wrought iron bars, with spaces sufficient between to admit the dogs, and an ascending platform for them to run up. Temporary stations were fixed at the windows of the factory, and all round the yard, and the price for these accommodations named at the outrageous charge of three guineas for the best places, two guineas for the second, one for the third, and half a guinea for standing on the ground. Though the place was tolerably well fitted up, it fell far short of what the mind conceived should be the arena for such a combat; but Mr. Wombwell cared not a jot for the pleasures of the imagination, and counted only the golden sovereign to which every deal board would be turned in the course of the day, while his whole collection of wild beasts, lions, tigresses, and wolves, with their whelps and cubs, apes and monkeys, made up a goodly show, and roared and grinned in concert, delighted with the bustle about them, as if in anticipation of the coming fun.

The *Morning Chronicle* says,—The place chosen for the combat, was the factory yard in which the first stage was erected for the fight between Ward and Cannon. This spot, which was, in fact, extremely

ell calculated for the exhibition, was now completely enclosed. We formerly stated that two sides of the yard were formed by high buildings, the windows of which looked upon the area; the vacant spaces were now filled up by Mr. Wombwell's collection of wild beasts, which were openly exposed, in their respective cages, on the one side, and by paintings and canvass on the other, so that, in fact, a compact square was formed, which was securely hidden from external observation. There was but one door of admission, and that was next the town. Upon the tops of the cages seats were erected, in amphitheatrical order; and for accommodation here, one guinea was charged. The higher prices were taken for the windows in the factories, and the standing places were 10s. each. The centre of the square was occupied by a den, a large iron cage, the bars of which were sufficiently far asunder to permit the dogs to pass in and out, while the caravan in which Nero was usually confined, was drawn up close to it. The den itself was elevated upon a platform, and on wheels about four feet from the ground, and an inclined plane formed of pick planks was placed against it, so as to enable the dogs to rush to the attack. It was into this den that Nero was entered to be baited. Wombwell's trumpeters then went forth, mounted on horses, and in gaudy array, to announce the fight, which was fixed to take place between five and seven in the evening. They travelled to Leamington, and the adjacent villages; but to have done good they would have gone still farther, for all who ventured from a distance on speculation, pronounced that those they left behind fully believed that their labour would be in vain.

The dogs attracted a good deal of curiosity. They took up their quarters at the Green Dragon, where they held a levee, and a great number of persons paid sixpence each to have an opportunity of judging of their qualities, and certainly as far as appearance went, they seemed capable of doing much mischief.

On Tuesday morning several persons were admitted to the factory to see the preparations, and at about ten o'clock the dogs were brought in. They seemed perfectly ready to quarrel with each other, but did not evince any very hostile disposition either towards Nero, who, from his private apartment, eyed them with

great complacency, or towards the other lion and lionesses by whom they were surrounded, and who, as it were, taunted them by repeated howlings, in which Nero joined chorus with his deep and sonorous voice. The cruelty of unnecessarily exposing such an animal to torture, naturally produced severe comments; and among other persons, a quaker, being in the town of Warwick, waited upon Mr. Wombwell, on Tuesday morning, with Mr. Hoare's letter, which he said he had received twenty miles from the town. However well meant this letter was, and that it arose in the purest motives of christian charity no man could doubt: with Mr. Wombwell it had no effect. He looked at his preparations, he looked at his lion, and he cast a glance forward to his profits, and then shook his head.

The pain of the lion was to be Wombwell's profit; and between agony to the animal, and lucre to himself, the showman did not hesitate.

From the *Morning Herald* report of this lion bait, several marked circumstances are selected, and subjoined under a denomination suitable to their character—viz:—

POINTS OF CRUELTY.

First Combat.

1. The dogs, as if in concert, flew at the lion's nose and endeavoured to pin him, but Nero still kept up his head, striking with his fore-paws, and seemingly endeavouring more to get rid of the annoyance than to injure them.

2. They unceasingly kept goading, biting, and darting at his nose, sometimes hanging from his mouth, or one endeavouring to pin a paw, while the others mangled the head.

3. Turk, made a most desperate spring at the nose, and absolutely held there for a moment, while Captain and Tiger each seized a paw; the force of all three brought the lion from his feet, and he was pinned to the floor for the instant.

4. His great strength enabled him to shake off the dogs, and then, as if quite terrified at their fury, he turned round and endeavoured to fly; and if the bars of the cage had not confined him, would certainly have made away. Beaten to the end of the cage, he lay extended in one corner, his great tail hanging out through the bars.

5. Nero appeared quite exhausted, and turned a forlorn and despairing look on

every side for assistance. The dogs became faint, and panting with their tongues out, stood beside him for a few seconds, until cheered and excited by their keepers' voices they again commenced the attack, and roused Nero to exertion. The poor beast's heart seemed to fail him altogether at this fresh assault, and he lay against the side of the stage totally defenceless, while his foes endeavoured to make an impression on his carcase.

6. Turk turned to the head once more, and goaded the lion, almost to madness, by the severity of his punishment on the jaws and nose.

7. The attack had continued about six minutes, and both lion and dogs were brought to a stand still; but Turk got his wind in a moment, and flew at his old mark of the jaw, which he laid hold of, and hung from it, while Nero roared with anguish.

8. The lion attempted to break away, and flung himself with desperation against the bars of the stage—the dogs giving chase, darting at his flank, and worrying his head, until all three being almost pent, another pause took place, and the dogs spared their victim for an instant.

9. Turk got under his chest, and endeavoured to fix himself on his throat, while Tiger imitating his fierceness, flew at the head. This joint attack worked the spirit of the poor lion a little, he struck Tiger from him with a severe blow of his paw, and fell upon Turk with all the weight of the fore part of his body, and then grasping his paws upon him, held him as in a vice.

10. Here the innocent nature of poor Nero was conspicuous, and the brutality of the person who fought him made more evident, for the fine animal having its totally defenceless enemy within the power of his paw, did not put it upon him and crush his head to mince meat, but lay with his mouth open, panting for breath, nor could all the exertions of Wombwell from outside the bars direct his fury at the dog who was between his feet.

11. It now became a question what was to be done, as Tiger crawled away and was taken to his kennel, and there appeared no chance of the lion moving from his position and relieving the other dog. However, after about a minute's pause, the lion opened his hold, released the dog and got upon his legs, as if he became at ease when freed from the punishment of his assailants.

12. Turk finding himself at liberty, faced the lion, flew at his nose, and there fastened himself like a leech, while poor Nero roared again with anguish. The lion contrived, by a violent exertion, to shake him off. Thus terminated the first round in eleven minutes.

Second Combat.

1. The three dogs were brought to their station, and pointed and excited at the lion; but the inoffensive, innocent creature walked about the stage, evidently unprepared for a second attack.

2. Word being given, the three dogs were slipped at once, and all darted at the flank of the lion, amid the horrid din of the cries of their handlers, and the clapping and applause of the mob. The lion finding himself again assailed, did not turn against his foes, but broke away with a roar, and went several times round the cage seeking to escape from their fury.

3. The dogs pursued him, and all heading him as if by the same impulse, flew at his nose together, brought him down, and pinned him to the floor. Their united strength being now evidently superior to his, he was held fast for several seconds, while the mob shouted with renewed delight.

4. Nero, by a desperate exertion, cleared himself at length from their fury, and broke away; but the dogs again gave chase and headed him once more, sprung at his nose, and pinned him all three together. The poor beast, lacerated and torn, groaned with pain and heart-rending anguish, and a few people, with something of a human feeling about them, called out to Wombwell to give in for the lion; but he was callous to their entreaties, and Nero was left to his fate.

5. Poor Nero lay panting on the stage, his mouth, nose, and chaps full of blood, while a contest took place between Wombwell and the keepers of the dogs, the one refusing, and the other claiming the victory. At length brutality prevailed, and the dogs were slipped again for the purpose of finishing.

6. Nero was unable to rise and meet them, and suffered himself to be torn and pulled about as they pleased; while the dogs, exulting over their prey, munched his carcase, as he lay quite powerless and exhausted. Wombwell then seeing that all chance of the lion coming round was hopeless, and dreading that the death of the poor animal must be the consequence

further punishment, gave in at last, the handlers of the dogs laid hold of them by the legs, and pulled them by force away, on which another shout of brutal exultation was set up, and the game sport of the day concluded.

Nero's Tameness.

had he exerted a tithe of his strength, to kick with his paws, or used his fangs, he must have killed all the dogs, but the beast never bit his foes, or attempted anything further than defending himself from an annoyance. On the whole, the exhibition was the most brutal we have witnessed, and appears to be indelible in every point of view.

In reprobating the baiting of this tame dog by trained and savage dogs, the periodical press has been unanimous. The *Times* says, "We rejoice to observe a strong feeling of aversion with which the public in general have heard of this exhibition. As a question of natural history, it may be deemed curious to ascertain the comparative ferocity of the lion and the bull-dog; but even in this respect the Warwick fight cannot be deemed satisfactory; for though the lion was a large majestic animal, yet, as he had been tamed and brought up in a domestic state, he had evidently little or nothing of the fury of a wild animal of the same species in combat. Buffon observes, that the lion is very susceptible of the impressions given to him, and has always a docility enough to be rendered tame to a certain degree." He adds, that "the lion, when taken young, and brought up among domestic animals, easily accustoms himself to live with them, and even to play without doing them injury; that he is obedient to his keeper, and even caressing, especially in the early part of his life; that if his natural fierceness now and then breaks out, it is seldom turned against those who have treated him with kindness." These remarks of the great naturalist are very fully confirmed by the conduct of poor Nero; for both before and after the combat, he suffered his keeper, Wombwell, with impunity to enter his den, give him water to drink, and throw the remainder over his head.—We begin now to feel that a man has no right to torment inferior animals for his amusement; but it must be confessed that this sentiment is rather of recent pre-

dominance. The gladiatorial shows of Rome, the quail-fights of India, the bull-fights of Spain, may, in some measure, keep our barbarous ancestors in countenance; but the fact is, that bear-baiting, badger-baiting, bull-baiting, cock-fighting, and such elegant modes of setting on poor animals to worry and torment each other, were, little more than a century ago, the fashionable amusement of persons in all ranks of life. They have gradually descended to the lowest of the vulgar; and though there always will be found persons who adopt the follies and vices of their inferiors, yet these form a very small and inconsiderable minority of the respectable classes; and in another generation it will probably be deemed disgraceful in a gentleman to associate, on any occasion, with prize-fighters and pickpockets." By right education, and the diffusion of humane principles, we may teach youth to shun the inhuman example of their forefathers.

WOMBWELL'S SECOND LION BAIT.

Determined not to forego a shilling which could be obtained by the exposure of an animal to torture, Wombwell in the same week submitted another of his lions to be baited.

The *Times*, in giving an account of this renewed brutality, after a forcible expression of its "disgust and indignation at the cruelty of the spectacle, and the supineness of the magistracy," proceeds thus: "Wombwell has, notwithstanding the public indignation which accompanied the exposure of the lion Nero to the six dogs, kept his word with the lovers of cruel sports by a second exhibition. He matched his 'Wallace,' a fine lion, cubbed in Scotland, against six of the best dogs that could be found. Wallace's temper is the very opposite of that of the gentle Nero. It is but seldom that he lets even his feeders approach him, and he soon shows that he cannot reconcile himself to familiarity from any creature not of his own species. Towards eight o'clock the factory-yard was well attended, at 5s. each person, and soon after the battle commenced. The lion was turned from his den to the same stage on which Nero fought. The match was—1st. Three couples of dogs to be slipped at him, two at a time—2d. Twenty minutes or more, as the umpires should think fit, to be allowed

between each attack—3d. The dogs to be handed to the cage once only. Tinker, Ball, Billy, Sweep, Turpin, Tiger.”

THE FIGHT.

“In the first round, Tinker and Ball were let loose, and both made a gallant attack; the lion having waited for them as if aware of the approach of his foes. He showed himself a forest lion, and fought like one. He clapped his paw upon poor Ball, took Tinker in his teeth, and deliberately walked round the stage with him as a cat would with a mouse. Ball, released from the paw, worked all he could, but Wallace treated his slight punishment by a kick now and then. He at length dropped Tinker, and that poor animal crawled off the stage as well as he could. The lion then seized Ball by the mouth, and played precisely the same game with him as if he had actually been trained to it. Ball would have been almost devoured, but his second got hold of him through the bars, and hauled him away. Turpin, a London, and Sweep, a Liverpool dog, made an excellent attack, but it was three or four minutes before the ingenuity of their seconds could get them on. Wallace squatted on his haunches, and placed himself erect at the slope where the dogs mounted the stage, as if he thought they dared not approach. The dogs, when on, fought gallantly; but both were vanquished in less than a minute after their attack. The London dog bolted as soon as he could extricate himself from the lion's grasp, but Sweep would have been killed on the spot, but he was released. Wedgbury untied Billy and Tiger, casting a most piteous look upon the wounded dogs around him. Both went to work. Wallace seized Billy by the loins, and when shaking him, Tiger having run away, Wedgbury cried out, ‘There, you see how you've gammoned me to have the best dog in England killed.’ Billy, however, escaped with his life; he was dragged through the railing, after having received a mark in the loins, which (if he recovers at all) will probably render him unfit for any future contest. The victory of course was declared in favour of the lion.—Several well-dressed women viewed the contest from the upper apartment of the factory.”—*Women!*

Lion Fights in England.

It is more than two hundred years since an attempt has been made in this

country to fight a lion against dogs. In the time of James I., the exhibition took place for the amusement of the court. Those who are curious on the subject will find in “Seymour's Survey,” a description of an experiment of that nature, in 1610. Two lions and a bear were first put into a pit together, but they agreed perfectly well, and disappointed the royal spectators in not assaulting each other. A high-spirited horse was then put in with them, but neither the bear nor the lions attacked him. Six mastiffs were next let loose, but they directed all their fury against the horse, flew upon it, and would have torn it in pieces, but for the interference of the bear-wards, who went into the pit, and drew the dogs away, the lions and bear remaining unconcerned. Your profound antiquarian will vouch for the truth of this narration, but it goes a very little way to establish the fact of an actual fight between a lion and dogs. Perhaps an extract from *Stow's Annals* may be more satisfactory. It is an account of a contest stated to have taken place in the presence of James I., and his son, prince Henry. “One of the dogs being put into the den, was soon disabled by the lion, who took him by the head and neck, and dragged him about. Another dog was then let loose, and served in the same manner; but the third being put in, immediately seized the lion by the lip, and held him for a considerable time; till being severely torn by his claws, the dog was obliged to quit his hold; and the lion, greatly exhausted by the conflict, refused to renew the engagement; but taking a sudden leap over the dogs, fled into the interior of his den. Two of the dogs soon died of their wounds; the third survived, and was taken great care of by the prince, who said, ‘he that had fought with the king of beasts should never after fight with an inferior creature.’”*

Lion Fight at Vienna.

There was a lion fight at the amphitheatre of Vienna, in the summer of 1790, which was almost the last permitted in that capita’.

The amphitheatre at Vienna embraced an area of from eighty to a hundred feet in diameter. The lower part of the structure comprised the dens of the different animals. Above those dens, and about ten feet from the ground, were the first and

* Morning Herald

principal seats, over which were galleries. In the course of the entertainment, a den was opened, out of which stalked, in free and ample range, a most majestic lion; and, soon after, a fallow deer was let into the circus from another den. The deer instantly fled, and bounded round the circular space, pursued by the lion; but the quick and sudden turnings of the former continually balked the effort of the pursuer. After this ineffectual chase had continued for several minutes, a door was opened, through which the deer escaped; and presently five or six of the large and fierce Hungarian mastiffs were let in. The lion, at the moment of their entrance, was leisurely returning to his den, the door of which stood open. The dogs, which entered behind him, flew towards him in a body, with the utmost fury, making the amphitheatre ring with their barkings. When they reached the lion, the noble animal stopped, and deliberately turned towards them. The dogs instantly retreated a few steps, increasing their vociferations, and the lion slowly resumed his progress towards his den. As the dogs again approached; the lion turned his head; his adversaries halted; and this continued until, on his nearing his den, the dogs separated, and approached him on different sides. The lion then turned quickly round, like one whose dignified patience could brook the affront of insolence no longer. The dogs fled far, as if instinctively sensible of the power of wrath they had at length provoked. One unfortunate dog, however, which had approached too near to effect his escape, was suddenly seized by the paw of the lion; and the piercing yells which he sent forth quickly caused his comrades to recede to the door of entrance at the opposite site of the area, where they stood in a row, barking and belling in concert with their miserable associate.

After arresting the struggling and yelling prisoner for a short time, the lion touched upon him with his forepaws and snout. The struggles of the sufferer grew feebler and feebler, until at length he became perfectly motionless. We all concluded him to be dead. In this composed posture of executive justice, the lion remained for at least ten minutes, when he majestically rose, and with a slow step entered his den, and disappeared. The apparent corpse continued to lie motionless for a few minutes; pre-

sently the dog, to his amazement, and that of the whole amphitheatre, found himself alive, and rose with his nose pointed to the ground, his tail between his hind legs pressing his belly, and, as soon as he was certified of his existence, he made off for the door in a long trot, through which he escaped with his more fortunate companions.*

Another Lion Fight at Vienna.

Of late years the truth of the accounts which have been so long current, respecting the generous disposition of the lion, have been called in question. Several travellers, in their accounts of Asia and Africa, describe him as of a more rapacious and sanguinary disposition than had formerly been supposed, although few of them have had the opportunity to make him a particular object of their attention.

A circumstance that occurred not long since in Vienna seems, however, to confirm the more ancient accounts. In the year 1791, at which period the custom of baiting wild beasts still existed in that city, a combat was to be exhibited between a lion and a number of large dogs. As soon as the noble animal made his appearance, four large bull-dogs were turned loose upon him, three of which, however, as soon as they came near him, took fright, and ran away. One only had courage to remain, and make the attack. The lion, however, without rising from the ground upon which he was lying, showed him, by a single stroke with his paw, how greatly his superior he was in strength; for the dog was instantly stretched motionless on the ground. The lion drew him towards him, and laid his fore-paws upon him in such a manner that only a small part of his body could be seen. Every one imagined that the dog was dead, and that the lion would soon rise and devour him. But they were mistaken. The dog began to move, and struggled to get loose, which the lion permitted him to do. He seemed merely to have warned him not to meddle with him any more; but when the dog attempted to run away, and had already got half over the enclosure, the lion's indignation seemed to be excited. He sprang from the ground, and in two leaps reached the fugitive, who had just got as far as the paling, and was whining to have it opened for him to escape.

* *The Times.*

The flying animal had called the instinctive propensity of the monarch of the forest into action: the defenceless enemy now excited his pity; for the generous lion stepped a few paces backward, and looked quietly on, while a small door was opened to let the dog out of the enclosure.

This unequivocal trait of generosity moved every spectator. A shout of applause resounded throughout the assembly, who had enjoyed a satisfaction of a description far superior to what they had expected.

It is possible that the African lion, when, under the impulse of hunger, he goes out to seek his prey, may not so often exhibit this magnanimous disposition; for in that case he is compelled by imperious necessity to satisfy the cravings of nature; but when his appetite is satiated, he never seeks for prey, nor does he ever destroy to gratify a blood-thirsty disposition.*

A Man killed by a Lion.

Under the reign of Augustus, king of Poland and elector of Saxony, a lion was kept in the menagerie at Dresden, between whom and his attendant such a good understanding subsisted, that the latter used not to lay the food which he brought to him before the grate, but carried it into his cage. Generally the man wore a green jacket; and a considerable time had elapsed, during which the lion had always appeared very friendly and grateful whenever he received a visit from him.

Once the keeper, having been to church to receive the sacrament, had put on a black coat, as is usual in that country upon such occasions, and he still wore it when he gave the lion his dinner. The unusual appearance of the black coat excited the lion's rage; he leapt at his keeper, and struck his claws into his shoulder. The man spoke to him gently, when the well-known tone of his voice brought the lion in some degree to recollection. Doubt appeared expressed in his terrific features; however, he did not quit his hold. An alarm was raised: the wife and children ran to the place with shrieks of terror. Soon some grenadiers of the guard arrived, and offered to shoot the animal, as there seemed, in this critical moment, to be no other means of

extricating the man from him; but the keeper, who was attached to the lion, begged them not to do it, as he hoped he should be able to extricate himself at a less expense. For nearly a quarter of an hour, he capitulated with his enraged friend, who still would not let go his hold, but shook his mane, lashed his sides with his tail, and rolled his fiery eyes. At length the man felt himself unable to sustain the weight of the lion, and yet any serious effort to extricate himself would have been at the immediate hazard of his life. He therefore desired the grenadiers to fire, which they did through the grate, and killed the lion on the spot; but in the same moment, perhaps only by a convulsive dying grasp, he squeezed the keeper between his powerful claws with such force, that he broke his arms, ribs, and spine; and they both fell down dead together.*

A Woman killed by a Lion.

In the beginning of the last century, there was in the menagerie at Cassel, a lion that showed an astonishing degree of tameness towards the woman that had the care of him. This went so far, that the woman, in order to amuse the company that came to see the animal, would often rashly place not only her hand, but even her head, between his tremendous jaws. She had frequently performed this experiment without suffering any injury; but having once introduced her head into the lion's mouth, the animal made a sudden snap, and killed her on the spot. Undoubtedly, this catastrophe was unintentional on the part of the lion; for probably at the fatal moment the hair of the woman's head irritated the lion's throat, and compelled him to sneeze or cough; at least, this supposition seems to be confirmed by what followed: for as soon as the lion perceived that he had killed his attendant, the good-tempered, grateful animal exhibited signs of the deepest melancholy, laid himself down by the side of the dead body, which he would not suffer to be taken from him, refused to take any food, and in a few days pined himself to death.†

The Lions in the Tower.

Lions, with other beasts of prey and curious animals presented to the king of

* Zoological Anecdotes.

* Zoological Anecdotes.

† Ibid.

England, are committed to the Tower on their arrival, there to remain in the custody of a keeper especially appointed to that office by letters patent; he has apartments for himself, with an allowance of sixpence a day, and a further sixpence a day for every lion and leopard. Maitland says the office was usually filled by one person of distinction and quality, and he instances the appointment of Robert Marsfield, Esq., in the reign of king Henry VI.* It appears from the patent that, that in 1382, Richard II. appointed John Evesham, one of his valets, keeper of the lions, and one of the valets-at-arms of the Tower of London, during pleasure. His predecessor was Robert Bowyer.† Maitland supposes lions and leopards to have been the only beasts kept there for many ages, except a white bear and an elephant in the reign of Henry III. That monarch, on the 26th of February, 1256, enquired the sheriff of London with the following precept:—"The King to the sheriffs of London, greeting: We command you, that of the farm of our city of London, without delay, to be built in our Tower of London one house of twenty feet long, and twenty feet deep, for an Elephant." Next year, on the 11th of October, the king in like manner commanded the sheriffs "to find for the said elephant and his keeper such necessaries as should be reasonable needful." He had previously ordered them to allow sixpence a day for keeping the white bear and his keeper; and the sheriffs were royally favoured with an injunction to provide a muzzle and an iron chain to hold the bear out of the water, and also a long and strong cord to hold him while he washed himself in the Thames.

Stow relates, that James I., on a visit to the lion and lioness in the Tower, caused a live lamb to be put into them; but they refused to harm it, although the lamb in its innocence went close to them. An anecdote equally striking was related to the editor of the *Every-Day Book* by an individual whose friend, a few years ago, saw a young calf thrust into the den of a lion abroad. The calf walked to the lion, and rubbed itself against him as he lay; the lion looked, but did not move; the calf, by thrusting its nose under the side of the lion, indicated a desire to suck, and the lion then slowly rose and

walked away, from mere disinclination to be interfered with, out without the least expression of resentment, although the calf continued to follow him.

On the 13th of August, 1731, a litter of young lions was whelped in the Tower, from a lioness and lion whelped there six years before. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for February, 1739, there is an engraving of Marco, a lion then in the Tower.

On the 6th of April, 1775, a lion was landed at the Tower, as a present to his late majesty from Senegal. He was taken in the woods, out of a snare, by a private soldier, who, being attacked by two natives that had laid it, killed them both, and brought away the lion. The king ordered his discharge for this act, and further rewarded him by a pension of fifty pounds a year for life. On this fact, related in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year, a correspondent inquires of Mr. Urban whether "a lion's whelp is an equivalent for the lives of two human creatures." To this question, reiterated by another, it is answered in the same volume, with rectitude of principle and feeling, that "if the fact be true, the person who recommended the soldier to his majesty's notice, must have considered the action in a military light only, and must totally have overlooked the criminality of it in a moral sense. The killing two innocent fellow-creatures, *unprovoked*, only to rob them of the fruits of their ingenuity, can never surely be accounted *meritorious* in one who calls himself a christian. If it is not *meritorious*, but contrary, the murderer was a very improper object to be recommended as worthy to be rewarded by a humane and christian king." This settled the question, and the subject was not revived.

THE LION'S HEAD.

Because the inundation of the Nile happened during the progress of the sun in Leo, the ancients caused the water of their fountains to issue from the mouth of a lion's head, sculptured in stone. The circumstance is pleasant to notice at this season; a few remarks will be made on fountains by-and-bye.

The *Lion's Head*, at Button's coffee-house, is well remembered in literary annals. It was a carving with an orifice at the mouth, through which communications for the "Guardian" were thrown. Button had been a servant in the countess of Warwick's family, and by the

* Maitland's London, edit. 1772 i. 17
† Gent. Mag.

patronage of Addison, kept a coffee-house on the south side of Russell-street, about two doors from Covent-garden, where the wits of that day used to assemble. Addison studied all the morning, dined at a tavern, and afterwards went to Button's. "The Lion's Head" was inscribed with two lines from Martial:—

Cervantur magnis isti Cervicibus unguis :
Non nisi delectâ pascitur ille fera.

This has been translated in the *Gentleman's Magazine* thus:—

Bring here nice morceaus ; be it understood
The lion vindicates his choicest food.

Button's "Lion's Head" was afterwards preserved at the Shakspeare Tavern, where it was sold by auction on the 8th of November, 1804, to Mr. Richardson of the Grand Hotel, the indefatigable collector and possessor of an immense mass of materials for the history of St. Paul, Covent-garden, the parish wherein he resides. The late duke of Norfolk was his ineffectual competitor at the sale: the noble peer suffered the spirited commoner to gain the prize for 17*l.* 10*s.* Subsequently the duke frequently dined at Mr. Richardson's, whom he courted in vain to relinquish the gem. Mr. R. had the head with its inscription handsomely engraved for his "great seal," from which he has caused delicate impressions to be presented in oak-boxes, to a few whom it has pleased him so to gratify; and among them the editor of the *Every-Day Book*, who thus acknowledges the acceptable civility.

In the *London Magazine* the "Lion's Head," fronts each number, greeting its correspondents, and others who expect announcements, with "short affable roars," and inviting "communications" from all "who may have committed a particularly good action, or a particularly bad one— or said or written any thing very clever, or very stupid, during the month." By too literal a construction of this comprehensive invitation, some got into the "head," who, not having reach enough for the "body" of the magazine, were happy to get out with a slight scratch, and others remain without daring to say "their souls are their own"—to the reformation of themselves, and as examples to others contemplating like offences. The "Lion" of the "London" is of delicate scent, and shows high masterhood in the great forest of literature.

St. Anne.

Her name, which in Hebrew signifies gracious, is in the church of England calendar and almanacs on this day, which is kept as a great holiday by the Romish church.

The history of St. Anne is an old fiction. It pretends that she and her husband Joachim were Jews of substance, and lived twenty years without issue, when the high priest, on Joachim making his offerings in the temple, at the feast of the dedication, asked him why he, who had no children, presumed to appear among those who had; adding, that his offerings were not acceptable to God, who had judged him unworthy to have children, nor, until he had, would his offerings be accepted. Joachim retired, and bewailed his reproach among his shepherds in the pastures without returning home, lest his neighbours also should reproach him. The story relates that, in this state, an angel appeared to him and consoled him, by assuring him that he should have a daughter, who should be called Mary, and for a sign he declared that Joachim on arriving at the Golden Gate of Jerusalem should there meet his wife Anne, who being very much troubled that he had not returned sooner, should rejoice to see him. Afterwards the angel appeared to Anne, who was equally disconsolate, and comforted her by a promise to the same effect, and assured her by a like token, namely, that at the Golden Gate she should meet her husband for whose safety she had been so much concerned. Accordingly both of them left the places where they were, and met each other at the Golden Gate, and rejoiced at each others' vision, and returned thanks, and lived in cheerful expectation that the promise would be fulfilled.

The meeting between St. Anne and St. Joachim at the Golden Gate was a favourite subject among catholic painters, and there are many prints of it. From one of them in the "Salisbury Missal," (1534 fo. xix) the annexed engraving is copied. The curious reader will find notices of others in a volume on the "Ancient Mysteries," by the editor of the *Every-Day Book*. The wood engraving in the "Missal" is improperly placed there to illustrate the meeting between the Virgin Mary and Elizabeth.



Meeting of St. Anne and St. Joachim

AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

It is further pretended, that the result of the angel's communication to Joachim and Anne was the miraculous birth of the virgin Mary, and that she was afterwards dedicated by Anne to the service of the temple, where she remained till the time of her espousal by Joseph.

In the Romish breviary of Sarum there are forms of prayer to St. Anne, which show how extraordinarily highly these stories placed her. One of them is thus translated by bishop Patrick:*

O vessel of celestial grace,
Blest mother to the virgins' queen,
By thee we beg, in the first place,
Remission of all former sin.

“ Great mother, always keep in mind
The power thou hast, by thy sweet
daughter,
And, by thy wonted prayer, let's find
God's grace procur'd to us hereafter.”

Another, after high commendations to St. Anne, concludes thus:—

“ Therefore, still asking, we remain,
And thy unwearied suitors are,
That, what thou canst, thou wouldst obtain,
And give us heaven by thy prayer.
Do thou appease the daughter, thou didst
bear,
She her own son, and thou thy *grandson*
dear.”

The nuns of St. Anne at Rome show a rude silver ring as the wedding-ring of

* Patrick's Devot. of Rom Church.

Anne and Joachim; both ring and story are ingenious fabrications. There are of course plenty of her relics and miracles from the same sources. They are further noticed in the work on the "Mysteries" referred to before.

—
SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

A young, and not unknown correspondent of the *Every-Day Book*, has had a holiday—his first holiday since he came to London, and settled down into an every-day occupation of every hour of his time. He seems until now not to have known that the environs of London abound in natural as well as artificial beauties. What he has seen will be productive of this advantage; it will induce residents in London, who never saw Dulwich, to pay it a visit, and see all that he saw. Messrs. Colnaghi and Son, of Pall-mall East, Mr. Clay of Ludgate-hill, or any other respectable printseller, will supply an applicant with a ticket of admission for a party, to see the noble gallery of pictures there. These tickets are gratuitous, and a summer holiday may be delightfully spent by viewing the paintings, and walking in the pleasant places adjacent: the pictures will be agreeable topics for conversation during the stroll.

MY HOLIDAY!

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

My dear Sir,

The kind and benevolent feelings which you are so wont to discover, and the sparkling good-humour and sympathy which characterize your *Every-Day Book*, encourage me to describe to you "My holiday!" I approach you with familiarity, being well known as your *constant reader*. You also know me to be a *provincial* cockney—a transplant. Oh! why then do you so often paint nature in her enchanting loveliness? What cruelty! You know my destiny is foreign to my desires: I cannot now seek the shade of a retired grove, carelessly throw myself on the bank of a "babbling brook," there muse and angle, as I was wont to do, and, as my old friend Izaak Walton bade me,—

"watch the sun to rise and set,
There meditate my time away,
And beg to have a quiet passage to a
welcome grave."

But, I have had a holiday! The desk was forsaken for eight-and-forty hours!

Think of that! I have experienced what Leigh Hunt desires every christian to experience—that there is a green and gay world, as well as a brick and mortar one. Months previous was the spot fixed upon which was to receive my choice, happy spirit. Dulwich was the place. It was an easy distance from town; moreover, it was a "rustic" spot; moreover, it had a picture-gallery; in a word, it was just the sort of place for me. The happy morning dawned. I could say with Horace, with the like feelings of enraptured delight—

"Insanire juvat. Sparge rosas."

Such was the disposition of my mind.

We met (for I was accompanied) at that general rendezvous for carts, stages, waggons, and sociables, the Elephant and Castle. There were the honest, valiant, laughter-loving J—; the pensive, kindly-hearted G—; and the sanguine, romantic, speculative M—. A conveyance was soon sought. It was a square, covered vehicle, set on two wheels, drawn by one horse, which was a noble creature, creditable to its humane master, who has my best wishes, as I presume he will never have cause to answer under Mr. Martin's Act. Thus equipaged and curtained in, we merrily trotted by the Montpelier Gardens, and soon *overtook* the "Fox-under-the-Hill." To this "Fox" I was an entire stranger, having never hunted in that part of the country before. The beautiful hill which brought us to the heights of Camberwell being gained, we sharply turned to the left, which gave us the view of Dulwich and its adjoining domains in the distance. Oh, ecstasy of thought! Gentle hills, dark valleys, far-spreading groves, luxuriant corn-fields, magnificent prospects, then sparkled before me. The rich carpet of nature decked with Flora's choicest flowers, and wafting perfumes of odoriferous herbs floating on the breezes, expanded and made my heart replete with joy. What kind-heartedness then beamed in our countenances! We talked, and joked, and prattled; and so fast did our transports impulse, that to expect an answer to *one* of my eager inquiries as to "who lives here or there?" was out of the question. Our hearts were redolent of joy. It was our holiday!

By the side of the neat, grassy, picturesque burying-ground we alighted, in front of Dulwich-college. Now for the picture-gallery. Some demur took place

to the safety of the "ticket." After a few moments' intense anxiety, it appeared. How important was that square bit of cardboard!—it was the key to our hopes—Admit Mr. R— and friends to view the bourgeois Gallery." We entered by the gate which conducts into the clean, neat, and well-paved courtyard contiguous to the gallery. In the lodge, which is situated at the end of this paved footpath, you see a comely, urbane personage. With a polite bend of the head, and a gentle smile of good-nature on his countenance, the production of the "ticket," he bids you welcome. The small folding doors on your right hand are then opened, and this magnificent gallery is before you. This collection is extremely rich in the works of the old masters, particularly Poussin, Teniers, Vandyke, Claude, Rubens, Cuype, Murillo, Velasquez, Annibal Caracci, Vandervelt, Vanderwerf, and Vanhuysem. Here I luxuriated. With my catalogue in hand, and the eye steadily fixed upon the subject, I gazed, and although neither connoisseur nor student, yet that calmness, devotion, and serenity of soul, which the admiration of either the works of a poet, or the "sweet harmony" of sound, or form, alone work upon my heart. I love nature, and *here* she was imitated in her simplest and truest colourings. The gallery, or rather the five elegant rooms, are well designed, and the pictures admirably arranged. We entered a door about midway in the gallery, on the left, and were particularly pleased with the mausoleum. The design is clever and ingenious, and highly creditable to the talents of Mr. Soane. Here lie Sir Francis Bourgeois, and Mr. and Mrs. Resenfans, surrounded by these exquisite pictures. The masterly painting of the *death of Cardinal Beaufort* is observed early over this entrance-door. But, time presses—and after noticing yonder picture which hangs at the farther extremity of the gallery, I will retire. It is the *Martyrdom of St. Sebastian*, by Annibal Caracci. Upon this sublime painting I could meditate away an age. It is full of power, of real feeling and poetry. Mark that countenance—the uplifted eye "with holy fervour bright!"—the resignation, calmness, and holy serenity, which speak of truth and magnanimity, contrasted with the physical sufferings and agonies of a horrid path. I was lost—my mind was slumbering on this ocean of sublimity!

The lover of rural sights will return

from Dulwich-college by the retired footpath that strikes off to the right by the "cage" and "stocks" opposite the burying-ground. On ascending the verdant hill which leads to Camberwell Grove, the rising objects that gradually open to the view are most beautifully picturesque and enchanting. We reached the summit of the *Five Fields* :—

"Heav'n's! what a goodly prospect spread
around
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns,
and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams."

This is a fairy region. The ravished eye glances from villa to grove, turret, pleasure-ground, hill, dale; and "figured streams in waves of silver" roll. Here are seen Norwood, Shooter's-hill, Seven Droog Castle, Peckham, Walworth, Greenwich, Deptford, and bounding the horizon, the vast gloom of Epping Forest. What a holiday! What a feast for the mind, the eye, and the heart! A few paces from us we suddenly discerned a humble, aged, wintry object, sitting as if in mockery of the golden sunbeam which played across his furrowed cheek. The philanthropy of the good and gentle Elia inspired our hearts on viewing this "dim speck," this monument of days gone by. Love is charity, and it was charitable thus to love. The good old patriarch asked not, but received alms with humility and gratitude. His poverty was honourable: his character was noble and elevated in lowliness. He gracelessly doffed his many-coloured cap in thanks (for hat he had none), and the snowy locks floating on the breeze rendered him an object as interesting as he was venerable. Could we have made *all* sad hearts gay, we should but have realized the essayings of our souls. Our imaginings were of gladness and of joy. It was our holiday!

Now, my holiday is past! Hope, like a glimmering star, appears to me through the dark waves of time, and is ominous of future days like these. We are now "at home," homely in use as occupation. I am hugging the desk, and calculating. I can now only request others who have leisure and opportunity to take a "holiday," and make it a "holiday" similar to this. Health will be improved, the heart delighted, and the mind strengthened. The grovelling sensualist, who sees pleasure only in confusion, never can know pleasures comparable with these. There is

a moral to every circumstance of life
One may be traced in the events of "My
holiday!"

1 am, dear Sir,
Yours very truly,
S. R.

WEATHER.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.
Sir,

The subjoined table for foretelling
weather, appears strictly within the plan
of the *Every-Day Book*, for who that

purposes out-door recreation, would no
seize the probability of fixing on a fine
day for the purpose; or what agricul-
tural tourist would decline information that
venture to affirm may be relied on? I
is copied from the Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke
(See the "Wesleyan Methodist Magazine,"
New Series, vol. iii., p. 457, 458.) Be-
lieving that it will be gratifying and
useful to your readers,

I am, &c.,
O. F. S

Doctors Commons.

THE WEATHER PROGNOSTICATOR

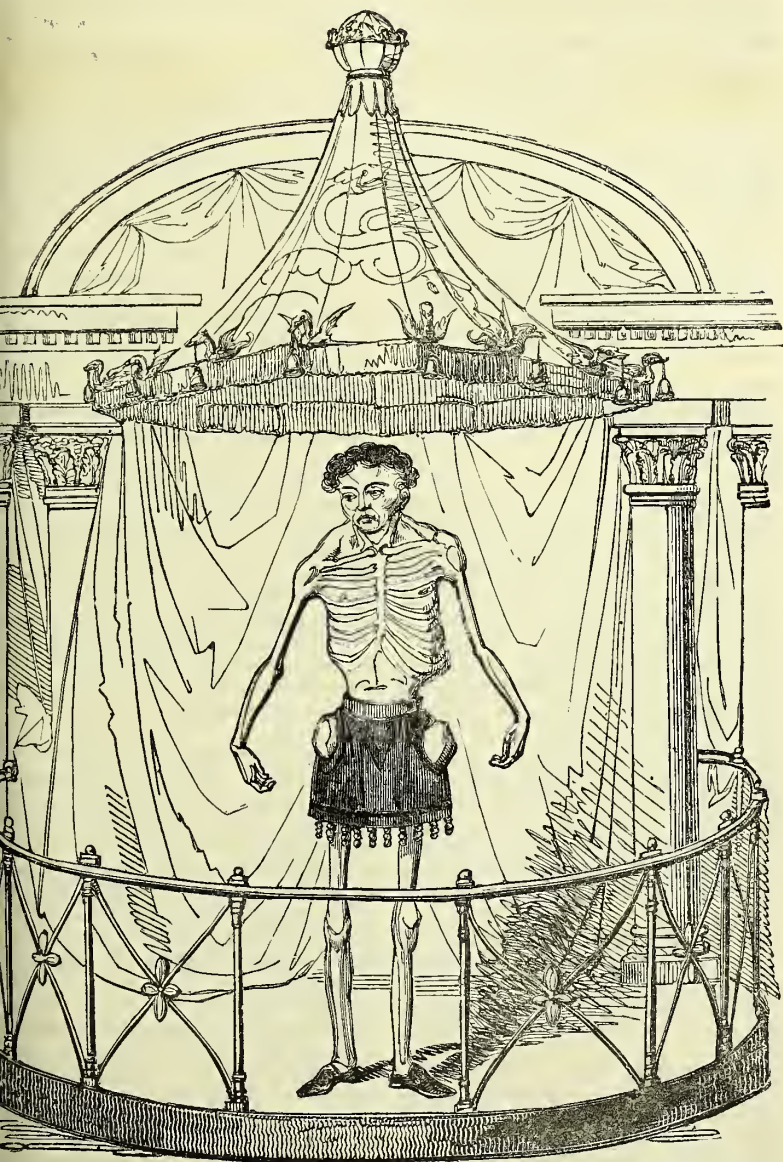
Through all the Lunations of each Year for ever.

This table and the accompanying remarks are the result of many years' actual
observation; the whole being constructed on a due consideration of the attraction of
the sun and moon in their several positions respecting the earth; and will, by simple
inspection, show the observer what kind of weather will most probably follow the en-
trance of the moon into any of her *quarters*, and that so near the truth as to be
seldom or never found to fail.

Moon.	Time of Change.	In Summer.	In Winter.
If the new moon—the first quarter—the full moon—or the last quarter happens	Between midnight and two in the morning ..	Fair	Hard frost, unless the wind be S. or W.
	— 2 and 4 morn..	Cold with frequent showers	Snow and stormy.
	— 4 and 6.....		Rain.
	— 6 and 8.....	Wind and rain ...	Stormy.
	— 8 and 10.....	Changeable	Cold rain, if wind W.; snow if E.
	— 10 and 12.....	Frequent showers ..	Cold and high wind.
	At twelve o'clock at noon and to two P. M.....	Very rainy	Snow or rain.
	Between 2 and 4 Aftern.	Changeable	Fair and mild.
	— 4 and 6.....	Fair	Fair.
	— 6 and 8.....	Fair if wind NW.	Fair and frosty if wind N. or NE.
— 8 and 10.....	Rainy, if S. or SW.	Rain or snow if S. or SW.	
— 10 and midnight..	Ditto	Ditto	
	Fair	Fair and frosty.	

OBSERVATIONS.

1. The nearer the time of the moon's change, first quarter, full, and last quarter. is to midnight, the fairer will the weather be during the seven days following.
2. The space for this calculation occupies from ten at night till two next morning
3. The nearer to mid-day or noon these phases of the moon happen, the more foul or wet the weather may be expected during the next seven days.
4. The space for this calculation occupies from ten in the forenoon to two in the afternoon. These observations refer principally to summer, though they affect spring and autumn nearly in the same ratio.
5. The moon's change—first quarter—full—and last quarter, happening during six of the afternoon hours, i. e. from four to ten, may be followed by fair weather: but this is mostly dependent on the wind, as it is noted in the table.
6. Though the weather, from a variety of irregular causes, is more uncertain in the latter part of autumn, the whole of winter, and the beginning of spring; yet, in the main, the above observations will apply to those periods also.



The Editor's Visits to Claude Ambroise Seurat,

EXHIBITED IN PALL MALL UNDER THE APPELLATION OF THE
ANATOMIE VIVANTE; or, LIVING SKELETON!

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee. *Shakspeare.*

I have visited CLAUDE AMBROISE SEURAT. Some would call him an unhappy or a miserable creature; he is

neither unhappy nor miserable. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

How little do they see what *is*, who frame
Their hasty judgment upon that which *seems*. *Southey.*

If Seurat had not seen men of firmer make, he would not know that the infirmity peculiar to himself is unnatural. Were he dressed like other persons, there is nothing in his countenance or speech to denote him different from themselves; and yet the difference is so great, that it is wonderful that he should "live, and move, and have his being."

The "Interesting Account and Anatomical Description" of this extraordinary individual, sold at the Chinese Saloon, where he is exhibited, is to the following effect:—

Claude Ambroise Seurat was born at Troyes, in the department of Champagne, on the 10th of April, 1797, and is now therefore twenty-eight years of age. His parents were respectable, but poor, and neither of them presented any deformity, or uncommon appearance; on the contrary, they are stated to have enjoyed robust health. The child on coming into the world, presented the customary baby form, but in proportion as the *infant* grew, *the frame gradually wasted away*, and so continued to decrease until the attainment of its full stature, which occurred at the usual term of life, at which period Claude had attained his present height, while his frame had dwindled to the skeleton form which it now so decidedly presents.

In France, where he ate very little of any animal food, a penny French roll was enough for a day's sustenance; but as he now partakes of a small quantity of animal diet, his bread is reduced accordingly.

As regards his feeding, those dishes which afford most nourishment satisfy him the quickest; and two or three ounces a day are quite sufficient.

In France he was accustomed to drink the wine of his country; but in England he partakes of wines greatly diluted with water, finding the liquors here so much stronger, as the Champagne he usually drank was what is denominated *vin de pays*, or small wine, of which there is none in this country. In eating, he masticates his victuals very much, taking

small pieces, as the passage to the stomach would not admit of any great repletion, and in drinking the same precaution is required, otherwise suffocation would ensue. His digestion is extremely good, and the consequent functions of nature are regularly performed.

It is a singular fact, that such is the extreme sensitiveness of this almost non-descript, or sport of nature, that when touched on the left side with the finger, the surface of the body, to a certain extent, is observed to manifest its sympathy, by an involuntary chill, which contracts the pores, and produces that roughness of surface vulgarly known by the denomination of goose's skin. In raising either of his feet from the floor, the limb appears to be distended uselessly from the knee, and we cannot better illustrate the idea than by that sensation we commonly experience upon allowing a limb to remain too long in one position, thereby causing a temporary strangulation of the vessels, known by the common term of the foot being asleep.

Previous to the arrival of Seurat in England, the French physicians who had inspected him, gave it as their opinion, that his lungs were placed in a different position to that usually occupied in the human frame.

Since his arrival, sir Astley Cooper, by whom he has been visited, finds that his heart is placed so much out of the common region allotted to it, that it is precisely its own length lower than if properly placed.

Many attempts were made to have Claude Ambroise Seurat presented to the French king; but the father conceiving that he might be consigned to some wretched asylum, there to subsist upon a miserable pension, uniformly objected to it. From the statements made by the father, it appears that the French gentlemen of the faculty, who visited his son, handling him roughly, and pinching him in every direction, the son refused to see them at all afterwards, and thus imbibed such a distaste for his professional countrymen, that he determined not to show himself to them any more. In consequence, the Parisian *Ecole de Medicine* has never

en made acquainted with his existence.

Many proposals made to the father for the purchase of the body of his son, Claude Ambroise Seurat, in the event of his demise, were uniformly rejected. A medical gentleman particularly, in Burgundy, offered a *carte blanche*, which the parent, with feelings highly honourable to himself, refused, stating his determination, that in the event of his son's demise, he should be peaceably assigned to the cemetery of his native country. While at Rouen, no less than one thousand five hundred persons flocked in every day to see Seurat on his road to England.

The health of this singular being has been very good. His respiration is somewhat confined, being the necessary result of a contraction of the lungs; yet, upon the whole, he does not appear to be much inconvenienced on that account, in consequence of the little exercise he takes, and the quiescent state of the animal stem.

The texture of the skin is of a dry, parchment-like appearance, which, covering any other human form, would answer the purposes of its functions, but seems calculated alone to cover the slender, juiceless body of the being arrayed with it.

The ribs are not only capable of being distinguished, but may be clearly separated and counted one by one, and handled like so many pieces of cane; and, together with the skin which covers them, resemble more the hoops and outer covering of a small balloon, than any thing in the ordinary course of nature.

If any thing can exceed the unearthly appearance displayed by this wonderful phenomenon, it is that taken by profile; which, from the projection of the shoulder, pursuing the same down through the extreme hollow of the back, and then following the line to the front of the hip, nearly forms a figure of 3. In the front appears the unnatural projection of the chest, from the falling in of the abdomen; the prominence of the left side of the body, in consequence of the position of the heart; and the sudden protusion of the posteriors.

The action produced by the effort of the lungs does not proceed from the chest, as in ordinary cases, but from the lower extremity of the abdomen, as though the organs of respiration, from excessive laxity,

had absolutely descended from their proper sphere, and that by a tenacious effort of nature, unwilling to yield possession of her functions, they had accommodated themselves, by time, to such an unnatural and incredible a position.

Seurat is presented to view in a state of nudity, save a mere covering of several inches deep round the loins, through which are cut large holes to admit the hip bones to pass through, for the purpose of keeping it in its place. His general appearance is that of a person almost entirely devoid of muscular substance, and conveys to the mind the idea of a being composed of bones, cellular substance and skin only on. It is true, the appearances of the face, neck, fore-arm, and calves of the legs, may, in some measure, form exceptions to this general assertion, since in these situations there is something like flesh.

His height is about five feet seven inches and a half. The length of his extremities proportionate to the height of his body. His head is small rather than otherwise. The *cranium*, (or skull,) at the back part, over the *occipital* protuberance above the neck, is much flattened; the cervical organs in this situation being very sparsely developed. In other respects the skull is tolerably well formed. Seurat's countenance is by no means displeasing; for though the cheek-bones are prominent, the cheeks themselves sunk, and the other features of the face plain, still there is a placid and contemplative expression, which indicates the presence of a serene and thoughtful mind, claiming for itself from the spectators, feelings of pity and regret.

The neck, on being examined from before, appears short, flat, and broad. The shortness is principally owing to his inability to hold the face properly elevated, in consequence of which the chin drops down, and conceals the upper part of the neck. The flatness depends on the little muscular and cellular substance present, and on the great breadth of the neck, which takes from its natural rotundity. This great breadth is caused by the peculiar form and situation of the *scapula*, (or shoulder-blade,) the upper angles of which, instead of laying on the posterior portions of the uppermost ribs, are turned over the shoulder, and pass so far forward as nearly to reach the middle of the *clavicles*, (the collar-bones,) where their situation may be easily seen from before.

Of course, the muscles called *levator scapulae*, which arise from the upper vertebræ of the neck, and usually pass downwards, and a very little outwards, in this case, pass very much outwards, in a direction towards the shoulder-joint, and extend the neck considerably in a lateral direction. These muscles, from their size and turgidity, have the appearance of bones in Seurat.

The *larynx*, as far as can be judged of from an external examination, is well formed, and that protuberance of the *thyroïd cartilage* called *pomum adamî*, or the apple of the throat, is prominent.

The formation of the upper extremities and chest, is one of the most remarkable features of this man. The left *scapula* is higher than the right; both are remarkably prominent; so much so, that, when viewed sideways, there appears to be a large tumour underneath the skin, over the lower angle: this arises from the great projection of the lower angle itself from the ribs. It has been already stated, that the upper angle is placed unusually forwards, and at the bottom of the neck, from this point, the *scapula* proceeds backwards, and, to permit its closer application to the upper and back part of the chest, its concave surface is remarkably curved, but still not sufficiently so to prevent the lower angle from projecting in an unseemly manner. This arrangement of the component parts of the *scapula* and its muscles, interferes very much with the freedom of its movements, particularly the rotatory ones, which in other subjects are so varied.

Seurat can raise his hands and arms from his side, in a lateral direction, to a position nearly horizontal. He cannot, however, pass them far forwards, when thus elevated. He can throw the *scapula* backwards, so as to make them almost meet at their lower ends; nevertheless, he is unable to lift his hands to his mouth, so as to feed himself in the ordinary way. When eating, he places his elbow on the table before him, then, by raising his hand, thus supported, and passing his head downwards, so as to meet it half way as it were, he is able to put his food into his mouth.

The *humerus*, or bone of the arm, from the elbow to the shoulder, appears quite destitute of muscle, and as if it consisted of bone, skin, vessels, and cellular membrane only. It may be remarked, however, that at that part where the *biceps*

muscle is generally, there is a trifling fulness, probably caused by a few fibres of that muscle.

The *piner*, the bone of the arm from the elbow to the wrist, seems at the elbow joint considerably enlarged, but, in fact, it is only of its natural dimensions. The muscles of the fore-arm, though small, may, nevertheless, be distinctly traced. The hands are perfect in appearance. Seurat, however, cannot straighten his fingers, but keeps them in a semi-bent position; with this exception, he can use them freely.

The trunk is singularly shaped. Viewed from the front, the chest is not particularly narrow; it measures, from one shoulder to the other, across the *sternum*, or breast-bone, sixteen inches. The *sternum* is much flattened, as though it had been driven inwards, towards the *dorsal vertebra*, or back-bone. In well-formed people, the *sternum* is a little convex, externally, and concave, internally, permitting all possible room for the *thoracic viscera*. In Seurat, however, this order of things is changed, the outer surface of the breast-bone being concave, and the internal convex. It is pushed so far inwards, as scarcely to leave more than one and a half inches, or two inches between itself and the opposite *vertebræ*.

This position of the *sternum*, and of the ribs, may probably afford an explanation of the causes which produce a slight impediment to his swallowing with despatch, or such morsels as are not cut very small; and of the unnatural situation of the heart, which, instead of being placed behind the 3d, 4th, and 5th ribs, is observed pulsating very low down behind the 7th, 8th, and 9th, ribs, in the situation of the left *hypochondrium*. The five or six lower ribs, called false or floating ribs, are rounder, and approach nearer to nature in their form, thereby affording sufficient space for the heart, stomach, and liver, and some other of the abdominal *viscera*. It is conceived, that without this freer sweep of the lower ribs, life could not have been maintained, so much would the functions of the heart, and *chyloretic viscera* have been interrupted. The false ribs descend very low down, on each side, there being scarcely one and a half inch between them and the crest of the *ileum*. The *pelvis* is capacious, and on its front aspect presents nothing very extraordinary.

There is an appearance of the abdomen,

which must not be passed over. When looking at it, one might almost suppose that it consisted of two cavities, an upper and a lower one, so much is this poor fellow contracted round the loins. The following admeasurement may afford some idea of this circumstance:—

	Ft.	In.
Circumference of the chest, directly under the armpits . . .	2	6 $\frac{3}{4}$
Circumference lower down, op- posite the second false rib . . .	2	2
Circumference round the loins . . .	1	9
Circumference round the <i>pelvis</i> . . .	2	3 $\frac{1}{2}$

The muscles of the sides of the *pelvis*, partake of the general wasting, in consequence of which the *trochanters* stand out from the *glendon* cavities in the same *gaunt* manner that they do in the true skeleton, being covered by integuments alone. The thighs are imperfect in bulk, and the knees, like the elbows, appear enlarged. The calves of the legs seem to have more firm good muscle, than any other part of the body, particularly that of the right leg, which is much more fleshy than the left. The feet are well formed; a trifling overlapping of the toes is probably accidental.

The examination of the back part of Seurat's body corresponds with the front, as far as the general leanness goes. The *occiput* is flat, the neck broad; the *scapula* projecting, the spine crooked; some of the lower cervical *vertebræ* are curved backwards, and there is a curve towards the right side, formed by some of the lower *dorsal vertebra*. All the bony points of the back part of the body are so prominent that every individual bone may be distinctly traced by the eye, even at a considerable distance.

On first beholding Seurat, a person might almost imagine that he saw before him, one returned from "that bourne whence no traveller returns:" the first impressions over, he begins to wonder how so frail a being exists, and is surprised, that all those functions, necessary for the continuance of his own life, are regularly and effectively performed. He eats, drinks, and sleeps—the progress of digestion, as carried on throughout the alimentary canal, is regularly executed. The secretions of the liver, kidneys, and skin are separated from the blood, in such quantities as may be deemed necessary for the economy of his frame. His heart performs its office regularly, and sends the blood to the various parts of the body,

in due proportions. He can bear the effects of heat and cold, like other people accustomed to lead a sedentary life, and does not need unusual clothes. His mind is better constituted, perhaps, than that of many a man, better formed in body. He comprehends quickly, and his memory is good. He has learnt to read and write his own language, and is now anxious to become acquainted with ours.

Such is Claude Ambroise Seurat, who may justly be considered as a most extraordinary *lusus naturæ*,—an object calculated to throw much and useful light on many interesting questions of the highest importance, towards the advancement of anatomical study.

So far from having any disinclination to being exhibited in this country, Claude Ambroise Seurat has repeatedly urged his wish to gratify the strong desire of the public, to view him without loss of time; and hearing that one of the journals had expressed some harshness concerning his exhibition, he indited and signed the following letter

To the Editor.

Sir,

Having learned that in an article in your journal, the motives and conduct of the persons who brought me to England are severely alluded to, it is my duty, both to them and to the public, to declare, that so far from experiencing any thing disagreeable, either in having been conducted hither or at being exposed, I feel great satisfaction not only in the change of my situation, but also at the bounties with which I have been loaded by the individuals who protect me. Far from having "been brought from the tranquillity of my native village," I was wandering about France, and making but little by the exposure of my person, when I so fortunately met my present protectors, whose liberality will shortly render me sufficiently independent to enable me to return and live at my ease in my native country. I only beg leave to add, that my present situation is more happy than I ever yet enjoyed during my whole life, and is entirely conformable to my desires.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most humble servant,

CLAUDE AMBROISE SEURAT.

Aug. 4, 1825.

This, with what follows, will give a tolerably adequate idea of this singular being, both as to his form and mind

I have paid two visits to Seurat. His public exhibition takes place in a room in Pall-mall called the "Chinese Saloon;" its sides are decorated with Chinese paper; Chinese lanterns are hung from lines crossing from wall to wall. In front of a large recess, on one side, is a circular gauze canopy over a platform covered with crimson cloth, raised about eighteen inches from the floor, and enclosed by a light brass railing; the recess is enclosed by a light curtain depending from the cornice to the floor of the platform, and opening in the middle. A slight motion within intimates that the object of attraction is about to appear; the curtain opens a little on each side, and Seurat comes forth, as he is represented in the first engraving, with no other covering than a small piece of fringed purple silk, supported round the middle by a red band, with a slit like pocket holes, to allow the hip-bones to pass through on each side. On the finger of the left hand, next to the middle one, he wears a plain gold ring. An artist who accompanied me at each visit, for the purpose of making the drawings here engraved, has well represented him. The portraits, both front and profile, are better resemblances than any that exist, and the anatomy of his figure more correct.

It is justly remarked, that "the title of 'Living Skeleton' does not seem exactly to be well applied to this strange production of nature, and may, perhaps, create some disappointment; because the curiosity, as it really exists, lies far less in the degree of attenuation which Seurat's frame exhibits, than in the fact that, with a frame so reduced, a human being should be still in possession of most of his functions, and enjoying a reasonable quantity of health. As regards the exhibition of bone, for instance, there is not so much as may frequently be found (in the dead subject) in cases where persons have died of lingering consumption. The parchment-like aspect attributed to the skin too seems to have been a little overstated; and, in fact, most medical men who served in the late war, will recollect instances enough, where men of five feet eight inches high, dying from dysentery, or intermittent fever, have weighed considerably less than 78lbs., which is the weight of Seurat. The real novelty, therefore, should be looked for, not in the degree to which this man's body is wasted and exhausted, but in the fact that such a degree of decay should be compatible

with life, and the possession of some degree of strength and spirits. This decay does not seem to have operated equally upon all parts of the figure: it shows most strikingly in the appearance of the neck and trunk; the upper arms, from the shoulder to the elbow, and the thigh. The upper part of the arm is not quite destitute of flesh; but so small, that it may be spanned with ease by a very moderate fore-finger and thumb. The thighs are wasted very much—little remains upon them beyond the skin. The cap of the knee, which is large, and protrudes considerably, is of a reddish colour, unlike the aspect of the flesh or skin in general. The trunk, from the shoulder to the hip, has the appearance, more than any thing else, of a large bellows, a mere bag of hoops covered with leather, through which the pulsation of the heart is distinctly visible. On the thicker part of the fore-arm there is flesh, white in appearance, though of a soft and unhealthy character; and the division of the two bones, the *ulna* and the *radius*, may be detected by feeling. Upon the calves of the legs, again, there is some show of substance, and one is larger than the other. But the most curious circumstance, perhaps, in the man's condition is, that while his whole body exhibits these extraordinary appearances of decay, his face (which is decidedly French, and not unpleasant,) displays no signs of attenuation whatever, and scarcely any symptom of disease or weakness.*

It was on the first day of Seurat's exhibition that I first visited him; this was on Tuesday, the 9th of August, 1825; a day the present sheet of the *Every-Day Book* has not yet reached; I have been anxious to be before the day and the public, as regards Seurat, and it is therefore, as to him, anticipated. I was at the "Chinese Saloon" before the doors were opened, and was the first of the public admitted, followed by my friend, the artist. Seurat was not quite ready to appear; in the mean time, another visitor or two arrived, and after examining the canopy, and other arrangements, my attention was directed to the Chinese papering of the room, while Seurat had silently opened the curtains that concealed him, and stood motionless towards the front of the platform, as he is represented in the engraving. On turning round, I was instantly rivetted by his amazing

* Times.

emaciation; he seemed another "Lazarus, come forth" without his grave-clothes, and for a moment I was too consternated to observe more than his general appearance. My eye, then, first caught the arm as the most remarkable limb; from the shoulder to the elbow it is like an ivory German flute somewhat deepened in colour by age; it is not larger, and the skin is of that hue, and, not having a trace of muscle, it is as perfect a cylinder as a writing rule. Amazed by the wasted limbs, I was still more amazed by the extraordinary depression of the chest. Its indentation is similar to that which an over-careful mother makes in the pillowed surface of an infant's bed for its repose. Nature has here inverted her own order, and turned the convex inwards, while the nobler organs, obedient to her will, maintain life by the gentle exercise of their allotted functions in a lower region. Below the ribs, which are well described in the accounts already given, the trunk so immediately curves in, that the red and of the silk-covering, though it is only loosely placed, seems a tourniquet to constrict the bowels within their prison house, and the hip-bones, being of their natural size, the waist is like a wasp's. By this part of the frame we are reminded of some descriptions of the abstemious and Bedouin Arab of the desert, in whom it is said the abdomen seems to cling to the vertebra. If the integument of the bowels can be called flesh, it is the only flesh on the body: for it seems to have wholly shrunk from the limbs; and where the muscles that have not wholly disappeared remain, they are also shrunk. He wears shoes to keep cold from his feet, which are not otherwise shaped than those of people who have been accustomed to wear tight shoes; his instep is good, and by no means so flat as in the generality of tavern waiters. His legs are not more ill-shaped than in an extremely thin or much wasted persons; the right leg, which is somewhat larger than the left, is not less than were the legs of the late Mr. Suett, the comedian. On this point, without a private knowledge of Mr. Liston, I would publicly appeal to that gentleman, whom, on my second visit in the afternoon, I saw here, accompanied by Mr. Jones. Mr. Liston doubtless remembers Suett, and I think he will never forget Seurat, at whom he looked, "unutterable things," as if he had been about to say—"Prodigious!"

Seurat's head and body convey a senti-

ment of antithesis. When the sight is fixed on his face alone, there is nothing there to denote that he varies from other men. I examined him closely and frequently, felt him on different parts of the body, and, not speaking his language, put questions to him through others, which he readily answered. His head has been shaved, yet a little hair left on the upper part of the neck, shows it to be black, and he wears a wig of that colour. His strong black beard is perceptible, although clean shaved. His complexion is *swarthy*, and his features are good, without the emaciation of which his body partakes; the cheek-bones are high, and the eyes are dark brown, approaching to black. They are represented as heavy and dull, and to denote little mental capacity; but, perhaps, a watchful observer, who made pertinent inquiries of him in a proper manner, would remark otherwise. He usually inclines the head forward towards his breast, and therefore, and because he is elevated above the spectators, his eyes frequently assume a position wherein he might see, and "descant on his own deformity." His features are flexible, and therefore capable of great animation, and his forehead indicates capacity. Depression of the eyelid is by no means to be taken as a mark of dulness or inefficient intellect. One of our poets, I think Churchill, no incompetent judge of human nature, has a line concerning Genius "lowering on the penthouse of the eye." Seurat, on any other than a common-place question, elevates his head to an ordinary position, answers immediately and with precision, and discourses rationally and sensibly; more sensibly than some in the room, who put childish questions about him to the attendants, and express silly opinions as to his physical and mental structure and abilities, and call him "a shocking creature." There is nothing shocking either in his mind or his face. His countenance has an air of melancholy, but he expresses no feeling of the kind; it is not, however, so mournful as the engraving at the head of this article shows. The artist was timid, and in form and habit the reverse of Seurat; and as "like will to like," so through dislike to the life of the subject before him, he imagined more colour in Seurat's face than it has; this could not be remedied by the engraver without hazarding the likeness, which is really good. Seurat's voice is pleasing, deep-toned, and gentle. Except for the

privations to which his conformation constrains him, he is not an object of pity, and perhaps very little on that account. We meet many perfectly-formed beings in daily society whose abject indulgences or abject circumstances in life render

them far more pitiable, and in a moral point of view, some of them are far more shocking. There is nothing in Seurat to disgust, as far as I could judge from what I saw or heard of him.

Thou who despisest so debased a fate
 As in the pride of wisdom thou may'st call
 The much submissive *Seurat's* low estate,
 Look round the world, and see where over all
 Injurious passions hold mankind in thrall!—
 Behold the fraudulent arts, the covert strife,
 The jarring interests that engross mankind;
 The low pursuits, the selfish aims of life;
 Studies that weary and contract the mind,
 That bring no joy, and leave no peace behind;—
 And Death approaching to dissolve the spell!

Southey's Tale of Paraguay

Death is not contemplated by Seurat as near to him, and it is even probable that his "last event" is far off. The vital organs have wonderfully conformed themselves to his malformation, and where they are seated, perform their office uninterruptedly. The quantity of solid nutriment for the support of his feeble frame never exceeds four ounces a day. The pulsations of his heart are regular, and it has never palpitated; at the wrist, they are slow and equally regular. He has never been ill, nor taken medicine, except once, and then only a small quantity of manna. His skin is not more dry than the skin of many other living persons who abstain, as he does, from strong vinous or fermented liquors, and drink sparingly; it is not branny, but perfectly smooth; nor is it of a colour unnatural to a being who cannot sustain much exercise, who exists in health with very little, and therefore does not require more. The complexion of his body is that of a light Creole, or perhaps more similar to that of fine old ivory; it must be remembered, that his natural complexion is swarthy. What has been asserted elsewhere is perfectly true, that when dressed in padded clothes, he would not in any position be more remarkable than any other person, except that, among Englishmen, he would be taken for a foreigner. On the day before his public exhibition, he walked from the Gothic-hall in the Haymarket, to the Chinese Saloon in Pall-mall, arm-in-arm with the gentleman who brought him from France, and was wholly unrecognised and unnoticed.

Until ten years of age, Seurat was as healthy as other children, except that

his chest was depressed, and he was much weaker; until that year, he used to run about and play, and tumble down from feebleness. From that age his feebleness increased, and he grew rapidly until he was fourteen, when he attained his present stature, with further increase of weakness: he is not weaker now than he was then. His recreation is reading, and he is passionately fond of listening to music. He cannot stoop, but he can lift a weight of twelve pounds from a chair: of course, he displays no feats of any kind, and unless great care is taken, he may be injured by cold, and the fatigue of the exhibition. Of this, however, himself and his father, who is with him, and who is a shrewd, sensible man, seem aware. He remains about ten minutes standing and walking before the company, and then withdraws between the curtains to seat himself, from observation in a blanketed arm-chair, till another company arrives. His limbs are well-proportioned; he is not at all knock-kneed, nor are his legs any way deformed.

Seurat is "shocking" to those who have never reflected on mortality, and think him nearer to the grave than themselves. Perhaps he is only so in appearance. The orderly operation of the vital principle within him for the last thirteen or fourteen years, may continue to the ordinary duration of human life. Every one of his spectators is "encompassed in a ghostly frame," and exemplifies, as much as Seurat, the scriptural remark, that "in the midst of life we are in death;" it is not further from us for not thinking on it, nor is it nearer to us because it is under our eyes



Seurat's Positions when exhibiting himself.

Seurat's existence is peculiar to himself; he is unlike any being ever heard of, and no other like him may ever live. But he is alone in the world, and to himself useless, he may not be without some use to others. His condition, and the motivations whereby he holds his tenure of existence, are eloquent to a mind reflecting on the few real wants of mankind, and the advantages derivable from abstinent and temperate habits. Had he been born a little higher in society, his mental

improvement might have advanced with his corporeal incapacity, and instead of being shown as a phenomenon, he might have flourished as a sage. No man has been great who has not subdued his passions; real greatness has insisted on this as essential to happiness, and artificial greatness shrunk from it. When Paul "reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled." Seurat's appearance seems an admonition from the grave to "think on these things."

July 27.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

St. Pantaleon, A. D. 303. *Sts. Maximian, Malchus, Martinian, Dionysius, John, Serapion, and Constantine*, the Seven Sleepers, A. D. 250. *St. Congail. St. Luica*

These saints, according to Alban Butler, were Ephesians, who for their faith, under Decius, in 250, were walled up together in a cave, wherein they had hid themselves, till they were found, in 479; and

hence, he says, "some *moderns* have imagined that they only lay asleep till they were found." He designates them in his title, however, as having been "*commonly* called the seven sleepers;" and we shall see presently who his "*moderns*" are. He adds, that "the cave wherein their bodies were found, became famous for devout pilgrimages, and is still shown to travellers, as James Spon testifies."

The miraculous story of the seven sleepers relates, that they remained in the cave till the heresy that "denyed the resurreccyon of deed bodyes" under Theodotian, when a "*burges*" of Ephesus causing a stable to be made in the mountain, the masons opened the cave, "and then these holy sayntes that were within awoke and were reysed," and they saluted each other, and they "supposed veryley that they had slepte but one nyght onely," instead of two hundred and twenty-nine years. Being hungry, Malchus, one of themselves, was deputed to go to Ephesus and buy bread for the rest; "and then Malchus toke V shillynges, and yssued out of the cave." He marvelled when he saw the mason's work outside, and when he came to one of the gates of Ephesus he was "all doubtous," for he saw the sign of the cross on the gate; then he went to another gate, and found another cross; and he found crosses on all the gates; and he supposed himself in a dream; but he comforted himself, and at last he entered the city, and found the city also was "garnysshed" with the cross. Then he went to the "sellers of breed," and when he showed his money, they were surprised, and said one to another, that "this *yonge man*" had found some old treasure; and when Malchus saw them talk together, he was afraid lest they should take him before the emperor, and prayed them to let him go, and keep both the money and the bread; but they asked who he was, for they were sure he had found a treasure of the "*olde emperours*," and they told him if he would inform them they would divide it, "and kepe it secret." But Malchus was so terrified he could not speak; then they tied a cord round his neck, and drove him through the middle of the city; and it was told that he had found an ancient treasure, and "all the cite assembled aboute hym;" and he denied the charge, and when he beheld the people he knew no man there; and he supposed they were carrying him

before the emperor Decius, but they carried him to the church before St. Martin and Antipater, the consul; and the bishop looked at the money, and marvelled at it, and demanded where he had found the hidden treasure; and he answered, that he had not found it, that it was his own, and that he had it of his kinsmen. Then the judge said his kinsmen must come and answer for him; and he named them, but none knew them; and they deemed that he had told them untruly, and the judge said, how can we believe that thou hadst this money of thy friends, when we read "that it is more than CCC.lxxii. yere syth it was made," in the time of Decius, the emperor, how can it have come to thee, who art so young, from kinsmen so long ago; thou wouldst deceive the wise men of Ephesus: I demand, therefore, that thou confess whence thou hadst this money. Then Malchus kneeled down, and demanded where was Decius, the emperor; and they told him there was no such emperor then in the world: whereat Malchus said he was greatly confused that no man believed he spoke the truth, yet true it was that he and his fellows saw him yesterday in that city of Ephesus. Then the bishop told the judge that this young man was in a heavenly vision, and commanded Malchus to follow him, and to show him his companions. And they went forth, and a great multitude of the city with them towards the cave; and Malchus entered first into the cave, and the bishop next, "and there founde they amonge the stones the lettres sealed with two seales of syluer," and then the bishop read them before all the people; and they all marvelled, "and they sawe the sayntes syttyng in the caue, and their vysages lyke unto roses flouryng." And the bishop sent for the emperor to come and see the marvels. And the emperor came from Constantinople to Ephesus, and ascended the mountain; and as soon as the saints saw the emperor come, "their vysages shone like to the sonne," and the emperor embraced them. And they demanded of the emperor that he would believe the resurrection of the body, for that that end had they been raised; and then they gave up the ghost, and the emperor arose and fell on them weeping, "and embraced them, and kyssed them debonayrly." And he commanded precious sepulchres of gold and silver to bury their bodies therein. But the same night

appeared to the emperor, and demanded of him to let their bodies lie on the earth, as they had lain before, till the general resurrection; and the emperor obeyed, and caused the place to be adorned with precious stones. And all the bishops that believed in the resurrection were absolved.*

In the breviary of the church of Salisbury, there is a prayer for the 27th of July, beseeching the benefit of the resurrection through the prayers of the seven sleepers, who proclaimed the eternal resurrection. Bishop Patrick,† who gives the prayer, says, "To show the order in what great care the heads of the parish church had in those days of men's souls, how well they instructed them, and by what fine stories their devotions were then conducted, I cannot but transcribe the history of these seven sleepers, as I find it in the Salisbury breviary; which, if it had been designed to entertain youth as the history of the *Seven Champions*, might have deserved a less severe censure; but this was read in the church to the people, as chapters are out of the bible, and divided into so many lessons." He then gives the story of the seven sleepers as it stands in the breviary, and adds, that there was no heresy about the resurrection in the days of Theodosius, and that if any had a mind to see the ground of their prayer in the breviary, and the "stuff" of the legend of the seven sleepers, they might consult "Baronius's Lives upon the Roman Martyrology, July 27th."

It appears then, that the ecclesiastics of the church of Salisbury were among the "moderns" of Alban Butler, "who imagined" of the seven sleepers as related in the legend, and so imagining, taught the "stuff," as bishop Patrick calls it, to their flocks. Yet Alban Butler weeps over the formation, which swept the "imaginings" of his "moderns" away, and he would fain bring us back to the religion of the imaginers.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Simple Loosestrife. *Lythrum Salicaria*.
Dedicated to *St. Pantaleon*.

July 28.

Nazarius and *Celsus*, A. D. 68. *St.*

Golden Legend.

In his "Reflections on the Devotions of the Parish Church."

Victor, Pope, A. D. 201. *St. Innocent I.*
Pope, A. D. 417. *St. Sampson*, A. D. 564.

Musical Prodigies.

There is at present in Berlin, a boy, between four and five years old, who has manifested an extraordinary precocity of musical talent. Carl Anton Florian Eckert, the son of a sergeant in the second regiment of Fencible Guards, was born on the 7th of December, 1820. While in the cradle, the predilection of this remarkable child for music was striking, and passages in a minor key affected him so much as to make tears come in his eyes. When about a year and a quarter old, he listened to his father playing the air "*Schone Minka*" with one hand, on an old harpsichord: he immediately played it with both hands, employing the knuckles in aid of his short and feeble fingers. He continued afterwards to play every thing by the ear. He retains whatever he hears in the memory, and can tell at once whether an instrument is too high or too low for concert pitch. It was soon observed that his ear was sufficiently delicate to enable him to name any note or chord which might be struck without his seeing it. He also transposes with the greatest facility into any key he pleases, and executes pieces of fancy *extempore*. A subscription has been opened to buy him a pianoforte, as he has got tired of the old harpsichord, and two able musicians have undertaken to instruct him.*

Eckert was pre-rivalled in England by the late Mr. Charles Wesley, the son of the rev. Charles Wesley, and nephew to the late rev. John Wesley, the founder of the religious body denominated methodists. The musical genius of Charles Wesley was observed when he was not quite three years old; he then surprised his father by playing a tune on the harpsichord readily, and in just time. Soon afterwards he played several others. Whatever his mother sang, or whatever he heard in the streets, he could, without difficulty, make out upon this instrument. Almost from his birth his mother used to quiet and amuse him with the harpsichord. On these occasions, he would not suffer her to play only with one hand, but, even before he could speak, would seize hold of the other, and

* The *Parthenon*, a new musical work typolithographed, notices this precocious musician on the authority of the German papers.

put it upon the keys. When he played by himself, she used to tie him by his back-string to the chair, in order to prevent his falling. Even at this age, he always put a true bass to every tune he played. From the beginning he played without study or hesitation. Whenever, as was frequently the case, he was asked to play before a stranger, he would invariably inquire in a phrase of his own, "*Is he a musiker?*" and if he was answered in the affirmative, he always did with the greatest readiness. His style on all occasions was *con spirito*; and there was something in his manner so much beyond what could be expected from a child, that his hearers, learned or unlearned, were invariably astonished and delighted.

When he was four years old, Mr. Wesley took him to London; and Beard, who was the first musical man who heard him there, was so much pleased with his abilities, that he kindly offered his interest with Dr. Boyce to get him admitted among the king's boys. This, however, his father declined, as he then had no thoughts of bringing him up to the profession of music. He was also introduced among others to Stanley and Worgan. The latter in particular, was extremely kind to him, and would frequently entertain him by playing on the harpsichord. The child was greatly struck by his bold and full manner of playing, and seemed even then to catch a spark of his fire. Mr. Wesley soon afterwards returned with him to Bristol; and when he was about six years old, he was put under the tuition of Rooke, a very good-natured man, but of no great eminence, who allowed him to run on *ad libitum*, whilst he sat by apparently more to observe than to control him. Rogers, at that time the oldest organist in Bristol, was one of his first friends. He would often sit him on his knee, and make the boy play to him, declaring, that he was more delighted in hearing him than himself. For some years his study and practice were almost entirely confined to the works of Corelli, Scarlatti, and Handel; and so rapid was his progress, that, at the age of twelve or thirteen, it was thought that no person was able to excel him in performing the compositions of these masters. He was instructed on the harpsichord by Kelway, and in the rules of composition by Dr. Boyce. His first work, "A Set of Six Concertos for the Organ or Harpsichord," published under the immediate inspection

of that master, as a first attempt, was a wonderful production; it contained fugues which would have done credit to a professor of the greatest experience and the first eminence. His performance on the organ, and particularly his extempore playing on that sublime instrument, was the admiration and delight of all his auditors

The present Mr. Samuel Wesley, brother of the preceding, and born in 1766, also gave a very early indication of musical genius. When only three years of age, he could play on the organ; and, when eight years old, attempted to compose an oratorio. Some of the airs which he wrote for the organ were shown to Dr. Boyce, and occasioned the doctor to say, "This boy unites, by nature, as true a bass as I can do by rule and study." Mr. Wesley's compositions are in the highest degree masterly and grand; and his extempore performance of fugues on the organ astonishing. He produces from that solemn instrument all the grand and serious graces of which it is capable. His melodies, though struck out on the instant, are sweet and varied, and never common-place; his harmony is appropriate, and follows them with all the exactness and discrimination of the most studious master; his execution, which is very great, is always sacrificed to the superior charms of expression.*

To this be it added, that the intellectual endowments of Mr. Samuel Wesley equal his musical talents, and that the amiable and benevolent qualities of his nature add lustre to his acquirements. He is a man of genius without pretension, and a good man without guile.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Mountain Groundsel. *Senecio montanus*.
Dedicated to *St. Innocent*

July 29.

St. Martha V. *Sts. Simplicius* and *Faustinus*, brothers, and *Beatrice*, the sister, A. D. 303. *St. William*, B. A. D. 1234. *St. Olaus*, or *Olave*, king of Norway, A. D. 1030. *St. Olaus* king of Sweden.

* These anecdotes of the present Mr. Samuel Wesley and his deceased brother, Charles, are from the "*Biographical Dictionary of Musicians*," a work before quoted, and praised as a most pleasant book



WATER IN WARM WEATHER.

Fountains and Pumps.

By the process of boring, springs may be reached more expeditiously and economically than by the old method of well digging. The expense of boring from one to two hundred feet deep is little more than one-fourth of digging, seventy feet is less than a fourth, thirty feet is less than a sixth, and from ten to twenty feet it is not much as a sixth. In 1821, the water from the fountain at Tottenham High Cross, as represented in the engraving, was obtained by boring to a depth of one hundred and ten feet, at the expense of the parish, for the public accommodation. The water rises ten feet above the surface, and flowing into a vase at the top of the column into a basin, as represented in the engraving, pours from beneath. The boring for the spring and the fountain were suggested by Mr. Mathew, who first obtained water at Tottenham, by that method, and

introduced the practice there. The pillar was designed by Messrs. Mathew and Chaplin, and executed by Mr. Turner of Dorset-street, Fleet-street, the well known manufacturer of the cast iron pumps; and not to withhold from him any of "his blushing honours," be it noted that he was till lately a common-councilman of the ward of Farringdon Without, where he still maintains his reputation as a "cunning workman in iron," and his good name as a good pump-maker, and as a worthy and respectable man. Public spirit should rise to the height of giving him, and others of the worshipful company of pump-makers, more orders. Many places are sadly deficient of pumps for raising spring-water where it is most wanted. Every body cries out for it in hot weather, but in cool weather they all forget their former want; and hot weather comes again and they call out for it again in vain, and again forget to put up a public pump. At Pentonville, a place abounding in springs, and formerly abounding in conduits, all the conduits are destroyed, and the pumps there, in the midst of that healthy and largely growing suburb, during the hot days of July, 1825, were not equal to supply a tenth of the demand for water; they were mostly dry and chained up during the half of each day without notice, and persons who came perhaps a mile, went back with empty vessels. So it was in other neighbourhoods. Well may we account for ill. Mischievous liquors sold, in large quantities, at some places, for soda water and ginger beer were drunk to the great comfort of the unprincipled manufacturers, the great discomfort of the consumers' bowels, and the great gain of the apothecary.

Were the doings in the New River during summer, or one half of the wholesale nuisances permitted in the Thames described, the inhabitants of London would give up their tea-kettles. Health requires that these practices should be abated, and, above all, a good supply of spring-water. The water from pumps and fountains would not only adorn our public streets and squares, but cool the heated atmosphere, by the surplus water being diverted into the gutters and open channels. Besides, if we are to have dogs, and a beast-market in the heart of the metropolis, the poor overheated animals might by such means slake their thirst from pure and refreshing streams. The condition wherein sheep and cattle are driven for

many miles before they reach the metropolis, is a disgrace to the appellation assumed by men who see the cruelty, and have power to remedy it; "a merciful man is merciful to his beast," and he is not a really merciful man who is not merciful to his neighbours' beasts.

May these wants be quickly supplied. Give us spring water in summer; and no more let

"Maids with bottles cry aloud for pumps."

London has but one fountain; it is in the Temple: you pass it on the way from Essex-street, or "the Grecian" to Garden-court. It is in the space at the bottom of the first flight of stone steps, within the railings enclosing a small, and sometimes "smooth shaven green," the middle whereof it adorns, surrounded, not too thickly, by goodly trees and pleasant shrubs. The jet proceeds from a copper pipe in the middle of a stone-edged basin, and rises to its full height of at least nine feet, if water from the cock by the hall with which it communicates is not drawing; when that process is going on the jet droops, and seems dying away till the drawing ceases, and then the "Temple Fountain" goes up again "famously."

There *was* a fountain in the great square of Lincolns Inn, but it had ceased to play "in my time." I only remember the column itself standing there

"For ornament, *not* use,"

with its four boys blowing through shells.

In the Kent-road, on the left hand from the Elephant and Castle towards the Bricklayers Arms, there is a fountain in a piece of water opposite a recently built terrace. A kneeling figure, the size of life, blows water through a shell; it is well conceived, and would be a good ornament were it kept clean and relieved by trees.

A "professional" gentleman who to the "delightful task" of improving country residences by laying out grounds in beautiful forms, has added the less "cheerful labour" of embodying others' theories and practice in an "Encyclopædia of Gardening," views a fountain as an essential decoration where the "ancient" style of landscape is introduced in any degree of perfection.* As the first requisite, he directs attention to the obtaining a sufficiently

elevated source or reservoir of supply for the jets, or projected spouts, or threads of water. Some are contrived to throw the water in the form of sheaves, fans, and showers, or to support balls; others to throw it horizontally or in curved lines, but the most usual form is a simple opening to throw the jet or spout upright. Mr. L. judiciously rejects a jet from a naked tube falling from the middle of a basin or canal on a smooth surface as unnatural, without being artificially grand. Grandeur was the aim of the "ancient" gardener, and hence he made a garden "after nature," look as a garden of nature never did look. Mr. L. suggests that "the grandest jet of any is a perpendicular column, issuing from a rocky base on which the water falling produces a double effect both of sound and visual display.

In the "Century of Inventions of the Marquis of Worcester," explained and illustrated by Mr. Partington, there is mention by the marquis of "an artificial fountain, to be turned like an hour glass by a child, in the twinkling of an eye, it yet holding great quantities of water, and of force sufficient to make snow, ice, and thunder, with the chirping and singing of birds, and showing of several shapes and effects usual to fountains of pleasure." Mr. Partington observes on this, that "how a fountain of water can produce snow, ice, thunder, and the singing of birds, is not easy to comprehend."

Sir Henry Wotton discoursing on architecture remarks thus:—"Fountains are figured, or only plain watered works; of either of which I will describe a matchless pattern. The first, done by the famous hand of Michael Angelo da Buonaroti, is the figure of a sturdy woman, washing and winding linen clothes; in which act she wrings out the water that made the fountain; which was a graceful and natural conceit in the artificer, implying this rule, that all designs of this kind should be proper.* The other doth merit some larger expression: there went a long, straight, mossie walk of competent breadth, green and soft under foot, listed on both sides with an aqueduct of white stone, breast-high, which had a hollow channel on the top, where ran a pretty trickling stream; on the edge whereof were couched very thick, all along, certain small pipes of lead,

* Mr. Loudon's "Encyclopædia of Gardening," a book of practical and curious facts, with hundreds of interesting engravings, is a most useful volume to any one who has a garden, or wishes to form one.

* Any one possessing a figure of this fountain designed by Michael Angelo, and probably seen by Wotton during his travels in Italy, will much oblige the editor by lending it to him for the purpose of being copied and inserted in the *Every-Day Book*.

in little holes; so neatly, that they could not be well perceived, till by the turning of a cock, they did sprout over interchangeably, from side to side, above man's height, in forms of arches, without any intersection or meeting aloft, because the pipes were not exactly opposite; so as the beholder, besides that which was fluent in the aqueduct on both hands in his view, did walk as it were under a continual bower and hemisphere of water, without any drop falling on him; an invention for refreshment, surely far excelling all the Alexandrian delicacies, and pneumatics of Hero.* An invention of greater solace could not have been desired in the canicular days, by those who sought shelter from the heat; nor more coveted by any than by him, who is constrained to supply the "every-day" demand of "warm" friends for this little work—no "cool" task!

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Red Chironia. *Chironia Centaureum*.
Dedicated to *St. Martha*.

July 30.

Sts. Abden and Sennen, A. D. 250. *St. Julitta*, A. D. 303.

Witchcraft.

On Tuesday, the 30th of July, 1751, Thomas Colley, William Humbles, and Charles Young, otherwise Lee, otherwise Red Beard, were tried at Hertford for the murder of Ruth Osborne, by drowning her in a pond at Marlston-green, in the parish of Tring. The trial is exceedingly curious. It appeared that William Dell, the town crier of Hamel-Hempstead, on the 18th of April preceding, was desired by one Nichols, who gave him a piece of paper and fourpence, to cry the words at the market-place that were wrote thereon, which he accordingly did. The paper was as follows:—"This is to give notice, that on Monday next, a man and woman are to be publicly ducked at Tring, in this county, for their wicked crimes."

Matthew Barton, the overseer of Tring, on hearing that this had been cried at Winslow, Leighton-Buzzard, and Hamel-Hempstead, in order to prevent the out-

rage, and believing them to be very honest people, sent them into the workhouse. On the Monday, a large mob of 5,000 people and more, assembled at Tring; but Jonathan Tomkins, master of the workhouse, in the middle of the night, had removed them into the vestry-room adjoining the church. The mob rushed in and ransacked the workhouse, and all the closets, boxes, and trunks; they pulled down a wall, and also pulled out the windows and window-frames. Some of the mob perceiving straw near at hand said, let us get the straw, and set fire to the house, and burn it down. Some cried out and swore, that they would not only burn the workhouse down, but the whole town of Tring to ashes. Tomkins being apprehensive that they would do so told them where the two unhappy people were, they immediately went to the vestry-room, broke it open, and took the two people away in great triumph.

John Holmes deposed, that the man and woman were separately tied up in a cloth or sheet; that a rope was tied under the arm-pits of the deceased, and two men dragged her into the pond; that the men were one on one side of the pond, and the other on the other; and they dragged her sheer through the pond several times; and that Colley, having a stick in his hand, went into the pond, and turned the deceased up and down several times.

John Humphries deposed, that Colley turned her over and over several times with the stick; that after the mob had ducked her several times, they brought her to the shore, and set her by the pond side, and then dragged the old man in and ducked him; that after they had brought him to shore, and set him by the pond side, they dragged the deceased in a second time; and that Colley went again into the pond, and turned and pushed the deceased about with his stick as before; that then she being brought to shore again, the man was also a second time dragged in, and underwent the same discipline as he had before; and being brought to shore, the deceased was a third time dragged into the pond; that Colley went into the pond again, and took hold of the cloth or sheet in which she was wrapt, and pulled her up and down the pond till the same came from off her, and then she appeared naked; that then Colley pushed her on the breast with his stick, which she endeavoured with her left hand to catch hold of, but

* Reliq. Wotton.

he pulled it away, and that was the last time life was in her. He also deposed, that after Colley came out of the pond, he went round among the people who were the spectators of this tragedy, and collected money of them as a reward for the great pains he had taken in showing them sport in ducking the old witch, as he then called the deceased.

The jury found the prisoner Colley — *guilty*.

The reporter of the trial states, from the mouth of John Osborne, the following particulars not deposed to in court, namely: that as soon as the mob entered the vestry-room, they seized him and his wife, and Red Beard carried her across his shoulders, like a calf, upwards of two miles, to a place called Gubblecut; where not finding a pond they thought convenient, they then carried them to Marlston-green, and put them into separate rooms in a house there; that they there stripped him naked, and crossed his legs and arms, and bent his body so, that his right thumb came down to his right great toe, and his left thumb to his left great toe, and then tied each thumb and great toe together; that after they had so done, they got a cloth, or an old sheet, and wrapped round him, and then carried him to the Mere on the green, where he underwent the discipline as has been related in the course of the trial. What they did with his wife he could not say, but he supposed they had stripped her, and tied her in the same manner as himself, as she appeared naked in the pond when the sheet was drawn from off her, and her thumbs and toes tied as his were. After the mob found the woman was dead, they carried him to a house, and put him into a bed, and laid his dead wife by his side; all which he said he was insensible of, having been so ill-used in the pond, as not to have any sense of the world for some time; but that he was well assured it was so, a number of people since informing him of it who were present. His wife, if she had lived till Michaelmas, would have been seventy years of age; he himself was but fifty-six.

The infatuation of the people in those parts of Hertfordshire was so great, in thinking that these people were a witch and a vizard, that when any cattle died, it was always said that Osborn and his

deceased wife had bewitched them. And even after the trial, a great number of people in that part of the country thought the man a vizard, and that he could cast up pins as fast as he pleased. Though a stout able man of his age, and ready and willing to work, yet none of the farmers thereabouts would employ him, ridiculously believing him to be a vizard, so that the parish of Tring were obliged to support him in their workhouse after his wife's death.

So far is reported by the editor of the trial.

On the 24th of August, 1751, Colley was hung at Gubblecut-cross, and afterwards in chains. Multitudes would not be spectators of his death; yet "many thousands stood at a distance to see him die, muttering that it was a hard case to hang a man for destroying an old wicked woman that had done so much mischief by her witchcraft." Yet Colley himself had signed a public declaration the day before, wherein he affirmed his conviction as a dying man, that there was no such a thing as a witch, and prayed that the "good people" might refrain from thinking that they had any right to persecute a fellow-creature, as he had done, through a vain imagination, and under the influence of liquor: he acknowledged his cruelty, and the justice of his sentence.*

The pond wherein this poor creature lost her life was in mud and water together not quite two feet and a half in depth, and yet her not sinking was deemed "confirmation strong as proof of holy writ" that she was a witch. Ignorance is mental blindness.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

White Mullen. *Verbascum Lychnitis*
Dedicated to *St. Julitta*.

July 31.

St. Ignatius, of Loyola, A. D. 1556. *St. John Columbini*, A. D. 1367. *St. Helen*, of Sweden, A. D. 1160.

* Gent. Mag. xxi. 378.



St. Ignatius Loyola—Founder of the Jesuits.

Ignatius was born in 1495, in the castle of Loyola in Guipuscoa, a part of Biscay adjoining the Pyrenees. In his childhood he was pregnant of wit, discreet above his years, affable and obliging, with a choleric disposition, and an ardent passion for glory. Bred in the court of Ferdinand V., under the duke of Najara, his kinsman and patron, as page to the king, he was introduced into the army, wherein he signalized himself by heroic talent, personal courage, addiction to licentious vices and pleasures,

and a taste for poetry; he at that time composed a poem in praise of St. Peter. In 1521, he served in the garrison of Pampeluna, against the French who besieged it: in resisting an attack, he mounted the breach sword-in-hand; a piece of stone struck off by a cannon ball from the ramparts bruised his left leg, while the ball in its rebound broke his right.*

Dr. Southey in a note to his recently

* Butler's Saints.

published "Tale of Paraguay," cites the Jesuit Ribadeneira's account of this accident to Ignatius from his life of him in the "Actæ Sanctorum," where it is somewhat more at length than in the English edition of Ribadeneira's "Lives of the Saints," which states that St. Peter appeared to Ignatius on the eve of his feast, with a sweet and gracious aspect, and said that he was come to cure him. "With this visitation of the holy apostle," says Ribadeneira, "Ignatius grew much better, and not long after recovered his perfect health: but, as he was a spruce young gallant, desirous to appear in the most neat and comely fashion, he caused the end of a bone which stuck out under

his knee, and did somewhat disfigure his leg, to be cut off, that so his boot might sit more handsomely, as he himself told me, thinking it to be against his honour that such a deformity should be in his leg: nor would he be bound while the bone was sawed off." Father Bouhours, also a Jesuit, and another biographer of Ignatius, says, that one of his thighs having shrunk from the wound, lest lameness should appear in his gait, he put himself for many days together upon a kind of rack, and with an engine of iron violently stretched and drew out his leg, yet he could never extend it, and ever after his right leg remained shorter than his left.

— When long care

Restored his shattered leg and set him free,
He would not brook a slight deformity,
As one who being gay and debonair,
In courts conspicuous, as in camps must be :
So he forsooth a shapely boot must wear ;
And the vain man, with peril of his life,
Laid the recovered limb again beneath the knife.

Long time upon the bed of pain he lay
Whiling with books the weary hours away.
And from that circumstance, and this vain man,
A train of long events their course began,
Whose term it is not given us yet to see.
Who hath not heard Loyola's sainted name,
Before whom kings and nations bow'd the knee ?
Tale of Paraguay.

Ribadeneira says, that one night while Ignatius kept his bed and was praying, a great noise shook all the chamber and broke the windows, and the Virgin Mary appeared to him "when he was awake, with her precious Son in her arms;" in consequence of this vision he resolved to embrace a life wherein he might afflict his body. For this purpose, he determined to go a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and bought a cassock of coarse canvass for a coat, a pair of country buskins, a bottle, and a pilgrim's staff; he gave his horse to the monastery of our blessed lady at Montserrat; hung up his sword and dagger at our lady's altar; and having spent the night of Lady-day, 1522, at the said altar, departed to institute the Society of Jesus, in his canvass coat, girded with his cord, walking with his pilgrim's staff bare-headed: he would have gone bare-footed but he was forced to wear one shoe on the foot of the broken leg. Thus he went,

"One shoe off,
And t'other shoe on

till he came to the hospital of St. Lucy at Manresa, where he lived by begging among the poor, and exhausting his body, not paring his nails, letting the hair of his head and beard both grow, and never using a comb; sleeping on a board or the bare ground; passing the greater part of the night in watching, praying, and weeping; scourging himself three times a day, and spending seven hours upon his knees. Ribadeneira says, "he was so set upon curbing, and taming, and mortifying his flesh, that he allowed it no manner of ease or content, but was continually persecuting it, so that in a very short time from a strong lusty man, he became weak and infirm." In 1523, he was so feeble and weak that he could hardly set one leg before the other; where the night overtook him, whether in the fields or high-road, there he lay; till at last, as well as he could, often falling and rising again, he made a shift to reach Rome, on Palm Sunday, where he "made the holy stations," and visited the churches, and after remaining there fifteen days, begged

his way from door to door to Venice, afterwards went to Cyprus, and arrived at Jerusalem on the 4th of September. He returned from thence in the depth of winter, through frost and snow, with scarcely clothes to cover him, and arriving at Cyprus, wanted to ship himself on board a Venetian man of war, but the captain disliking his appearance said, if he was a saint, as he said he was, he might securely walk upon the water and not fear to be drowned. Ignatius, however, did not take the hint and set sail upon his coat or a millstone, as other saints are said to have done, but embarked in "a little paltry vessel, quite rotten and worm-eaten," which carried him to Venice in January, 1524. On his way from thence to Genoa, he was taken by the Spaniards who thought him a spy, and afterwards thought him a fool; when he got to Spain, at thirty-three years of age, he began to learn grammar, fasted as he did before, cut off the soles of his shoes that he might walk barefoot, and cut down a man that had hanged himself, who, through his prayers "returned to life." At Paris, in 1528, he thought fit to perfect himself in the Latin tongue, and "humanity;" then, also, he studied philosophy and divinity, and made journeys into Flanders and England to beg alms of the Spanish merchants, where-with he got together a fraternity under the name of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, whom he persuaded John III. of Portugal to send to the East Indies as missionaries. He afterwards increased the number, and retired with two of his order for forty days into a ruined and desolate hermitage without doors or windows, open on all sides to wind and rain, where they slept on the ground on a little straw, and lived by begging hard mouldy crusts, which they were obliged to steep in water before they could eat: they then went to Rome on foot, begging all the way. Before entering that city, Ignatius going into an old church alone, had, according to Ribadeneira's account, a celestial interview of a nature that cannot be here described without violence to the feelings of the reader. After the removal of certain difficulties, the pope confirmed the order of the Jesuits, and Ignatius was unanimously elected its general. He entered upon his dignity by taking upon himself the office of cook, and doing other menial services about the house, "which he executed," says

Ribadeneira, "with that readiness and desire of contempt, that he seemed a novice employed therein for his profit and mortification: all this I myself can testify, who at that time being a youth, was a scholar and brother in the society, and every day repeated St. Ignatius's catechism. Our blessed father St. Ignatius was general of the society fifteen years, three months, and nine days, from the 22d of April in the year 1541, until the last of July, 1556, when he departed this world."

Ribadeneira largely diffuses on the austerities of Ignatius, in going almost naked, suffering hunger and cold, self-inflictions with a whip, hair-cloth, "and all manner of mortifications that he could invent to afflict and subdue his body." He accounts among his virtues, that Ignatius lived in hospitals like a poor man, amongst the meanest sort of people, being despised and contemned, and desirous to be so: his desire was to be mocked and laughed at by all, and if he would have permitted himself to be carried on by the fervour of his mind, he would have gone up and down the streets almost naked, and like a fool, that the boys of the town might have made sport with him, and thrown dirt upon him. He had a singular gift of tears which he shed most abundantly at his prayers, to the great comfort of his spirit and no less damage to his body, but at length, because the doctors told him so continual an effusion did impair his health, he prayed for command over his tears, and afterwards he could shed or repress his tears as he pleased.

It is especially insisted on by Ribadeneira, that "Ignatius had a strange dominion and command over the devils, who abhorred and persecuted him as their greatest enemy. Whilst he was in his rigorous course of penance at Manresa, Satan often appeared to him in a shining and glistening form, but he discovered the enemy's fraud and deceit. Several other times, the devil appeared to him in some ugly and foul shape, which he was so little terrified with, that he would contemptibly drive him away with his staff, like a cat, or some troublesome cur. He laboured all he could one day to terrify him, whilst he lived at Alcala, in the hospital, but he lost his labour. At Rome, he would have choked him in his sleep, and he was so hoarse, and his throat so sore, with the violence the

devil offered him, that he could hardly speak for a fortnight after. Another time whilst he was in his bed, two devils fell upon him, and whipped him most cruelly, and brother John Paul Castelan, who lay nigh him, and afterwards told me, heard the blows, and rose up twice that night to help him." In the year 1545, the college of the society (of Jesuits) which we have at our blessed Lady's of Loretto, was first begun, and the devils presently began to make war against our fathers in that college, and to molest and disquiet them both by day and by night, making a most terrible clatter and noise, and appearing in sundry shapes and forms, sometimes of a blackamoor, then of a cat and bear, and other beasts, and neither by saying holy mass, praying, sprinkling holy water, using exorcisms, applying relics of saints and the like, could they rid themselves of that molestation, wherefore St. Ignatius, by letters, recommended a firm and strong confidence, and that he on his part would not be wanting to recommend it in his prayers; and from that very hour, (a very remarkable thing,) all those troubles ceased, nor were there seen any more spirits. This happened whilst St. Ignatius was living." To this, Ribadeneira adds story upon story, of women and maids being tormented by devils, who were discomfited by the mere sight of Ignatius's picture, "which kept off all the blows and assaults of the ghostly enemy, yet so great was his malice and desire of doing mischief, that he fell furiously upon the chamber walls, and cupboards, chests, coffers, and whatsoever else was in the room, beating upon them with horrible strokes, though he never touched any box wherein was kept a picture of the saint." He affirms, that the like happened in the year 1599, to a schoolmaster of Ancona:—"These damned spirits," says Ribadeneira, "opened the doors of his house when they were locked, and shut them when they were left open, swept the chambers, made the beds, lighted the lamps, and then on a sudden put all into disorder and confusion, and removed things from one room into another; but when the good man had hung up a picture of our blessed father in his house, all was quiet within doors, yet a most terrible tumult there was without, for they flung to and fro the doors and windows, and beat as it were, the drum round about

his house till he put more pictures of the saint upon the doors, and several parts of the house, when the molestation wholly ceased." Of the numerous devilries raised and abolished by the saint's holiness, these specimens may suffice.

To so distinguished and efficient a member of the Romish Church, as Ignatius, the gift of prophecy is, of course, awarded, and the power of working miracles, of necessity, follows; accordingly we find instances of them, "too numerous to mention in this particular." It is to be expected that his relics were equally miraculous, and hence Ribadeneira's account is seasoned sufficiently high, for the most discriminating palate of the most miracle-loving epicure. Water wherein a bit of a bone of Ignatius's body had been dipped, cured the sick at the hospital at Burgos. The letters he wrote were preserved as relics for miraculous purposes; and a later saint carried the autograph of Ignatius about him as a relic. If one of Ignatius's autographs be coveted in England, it may probably be discovered in the reliquary of Mr. Upcott at the London Institution.

Enough has certainly been said of St. Ignatius Loyola; yet less space could hardly have been devoted to the founder of the celebrated order of the Jesuits, a body which perforates and vermiculates through every part of the civilized world wherein the Romish religion predominates, or has ever prevailed. Concerning the present state of an order, composed of men of talent under a vow of poverty; devoted to the papacy, and possessing more wealth than any other catholic fraternity; wearing or not wearing a habit to distinguish them from ordinary citizens in catholic and protestant countries, as may suit their private purposes; prowling unknown, and secretly operating; there can be little gathered, and therefore little to communicate. The coexistence of a free government and a free press is a sure and safe defence from all their machinations.

One circumstance, however, related by all the biographers of Ignatius, must not be forgotten. It stands in Ribadeneira's life of him thus: "As he was sitting one day upon the steps of St. Dominick's church, and reading our blessed lady's office with much devotion, our Lord on a sudden illustrated his under-

standing, and represented to him a figure of the most blessed trinity, which exteriorly expressed to him what interiorly God gave him to understand. This caused in him so great comfort and spiritual joy, that he could not restrain his sobs and tears, nor speak of any thing but this holy mystery, delivering the high conceit he had of it with so many similitudes and examples, that all who heard him were amazed and astonished, and from that time forward, this ineffable mystery was so imprinted in his soul, that he writ a book of this profound matter which contained fourscore leaves, though at that time he had never studied, and could but only read and write; and he always retained so clear and distinct a knowledge of the trinity of persons, of the divine essence, and of

the distinction and propriety of the persons, that he noted in a treatise which was found after his death, written in his own hand, that he could not have learnt so much with many years' study." This pretended revelation with figments equally edifying has employed the pencil of the painter. Rubens has left a well-known picture representing Ignatius in his rapture. From a fine print of it, by Bolswert, the engraving at the head of this article has been taken; the picture is in the collection at Warwick Castle.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Great Mullen. *Verbascum Virgatum*.

Dedicated to *St. Ignatius*.



AUGUST.

The eighth was August, being rich array'd
 In garment all of gold downe to the ground .
 Yet rode he not, but led a lovely mayd
 Forth by the lily hand, the which was crown'd
 With eares of corne, and full her hand was found.
 That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
 Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound ;
 But after wrong was lov'd, and justice sold,
 She left th' unrighteous world, and was to heav'n

August is the eighth month of the year. It was called *Sextilis* by the Romans, from its being the sixth month in their calendar, until the senate complimented the emperor Augustus by naming it after him, and through them it is by us denominated August.

Our Saxon ancestors called it "*Armonat*, (more rightly *barn-moneth*,) intending thereby the then filling of their barns with corn.* *Arn* is the Saxon word for harvest. According to some they also called it *Woodmonath*, as they likewise called June.†

The sign of the zodiac entered by the sun this month is *Virgo*, the Virgin. Spenser's personation of it above is pencilled and engraved by Mr. Samuel Williams.

"Admire the deep beauty of this allegorical picture," says Mr. Leigh Hunt. "Spenser takes advantage of the sign of the zodiac, the Virgin, to convert her into *Astrea*, the goddess of justice, who seems to return to earth awhile, when the exuberance of the season presents enough for all."

Mr. Leigh Hunt notes in his *Months*, that,—“This is the month of harvest. The crops usually begin with rye and oats, proceed with wheat, and finish with peas and beans. Harvest-home is still the greatest rural holiday in England, because it concludes at once the most laborious and most lucrative of the farmer's employments, and unites repose and profit. Thank heaven there are, and must be, seasons of some repose in agricultural employments, or the countryman would work with as unceasing a madness, and contrive to be almost as diseased and unhealthy as the citizen. But here again, and for the reasons already mentioned, our holiday-making is not what it was. Our ancestors used to burst into an enthusiasm of joy at the end of harvest, and appear even to have mingled their previous labour with considerable merry-making, in which they imitated the equality of the earlier ages. They crowned the wheat-sheaves with

flowers, they sung, they shouted, they danced, they invited each other, or met to feast, as at Christmas, in the halls of rich houses; and what was a very amiable custom, and wise beyond the commoner wisdom that may seem to lie on the top of it, every one that had been concerned, man, woman, and child, received a little present—ribbons, laces, or sweatmeats.

"The number of flowers is now sensibly diminished. Those that flower newly are *nigella*, *zinnias*, *polyanthuses*, *love-apples*, *mignonette*, *capsicums*, *Michaelmas daisies*, *auriculus*, *asters*, or *stars*, and *China-asters*. The additional trees and shrubs in flower are the *tamarisk*, *althas*, *Venetian sumach*, *pomegranates*, the beautiful *passion-flower*, the *trumpet-flower*, and the *virgin's bower*, or *clematis*, which is such a quick and handsome climber. But the quantity of fruit is considerably multiplied, especially that of *pears*, *peaches*, *apricots*, and *grapes*. And if the little delicate wild flowers have at last withdrawn from the hot sun, the wastes, marshes, and woods are dressed in the luxuriant attire of ferns and heaths, with all their varieties of green, purple, and gold. A piece of waste land, especially where the ground is broken up into little inequalities, as *Hampstead-heath*, for instance, is now a most bright as well as picturesque object; all the ground, which is in light, giving the sun, as it were, gold for gold. *Mignonette*, intended to flower in the winter, should now be planted in pots and have the benefit of a warm situation. Seedlings in pots should have the morning sunshine, and annuals in pots be frequently watered.

"In the middle of this month, the young goldfinch broods appear, lapwings congregate, thistle-down floats, and birds resume their spring songs:—a little afterwards flies abound in windows, linnets congregate, and bulls make their shrill autumnal bellowing; and towards the end the beech tree turns yellow,—the first symptom of approaching autumn."

The garden blooms with vegetable gold,
And all Pomona in the orchard glows,

Her racy fruits now glory in the sun,
The wall-enamour'd flower in saffron blows,
Gay annuals their spicy sweets unfold,

To cooling brooks the panting cattle run:
Hope, the forerunner of the farmer's gain,
Visits his dreams and multiplies the grain.

* *Viewegm.*

† *Dr. F. Saver.*

More hot it grows ; ye fervours of the sky
 Attend the virgin—lo ! she comes to hail
 Your sultry radiance.—Now the god of day
 Meets her chaste star—be present zephyr's gale
 To fan her bosom—let the breezes fly
 On silver pinions to salute his ray ;
 Bride of his soft desires, with comely grace
 He clasps the virgin to his warm embrace.

The reapers now their shining sickles bear
 A band illustrious, and the sons of Health !
 They bend, they toil across the wide champaign,
 Before them Ceres yields her flowing wealth ;
 The partridge-covey to the copse repair
 For shelter, sated with the golden grain,
 Bask on the bank, or thro' the clover run
 Yet safe from fetters, and the slaughtering gun.

August 1.

St. Peter ad Vincula, or *St. Peter's chains*.
The seven Machabees, Brothers, with
 their Mother. *Sts. Faith, Hope, and*
Charity. *St. Ethelwold*, Bp. A. D. 984.
St. Pellegrini, or *Peregrinus*, A. D. 643.

St. Peter ad Vincula, or *the Feast of St.*
Peter's chains.

The Romish church pretending to possess one of the chains wherewith Peter was bound, and from which the angel delivered him, indulges its votaries with a festival in its honour on this day. "Pagan Rome," says Alban Butler, "never derived so much honour from the spoils and trophies of a conquered world, as christian Rome receives from the corporal remains of these two glorious apostles, (Peter and Paul,) before which the greatest emperors lay down their diadems, and prostrate themselves." Be it observed, that the papacy also pretends to possess the chains of Paul: pope Gregory writing to the empress Constantia tells her he will quickly send her some part of Paul's chains, if it be possible for him to file any off;—"for," says Gregory, "since so many frequently come begging a benediction from the chains, that they may receive a little of the filings thereof, therefore a priest is ready with a file; and when some persons petition for it, presently in a moment something is filed off for them from the chains; but when *others* petition, though the file be drawn a great while through the chains, yet cannot the least jot be got off." Upon this, bishop Patrick says,—“One may have leave to ask, why should not this miraculous chain of St. Paul have a festival appointed in memory of it, as well as that of St. Peter? you may take Baronius's answer to it till

you can meet with a better.” Baronius, the great Romish luminary and authority in the affairs of papal martyrs, relics, and miracles, says,—“Truly the bonds of St. Peter seem not without reason to be worshipped, though the bonds of the other apostles are not: for it is but fit, that since he has the chief power in the church of binding and loosing other men's bonds, that his bonds also should be had in honour of all the faithful.” This is a sufficient reason to the believers in the “binding and loosing” according to the gloss put upon that power by Romish writers.

The empress Eudocia is affirmed to have brought the two chains of St. Peter from Jerusalem, in the year 439, one whereof she gave to a church in Constantinople, and sent the other to Rome, where the old lady's chain has yielded, or not yielded, to the raspings of the file from time immemorial. This chain was pleased to part with some of its particles to the emperor Justinian, who sent ambassadors begging to the pope for a small portion, “The popes,” says Butler, “were accustomed to send the filings as precious relics to devout princes—they were often instruments of miracles—and the pope himself rasped them off for king Childebert, and enclosed them in a golden *key* to be hung about the neck.” Childebert, no doubt, experienced its aperient qualities. They would be very serviceable to the papal interest at this period.

Gule of August.

The first day of August is so called. According to Gebelin, as the month of August was the first in the Egyptian year, it was called Gule, which being latinized, makes Gula, a word in that language signifying throat. “Our legends,” says Brand “surprised at

seeing this word at the head of the month of August, converted it to their own purpose." They made out of it the feast of the daughter of the tribune Quirinus, who they pretend was cured of a disorder in the throat, (Gula,) by kissing the chain of St. Peter on the day of its festival. Forcing the *Gule* of the Egyptians into the throat of the tribune's daughter, they instituted a festival to *Gule* upon the festival-day of *St Peter ad Vincula*

Lammas-day.

So stands the first of August in our English almanacs, and so it stands in the printed *Saxon Chronicle*. "Antiquaries," says Brand, "are divided in their opinions concerning the origin of *Lammas-Day*; some derive it from *Lamb-Mass*, because on that day the tenants who held lands under the cathedral church in York, which is dedicated to St. Peter ad Vincula, were bound by their tenure to bring a live lamb into the church at high mass; others derive it from a supposed offering or tything of lambs at this time." Various other derivations have been imagined. Blount, the glossographer, says, that *Lammas* is called *Hlaf-Mass*, that is *Loaf-Mass*, or *Bread-Mass*, which signifies a feast of thanksgiving for the first fruits of the corn. It was observed with bread of new wheat, and in some places tenants are bound to bring new wheat to their lord, on, or before, the first of August. New wheat is called *Lammas-Wheat*. Vallancey affirms that this day was dedicated, in Ireland, to the sacrifice of the fruits of the soil; that *La-ith-mas* the day of the obligation of grain, is pronounced *La-ee-mas*, a word readily corrupted to *Lammas*; that *ith*, signifies all kinds of grain, particularly wheat, and that *mas* signifies fruit of all kinds, especially the acorn, whence the word *mast*.* From these explications may easily be derived the reasonable meaning of the word *Lammas*.

JULIET, CAPULET, AND PETRARCH.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

Sir,

As in your little calendar of worthy observancies you sometimes notice the birthdays of those whom we most desire, and who most deserve to be remembered, and as I am one, who like yourself, am

unwilling any thing should be forgotten, trodden down under the feet of thoughtless and passing generations, that in pleasant speculation in it, pray remember that on the first day of August, *Francisco Petrarca* was born.—But remember also that on that same day, in 1578, was born *our Juliet Capulet*. "On *Lammas* evening at night shall she be *fourteen*. That shall she, marry; I remember it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now *eleven years* an' she was weaned." Shakspeare's characters, as we all know, be they of what country or of what age they may speak as an Englishman would have done in his own times, and the earthquake here referred to was felt in 1580. That *Juliet our Juliet*, should have been born on the very same day as *Petrarch* was certainly accidental; yet it is a coincidence worth observing; and if a calendar of birthdays be to recall pleasant recollections, over "our chirping cups," why may not *Juliet* be remembered, and her sweetly poetical existence be associated with the reality of *Petrarca's* life. And where is the difference? *Petrarca* is,

—nor hand nor foot

Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man.

And what are all the great men that have ever lived but such mocking names? *Montaigne*, who translated a theological work by *Raimondi di Sibondi*, on being told by some learned friend that he suspected it was but an abstract of *St. Thomas of Aquin*, says "'tis a pity to *rob Sibondi* of his honours on such slight authority:"—what honours? when are they offered? to whom? it is not known that such a man ever had existence! Not love, nor reverence, nor idolatry: admiration can stay the progress of oblivion: the grave shuts us out for ever from our fellows, and our generation is the limit of our personal and real existence:—mind only is immortal. *Francisco Petrarca* was dead, and buried, and forgotten, five hundred years ago: he is now no more in reality than *Juliet*; nay, to myself, not so much so. The witches in *Macbeth*, though pure creations, have more of flesh and blood reality, are more familiar to the thoughts of all, than the *Lancashire* witches that lived cotemporary with the poet, and suffered death from the superstition of the age. There have been many *Shakspeares*, we know but one; that one indeed, from association

* Brand.

and recollection, has a real character in our minds, and a real presence in our hearts:—have we neither association nor recollection with the name Juliet Capulet?
D.

—
FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Stramony. *Datura Stramonium*.
Dedicated to *St. Peter ad Vincula*.

—
August 2.

St. Stephen, Pope, A. D. 257. *St. Etheldritha*, or *Alfrida*. A. D. 834.

—
FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Tiger Lily. *Lilium tigrinum*.
Dedicated to *St. Alfrida*.

—
August 3.

The Invention of St. Stephen, or the discovery of his relics, A. D. 415. *St. Nicodemus*. *St. Gamaliel*, A. D. 415. *St. Walthen*, or *Waltheof*, A. D. 1160.

—
FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Holyhock. *Althea rosea*.
Dedicated to *The Invention of St. Stephen's Relics*

—
August 4.

St. Dominic, Confessor, founder of the friar preachers, A. D. 1221 *St. Luanus*, or *Lugid*, or *Motua*, of Ireland, A. D. 622.

—
CHRONOLOGY.

Holinshed records, that in the year 1577, "on Sundaie the fourth of August, betwene the houres of nine and ten of the clocke in the forenone, whilst the minister was reading of the second lesson in the parish church of Bliborough, a towne in Suffolke, a strange and terrible tempest of lightening and thunder strake thorough the wall of the same church into the ground almost a yard deepe, draue downe all the people on that side aboue twentie persons, then renting the wall up to the veustre, cleft the doore, and returning to the steeple, rent the timber, brake the chimes, and fled towards Bongie, a towne six miles off. The people that were striken downe were found groueling more than halfe an houre after, whereof one man more than fortie yeares, and a boie of fiteene yeares, old were found starke dead: the other were scorched.

The same or the like flash of lightening and cracks of thunder rent the parish church of Bongie, nine miles from Norwich, wroong in sunder the wiers and wheels of the clocks, slue two men which sat in the belfreie, when the other were at the procession or suffrages, and scorched an other which hardlie escaped."

This damage by lightning to the church of Bungay, in Suffolke, is most curiously narrated in an old tract, entitled 'A straunge and terrible Wunder wrought very late in the parish Church of Bungay, a Town of no great distance from the citie of Norwich, namely the fourth of this August in y^e yeere of our Lord, 1577, in a great tempest of violent raine, lightning, and thunder, the like whereof hath been seldome seene. With the appeerance of an horrible shaped thing, sensibly perceiued of the people then and there assembled. Drawen into a plain method, according to the written cōpye, by *Abraham Fleming*."

Mr. Rodd, bookseller, in Great Newport-street, Leicester-square, well known to collectors by his catalogues and collections of rare and curious works, has reprinted this tract, and says, on the authority of Newcourt's "Repertorium," vol i., p. 519, wherein he is corroborated by Antony Wood, in his "Athenæ Oxoniensis;" that of the narrator, Abraham Fleming, nothing more is known than that he was rector of St. Pancras, Soper-lane, from October, 1593, till 1607, in which year he died. "He was probably," says Mr. Rodd, "a schoolmaster, as his almost literal translation of 'Virgil's Pastorals' into English metre without rhyme, and his edition of 'Withall's Dictionary,' were intended for the use of beginners in Latin. From his numerous writings and translations, (a list of which may be seen in Ames, Tanner, &c.,) he appears to have been an industrious author, and most probably subsisted on the labours of his pen."

In a monitory preface, well besitting the context, Abraham Fleming says, "The order of the thing as I received the sãe I have committed to paper, for the present viewe and perusing of those that are disposed. It is grounded upon trueth, and therefore not only worthie the writing and publishing, but also the hearing and considering." He then proceeds to "reporte" his "straunge and wonderful spectacle," in these words:—

"Sunday, being the fourth of this Au-

gust, in y^e yeer of our Lord, 1577, to the amazing and singular astonishment of the present beholders, and absent hearers, at a certain towne called Bongay, not past tenne miles distant from the citie of Norwiche, there fell from heaven an exceeding great and terrible tempest, sodain and violent, between nine of the clock in the morning and tenne of the day aforesaid.

“This tempest took beginning with a rain, which fel with a wonderful force and with no lesse violence then abundance, which made the storme so much the more extream and terrible.

“This tempest was not simply of rain, but also of lightning and thunder, the flashing of the one whereof was so rare and vehement, and the roaring noise of the other so forceable and violent, that it made not only people perplexed in minde and at their wits end, but ministred such straunge and unaccustomed cause of feare to be cōceived, that dumb creatures with y^e horroure of that which fortunèd, were exceedingly disquieted, and senselesse things void of all life and feeling, shook and trembled.

“There were assembled at the same season, to hear divine service and common prayer, according to order, in the parish church of the said towne of Bongay, the people thereabouts inhabiting, who were witnesses of the straungenes, the rarenesse and sodenesse of the storm, consisting of raine violently falling, fearful flashes of lightning, and terrible cracks of thūder, which came with such unwonted force and power, that to the perceiving of the people, at the time and in the place aboue named, assembled, the church did as it were quake and stagger, which struck into the harts of those that were present, such a sore and sodain feare, that they were in a manner robbed of their right wits.

“Immediately hereupō, there appeared in a most horrible similitude and likeness to the congregation then and there present, a dog as they might discern it, of a black colour; at the sight whereof, together with the fearful flashes of fire which then were seene, moved such admiration in the mindes of the assemblie, that they thought doomes day was already come.

“This black dog, or the divel in such a likeness (God hee knoweth all who worketh all,) runing all along down the bdy of the church with great swiftnesse, and incredible haste, among the people,

in a visible fourm and shape, passed between two persons, as they were kneeling upon their knees, and occupied in prayer as it seemed, wrung the necks of them bothe at one instant clene backward, in somuch that even at a momēt where they kneeled, they strāgely dyed.

“This is a wōderful example of God’s wrath, no doubt to terrifie us, that we might feare him for his iustice, or pulling back our footsteps from the pathes of sinne, to love him for his mercy.

“To our matter again. There was at y^e same time another wonder wrought: for the same black dog, stil continuig and remaining in one and the self same shape, passing by an other man of the congregation in the church, gave him such a gripe on the back, that therewith all he was presently drawn together and shrunk up, as it were a peece of lether scorched in a hot fire; or as the mouth of a purse or bag, drawn together with a string. The man, albeit hee was in so straunge a taking, dyed not, but as it is thought is yet alive: whiche thing is mervelous in the eyes of men, and offereth much matter of amasing the minde.

“Moreouer, and beside this, the clark of the said church beeing occupied in cleansing of the gutter of the church, with a violent clap of thunder was smitten downe, and beside his fall had no further harme: unto whom beeing all amazed this straunge shape, whereof we have before spoken, appeared, howbeit he escaped without daunger: which might peradventure seem to sound against truth, and to be a thing incredible: but, let us leave thus or thus to iudge, and cry out with the prophet, *O Domine*, &c.—O Lord, how wonderful art thou in thy workes.

“At the time that these things in this order happened, the rector, or curate of the church, being partaker of the people’s perplexitie, seeing what was seen, and done, comforted the people, and exhorted them to prayer, whose counsell, in such extreme distresse they followed, and prayed to God as they were assembled together.

“Now for the verifying of this report, (which to sōe wil seem absurd, although the sensibleness of the thing it self cou firmeth it to be a trueth,) as testimonies and witnesses of the force which rested in this straunge shaped thing, there are remaining in the stonies of the church, and likewise in the church dore which are mervelously rēten and torne, y^e marks a

were of his claws or talans. Beside, at all the wires, the wheelles, and other things belonging to the clock, were rung in sunder, and broken in peces.

“And (which I should haue tolde you at the beginning of this report, if I had regarded the observing of order,) at the time that this tempest lasted, and while these stormes endured, y^e whole church was so darkened, yea with such a palpable darknesse, that one persone could not perceive another, neither yet might discern any light at all though it were lesser he the least, but onely when y^e great lashing of fire and lightning appeared.

“These things are not lightly with silence to be over passed, but precisely and thoroughly to be considered.

“On the self same day, in like manner, into the parish church of another towne called Blibery, not above sevē miles distant from Bongay above said, the like thing entred, in the same shape and similitude, where placing himself uppon a maine balke or beam, whereon some y^e Rood did stand, sodainly he gave a swinge downe through y^e church, and there also, as before, slew two men and a lad, and burned the hand of another person that was there among the rest of the company, of whom divers were blasted.

“This mischief thus wrought, he flew with wonderful force to no little feare of the assembly, out of the church in a hideous and hellish likenes”

For “a necessary prayer,” and other particulars concerning this “straunge and terrible wonder,” which was “Imprinted at London, by Francis Godly, Jwelling at the West End of Paules,” the curious reader may consult Mr. Rood's verbatim reprint of the tract itself, which is a “rare” distortion of a thunder storm with lightning, well worthy to be possessed by collectors of the marvellous untruths with which Abraham Fleming's age abounded.

1825. This day at the Northumberland assizes, James Coates, aged twenty-two, and John Blakie, aged sixteen, were found guilty of robbing Thomas Hindmarch of his watch, on Sunday, the 20th of March last. It appeared that Hindmarch, who lived at Howden Panns near Shields, had been at Newcastle on Carling Sunday, a day so called, because it is the custom of the lower orders in the north of England to eat immense quantities of small peas, called carlings, fried in butter, pep-

per, and salt, on the second Sunday before Easter, and that on his way home about half-past ten at night his watch was snatched from him. The circumstance is noticed as an instance of the practice of keeping Care Sunday at the present time.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Blue Bells. *Campanula rotundifolia*.
Dedicated to *St. Dominic*.

August 5

The Dedication of St. Mary ad Nives. St. Oswald, King. St. Afra, and Companions, A. D. 304. St. Memmius, or Menge, Bp. A. D. 290.

An Every-Day Complaint.

In the “London Chronicle” of the 5th of August, 1753, there is an advertisement from a sufferer under a disease of such a nature that, though the cure is simple, a description of the various afflictions and modes of relief peculiar to the progress of the disorder would fill many volumes. To guard the young wholly against it is impossible; for like the small pox, every one must expect to have it once, and when it is taken in the natural way, and if the remedy is at hand, and the patient follows good advice, recovery speedily follows. The advertisement alluded to runs thus:—

A YOUNG LADY who was at Vauxhall on Thursday night last, in company with two gentlemen, could not but observe a young gentleman in blue and a gold-laced hat, who, being near her by the orchestra during the performance, especially the last song, gazed upon her with the utmost attention. He earnestly hopes (if unmarried) she will favour him with a line directed to A. D. at the bar of the Temple Exchange Coffee-house, Temple-bar, to inform him whether fortune, family, and character, may not entitle him upon a further knowledge, to hope an interest in her heart. He begs she will pardon the method he has taken to let her know the situation of his mind, as, being a stranger, he despaired of doing it any other way, or even of seeing her more. As his views are founded upon the most honourable principles, he presumes to hope the occasion will justify it, if she generously breaks through this trifling formality of the sex, rather than, by a cruel silence, render unhappy one, who must ever expect to continue so if debarred from a nearer acquaintance with her, in whose power alone it is to complete his felicity.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Egyptian Water Lily. *Nelumbo Nilotica*.
Dedicated to *Our Lady ad Nives*.

August 6.

The Transfiguration of our Lord. St. Xystus, or Sixtus II., Pope and Martyr. Sts. Justus and Pastor, A. D. 304.

Transfiguration.

This, which stands in the English almanacs on the present day, is the name of a popish festival, in celebration of the glorified appearance of Christ on mount Tabor.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Meadow Saffron. *Colchicum autumnale*.
Dedicated to *The Transfiguration*.

August 7.

St. Cajetan, A. D. 1547. St. Donatus, Bp. A. D. 361.

Name of Jesus.

There is no satisfactory reason for this nomination of the present day in our almanacs.

THE PRINCESS AMELIA.

On the 7th of August, 1783, the princess Amelia, daughter to his late ma-

gesty, was born; and on the 2d of November, 1810, she died at Windsor. Her constitution was delicate, and subject to frequent and severe indisposition. On her death-bed she anxiously desired to present his majesty with a token of her filial duty and affection; himself was suffering under an infirmity, the most appalling and humiliating in our nature, and in that state he approached her death-bed. She placed on his finger a ring containing a small lock of her hair, set beneath a crystal tablet, enclosed by a few sparks of diamonds, and uttered with her dying breath "Remember me!" The words sunk deep into the paternal heart, and are supposed to have increased a malady in the king, which suspended his exercise of the royal functions, and ended in the extinction of man's noblest faculty.

The princess Amelia's character has hitherto lain in the oblivion of silent merit. The editor of these sheets is enabled to disclose sentiments emanating from her, under circumstances peculiarly affecting. Dignity of station and absence of stain upon her reputation, commanded towards her the respect and sympathy which accident of birth, and abstinence from evil, always command in the public mind: but there are higher claims upon it.

Homage, by rule and precedent prescribed,
To royal daughters from the courtier-ring
Amelia had; and, when she ceased to live,
The herald wrote her death beneath her birth;
And set out arms for scutcheons on her pall;
And saw her buried in official state;
And newspapers and magazines doled out
The common praise of common courtesy;
She was "most" good, "most" virtuous, and—so forth
Thus, ere the Chamberlain's gazetted order
To mourn, so many days, and then half-mourn,
Had half expired, Amelia was forgotten!
Unknown by one distinguish'd act, her fate,
The certain fate of undistinguished rank,
Seems only to have been, and died; no more.
Yet shall this little book send down her name,
By her own hand inscribed, as in an album,
With reverence to our posterity.
It will revive her in the minds of those
Who scarce remember that she was; and will
Enkindle kind affection to her memory,
For worth we knew not in her when she lived;
While some who living, shared her heart, perchance
May read her sentences with wetted eyes,
And say, "She, being dead, yet speaketh."

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The princess Amelia relieved the impatient friends of three infant females from care, as to their wants, by fostering them on her own expense. She caused them to be educated, and placed them out to businesses, by learning which they might acquire the means of gaining their subsistence in comfort and respectability. They occasionally visited her, and to one of them she was peculiarly attached; her royal highness placed her with Mrs. Bingley, her dressmaker, in Piccadilly. In this situation

—“long she flourish'd,
 grew sweet to sense and lovely to the eye,
 until at length the cruel spoiler came,
 snuck'd this fair flow'r and rifled all its
 sweetness,
 then flung it like a loathsome weed away.”

The seduction of this young female deeply afflicted the princess's feelings; and she addressed a letter to her, written throughout by her own hand, which marks her reverence for virtue, and her pity for one who diverged from its precepts. It is in the possession of the editor, and because it has never been published, he places it to note the anniversary of her royal highness's birth in the *Every-Day Book*. It is a public memorial of her worth; the only record of her high principles and affectionate disposition.

(COPY.)

The accounts I have received of you, My poor Mary from Mrs. Bingley, have given me the greatest concern, and have surprised me as well as hurt me; as I had hoped you were worthy of the kindness you experienced from Mrs. Bingley, and were not undeserving of all that had been done for you.

Much as you have erred, I am willing to hope, My poor Girl, that those religious principles you possessed are still firm, and that they will, with the goodness of God, show you your faults, and make you to repent, and return to what I hoped you were—a good and virtuous

Girl. You may depend on my never forsaking you as long as I can be your friend. Nothing but your conduct not being what it ought to be, can make me give you up. Forget you, I never *could*. Believe me, nothing shall be wanting, on my part, to restore you to what you were; but you must be *honest*, open, and true. Make Mrs. K——, who is so sincerely your wellwisher, your friend. Conceal nothing from her, and believe me, much as it may cost *you*, at the moment, to speak out, you will find relief afterwards, and I trust it may enable us to make you end your days happily.

To Mrs. Bingley, and all with her, you never can sufficiently feel grateful. Her conduct has been that of the kindest mother and friend, and, I trust, such friends you will ever try to preserve; for, if with propriety they can continue their kindness to you, it will be an everlasting blessing for you: but, after all that has happened, My dear Mary, I cannot consent to leaving you there. Though I trust, from all I hear, your conduct now is proper, and will continue so, yet, for the sake of the other young people, it must be *wrong*, and if you possess that feeling, and repent, as I hope you do, you cannot but think I am right. I trust you feel all your errors, and with the assistance of God you will live to make amends; yet your conduct must be made an example of. The misfortune of *turning*

out of the right path, cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of all young people.—Alas! you now know it from experience. All I say I feel doubly, from wishing you well.

Be open and true, and whatever can be done, to make you happy, will. Truth is one of the most necessary Virtues, and whoever *deviates* from that, runs from one error into another—not to say Vice. I have heard you accused Mrs. Bingley of harshness; that I conceive to be *utterly impossible*; but I attribute *your* saying so to a mind in the greatest affliction, and not knowing what you were about. I pity you from my heart, but you have brought this on yourself, and you must now pray to God, for his assistance, to enable you to return to the right path.

Why should you fear Me? I do not deserve it, and your feeling the *force* of your own *faults* can only occasion it; for I feel I am, and wish to be, a friend to three young people I have the charge of, and to make them fit to gain their own bread, and assist their families. For you I have felt particularly, being an orphan, and I *had* never had cause to regret the charge I had. Your poor parents have been saved a heavy blow. Conceive what their affliction must have been, had they lived to know of your conduct. I trust my poor Mary may yet live to

renew all our feelings of regard for her and that I shall have the comfort to hear many good accounts of your conduct and health. Unless your mind is at ease you cannot enjoy health.

Be assured I shall be happy to find I have reason, always, to subscribe my self,

Your friend

Amelia

So wrote one of the daughters of England. We hail her a child of the nation by her affiance to virtue, the creator of our moral grandeur, and the preserver of our national dignity. Private virtue is the stability of states.

In the princess Amelia's letter there is a natural union of powerful sense and exquisite sensibility; it has an easy, common-place air, but a mind that examines the grounds, and searches into the reasons of things, will discover the "root of the matter." Comment upon it is abstained from, that it may be read and studied.

The crime of seduction is fashionable, because hitherto fashion has been criminal with impunity. The selfish destroyer of female innocence, can prevail on some wives and mothers by varnish of manner, and forcefulness of wealth, to the degradation of sanctioning his entertainments by their presence. Like the fabled upstree of Java, he lives a deadly poison to wither and destroy all within his shadow. Uneasiness from a lash of small cords in a feeble hand, he retaliates by a horse-whip: monstrous sensualists must be punished by scourges of flame from vigorous arms, and be hunted by hue and cry, till they find sanctuary in some remote hiding-place for blood-guiltiness.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Common Amaranth. *Amaranthus hypochondriacus.*

Dedicated to *St. Cujetan*

August 8.

Sts. Cyriacus, Largus, Smaragdus, and their Companions, Martyrs, A. D. 303. St. Hormisdas.

FUNERALS IN CUMBERLAND.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.
Sir,

The variety of funeral-rites and ceremonies, prevalent in different ages and countries, has been so great as to forbid any attempt to enumerate them; but it is consistent with the character and design of the *Every-Day Book*, to record the peculiar customs which have existed in different districts of our native land: for although your motto from old Herrick, does not refer to any thing of a serious kind, yet, in the number of those which you promise the world to "tell of" I perceive that such matters are sometimes related. I proceed, therefore, to detail the circumstances which preceded and attended the interment of the dead in the county of Cumberland, within the last twenty years: they are now discontinued, except, perhaps, in some of the smaller villages, or amongst the humblest class in society. Whether the customs I am about to describe, have been observed in the southern parts of England, I know not; I shall, therefore, confine myself to what has frequently passed under my own observation in my native town.

No sooner had the passing-bell intimated to the inhabitants that an acquaintance or neighbour had departed for that "bourne whence no traveller returns," than they began to contemplate a call at the "Corse-house," (for such was the denomination of the house of mourning,) within which preparations were made by the domestics to receive all who might come. To this end all the apartments were prepared for the reception of visitors with the exception of the chamber of death: one for the seclusion of the survivors of the family, and the domestic offices.

The interval between the death and the interment is at present, I believe, extended beyond what was usual at the time I refer to: it was then two days and two nights, varying accordingly as the demise took place in the early or latter part of the day.

The assemblage at the Corse-house, was most numerous during the evening; at which time many persons, who were engaged during the day in their several

avocations, found leisure to be present: many of the females made their call, however, during the afternoon. The course of visitors rendered the house like a tavern; their noise and tumult being little restrained, and their employment being the drinking of wine or spirits with the smoking of tobacco; and if only some made use of the "stinking herb," all partook of the juice of the grape. Instances could be adduced in which moderation gave way to excess.

The conversation turned, often upon the character of the deceased, at least when generally respected; "de mortuis nil nisi bonum;" the ordinary topics of the day were discussed: perhaps the Irish people were ridiculed for their barbarism in *waking their dead*: and each individual as inclination prompted him, retired to make room for another, thus maintaining a pretty rapid succession of arrivals and departures, with the exception of, perhaps, one or two who embraced so favourable an opportunity for economical indulgence. "Where the carcase is there will the eagles be gathered together."

I must, however, observe in justice to the good taste of my townsmen, that many of them rather assented to the custom than approved it; but an omission to attend a Corse-house, with the occupants of which you were even slightly acquainted, was considered a mark of disrespect to the memory of the dead, and the feelings of the survivors.

It happened, however, that a gentleman (a stranger to this custom,) settled in the town I refer to, and, after a short residence, a death occurred in his family: he at once resolved to deviate from a practice which he did not approve. The first visitors to his house observed that no preparations were made for their reception, and were respectfully told by a servant, that open house would not be kept on the occasion: the news soon spread, and so did the example; a native of the town soon followed it, and a custom fell into desuetude, which the warmest admirers of ancient practices could scarcely desire to perpetuate. Originating probably in the exercise of the social affections, and of that hospitality which was convenient enough in periods when population was thin and widely scattered, they degenerated from their original use, and were "more honoured in the breach than the observance." Antiquity might, perhaps, plead in their defence. The an-

cient Jews made great use of music in their funeral rites; before Christ exerted his power in the restoration of the ruler's daughter, who was supposed to be dead, he caused to be put forth "the minstrels and the people making a noise." Matt. c. 9, v. 23, *et seq.*

The ceremonies, which I am now going to describe, are still in existence; and evince no symptoms of decay. On the evening preceding the day appointed for the interment, the parish-clerk perambulates the town, carrying a deep and solemn-toned bell, by means of which he announces his approach to various places at which he is accustomed to stop, and give utterance to his mournful message. Well do I remember the deep interest with which I and my youthful associates listened to the melancholy tones of his sepulchral voice, whilst toys were disregarded, and trifling for a moment suspended! As the sounds of the "Death-bell" died away, it was proclaimed thus: "All friends and neighbours are desired to attend the funeral of _____ from _____ street, to Mary's Chapel: the corpse to be taken up at — o'clock." What crowds of little urchins feeling a mixed sensation of fear and curiosity were congregated! What casements were half-opened whilst mute attention lent her willing ear to seize upon the name of the departed, and the hour of burial!

I have known a party at "a round game" hushed into silence: and a whist party thrown into a sort of reverie, and there remain till Mrs. What-d'ye-call-'em asked Mrs. What's-her-name, if clubs were trumps? or chid her partner for being guilty of a revoke on account of so common a thing as the "Death-bell."

On the following day the clerk proceeds to the Corse-house, about an hour before the procession is formed. A small table covered with a white napkin, on which are placed wines and spirits, is put at the door of the house within and around which the people assemble: the clerk takes his place by the table, to assist to a glass of liquor, any person who may approach it. The coffin being brought forth, the clerk takes his place in front of the procession, and is usually attended by a number of those who form the choir on Sunday, all being uncovered. A psalm is sung as the cavalcade moves slowly through the streets. The rest of the "friends and neighbours" follow the corpse to the church, where the ordinary

services conclude; and thus concludes the "strange eventful history," related by, sir,

Yours faithfully,
J. B—.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Love lies bleeding. *Amaranthus pro-*
cumbens.

Dedicated to *St. Hormisdas.*

August 9.

St. Romanus. St. Nathy, or David, A. D.
530. St. Fedlemid, or Felimy, Bp. of
Kilmore, 6th Cent.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Jacobæan Ragweed. *Senecio jacobea.*
Dedicated to *St. Romanus.*

The Willow.

According to T. N., a Cambridge correspondent, this tree is, in that county, called the Cambridge oak. Old Fuller calls it "a sad tree, whereof such who have lost their love make their *mourning garlands*; and we know that exiles hung up their harps upon such doleful supporters. The twigs hereof are physick to drive out the folly of children. This tree delighteth in moist places, and is triumphant in the *Isle of Ely*, where the roots strengthen their banks, and top affords fuel for their fire. It groweth incredibly fast, it being a by-word in this county, that the profit by willows will buy the owner a horse before that by other trees will pay for his saddle. Let me add, that if *green ashe* may burne before a queen, *withered willows* may be allowed to burne before a lady." The old saying, "She is in her willows" is here illustrated; it implies the mourning of a female for her lost mate.

The Willow (Salix)

In *Sylvan Sketches*, to an account of the willow, elegant poetical illustrations are attached, from whence are extracted the subjoined agreeable notices.

According to some botanists, there are more than fifty British willows only. The sweet, or bay-leaved willow, *salix pentandra*, is much used in Yorkshire for making baskets; its leaves afford a yellow dye. Baskets are also made from the osier, which belongs to this genus; but of the willows, the bitter purple willow, *salix purpurea*, is the best adapted for the finest

basket-work. The common, or white willow, *salix alba*, takes its specific name from the white silken surface of the leaves on the under side. The bark is used to tan leather, and to dye yarn of a cinnamon colour. It is one of the trees to which the necessitous Kamtschadales are often obliged to recur for their daily bread, which they make of the inner bark, ground into flour. The bark of this willow has in some cases been found a good substitute for the Peruvian bark. The grey willow, or sallow, *salix cinerea*, grows from six to twelve feet high. In many parts of England, children gather the flowering branches of this tree on Palm Sunday, and call them palms. With the bark, the inhabitants of the Highlands and the Hebrides tan leather. The wood, which is soft, white, and flexible, is made into handles for hatchets, spades, &c. It also furnishes shoemakers with their cutting-boards, and whetting-boards to smooth the edges of their knives upon.

The weeping willow, *salix Babylonica*, a native of the Levant, was not cultivated in this country till 1730. This tree, with its long, slender, pendulous branches, is one of the most elegant ornaments of English scenery. The situation which it affects, also, on the margins of brooks or rivers, increases its beauty; like Narcissus, it often seems to bend over the water for the purpose of admiring the reflection:—

——“Shadowy trees, that lean
So elegantly o'er the water's brim.”

There is a fine weeping willow in a garden near the Paddington end of the New Road, and a most magnificent one, also, in a garden on the banks of the Thames, just before Richmond-bridge, on the Richmond side of the river. Several of the arms of this tree are so large, that one of them would in itself form a fine tree. They are propped by a number of stout poles; and the tree appears in a flourishing condition. If that tree be, as it is said, no more than ninety-five years old, the quickness of its growth is indeed astonishing.

Martyn relates an interesting anecdote, which he gives on the authority of the *St. James's Chronicle*, for August, 1801:

“The famous and admired weeping willow planted by Pope, which has lately been felled to the ground, came from Spain, enclosing a present for lady Suffolk. No. 35.

folk. Mr. Pope was in company when the covering was taken off; he observed that the pieces of stick appeared as if they had some vegetation; and added, ‘Perhaps they may produce something we have not in England.’ Under this idea, he planted it in his garden, and it produced the willow-tree that has given birth to so many others.” It is said, that the destruction of this tree was caused by the eager curiosity of the admirers of the poet, who, by their numbers, so disturbed the quiet and fatigued the patience of the possessor, with applications to be permitted to see this precious relic, that to put an end to the trouble at once and for ever, she gave orders that it should be felled to the ground.

The weeping willow, in addition to the pensive, drooping appearance of its branches, weeps little drops of water, which stand like fallen tears upon the leaves. It will grow in any but a dry soil, but most delights, and best thrives, in the immediate neighbourhood of water. The willow, in poetical language, commonly introduces a stream, or a forsaken lover:—

“We pass a gulph, in which the willows
dip
Their pendent boughs, stooping as if to
drink.” *Cowper.*

Chatterton describes

“The willow, shadowing the bubbling
brook.”

Churchill mentions, among other trees

“The willow weeping o'er the fatal wave,
Where many a lover finds a watery grave;
The cypress, sacred held when lovers
mourn
Their true love snatched away.”

Besides Shakspeare's beautiful mention of the willow on the death of Ophelia, and notices of it by various other poets, there are several songs in which despairing lovers call upon the willow-tree:—

“Ah, willow! willow
The willow shall be
A garland for me,
Ah, willow! willow!”

Chatterton has one, of which the bur then runs—

“Mie love ys dedde,
Gon to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the willowe tree.”

In the “Two Noble Kinsmen,” said to have been written by Shakspeare and

Fletcher, a young girl, who loses her wit with hopeless love for Palamon—

—“ Sung
Nothing but ‘Willow! willow! willow!’
and between
Ever was ‘Palamon, fair Palamon!’ ”

Herrick thus addresses the willow-tree :

‘Thou art to all lost love the best,
The only true plant found ;
Wherewith young men and maids distrest,
And left of love, are crowned.

‘When once the lover’s rose is dead,
Or laid aside forlorn,
Then willow garlands ’bout the head,
Bedewed with tears, are worn.

“When with neglect, the lover’s bane,
Poor maids rewarded be
For their love lost, their only gain
Is but a wreath from thee.

“And underneath thy cooling shade,
When weary of the light,
The love-spent youth and love-sick maid
Come to weep out the night.”

This poet has some lines addressed to a willow garland also :—

“A willow garland thou didst send
Perfumed, last day, to me ;
Which did but only this portend,
I was forsook by thee.

“Since it is so, I’ll tell thee what ;
To-morrow thou shalt see
Me wear the willow, after that
To die upon the tree.

“As beasts unto the altars go
With garlands dressed, so I
Will with my willow-wreath also
Come forth, and sweetly die.”

The willow seems, from the oldest times, to have been dedicated to grief ; under them the children of Israel lamented their captivity :—“By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion : we hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.”*

The wicker-baskets made by our forefathers are the subject of an epigram by Martial :—

“From Britain’s painted sons I came,
And basket is my barbarous name ;
Yet now I am so modish grown,
That Rome would claim me for her own.”

It is worthy to be recollected, that some of the *smallest* trees known are wil-

lows ; nay, the smallest tree known, without any exception. The herbaceous willow, *salix herbacea*, is seldom higher than three inches, sometimes not more than two ; and yet it is in every respect a tree, notwithstanding the name herbaceous, which, as it has been observed, is inappropriate. Dr. Clarke says, in his “Travels in Norway,” “We soon recognised some of our old Lapland acquaintances, such as *Betula nana*, with its minute leaves, like silver pennies ; mountain-birch ; and the dwarf alpine species of willow : of which half a dozen trees, with all their branches, leaves, flowers, and roots, might be compressed within two of the pages of a lady’s pocket-book, without coming into contact with each other. After our return to England, specimens of the *salix herbacea* were given to our friends, which, when framed and glazed, had the appearance of miniature drawings. The author, in collecting them for his herbiary, has frequently compressed twenty of these trees between two of the pages of a duodecimo volume.” Yet in the great northern forests, Dr. Clarke found a species of willow “that would make a splendid ornament in our English shrubberies, owing to its quick growth, and beautiful appearance. It had much more the appearance of an orange than of a willow-tree, its large luxuriant leaves being of the most vivid green colour, splendidly shining. We believed it to be a variety of *salix amygdalina*, but it may be a distinct species : it principally flourishes in Westro Bothnia, and we never saw it elsewhere.”

So much, and more than is here quoted, respecting the willow, has been gathered by the fair authoress of *Sylvan Sketches*.

In conclusion, be it observed, that the common willow is in common language sometimes called the *sallow*, and under that name it is mentioned by Chaucer :—

“Whoso buildeth his hous all of salowes,
And pricketh his blind hors over the
fallowes,
And suffreth his wife for to scche hal-
lowes,
He is worthy to be honged on the gal-
lowes.”
Chaucer.

August 10.

St. Lawrence, A. D. 258. *St Deusdedit*.
St. Blaauw, Bp. of Kinngaradha, A. D.
446.

* The Psalms.

St. Lawrence.

His name stands in the church of England calendar. He suffered martyrdom at Rome, under Valerian. Mr. Audley relates of St. Lawrence, "that being peculiarly obnoxious, the order for his punishment was, 'Bring out the grate of iron; and when it is red hot, on with him, roast him, broil him, turn him: upon pain of our high displeasure, do every man his office, O ye tormentors.' These orders were obeyed, and after *Lawrence* had been pressed down with fire-forks for a long time, he said to the tyrant, 'This side is now roasted enough; O tyrant, do you think roasted meat or raw the best?' Soon after he had said this he expired. The church of *St. Lawrence Jewry*, in London, is dedicated to him, and has a gridiron on the steeple for a vane, that being generally supposed the instrument of his torture. The ingenious Mr. Robinson, in his 'Ecclesiastical Researches,' speaking about this saint, says, 'Philip II. of Spain, having won a battle on the 10th of August, the festival of *St. Lawrence*, vowed to consecrate a PALACE, a CHURCH, and a MONASTERY to his honour. He did erect the ESCURIAL, which is the largest Palace in EUROPE. This immense quarry consists of several courts and quadrangles, all disposed in the shape of a GRIDIRON. The bars form several courts; and the Royal Family occupy the HANDLE.' 'Gridirons,' says one, who examined it, 'are met with in every part of the building. There are sculptured gridirons, iron gridirons, painted gridirons, marble gridirons, &c. &c. There are gridirons over the doors, gridirons in the yards, gridirons in the windows, gridirons in the galleries. Never was an instrument of martyrdom so multiplied, so honoured, so celebrated: and thus much for gridirons.' *"

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 10th of August, 1575, Peter Bales, one of our earliest and most eminent writing-masters, finished a performance which contained the Lord's prayer, the creed, the decalogue, with two short prayers in Latin, his own name, motto, the day of the month, year of our Lord, and reign of the queen, (Elizabeth,) to whom he afterwards presented it at Hampton-court, all within the circle of

a single penny, enchased in a ring with borders of gold, and covered with a crystal, so accurately wrought, as to be plainly legible, to the great admiration of her majesty, her ministers, and several ambassadors at court.

In 1590, Bales kept a school at the upper end of the Old Bailej, and the same year published his "Writing School-Master." In 1595, he had a trial of skill in writing with a Mr. Daniel (David) Johnson, for a "golden pen" of £20 value, and won it. Upon this victory, his contemporary and rival in penmanship, John Davies, made a satirical, ill-natured epigram, intimating that penury continually compelled Bales to remove himself and his "golden pen," to elude the pursuit of his creditors. The particulars of the contest for the pen, supposed to be written by Bales himself, are in the British Museum, dated January 1, 1596.

So much concerning Peter Bales is derived from the late Mr. Butler's "Chronological Exercises," an excellent arrangement of biographical, historical, and miscellaneous facts for the daily use of young ladies.

Peter Bales according to Mr. D Israeli, "astonished the eyes of beholders by showing them what they could not see." He cites a narrative, among the Harleian MSS., of "a rare piece of work brought to pass by Peter Bales, an Englishman, and a clerk of the chancery." Mr. D'Israeli presumes this to have been the whole Bible, "in an English walnut no bigger than a hen's egg. The nut holdeth the book: there are as many leaves in his little book as the great Bible, and he hath written as much in one of his little leaves, as a great leaf of the Bible." This wonderfully unreadable copy of the Bible was "seen by many thousands."

Peter Huet, the celebrated bishop of Avranches, long doubted the story of an eminent writing-master having comprised "the Iliad in a nut-shell," but, after trifling half an hour in examining the matter, he thought it possible. One day, in company at the dauphin's, with a piece of paper and a common pen, he demonstrated, that a piece of vellum, about ten inches in length, and eight in width, pliant and firm, can be folded up and enclosed in the shell of a large walnut, that in breadth it can contain one line of thirty verses, perfectly written with a crow-quill, and in length two hundred

* Companion to the Almanac.

and fifty lines; that one side will then contain seven thousand five hundred verses, the other side as much, and that therefore the piece of vellum will hold the whole fifteen thousand verses of the Iliad.

The writing match between Peter Bales and David Johnson, mentioned by Mr. Butler, "was only traditionally known, till, with my own eyes," says Mr. D'Israeli, "I pondered on this whole trial of skill in the precious manuscript of the champion himself; who, like Cæsar, not only knew how to win victories, but also to record them." Johnson for a whole year gave a public challenge, "To any one who should take exceptions to this my writing and teaching." Bales was magnanimously silent, till he discovered that since this challenge was proclaimed, he "was doing much less in writing and teaching." Bales then sent forth a challenge, "To all Englishmen and strangers," to write for a gold pen of twenty pounds value, in all kinds of hands, "best, straightest, and fastest," and most kind of ways; "a full, a mean, a small, with line and without line; in a slow-set hand, a mean facile hand, and a fast running hand;" and further, "to write truest and speediest, most secretary and clerk-like, from a man's mouth, reading or pronouncing, either English or Latin." Within an hour, Johnson, though a young friend of Bales, accepted the challenge, and accused the veteran of arrogance. "Such an absolute challenge," says he, "was never witnessed by man, without exception of any in the world!" Johnson, a few days after, met Bales, and showed him a piece of "secretary's hand," which he had written on fine parchment, and said, "Mr. Bales, give me one shilling out of your purse, and, if within six months you better or equal this piece of writing, I will give you forty pounds for it." Bales accepted the shilling, and the parties were thereby bound over to the trial of skill. The day before it took place, a printed paper posted through the city taunted Bales's "proud poverty," and his pecuniary motives as "ungentle, base, and mercenary, not answerable to the dignity of the golden pen!" Johnson declared that he would maintain his challenge for a thousand pounds more, but that Bales was unable to make good a thousand groats. Bales retorted by affixing the paper a sign of his rival's weakness, "yet who so bold," says Bales, "as blind Bayard, that hath not a word

of Latin to cast at a dog, or say 'Bo!' to a goose!" The goose was mentioned perhaps, in allusion to Michaelmas-day 1595, when the trial commenced before five judges; an "ancient gentleman" was intrusted with "the golden pen." The first trial was for the manner of teaching scholars; this terminated in favour of Bales. The second, for secretary and clerk-like writing, dictated in English and in Latin, was also awarded to Bales; Johnson confessing that he wanted the Latin tongue, and was no clerk. On the third and last trial, for fair writing in sundry kinds of hands, Johnson prevailed in beauty and most "authentic proportion," and for superior variety of the Roman hand; but in court-hand, and set-text, Bales exceeded, and in bastard secretary was somewhat perfecter than Johnson. For a finishing blow, Bales drew forth his "master-piece," and, offering to forego his previous advantages if Johnson could better this specimen, his antagonist was struck dumb. In compassion to the youth of Johnson, some of the judges urged the others not to give judgment in public. Bales remonstrated against a private decision in vain, but he obtained the verdict and secured the prize. Johnson, however, reported that he had won the golden pen, and issued an "Appeal to all impartial Penmen," wherein he affirmed, that the judges, though his own friends, and honest gentlemen, were unskilled in judging of most hands, and again offered forty pounds to be allowed six months to equal Bales's "master-piece." Finally, he alleged, that the judges did not deny that Bales possessed himself of the golden pen by a trick: he relates, that Bales having pretended that his wife was in extreme sickness, he desired that she might have a sight of the golden pen, to comfort her, that the "ancient gentleman," relying upon the kind husband's word, allowed the golden pen to be carried to her, and that thereupon Bales immediately pawned it, and afterwards, to make sure work, sold it at a great loss, so that the judges, ashamed of their own conduct, were compelled to give such a verdict as suited the occasion. Bales rejoined, by publishing to the universe the day and hour when the judges brought the golden pen to his house, and painted it with a hand over his door for a sign.* This is shortly the history of :

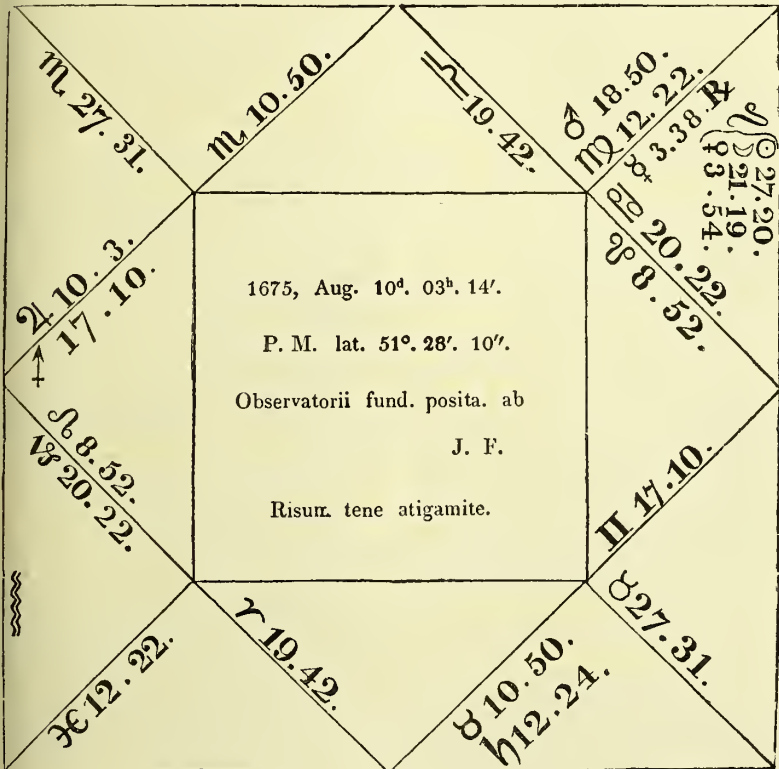
* Mr. D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature

long contest, which, if it has not been paralleled in our own time, we have been reminded of by the open challenges of living calligraphers.

John Flamsteed.

On the 10th of August, 1675, the foundation stone of the Royal Observatory, for watching and noting the motions of the celestial bodies, was laid on the hill where it now stands, in Greenwich Park.

The edifice was erected by order of king Charles II., at the instance of sir Jonas Moor, under the direction of sir Christopher Wren; and it is worthy of record here, that the celebrated Flamsteed, constructed a "Scheme of the Heavens," at the very minute when the foundation stone was laid. It has never appeared in any work, and as the public are wholly unacquainted with its existence, it is subjoined exactly as Flamsteed drew it with his own hand.



"Few men rightly temper with the stars."—*Shakspeare.*

Flamsteed was the first astronomer-royal, and from him the Observatory at Greenwich derives its popular name, "Flamsteed-house." His "Scheme of the Heavens," may be found there in a folio vellum-bound manuscript on the second page. Opposite to it, also drawn by himself, with great exactness, and signed by his own name within it, is a

ground plan of the Observatory. On the following, being the fourth page, is a list of "Angles, betwixt eminent places observed with the sextant in the months of February and March, 1679—80." The remainder of the book consists of about one hundred and seventy pages of "Observations," also in Flamsteed's hand-writing. Whatever astrology

have exercised upon the positions of the stars in his horoscope, he has not left his opinion in writing; but the circumstance of his having been at some pains to ascertain and set them down among his other "Observations," may be taken as presumptive that this great astronomer practised astrology.

In another folio manuscript in calf binding, containing also one hundred and thirty-two pages of his "Observations," there is a document of more general importance; namely, a series of notices or memoranda also in his own hand-writing of circumstances in his life which he deemed most worthy of committing to paper. The most curious portion of this labour relates to a difference which is well known to have existed between himself, and sir

Isaac Newton. The whole of these memoirs, with the astrological scheme, a scientific gentleman was permitted by Dr. Maskelyne, the late astronomer-royal, to transcribe from the MSS. at the Observatory. Until now, they have been unprinted, and having been obligingly communicated to the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*, the latter conceives that the public will be gratified by their perusal, and therefore preserves them in the pages of this work without comment. Without any view of detracting sir Isaac Newton, or Mr. Flamsteed, by their publication, he offers the singular statements as Flamsteed wrote them. His birth is stated at their commencement; he died at Greenwich, on the 31st of December 1719.

Memoirs of Mr. John Flamsteed, by himself.

I was borne At Denby, 5 miles from Derby, August 19, 1646—my father having removed his family thither because the Sickness was then in Derby.

Educated in the free school at Derby till 16 years old.

At 14 years of Age 1660, Got a great cold—was followed by 5 years sickness—a Consumption.

Recovered, by God's blessing, on a journey into Ireland 1665, in the months of August and Sept.

Began to study Mathematics in 1662. The first book I read was Sacrobusco de Sphæra, which I turned into English.

In 1665 Calculated Eclipses and the planets, places from Street's Caroline tables, and wrote my Treatise of the æquation of Days.

In 1666 observed the Eclipse of ye Sun.

In 1669 observed a Solar Eclipse and some appulses, and presented the prædictions of more for the year 1670 to the R. S. * this brought on a Correspondence with Mr. Oldenburg—Collins.

Mr. Oldenburg's first letter to me is dated Jan. 14. 1669—70.

Mr. Collins 2^o Feb. 3. 1669—70.

My Predn. of Appulses 1670, printed in ye Ph. Tr. No. 55 for Jan. 1669—70.

Mr. N's.† The. of light and Colors, 80. Feb. 19. 1671—2.

I was in London after Whitsuntide 1670; came acquainted with Sir. Jo.

Moor; bought telescope glasses, and had Mr. Townly's Micrometer presented to me by Sir Jonas Moor.

Set a Pole up to raise my glasses, March 21, 1671, at Derby.

Began to measure distances in the heavens, Octo. 17, 1672.

Continued them there till Jan. 167^r.

1672. Sept. Observed ♂—deduced his parellax from the Observations = to his diameter.

1674. May the 2d. came to London. 29, went to Cambridge.

June the 5th. My degree.

July 13, returned to London. Aug. 13, left London.

29, Got to Derby.

1674. First acquaintance with Sir I. N. at Cambridge, occasioned by my fixing there the Microscope, which he could not; the object glass being forgot by him.

1675. feb. 2. Came to London Again.

Mar. 4. Warrant for my Sallery.

Sieur de St. Piex proposes to find the Longitude by Observations of the D^s.

* * * Letters hereon.*

1675. June 22. Warrant dated for building the Royl. Observatory.

♀ August 10. foundation layd.

1676. July 10. entred into it to inhabit wth T. Smith, and Cutler Denton Servant.

Sept. 19. began to measure distances in the heavens wth the sextant.

76. Sir Jonas Moor gave me the sextant, some books, and glasses, with charge

* [Royal Society.]
† [Newton's Theory.]

* [Distances of the stars.]

to dispose of them by my Will: all the other instruments and tubes provided at my own charge.

1679. Aug. 17. Sir Jonas Moor died. His Sonn Sir J. M. thrown from his horse, died.

1680. Made the *Volatile* [?] Quadrant at my own Charge.

1680. Dec. 12. ☉ first saw and observed y^e great Comet; observed it till Feb. 5, (80—81.)

1680. Mr. Newton's first Letter to me about the Comet.

81. Imparted my observations of the Comet with ye may [be] derived from them.

85 or 86. gave him* the diameters of the planets in all Positions of the earth, and them in their orbits: got it back with much difficulty after 2 years detention.

He disputed against the comets of Nov. and Dec. being the same, in 2 long letters in Feb. and March 81^o; now, in 85, he owned they might be so as I had asserted, and slightly mentioned me as *disputing* for their being the same as in ye 4th book of his principles; whereas I affirmed it, and himself disputed against it.

1687. his principles published: little notice taken of her Maties. Observatory.

1688 & 9. made the New large Arch; and Staff * * * Sharp.

89. Began my observations of the * * s distances from our vertex with it.

Sept. 12. ♀ & 13 ♃^s got the Clock removed by Nov. 15 ♀ :

89. Dec. 10. first observation of the ☽'s place compared with my lunar Tables in y^e 4th book of calculations, pag. 5.

After this I observed the ☾ and planets frequently wth the New Arch; examined the lunar observations, commonly the morning after they were got, and compared them with my Tables, till April, 1692, whereby I saw the faults of the Tables sometimes were near one-third of a degree.

1694. Sept. 1 ♃ Mr. Newton come to visit me; I shewed him these Collations drawn up in 3 large Synopses, and on his request gave him copys of them, he promising me not to impart or communicate them to any body; this promise I required of him because, as I then told him, I made use of some places of the fixed Stars which I had derived from

observations made with the Sextant, which were not so exact as those taken with the Murall Arch; that I had now gotten a good stock of observations of the fixed * * s, should make a larger and much exacter Catalogue, that the ☾'s observed places should be derived from the places of the stars in my New Catalogue, and then I would impart them to him, which he approved, and by a Letter of his dated confest.

Nevertheless he imparted what he derived from them both to Dr. Gregory and Mr. H.* *contra datam fidem*.

After he had got the 3 Synopses of ☽'s observations to him he desired more of them, and this caused an Intercourse of letters betwixt us, wherein I imparted to him about 100 more of y^e ☽ places, but finding this took up much time, and being now entered in my Rectification of the places of the fixed stars, and very busy in it, I was forced to leave off my correspondence wth him at that time, having found that his corrections of my numbers still gave y^e Moon's places 8 or 9 minutes erroneus, tho' Dr. G. and Dr. Halley had boasted they would agree wth in 2' or 3'—I was ill of the stone very oft and had [illegible] y^e head ach till Sept. when freed of it by a violent fit of y^e stone and my usuall medicine—*Deo Laus*.

1695 or 1696. Sir I. N. † being made an Officer in the Mint came to London. I sometimes visited him there or at his own house in Jermin Street: we continued civil, but he was not so friendly as formerly, because I could

Mr. H. and Dr. G. assertions concerning his corrections of y^e Horroccian lunar theys.

1696. A Correspondence begun wth Mr. Bosseley an Apothecary of Bakewell in Derbyshire and Mr. Luke Leigh a poor Kinsman of Mr. Halleys of the same clan, and myself. Mr. Bosseley wanted observation for correcting the planets places I furnished him, and set him on ♃ and ♃.

Mr. Leigh I hired to calculate the places of the fixed Stars from their Right Ascensions and distances from the Northern Pole determined by myself.

1696. Dec. 11 I received from him the places of the Stars in the Constellations of Π ♂ and ♄, which whilst he had been doing the same, were done by

* [Sir Isaac Newton.]

[Halley.]

† [Sir Isaac Newton]

my then servant Mr. Hodgson in y^e Observatory, so that I easily found the errors of either and corrected them.

♄ ♃ ♃ ♃ ♃	I rec ^d	Jan. 22. 1696
♃ ♃ ♃ ♃ ♃	————	Mar. 27. 1697
♃ & ♃	————	Jan. 16. 1697
Cetus	}	Jan. 10 1698 —9
Eridanus		
Lupus		
Canis Maj.		
Canis Min.		
Navis	}	Aug. 19. 1699
Orion		
Hydra		
Cratera		
Corvus		
Serpens	}	July 25. 1700
Serpentarius		
Aquila cum Antinoo		
Sagitta		
Delphinus		
Equuleus		
Pegasus		
Triangulum		
Andromeda	}	Jan. 5 ♃ 1701
Perseus		
Auriga		
Coma Beren.		
Bootes		
Corona Borea		
Hercules		
Lyra & Cygnus		

Cassiopeia and Cepheus Apr. 26. 1701

The Stars in Hevelius his Sextant and Monsceros. y^e Linx, Camelopardalus, Canes, Vanatici, were calculated afterwards in 1705. 6. 7. 8 by my servants, J. Woolferman and J. Crosthwaite, and the Constellations of Hercules and Cassiopea enlarged with y^e addition of many Stars observed in the years 1705. 6. 7. 8. by them and Mr. Ab. Ryley.

In the mean time as often as I met with Sir I. N. he was very inquisitive how the Catalogues went on, I answered as it stood; and when he came here commonly shewed him how it stood in my books, not suspecting any design, but hoping he might serve me as kindly as I had assisted him freely with my pains when he desired me.

1698. At Michælmass was at Derby and Bakewell.

1697—8. Feb. 6, y^e CZAR first came to Greenwich.

1704. April 11. ♂ Mr. Newton came to the Observat^y dined with me, saw

the Volumes of Observations, so much of the Catalogue as was then finished with the Charts of the Constellation both J. W's* and those copied by Vassomer: desired to have the recommending of them to y^e Prince: I knew his temper, that he would be my fr. no further than to serve his own ends, and that he was spitefull and swayed by those that were worse than himself; this made me refuse him: however, when he went away he promised me he would recommend them, tho he never intended me any good by it, but to get me under him, that I might be obliged to boy him up as E H † has done hitherto.

1704. Nov. 8. Wrote the Estimate which was read without my knowledge at the R. S. The Members thought it ought to be recommended to the Prince the President joynd with them, a Committee was appointed to attend his R. H. even without acquainting me with it, an estimate of the charges drawn up without my knowledge: the Prince allows it—Mr. N. says [*illegible*.]

He concludes me now in his power does all he can to hinder the work, or spoils it by encouraging the printers to commit faults.

We must print the Observations, tho I had shewed in my printed Estimate that for very good reasons the Charts of the Constellations ought first to be set upon.

Mr. N. told me he hoped I would give a Note under my hand of security for the Prince's Money; this I knew was to oblige me to be his slave: I answered that I had, God be thanked, some estate of my own which I hoped to leave for my wife's support, to her during her life, to my own Relations after; that therefore I would not cumber my own estate with imprests or securi^{ty}s, but if they would please to take his R^y H^y moneys into their hands I would sign the workmen's bill to them, whereby they would see if they were reasonable at the same time.

I was told I should have all the printed copys save what his R. H. should have to present to the Universitys.

And Mr. N. granted that since I refused to handle any of his R. H. money there was no need of securitys or Articles —Nevertheless —

* [J. Woolferman, Ant.]
† [Dr. Edmund Halley.]

The preceding are all the memoranda by Mr. Flamsteed respecting himself: he breaks off with the word "Nevertheless."

To conclude this article a fac-simile is added of Mr. Flamsteed's autograph from his copy of "Streete's Caroline Tables," mentioned in the preceding memoir, and now in the possession of the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*. It is to a memorandum made in that book by Mr. Flamsteed, in these words:—

"The greatest declination of γ^e sun is not more γ^n 23°. 29'. 00 his horizontall parallax but 10 seconds; the semidiameters of γ^e Sunn in the Caroline tables less γ^n they ought to be by 12 seconds."

J Flamsteed
25 Sept 22. 1698.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Common Balsam. *Impatiens balsama*.

Dedicated to *St. Lawrence*.

August 11

Sts. Tiburtius and Chromatius, A. D. 286.

The sky was clear and the breeze was still,
The air was soft and the night was fine,
And all was hush save the tinkling rill,
While the moonbeams played on the sparkling brine;
Scylla had pulled off her glaucous vest,
No longer responsive to whirlwinds' roar,
But in white flowing silvery mantle drest,
With silken shoons danced along the shore.

But the imagery of a calm sea is more than by any other author when he tells poetically described by Milton, perhaps, us:—

That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.

The swift, *hirundo apus*, is missed, says Dr. Forster, in its usual haunts about this time. The great body of these birds migrate at once, so that we are struck with their absence about the old steeples of churches and other edifices which they usually inhabit, and from whence they sally forth on rapid wings each morning and evening in search of food, wheeling round and round, and ut-

St. Susanna, 3rd Cent. *St. Gery*, or *Gaugericus*, Bp. A. D. 619. *St. Equitius*, A. D. 540.

The dog-days end on this day. This period in the year 1825, was remarkable for longer absence of rain and greater heat than usual. It was further remarkable for numerous conflagrations, especially in the metropolis and its environs.

THE SEASON.

Dr. Forster in his *Perennial Calendar*, observes, that the gentle refreshing breezes by day, and the delicious calms by night, at this time of year, draw a vast concourse of persons of leisure to the shores of Great Britain and France in the months of August and September. There is perhaps no period of the year when the seaside is more agreeable. Bathing, sailing, and other marine recreations, are at no time better suited to beguile the hours of the warm summer day than at present; and the peculiar stillness of a seaside evening scene, by moonlight, is now to be enjoyed in perfection, as Cynthia begins to ascend higher in her car after the termination of the nightless summer solstice, and when the unremitted heat of the dog-days at length gives place to the more refreshing dews of a longer period of nocturnal coolness. The peculiar beauties of a sea-scene by night are thus described by a cotemporary poet:—

tering a very loud piercing and peculiar cry, wherefore they are called squeakers. For the last month past, these birds may have been seen flying in lofty gyrations in the air, and seemingly exercising their wings and preparing for their aerial voyage. It is not precisely ascertained to what countries they go when they leave Europe.

Insects, says Dr. Forster, still continue to swarm and to sport in the sun from flower to flower. It is very amusing to observe, in the bright sun of an August morning, the animation and delight of some of the lepidopterous insects. That beautiful little blue butterfly, *papilio argus*, is then all life and activity, flitting from flower to flower in the grass with remarkable vivacity: there seems to be a constant rivalry and contention between this beauty, and the not less elegant little beau, *papilio phlæus*. Frequenting the same station, attached to the same head of clover, or of harebell, whenever they approach, mutual animosity seems to possess them; and darting on each other with courageous rapidity, they buffet and contend until one is driven from the field, or to a considerable distance from his station, perhaps many hundred yards, when the victor returns to his post in triumph; and this contention is renewed, as long as the brilliancy of the sun animates their courage. When the beautiful evening of this season arrives, we again see the bat:—

The bat begins with giddy wing
His circuit round the shed and tree;
And clouds of dancing gnats to sing
A summer night's serenity.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

China Aster. *Aster Chinensis*.

Dedicated to *St. Susanna*.

August 12.

St. Clure, Abbess, A. D. 1253. *St. Euplius*, A. D. 304. *St. Muredach*, First Bp. of Killala, A. D. 440.

CHRONOLOGY

King George IV. was born on the 12th of August, 1762; but the anniversary is kept on *St. George's-day*, the 23d of April.

Twelfth of August.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF AN UNFORTUNATE DAY.

Sir,

I am a poor wronged *Day*. I appeal to you as the general patron of the

family of the *Days*. The candour with which you attended to the expostulations of a poor relative of ours—a sort of cousin thrice removed*—encourages me to hope that you will listen to the complaint of a *Day* of rather more consequence. I am the *Day*, Sir, upon which it pleased the course of nature that your gracious Sovereign should be born. As such, before his Accession, I was always observed and honoured. But since that happy event, in which naturally none had a greater interest than myself, a flaw has been discovered in my title. My lustre has been eclipsed, and—to use the words of one of your own poets,—

“I fade into the light of common *day*.”

It seems, that about that time, an Impostor crept into Court, who has the effrontery to usurp my honours, and to style herself the *King's-birth-Day*, upon some shallow pretence that, being *St. George's-Day*, she must needs be *King-George's-Day* also. *All-Saints-Day* we have heard of, and *All-Souls-Day* we are willing to admit; but does it follow that this foolish *Twenty-third of April* must be *All-George's-Day*, and enjoy a monopoly of the whole name from *George of Cappadocia* to *George of Leyden*, and from *George-a-Green* down to *George Dyer*?

It looks a little oddly that I was discarded not long after the dismissal of a set of men and measures, with whom I have nothing in common. I hope no whisperer has insinuated into the ears of Royalty, as if I were any thing Whiggishly inclined, when, in my heart, I abhor all these kind of Revolutions, by which I am sure to be the greatest sufferer.

I wonder my shameless Rival can have the face to let the Tower and Park Guns proclaim so many big thundering fibs as they do, upon her Anniversary—making your Sovereign too to be older than he is, by an hundred and odd *days*, which is no great compliment one would think. Consider if this precedent for ante-dating of Births should become general, what confusion it must make in Parish Registers; what crowds of young heirs we should have coming of age before they are one-and-twenty, with numberless similar grievances. If these chops and changes are suffered, we shall have *Lord-Mayor's-Day* eating her custard unauthentically in

* Twenty-ninth *Day* of February.

May, and *Guy Faux* preposterously blazing twice over in the *Dog-days*.

I humbly submit, that it is not within the prerogatives of Royalty itself, to be born twice over. We have read of the supposititious births of Princes, but where are the evidences of this first Birth? why are not the nurses in attendance, the midwife, &c. produced?—the silly story has not so much as a Warming Pan to support it.

My legal advisers, to comfort me, tell me that I have the right on my side; that I am the true *Birth-Day*, and the other *Day* is only kept. But what consolation is this to me, as long as this naughty-kept creature keeps me out of my dues and privileges?

Pray take my unfortunate case into your consideration, and see that I am restored to my lawful Rejoicings, Firings, Bon-Firings, Illuminations, &c.

And your Petitioner shall ever pray,
Twelfth Day of August

THE EDITOR'S ANSWER.

Madam,

You mistake my situation: I am not the "patron," but a poor servant of the *Days*—engaged to attend their goings out and comings in, and to teach people to pay proper respect to them. Mine is no trifling post, Madam; for without disrespect to you, many of your ancient family were spoiled long ago, by silly persons having taken undue notice of them; and in virtue of my office, I am a sort of judge in their court of claims, without authority to enforce obedience to my opinions. However, I shall continue to do my duty to the *Days*, and to their friends, many of whom are mere hangers-on, and, in spite of their pretended regard, grossly abuse them:—but this only verifies the old saying, "Too much familiarity breeds contempt:" such liberties must not be allowed, nor must the antiquity of the *Days* be too much insisted on. It is said, "there's reason in every thing," but there's very little in some of the *Old Days*—excuse me, Madam, you are a young one; and I have something to excuse in you, which I readily do, on account of your inexperience, and of your bringing up.

That you are "the *King's-birth-Day*" is undisputed: you are stated so to be in the almanac; as witness this line in *August*, 1825:—

"12. F. K. Geo. IV. b."

Can any thing be plainer than the *b.* or more certain than that it stands for *born*? So much then for your rank in the *Day* family, and at Court, where you are acknowledged, and received as the *birth-Day* once a year, and "kept" as well as His Majesty can keep you. A king represents the majesty of the public welfare, and maintains the dignity of the throne whereon he is placed by promoting the interests of the people. His present Majesty regards you, and their, and his own, interest by remembering you, when you are not entitled to especial recollection with another day in the almanac, and this remembrance stands in April 1825, thus—

23. S. St. Geo. K. b. d. k.

St. George's-Day does not *supersede* you; it is not called the *King's-birth-Day*; the almanac by *K. d. b. k.* denotes that you, the *King's-birth-Day*, are kept with all the honours due to your *August* quality on *St. George's-Day*. If it had not "pleased the course of nature," you would only have been distinguished as the first *Day* after the *Day* whereon the almanac says "*Dog-Days end*"—a fine distinction!

"It looks a little oddly" you say that you should have been "discarded not long after the dismissal of a set of men and measures with whom you have nothing in common;" and you "hope," that "no whisperer has insinuated" that you are "whiggishly inclined." Allow me to tell you, Madam, that if the family of the *Days* had not been "whiggishly inclined" in the year 1688, you might still have been a "common *Day*." I know not how you incline now, and it is of very little consequence; for all "parties" are busy in promoting the happiness of the commonwealth, and I hope, in my lifetime at least, that no *Day* will be dishonoured by dissensions about trifles at home, or war upon any pretence abroad. And now, Madam, after this indispensable notice of your little flaunt, let me add, that the prerogation of parliament during that season when "in the course of nature" you arrive, and the king's attention to the manufacturing and trading of the country, are obvious reasons for keeping the *King's-birth-Day*, in customary splendour on the 23d *Day* of April, instead of the 12th *Day* of August. You are ho-

noured again in your own season at the palace; and your complaint amounts to no more than this, that having received your honours in the presence of a full court circle before you are entitled to them, they are not all repeated to a semi-circle:—how childish! Then, you talk about the “ante-dating of births” and “Parish Registers” as if you were the daughter of a parish clerk—remember *yourself*, Madam.

St. George's-Day has far more cause for vexation than you. The little respect usually paid to *her* celebration is eclipsed by the uproar of yours. “The Tower and Park guns proclaim so many big thundering fibs upon *her* anniversary” for you; and you call *her*, your elder sister, a “naughty kept creature;” poor thing! How eloquent is her silence compared with your loquacity! how dignified! yet *she* has *antiquity* to boast of—the antiquity of many generations, while you at the utmost, are only of sixty-three years standing; indeed, as the *King's-birth-Day*, you are not halfway to your teens. A quarrel among the *Days* would be odious; this would be detestable. Happily the *Day-fa*nily is saved from this disgrace by the prudence of your more experienced sister, who will no doubt decline provocation even under your spiteful collocation of George of Leyden with George of Capadocia—she understands the taunt well enough; and can see through the whimsical association of George-a-Green with George Dyer. The dead George-a-Green no one can harm, and the living George Dyer is as harmless. This is pitiful work, and if you were not the *King's-birth-Day* you would be made to suffer for it. “However,” as my friend Dyer would say, “let that pass:” he is a good creature, and maintains his innocence spite of his union—with George-a-Green.

On the presentation of your petition had some doubt whether I ought to entertain such a petition for a moment; but on reconsideration I doubted whether the justice of the case would not be better answered by dealing with it in another way; and I give you the benefit of that doubt: the petition is dismissed.

THE EDITOR.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Great Sowthistle. *Sonchus palustris*.
Dedicated to *St. Clare*

August 13.

St. Hippolytas, A. D. 252. *St. Cassian*.
St. Rudegundes, queen of France, A. D.
587. *St. Wigbert*, Abbot, A. D. 747.

Cats.

Once upon a time—on or about the 13th of August, 1819; it might have been a few or many days before or after that day, or a month or so before or after that month—the day or month is of less consequence to the reader, than to the editor, who desires to “bring in” an interesting anecdote or two on the 13th day of August. Once upon a time, a cat—it is a fact—for it is in *The Scotsman* newspaper of the 23d of October, 1819—once upon a time, a cat, belonging to a shipmaster, was left on shore, by accident, when his vessel sailed from the harbour of Aberdour, Fifeshire, which lies about half a mile from the village. The vessel was absent about a month, and, on her return, to the astonishment of the shipmaster, puss came on board with a fine stout kitten in her mouth, apparently about three weeks old, and went directly down to the cabin. Two others of her young were afterwards caught, quite wild, in a neighbouring wood, where she must have remained with them till the return of the vessel. The shipmaster did not allow her again to go on shore, otherwise it is probable she would have brought the whole litter on board. What is more remarkable, vessels were daily entering and leaving the harbour, none of which she ever thought of visiting till the one she had left returned.* This extraordinary instance of feline sagacity, on the day before mentioned or imagined, is paralleled by another:—

A lady lately living at Potsdam, when a child of six years, ran a splinter into her foot, sat down upon the floor, and cried most violently. At first her cries were not regarded, as they were considered to be more the effect of a pettish and obstinate temper, than of any great pain which the accident could have occasioned her. At length the elder sister of the child, who had been lying asleep in bed, was roused by her cries, and as she was just about to get out of bed, in order to quiet her sister, she observed a cat, who was a favourite playmate of the children, and otherwise of a very gentle disposition, leave her seat under the stove, go to the

* Zoological Anecdotes.

rying girl, and having given her with one of her paws so smart a blow upon the cheek as to draw blood, walk back again with the utmost gravity to her place under the stove. As this cat was by no means of a malicious disposition, for she had grown up together with the younger children of the family, and never designedly cratched any of them, it seems that her attention upon this occasion was to chase the pettish girl, and put an end to her troublesome cries, in order that she might herself be able to finish her morning nap without further interruption.*

In the "Orleans Collection" of pictures there was a fine painting of a "*Concert of Cats*," by F. Breughel, from whence there is a print, among the engravings of that gallery, sufficiently meritorious and whimsical to deserve a place here; and therefore it is represented in the sketch on the present page. In justice, to the justice done to it, Mr. Samuel Williams must be mentioned as the artist who both drew and engraved it. The fixed attention of the feline performers is exceedingly amusing, and by no means unnatural; for it appears by the notes that mice is their theme, and they seem engaged in a *catch*.

* Zoological Anecdotes.



Breughel's Concert of Cats.

Ye rats, in triumph elevate your ears!
Exult, ye mice! for fate's abhorred shears
Of Dick's nine lives have slit the cat-guts nine;
Henceforth he mews midst choirs of cats divine!

So sings Mr. Huddesford, in a "Monody on the Death of Dick, an Academical Cat," with this motto,—

"MI-CAT inter omnes."

Hor. Carm. Lib. i. Ode 12.

He brings his cat Dick from the Flood, and consequently through Rutterkin, a cat who was "cater-cousin to the great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandmother of Grimalkin, and first

cat in the caterie of an old woman, who was tried for bewitching a daughter of the countess of Rutland in the beginning of the sixteenth century." The monody connects him with cats of great renown in the annals of witchcraft; a science whereto they have been allied as closely as poor old women, one of whom, it appears on the authority of an old pamphlet entitled "Newes from Scotland," &c. printed

in the year 1591, "confessed that she took a cat and christened it, &c. and that in the night following, the said cat was conveyed into the midst of the sea by all these witches sayling in their RIDDLES, or CIVES, and so left the said cat right before the towne of Leith in Scotland. This done, there did arise such a tempest at sea as a greater hath not been seen, &c. Againe it is confessed, that the said christened cat was the cause of the kinges majestie's shippe, at his coming forthe of Denmarke, had a contrarie winde to the

rest of the shippes then being in his companie, which thing was most strange and true, as the kinges majestie acknowledgeth, for when the rest of the shippes had a fair and good winde, then was the winde contrarie, and altogether against his majestie," &c.

All sorts of cats, according to Huddesford, lamented the death of his favourite, whom he calls "premier cat upon the catalogue," and who, preferring sprats to all other fish,—

"Had swallow'd down a score without remorse,
And three fat mice slew for a second course,
But, while the third his grinders dyed with gore,
Sudden those grinders clos'd—to grind no more!
And, dire to tell! commission'd by Old Nick,
A catalepsy made an end of DICK.

"Calumnious cats who circulate faux pas,
And reputations maul with murd'rous claws;
Shrill cats whom fierce domestic brawls delight,
Cross cats who nothing want but teeth to bite.
Starch cats of puritanic aspect sad,
And learned cats who talk their husbands mad;
Confounded cats who cough, and croak, and cry,
And maudlin cats who drink eternally;
Fastidious cats who pine for costly cates,
And jealous cats who catechise their mates;
Cat-prudes who, when they're ask'd the question, squall,
And ne'er give answer categorical;
Uncleanly cats, who never pare their nails,
Cat-gossips full of Canterbury tales,
Cat-grandams vex'd with asthmas and catarrhs,
And superstitious cats who curse their stars;
Cats of each class, craft, calling, and degree
Mourn DICK's calamitous catastrophe!

"Yet, while I chant the cause of RICHARD's end,
Ye sympathizing cats, your tears suspend!
Then shed enough to float a dozen whales,
And use, for pocket-handkerchiefs, your tails!—

"Ah! tho' thy bust adorn no sculptur'd shrine,
No vase thy relics rare to fame consign,
No rev'rend characters thy rank express,
Nor hail thee, DICK! D.D. nor F.R.S.
Tho' no funereal cypress shade thy tomb
For thee the wreaths of Paradise shall bloom.
There, while GRIMALKIN's mew her RICHARD greets,
A thousand cats shall purr on purple seats:
E'en now I see, descending from his throne,
Thy venerable cat, O Whittington!
The kindred excellence of RICHARD hail,
And wave with joy his gratulating tail!
There shall the worthies of the whisker'd race
Elysian mice o'er floors of sapphire chase,
Midst beds of aromatic marum stray,
Or raptur'd rove beside the Milky Way.
Kittens, than eastern houris fairer seen,
Whose bright eyes glisten with immortal green,

Shall smooth for tabby swains their yielding fur,
 And to their amorous mewes assenting purr.—
 There, like Alcmena's, shall GRIMALKIN'S SON
 In bliss repose,—his mousing labours done,
 Fate, envy, curs, time, tide, and traps defy,
 And caterwaul to all eternity.”

Huddesford.

Cats neither like to be put out of their way, nor to be kept out of their food:—

In cloisters, wherein people are imured in Roman catholic countries, to keep or make them of that religion, it is customary to announce the hours of meals by ringing a bell. In a cloister in France, a cat that was kept there was used never to receive any victuals till the bell rung, and she therefore never failed to be within hearing of it. One day, however, she happened to be shut up in a solitary apartment, and the bell rang in vain, as far as regarded her. Being some hours after liberated from her confinement, she ran, half famished, to the place where a plate of victuals used generally to be set for her, but found none this time. In the afternoon the bell was heard ringing at an unusual hour, and when the people of the cloister came to see what was the cause of it, they found the cat hanging upon the bell-rope, and setting it in motion as well as she was able, in order that he might have her dinner served up to her.*

There is a surprising instance of the sensibility of cats to approaching danger:—

In the year 1783, two cats, belonging to a merchant at Messina, in Sicily, announced to him the approach of an earthquake. Before the first shock was felt, these two animals seemed anxiously to endeavour to work their way through the floor of the room in which they were. Their master observing their fruitless efforts, opened the door for them. At a second and third door, which they likewise found shut, they repeated their efforts, and on being set completely at liberty, they ran straight through the street, and out of the gate of the town. The merchant, whose curiosity was excited by his strange conduct of the cats, followed them into the fields, where he again saw them scratching and burrowing in the earth. Soon after there was a violent shock of an earthquake, and many of the

houses in the city fell down, of which the merchant's was one, so that he was indebted for his life to the singular forebodings of his cats.*

Few who possess the faculty of hearing, and have heard the music of cats, would desire the continuance of their “sweet voices,” yet a concert was exhibited at Paris, wherein cats were the performers. They were placed in rows, and a monkey beat time to them. According as he beat the time, so the cats mewed; and the historian of the fact relates, that the diversity of the tones which they emitted produced a very ludicrous effect. This exhibition was announced to the Parisian public by the title of *Concert Miaulant*.†

Cats were highly esteemed by the Egyptians, who under the form of a cat symbolized the moon, or Isis, and placed it upon their systrum, an instrument of religious worship and divination. Count Caylus engraved a cat with two kittens, which, while he supposes one of the kittens to be black and the other white, he presumes to have represented the phases of the moon.

Cats are supposed to have been brought into England from the island of Cyprus, by some foreign merchants who came hither for tin. In the old Welsh laws, a kitten from its birth till it could see was valued at a penny; when it began to mouse at twopence; and after it had killed mice at fourpence, which was the price of a calf. Wild cats were kept by our ancient kings for hunting. The officers who had the charge of these cats seem to have had appointments of equal consequence with the masters of the king's hounds; they were called *catatores*.

Gray's elegy on a cat drowned in a globe of water with gold fishes is well-known. Dr. Jortin wrote a Latin epitaph on a favourite cat.

* Zoological Anecdotes.

† Zoological Anecdotes.

‡ Ibid

JORTIN'S EPITAPH ON HIS CAT

Imitated in English

Worn out with age and dire disease, a cat,
 Friendly to all, save wicked mouse and rat
 I'm sent at last to ford the Stygian lake,
 And to the infernal coast a voyage make.
 Me PROSERPINE receiv'd, and smiling said,
 "Be bless'd within these mansions of the dead,
 Enjoy among thy velvet-footed loves,
 Elysium's sunny banks and shady groves."
 "But if I've well deserv'd, (O gracious queen,)
 If patient under sufferings I have been,
 Grant me at least one night to visit home again
 Once more to see my home, and mistress dear,
 And purr these grateful accents in her ear.
 Thy faithful cat, thy poor departed slave,
 Still loves her mistress ev'n beyond the grave."*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Marsh Grounsel. *Senecio paludotus.*Dedicated to *St. Radigundes.*

August 14.

S. Eusebius, 3rd Cent. *St. Eusebius*,
 Priest.

It is stated in *The Times*, on the authority of an "Evening Paper," that two beautiful old trees in Nottingham park during the hot weather (of July and August, 1825,) shed all their leaves, and were as completely stripped as they are usually in November. Their appearance afterwards was more surprising. Wet weather came, they put forth new leaves and were as fully clothed in August as they were before the long season of the dry hot weather.

THE WITHERED LEAF.

Sever'd from thy slender stalk,
 Wither'd wand'rer! knowest thou?
 Would'st thou tell, if leaves might talk,
 Whence thou art?—Where goest thou?

Nothing know I!—tempests' strife
 From the proud oak tore me;
 Broke my every tie to life,
 Whelm'd the tree that bore me.

Zephyr's fickle breath,—the blast
 From the northern ocean,
 Since that day my lot have cast
 By their varying motion.

From the mountain's breezy height
 To the silent valley,
 From the forest's darksome night
 To the plain I sally.

Wheresoever wafts the wind,
 Restless flight constraining,
 There I wander unconfin'd,
 Fearless, uncomplaining.

On I go—where all beside
 Like myself are going;
 Where oblivion's dreamless tide
 Silently is flowing.

There like beauty, frail and brief,
 Fades the pride of roses;
 There the laurel's honour'd leaf—
 Sear'd and scorn'd-reposes.

Bernard Barton

About the middle of August, the viper brings forth her young. She produces from twelve to twenty-five eggs, from

which, when hatched, her offspring come forth nearly of the size of earthworms *

* Aikin's Nat. Hist. of the Yers.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Elegant Zinnia. *Zinnia elegans.*
Dedicated to *St. Eusebius.*



Fantoccini.

“ He gives me the motions.”

Shakspeare.

Mr. George Cruikshank's pencil has been put in requisition for a fantoccini, and his drawing, engraved by Mr. Henry White, appears above.

No. 36

This exhibition took place in a street at Pentonville, during the present month, 1825. Its coming was announced by a man playing the Pan-pipes, or “mouth

organ," which he accompanied by beating the long drum; after him followed the theatre, consisting of a square frame-work about ten feet high, boarded in front, and painted as represented in the print, carried by a man within the frame; the theatrical properties were in a box strapped on the inside towards the bottom. The musician was preceded by a foreign-looking personage—the manager. As soon as he had fixed on a station he deemed eligible, the trio stopped, the theatre was on its legs in a minute, and some green baize furled towards the top of each side, and at the back, was let down by the manager himself, who got within the frame and thus concealed himself. The band of two instruments was set in motion by its performer, who took his station on one side, and the carrier of the theatre assuming the important office of money collector. "Come ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we can't begin without you encourage us—some money if you please—please to remember what you are going to see!" Boys came running in from the fields, women with children got "good places," windows were thrown up and well filled, the drummer beat and blew away lustily, the audience increased every minute, a collection was made, and the green curtain at length drew up, and discovered a stage also lined with green cloth at the top, bottom, and sides. In about a minute the tune altered, and the show began.

Scene 1. A jolly-looking puppet performed the tricks of a tumbler and posture master with a hoop.

Scene 2. The money taker called out, "This is the representation of a skeleton." The music played solemnly, and the puppet skeleton came slowly through a trap door in the floor of the stage; its under jaw chattered against the upper, it threw its arms up mournfully, till it was fairly above ground, and then commenced a "grave" dance. On a sudden its head dropped off, the limbs separated from the trunk in a moment, and the head moved about the floor, chattering, till it resumed its place together with the limbs, and in an instant danced as before; its efforts appeared gradually to decline, and at last it sank into a sitting posture, and remained still. Then it held down its skull, elevated its arms, let them fall on the ground several times dolorously; fell to pieces again; again the head moved about the stage and chattered; again it

resumed its place, the limbs reunited, and the figure danced till the head fell off with a gasp; the limbs flew still further apart; all was quiet; the head made one move only towards the body, fell sideways, and the whole re-descended to a dirge-like tune. Thus ended the second scene.

Scene 3. This scene was delayed for the collector again to come round with his hat:—"You can't expect us to show you all for what you've given. Money it you please; money; we want your money!" As soon as he had extracted the last extractable halfpenny, the curtain drew up, and—enter a clown without a head, who danced till his head came from between his shoulders to the wonder of the children, and, almost to their alarm, was elevated on a neck the full length of his body, which it thrust out ever and anon; after presenting greater contortions than the human figure could possibly represent, the curtain fell the third time.

Scene 4. Another delay of the curtain for another collection, "We have four and twenty scenes," said the collector, "and if you are not liberal we can't show 'em all—we must go." This extorted something more, and one person at a window, who had sent three-pence from a house where other money had been given, now sent out a shilling, with a request that "all" might be exhibited. The showman promised, the curtain drew up, and another puppet-tumbler appeared with a pole which, being placed laterally on the back of two baby-house chairs, he balanced himself on it, stood heels upwards upon it, took the chairs up by it, balanced them on each end of it, and down fell the curtain.

Scene 5. A puppet sailor danced a hornpipe.

Scene 6. A puppet Indian juggler threw balls.

Scene 7. Before the curtain drew up the collector said, "This is the representation of Billy Waters, Esq." and a puppet, Billy Waters, appeared with a wooden leg, and danced to the sound of his fiddle for a minute or two when the curtain dropped, and the manager and performers went off with their theatre, leaving the remaining seventeen scenes, if they had them, unrepresented. On the show was painted, "Candler's Fantoccini, patronised by the Royal Family." Our old acquaintance, "Punch," will survive all this.

August 15.

The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary. *St. Alipius*, Bp. A. D. 429. *St. Arnoul*, or *Arnulphus*, Bp. A. D. 1087. *St. Mac-Cartin*, or *Aid*, or *Aed*, Bp. of Clougher, A. D. 506.

Assumption, B. V. M.

So stands this high festival of the Romish church in the church of England calendar. No reason can be imagined for its remaining there; for the assumption of the virgin is the pretended miraculous ascent of her body into heaven. Butler calls it "the greatest of all the festivals the Romish church celebrates in her honour." In his account of this day, he especially enjoins her to be invoked as a mediator. The breviaries and offices of her worship embrace it as an opportunity for edifying the devotees with stories to her honour; one of these may suffice.

There was a monk very jolly and light of life, who on a night went forth to do his accustomed folly; but when he passed before the altar of our lady, he saluted the virgin, and then went out of the church; and as he was about to pass a river he fell in the water, and the devils took his soul. Then angels came to rescue it, but the devils maintained that it was their proper prey. And anon came the blessed virgin, and rebuked the devils, and said the soul belonged to her; and they answered, that they had found the monk finishing his life in evil ways; and she replied, that which ye say is false, for I know well, that when he went into any place, he saluted me first, and that when he came out again he did the same, and if ye say that I do you wrong, let us have the judgment of the sovereign king thereon. Then they contended before our Lord on this matter; and it pleased him that the soul should return again to the body, and that the monk should repent him of his sins. In the while, the monks had missed their brother, for he came not to matins, and they sought the sexton and went to the river, and found him there drowned; and when they had drawn the body out of the water, they knew not what to think, and marvelled what he had done. Then suddenly he came to life, and told them what had happened to him, and finished his life in good works.*

Durandus, the great Romish ritualist, anxious for devotion to be maintained to the virgin, observes, that though her office is not to be read on the Sundays between Easter and Whitsuntide, as on every other Sunday, yet there is not any *danger* to be apprehended for introducing it on the Sundays *not* appointed. A priest *once* did actually intrude the virgin's office on one of these non-appointed Sundays, for which the bishop suspended him; "but he was soon forced to take off the suspension, in consequence of the virgin appearing to him, and *scolding him* for his unjust severity."

It is stated by Mr. Brady, that the festival of the assumption of the Virgin Mary was first regularly instituted in 813; and, that the assumption commemorated actually took place, is what none within the power of the late Inquisition would dare to disbelieve; and, that since its first introduction, further, there has been a zeal displayed on this holiday, which must be considered truly commendable, in all those who believe in the fact, and are amiably desirous of convincing others. The pageantry used in celebrating this festival has often been the subject of remark by travellers, but that at Messina seems for its grandeur and ingenuity to claim the preference: Mr. Howel, in his descriptive travels through Sicily, gives a very particular account of the magnificent manner in which this festival is kept by the Sicilians under the title of *Bara*; which, although expressive of the machine he describes, is also, it appears, generally applied as a name of the feast itself. An immense machine of about fifty feet high is constructed, designing to represent heaven; and in the midst is placed a young female personating the virgin, with an image of Jesus on her right hand; round the virgin twelve little children turn vertically, representing so many seraphim, and below them twelve more children turn horizontally, as cherubim; lower down in the machine a sun turns vertically, with a child at the extremity of each of the four principal radii of his circle, who ascend and descend with his rotation, yet always in an erect posture; and still lower, reaching within about seven feet of the ground, are placed twelve boys, who turn horizontally without intermission around the principal figure, designing thereby to exhibit the twelve apostles, who were collected from all corners of the earth, to be present at

* Golden Legend

the decease of the virgin, and witness her miraculous assumption. This huge machine is drawn about the principal streets by sturdy monks, and it is regarded as a particular favour to any family to admit their children in this divine exhibition, although the poor infants themselves do not seem long to enjoy the honours they receive as seraphim, cherubim, and apostles; the constant twirling they receive in the air making some of them fall asleep, many of them sick, and others more grievously ill.*

It is stated of a poor Frenchwoman a century ago, when invention was not so quick as it is in the present generation, that finding herself really incapable, from extreme poverty, of nourishing her infant, she proceeded with it near the church of Notre-Dame at Paris, during the procession in honour of the virgin, on the 15th of August; and holding up her meagre infant, whilst the priest was giving his solemn benediction to the populace, besought him so earnestly to "*bless the child,*" that the crowd instinctively made a passage for her approach. The good priest took the infant in his arms, and, whilst all eyes were fixed on his motions, in the act of complying with the parent's request, she escaped back through the crowd, and was nowhere to be found; so that the infant became appended to its rich mother—the church.

In a very rare print of the Death of the Virgin, by Wenceslaus of Olmutz, she is drawn surrounded by her family and others; St. John places a holy candle in her right hand, St. Peter with a brush sprinkles holy water upon her before the Romish church existed, and therefore before that device was contrived; and another apostle with an ink-horn hanging from his side, looks through a pair of spectacles, to assist his sight, before spectacles were invented, in reading a book which another person holds. This subject has also been represented by Martin Schoen, Israel van Mechelen, and other artists.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Virgin's Bower. *Clematis Vitalba*.
Dedicated to the Assumption, B. V. M.

* Clavis Calendaria.

August 16

St. Hyacinth, A. D. 1257. St.
1327.



St. Roche.

Sound as a roach."

All that Butler can affirm of him is, that making a pilgrimage from Montpellier to Rome, during a pestilence, he devoted himself to the sick, became infected, made a shift to crawl into a neighbouring forest, bore incredible pains with patience and joy, returned to France, practised austere penance and piety, and died at Montpellier.

In the "Golden Legend" he is called St. Rock; and it relates that when infected by the pestilence, and lacking bread in the forest, a hound belonging to one Gotard daily took bread away from his master's board, and bare it to Rock, whom Gotard thereby discovered, and visited, and administered to his necessities; wherefore the hound came no more; and Rock was healed by revelation of an angel; and with touching and blessing he cured the diseased in the hospital, and healed all the sick in the city of Placentia. Being imprisoned, and about to die, he

prayed that he might live three days longer in contemplation of the Passion, which was granted him; and on the third day an angel came to him, saying, "O! Rock, God sendeth me for thy soul; what thou now desirest thou shouldst ask." Then St. Rock implored that whoever prayed to him after death might be delivered from pestilence; and then he died. And anon an angel brought from heaven a table whereon was divinely written, in letters of gold, that it was granted—"That who that calleth to Saynte Rocke mekely, he shall not be hurte with ony hurte of pestylence;" and the angel laid the table under Rock's head; and the people of the city buried St. Rock solemnly, and he was canonized by the pope gloriously. His life in the "Golden Legend" ends thus: "The feest of Saynte Rocke is alway holden on the morowe after the daye of the assumpeyon of our lady, whiche life is translated out of latyn into englysshe by me, Wyllyam Caxton."

There is an entry among the extracts from the churchwardens' accounts of St. Michael Spurrier-gate, York, printed by Mr. Nichols, thus: "1518. Paid for writing of Saint Royke Masse, *Ol. Os. 9d.*" * His festival on this day was kept like a wake, or general harvest-home, with dances in the churchyard in the evening.†

The phrase "sound as a roach" may have been derived from familiarity with the legend and attributes of this saint. He is esteemed the patron saint of all afflicted with the plague, a disease of common occurrence in England when streets were narrow, and without sewers, houses were without boarded floors, and our ancestors without linen. They believed that the miraculous intermission of St. Roche could make them as "sound" as himself.

The engraving of St. Roche at the head of this article is from a print published by Mariette. He gathers up his garment to show the pestilence on his thigh, whereat the angel is looking; the dog by his side with a loaf in his mouth is Gotard's hound.

There is a rare print of this saint, with an angel squeezing the wound, by D. Hopper.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Belladonna Lily. *Amaryllis Belladonna*.

Dedicated to *St. Hyacinth*.

August 17.

St. Manus, A. D. 275. *Sts. Liberatus*, Abbot, and six monks, A. D. 483.

WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,

I know nothing more respecting the subjoined narrative than that I am almost certain I copied it some years ago from that mass of trifling, the papers of old Cole, in the British Museum. It purports to be an extract from the Cambridge journal, from whence he no doubt took it.

I am, Sir, &c.

D.

Account of the Earl of Roseberry's Son, and a Clergyman's Wife, in Essex.

In the Cambridge Journal of October, 1752, is the following Article.

Extract of a Letter from Colchester, August 18.

"Perhaps you have heard that a chest was seized by the Custom-house officers, which was landed near this place about a fortnight ago: they took it for smuggled goods, though the person with it produced the king of France's signature to Mr. Williams, as a Hamburgh merchant: but people not satisfied with the account Mr. Williams gave, opened the chest, and one of them was going to run his hanger in, when the person to whom it belonged clapt his hand upon his sword, and desired him to desist (in French,) for it was the corpse of his dear wife. Not content with this, the officers plucked off the embalming, and found it as he had said. The man, who appeared to be a person of consequence, was in the utmost agonies, while they made a spectacle of the lady. They sat her in the high church, where any body might come and look on her, and would not suffer him to bury her, till he gave a further account of himself. There were other chests of fine clothes, jewels, &c. &c. belonging to the deceased. He acknowledged at last that he was a person of quality, that his name was not Williams, that he was born at Florence, and the lady was a native of England, whom he married, and she desired to be buried in Essex: that he had

* Brand.

† Fosbroke's Dict. of Antiq.

brought her from Verona, in Italy, to France, by land, there hired a vessel for Dover, discharged the vessel there, and took another for Harwich, but was drove thither by contrary winds. This account was not enough to satisfy the people: he must tell her name and condition, in order to clear himself of a suspicion of murder. He was continually in tears, and had a key of the vestry, where he sat every day with the corpse: my brother went to see him there, and the scene so shocked him he could hardly bear it, he said it was so like Romeo and Juliet.

"He was much pleased with my brother, as he talked both Latin and French, and to his great surprise, told him who the lady was: which proving to be a person he knew, he could not help uncovering the face. In short, the gentleman confessed he was the earl of Roseberry's son, (the name is Primrose,) and his title lord Delamere, [Dalmeny,] that he was born and educated in Italy, and never was in England till two or three years ago, when he came to London, and was in company with this lady, with whom he fell passionately in love, and prevailed on her to quit the kingdom, and marry him: that having bad health, he had travelled with her all over Europe; and when she was dying, she asked for pen and paper, and wrote, 'I am the wife of the rev. Mr. G.—, rector of Th—, in Essex: my maiden name was C. Cannom; and my last request is to be buried at Th—.'

"The poor gentleman, who last married her, protests he never knew, (till this confession on her death-bed,) that she was another's wife: but in compliance with her desire, he brought her over, and should have buried her at Th— (if the corpse had not been stopped) without making any stir about it. After the nobleman had made this confession, they sent to Mr. G—, who put himself in a passion, and threatened to run her last husband through the body; however, he was prevailed on to be calm: it was represented to him, that this gentleman had been at great expense and trouble to fulfil her desire; and Mr. G— consented to see him. They say the meeting was very moving, and that they addressed each other civilly. The stranger protested his affection to the lady was so strong, that it was his earnest wish, not only to attend her to the grave, but to be shut up for ever with her there.

"Nothing in romance ever came up to

the passion of this man. He had a very fine coffin made for her, with six large silver plates over it: and at last, was very loth to part with her, to have her buried: he put himself in the most solemn mourning, and on Sunday last in a coach, attended the corpse to Th—, where Mr. G— met it in solem mourning likewise.

"The Florentine is a genteel person of a man, seems about twenty-five years of age, and they say, a sensible man: but there was never any thing like his behaviour to his dear, dear wife, for so he would call her to the last. Mr. G— attended him to London yesterday, and they were very civil to each other; but my lord is inconsolable: he says he must fly England, which he can never see more. I have heard this account from many hands, and can assure you it is fact. Kitty Cannom is, I believe, the first woman in England that had two husbands attended her to the grave together. You may remember her to be sure: her life would appear more romantic than a novel."

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Snapdragon Toadflax. *Anterrhenum Linaria*.

Dedicated to *St. Manus*.

August 18.

St. Helen, Empress, A. D. 328. *St. Agapetus*, A. D. 275. *St. Clare* of Monte Falco, A. D. 1308.

For the Every-Day Book.

AUGUST 18 TO 23.

"Rare doings at Camberwell."—*"All holiday at Peckham."*

I do not know Mr. Capper's authority for saying in his "Topographical Dictionary," that the fair, held at Camberwell from time immemorial, is suppressed.

Although much has been done towards accomplishing this end, it does not seem likely to prevail. It commenced formerly on the 9th of August, and continued *three weeks*, ending on St. Giles-day. Booths were erected in the churchyard, for the sale of "good drinke, pies, and pedlerie trash:" but these doings were suppressed by a clause, in the statute of Winchester, passed in the 13th of Edward I., which enacts "que feire, ne marche desoremes ne soient tenez en cimet pur bonur de Sainte Eglise." In

the evidence adduced before a petty session at Union-hall, on the subject of putting down the fair on the 4th of July, 1823, it is said that "Domesday Book" speaks of the custom of holding it. I cannot find that this statement rests on good grounds, but something like it seems to have obtained as early as 1270, for in that year Gilbert de Clare was summoned before John of Ryegate and his fellow justices at Guildford, to show by what right he claimed the privilege of holding the assize of ale and bread in "his Vill. of *Cam'well*."* Mention is made in the following reign of "eme'das in Stoke et Pecham." Camberwell fair was held "opposite the Cock public-house" till the Green was broken in upon.

Peckham is said to be only a continuation of Camberwell, and not a district fair, though there is a tradition that king John hunting there killed a stag, and was so well pleased with his day's sport, that he granted the inhabitants a charter for it. It may be inferred from the "right merrie" humour of this monarch at the close of his sport, that it was somewhat in different style to that of Henry the Fifth: for he, "in his beginning thought it meere scofferie to pursue anie fallow deere with hounds or greihounds, but supposed himselfe always to have done a sufficient act when he had tired them by his own travell on foot."†

LECTOR

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

African Marigold. *Tagites erecta*.
Dedicated to *St. Helen*.

August 19.

Sts Timothy, Agapius, and Thecla, A. D. 304.
St. Lewis, Bp., A. D. 1297. *St. Mochteus*, A. D. 535. *St. Cumin*, Bp. 7th Cent.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 19th of August, 1823, Robert Bloomfield died at Shefford, in Bedfordshire, aged 57. He was born at Honing-

* Placitu de Quo Warranto 7 Ed. 1. Abuses of the laws regulating these assizes were in no respect uncommon. Few were "anie what looked unto but ech one snffered to self and set up what and how himself listeth." And such "headie ale and beer" were vended, that the people stood peculiarly open to imposition. "They will drinke" says Hollingshed, (i. 202.) till they be red as cocks, and little wiser than their combs."

† Hollingshed i. 226.

ton, near Bury, in Suffolk, where he received instruction in reading and writing at a common school, and became a "Farmer's boy;" which occupation he has related with simplicity and beauty in a poem under that title. He wrote that production when a journeyman shoemaker under the auspices of the late Mr. Cape. Lloft it was ushered into the world; and Bloomfield, unhappily for himself, subsequently experienced the insufficient and withering patronage of ostentatious greatness. His first poem was succeeded by "Rural Tales," "Good Tidings, or News from the Farm," "Wild Flowers," "Banks of the Wye," and "May-Day with the Muses." In his retirement at Shefford, he was afflicted with the melancholy consequent upon want of object, and died a victim to hypochondria, with his mind in ruins, leaving his widow and orphans destitute. His few books, poor fellow, instead of being sent to London, where they would have produced their full value, were dissipated by an auctioneer unacquainted with their worth, by order of his creditors, and the family must have perished if a good Samaritan had not interposed to their temporary relief. Mr. Joseph Weston published the "Remains of Robert Bloomfield," for their benefit, and set on foot a subscription, with the hope of securing something to Mrs Bloomfield for the exclusive and permanent advantage of herself and her fatherless children. It has been inadequately contributed to, and is not yet closed.

ON THE DEATH OF BLOOMFIELD.

Thou shouldst not to the grave descend
Unmourned, unhonoured, or unsung;—
Could harp of mine record thy end,
For thee that rude harp should be strung;
And plaintive sounds as ever rung
Should all its simple notes employ,
Lamenting unto old and young
The Bard who sang THE FARMER'S BOY.

Could Eastern Anglia boast a lyre
Like that which gave thee modest fame,
How justly might its every wire
Thy minstrel honours loud proclaim:
And many a stream of humble name,
And village-green, and common wild,
Should witness tears that knew not shame,
By Nature won for Nature's child.

It is not quaint and local terms
Besprinkled o'er thy rustic lay,
Though well such dialect confirms
Its power unlettered minds to sway,

It is not these that most display
Thy sweetest charms, thy gentlest
thrall,—

Words, phrases, fashions pass away,
But TRUTH and NATURE live through all.

These, these have given thy rustic lyre
Its truest and its tenderest spell;
These amid Britain's tuneful choir
Shall give thy honoured name to dwell:
And when Death's shadowy curtain fell
Upon thy toilsome earthly lot,
With grateful joy thy heart might swell
To feel that these reproached thee not.

How wise, how noble was thy choice
To be the Bard of simple swains,—
In all their pleasures to rejoice,
And sooth with sympathy their pains;
To paint with feelings in thy strains
The themes their thoughts and tongues
discuss,

And be, though free from classic chains,
Our own more chaste Theocritus.

For this should Suffolk proudly own
Her grateful and her lasting debt;—
How much more proudly—had she known
That pining care, and keen regret,—
Thoughts which the fevered spirits fret,
And slow disease,—'twas thine to hear;—
And, ere thy sun of life was set,
Had won her Poet's grateful prayer.—
Bernard Barton.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Branched Herb Timothy. *Phleum paniculatum*.
Dedicated to *St. Timothy*.

August 20.

St. Bernard, Abbot, A. D. 1153. *St. Oswin*, King, 6th Cent.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Autumnal Dandelion. *Apargia Autumnalis*.
Dedicated to *St. Bernard*.

August 21.

Sts. Bonosus and *Maxmilian*, A. D. 363.
St. Jane Frances de Chantal, A. D. 1641.
St. Richard, Bp. 12th Cent. *St. Bernard Ptolemy*, Founder of the Olivetans, A. D. 1348.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

French Marigold. *Tagetes patula*.
Dedicated to *St. Jane Francis*.

August 22.

St. Hippolytus, Bp. 3d Cent. *St. Symphorian*, A. D. 178. *St. Timothy*, A. D. 311. *St. Andreu*, Deacon, A. D. 880. *St. Philibert*, Abbot, A. D. 684.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 22d of August, 1818, Warren Hastings, late governor-general of India, died; he was born in 1733. His government in India, the subject of parliamentary impeachment, which cost the nation above a hundred thousand pounds, and himself more than sixty thousand, is generally admitted to have been conducted with advantage to the interests of the native powers, and the East India company. His translation of Horace's celebrated ode, beginning, "Otium divos rogat," &c., is admitted to be superior to all others:—

IMITATION OF HORACE, Book xvi., Ode 2
On the Passage from Bengal to England.

For ease the harassed seaman prays,
When equinoctial tempests raise
The Cape's surrounding wave;
When hanging o'er the reef he hears
The cracking mast, and sees or fears,
Beneath, his watery grav.

For ease the slow *Mahratta* spoils
And harder *Sic* erratic toils,
While both their ease forego;
For ease, which neither gold can buy,
Nor robes, nor gems, which oft belie
The covered heart, bestow;

For neither gold nor gems combined
Can heal the soul, or suffering mind:
Lo! where their own lies;
Perched on his couch distemper breathes,
And care, like smoke, in turbid wreathes
Round the gay ceiling flies.

He who enjoys, nor covets more,
The lands his father held before,
Is of true bliss possessed;
Let but his mind unfettered tread,
Far as the paths of knowledge lead,
And wise as well as hest.

No fears his peace of mind annoy,
Lest printed lies his fame destroy,
Which laboured years have won;
Nor packed committees break his rest,
Nor av'rice sends him forth in quest
Of climes beneath the sun.

Short is our span; then why engage
In schemes, for which man's transient age
Was ne'er by fate designed?
Why slight the gifts of nature's hand?
What wanderer from his native land
E'er left himself behind?

The restless thought and wayward will,
 And discontent, attend him still,
 Nor quit him while he lives ;
 At sea, care follows in the wind ;
 At land, it mounts the pad behind,
 Or with the postboy drives.

In allusion to his own situation, he wrote the following lines in Mickle's translation of Camoën's "Lusiad," at the end of the speech of Pacbeo :—

Yet shrink not, gallant Lusiad, nor repine
 That man's eternal destiny is thine ;
 Whene'er success the advent'rous chief befriends,
 Fell malice on his parting steps attends ;
 On Britain's candidates for fame await,
 As now on thee, the hard decrees of fate ;
 Thus are ambition's fondest hopes o'erreach'd,
 One dies imprison'd, and one lives impeach'd.

Mr. Seward, who published these lines with a portrait of Mr. Hastings, from a bust by the late Mr. Banks, observes, that his head resembles the bead of Aratus, the founder of the Achæan league, in the Ludovisi gardens at Rome.

ANOTHER LIVING SKELETON.

The "Dramatist" of the present day, "stop him who can," ever on the alert for novelty, has seized on the "Living Skeleton." Poor Seurat is "as well as can be expected ;" but it appears, from a "Notice" banded about the streets, that he has a rival in a *British* "Living Skeleton." This "Notice," printed by W. Glindon, Newport-street, Haymarket, and signed "Thomas Feelwell, 104, High Holborn," states, that a "bumane individual, in justice to his own feelings and those of a sensitive public," considers it necessary to "expose the *resources*" by which the proprietors of the "Coburg Theatre" have produced "a rival to the Pall-Mall object." One part of his undertaking, the "*resources*," honest "Thomas Feelwell" leaves untouched, but he tells the following curious story :—

"A young man of extraordinary leanness, was, for some days, observed shuffling about the Waterloo-road, reclining against the posts and walls, apparently from excessive weakness, and earnestly gazing through the windows of the eating houses in the neighbourhood, for hours together. One of the managers of the Coburg theatre, accidentally meeting him, and being struck with his attenuated appearance, instantly seized him by the bone of his arm, and, leading him into the saloon of the theatre, made proposals that he should be produced on the stage as a source of attraction and delight for a British audience ; at the same time stipulating that he should contrive to exist

He who would happy live to-day,
 Must laugh the present ills away,
 Nor think of woes to come ;
 For come they will, or soon or late,
 Since mixed at best is man's estate,
 By heaven's eternal doom.

upon but half a meal a day—that he should be constantly attended by a constable, to prevent his purchasing any other sustenance, and be allowed no pocket-money, till the expiration of his engagement—that he should be nightly buried between a dozen heavy blankets, to prevent his growing lusty, and to reduce him to the lightness of a gossamer, in order that the gasping breath of the astonished audience might so *agitate* his frame, that he might be *tremblingly* alive to their admiration."

If this narrative be true, the situation of the "young man of extraordinary leanness" is to be pitied. The *new* living skeleton may have acceded to the manager's terms of "half a meal" a day on the truth of the old saying, that "half a loaf is better than no bread," and it is clearly the manager's interest to keep him alive as long as he will "run ;" yet, if the "poor creature" is nightly buried between a dozen heavy blankets "to reduce him to the lightness of a gossamer," he may outdo the manager's hopes, and "run" out of the world. Seriously, if this be so, it ought not so to be. The "dozen heavy blankets to prevent his growing lusty" might have been spared ; for a man with "half a meal a day" can hardly be expected to arrive at that obesity which destroyed a performer formerly, who played the starved apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* till he got fat, and was only reduced to the wonted "extraordinary leanness" which qualified him for the character, by being struck off the pay-list. The condition of the poor man should be an object of public inquiry as well as public curiosity.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Herb Timothy. *Phleum pratense*.
 Dedicated to *St. Timothy*.

August 23.

St. Philip Beniti, A. D. 1285. *Sts. Claudius, Asterius, Neon, Dominina, and Theonilla*, A. D. 285. *St. Apollinaris Sidonius*, Bp. of Clermont, A. D. 482. *St. Theonas*, Abp. of Alexandria, A. D. 300. *St. Eugenius*, Bp. in Ireland, A. D. 618. *St. Justinian*, Hermit, A. D. 529.

FLORAL DIRECTORY

Tanzy. *Tanacetum vulgare*.
Dedicated to *St. Philip Beniti*.

August 24.

St. Bartholomew, Apostle. *The Martyrs of Utica*, A. D. 258. *St. Owen*, or *Audoen*, Abp. A. D. 683. *St. Ircharad*, or *Erthad*, Bp.

St. Bartholomew the Apostle.

Mr. Audley says, "There is no scriptural account of his birth, labour, or death. It is commonly said, he preached in the Indies, and was flayed alive by order of Astyages, brother to Palemon, king of Armenia. I have heard this day called black Bartholomew. The reason, I suppose, for this appellation is, on account of the two thousand ministers who were ejected on this day, by the Act of Uniformity, in 1662. As it respects France, there is a shocking propriety in the epithet, for the horrid Massacre of the Protestants commenced on this day, in the reign of Charles IX. In Paris only, ten thousand were butchered in a fortnight, and ninety thousand in the provinces, making, together, one hundred thousand. This, at least, is the calculation of Perefixe, tutor to Louis XIV. and Archbishop of Paris: others reduce the number much lower."*

The "Perennial Calendar" quotes, that "In that savage scene, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, planned with all the coolness of deliberation, five hundred gentlemen, protestants, and ten thousand persons of inferior rank were massacred in one night at Paris alone, and great numbers in the provinces. The Roman pontiff, on hearing of it, expressed great joy, announcing that the cardinals should return thanks to the Almighty for so signal an advantage obtained for the holy see, and that a jubilee should be observed all over Christendom." Dr. Forster adds, that "nothing like this scene occurred till the bloody and terrible times of the French Revolution. It is shocking to reflect that

persons professing a religion which says, 'Love your enemies, do good to them that despitefully use you,' should persecute and slay those whose only offence is difference of opinion. 'The Quakers and Moravians seem to be almost the only Christian sects of any note and character whose annals are unstained by the blood of their fellow-creatures, and who have not resorted to persecution in defence and promulgation of their particular doctrines. Must we, therefore, not judge a good tree from this distinguished good fruit?'"

It was an ancient custom at Croyland Abbey, until the time of Edward IV. to give little knives to all comers on St. Bartholomew's day, in allusion to the knife wherewith Bartholomew was flead. Many of these knives of various sizes have been found in the ruins of the abbey, and the river. A coat borne by the religious fraternity of the abbey, quarters three of them, with three whips of St. Guthlac, a scourge celebrated for the virtue of its flagellations. These are engraved by Mr. Gough in his history of Croyland Abbey, from drawings in the minute books of the Spalding Society, in whose drawers, he says, one was preserved, and these form a device in a town piece called the "Poore's Halfe peny of Croyland, 1670."

St. Owen.

He was in great credit with king Clo-taire II. and his successor Dagobert I. of France, who made him keeper of his seal and chancellor, and he became archbishop of Rouen, in Normandy. Butler refers to a long history of miracles performed by the intercession and relics of St. Owen. The shrine of this saint, at Rouen, had a privilege which was very enviable; it could once in a year procure the pardon of one criminal condemned to death in the prisons of that city: the criminal touched it, and pardon was immediate.

In all civilized countries justice has been tempered with mercy; and, where the life could not be spared, the pain of the punishment has been mitigated. Wine mingled with myrrh was known amongst the Jews for this purpose, and was offered to the Saviour of mankind by the very persons who hurried him on to his painful and ignominious death. In many cities of Italy a condemned criminal is visited by the first nobility the night before his execution, and supplied with every dainty in meat and in drink that he can desire; and some years ago, in the parish of St.

Giles in the Fields, wine mixed with spices was presented to the poor condemned wretches in that part of their progress from Newgate to Tyburn.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Sunflower. *Helianthus Annuus*.
Dedicated to *St. Bartholomew*.

August 25.

St. Lewis, king of France, A. D. 1270,
St. Gregory, Administrator of the diocess of Utrecht, A. D. 776. *St. Ebba*, in English, *St. Tabbs*, A. D. 683.

PRINTERS.

An exact old writer† says of printers at this season of the year, that "It is customary for all journeymen to make every year, new paper windows about *Bartholomew-tide*, at which time the master printer makes them a feast called a *way-goose*, to which is invited the corrector, founder, smith, ink-maker, &c. who all open their purses and give to the workmen to spend in the tavern or ale-house after the feast. From which time they begin to work by candle light."

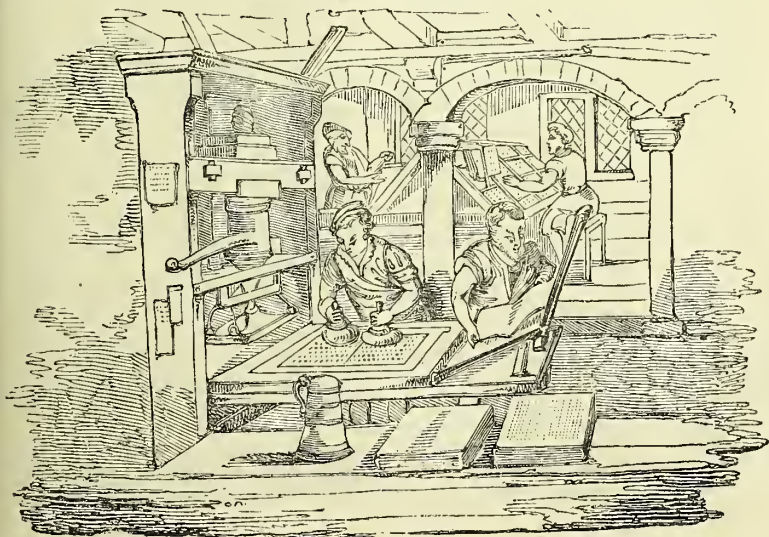
Paper windows are no more: a well regulated printing-office is as well glazed and as light as a dwelling-house. It is curious however to note, that it appears the windows of an office were formerly papered; probably in the same way that we

see them in some carpenters' workshops with oiled paper. The *way-goose*, however, is still maintained, and these feasts of London printing-houses are usually held at some tavern in the environs.

In "The Doome warning all men to the Judgment, by Stephen Batman, 1581," a **black letter** quarto volume, it is set down among "the strange prodigies happened in the worlde, with divers figures of revelations tending to mannes stayd conversion towards God," whereof the work is composed, that in 1450, "The noble science of printing was aboute thys time founde in Germany at Magunce, (a famous cite in Germanie called Ments,) by Cuttembergers, a knight, or rather John Faustus, as sayeth doctor Cooper, in his Chronicle; one Conradus, an Almaine broughte it into Rome, William Caxton of London, mercer, broughte it into England, about 1471; in Henrie the sixth, the seaven and thirth of his reign, in Westminster was the first printing." John Guttemberg, sen. is affirmed to have produced the first printed book, in 1442, although John Guttemberg, jun. is the commonly reputed inventor of the art. John Faust, or Fust, was its promoter, and Peter Schoeffer its improver. It started to perfection almost with its invention; yet, although the labours of the old printer have never been outrivalled, their presses have; for the information and amusement of some readers, a sketch is subjoined of one from a wood-cut in Batman's book.

* European Magazine, 1798.
† Randle Holme, 1688.

Ancient Printing-office.



In this old print we see the compositor seated at his work, the reader engaged with his copy or proof, and the pressmen at their labours. It exhibits the form of the early press better, perhaps, than any other engraving that has been produced for that purpose; and it is to be noted, as a "custom of the chapel," that papers are stuck on it, as we still see practised by modern pressmen. Note, too, the ample flagon, a vessel doubtless in use *ad libitum*, by that beer-drinking people with whom printing originated, and therefore not forgotten in their printing-houses; it is wisely restricted here, by the interest of employers, and the growing sense of propriety in press-men, who are becoming as respectable and intelligent a class of "operatives" as they were, within recollection, degraded and sottish.

The Chapel.

"Every printing-house," says Randle Holme, "is termed a chapel." Mr. John McCreery in one of the notes to "The Press," an elegant poem, of which he is the author, and which he beautifully printed, with elaborate engravings on wood, as a specimen of his typography, says, that "The title of *chapel* to the internal regulations of a printing-house originated in Caxton's exercising the profession in one of the chapels in Westminster Abbey; and may be considered as an additional proof, from the antiquity of the custom, of his being the first English printer. In extensive houses, where many workmen are employed, the *calling a chapel* is a business of great importance, and generally takes place when a member of the office has a complaint to allege against any of his fellow workmen; the first intimation of which he makes to the *father of the chapel*, usually the oldest printer in the house: who, should he conceive that the charge can be substantiated, and the injury, supposed to have been received, is of such magnitude as to call for the interference of the law, summons the members of *the chapel* before him at the *imposing stone*, and there receives the allegation and the defence, in solemn assembly, and dispenses justice with typographical rigour and impartiality. These trials, though they are sources of neglect of business and other irregularities, often afford scenes of genuine humour. The punishment generally consists in the criminal providing a libation, by

which the offending workmen may wash away the stain that his misconduct has laid upon the body at large. Should the plaintiff not be able to substantiate his charge, the fine then falls upon himself for having maliciously arraigned his companion; a mode of practice which is marked with the features of sound policy, as it never loses sight of *the good of the chapel*."

Returning to Randle Holme once more, we find the "*good of the chapel*" consists of "forfeitures and other chapel dues, collected for the good of the chapel, viz. to be spent as the chapel approves." This indefatigable and accurate collector and describer of every thing he could lay his hands on and press into heraldry, has happily preserved the ancient rules of government instituted by the worshipful fraternity of printers. This book is very rare, and this perhaps may have been the reason that the following document essentially connected with the history of printing, has never appeared in one of the many works so entitled.

Customs of the Chappel.

Every printing-house is called a *chappel*, in which there are these laws and customs, for the well and good government of the chappel, and for the orderly deportment of all its members while in the chappel.

Every workman belonging to it are *members of the chappel*, and the eldest freeman is *father of the chappel*; and the penalty for the breach of any law or custom is in printers' language called a *solace*.

1. Swearing in the chappel, a solace.
2. Fighting in the chappel, a solace.
3. Abusive language, or giving the lie in the chappel, a solace.
4. To be drunk in the chappel, a solace.
5. For any of the workmen to leave his candle burning at night, a solace.
6. If a compositor fall his composing stick and another take it up, a solace.
7. For three letters and a space to lie under the compositor's case, a solace.
8. If a pressman let fall his ball or balls, and another take them up, a solace.
9. If a pressman leave his blankets in the timpan at noon or night, a solace.
10. For any workman to mention joyning their penny or more a piece to send for drink, a solace.
11. To mention spending chappel money till Saturday night, or any other before agreed time, a solace.

12. To play at quadrats, or excite others in the chappel to play for money or drink, a solace.

13. A stranger to come to the king's printing-house, and ask for a ballad, a solace.

14. For a stranger to come to a compositor and inquire if he had news of such a galley at sea, a solace.

15. For any to bring a wisp of hay directed to a pressman, is a solace.

16. To call mettle lead in a founding-house, is a forfeiture.

17. A workman to let fall his mould, a forfeiture.

18. A workman to leave his ladle in the mettle at noon, or at night, a forfeiture.

And the judges of these solaces, or forfeitures, and other controversies in the chappel, or any of its members, was by plurality of votes in the chappel; it being asserted as a maxime, that the chappel cannot err. Now these solaces, or fines, were to be bought off for the good of the chappel, which never exceeded 1s., 6d., 4d., 2d., 1d., ob., according to the nature and quality thereof.

But if the delinquent proved obstinate and will not pay, the workmen takes him by force, and lays him on his belly, over the correcting stone, and holds him there whilst another with a paper board gives him 10l. in a purse, viz., eleven blows on his buttocks, which he lays on according to his own mercy.

Customs for Payments of Money.

Every new workman to pay for his entrance half a crown, which is called his *benvenue*, till then he is no member, nor enjoys any benefit of chappel money.

Every journeyman that formerly worked at the chappel, and goes away, and afterwards comes again to work, pays but half a *benvenue*.

If journeymen smout* one another, they pay half a *benvenue*.

All journeymen are paid by their master-printer for all church holidays that fall not on a *Sunday*, whether they work or no, what they can earn every working-day, be it 2, 3, or 4s.

If a journeyman marries, he pays half a crown to the chappel.

When his wife comes to the chappel, she pays 6d., and then all the journeymen

joyn their 2d. a piece to make her drink, and to welcome her.

If a journeyman have a son born, he pays 1s., if a daughter 6d.

If a master-printer have a son born, he pays 2s. 6d., if a daughter 1s. 6d.

An apprentice, when he is bound, pays half a crown to the chappel, and when he is made free, another half crown: and if he continues to work journeywork in the same house he pays another, and then is a member of the chappel.

Probably there will many a conference be held at imposing-stones upon the present promulgation of these ancient rules and customs; yet, until a general assembly, there will be difficulty in determining how far they are conformed to, or departed from, by different chapels. Synods have been called on less frivolous occasions, and have issued decrees more "frivolous and vexatious," than the one contemplated.

In a work on the origin and present state of printing, entitled "Typographia, or the Printer's Instructor, by J. Johnson, Printer, 1824, 2 vols.," there is a list of "technical terms made use of by the profession," which Mr. Johnson prefaces by saying, "we have here introduced *the whole* of the technical terms, that posterity may know the phrases used by the early nursers and improvers of our art." However, they are not "*the whole*," nor will it detract from the general merit of Mr. Johnson's curious and useful work, nor will he conceive offence, if the Editor of the *Every-Day Book* adds a few from Holme's "Academy of Armory, a rare store-house of "Created Beings, with the terms and instruments used in all trades and arts," and printers are especially distinguished.

Additions to Mr. Johnson's List of Printers' Terms.

Bad Copy. Manuscript sent to be printed, badly or imperfectly written.

Bad Work. Faults by the compositor or pressman.

Broken Letter. The breaking of the orderly succession the letters stood in, either in a line, page, or form; also the mingling of the letters, technically called *pie*.

Case is Low. Compositors say this when the boxes, or holes of the case, have few letters in them.

Case is full. When no sorts are wanting.

* *Smout.* Workmen when they are out of constant work, sometimes accept of a day or two's work, or a week's work at another printing-house; his by work they call *smouting*.—Holme.

Case stands still. When the compositor is not at his case.

Cassie Paper. Quires made up of torn, wrinkled, stained, or otherwise faulty sheets.

Cassie Quires. The two outside quires of the ream, also called cording quires.

Charge. To fill the sheet with large or heavy pages.

Companions. The two press-men working at one press: the one first named has his choice to pull or beat; the second takes the refuse office.

Comes off. When the letter in the form delivers a good impression, it is said to come off well; if an ill impression, it is said to come off bad.

Dance. When the form is locked up, if, upon its rising from the composing-stone, letters do not rise with it, or any drop out, the form is said to dance.

Distribute. Is to put the letters into their several places in the case after the form is printed off.

Devil. Mr. Johnson merely calls him the errand-boy of a printing-house; but though he has that office, Holme properly says, that he is the boy that takes the sheets from the tympan, as they are printed off. "These boys," adds Holme, "do in a printing-house commonly black and dawb themselves, whence the workmen do jocosely call them devils, and sometimes spirits, and sometimes flies."

Drive out. "When a compositor sets wide," says Mr. Johnson. Whereto Holme adds, if letter be cast thick in the shank it is said to drive out, &c.

Easy Work. Printed, or fairly written, copy, or full of breaks, or a great letter and small form "pleaseth a compositor," and is so called by him.

Empty Press. A press not in work: most commonly every printing-office has one for a proof-press: viz., to make proofs on.

Even Page. The second, fourth, sixth, &c. pages.

Odd Page. The first, third, fifth, &c. pages.

Folio. Is, in printer's language, the two pages of a leaf of any size.

Form rises. When the form is so well locked up in the chase, that in the raising of it up neither a letter nor a space drops out, it is said that the form rises.

Froze out. In winter, when the paper is frozen, and the letter frozen, so as the workmen cannot work, they say they are

froze out. [Such accidents never occur in good printing-houses.]

Going up the form. A pressman's phrase when he beats over the first and third rows or columns of the form with his ink-balls.

Great bodies. Letter termed "English," and all above that size: small bodies are long primer, and all smaller letter.

Great numbers. Above two thousand printed of one sheet.

Hard work, with compositors, is copy badly written and difficult; [such as they too frequently receive from the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*, who alters, and interlines, and never makes a fair copy,] *hard work*, with pressmen, is small letter and a large form.

Hole. A place where private printing is used, viz. the printing of unlicensed books, or other men's copies.

[Observe, that this was in Holme's time; now, licensing is not insisted on, nor could it be enforced; but the printing "other men's copies" is no longer confined to a *hole*. Invasion of copyright is perpetrated openly, because legal remedies are circuitous, expensive, and easily evaded. So long as the law remains unaltered, and people will buy stolen property, criminals will rob. The pirate's "fence" is the public. The receiver is as bad as the thief: if there were no receivers, there would be no thieves. Let the public look to this.]

Imperfections of books. Odd sheets over the number of books made perfect. They are also, and more generally at this time, called the *waste* of the book.

M thick. An *m* quadrat thick.

N thick. An *n* quadrat thick.

Open matter, or *open work.* Pages with several breaks, or with white spaces between the paragraphs or sections.

Over-run. Is the getting in of words by putting out so much of the forepart of the line into the line above, or so much of the latter part of the line into the line below, as will make room for the word or words to be inserted: also the derangement and re-arrangement of the whole sheet, in order to get in over-matter. [Young and after-thought writers are apt to occasion much over-running, a process distressing to the compositor, and in the end to the author himself, who has to pay for the extra-labour he occasions.]

Pigeon holes. Whites between words as large, or greater than between line and line. The term is used to scandalize

uch composition; it is never suffered to remain in good work.

Printing-house. The house wherein printing is carried on; but it is more peculiarly used for the printing implements. Such an one, it is said, hath removed his printing-house; meaning the implements used in his former house.

Revise. A proof sheet taken off after the first or second proof has been corrected. The corrector examines the faults, marked in the last proof sheet, fault by fault, and carefully marks omissions on the revise.

Short page. Having but little printed on it; [or relatively, when shorter than another page of the work.]

Stick-full. The composing-stick filled with so many lines that it can contain no more.

Token. An hour's work for half a press, viz. a single pressman; this consists of five quires. An hour's work for a whole press is a token of ten quires.

Turn for it. Used jocosely in the chapel: when any of the workmen complain of want of money, or any thing else, he shall by another be answered "turn for it," viz. make shift for it.

[This is derived from the term *turn* or *a letter*, which is thus:—when a compositor has not letters at hand of the sort he wants while composing, and finds it inconvenient to distribute letter for it, he turns a letter of the same thickness, face downwards, which turned letter he takes out when he can accommodate himself with the right letter, which he places in its stead.]

Thus much has grown out of the notice, that printers formerly papered their windows about "Bartlemy-tide," and more remains behind. But before farther is stated, if *chapels*, or individuals belonging to them, will have the goodness to communicate any thing to the *Editor of the Every-Day Book* respecting any old or present laws, or usages, or other matters of interest connected with printing, he will make good use of it. Notices or anecdotes of this kind will be acceptable when authenticated by the name and address of the contributor. If there are any who doubt the importance of printing, they may be reminded that old Holme, a man seldom moved to praise any thing but for its use in heraldry, says, that "it

is now disputed whether typography and architecture may not be accounted Liberal Sciences, being so famous Arts!" Seriously, however, communications respecting printing are earnestly desired.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Perennial Sunflower. *Helianthus multiflorus.*

Dedicated to *St. Lewis.*

August 26.

St. Zephyrinus, Pope, A. D. 219. *St. Genesius*, a Comedian, A. D. 303. *St. Gelasinus*, a Comedian at Heliopolis, A. D. 297. *St. Genesis*, of Arles, about the 4th Cent.

MUSIC.

"*Il cantar, che nel' animosi sente.*"

Nay, tell me not of lordly halls!

My minstrels are the trees,
The moss and the rock are my tapestried walls,

Earth's sounds my symphonies.

There's music sweeter to my soul
In the weed by the wild wind fanned—
In the heave of the surge, than ever stole
From mortal minstrel's hand.

There's mighty music in the roar
Of the oaks on the mountain's side,
When the whirlwind bursts on their fore-
heads hoar,
And the lightnings flash blue and wide.

There's mighty music in the swell
Of winter's midnight wave—
When all above is the thunder peal,
And all below is the grave.

There's music in the city's hum,
Heard in the noontide glare,
When its thousand mingling voices come
On the breast of the sultry air.

There's music in the mournful swing
Of the lonely village bell—
And think of the spirit upon the wing,
Releas'd by its solemn knell.

There's music in the forest-stream.
As it plays thro' the deep ravine,
Where never summer's breath or beam
Has pierced its woodland screen.

There's music in the thundering sweep
Of the mountain waterfall,
As its torrents struggle, and foam and leap
From the brow of its marble wall.

There's music in the dawning morn,
Ere the lark his pinion dries—
'Tis the rush of the breeze thro' the dewy
corn—
Thro' the garden's perfumed dyes.

There's music on the twilight cloud
As the clanging wild swans spring,
As homewards the screaming ravens crowd,
Like squadrons upon the wing.

There's music in the depth of night,
When the world is still and dim,
And the stars flame out in their pomp of
light,
Like thrones of the chernubim !

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Banded Amaryllis. *Amaryllis vittata*.
Dedicated to *St. Zephyrinus*.

August 27.

St. Cæsarius, Abp. of Arles, A. D. 542.
St. Pæmen, or *Pastor*, Abbot about
A. D. 385. *St. Hugh* of Lincoln, A. D.
1255. *St. Joseph Calasanctius*, A. D.
1648. *St. Malrubius*, about A. D. 1040.
St. Syagrius, Bp. of Autun, A. D. 600.

The Glowworm.

Dr. Forster in his "Perennial Calendar" quotes the mention of this and other luminous insects from "a late entomological work," in the following passage:—"This little planet of the rural scene may be observed in abundance in the month of August, when the earth is almost as thickly spangled with them as the cope of heaven is with stars. It is not only the glowworm that will not bear inspection when its lustre is lost by the light of day; but all those luminous insects that bear the same phosphoric fire about them, such as the lantern fly of the West Indies and of China, of which there are several sorts; some of which carry their light in a sort of snout, so that when they are seen in a collection, they are remarkably ugly. There is also an insect of this luminous sort common in Italy, called the lucciola. An intelligent traveller relates, that some Moorish ladies having been made prisoners by the Genoese, lived in a house near Genoa till they could be exchanged, and, on seeing some of the lucciola, or flying glowworms, darting about in the evening in the garden near them, they caused the windows to be shut in a great alarm, from a strange idea which seized them, that these shining flies were the souls of their deceased relations."

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Hedge Hawkweed. *Hieracium umbellatum*.
Dedicated to *St. Cæsarius*.

August 28.

St. Augustine, Bp. and Doctor of the Church, A. D. 430. *St. Hermes*, about A. D. 132. *St. Julian*, Martyr
St. Augustine.

His name is in the church of England calendar. He was born at Tagasta, in Numidia, in 354. Lardner awards to him the character of an illustrious man, and says, that "a sublime genius, an uninterrupted and zealous pursuit of truth, an indefatigable application, and invincible patience, a sincere piety, and a subtle and lively wit, conspired to establish his fame upon the most lasting foundation: yet he adds, that "the accuracy and solidity of his judgment were not proportionable to his eminent talents; and that upon many occasions he was more guided by the violent impulse of a warm imagination than by the cool dictates of reason and prudence." He pronounced that all infants dying before baptism were deprived of the sight of God; wherein he is followed, says Daille, by Gregorius Arminiensis, a famous theological doctor who from thence was called *Tormentum Infantium*.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Goldenrod. *Solidago Virgaurea*.
Dedicated to *St. Augustine*.

August 29.

The Decollation of St. John Baptist. *St. Sabina*. *St. Sebbi*, or *Sebba*, King, about A. D. 697. *St. Merri*, in Latin, *Medericus*, Abbot, about A. D. 700.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Yellow Hollyhock. *Althea flava*.
Dedicated to *St. Sabina*.

August 30.

St. Rose of Lima, Virgin, A. D. 1617. *Sts. Felix* and *Adanetus*, about A. D. 303. *St. Fiaker*, Anchorite, called by the French, *Fiacre*, and anciently, *Fefre*, about A. D. 670. *St. Pammachius*, A. D. 410. *St. Agilus*, commonly called *St. Aile*, about A. D. 650.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Guernsey Lily. *Amaryllis Sarniensis*
Dedicated to *St. Rose*.

August 31.

St. Raymund Nonnatus, A. D. 1240. *St. Isabel*, A. D. 1270. *St. Cuthburge*, 8th Cent. *St. Aidan*, or *Ædan*, A. D. 651.

St. Aidan.

He was born in Ireland, and was bishop of Lindisfarne, which from the number of reputed saints there buried, is called the Holy Island. Bede relates many mira-

cles and prophecies of him. His cart and two oxen laden with wood as he drove them, falling down a high rock into the sea, he only made the sign of the cross as they fell, and received all safe and sound out of the waters, &c.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Autumnal Pheasant's Eye. *Adonis autumnalis*.

Dedicated to *St. Raymund*



September.

Next him September marched eke on foot ;
 Yet was he heavy laden with the spoyle
 Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot,
 And him enriched with bounty of the soyle ;
 In his one hand, as fit for harvest's toyle,
 He held a knife-hook ; and in th' other hand
 A paire of weights, with which he did assoyle
 Both more and lesse, where it in doubt did stand,
 And equal gave to each as justice duly scanned.

This is the ninth month of the year : anciently it was the seventh, as its name imports, which is compounded of *septem*, seven, and *imber*, a shower of rain, from the rainy season usually commencing at this period of the year.

Our Saxon ancestors called this month "*Gerst-monat*, for that barley which that month commonly yeilded was antiently called *gerst*, the name of barley being given unto it by reason of the drinke therewith made, called *beere*, and from *beerlegh* it come to be *berlegh*, and from *berleg* to barley. So in like manner *beereheym*, to wit, the overdecking or covering of *beere*, came to be called *berham*, and afterwards *barme*, having since gotten I wot not how many names besids.— This excellent and healthsome liquor, *beere*, antiently also called *ael*, as of the Danes it yet is (*beere* and *ale* being in effect all one,) was first of the Germans invented, and brought in use.*

Mr. Leigh Hunt notices, that Spenser takes advantage of the exuberance of harvest, and the sign of the zodiac, *libra*, in this month, to read another lesson on justice. "This is the month," Mr. Hunt continues, "of the migration of birds, of the finished harvest, of nut-gathering, of cyder and perry-making, and, towards the conclusion, of the change of colour in trees. The swallows and many other soft-billed birds that feed on insects, disappear for the warmer climates, leaving only a few stragglers behind, probably from weakness or sickness, who hide themselves in caverns and other sheltered places, and occasionally appear upon warm days. The remainder of harvest is got in ; and no sooner is this done, than the husbandman ploughs up his land again, and prepares it for the winter grain. The oaks and beeches shed their nuts, which in the forest that still remain, particularly the New Forest in Hampshire, furnish a luxurious repast for the swine, who feast of an evening in as pompous a manner as any alderman, to the sound of the herdsman's horn. But the acorn must not be undervalued because it is food for swine, nor thought only robustly of, because it furnishes our ships with timber. It is also one of the most beautiful objects of its species, protruding its glossy green nut from its rough

and sober-coloured cup, and dropping it in a most elegant manner beside the sunny and jagged leaf. We have seen a few of them, with their stems in water, make a handsome ornament to a mantle-piece, in this season of departing flowers.—The few additional flowers this month are corn-flowers, Guernsey-lilies, starwort, and saffron, a species of crocus, which is cultivated in separate grounds. The stamens of this flower are pulled, and dried into flat square cakes for medicinal purposes. It was formerly much esteemed in cookery. The clown in the *Winter's Tale*, reckoning up what he is to buy for the sheepshearing feast, mentions 'saffron to colour the warden-pies.' The fresh trees and shrubs in flower are bramble, chaste-tree, laurustinus, ivy, wild honeysuckle, spirea, and arbutus, or strawberry-tree, a favourite of Virgil, which, like the garden of Alcinoüs, in Homer, produces flower and fruit at once. Hardy annuals, intended to flower in the spring, should now be sown ; annuals of curious sorts, from which seed is to be raised, should be sheltered till ripened ; and auriculas in pots, which were shifted last month, moderately watered. The stone-curlew clamours at the beginning of this month, wood-owls hoot, the ring-ouzel reappears, the saffron butterfly is seen, hares congregate ; and, at the end of it, the woodlark, thrush, and blackbird, are heard."

Mr. Hunt further observes that, September, though its mornings and evenings are apt to be chill and foggy, and therefore not wholesome to those who either do not, or cannot, guard against them, is generally a serene and pleasant month, partaking of the warmth of summer and the vigour of autumn. But its noblest feature is a certain festive abundance for the supply of all the creation. There is grain for men, birds, and horses, hay for the cattle, loads of fruit on the trees, and swarms of fish in the ocean. If the soft-billed birds which feed on insects miss their usual supply, they find it in the southern countries, and leave one's sympathy to be pleased with an idea, that repasts apparently more harmless are alone offered to the creation upon our temperate soil. The feast, as the philosophic poet says on a higher occasion—

* Verstegan.

The feast is such as earth, the general mother,
 Pours from her fairest bosom, when she smiles
 In the embrace of Autumn. To each other
 As some fond parent fondly reconciles
 Her warring children, she their wrath beguiles
 With their own sustenance; they, relenting, weep.
 Such is this festival, which from their isles,
 And continents, and winds, and oceans deep,
 All shapes may throng to share, that fly, or walk, or creep.

Shelley

September 1.

St. Giles, Abbot, 7th Cent. *Twelve Brothers*, Martyrs, A. D. 258. *St. Lupus*, or *Leu*, Abp. A. D. 623. *St. Firminus II.*, Bp. of Amiens, A. D. 347.

St. Giles.

This saint is in the church of England calendar. He was born at Athens, and came into France in 715, having first disposed of his patrimony to charitable uses. After living two years with Cæsarius, bishop of Arles, he commenced hermit, and so continued till he was made abbot of an abbey at Nismes, which the king built for his sake. He died in 750.*

St. Giles is the *patron of beggars*. Going to church in his youth, he gave his coat to a sick beggar who asked alms of him, the mendicant was clothed, and the garment miraculously cured his disorder. He was also the *patron of cripples*. After he had retired to a cave in a solitary desert, the French king was hunting near his thicket, and Giles was wounded by an arrow from a huntsman's bow while at prayers; whereupon being found unmoved from his position, the king fell at his feet, craved his pardon, and gave orders for the cure of his wound, but this the saint would not permit, because he desired to suffer pain and increase his merits thereby, and so he remained a cripple, and received reverence from the king whom he counselled to build a monastery; and the king did so, and Giles became abbot thereof, "and led the life of an angel incarnate," and converted the king.† It is related of him that he raised the dead son of a prince to life, and made a lame man walk: our church of *St. Giles, Cripplegate*, is dedicated to him. It is further told, that at Rome he cast two doors of cypress into the Tiber, and recommended them to heavenly guidance, and on his return to France found them at the gates of his monastery, and set

them up as the doors of his own church. These are some only of the marvels gravely told of him, "many wytnisse that they herde the company of aungelles berynge the soule of hym into heven."*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Great Sedum. *Sedum Telephium*.
 Dedicated to *St. Giles*.

September 2.

St. Stephen, king of Hungary, A. D. 1038.
St. Justus, Abp. of Lyons, A. D. 390.
St. William, Bp. of Roschild, A. D. 1067. *B. Margaret*, 13th Cent.

London Burnt, 1666.

The "Great Fire" of London is denoted as above in our almanacs on this day. It broke out at Pudding-lane and ended at Pie-corner. The monument on Fish-street-hill to commemorate the calamity, bears the following inscription on the north side:—

"In the year of Christ, 1666, the 2d day of September, eastward from hence, at the distance of 202 feet, the height of this column, a terrible fire broke out about midnight; which, driven on by a strong wind, not only wasted the adjacent parts, but also very remote places, with incredible noise and fury. It consumed eighty-nine churches, the city gates, Guildhall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, a vast number of stately edifices, 13,200 dwelling-houses, and 430 streets, of the twenty-six wards it utterly destroyed fifteen, and left eight others shattered and half burnt. The ruins of the city were 436 acres, from the Tower by the Thames side to the Temple church, and from the north-east along the City-wall to Holboin-bridge. To the estates and fortunes of the citizens it was merciless, but to their lives very favourable, that it might in all things resemble the conflagration of the world. The destructor

* Audley's Companion to the Almanac.
 † Ribadeneira.

* Golden Legend.

was sudden; for in a small space of time the city was seen most flourishing, and reduced to nothing. Three days after, when this fatal fire had baffled all human counsels and endeavours, in the opinion of all, it stopped, as it were, by a command from heaven, and was on every side extinguished. But papistical malice, which perpetrated such mischiefs, is not yet restrained."

A line, beginning on the west side, contains the following words; on James II. coming to the crown, they were erased, but restored under William III. :—

"This pillar was set up in perpetual remembrance of the most dreadful burning of this protestant city, begun and carried on by the treachery and malice of the popish faction, in the beginning of September, in the year of our Lord, 1666, in order to the carrying on their horrid plot for extirpating the protestant religion, and old English liberty, and introducing popery and slavery."

The south side is thus inscribed:—
"Charles the Second, son of Charles the Martyr, king of Great Britain, France and Ireland, defender of the faith, a most gracious prince, commiserating the deplorable state of things, whilst the ruins were yet smoking, provided for the comfort of his citizens, and the ornament of his city; remitted their taxes, and referred the petitions of the magistrates and inhabitants to the parliament; who immediately passed an act, that public works should be restored to greater beauty, with public money, to be raised by an imposition on coals; that churches, and the cathedral of St. Paul's, should be rebuilt from their foundations, with all magnificence; that the bridges, gates, and prisons should be new made, the sewers cleansed, the streets made straight and regular, such as were steep levelled, and those too narrow made wider, markets and shambles removed to separate places. They also enacted, that every house should be built with party walls, and all in front raised of an equal height, and those walls all of square stone or brick; and that no man should delay building beyond the space of seven years."

An estimate of the value of property consumed by the fire amounted to ten millions six hundred and eighty-nine thousand pounds, wherein was included the value of St. Paul's cathedral, which was set down at nearly one-fifth of the total. The occasion of the conflagration

was the subject of parliamentary investigation. It is imputed to the Roman Catholics, but a dispassionate consideration of all the circumstances by impartial men tends to acquit them of the crime, and most persons at this time believe that—

— "London's column pointing to the skies,
Like a tall bully, rears its head and lies."

Thomas Vincent, a non-conformist minister, who was ejected from the living of St. Mary Magdalen, in Milk-street, and during the great plague remained in the city, and preached regularly to the great comfort of the inhabitants under the affliction of the raging pestilence, was an eyewitness of the subsequent conflagration. He wrote "God's terrible Judgments in the City by Plague and Fire," and has left a circumstantial relation in that work of the progress made by the flames, and their effects on the people.

Vincent's Narrative.

It was the 2d of September, 1666, that the anger of the Lord was kindled against London, and the fire began: it began in a baker's house, in Pudding-lane, by Fish-street-hill; and now the Lord is making London like a fiery oven in the time of his anger, and in his wrath doth devour and swallow up our habitations. It was in the depth and dead of the night, when most doors and fences were locked up in the city, that the fire doth break forth and appear abroad; and, like a mighty giant refreshed with wine, doth awake and arm itself, quickly gathers strength, when it had made havoc of some houses; rusheth down the hill towards the bridge; crosseth Thames-street, invadeth Magnus church, at the bridge foot; and, though that church were so great, yet it was not a sufficient barricado against this conqueror; but, having sealed and taken this fort, it shooteth flames with so much the greater advantage into all places round about; and a great building of houses upon the bridge is quickly thrown to the ground: then the conqueror, being stayed in his course at the bridge, marcheth back to the city again, and runs along with great noise and violence through Thames-street, westward; where, having such combustible matter in its teeth, and such a fierce wind upon its back, it prevails with little resistance, unto the astonishment of the beholders.

Fire! fire! fire! doth resound the streets; many citizens start out of their sleep, look out of their windows; some dress themselves and run to the place. The lord mayor of the city comes with his officers; a confusion there is; counsel is taken away; and London, so famous for wisdom and dexterity, can now find neither brains nor hands to prevent its ruin. The hand of God was in it; the decree was come forth; London must now fall, and who could prevent it? No wonder, when so many pillars are removed, if the building tumbles; the prayers, tears, and faith, which sometimes London hath had, might have quenched the violence of the fire; might have opened heaven for rain, and driven back the wind: but now the fire gets mastery, and burns dreadfully.

That night most of the Londoners had taken their last sleep in their houses; they little thought it would be so when they went into their beds; they did not in the least suspect, when the doors of their ears were unlocked, and the casements of their eyes were opened in the morning, to hear of such an enemy invading the city, and that they should see him, with such fury, enter the doors of their houses, break into every room, and look out of their casements with such a threatening countenance.

That which made the ruin the more dismal, was, that it was begun on the Lord's-day morning: never was there the like sabbath in London; some churches were in flames that day; and God seems to come down, and to preach himself in them, as he did in Mount Sinai, when the mount burned with fire; such warm preaching those churches never had; such lightning dreadful sermons never were before delivered in London. In other churches ministers were preaching their farewell sermons, and people were hearing with quaking and astonishment: instead of a holy rest which christians have taken on this day, there is a tumultuous hurrying about the streets towards the place that burned, and more tumultuous hurrying upon the spirits of those that sat still, and had only the notice of the ear of the quick and strange spreading of the fire.

Now the train-bands are up in arms watching at every quarter for outlandishmen, because of the general fear and jealousies, and rumours, that fire-balls were thrown into houses by several of them to help on and provoke the too

furious flames. Now goods are hastily removed from the lower parts of the city; and the body of the people begin to retire, and draw upwards, as the people did from the tabernacles of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, when the earth did cleave asunder and swallow them up: or rather as Lot drew out from his house in Soöom before it was consumed by fire from heaven. Yet some hopes were retained on the Lord's-day that the fire would be extinguished, especially by them who lived in the remote parts; they could scarcely imagine that the fire a mile off should be able to reach their houses.

But the evening draws on, and now the fire is more visible and dreadful: instead of the black curtains of the night, which used to be spread over the city, now the curtains are yellow; the smoke that arose from the burning parts seemed like so much flame in the night, which being blown upon the other parts by the wind, the whole city, at some distance, seemed to be on fire. Now hopes begin to sink, and a general consternation seizeth upon the spirits of people; little sleep is taken in London this night; the amazement which the eye and ear doth effect upon the spirit, doth either dry up or drive away the vapour which used to bind up the senses. Some are at work to quench the fire with water; others endeavour to stop its course, by pulling down of houses; but all to no purpose: if it be a little allayed, or beaten down, or put to a stand in some places, it is but a very little while; it quickly recruits, and recovers its force; it leaps and mounts, and makes the more furious onset, drives back its opposers, snatcheth their weapons out of their hands, seizeth upon the water-houses and engines, burns them, spoils them, and makes them unfit for service.

On the Lord's-day night the fire had run as far as Garlick-hithe, in Thames-street, and had crept up into Cannon-street, and levelled it with the ground; and still is making forward by the water-side, and upward to the brow of the hill, on which the city was built.

On Monday, (the 3d) Gracechurch-street is all in flames, with Lombard-street, on the left hand, and part of Fenchurch-street, on the right, the fire working (though not so fast) against the wind that way: before it were pleasant and stately houses, behind it ruinous and desolate heaps. The burning then was in fashion

of a bow, a dreadful bow it was, such as mine eyes never before had seen; a bow which had God's arrow in it, with a flaming point: it was a shining bow; not like that in the cloud, which brings water with it; and withal signified God's covenant not to destroy the world any more with water: but it was a bow which had fire in it, which signified God's anger, and his intention to destroy London with fire.

Now the flames break in upon Cornhill, that large and spacious street, and quickly cross the way by the train of wood that lay in the streets untaken away, which had been pulled down from houses to prevent its spreading: and so they lick the whole street as they go: they mount up to the top of the highest houses; they descend down to the bottom of the lowest vaults and cellars; and march along on both sides of the way, with such a roaring noise, as never was heard in the city of London; no stately building so great as to resist their fury: the Royal Exchange itself, the glory of the merchants, is now invaded with much violence; and when once the fire was entered, how quickly did it run round the galleries, filling them with flames; then came down stairs, compasseth the walks, giving forth flaming volleys, and filleth the court with sheets of fire: by-and-by down fall all the kings upon their faces, and the greatest part of the stone-building after them, (the founder's statue only remaining,) with such a noise as was dreadful and astonishing.

Then, then the city did shake indeed; and the inhabitants did tremble, and flew away in great amazement from their houses, lest the flames should devour them; rattle, rattle, rattle, was the noise which the fire struck upon the ear round about, as if there had been a thousand iron chariots beating upon the stones: and if you opened your eye to the opening of the streets, where the fire was come, you might see, in some places, whole streets at once in flames, that issued forth as if they had been so many great forges, from the opposite windows, which folding together, were united into one great flame throughout the whole street; and then you might see the houses tumble, tumble, tumble, from one end of the street to the other, with a great crash, leaving the foundations open to the view of the heavens.

Now fearfulness and terror doth surprise the citizens of London; confusion

and astonishment doth fall upon them at this unheard-of, unthought-of, judgment. It would have grieved the heart of an unconcerned person to see the rueful looks, the pale cheeks, the tears trickling down from the eyes, (where the greatness of sorrow and amazement could give leave for such a vent,) the smiting of the breast, the wringing of the hands; to hear the sighs and groans, the doleful and weeping speeches of the distressed citizens when they were bringing forth their wives, (some from their child-bed,) and their little ones (some from their sick-bed,) out of their houses, and sending them into the country, or somewhere into the fields with their goods. Now the hopes of London are gone, their heart is sunk; now there is a general remove in the city, and that in a greater hurry than before the plague, their goods being in greater danger by the fire than their persons were by the sickness. Scarcely are some returned, but they must remove again, and, not as before, now without any more hopes of ever returning and living in those houses any more.

Now carts, and drays, and coaches, and horses, as many as could have entrance into the city, were laden, and any money is given for help; 5*l.* 10*l.* 20*l.* 30*l.* for a cart, to bear forth into the fields some choice things, which were ready to be consumed; and some of the carmen had the conscience to accept of the highest price, which the citizens did then offer in their extremity; I am mistaken if such money do not burn worse than the fire out of which it was raked. Now casks of wine, and oil, and other commodities, are tumbled along, and the owners shove as much of their goods as they can towards the gate: every one now becomes a porter to himself, and scarcely a back either of man or woman, that hath strength, but had a burden on it in the streets: it was very sad to see such throngs of poor citizens coming in and going forth from the unburnt parts, heavy laden with some pieces of their goods, but more heavy laden with weighty grief and sorry of heart, so that it is wonderful they did not quite sink under these burdens.

Monday night was a dreadful night: when the wings of the night had shadowed the light of the heavenly bodies, there was no darkness of night in London, for the fire shines now round about with a fearful blaze, which yieldeth such light in the streets, as it had been the sun at noon-

day. Now the fire having wrought backward strangely against the wind, to Billingsgate, &c., along Thames-street, eastward, runs up the hill to Tower-street, and having marched on from Gracechurch-street, making further progress in Fenchurch-street, and having spread its wing beyond Queenhithe, in Thames-street, westward, mounts up from the water-side, through Dowgate, and Old Fish-street, into Watling-street: but the great fury of the fire was in the broader streets; in the midst of the night it was come down Cornhill, and laid it in the dust, and runs along by the Stocks, and there meets with another fire, which came down Threadneedle-street; a little further with another, which came up from Wallbrook; a little further with another, which comes up from Bucklersbury; and, all these four, joining together, break into one great flame at the corner of Cheapside, with such a dazzling light, and burning heat, and roaring noise, by the fall of so many houses together, that was very amazing; and though it were something stopt in its swift course at Mercers'-chapel, yet with great force in a while it conquers the place, and burns through it; and then, with great rage, proceedeth forward in Cheapside.

On Tuesday (the 4th) was the fire burning up the very bowels of London; Cheapside is all in a light, (fire in a few hours time,) many fires meeting there, as in the centre; from Soper-lane, Bow-lane, Breadstreet, Friday-street, and Old Change, the fire comes up almost together, and breaks furiously into the Broad-street, and most of that side of the way was together in flames, a dreadful spectacle; and then, partly by the fire which came down by Mercers'-chapel, partly by the fall of the houses cross the way, the other side is quickly kindled, and doth not stand long after it. Now the fire gets into Blackfriars, and so continues its course by the water, and makes up towards Paul's church, on that side, and Cheapside fire besets the great building on this side, and the church, though all of stone outward, though naked of houses about it, and though so high above all buildings in the city, yet, within a while, doth yield to the violent assaults of the conquering flames, and strangely takes fire at the top: now the lead melts and runs down, as if it had been snow before the sun; and the great beams and massy stones with a great noise fall on the pavement, and

break through into Faith church underneath; now great flakes of stone scale and peel off strangely from the side of the walls; the conqueror having got this high fort, darts its flames round about. Now Paternoster-row, Newgate-market, the Old Bailey, and Ludgate-hill, have submitted themselves to the devouring fire, which with wonderful speed rusheth down the hill into Fleet-street. Now Cheapside fire marcheth along Ironmonger-lane Old Jewry, Lawrence-lane, Milk-street, Woodstreet, Gutter-lane, Foster-lane. Now it runs along Lothbury, Cateaton-street, &c. From Newgate-market, it assaults Christchurch, and conquers that great building, and burns through Martin's-lane towards Aldersgate, and all about so furiously, as if it would not leave a house standing upon the ground.

Now horrible flakes of fire mount up the sky, and the yellow smoke of London ascendeth up towards heaven, like the smoke of a great furnace; a smoke so great, as darkened the sun at noonday: (if at any time the sun peeped forth, it looked red like blood:) the cloud of smoke was so great, that travellers did ride at noonday, some miles together, in the shadow thereof, though there were no other cloud beside to be seen in the sky.

And if Monday night was dreadful, Tuesday night was more dreadful, when far the greatest part of the city was consumed: many thousands who on Saturday had houses convenient in the city, both for themselves, and to entertain others, now have not where to lay their head; and the fields are the only receptacle which they can find for themselves and their goods; most of the late inhabitants of London lie all night in the open air, with no other canopy over them but that of the heavens: the fire is still making towards them, and threateneth the suburbs; it was amazing to see how it had spread itself several times in compass; and, amongst other things that night, the sight of Guildhall was a fearful spectacle, which stood the whole body of it together in view, for several hours together, after the fire had taken it, without flames, (I suppose because the timber was such solid oak,) in a bright shining coal, as if it had been a palace of gold, or a great building of burnished brass.

On Wednesday morning, (the 5th) when people expected that the suburbs would be burnt, as well as the city, and with speed were preparing their flight, as well

as they could, with their luggage into the countries, and neighbouring villages, then the Lord hath pity on poor London; his bowels began to relent; his heart is turned within him, and he stays his rough wind in the day of the east wind; his fury begins to be allayed; he hath a remnant of people in London, and there shall a remnant of houses escape: the wind now is hush'd; the commission of the fire is withdrawing, and it burns so gently, even where it meets with no opposition, that it was not hard to be quenched, in many places, with a few hands: now the citizens begin to gather a little heart, and encouragement in their endeavours to quench the fire. A check it had at Leadenhall by that great building; a stop it had in Bishopsgate-street, Fenchurch-street, Lime-street, Mark-lane, and towards the Tower; one means, under God, was the blowing up of houses with gunpowder. Now it is stayed in Lothbury Broad-street, Coleman-street; towards the gates it burnt, but not with any great violence; at the Temple also it is stayed, and in Holborn, where it had got no great footing; and when once the fire was got under, it was kept under, and on Thursday the flames were extinguished.

But on Wednesday night, when the people, late of London, now of the fields, hoped to get a little rest on the ground, where they had spread their beds, a more dreadful fear falls upon them than they had before, through a rumour that the French were coming armed against them to cut their throats, and spoil them of what they had saved out of the fire: they were now naked and weak, and in ill condition to defend themselves, and the hearts, especially of the females, do quake and tremble, and are ready to die within them; yet many citizens, having lost their houses, and almost all that they had, are fired with rage and fury: and they begin to stir up themselves like lions, or like bears bereaved of their whelps, and now "Arm! Arm!" doth resound the fields and suburbs with a dreadful voice. We may guess at the distress and perplexity of the people this night, which was something alleviated when the falseness of the alarm was perceived.

The ruins of the city were 396 acres; [viz. 333 acres within the walls, and 63 in the liberties of the city.] of the six and twenty wards, it utterly destroyed fifteen, and left eight others shattered, and half burnt; and it consumed 400

streets, 13,200 dwelling-houses, eighty nine churches, [besides chapels,] four of the city gates, Guildhall, many public structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, and a vast number of stately edifices.

The preceding relation by Thomas Vincent, with the philosophic Evelyn's, will acquaint the reader with as much as can here be told of the most direful visitations the metropolis ever suffered. Evelyn's account is in his "Diary," or "Memoirs" of himself, a manuscript which is known to have been preserved from probable destruction by Mr. Upcott.

John Evelyn's Narrative.

Sept. 2, 1666. This fatal night, about ten, began that deplorable fire near Fish-streete in London.

Sept. 3. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn, and went to the Bankside in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames neare the water side; all the houses from the bridge, all Thames-street, and upwards towards Cheapeside downe to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd.

The fire having continu'd all this night (if I may call that night which was as light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner,) when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season: I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole south part of the city burning from Cheapeside to the Thames, and all along Cornehill, (for it kind'l'd back against the wind as well as forward,) Tower-streete, Fenchurch-streete, Gracious-streete, and so along to Bainsard's-castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paule's church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonish'd, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, publiq halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from the other for the heate with a long set of faire and

warme weather, had even ignited the air, and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire which devour'd after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and every thing. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and oates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other, the carts, &c. carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not seen the like since the foundation of it, nor to be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, the light scene above forty miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above 10,000 houses all in one flame; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for neere two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke were dismall, and reach'd upon computation neer fifty miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. London was, but is no more!

Sept. 4. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple, all Fleete-streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate-hill, Warwick-lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling-streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes; the stones of Paules flew like granados, the melting lead running downc the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but the Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was the help of man.

Sept. 5. It crossed towards Whitehall; Oh, the confusion there was then at that court! it pleased his majesty to command me among the rest to looke after the

quenching of Fetter-lane end, to preserve if possible that part of Holborn, while the rest of the gentlemen tooke their severall posts (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across), and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet ben made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines; this some stout seamen propos'd early enough to have sav'd neere the whole city, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, &c. would not permit, because their houses must have ben of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practic'd, and my concern being particularly for the hospital of St. Bartholomew neere Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it, nor was my care for the Savoy lesse. It now pleas'd God by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noone, so as it came no farther than the Temple westward, nor than the entrance of Smithfield north; but continu'd all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower, as made us all despaire: it also broke out againe in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soone made, as with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing ruines by neere a furlong's space.

The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about St. George's Fields, and Moorefields, as far as Highgate, and severall miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills, bed or board, who from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accommodations in statefully and well furnish'd houses, were now reduc'd to extreamest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruine was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound.

Sept 7. I went this morning on foote

from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, thro' the late Fleete-streete, Ludgate-hill, by St. Pauls, Cheapeside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorefields, thence thro' Cornehille, &c. with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feete was so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the mean time his majesty got to the Tower by water to demolish the houses about the graff, which being built intirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten downe and destroy'd all the bridge, but sunke and torne the vessells in the river, and render'd the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At my return I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly church St. Pauls now a sad ruine, and that beautifull portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repair'd by the king,) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, shewing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcin'd, so that all the ornaments, columns, freezes, and projectures of massie Portland stone flew off, even to the very roofe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally melted; the ruines of the vaulted roofe falling broke into St. Faith's, which being fill'd with the magazines of bookes belonging to the stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the east end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most antient pieces of early piety in the christian world, besides neere one hundred more. The lead, yron worke, bells, plate. &c. melted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers'-chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabriq of Christ church, all the rest of the companies halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all in dust; the fountaines dried up and ruin'd whilst the very waters remain'd boiling; the vorrago's of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still

burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about I did not see one load of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow. The people who now walk'd about the ruines appear'd like men in a dismal desert, or rather in some great citty laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures bodies, beds, &c. Sir Tho. Gresham's statue, tho' fallen from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remain'd intire, when all those of the kings since the conquest were broken to pieces, also the standærd in Cornehill, and Q. Elizabeth's effigies, with some armes on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the cittie streetes, hinges, bars and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement beate. I was not able to passe through any of the narrow streetes, but kept the widest, the ground and aire, smoake and fiery vapour, continu'd so intense that my haire was almost sing'd, and my feete unsufferably surheated. The bie lanes and narrower streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish, nor could one have knowne where he was, but by the ruines of some church or hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispers'd and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploring their losse, and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His majesty and council indeede tooke all imaginable care for their reliefe by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In the midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarme begun, that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not onely landed, but even entering the city, There was in truth some days before greate suspicion of those two nations joyning; and now, that they had been the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrifie, that on a suddaine there was such an uproare and tumult that they ran from their goods, and, taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopp'd from falling on some of

those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines and greate difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troopes of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields againe, where they were watch'd all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into the suburbs about the city, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter.

The essential particulars of Evelyn's narrative being ended, it may be observed that a discontinued periodical miscellany notices at the end of "Littleton's Dictionary," an inscription for the monument (on Fish-street-hill), wherein this very learned scholar proposes a name for it, in a word which extends through seven degrees of longitude. It is designed to commemorate the names of the seven lord mayors of London, under whose respective mayoralties the monument was begun, continued, and completed:—

Quam non unâ aliqua ac simplici voce, uti
istam quondam *Duilianam* ;
Sed, ut vero eam Nomine indigites, Vocabulo
constructiliter *Heptastego*.

FORDO—WATERMANNO—HANSONO—HOOK-
ERO

VINERO—SHELDONO—DAVISIANAM
Appellites oportebit.

Well might Adam Littleton call this an
heptastic vocable, rather than a word.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Golden Rod *Solidago virgaurea*
Dedicated to *St. Margaret*.

September 3.

St. Simeon Stylites, the younger, A. D. 592. *St. Remachus*, Bp. of Maestricht, A. D. 664. *St. Mansuet*, first Bp. of Toul, in Lorrain, A. D. 375. *St. Macrius*, first Bp. of Connor, in Ireland, A. D. 513.

Proclamation of

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

This is the only Fair now held within

the city of London, and, as introductory to an account of this annual scene, it is necessary to notice that it has been the custom from time immemorial for one of the four attorneys of the lord mayor's court, who may happen to be what is termed the attorney in waiting, (and which duty in respect of proclaiming the Fair for the last seven years has devolved upon Mr. Carter,) to accompany the lord mayor in his state carriage from the Mansion-house to Smithfield, on the day whereon the Fair is proclaimed, which is on the 3d of September, unless Sunday should fall on that day. The proclamation is read at the gate leading into Cloth-fair by the lord mayor's attorney, and repeated after him by a sheriff's officer, in the presence of the lord mayor and sheriffs, and also of the aldermen, (if they attend, but who, though summoned for that purpose, seldom appear.) The procession afterwards proceeds round Smithfield, and returns to the Mansion-house, where, in the afternoon, the gentlemen of his lordship's household dine together at the sword-bearer's table, and thus the ceremony is concluded. It was also the custom of the procession to stop at Newgate to drink to the governor's health, but this practice was discontinued in the second mayoralty of Mr. Alderman Wood.

The following is a copy of the proclamation from the parchment-roll now used:—

"*Form of the Proclamation of Bartholomew Fair made at the Great Gate going into the Cloth Fair, Smithfield.*

"OYEZ, 3 times.

"*The Right Honourable [John Garratt] Lord Mayor of the CITY of LONDON*, and his right Worshipful Brethren the Aldermen of the said City, streightly charge and command, on the behalf of our Sovereign Lord the King, That all manner of Persons of whatsoever Estate, Degree, or Condition they be, having recourse to this Fair, keep the Peace of our said Sovereign Lord the King.

"THAT no manner of Persons shall make any Congregation, Conventicles, or Affrays, by the which the same peace may be broken or disturbed, upon pain of Imprisonment, and Fine, to be made after the discretion of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen.

"ALSO, that all manner of Sellers of

* *Æthnæum*.

Wine, Ale, or Beer, sell by measures ensealed, as by Gallon, Pottle, Quart and Pint, upon pain that will fall thereof.

“AND, that no person sell any Bread, but it be good and wholesome for Man’s Body, upon pain that will fall thereof.

“AND, that no manner of Cook, Pye-baker, nor Huckster, sell, nor put to sale, any manner of Victual, except it be good and wholesome for Man’s Body, upon pain that will fall thereof.

“AND, that no manner of Person buy nor sell, but with true weights and measures, sealed according to the Statute, in that behalf made, upon pain that will fall thereof.

“AND, that no manner of person or persons take upon him, or them, within this Fair, to make any manner of arrest, attachment, summons, or execution; except it be done by the Officers of this City, thereunto assigned, upon pain that will fall thereof.

“AND, that no person or persons whatsoever, within the limits and bounds of this Fair, presume to break the Lord’s day in selling, shewing, or offering to Sale, or in buying, or in offering to buy, any Commodities whatsoever; or in sitting tippling, or drinking in any Tavern, Inn, Alehouse, Tipling House or Cook house; or in doing any other thing that may tend to the breach thereof, upon the pain and penalties contained in several Acts of Parliament, which will be severally inflicted upon the Breakers thereof.

“AND, finally, that what person soever find themselves aggrieved, injured, or wronged, by any manner of Person in this Fair, that they come with their Plaints before the Stewards in this Fair assigned to hear and determine Pleas, and they will minister to all parties, Justice, according to the Laws of this Land, and the Customs of this City.

God save the King.

“IT IS ORDERED that this Fair do finally close on [Wednesday] next.

“N. B. This Fair continues 3 days, exclusive of the day of Proclamation.”

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Fleabane. *Inula dysenterica*

Dedicated to *St. Simeon Stylites Jun.*

September 4.

Sts. Marcellus and Valerian, A. D. 179.
Translation of St. Cuthbert. St. Ida,

Widow, 9th Cent. *St. Rosalia*, A. D. 1160
St. Rosa of Viterbo, A. D. 1252. *St. Ultan*, Irish Bp. A. D. 655.

Bartholomew Fair.

This day in the year, 1825, being Sunday, Bartholomew Fair was wholly suspended. Yet many thousands of persons walking for recreation, repaired to Smithfield and viewed its appearance. The city officers most strictly enforced observance of the day; one keeper of a gingerbread-stall who plied for custom, and refractorily persisted, was taken into custody, and held in prison, till he could be carried before a magistrate on the following day, when he was fined for his offence.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Sapwort. *Saponaria officinalis*.

Dedicated to *St. Rosalia*.

September 5.

St. Laurence Justinian, first Patriarch of Venice, A. D. 1455. *St. Bertin*, Abbot, A. D. 709. *St. Alto*, Abbot, 8th Cent.

Bartholomew Fair.

1825. On this day, Monday the 5th, the Fair was resumed, when the editor of the *Every-Day Book* accurately surveyed it throughout. From his notes made on the spot he reports the following particulars of what he there observed.

VISIT TO

Bartholomew Fair.

At ten o’clock this morning I entered Smithfield from Giltspur-street. [Mem. This way towards Smithfield was anciently called *Gilt Spurre*, or *Knight-Riders Street*, because of the knights, who in quality of their honour wore gilt spurs, and who, with others, rode that way to the tournaments, justings, and other feats of arms used in Smithfield.*]

On this day there were small *uncovered stalls*, from the Skinner-street corner of Giltspur-street, beginning with the beginning of the churchyard, along the whole length of the churchyard. On the opposite side of Giltspur-street there were like stalls, uncovered, from Newgate-street corner, in front of the Compter-prison, in Giltspur-street. At these stalls were

sold oysters, fruit, inferior kinds of cheap toys, common gingerbread, small wicker-baskets, and other articles of trifling value. They seemed to be mere casual standings, taken up by petty dealers, and chapmen in small ware, who lacked means to purchase room, and furnish out a tempting display. Their stalls were set out from the channel into the roadway. One man occupied upwards of twenty feet of the road lengthwise, with discontinued wood-cut pamphlets, formerly published weekly at twopence, which he spread out on the ground, and sold at a halfpenny each in great quantities; he also had large folio bible prints, at a halfpenny each, and prints from magazines at four a penny. The fronts of these standings were towards the passengers in the carriage-way. They terminated, as before observed, with the northern ends of St. Sepulchre's churchyard on one side, and the Compter on the other. Then, with occasional distances of three or four feet for footways, from the road to the pavement, began lines of *covered* stalls, with their open fronts opposite the fronts of the house, and close to the curb stone, and their enclosed backs in the road. On the St. Sepulchre's side, they extended to Cock-lane, from Cock-lane to the house of Mr. Blacket, clothier and mercer, at the Smithfield corner of Giltspur-street; then, turning the corner of his house into Smithfield, they continued to Hosier-lane, and from thence all along the west side of Smithfield to the Cow-lane corner, where, on that side, they terminated at that corner, in a line with the opposite corner leading to St. John-street, where the line was resumed, and ran thitherward to Smithfield-bars, and there on the west side ended. Crossing over to the east side, and returning south, these covered stalls commenced opposite to their termination on the west, and ran towards Smithfield, turning into which they ran westerly towards the pig-market, and from thence to Long-lane; from Long-lane, they ran along the east side of Smithfield to the great gate of Cloth-fair, and so from Duke-street, went on the south side, to the great front gate of Bartholomew-hospital, and from thence to the carriage entrance of the hospital, from whence they were continued along Giltspur-street to the Compter, where they joined the *uncovered* stalls before described. These *covered* stalls, thus surrounding Smithfield, belonged to dealers

in gingerbread, toys, hardware, garters, pocket-books, trinkets, and articles of all prices, from a halfpenny to a half-sovereign. The gingerbread stalls varied in size, and were conspicuously fine, from the dutch gold on their different shaped ware. The largest stalls were the toy-seller's; some of these had a frontage of five and twenty feet, and many of eighteen. The usual frontage of the stalls was eight, ten, and twelve feet; they were six feet six inches, or seven feet, high in front, and from four feet six inches, to five feet, in height at the back, and all formed of canvass, tightly stretched across light poles and railing; the canvass roofings declined pent-house-ways to the backs, which were enclosed by canvass to the ground. The fronts, as before mentioned, were entirely open to the thronging passengers, for whom a clear way was preserved on the pavements between the fronts of the stalls and the fronts of the houses, all of which necessarily had their shutters up and their doors closed.

The *shows* of all kinds had their fronts towards the area of Smithfield, and their backs close against the backs of the stalls, without any passage between them in any part. There not being any shows or booths, save as thus described, the area of Smithfield was entirely open. Thus, any one standing in the carriage-way might see all the shows at one view. They surrounded and bounded Smithfield entirely, except on the north side, which small part alone was without shows, for they were limited to the other three sides; namely, Cloth-fair side, Bartholomew-hospital side, and Hosier-lane side. Against the pens in the centre, there were not any shows, but the space between the pens and the shows quite free for spectators, and persons making their way to the exhibitions. Yet, although no coach, cart, or vehicle of any kind, was permitted to pass, this immense unobstructed carriage-way was so thronged, as to be wholly impassable. Officers were stationed at the entrance of Giltspur-street, Hosier-lane, and Duke-street, to prevent carriages and horsemen from entering. The only ways by which they were allowed ingress to Smithfield at all, were through Cow-lane, Chick-lane, Smithfield-bars, and Long-lane; and then they were to go on, and pass without stopping, through one or other of these entrances, and without turning into the body of the Fair, wherein were the shows;

Thus the extent of carriage-way was bounded from Cow-lane to Long-lane, in a right line, nor were carriages or horses suffered to stand or linger, but the riders or drivers were compelled to go about their business, if business they had, or to alight for their pleasure, and enter the Fair, if they came thither in search of pleasure. So was order so far preserved; and the city officers, to whom was committed the power of enforcing it, exercised their duty rigorously, and properly; because, to their credit, they swerved not from their instructions, and did not give just cause of offence to any whom the regulations displeased.

The *sheep-pens* occupying the area of Smithfield, heretofore the great public cookery at Fair times, was this day resorted to by boys and others in expectation of steaming abundance; nor were they disappointed. The pens immediately contiguous to the passage through them from Bartholomew-hospital-gate towards Smithfield-bars, were not, as of old, decked out and denominated, as they were within recollection, with boughs and inscriptions tempting hungry errand boys, sweeps, scavengers, dustmen, drovers, and bullock-hankers to the "princely pleasures" within the "Brighton Pavilion," the "Royal Eating Room," "Fair Rosamond's Bower," the "New London Tavern," and the "Imperial Hotel:" these names were not:—nor were there any denominations; but there was sound, and smell, and sight, from sausages almost as large as thumbs, fried in miniature dripping-pans by old women, over fires in saucepans; and there were oysters, which were called "fine and fat," because their shells were as large as tea saucers. Cloths were spread on tables or planks, with plates, knives and forks, pepper and salt, and, above all, those alluring condiments to persons of the rank described, mustard and vinegar. Here they came in crowds; each selecting his *table-d'hote*, dined handsomely for threepence, and sumptuously for fourpence. The purveyors seemed aware of the growing demand for cleanliness of appearance, and whatever might be the quality of the viands, they were served up in a more decent way than many of the consumers were evidently accustomed to. Some of them seemed appalled by being in "good company," and handled their knives and forks in a manner which bespoke the embarrassment of "dining in public" with such implements.

My object in going to Bartholomew Fair was to observe its present state, and record it as I witnessed it in the *Every-Day Book*. I therefore first took a perambulatory view of the exterior, from Giltspur-street, and keeping to the left, went completely round Smithfield, on the pavement, till I returned to the same spot; from thence I ventured "to take the road" in the same direction, examined the promising show-cloths and inscriptions on each show, and shall now describe or mention every show in the Fair. It may be more interesting to read some years hence than now. Feeling that our ancestors have slenderly acquainted us with what was done here in their time, and presuming that our posterity may cultivate the "wisdom of looking backward" in some degree, as we do with the higher wisdom of "looking forward," I write as regards Bartholomew Fair, rather to amuse the future, than to inform the present, generation.

SHOW I.

This was the first show, and stood at the corner of Hosier-lane. The inscription outside, painted in black letters, a little more than an inch in height, on a piece of white linen, was as follows:—

"Murder of Mr. Weare, and Probert's cottage.—The Execution of William Probert.

"A View to be seen here of the Visit of Queen Sheba to King Solomon on the Throne.—Daniel in the Den of Lions.—St. Paul's Conversion.—The Tower of Babel.—The Greenland Whale-Fishery.—The Battle of Waterloo.—A View of the City of Dublin.—Coronation of George IV."

This was what is commonly, but erroneously called a puppet-show; it consisted of scenes rudely painted, successively let down by strings pulled by the showman; and was viewed through eye-glasses of magnifying power, the spectators standing on the ground. A green curtain from a projecting rod was drawn round them while viewing. "Only a penny—only a penny," cried the showman; I paid my penny, and saw the first and the meanest show in the Fair.

SHOW II.

"Only a penny—only a penny, walk up—pray walk up." So called out a man with a loud voice, on an elevated stage, while a long drum and hurdy-gurdy played away; I complied with the invitation,

and went in to see what the show-cloths described, “Miss HIPSON, *the Middlesex Wonder*; *the Largest Child in the Kingdom, when young the Handsomest Child in the World.*—*The Persian Giant.*—*The Fair Circassian with Silver Hair.*—*The Female Dwarf, Two Feet, Eleven Inches high.*—*Two Wild Indians from the Malay*

Islands in the East,” and other wonders. One of these “Wild Indians” had figured outside the show, in the posture represented in the engraving; in that position he was sketched by an artist who accompanied me into the show, and who there drew the “little lady” and the “gigantic child,” Miss Hipson.



Miss Hipson; the Female Dwarf; and the Malay.

When a company had collected, they were shown from the floor of a caravan on wheels, one side whereof was taken out, and replaced by a curtain, which was either drawn to, or thrown back as occasion required. After the audience had dispersed, I was permitted by the proprietor of the show, Nicholas Maughan, of Ipswich, Suffolk, to go “behind the curtain,” where the artist completed his sketches, while I entered into conversation with the persons exhibited. Miss Hipson, only twelve years of age, is remarkably gigantic, or rather corpulent, for her age, pretty, well-behaved, and well-informed; she weighed sixteen stone a few months before, and has since increased in size; she has ten brothers and sisters, nowise remarkable in appearance: her father, who is dead, was a bargeman at Brentford. The name of the “little lady” is Lydia Walpole, she was born at Addiscombe,

near Yarmouth, and is sociable, agreeable, and intelligent. The fair Circassian is of pleasing countenance and manners. The Persian giant is a good-natured, tall, stately negro. The two Malays could not speak English, except, however, three words, “drop o’ rum,” which they repeated with great glee. One of them, with long hair reaching below the waist, exhibited the posture of drawing a bow; Mr. Maughan described them as being passionate, and showed me a severe wound on his finger which the little one, in the engraving, had given him by biting, while he endeavoured to part him and his countryman, during a quarrel a few days ago. A “female giant” was one of the attractions to this exhibition, but she could not be shown for illness: Miss Hipson described her to be a very good young woman.

There was an appearance of ease and

good condition, with content of mind, in the persons composing this show, which induced me to put several questions to them, and I gathered that I was not mistaken in my conjecture. They described themselves as being very comfortable, and that they were taken great care of, and well treated by the proprietor, Mr. Maughan, and his partner in the show. The "little lady" had a thorough good character from Miss Hipson as an affectionate creature; and it seems the females obtained exercise by rising early, and being carried into the country in a post-chaise, where they walked and thus maintained their health. This was to me the most pleasing show in the Fair.

SHOW III.

The inscription outside was,
Ball's Theatre.

Here I saw a man who balanced chairs on his chin, and holding a knife in his mouth, balanced a sword on the edge of the knife; he then put a pewter plate on the hilt of the sword horizontally, and so balanced the sword with the plate on the edge of the knife as before, the plate having previously received a rotary motion, which it communicated to the sword and was preserved during the balancing. He then balanced the sword and plate in like manner, with a crown-piece placed edge-wise between the point of the sword and the knife, and afterwards with two crown-pieces, and then with a key. These feats were accompanied by the grimaces of a clown, and succeeded by children tumbling, and a female who danced a horn-pipe. A learned horse found out a lady in the company who wished to be married; a gentleman who preferred a quart of beer to going to church to hear a good sermon; a lady who liked to lie abed in the morning; and made other discoveries which he was requested to undertake by his master in language not only "offensive to ears polite," but to common decency. The admission to this show was a penny.

SHOW IV.

Atkin's Menagerie.

This inscription was in lamps on one of the largest shows in the fair. The display of show-cloths representing some of the animals exhibited within, reached about forty feet in height, and extended probably the same width. The admission was sixpence. As a curiosity, and because it is a singularly descriptive list, the printed bill of the show is subjoined.

"MORE WONDERS IN ATKINS'S ROYAL MENAGERIE.

"Under the Patronage of HIS MAJESTY.



"Wonderful Phenomenon in Nature
The singular and hitherto deemed impossible occurrence of a LION and TIGRESS cohabiting and producing young has actually taken place in this menagerie, at Windsor. The tigress, on Wednesday, the 27th of October last, produced three fine cubs; one of them strongly resembles the tigress; the other two are of a lighter colour, but striped. Mr. Atkin had the honour (through the kind intervention of the marquis of Conyngham, of exhibiting the lion-tigers to his majesty, on the first of November, 1824, at the Royal Lodge, Windsor Great Park when his majesty was pleased to observe they were the greatest curiosity of the beast creation he ever witnessed.

"The royal striped *Bengal Tigress* has again whelped three fine cubs, (April 22,) two males and one female: the males are white, but striped; the female resembles the tigress, and singular to observe she fondles them with all the care of an attentive mother. The sire of the young cubs is the noble male lion. This remarkable instance of subdued temper and association of animals to permit the keeper to enter their den, and introduce their young to the spectators, is the greatest phenomenon in natural philosophy.

"That truly singular and wonderful animal, the AUROCHOS. Words can only convey but a very confused idea of this animal's shape, for there are few so remarkably formed. Its head is furnished with two large horns, growing from the forehead, in a form peculiar to no other animal; from the nostrils to the forehead, is a stiff tuft of hair, and underneath the jaw to the neck is a similar brush of hair, and between the fore legs is hair growing about a foot and a half long. The mane is like that of a horse, white, tinged with black, with a beautiful long flowing white tail; the eye remarkably keen, and as large as the eye of the elephant: colour of the animal, dark chesnut; the appearance of the head, in some degree similar to the buffalo, and in some part formed

like the goat, the hoof being divided ; such is the general outline of this quadruped, which seems to partake of several species. This beautiful animal was brought over by captain White, from the south of Africa, and landed in England, September 20, 1823, and is the same animal so frequently mistaken by travellers for the unicorn: further to describe its peculiarities would occupy too much space in a handbill. The only one in England.

“ That colossal animal, the wonderful performing

Elephant,

Upwards of ten feet high!!—Five tons weight!! His consumption of hay, corn, straw, carrots, water, &c, exceeds 800lbs. daily. The elephant, the human race excepted, is the most respectable of animals. In size, he surpasses all other terrestrial creatures, and by far exceeds any other travelling animal in England. He has ivory tusks, four feet long, one standing out on each side of his trunk. His trunk serves him instead of hands and arms, with which he can lift up and seize the smallest as well as the largest objects. He alone drags machines which six horses cannot move. To his prodigious strength, he adds courage, prudence, and an exact obedience. He remembers favours as long as injuries: in short, the sagacity and knowledge of this extraordinary animal are beyond any thing human imagination can possibly suggest. He will lie down and get up at the word of command, notwithstanding the many fabulous tales of their having no joints in their legs. He will take a sixpence from the floor, and place it in a box he has in the caravan; bolt and unbolt a door; take his keeper's hat off, and replace it; and by the command of his keeper will perform so many wonderful tricks, that he will not only astonish and entertain the audience, but justly prove himself the half-reasoning beast. He is the only elephant now travelling.

“ A full grown LION and LIONESS, with four cubs, produced December 12, 1824, at Cheltenham.

“ *Male Bengal Tiger*. Next to the lion, the tiger is the most tremendous of the carnivorous class; and whilst he possesses all the bad qualities of the former, seems to be a stranger to the good ones: to pride, to strength, to courage, the lion adds greatness, and sometimes, perhaps,

clemency; while the tiger, without provocation, is fierce—without necessity, is cruel. Instead of instinct, he hath nothing but a uniform rage, a blind fury, so blind, indeed, so undistinguishing, that he frequently devours his own progeny; and if the tigress offers to defend them, he tears in pieces the dam herself.

“ The *Onagra*, a native of the Levant, the eastern parts of Asia, and the northern parts of Africa. This race differs from the zebra by the size of the body, (which is larger,) slenderness of the legs, and lustre of the hair. The only one now alive in England.

“ *Two Zebras*, one full grown, the other in its infant state, in which it seems as if the works of art had been combined with those of nature in this wonderful production. In symmetry of shape, and beauty of colour, it is the most elegant of all quadrupeds ever presented; uniting the graceful figure of a horse, with the fleetness of a stag: beautifully striped with regular lines, black and white.

“ A Nepaul *Bison*, only twenty-four inches high.

“ *Panther*, or spotted tiger of Buenos Ayres, the only one travelling.

“ A pair of *rattle-tail Porcupines*.

“ Striped untameable *Hyæna*, or tiger wolf.

“ An elegant *Leopard*, the handsomest marked animal ever seen.

“ Spotted *Laughing Hyæna*, the same kind of animal described never to be tamed; but singular to observe, it is perfectly tame, and its attachment to a dog in the same den is very remarkable.

“ The spotted *Cavy*.

“ Pair of *Jackalls*.

“ Pair of interesting *Sledge Dogs* brought over by captain Parry from one of the northern expeditions: they are used by the Esquimaux to draw the sledges on the ice, which they accomplish with great velocity.

“ A pair of *Raccoons*, from North America.

“ The *Oggouta*, from Java.

“ A pair of *Jennetts*, or wild cats

“ The *Coatimondi*, or ant-eater.

“ A pair of those extraordinary and rare birds, PELICANS of the wilderness. The only two alive in the three kingdoms—These birds have been represented on all crests and coats of arms, to cut their breasts open with the points of their bills, and feed their young with their own blood, and are justly allowed by all authors to

be the greatest curiosity of the feathered tribe.

“*Ardea Dubia*, or adjutant of Bengal, gigantic emew, or Linnæus’s southern ostrich. The peculiar characteristics that distinguish this bird from the rest of the feathered tribe;—it comes from Brazil, in the new continent; it stands from eight to nine feet high when full grown; it is too large to fly, but is capable of out-running the fleetest horses of Arabia; what is still more singular, every quill produces two feathers. The only one travelling.

“A pair of rapacious *Condor-Minors*, from the interior of South America, the largest birds of flight in the world when full grown; it is the same kind of bird the Indians have asserted to carry off a deer or young calf in their talons, and two of them are sufficient to destroy a buffalo, and the wings are as much as eighteen feet across.

“The great *Horned Owl* of Bohemia. Several species of gold and silver pheasants, of the most splendid plumage, from China and Peru. Yellow-crested cockatoo. Scarlet and buff macaws.—Admittance to see the whole menagerie, 1s.—Children, 6d.—Open from ten in the forenoon till feeding-time, half-past-nine, 2s.”

Here ends Atkins’s bill; which was plentifully stuck against the outside, and the people “tumbled up” in crowds, to the sound of clarionets, trombones, and a long drum, played by eight performers in scarlet beef-eater coats, with wild-skin caps, who sat fronting the crowd, while a stentorian showman called out “don’t be deceived; the great performing elephant—the only lion and tigress in one den that are to be seen in the Fair, or the proprietor will forfeit a thousand guineas! Walk in! walk in!” I paid my sixpence, and certainly the idea of the exhibition raised by the invitation and the programme, was in no respect overcharged. The “menagerie” was thoroughly clean, and the condition of the assembled animals, told that they were well taken care of. The elephant, with his head through the bars of his cage, whisked his proboscis diligently in search of eatables from the spectators, who supplied him with fruit or biscuits, or handed him halfpence, which he uniformly conveyed by his trunk to a retailer of gingerbread, and got the money’s-worth in return. Then he unbolted the door to let in his keeper,

and bolted it after him; took up a sixpence with his trunk, lifted the lid of a little box fixed against the wall and deposited it within it, and some time afterwards relifted the lid, and taking out the sixpence with a single motion, returned it to the keeper; he knelt down when told, fired off a blunderbuss, took off the keeper’s hat, and afterwards replaced it on his head with as fitting propriety as the man’s own hand could have done; in short, he was perfectly docile, and performed various feats that justified the reputation of his species for high understanding. The keeper showed every animal in an intelligent manner, and answered the questions of the company readily and with civility. His conduct was rewarded by a good parcel of halfpence, when his hat went round with a hope, that “the ladies and gentlemen would not forget the keeper before he showed the lion and the tigress.” The latter was a beautiful young animal, with two playful cubs about the size of bulldogs, but without the least fierceness. When the man entered the den, they frolicked and climbed about him like kittens; he took them up in his arms, bolted them in a back apartment, and after playing with the tigress a little, threw back a partition which separated her den from the lion’s, and then took the lion by the beard. This was a noble animal; he was couching, and being inclined to take his rest, only answered the keeper’s command to rise, by extending his whole length, and playfully putting up one of his magnificent paws, as a cat does when in a good humour. The man then took a short whip, and after a smart lash or two upon his back, the lion rose with a yawn, and fixed his eye on his keeper with a look that seemed to say—“Well, I suppose I must humour you.” The man then sat down at the back of the den, with his back against the partition, and after some ordering and coaxing, the tigress sat on his right hand, and the lion on his left, and, all three being thus seated, he threw his arms round their necks, played with their noses, and laid their heads in his lap. He arose and the animals with him; the lion stood in a fine majestic position, but the tigress reared, and putting one foot over his shoulder, and patting him with the other, as if she had been frolicking with one of her cubs, he was obliged to check her playfulness. Then by coaxing, and pushing him about, he caused the

lion to sit down, and while in that position opened the animal's ponderous jaws with his hands, and thrust his face down into the lion's throat, wherein he snouted, and there held his head nearly a minute. After this he held up a common hoop for the tigress to leap through, and she did it frequently. The lion seemed more difficult to move to this sport. He did not appear to be excited by command or entreaty; at last, however, he went through the hoop, and having been once roused, repeated the action several times; the hoop was scarcely two feet in diameter. The exhibition of these two animals concluded by the lion lying down on his side, when the keeper stretched himself to his whole length upon him, and then calling to the tigress she jumped upon the man, extended herself with her paws upon his shoulders, placed her face sideways upon his, and the whole three lay quiescent till the keeper suddenly slipped himself off the lion's side, with the tigress on him, and the trio gambolled and rolled about on the floor of the den, like playful children on the floor of a nursery.

Of the beasts there is not room to say more, than that their number was surprising, considering that they formed a better selected collection, and showed in higher condition from cleanliness and good feeding, than any assemblage I ever saw. Their variety and beauty, with the usual accessory of monkeys, made a splendid picture. The birds were equally admirable, especially the pelicans, and the emew. This sixpenny "show" would have furnished a dozen sixpenny "shows," at least, to a "Bartlemy Fair" twenty years ago.

SHOW V.

This was a mare with seven *feet*, in a small temporary stable in the passage-way from the road to the foot-pavement, opposite the George Inn, and adjoining to the next show: the admission to this "sight" was threepence. The following is a copy of the printed bill:—

"To Sportsmen and Naturalists.—Now exhibiting, one of the greatest living natural curiosities in the world; namely, a thorough-bred chesnut MARE, with seven legs! four years of age, perfectly sound, free from blemish, and shod on six of her feet. She is very fleet in her paces, being descended from that famous horse Julius Cæsar, out of a thorough-bred race mare descended from Eclipse, and is re-

markably docile and temperate. She is the property of Mr. T. Checketts, of Belgrave-hall, Leicestershire, and will be exhibited for a few days as above."

This mare was well worth seeing. Each of her hind legs, besides its natural and well-formed foot, had another growing out from the fetlock joint: one of these additions was nearly the size of the natural foot; the third and least grew from the same joint of the fore-leg. Mr. Andrews, the proprietor, said, that they grew slowly, and that the new hoofs were, at first, very soft, and exuded during the process of growth. This individual, besides his notoriety from the possession of this extraordinary mare, attained further distinction by having prosecuted to conviction, at the Warwick assizes, in August, 1825, a person named Andrews, for swindling. He complained bitterly of the serious expense he had incurred in bringing the depredator to justice; his own costs, he said, amounted to the sum of one hundred and seventy pounds.

SHOW VI.

Richardson's Theatre.

The outside of this show was in height upwards of thirty feet, and occupied one hundred feet in width. The platform on the outside was very elevated; the back of it was lined with green baize, and festooned with deeply-fringed crimson curtains, except at two places where the money-takers sat, which were wide and roomy projections, fitted up like gothic shrine-work, with columns and pinnacles. There were fifteen hundred variegated illumination-lamps disposed over various parts of this platform, some of them depending from the top in the shape of chandeliers and lustres, and others in wreaths and festoons. A band of ten performers in scarlet dresses, similar to those worn by beef-eaters, continually played on clarionets, violins, trombones, and the long drum; while the performers paraded in their gayest "properties" before the gazing multitude. Audiences rapidly ascended on each performance being over, and paying their money to the receivers in their gothic seats, had tickets in return; which, being taken at the doors, admitted them to descend into the "theatre." The following "bill of the play" was obtained at the doors upon being requested:—

* * Change of Performance each Day.

—
RICHARDSON'S
THEATRE.
 —

This Day will be performed, an entire New Melo-Drama, called the

WANDERING
OUTLAW,

Or, the Hour of Retribution.

Gustavus, Elector of Saxony, *Mr. Wright.*

Orsina, Baron of Holstein, *Mr. Cooper.*

U'ric and Albert, Vassals to Orsina,

Messrs. Grove and Moore.

St. Clair, the Wandering Outlaw, *Mr. Smith.*

Rinalda, the Accusing Spirit, *Mr. Darling.*

Monks, Vassals, Hunters, &c.

Rosabella, Wife to the Outlaw, *Mrs. Smith.*

Nuns and Ladies.

—
 The Piece concludes with the DEATH of
 ORSINA, and the Appearance of the
ACCUSING SPIRIT.

—
*The Entertainments to conclude with a New
 Comic Harlequinade, with New Scenery,
 Tricks, Dresses, and Decorations, called,*

HARLEQUIN
FAUSTUS!

OR, THE

DEVIL WILL HAVE HIS OWN.

Luciferno, *Mr. THOMAS.*

Dæmon Amozor, afterwards Pantaloon,

Mr. WILKINSON.—Dæmon Ziokos, after-

wards Clown, *Mr. HAYWARD.*—Vio-

lencello Player, *Mr. HARTEM.*—Baker,

Mr. THOMPSON.—Landlord, *Mr. WIL-*

KINS.—Fisherman, *Mr. RAE.*—Doctor

Faustus, afterwards Harlequin, *Mr.*

SALTER.

Adelacá, afterwards Columbine,

MISS WILMOT.

Attendant Dæmons, Sprites, Fairies, Bal-

lad Singers, Flower Girls, &c. &c.

—
The Pantomime will finish with

A SPLENDID PANORAMA,

Painted by the First Artists.

—
BOXES, 2s. PIT, 1s GALLERY, 6d.

—
 The theatre was about one hundred feet long, and thirty feet wide, hung all round with green baize, and crimson festoons.

"Ginger beer, apples, nuts, and a bill of the play," were cried; the charge for a bill to a person not provided with one was "a penny." The seats were rows of planks, rising gradually from the ground at the end, and facing the stage, without any distinction of "boxes, pit, or gallery." The stage was elevated, and there was a painted proscenium like that in a regular theatre, with a green curtain, and the king's arms above, and an orchestra lined with crimson cloth, and five violin-players in military dresses. Between the orchestra and the bottom row of seats, was a large space, which, after the seats were filled, and greatly to the discomfiture of the lower seat-holders, was nearly occupied by spectators. There were at least a thousand persons present.

The curtain drew up and presented the "Wandering Outlaw," with a forest scene and a cottage; the next scene was a castle; the third was another scene in the forest. The second act commenced with a scene of an old church and a market-place. The second scene was a prison, and a ghost appeared to the tune of the "evening hymn." The third scene was the castle that formed the second scene in the first act, and the performance was here enlivened by a murder. The fourth scene was rocks, with a cascade, and there was a procession to an unexecuted execution; for a ghost appeared, and saved the "Wandering Outlaw" from a fierce-looking headsman, and the piece ended. Then a plump little woman sung, "He loves and he rides away," and the curtain drew up to "Harlequin Faustus," wherein, after columbine and a clown, the most flaming character was the devil, with a red face and hands, in a red Spanish mantle and vest, red "continuations," stockings and shoes ditto to follow, a red Spanish hat and plume above, and a red "brass bugle horn." As soon as the fate of "Faustus" was concluded, the sound of a gong announced the happy event, and these performances were, in a quarter of an hour, repeated to another equally intelligent and brilliant audience.

SHOW VII.

ONLY A PENNY.

There never was such times, indeed!

NERO

The largest Lion in the Fair for a Hundred Guineas!

These inscriptions, with figured show-cloths, were in front of a really good ev

hibition of a fine lion, with leopards, and various other "beasts of the forest." They were mostly docile and in good condition. One of the leopards was carried by his keeper a pick-a-back. Such a show for "only a penny" was astonishing.

SHOW VIII.

"SAMWELL'S COMPANY."

Another penny show: "The Wonderful Children on the Tight Rope, and Dancing Horse, Only a Penny!" I paid my penny to the money-taker, a slender fine lady," with three feathers in a jewelled turban," and a dress of blue and white muslin and silver; and within-while I saw the "fat, contented, easy" proprietor, who was arrayed in corresponding magnificence. If he loved panness, it was in his "better half," for himself had none of it. Obesity had disqualified him for activity, and therefore in his immensely tight and large satin jacket, he was, as much as possible, the active commander of his active performers. He superintended the dancing of a young female on the tight rope. Then he pronounced, "A little boy will dance a hornpipe on the rope," and he ordered his "band" inside to play; this was obeyed without difficulty, for it merely consisted of one man, who blew a hornpipe tune on a Pan's-pipe; while it went on, the "little boy" danced on the tight rope; so far it was a hornpipe dance and no farther. "The little boy will stand on his head on the rope," said the manager, and the little boy stood on his head accordingly. Then another female danced on the slack-wire; and after her came a horse, not a "dancing horse," but a "learned" horse, quite as learned as the horse at Ball's theatre, in Show III. There was enough for "a penny."

SHOW IX.

"CLARKE FROM ASTLEY'S."

This was a large show, with the back against the side of "Samwell's Company," and its front in a line with Hosier-lane, and therefore looking towards Smithfield-bars. Large placards were pasted at the side, with these words, "CLARKE'S FROM ASTLEY'S, Lighted with Real Gas, In and Outside." The admission to this show was sixpence. The platform outside was at least ten feet high, and spacious above, and here there was plenty of light. The interior was very large, and lighted by only a single hoop, about two feet six inches in diameter, with little jets of gas about an inch and a half apart. A large

circle or ride was formed on the ground. The entertainment commenced by a man dancing on the tight-rope. The rope was removed, and a light bay horse was mounted by a female in trowsers, with a pink gown fully frilled, flounced, and ribboned, with the shoulders in large puffs. While the horse circled the ring at full speed, she danced upon him, and skipped with a hoop like a skipping-rope; she performed other dexterous feats, and concluded by dancing on the saddle with a flag in each hand, while the horse flew round the ring with great velocity. These and the subsequent performances were enlivened by tunes from a clarionet and horn, and jokes from a clown, who, when she had concluded, said to an attendant, "Now, John, take the horse off, and whatever you do, rub him well down with a cabbage." Then a man rode and danced on another horse, a very fine animal, and leaped from him three times over garters, placed at a considerable height and width apart, alighting on the horse's back while he was going round. This rider was remarkably dexterous. In conclusion, the clown got up and rode with many antic tricks, till, on the sudden, an apparently drunken fellow rushed from the audience into the ring, and began to pull the clown from the horse. The manager interfered, and the people cried—"Turn him out;" but the man persisted, and the clown getting off, offered to help him up, and threw him over the horse's back to the ground. At length the intruder was seated, with his face to the tail, though he gradually assumed a proper position; and riding as a man thoroughly intoxicated would ride, fell off; he then threw off his hat and great coat, and threw off his waistcoat, and then an under-waistcoat, and a third, and a fourth, and more than a dozen waistcoats. Upon taking off the last, his trowsers fell down and he appeared in his shirt; whereupon he crouched, and drawing his shirt off in a twinkling, appeared in a handsome fancy dress, leaped into the saddle of the horse, rode standing with great grace, received great applause, made his bow, and so the performance concluded.

This show was the last in the line on the west side of Smithfield.

SHOW X.

The line of shows on the east of Smithfield, commencing at Long-lane, began with "The Indian Woman—Chinese Lady and

Dwarf," &c. A clown outside cried, "Be assured they're alive—only one penny each." The crowd was great, and the shows to be seen were many, I therefore did not go in.

SHOW XI.

On the outside was inscribed, "*To be seen alive! The Prodigies of Nature!—The Wild Indian Woman and Child, with her Nurse from her own country.—The Silver-haired Lady and Dwarf. Only a Penny.*"—The showmaster made a speech: "Ladies and gentlemen, before I show you the wonderful prodigies of nature, let me introduce you to the wonderful works of art;" and then he drew a curtain, where some wax-work figures stood. "This," said he, "ladies and gentlemen, is the famous old Mother Shipton; and here is the unfortunate Jane Shore, the beautiful mistress of king Edward the Second; next to her is his majesty king George the Fourth of most glorious memory; and this is queen Elizabeth in all her glory; then here you have the princess Amelia, the daughter of his late majesty, who is dead; this is Mary, queen of Scots, who had her head cut off; and this is O'Bryen, the famous Irish giant; this man, here, is Thornton, who was tried for the murder of Mary Ashford; and this is the exact resemblance of Othello, the moor of Venice, who was a jealous husband, and depend upon it every man who is jealous of his wife, will be as black as that negro. Now, ladies and gentlemen, the two next are a wonderful couple, John and Margaret Scott, natives of Dunkeld, in Scotland; they lived about ninety years ago; John Scott was a hundred and five years old when he died, and Margaret lived to be a hundred and twelve; and what is more remarkable, there is not a soul living can say he ever heard them quarrel." Here he closed the curtain, and while undrawing another, continued thus: "Having shown you the dead, I have now to exhibit to you two of the most extraordinary wonders of the living; this," said he, "is the widow of a New Zealand Chief, and this is the little old woman of Bagdad; she is thirty inches high, twenty-two years of age, and a native of Boston, in Lincolnshire." Each of these living subjects was quite as wonderful as the waxen ones: the exhibition, which lasted about five minutes, was ended by courteous thanks for the "approbation of the

ladies and gentlemen present." and an evident desire to hurry them off, lest they might be more curious than his own curiosities.

SHOW XII.

"*Only a penny*" was the price of admission to "*The Black Wild Indian Woman.—The White Indian Youth—and the Welsh Dwarf.—All Alive!*" There was this further announcement on the outside, "*The Young American will Perform after the Manner of the French Jugglers at Vauxhall Gardens, with Balls, Rings, Daggers,*" &c. When the "*Welsh dwarf*" came on he was represented to be Mr. William Phillips, of Denbigh, fifteen years of age. The "*white Indian youth*" was an Esquimaux, and the exhibitor assured the visitors upon his veracity, that "*the black wild Indian woman*" was "*a court lady of the island of Madagascar.*" The exhibitor himself was "*the young American,*" an intelligent and clever youth in a loose striped jacket or frock tied round the middle. He commenced his performances by throwing up three balls, which he kept constantly in the air, as he afterwards did four, and then five, with great dexterity, using his hands, shoulders, and elbows, apparently with equal ease. He afterwards threw up three rings, each about four inches in diameter, and then four, which he kept in motion with similar success. To end his performance he produced three knives, which, by throwing up and down, he contrived to preserve in the air altogether. These feats forcibly reminded me of the Anglo-Saxon Glee-man, who "threw three balls and three knives alternately in the air, and caught them, one by one, as they fell; returning them again in regular rotation."* The young American's dress and knives were very similar to the Glee-man's, as Strutt has figured them from a MS. in the Cotton collection. This youth's was one of the best exhibitions in the Fair, perhaps the very best. The admission it will be remembered was "only a penny."

SHOW XIII.

The inscriptions and paintings on the outside of this show were, "*The Whit:*

* Strutt.

In gro, who was rescued from her Black Parents by the bravery of a British Officer—the only White Negro Girl Alive.—The Great Giantess and Dwarf.—Six Curiosities Alive!—only a Penny to see them All Alive!” While waiting a few minutes till the place filled, I had leisure to observe that one side of the place was covered by a criminal attempt to represent a tread-mill, in oil colours, and the operators at work upon it, superintended by gaolers, &c. On the other side were live monkeys in cages; an old bear in a jacket, and sundry other animals. Underneath the wheels of the machine, other living creatures were moving about, and these turned out to be the poor neglected children of the showman and his wife. The miserable condition of these infants, who were puddling in the mud, while their parents outside were turning a bit of music, and squalling and bawling with all their might, “walk in—only a penny,” to get spectators of the objects that were as yet concealed on their “proud eminence,” the caravan, by a thin curtain, raised a gloom in the mind. I was in a reverie concerning these beings when the curtain was withdrawn, and there stood confessed to sight, she whom the showman called “the tall lady,” and “the white negro, the greatest curiosity ever seen—the first that has been exhibited since the reign of George the Second—look at her head and hair, ladies and gentlemen, and feel it; there’s no deception, it’s like ropes of wool.” There certainly was not any deception. The girl herself, who had the flat nose, thick lips, and peculiarly shaped skull of the negro, stooped to have her head examined, and being close to her I felt it. Her hair, if it could be called hair, was of a dirtyish flaxen hue; it hung in ropes, of a clothly texture, the thickness of a quill, and from four to six inches in length. Her skin was the colour of an European’s. Afterwards stepped forth a little personage about three feet high, in a military dress, with top boots, who strutted his tiny legs, and held his head aloft with not less importance than the proudest general officer could assume upon his promotion to the rank of field-martial. Mr. Samuel Williams, whose versatile and able pencil has frequently enriched this work, visited the Fair after me, and was equally struck by his appearance. He favours me with the subjoined engraving of this



Little Man.

I took my leave of this show pondering on “the different ends our fates assign,” but the jostling of a crowd in Smithfield, and the clash of instruments, were not favourable to musing, and I walked into the next.

SHOW XIV. BROWN'S GRAND TROOP, FROM PARIS.

This was “only a penny” exhibition, notwithstanding that it elevated the king’s arms, and bore a fine-sounding name. The performance began by a clown going round and whipping a ring; that is, making a circular space amongst the spectators with a whip in his hand to force the refractory. This being effected, a conjurer walked up to a table and executed several tricks with cups and balls; giving a boy beer to drink out of a funnel, making him blow through it to show that it was empty, and afterwards applying it to each of the boy’s ears, from whence, through the funnel, the beer appeared to reflow, and poured on the ground. Afterwards girls danced on the single and double slack wire, and a melancholy looking clown, among other things, said they were “as clever as the barber and blacksmith who shaved magpies at twopence a dozen.” The show concluded with a learned horse.

SHOW XV.

Another, and a very good menagerie—the admission “only a penny!” It was “GEORGE BALLARD’S *Caravan*,” with “*The Lioness that attacked the Exeter mail*—*The great Lion*—*Royal Tiger*—*Large White Bear*—*Tiger Owls*,” with monkeys, and other animals, the usual accessories to the interior of a menagerie.

The chief attraction was “*the Lioness*.” Her attack on the *Exeter Mail* was on a Sunday evening, in the year 1816. The coach had arrived at Winter-slow-hut, seven miles on the London side of Salisbury. In a most extraordinary manner, at the moment when the coachman pulled up to deliver his bags, one of the leaders was suddenly seized by some ferocious animal. This produced a great confusion and alarm; two passengers who were inside the mail got out, ran into the house, and locked themselves up in a room above stairs; the horses kicked and plunged violently, and it was with difficulty the coachman could prevent the carriage from being overturned. It was soon perceived by the coachman and guard, by the light of the lamps, that the animal which had seized the horse was a huge lioness. A large mastiff dog came up and attacked her fiercely, on which she quitted the horse and turned upon him. The dog fled, but was pursued and killed by the lioness, within forty yards of the place. It appears that the beast had escaped from its caravan which was standing on the road side with others belonging to the proprietors of the menagerie, on their way to Salisbury Fair. An alarm being given, the keepers pursued and hunted the lioness into a hovel under a granary, which served for keeping agricultural implements. About half-past eight they had secured her so effectually, by barricading the place, as to prevent her escape. The horse, when first attacked, fought with great spirit, and if at liberty, would probably have beaten down his antagonist with his fore feet, but in plunging he embarrassed himself in the harness. The lioness attacked him in the front, and springing at his throat, fastened the talons of her fore feet on each side of his neck, close to the head, while the talons of her hind feet were forced into his chest. In this situation she hung, while the blood was seen flowing as if a vein had been opened by a fleam. He was a capital horse, the off-leader, the best in the set. The expres-

sions of agony in his tears and moans were most pitious and affecting. A fresh horse having been procured, the mail drove on, after having been detained three quarters of an hour. As the mail drew up it stood exactly abreast of the caravan from which the lioness made the assault. The coachman at first proposed to alight and stab the lioness with a knife, but was prevented by the remonstrance of the guard; who observed, that he would expose himself to certain destruction, as the animal if attacked would naturally turn upon him and tear him to pieces. The prudence of the advice was clearly proved by the fate of the dog. It was the engagement between him and the lioness that afforded time for the keepers to rally. After she had disengaged herself from the horse, she did not seem to be in any immediate hurry to move; for, whether she had carried off with her, as prey, the dog she had killed, or from some other cause, she continued growling and howling in so loud a tone, as to be heard for nearly half a mile. All had called out loudly to the guard to despatch her with his blunderbuss, which he appeared disposed to do, but the owner cried out to him, “For God’s sake do not kill her—she cost me 500*l.*, and she will be as quiet as a lamb if not irritated.” This arrested his hand, and he did not fire. She was afterwards easily enticed by the keepers, and placed in her usual confinement.

The collection of animals in Ballard’s menagerie is altogether highly interesting, but it seems impossible that the proprietor could exhibit them for “only a penny” in any other place than “Bartholomew Fair,” where the people assemble in great multitudes, and the shows are thronged the whole day.

SHOW XVI.

“*Exhibition of Real Wonders.*”

This announcement, designed to astonish, was inscribed over the show with the usual notice, “*Only a Penny!*”—the “*Wonders of the Deep!*” the “*Prodigies of the Age!*” and “*the Learned Pig!*” in large letters. The printed bill is a curiosity:—

To be Seen in a Commodious Pavilion in this Place.

REAL WONDERS!
SEE AND BELIEVE



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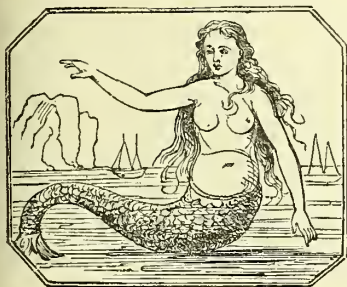
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Have you seen

THE BEAUTIFUL DOLPHIN

The Performing Pig & the Mermaid?

If not, pray do! as the exhibition contains more variety than any other in England. Those ladies and gentlemen who may be pleased to honour it with a visit will be truly gratified.

TOBY,

The Swinish Philosopher, and Ladies' Fortune Teller.

That beautiful animal appears to be endowed with the natural sense of the human being. He is in colour the most beautiful of his race; in symmetry the most perfect; in temper the most docile; and far exceeds any thing yet seen for his intelligent performances. He is beyond all conception: he has a perfect knowledge of the alphabet, understands arithmetic, and will spell and cast accounts, tell the points of the globe, the dice-box, the hour by any person's watch, &c.

The Real Head of

MAHOWRA,

THE CANNIBAL CHIEF.

At the same time, the public will have an opportunity of seeing what was exhibited so long in London, under the title of

THE MERMAID:

The wonder of the deep! not a fac-simile or copy, but the same curiosity.

Admission Moderate.

* * * *Open from Eleven in the Morning till Nine in the Evening.*

The great "prodigies" of this show were the "performing pig," and the performing show-woman. She drew forth the learning of the "*swinish philosopher*" admirably. He told his letters, and "got

into spelling" with his nose; and could do a sum of two figures "in addition." Then, at her desire, he routed out those of the company who were in love, or addicted to indulgence; and peremptorily grunted, that a "round, fat, oily"-faced personage at my elbow, "loved good eating, and a pipe, and a jug of good ale, better than the sight of the Living Skeleton!" The *beautiful dolphin* was a fish-skin stuffed. The *mermaid* was the last manufactured imposture of that name, exhibited for half-a-crown in Piccadilly, about a year before. The *real head of Mahowra, the cannibal chief*, was a skull that might have been some English clodpole's, with a dried skin over it, and be-
 wigged; but it looked sufficiently terrific, when the lady show-woman put the candle in at the neck, and the flame illuminated the yellow integument over the holes where eyes, nose, and a tongue had been. There was enough for "a penny!"

SHOW XVII.

Another "Only a penny!" with pictures "large as life" on the show-cloths outside of the "living wonders within," and the following inscription:—

ALL ALIVE!

No False Paintings!

THE WILD INDIAN,

THE

GIANT BOY,

And the

DWARF FAMILY,

Never here before,

TO BE SEEN ALIVE!

Mr. Thomas Day was the reputed father of the dwarf family, and exhibited himself as small enough for a great wonder; as he was. He was also proprietor of the show; and said he was thirty-five years of age, and only thirty-five inches high. He fittingly descanted on the living personages in whom he had a vested interest. There was a boy six years old, only twenty-seven inches high. The *Wild Indian* was a civil-looking man of colour. The *Giant Boy*, William Wilkinson Whitehead, was fourteen years of age on the 26th of March last, stood five feet two inches high, measured five feet round the body, twenty-seven inches across the

shoulders, twenty inches round the arm, twenty-four inches round the calf, thirty-one inches round the thigh, and weighed twenty-two stone. His father and mother were "travelling merchants" of Manchester; he was born at Glasgow during one of their journies, and was as fine a youth as I ever saw, handsomely formed, of fair complexion, an intelligent

countenance, active in motion, and sensible speech. He was lightly dressed in plaid to show his limbs, with a bonnet of the same. The artist with me sketched his appearance exactly as we saw him, and as the present engraving now represents him; it is a good likeness of his features, as well as of his form.



The Giant Boy.

SNOW XVIII.

"Holden's Glass Working and Blowing."

This was the last show on the east-side of Smithfield. It was limited to a single caravan; having seen exhibitions of the same kind, and the evening getting late,

I declined entering, though "Only a penny!"

SNOW XIX.

This was the first show on the south-side of Smithfield. It stood, therefore, with its side towards Cloth-fair, and the back towards the corner of Duke-street.

The admission was "Only a penny!" and the paintings flared on the show-cloths with this inscription, "*They're all Alive Inside! Be assured They're All Alive! —The Yorkshire Giantess.—Waterloo Giant.—Indian Chief.—Only a Penny!*"

An overgrown girl was the *Yorkshire Giantess*. A large man with a tail, and his hair frizzed and powdered, aided by a sort of uniform coat and a plaid roque-laire, made the *Waterloo Giant*. The abdication of such an *Indian Chief* as this, in favour of Bartholomew Fair, was probably forced upon him by his tribe.

SHOW XX.

The "*Greatest of all Wonders!—Giantess and Two Dwarfs.—Only a Penny!*" They were painted on the show-cloths quite as little, and quite as large, as life. The dwarfs inside were dwarfish, and the "Somerset girl, taller than any man in England," (for so said the show-cloth,) arose from a chair, wherein she was seated, to the height of six feet nine inches and three quarters, with, "ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient." She was good looking and affable, and obliged the "ladies and gentlemen" by taking off her tight-fitting slipper and handing it round. It was of such dimension, that the largest man present could have put his booted foot into it. She said that her name was Elizabeth Stock, and that she was only sixteen years old.

SHOW XXI.

CHAPPELL—PIKE.

This was a very large show, without any show-cloths or other announcement outside to intimate the performances, except a clown and several male and female performers, who strutted the platform in their exhibiting dresses, and in dignified silence; but the clown grimaced, and, assisted by others, bawled "Only a penny," till the place filled, and then the show commenced. There was slack-rope dancing, tumbling, and other representations as at Ball's theatre, but better executed.

SHOW XXII.

WOMBWELL.

The back of this man's menagerie abutted on the side of the last show, and ran the remaining length of the north-side of Smithfield, with the front looking towards

Giltspur-street; at that entrance into the Fair it was the first show. This front was entirely covered by painted show-cloths representing the animals, with the proprietor's name in immense letters above, and the words "*The Conquering Lion*" very conspicuous. There were other show-cloths along the whole length of the side, surmounted by this inscription, stretching out in one line of large capital letters, "NERO AND WALLACE; THE SAME LIONS THAT FOUGHT AT WARWICK." One of the front show-cloths represented one of the fights; a lion stood up with a dog in his mouth, crunched between his grinders; the blood ran from his jaws; his left leg stood upon another dog squelched by his weight. A third dog was in the act of flying at him ferociously, and one, wounded and bleeding, was fearfully retreating. There were seven other show-cloths on this front, with the words "NERO AND WALLACE" between them. One of these show-cloths, whereon the monarch of the forest was painted, was inscribed, "Nero, the Great Lion, from Caffaria!"

The printed bill described the whole collection to be in "fine order." Sixpence was the entrance money demanded, which having paid, I entered the show early in the afternoon, although it is now mentioned last, in conformity to its position in the Fair. I had experienced some inconvenience, and witnessed some irregularities incident to a mixed multitude filling so large a space as Smithfield; yet no disorder without, was equal to the disorder within Wombwell's. There was no passage at the end, through which persons might make their way out: perhaps this was part of the proprietor's policy, for he might imagine that the universal disgust that prevailed in London, while he was manifesting his brutal cupidity at Warwick, had not subsided; and that it was necessary his show-place here should appear to fill well on the first day of the Fair, lest a report of general indifference to it, should induce many persons to forego the gratification of their curiosity, in accommodation to the natural and right feeling that induced a determination not to enter the exhibition of a man who had freely submitted his animals to be tortured. Be that as it may, his show, when I saw it, was a shameful scene. There was no person in attendance to exhibit or point out the animals. They were arranged on one side only, and

I made my way with difficulty towards the end, where a loutish fellow with a broomstick, stood against one of the dens, from whom I could only obtain this information, that it was not his business to show the beasts, and that the showman would begin at a proper time. I patiently waited, expecting some announcement of this person's arrival; but no intimation of it was given; at length I discovered over the heads of the unconscious crowd around, that the showman, who was evidently under the influence of drink, had already made his way one third along the show. With great difficulty I forced myself through the sweltering press somewhat nearer to him, and managed to get opposite Nero's den, which he had by that time reached and clambered into, and into which he invited any of the spectators who chose to pay him sixpence each, as many of them did, for the sake of saying that they had been in the den with the noble animal, that Wombwell, his master, had exposed to be baited by bull-dogs. The man was as greedy of gain as his master, and therefore without the least regard to those who wished for general information concerning the different animals, he maintained his post as long as there was a prospect of getting the sixpences. Pressure and heat were now so excessive, that I was compelled to struggle my way, as many others did, towards the door at the front end, for the sake of getting into the air. Unquestionably I should not have entered Wombwell's, but for the purpose of describing his exhibition in common with others. As I had failed in obtaining the information I sought, and could not get a printed bill when I entered, I re-ascended to endeavour for one again; here I saw Wombwell, to whom I civilly stated the great inconvenience within, which a little alteration would have obviated; he affected to know nothing about it, refused to be convinced, and exhibited himself, to my judgment of him, with an understanding and feelings perverted by avarice. He is undersized in mind as well as form, "a weazen, sharp-faced man," with a skin reddened by more than natural spirits, and he speaks in a voice and language that accord with his feelings and propensities. His bill mentions, "A remarkably fine tigress in the same den with a noble British lion!" I looked for this companionship in his menagerie, without being able to discover it.

Here ends my account of the various shows in the Fair. In passing the stalls, the following bill was slipped into my hand, by a man stationed to give them away.

SERIOUS NOTICE,

IN PERFECT CONFIDENCE.

The following extraordinary comic performances at

Sadler's Wells,

Can only be given during the present week; the proprietors, therefore, most respectfully inform that fascinating sex, so properly distinguished by the appropriate appellation of

THE FAIR!

And all those well inclined gentlemen who are happy enough to protect them, that the amusements will consist of a romantic tale, of mysterious horror and broad grin, never acted, called the

ENCHANTED

GIRDLES;

OR,

WINKI THE WITCH,

And the Ladies of Samarcand.

A most whimsical burletta, which sends people home perfectly exhausted from uninterrupted risibility, called

THE LAWYER, THE JEW,

AND

THE YORKSHIREMAN.

With, by request of 75 distinguished families, and a party of 5, that never-to-be-sufficiently-praised pantomime, called

Magic in Two Colours;

OR,

FAIRY BLUE & FAIRY RED:

Or, Harlequin and the Marble Rock.

It would be perfectly superfluous for any man in his senses to attempt any thing more than the mere announcement in recommendation of the above unparalleled representations, so attractive in themselves as to threaten a complete monopoly of the qualities of the magnet; and though the proprietors were to talk nonsense for an hour, they could not assert a more *important truth* than that they possess

The only Wells from which you may draw

WINE,

THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE

A full Quart.

Those whose important avocations prevent their coming at the commencement, will be admitted for

HALF-PRICE, AT HALF-PAST EIGHT.

Ladies and gentlemen who are not judges of the superior entertainments announced, are respectfully requested to bring as many as possible with them who are.

N.B. A full Moon during the Week.

This bill is here inserted as a curious specimen of the method adopted to draw an audience to the superior entertainments of a pleasant little summer theatre, which, to its credit, discourages the nuisances that annoy every parent who takes his family to the boxes at the other theatres.

Before mentioning other particulars concerning the Fair here described, I present a lively representation of it in former times.

Bartholomew Fair in 1614.

"O, rare Ben Jonson!" To him we are indebted for the only picture of Smithfield at "Bartholme'-tide" in his time.

In his play of "Bartholomew Fair," we have John Littlewit, a proctor "o' the Archdeacon's-court," and "one of the pretty wits o' Paul's" persuading his wife, Win-the-fight, to go to the Fair. He says "I have an affair i' the Fair, Win, a puppet-play of mine own making.—I writ for the *motion*-man." She tells him that her mother, dame Purecraft, will never consent; whereupon he says, "Tut, we'll have a device, a dainty one: long to eat of a pig, sweet Win, i' the Fair; do you see? i' the heart o' the Fair; not at Pye-corner. Your mother will do any thing to satisfie your longing." Upon this hint, Win prevails with her mother, to consult Zeal-of-the-land Busy, a Banbury man "of a most lunatick conscience and spleen;" who is of opinion that pig "is a meat, and a meat that is nourishing, and may be eaten; very exceeding well eaten; but in the Fair, and as a *Bartholmew* pig, it cannot be eaten; for the very eating it a *Bartholmew* pig, and to eat it so, is a spice of idolatry." After much deliberation, however, he allows that so that the offence "be *shadowed*, as it were, it may be eaten, and in the Fair, I take it—in a *booth*." He says "there may be a good use made of it too, now I think on't, by the public eating of swine's flesh, to profess our hate and loathing of Judaism;" and therefore he goes with them.

In the Fair a quarrel falls out between Lanthorn: Leatherhead, "a hobby-horse

seller," and Joan Trash, "a gingerbread woman."

Leatherhead. Do you hear, sister Trash, lady o' the basket? sit farther with your gingerbread progeny there, and hinder not the prospect of my shop, or I'll ha' it proclaim'd i' the Fair, what stuff they are made on.

Trash. Why, what stuff are they made on, brother Leatherhead? nothing but what's wholesome, I assure you.

Leatherhead. Yes; stale bread, rotten eggs, musty ginger, and dead honey, you know.

Trash. Thou too proud pedlar, do thy worst: I defy thee, I, and thy stable of hobby-horses. I pay for my ground, as well as thou dost, and thou wrongs't me, for all thou art parcel-poet, and an ingineer. I'll find a friend shall right me, and make a ballad of thee, and thy cattle all over. Are you puft up with the pride of your wares? your arsedine?

Leatherhead. Go too, old Joan, I'll talk with you anon; and take you down too—I'll ha' you i' the *Pie-pouldres*."

They drop their abuse and pursue their vocation. Leatherhead calls, "What do you lack? what is't you buy? what do you lack? rattles, drums, halberts, horses, babies o' the best? fiddles o' the finest?" Trash cries, "Buy my gingerbread, gilt gingerbread!" A "costard-monger" bawls out, "Buy any pears, pears! fine, very fine pears!" Nightingale, another character, sings,

"Hey, now the Fair's a filling

O, for a tune to startle

The birds o' the booths, here billing

Yearly with old Saint *Barthe!*

The drunkards they are wading,
The punks and chapmen trading,
Who 'ld see the Fair without his lading?
Buy my ballads! new ballads!"

Ursula, "a pig-woman," laments her vocation:—"Who would wear out their youth and prime thus, in roasting of pigs, that had any cooler occupation? I am all fire and fat; I shall e'en melt away—a poor vex'd thing I am; I feel myself dropping already as fast as I can: two stone of sewet a-day is my proportion: I can but hold life and soul together." Then she soliloquizes concerning Mooncalf, her tapster, and her other vocations: "How can I hope that ever he'll discharge his place of trust, tapster, a man of reckoning under me, that remembers nothing I say to him? but look to't, sirrah, you were best; threepence a pipefull I will ha' made of all my whole half pound of tobacco, and a quarter of a pound of colts-foot, mixt with it too, to eech it out. Then six-and-twenty shillings a barrel I will advance o' my beer, and fifty shillings a hundred o' my bottle ale; I ha' told you the ways how to raise it. (*a knock.*) Look who's there, sirrah! five shillings a pig is my price at least; if it be a sow-pig sixpence more." Jordan Knockhum, "a horse-courser and a ranger of Turnbull," calls for "a fresh bottle of ale, and a pipe of tobacco." Passengers enter, and Leatherhead says, "What do you lack, gentlemen? Maid, see a fine hobby-horse for your young master." A corn-cutter cries, "Ha! you any corns i' your feet and toes?" Then "a tinder-box man" calls, "Buy a mouse-trap, a mouse-trap, or a tormentor for a flea!" Trash cries, "Buy some gingerbread!" Nightingale bawls, "Ballads, ballads, fine new ballads!" Leatherhead repeats, "What do you lack, gentlemen, what is't you lack? a fine horse? a lion? a bull? a bear? a dog? or a cat? an excellent fine Bartholmew bird? or an instrument? what is't you lack?" The pig-woman quarrels with her guests and falls foul on her tapster: "In, you rogue, and wipe the pigs, and mend the fire, that they fall not; or I'll both baste and wast you till your eyes drop out, like 'em." Knockhum says to the female passengers, "Gentlewomen, the weather's hot! whether walk you? Have a care o' your fine velvet caps, the Fair is dusty. Take a sweet delicate booth, with boughs, here, i' the way, and cool yourselves i' the snade;

you and your friends." The best pig and bottle ale i' the Fair, sir, old Ursula is cook; there, you may read; the pig's head speaks it." Knockhum adds, that she roasted her pigs "with fire o' juniper, and rosemary branches." Littlewit, the proctor, and his wife, Win-the-fight, with her mother, dame Purecroft, and Zeal-of-the-land enter. Busy Knockhum suggests to Ursula that they are customers of the right sort, "In, and set a couple o' pigs o' the board, and half a dozen of the bygist bottles afore 'em—two to a pig, away!" In another scene Leatherhead cries, "Fine purses, pouches, pincases, pipes; what is't you lack? a pair o' smiths to wake you i' the morning? or a fine whistling bird?" Bartholomew Cokes, a silly "esquire of Harrow," stops at Leatherhead's to purchase: "Those six horses, friend, I'll have; and the three Jews trumps; and a half a dozen o' birds; and that drum; and your smiths (I like that device o' your smiths,)—and four halberts; and, let me see, that fine painted great lady, and her three women for siate, I'll have. A set of those violins I would buy too, for a delicate young noise I have i' the country, that are every one a size less than another, just like your fiddles." Trash invites him to buy her gingerbread, and he turns to her basket, whereupon Leatherhead says, "Is this well, Goody Joan, to interrupt my market in the midst, and call away my customers! Can you answer this at the *Pie-pouldres*?" whereto Trash replies, "Why, if his master-ship have a mind to buy, I hope my ware lies as open as another's; I may shew my ware as well as you yours." Nightingale begins to sing,

"My masters and friends, and good
people draw near."

Cokes hears this, and says, "Ballads! hark, hark! pray thee, fellow, stay a little! What ballads hast thou? let me see, let me see myself—How dost thou call it? '*A Caveat against Cut-purses!*'—a good jest, i' faith; I would fain see that demon, your cut-purse, you talk of." He then shows his purse boastingly, and inquires, "Ballad-man, do any cut-purses hant hereabout? pray thee raise me one or two: begin and shew me one." Nightingale answers, "Sir, this is a spell against 'em, spick and span new; and 'tis made as 'twere in mine own person, and I sing it in mine own defence. But 'twill cost a penny alone if you buy it."

okes replies, "No matter for the price ; should chance to be cut in my presence
 ou dost not know me I see, I am an now ; I may be blameless though ; as by
 ld *Bartholmew*." The ballad has the sequel will more plainly appear."
 pictures," and Nightingale tells him, He adds, it is "to the tune of '*Pagging*
 It was intended, sir, as if a purse *ton's Pound*,' sir," and he finally sings—

A Catechism against Cut-purses.

My masters, and friends, and good people draw near,
 And look to your purses, for that I do say ;
 And though little money, in them you do bear,
 It cost more to get, than to lose in a day,
 You oft' have been told,
 Both the young and the old,
 And bidden beware of the cut-purse so bold .
 Then if you take heed not, free me from the curse,
 Who both give you warning, for, and the cut-purse.
 Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starved by thy nurse,
 Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

It hath been upbraided to men of my trade,
 That oftentimes we are the cause of this crime :
 Alack, and for pity, why should it be said ?
 As if they regarded or places, or time.
 Examples have been
 Of some that were seen
 In Westminster-hall, yea, the pleaders between ;
 Then why should the judges be free from this curse
 More than my poor self, for cutting the purse ?
 Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starved by thy nurse,
 Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

At Worc'ter 'tis known well, and even i' the jail,
 A knight of good worship did there shew his face
 Against the foul sinners in zeal for to rail,
 And lost, *ipso facto*, his purse in the place.
 Nay, once from the seat
 Of judgment so great,
 A judge there did lose a fair pouch of velvet ;
 O, Lord for thy mercy, how wicked, or worse,
 Are those that so venture their necks for a purse.
 Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starved by thy nurse,
 Than live to be hanged for stealing a purse.

At plays, and at sermons, and at the sessions,
 'Tis daily their practice such booty to make ;
 Yea, under the gallows, at executions,
 They stick not the stare-about's purses to take.
 Nay, one without grace,
 At a better place,
 At court, and in Christmas, before the king's face.
 Alack ! then, for pity, must I bear the curse,
 That only belongs to the cunning cut-purse.
 Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starved by thy nurse,
 Than live to be hanged for stealing a purse.

But O, you vile nation of cut-purses all,
 Relent, and repent. and amend, and be sound,

Aud know that you ought not by honest men's fall,
 Advance your own fortunes to die above ground.
 And though you go gay
 In silks as you may,
 It is not the highway to heaven (as they say.)
 Repent then, repent you, for better, for worse;
 And kiss not the gallows for cutting a purse.
 Youth, youth, thou hadst better been starved by thy nurse,
 Than live to be hanged for cutting a purse.

While Nightingale sings this ballad, a fellow tickles Cokes's ear with a straw, to make him withdraw his hand from his pocket, and privately robs him of his purse, which, at the end of the song, he secretly conveys to the ballad-singer; who, notwithstanding his "Caveat against Cut-purses," is their principal confederate, and, in that quality, becomes the unsuspected depository of the plunder.

Littlewit tells his wife, Win, of the great hog, and of a bull with five legs, in the Fair. Zeal-of-the-land loudly declaims against the Fair, and against Trash's commodities:—"Hence with thy basket of popery, thy nest of images, and whole legend of ginger-work." He rails against "the prophane pipes, the tinkling timbrels;" and Adam Overdoo, a reforming justice of peace, one of "the court of *Pie-powders*," who wears a disguise for the better observation of disorder, gets into the stocks himself. Then "a western man, that's come to wrestle before my lord mayor anon," gets drunk, and is cried by "the clerk o' the market all the Fair over here, for my lord's service." Zeal-of-the-land Busy, too, is put with others into the stocks, and being asked, "what are you, sir?" he answers, "One that rejoiceth in his affliction, and sitteth here to prophesy the destruction of fairs and may-games, wakes and whitsun-ales, and doth sigh and groan for the reformation of these abuses." During a scuffle, the keepers of the stocks leave them open, and those who are confined withdraw their legs and walk away.

From a speech by Leatherhead, preparatory to exhibiting his "motion," or puppet-show, we become acquainted with the subjects, and the manner of the performance. He says, "Out with the sign of our invention, in the name of wit; all the fowl i' the Fair, I mean all the dirt in Smithfield, will be thrown at our banner to-day, if the matter does not please the people. O! the *motions* that I, Lanthorn Leatherhead, have given light to, i' my time, since my master, Pod, died! *Jeru-*

salem was a stately thing; and so was *Nineveh* and *The City of Norwich*, and *Sodom and Gomorrah*; with the *Rising o' the Prentices*, and pulling down the houses there upon Shrove-Tuesday; but *the Gunpowder Plot*, there was a get-penny! I have presented that to an eighteen or twenty pence audience nine times in an afternoon. Look to your gathering there, good master Filcher—and when there come any gentlefolks take twopence a-piece." He has a bill of his *motion* which reads thus: "The Ancient Modern History of *Hero and Leander*, otherwise called, the *Touchstone of True Love*, with as true a Trial of Friendship between *Damon and Pythias*, two faithful Friends o' the Bank-side." This was the motion written by Littlewit. Cokes arrives, and inquires, "What do we pay for coming in, fellow?" Filcher answers, "Twopence, sir."

"*Cokes*. What manner of matter is this, Mr. Littlewit? What kind of actors ha' you? are they good actors?"

"*Littlewit*. Pretty youths, sir, all children both old and young, here's the master of 'em, Master Lantern, that gives light to the business.

"*Cokes*. In good time, sir, I would fain see 'em; I would be glad to drink with the young company; which is the tiring-house?"

"*Leatherhead*. Troth, sir, our tiring-house is somewhat little; we are but beginners yet, pray pardon us; you cannot go upright in't.

"*Cokes*. No? not now my hat is off? what would you have done with me, if you had had me feather and all, as I was once to-day? Ha' you none of your pretty impudent boys now, to bring stools, fill tobacco, fetch ale, and beg money, as they have at other houses? let me see some o' your actors.

"*Littlewit*. Shew him 'em, shew him 'em. Master Lantern; this is a gentleman that is a favourer of the quality.

[*Leatherhead brings the puppets out in a basket.*]

"Cokes. What! do they live in baskets?"

"Leatherhead. They do lie in a basket, sir: they are o' the small players.

"Cokes. These be players minor indeed. Do you call these play;rs?"

"Leatherhead. They are actors, sir, and as good as any, none dispraised, for dumb shows: Indeed I am the mouth of 'em all.—This is he that acts young Leander, sir; and this is lovely Hero; this, with the beard, Damon; and this, pretty Pythias: this is the ghost of king Dionysius, in the habit of a scrivener: as you shall see anon, at large.

"Cokes. But do you play it according to the printed book? I have read that.

"Leatherhead. By no means, sir.

"Cokes. No? How then?"

"Leatherhead. A better way, sir; that is too learned and poetical for our audience: what do they know what *Hellespont* is? *guilty of true love's blood*? or what *Abydos* is? or the other *Sestos* height?—No; I have entreated master Littlewit to take a little pains to reduce it to a more familiar strain for our people.

"Littlewit. I have only made it a little easy and modern for the times, sir, that's all: as for the *Hellespont*, I imagine our Thames here; and then *Leander*, I make a dyer's son about Puddle-wharf; and *Hero*, a wench o' the Bank-side, who going over one morning to Old Fish-street, *Leander* spies her land at Trig's-stairs, and falls in love with her: now do I introduce *Cupid*, having metamorphosed himself into a drawer, and he strikes *Hero* in love with a pint of sherry."

While "Cokes is handling the puppets" the doorkeepers call out "Twopence a-piece, gentlemen; an excellent *motion*." Other visitors enter and take their seats, and Cokes, while waiting with some of his acquaintance, employs the time at the "game of *vapours*, which is nonsense;

every man to oppose the last man that spoke, whether it concerned him or no." The audience become impatient, and one calls out, "Do you hear puppet-master, these are tedious *vapours*; when begin you?" Filcher, *Leatherhead's* man, with the other doorkeepers, continue to bawl, "Twopence a-piece, sir; the best *motion* in the Fair." Meanwhile the company talk, and one relates that he has already seen in the Fair, the eagle; the black wolf; the bull with five legs, which "was a calf at Uxbridge Fair two years ago;" the dogs that dance the morrice; and "the hare o' the taber."

Ben Jonson's mention of the hare that beat the tabor at Bartholomew Fair in his time, is noticed by the indefatigable and accurate Strutt; who gives the following representation of the feat itself, which he affirms, when he copied it from a drawing in the Harteian collection, (6563,) to have been upwards of four hundred years old.



Hare and Tabor.

For an idea of *Leatherhead's motion* take as follows: it commences thus:—

Leatherhead.

Gentiles, that no longer your expectations may wander,
Behold our chief actor, amorous *Leander*;
With a great deal of cloth, lapp'd about him like a scarf,
For he yet serves his father, a dyer at Puddle-wharf.
Which place we'll make bold with to call it our *Abidus*,
As the Bank-side is our *Sestos*; and let it not be denied us
Now as he is beating, to make the dye take the fuller,
Who chances to come by, but fair *Hero* in a sculler;
And seeing *Leander's* naked calf, and goodly calf,
Cast at him from the boat a sheep's eye and an half,
Now she is landed, and the sculler come back,
By and by you shall see what *Leander* doth lack.

Puppet Leander. Cole, Cole, old Cole.

Leatherhead. That is the sculler's name without controul.

Pup. Leander. Cole, Cole, I say, Cole.

Leatherhead. We do hear you.

Pup. Leander. Old Cole.

Leatherhead. Old Cole? is the dyer turn'd collier?—

Pup. Leander. Why Cole, I say, Cole.

Leatherhead. It's the sculler you need.

Pup. Leander. Aye, and be hang'd.

Leatherhead. Be hang'd! look you yonder,
Old Cole, you must go hang with master Leander.

Puppet Cole. Where is he?

Puppet Leander. Here Cole. What fairest of fairs
Was that fare that thou landest but now at Trig's-stairs?

Puppet Cole. It is lovely Hero.

Puppet Leander. Nero?

Puppet Cole. No, Hero.

Leatherhead. It is Hero

Of the Bank-side, he saith, to tell you truth, without erring,
Is come over into Fish-street to eat some fresh herring.
Leander says no more but as fast as he can,
Gets on all his best clothes, and will after to the swan.

In this way Leatherhead proceeds with his *motion*; he relates part of the story himself, in a ribald manner, and making the puppets quarrel, "the puppet Cole strikes him over the pate." He performs *Damon* and *Pythias* in the same way, and renders the "gallimaufry" more ridiculous, oy a battle between the puppets in *Hero* and *Leander*, and those of *Damon* and *Pythias*. Zeal-of-the-land Busy interferes with the puppet Dionysius, who had been raised up by Leatherhead—

"Not like a monarch
but the master of a school,
In a scrivener's furr'd gown
which shows he is no fool;
For, therein he hath wit enough
to keep himself warm:
O Damon! he cries,
and Pythias what harm
Hath poor Dionysius done you
in his grave,
That after his death, you should
fall out thus and rave," &c

Zeal-of-the-land contends that Dionysius hath not a "lawful calling." That puppet retorts by saying he hath; and inquires—"What say you to the feather makers i' the Fryers, with their peruques and their puffs, their fans and their huffs? what say you? Is a bugle-maker a lawful calling? or the confect-makers? such as you have there? or your French fashioner? Is a puppet worse than these?"—Whereto Zeal-of-the-land answers—"Yes, and my main argument against you is, that you are an abomination; for the male among you putteth on the apparel of the

female, and the female of the male." The puppet Dionysius triumphantly replies, "You lie, you lie, you lie abominably. It's your old stale argument against the *players*; but it will not hold against the *puppets*: for we have neither male nor female amongst us." Upon this point, which persons versed in dramatic history are familiar with, Zeal-of-the-land says, "I am confuted, the *cause* hath failed me—I am changed, and will become a beholder."

These selections which are here carefully brought together may, so far as they extend, be regarded as a picture of Bartholomew Fair in 1614, when Jonson wrote his comedy for representation before king James I. We learn too from this play that there was a tooth-drawer, and "a jugler with a well educated ape, to come over the chain for the king of England, and back again for the prince, and to sit still on his hind quarters for the pope and the king of Spain;" that there was a whipping-post in the Fair, and that Smithfield was dirty and stinking. Beside particulars, which a mere historiographer of the scene would have recorded, there are some that are essentially illustrative of popular manners, which no other than an imaginative mind would have seized, and only a poet penned.

A little digression may be requisite in explanation of the term *arsedine*, used by Trash to Leatherhead in Jonson's play; the denomination *costermonger*;

the tune *Paggington's-pound*; and the *Pie-pouldres*, or *Pie Powder Court*.

Arsedine.

This is also called *arsadine*, and sometimes *orsden*, and is said to be a colour. Mr. Archdeacon Nares says, that according to Mr. Lysons, in his "Environs of London," and Mr. Gifford in his note on this passage, it means *orpiment* or *yellow arsenic*. The archdeacon in giving these two authorities, calls the word a "vulgar corruption" of "arsenic;" but arsenic yields *red*, as well as *yellow* orpiment, and both these colours are used in the getting up of shows. Possibly it is an Anglo-Saxon word for certain pigments, obtained from minerals and metals: the *ore* *one* or *opa* is pure Saxon, and pluralizes *ores*; to *die* in the sense of *dying*, or colouring, is derived from the Saxon *deag* or *deah*. The conjecture may be worth a thought perhaps, for dramatic exhibitions were in use when the Anglo-Saxon was used.

Costermonger.

This is a corruption of *costard-monger*; Ben Jonson uses it both ways, and it is noticed of his costermonger by Mr. Archdeacon Nares, that "he cries only *pears*." That gentleman rightly defines a *costard-monger*, or *coster*-monger, to be "a seller of *apples*;" he adds, "one generally who kept a stall." He says of *costard*, that, "as a species of apple, it is enumerated with others, but it must have been a very common sort, as it gave a name to the dealers in apples." In this supposition Mr. Nares is correct; for it was not only a very common sort, but perhaps, after the crab, it was our oldest sort: there were three kinds of it, the white, red, and grey *costard*. That the *costard-monger*, according to Mr. Nares, "*generally* kept a stall;" "and that they were general fruit-sellers," he unluckily has not corroborated by an authority; although from his constant desire to be accurate, and his general accuracy, the assertions are to be regarded with respect. Randle Holme gives this figure of



A Huxter

Holme, in his heraldic language, says of this representation, "He beareth *gules* a man *passant*, his shirt or shift turned up to his shoulder, breeches and hose *azure*, cap and shoes *sable*, bearing on his back a bread basket full of fruits and herbs, and a staff in his left hand, *or*. This may be termed either a *huxter* or a *gardiner*, having his fruits and herbs on his back from the market. This was a fit crest for the company of *Fruiterers* or *Huxters*." This man is a *costard-monger* in Mr. Archdeacon Nares's view of the term; for doubtless the huckster pitched his load in the market and sold it there; yet Holme does not give him that denomination, as he would have done if he had so regarded him; he merely calls him "the *hutler* or *huxter*."

Packington's Pound.

Concerning the air of this old song, "Hawkins's History of Music" may be consulted. The tune may also be found in the "Beggars's Opera," adapted to the words—"The gamesters united in friendship are found."*

Court of Pie Powder

This is the lowest, and at the same time the most expeditious, court of justice known to the law of England. It is a court of record incident to every fair and market; its jurisdiction extends to administer justice for all commercial injuries done in that very fair or market, and not in any preceding one; and to every fair and market, the steward of him who owns the toll is the judge. The injury, therefore, must be done, complained of, and redressed, within the compass of one and the same day, unless the fair continues longer. It has cognizance of all matters of contract that can possibly arise within the precinct of that fair or market; and the plaintiff must make oath that the cause of an action arose there. This court seems to have arisen from the necessity of doing justice expeditiously, among persons resorting from distant places to a fair or market, without leaving them to the remedy of an inferior court, which might not be able to serve its process, or execute its judgments on both, or perhaps either of the parties; and therefore without such a court as this, the complaint must necessarily have resorted to, in the first instance, some superior judicature. It is said to be called the

* Mr. Nares's Glossary.

court of *pie-poudre, curia pedis pulverizati*, from the dusty feet of the suitors; or, as sir Edward Coke says, because justice is there done as speedily as dust can fall from the feet: but Blackstone, who says thus much of this court, inclines to the opinion of Daines Barrington, who, derives it from *ped puldreau*, (a pedlar, in old French,) and says, it signifies, therefore, the court of such petty chapmen as resort to fairs or markets.

Courts similar to pie-powder courts were usual both with Greeks and Romans, who introduced fairs into Germany and the north.*



The Pedlar.

This is his figure from Randle Holme, who describes him thus:—"He beareth *argent*, a crate carrier, with a crate upon his back, or; cloathed in *russed*, with a staffe in his left hand; hat and shoes *sable*." He observes, that "this is also termed a pedlar and his pack," and he carefully notes that the difference between a *porter* and a pedlar consists in this, that "the *porter's* pack reacheth over his head and so answerable below; but the *pedlar's* is a small truss, bundle, or *fardel*, not exceeding the middle of his head as in this figure." Every reader of Shakspeare knows the word "*fardel*:"—

—"Who would *fardels* bear
To groan and sweat under a weary life," &c.

Fardel means a burden, or bundle, or pack, and so Holme has called the pedlar's pack. The word is well known in that sense to those acquainted with our earlier language. An Act of common council of the first of August, 1554, against "Abuses offered to Pauls," recites, that the inhabitants of London, and others, were accustomed to make their common carriage of "*fardels* of stufte, and other grosse wares and things throw the cathedrall church of Saint Pauls," and prohibits the abuse. There is an old book entitled, "a *Fardel* of Fancies;"

Dict. Antiq.

that is, a variety of fancies fardelled or packed together in a bundle or burthen "*Fancies*" was a name for pleasant ballads, or poetical effusions;—and hence, because Orlando "hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles, all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind," she calls him a "*fancy* monger.

The Porter.

It is to be noted too, that a porter is clearly described by Holme. "He beareth *vert*, a porter carrying of a pack, *argent*, corked, *sable*; cloathed in tawney, cap and shoes *sable*. This is the badge and cognizance of all porters and carriers of burthens;" but that there may be no mistake, he adds, "they have ever a leather girdle about them, with a strong rope of two or three fouldings hanging thereat, which they have in readiness to bind the burdens to thier backs whensoever called thereunto."



The Porter's Knot, now used,

did not exist in Randle Holme's time. This subsequent invention consists of a strong filet to encircle the head, attached to a curiously stuffed cushion of the width of the shoulders, whereon it rests, and is of height sufficient to bear thereon a box, or heavy load of any kind, which, by means of this knot, is carried on the head and shoulders; the weight thereof being borne equally by the various powers of the body capable of sustaining pressure, no muscles are distressed, but the whole are brought to the porter's service in his labour of carrying.

"Bartholomew Faire," a rare quarto tract printed in 1641, under that title states, that "Bartholomew Faire begins on the twenty-fourth day of August, and is then of so vast an extent, that it is contained in no lesse than four several parishes, namely, Christ Church, Great and Little St. Bartholomewes, and St. Sepulchres. Hither resort people of all sorts and conditions. Christ Church cloister are now hung full of pictures. It is remarkable and worth your observation to beholde and heare the strange sights and confused noise in the Faire. Here, a knave in a foole's coate, with a trumpet

sounding, or on a drumme beating, invites you to see his puppets: there, a rogue like a wild woodman, or in an antick shape like an Incubus, desires your company to view his motion: on the other side, Hocus Pocus, with three yards of tape, or ribbin, in's hand, shewing his art of legerdemaine, to the admiration and astonishment of a company of cockoaches. Amongst these, you shall see a gray Goose-cap, (as wise as the rest,) with a what do ye lacke in his mouth, stand in his booth, shaking a rattle, or scraping on a fiddle, with which children are so taken, that they presentlie cry out for these fopperies: and all these together make such a distracted noise, that you would thinck Babell were not comparable to it. Here there are also your gamesters in action: some turning of a whimsey, others throwing for pewter, who can quickly dissolve a round shilling into a three halfe peny saucer. Long-lane at this time looks very faire, and puts out her best cloaths, with the wrong side outward, so turn'd for their better turning off: and Cloth Faire is now in great request: well fare the ale-houses therein, yet better may a man fare, (but at a dearer rate,) in the pig-market, alias Pasty-Nooke, or Pye-Corner, where pigges are al houres of the day on the stalls piping hot, and would cry, (if they could speak,) 'come eate me.'

Pye Corner.

This is the place wherein Ben Jonson's Littlewit, the proctor, willed that his wife Win-the-fight should not eat Bartholomew pig:—"Long to eat of a pig, sweet Win, the Fair; do you see? i' the heart o' the Fair; not at, Pye-corner."

"Pye-corner was so called" says Dr. (James) Howel, "of such a sign, sometimes a fair Inne, for receipt of travellers, but now devided into tenements." It was at Pye-corner as observed before, that the Fire of London ended: the houses that escaped were taken down in October, 1809, and upon their site other dwelling-houses have been erected, together with an engine-house, belonging to the Hope Fire Assurance company,* where it stands at present (in 1825). It was estimated in the year 1732, that "the number of sucking pigs then annually consumed in this city, (of London) amounted to fifty-two thousand †."

Roast Pig.

* *A flower*—cropped in its prime.

ELIA, author of the incomparable volume of "Essays," published "under that name," by Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, indulges in a "Dissertation upon Roast Pig." He cites a Chinese MS. to establish its origin, when flesh was eaten uncooked, and affirms that "the period is not obscurely hinted at by the great Confucius, in the second chapter of his 'Mundane Mutations,' where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Chofang, literally the cooks' holiday." He premises "broiling to be the elder brother of roasting," and relates on the authority of the aforesaid MS. that "roast pig" "was accidentally discovered in the manner following"—viz.

"The swine-herd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the east from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labour of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-braud. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to

* Smith's Anc. Top. of London,

† Maitland.

think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crums of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had kn wn it), he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with a retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconvenience he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig."

Bo-bo in the afternoon, regardless of his father's wrath, and with his "scent wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, 'Eat, eat, eat, the burnt pig, father; only taste—O Lord!'—with such like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke." The narrative relates, that "Ho-ti trembled every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion, (for the manuscript here is a little tedious,) both father and son fairly set down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the little.

"Bo-ho was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbours would certainly have stoned them for a

couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it, and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given,—to the surprise of the whole court, townfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

"The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and, when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it,) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. They first began the rude form of a grid

iron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind."

ELIA maintains, that of all the delicacies in the whole eatable world, "roast pig" is the most delicate.—"I speak," he says, "not of your grown porkers—things between pig and pork—those hobbydehoyes—but a young and tender suckling—under a moon old—guiltless as yet of the sty," with "his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble—the mild fore-runner, or *prælude*, of a grunt.

"He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled—but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

"There is no flavour comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not over-roasted *crackling*, as it is well called—the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance—with the adhesive oleaginous—O call it not fat—but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it—the tender blossoming of fat—fat cropped in the bud—taken in the shoot—in the first innocence—the cream and quintessence of the child-pig's yet pure food—the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna—or, rather fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosial result, or common substance.

"Behold him while he is doing—it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth, than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equally he twirleth round the string!—Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age, he hath wept out his pretty eyes—radiant jellies—shooting stars.

"See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth!—wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate, disagreeable animal—wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation—from these sins he is happily snatched away—

Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care—

his memory is odoriferous—no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon—no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking sausages—he hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die."

ELIA further allegeth of "pig," that "the strong man may batten on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices. He is—good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets. He is all neighbours' fare."

"I am one of those," continueth ELIA, "who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest, I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. 'Presents,' I often say 'endear absents.' Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those 'tame villatic fowl'), capons, plovers, brawn, barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, 'give every thing.' I make my stand upon pig. ***

"I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's, and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, 'Whether, supposing that the flavour of a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death?' I forget the decision.

"His sauce should be considered. Decidedly, a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shallots, stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are—but consider, he is a weakling—a flower."



Part of Bartholomew Fair, 1721.

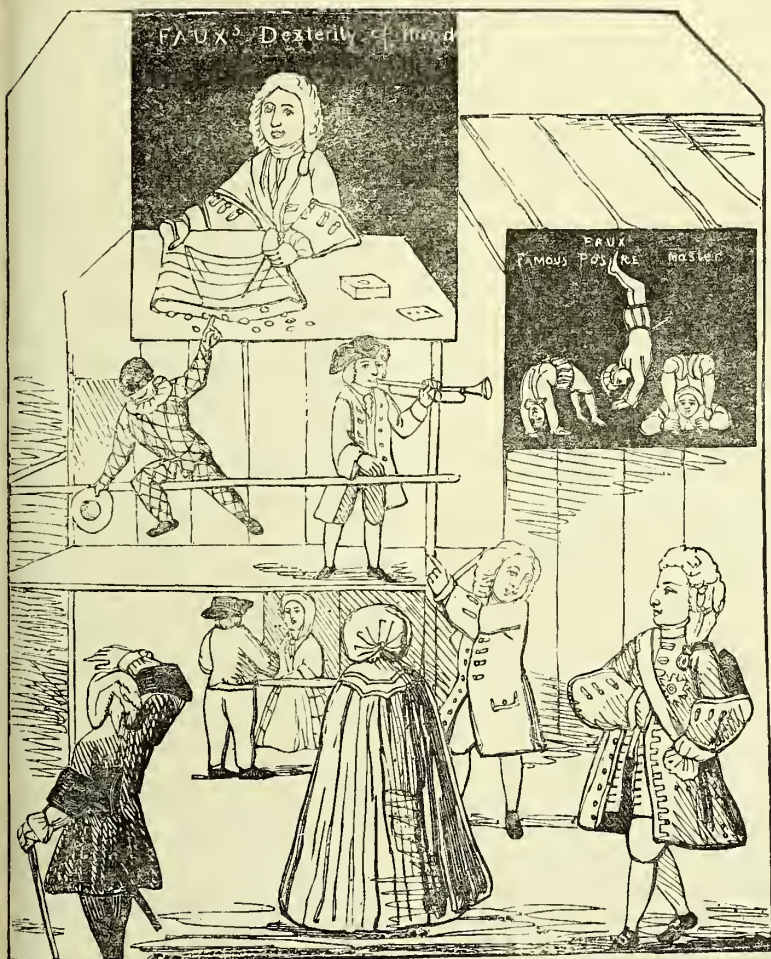
The two engravings whereon the reader now looks, are from a very curious scenic print of this Fair, as represented on an old fan, recently published by

Mr. Setchel, of King-street, Covent-garden. The letter-press account subjoined to Mr. Setchel's print says, that "about the year 1721, when the present interest-

ing view of this popular Fair was taken, the drama was considered of some importance, and a series of minor, although regular, pieces, were acted in its various booths. At Lee and Harper's, the 'Siege of Berthulia' is performing, in which is introduced the tragedy of 'Holophernes.'"

Mr. Setchel's account further repre-

sents, that "Persons of rank were also its occasional visitors, and the figure on the right (with the star) is also supposed to be that of sir Robert Walpole, then prime minister. Fawkes, the famous conjuror, forms a conspicuous feature, and is the only portrait of him known to exist."



Another Part in the same Fair.

There is however, another portrait of Fawkes, the conjuror: it is a sheet, engraved by Sutton Nichols, representing

him in the midst of his performances. Hogarth's frontispiece to a scarce tract on "Taste," wherein he bespatters Burling

ton-gate, further tends to perpetuate Fawkes's fame, by an inscription announcing his celebrated feats. It is recorded, too, in the first volume of the "Gentleman's Magazine," that on the 15th of February, 1731, the Algerine ambassadors went to see Mr. Fawkes, who, at their request, showed them a prospect of Algiers, "and raised up an apple-tree, which bore ripe apples in less than a minute's time, which several of the company tasted of." This was one of his last performances, for, in the same volume, his name is in the list of "Deaths," on the 25th of May, that year, thus: "Mr. Fawkes, noted for his dexterity of hand, said to die worth 10,000*l.*" The newspapers of the period relate, that "he had honestly acquired" it, by his "dexterity," and add, that it was "no more than he really deserved for his great ingenuity, by which he had surpassed all that ever pretended to that art. It will be observed from the show-cloth of the tumblers, that Fawkes was also a "famous posture-master:"—

The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,
With sommersets he shakes the ground;
The cord beneath the dancer springs;
Aloft in air the vaulter swings,
Distorted now, now prone depends,
Now through his twisted arms descends;
The crowd in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the sight.

Gay.

On the platform of Lee and Harper's show, with "Judith and Holophernes," in Mr. Setchel's print, which is handsomely coloured in the manner of the fan, the clown, behind the trumpeter, is dressed in black. The lady who represents Judith, as she is painted on the show-cloth, is herself on the platform, with feathers on her head; the middle feather is blue, the others red. She wears a laced stomacher, white hanging sleeves with rosettes, and a crimson petticoat with white rosettes in triangles, and suitably flounced. Holophernes, in a rich robe lined with crimson and edged with gold lace, wears light brown buskins, the colour of untanned leather; Harlequin, instead of the little flat three-corner flexible cap, wherein he appears at our present theatres, has a round beaver of the same light colour. Two females entering at the door below are, apparently, a lady and her maid; the first is in green, and wears a cap with lappets falling behind, and white laced ruffles;

the other, with a fan in her hand, is in a tawny gown, striped with red, and cuffs of the same; the lady and gentleman in mourning are evidently about to follow them. From hence we see the costume of the quality, and that at that time Bartholomew Fair was honoured with such visitors.

The boy picking the gentleman's pocket is removed from another part of Mr. Setchel's print, which could not be included in the present engraving, to show that the artist had not forgotten to represent that the picking of pockets succeeded to the cutting of purses. The person in black, whose gaze the baker, or man with the apron, is directing with his finger, looks wonderfully like old Tom Hearne. Indeed, this fan-print is exceedingly curious, and indispensable to every "illustrator of Pennant," and collector of manners. In that print to the right of Lee and Harper's is another show, with "Ropedancing is here," on a show-cloth, representing a female with a pole on the tight-rope; a stout middle-aged man, in a green coat, and leather breeches, walks the platform and blows a trumpet; the door below is kept by a woman, and the figures on the printed posting-bills against the boards exhibit a man on the tight-rope, and two slack-ropes; a figure is seated and swinging on one rope, and on the other a man swings by the hams, with his head downward: the bills state this to be "At the great booth over against the hospital-gate in Smithfield." Near to where the hospital-gate may be supposed to stand is a cook, or landlord, at the door of a house, with "Right Redstreak Cyder, at per quart," on the jamb; on the other jamb, a skittle is painted standing on a ball, and an inscription "Sketle ground;" above his head, on a red portcullis-work, is the sign of a punch-bowl and ladle, inscribed "Fine punch;" at the window-way of the house hang two *Bartholomew* "pigs with curly tails," and a side of large pork.

There is an "up and down," or swing, of massive wood-work, with two children in three of the boxes, and one empty box waiting for another pair. Then there is a spacious sausage-stall; a toy-stall, kept by a female, with bows, halberts, rattles, long whistles, dolls, and other knick-knackeries; a little boy in a cocked hat is in possession of a large halbert, and his older sister is looking wistfully at a Chinese doll on the counter; a shown-an exhibits the "Siege of Gibraltar" to two

girls looking through the glasses. These are part of the amusements which are alluded to, in the inscription on the print now describing, as "not unlike those of our day, except in the articles of Hollands and gin, with which the lower orders were then accustomed to indulge, unfettered by licence or excise." A man with tubs of "Right Hollands Geneva, and Anniseed," having a cock in each, is serving a bearded beggar with a wooden-leg to a glass, much nearer to the capacity of half a pint, than one of "three outs" of the present day; while a woman, with a pipe in one hand, holds up a full spirit-measure, of at least half a pint, to her own share; there is topping from a barrel of "Geneva" at another stall; and the postures of a couple of oyster-women denote that the uncivil provocative has raised the retort uncourteous. The visit of sir Robert Walpole to this scene might have suggested to him, that his licence and excise scheme, afterwards so unpopular, though ultimately carried, would aid a reformation of manners.

Lady Holland's Mob.

On the night before the day whereon the lord mayor proclaims the Fair, a riotous assemblage of persons heretofore disturbed Smithfield and its environs, under the denomination of "Lady Holland's mob." This multitude, composed of the most degraded characters of the metropolis, was accustomed to knock at the doors and ring the bells, with loud shouting and vociferation; and they often committed gross outrages on persons and property. The year 1822, was the last year wherein they appeared in any alarming force, and then the inmates of the houses they assailed, or before which they paraded, were aroused and kept in terror by their violence. In Skinner-street, especially, they rioted undisturbed until between three and four in the morning: at one period that morning their number was not less than five thousand, but it varied as parties went off, or came in, to and from the assault of other places. Their force was so overwhelming, that the patrol and watchmen feared to interfere, and the riot continued till they had exhausted their fury.

It has been supposed that this mob first arose, and has been continued, in celebration of a verdict obtained by a Mr. Holland, which freed the Fair from toll; but this is erroneous. "Lady Holland's

mob" may be traced so far back as the times of the commonwealth, when the ruling powers made considerable efforts to suppress the Fair altogether; and when, without going into particulars to corroborate the conjecture, it may be presumed that the populace determined to support what they called their "charter," under the colour of the "Holland" interest, in opposition to the civic authorities. The scene of uproar always commenced in Cloth-fair, and the present existence of an annual custom there, throws some light on the matter. At "the Hand and Shears," a public-house in that place, it is the usage, at this time, for tailors to assemble the night before the Fair is proclaimed by the lord mayor. They appoint a chairman, and exactly as the clock strikes twelve, he and his companions, each with a pair of shears in his hand, leave the house, and, in the open street of Cloth-fair, the chairman makes a speech and proclaims "Bartholomew Fair." As soon as he concludes, every tailor holds up and snaps his shears with a shout, and they retire, shears in hand, snapping and shouting, to the "Hand and Shears," from whence they came forth; but the mob, who await without, to witness the ceremony, immediately upon its being ended, run out into Smithfield, and being joined by others there shout again. This second assemblage and shouting is called "the mob proclaiming the Fair;" and so begins the annual mob, called "Lady Holland's mob." Since 1822, the great body have confined their noise to Smithfield itself, and their number and disorder annually decrease.

ORIGIN

OF

Bartholomew Fair.

About the year 1102, in the reign of Henry I., the priory, hospital, and church of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, were founded by one Rahere, a minstrel of the king, and "a pleasant witted gentleman." It seems that Rahere was determined to this pious work in a fit of sickness, during a pilgrimage he made to Rome agreeably to the fashion of the times, when St. Bartholomew appeared to him, and required him to undertake the work and perform it in Smithfield.* Before that time Smith-

* Stow

field, or the greater part of it, was called "the Elms," because it was covered with elm trees; "since the which time," saith Stow, "building there hath so increased that now remaineth not one tree growing." Smithfield derives its name from its being "a plain or smooth field."* Regarding Rahere's occupation as a minstrel, it may be observed, that minstrels were reciters of poems, story tellers, performers upon musical instruments, and sometimes jugglers and buffoons. Rahere "ofte hawnted the kyng's palice, and amo'ge the noysefull presse of that tumultuous courte, enforced hymselfe with jolite and carnal suavite: ther yn spectaclis, yn metys, yn playes, and other courteyly mokyys, and trifyllis intrudyng, he lede forth the besynesse of alle the day."† It is related of a person in this capacity, that he was employed by a king as a story teller, on purpose to lull him to sleep every night; and that the king's requiring him to tell longer stories, the romancer began one of so great length, that he himself fell asleep in the midst of it.‡ Racine, the French poet, was scarcely higher employed when he was engaged in reading Louis XIV. to sleep with "Plutarch's Lives:" to such a king the narratives of the philosophical biographer were fables.

Rahere was the first prior of his monastery. There was a remarkable visitation of it by Boniface, archbishop of Canterbury, who being received with a procession in a solemn manner, said he did not require that honour, but came to visit them; whereto the canons answered, that to submit to the visitation of any other than their own prelate, the bishop of London, would be in contempt of his authority; whereupon the archbishop conceiving great offence, struck the sub-prior in the face, and "raging, with oathes not to be recited, hee rent in peeces the rich cope of the sub-prior, and trode it under his feete, and thrust him against a pillar of the chancell, with such violence that hee had almost killed him." Then the canons dragged off the archbishop with so great force that they threw him backwards, and thus perceived that he was armed, and prepared to fight; and the archbishop's followers falling upon the canons, beat and tore them, and trod them under foot; who thereupon ran bleeding with

complaints of the violence to the bishop of London, who sent four of them to the king at Westminster, but he would neither hear nor see them. In the mean time, the city was in an uproar, and the people would "have hewed the archbishop into small peeces," if he had not secretly withdrawn to Lambeth, from whence he went over to the king, "with a great complaint against the canons, whereas himself was guilty."* How the affair ended does not appear.

Stow says, that "to this priory king Henry the second granted the priviledge of a Faire to bee kept yeerly at Bartholomew-tide, for three daies, to wit, the eve, the day, and the next morrow, to the which the clothiers of England, and drapers of London repaired, and had their boothes and standings within the church-yard of this priory, closed in with wals and gates locked every night, and watched for safety of mens goods and wares; a court of piepowders was daily during the Faire holden, for debts and contracts. But," continues Stow, "notwithstanding all proclamations of the prince, and also the act of parliament, in place of booths within this church-yard (only letten out in the Faire time, and closed up all the yeere after) bee many large houses builded, and the north wall towards Long-lane taken downe, a number of tenements are there erected, for such as will give great rents. The forrainers," he adds, "are licensed for three days, the freemen so long as they would, which was sixe or seven daies." This was the origin of Bartholomew Fair, over which the charter of Henry II. gave the mayor and aldermen criminal jurisdiction during its continuance.

Bolton was the last prior of this house, to which he added many buildings, and built "the manor of Canonbury, at Islington, which belonged to the canons." In 1554, on the dissolution of the religious houses, Henry VIII., in consideration of 106*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.* granted to Richard Rich, kn^t. attorney-general, and chancellor of the court of augmentations of the revenues of the crown, the dissolved monastery or priory of St. Bartholomew, and the Close with the messuages and buildings therein appertaining to the monastery. He also granted to the said Richard Rich, kn^t. and to the inhabitants of the parish of St.

* Fitz Stephen.

† Cotton MS

‡ Harl. MS. Strutt

* Stow.

Bartholomew, and the church of St Bartholomew, all the void ground eighty seven feet in length, and sixty in breadth, adjoining the church westward, for a church-yard. In the first year of Edward VI. that king confirmed the grant to sir Richard Rich, who was created lord Rich, and appointed lord chancellor of England; but under Mary the ejected monks were restored to the priory, where they remained till the accession of queen Elizabeth, who renewed the grant to lord Rich and his heirs; and lord Rich took up his residence in Cloth-fair. The lord Rich ultimately became earl of Warwick and Holland, and the property regularly descended to the present lord Kensington, through William Edwards, who was son of the lady Elizabeth Rich, and created, in 1776, baron of Kensington of the kingdom of Ireland.

Henry VIII. having in this way disposed of the priory and church of St. Bartholomew, he gave the hospital, with certain messuages and appurtenances, to the city of London. When connected with the priory, it had been governed by a master, brethren, and eight sisters.

On the 13th of January, 1546, the bishop of Rochester (Holbetch,) preaching at Paul's-cross, declared the gift of St. Bartholomew's hospital to the citizens "for relieving of the poore;" and thereupon the inhabitants of the city were called together in their parish churches, where sir Richard Dobbs the lord mayor, the severall aldermen, and other principal citizens, showing the great good of taking the poor from their miserable habitations, and providing for them in hospitals abroad, men were moved liberally to contribute what they would towards such hospitals, and so weekly, towards their maintenance for a time, until they were fully endowed; and in July 1552 the reparation of the St. Bartholomew's hospital commenced, and it was endowed and furnished at the charges of the citizens.* The number of the poor and sick to be maintained therein, was limited under the foundation of Henry VIII. to one hundred; but, at this time, several thousands of persons who need surgical aid are annually received and relieved, under the management of the most eminent surgeons of our age

Smithfield, whereon the Fair was held,

was likewise a market-place for cattle, hay, straw, and other necessary provisions; and also, saith Stow, "it hath been a place for honourable jists and triumphs, by reason it was unpaid." After it had ceased to be a place of recreative exercise with the gentry, loose serving men and quarrelsome persons resorted thither, and made uproars; and thus becoming the rendezvous of bullies and bravoos, it obtained the name of "Ruffians'-hall." The "sword and buckler" were at that time in use, and a serving-man carried a buckler, or shield, at his back, which hung by the hilt or pommel of his sword hanging before him.* Fellows of this sort who hectorred and blustered were called "Swash-bucklers," from the noise they made with the "sword and buckler" to frighten an antagonist: "a bully," or fellow all noise and no courage, was called a "swasher."†

With the disuse of pageants, the necessity for Smithfield remaining a "soft ground" ceased; and, accordingly, as "it was continually subject to the iniquity of weather, and being a place of such goodly extendure, deserved to be much better respected, it pleased the king's majesty, (James I.) with the advice of his honourable lords of the counsell, to write graciously to the lord maior and the aldermen his brethren, that Smithfield might be sufficiently paved, which would bee the onely meanes, whereby to have it kept in far cleaner condition: And" says Stow, "as no motion (to any good end and intent) can be made to the city, but they as gladly embrace and willingly pursue it; even so this honourable motion found as acceptable entertainment, and it was very speedily proceeded withall. Some voluntary contribution in the severall parishes (what each man willingly would give) was bestowed on the worke; but, (indeed,) hardly deserving any report. Notwithstanding, on the fourth day of February, in An. 1614, the city began the intended labour, and before Bartholomew-tide then next ensuing, to the credit and honour of the city for ever, it was fully finished, and Bartholomew Faire there kept, without breaking any of the paved ground, but the boothes discreetly ordered, to stand fast upon the pavement. The citizens charge thereof (as I have been credibly told by Master Arthur Strangwaies,)

* Martiall ind.

† Nares.

* Stow

amounting well nere to sixteene hundred pounds." This improvement, it will be remembered, was effected in the year wherein Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair" was written.

In "The Order observed by the lord maior, the aldermen, and sheriffes for their meetings, and wearing of their apparell throughout the whole yeere," it is ordained, That

"On Bartholomew Eve for the Fayre in Smithfield :—

"The aidemen meete the lord maior and the sheriffes at the Guildhall chapel, at two of the clocke after dinner, having on their violet gownes lined, and their horses, but without their cloakes, and there they heare evening prayer. Which being done, they mount on their horses, and riding to Newgate, passe forth of the gate. Then entring into the Cloth-fayre, there they make a proclamation, which proclamation being ended, they ride thorow the Cloth-fayre, and so returne backe againe thorow the churchyard of great Saint Bartholomewes to Aldersgate: and then ride home againe to the lord maior's house."

In the same collection of ordinances:—

"On Burtholomew Day for the Wrestling.

"So many aldermen as doe dine with the lord maior, and the sheriffes, are apparelled in their scarlet gownes lined; and after dinner, their horses are brought to them where they dined. And those aldermen which dine with the sheriffes, ride with them to the lord maior's house for accompanying him to the wrestlings. When as the wrestling is done, they mount their horses, and ride backe againe thorow the Fayre, and so in at Aldersgate, and then home againe to the lord maior's house."

"The Shooting Day.

"The next day, (if it be not Sunday,) is appointed for the shooting, and the service performed as upon Bartholomew-day; but if it bee Sunday, the Sabbath-day, it is referred to the Munday then following."

Ben Jonson's mention, in his "Bartholomew Fair," of "the western man who is come to wrestle before the lord mayor anon," is clearly of one who came up to the annual wrestling on Bartholomew's-

day. Concerning this "annual wrestling," it is further noticed by Stow in another place, that about the feast of St. Bartholomew, wrestling was exhibited before the lord mayor and aldermen, at Skinnerswell near Clerkenwell, where they had a large tent for their accommodation. He speaks of it as having been a practice "of old time;" and affirms that "divers days were spent in the pastime, and that the officers of the citie, namely the sheriffes, serjeants, and yeomen, the porters of the king's beame, or weigh-house, (now no such men," says Stow,) "and other of the citie were challengers of all men in the suburbs, to wrestle for games appointed: and on other days, before the said mayor, aldermen, and shriffes, in Fensbury-field, to shoot the standard, broad arrow, and flight, for games. But now of late yeeres," Stow adds, "the wrestling is only practiced on Bartholomew-day in the afternoone, and the shooting some three or foure days after, in one afternoone and no more." Finally, the old chronicler laments, that "by the means of closing in of common grounds, our archers, for want of roome to shoot abroad creepe into bowling-alleys, and ordinarie dicing houses, neerer home, where they have roome enough to hazzard their moneye at unlawful games, and there I leave them to take their pleasures." Another narrator tells of the wrestlers before the lord mayor, aldermen, &c. on Bartholomew's-day that they wrestled "two at a time;" he says "the conquerors are rewarded by them by money thrown from the tent; after this a parcel of wild rabbits are turned loose in the crowd, and hunted by boys with great noise, at which the mayor and aldermen do much besport themselves."*

It was on St. Bartholomew's-eve that the London scholars held logical disputations about the principles of grammar "I myself," says Stow, "have yeerely seen the scholars of divers grammar-schools, repaire unto the churchyard of St. Bartholomew, the priory in Smithfield, where, upon a banke boorded about under a tree, some one scholler hath stepped up, and there hath opposed and answered, till he were by some better scholler overcome and put downe; and then the overcommer taking the place, did like as the first; and in the end, the best opposers and answers had re-

* Hentzner.

wards." These disputations ceased at the suppression of the priory, but were revived, though, "only for a yeare or waine," under Edward VI., where the

best scholars received bows, and arrows of silver, for their prizes.

The Bartholomew Fair of 1655, is the subject of

An Ancient Song of Bartholomew Fair.

In fifty-five, may I never thrive,
If I tell you any more than is true,
To London che came, hearing of the fame
Of a Fair they call Bartholomew.

In houses of boards, men walk upon cords,
As easie as squirrels crack filberds;
But the cut-purses they do lite, and rub away,
But those we suppose to be ill birds.

For a penny you may zee a fine puppet play,
And for two-pence a rare piece of art;
And a penny a cann, I dare swear a man,
May put zix of 'em into a quart.

Their zights are so rich, is able to bewitch
The heart of a very fine man-a;
Here's patient Grizel here, and Fair Rosamond there,
And the history of Susanna.

At Pye-corner end, mark well, my good friend,
'Tis a very fine dirty place;
Where there's more arrows and bows, the Lord above knows,
Than was hand'd at Chivy Chase.

Then at Smithfield Bars, betwixt the ground and the stars,
There's a place they call Shoemaker Row,
Where that you may buy shoes every day,
Or go barefoot all the year I tro'.*

In 1699, Ned Ward relates his visit to the Fair:—

"We ordered the coachman to set us down at the Hospital-gate, near which we went into a convenient house to smoke a pipe, and overlook the follies of the innumerable throng, whose impatient desires of seeing Merry Andrew's grimaces, had led them ankle deep into filth and nastiness.—The first objects, when we were seated at the window that lay within our observation, were the quality of the Fair, strutting round their balconies in their tinsey robes, and golden leather buckskins, expressing such pride in their buffoonery stateliness, that I could but reasonably believe they were as much elevated with the thought of their fortnight's pageantry, as ever Alexander was with the thought of a new conquest

looking with great contempt from their slit deal thrones, upon the admiring mobility gazing in the dirt at our ostentatious heroes, and their most supercilious doxies, who looked as aukward and ungainly in their gorgeous accoutrements, as an alderman's lady in her stiffen-bodied gown upon a lord mayor's festival."†

At the Fair of 1701, there was exhibited a tiger which had been taught to pluck a fowl's feathers from its body.

In the reign of queen Anne the following curious bill relates part of the entertainment at one of the shows:—

"By her majesty's permission, at Heatly's booth, over against the Cross Daggers, next to Mr. Miller's booth,

* Old Ballads.

† Ward's London Spy.

during the time of Bartholomew Fair, will be presented a little opera, called *The Old Creation of the World new Revived*, with the addition of the glorious battle obtained over the French and Spaniards by his grace the duke of Marlborough. The contents are these, 1. The creation of Adam and Eve. 2. The intrigues of Lucifer in the garden of Eden. 3. Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise. 4. Cain going to plow; Abel driving sheep. 5. Cain killeth his brother Abel. 6. Abraham offereth up his son Isaac. 7. Three wise men of the east, guided by a star, come and worship Christ. 8. Joseph and Mary flee away by night upon an ass. 9. King Herod's cruelty; his men's spears laden with children. 10. Rich Dives invites his friends, and orders his porter to keep the beggars from his gate. 11. Poor Lazarus comes a begging at rich Dives' gate, the dogs lick his sores. 12. The good angel and Death contend for Lazarus's life. 13. Rich Dives is taken sick, and dieth; he is buried in great solemnity. 14. Rich Dives in hell, and Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, seen in a most glorious object, all in machines descending in a throne, guarded with multitudes of angels; with the breaking of the clouds, discovering the palace of the sun, in double and treble prospects, to the admiration of all the spectators. Likewise several rich and large figures, which dance jiggs, sarabands, anticks, and country dances, between every act; compleated with the merry humours of Sir Jno. Spendall and Punchinello, with several other things never exposed. Performed by Matt. Heatly. *Vivat Regina.*"

A writer in the "*Secret Mercury*," of September 9, 1702, says, "Wednesday, September 3, having padlocked my pockets, and trimmed myself with Hudibras from head to foot, I set out about six for Bartholomew Fair; and having thrown away substantial silver for visionary theatrical entertainment, I made myself ready for the farce; but I had scarce composed myself, when bolts me into the pit a bully veau, &c. The curtain drew, and discovered a nation of beauish machines; their motions were so starched, that I began to question whether I had mistaken myself, and Dogget's booth for a puppet-show. As I was debating the matter, they advanced towards the front of the stage, and making a halt, began a singing so miserably, that I was forced to tune my own whistle in romance ere my brains

were set straight again. All the secret I could for my life discover in the whole grotesque, was the consistency or drift of the picce, which I could never demonstrate to this hour. At last, all the childish parade shrunk off the stage by matter and motion, and enter a hobble-hoy of a dance, and Dogget, in old woman's petticoats and red waistcoat, as like Progue Cock as ever man saw; it would have made a stoic split his lungs, if he had seen the temporary harlot sing and weep both at once; a true emblem of a woman's tears. When these Christmas carols were over, enter a wooden horse; now I concluded we should have the ballad of Troy-town, but I was disappointed in the scene, for a dancing-master comes in, begins complimenting the horse, and fetching me three or four run-bars with his arm, (as if he would have mortified the ox at one blow,) takes a frolic upon the back of it, and translates himself into cavalry at one bound; all I could clap was the patience of the beast. However, having played upon him about half a quarter, the conqueror was pursued with such a clangor from the crusted clutches of the mob in the sixpenny place, that for five minutes together I was tossed on this dilemma, that either a man had not five senses, or I was no man. The stage was now overrun with nothing but merry-andrews and pickle-herrings. This mountebank scene was removed at last, and I was full of expectations that the success would be pills, pots of balsam, and orvietan; but, alas, they were half empirics, and therefore exeunt omnes."

We learn something of the excesses at the Fair from "*The Observator*," of August 21, 1703:—"Does this market of lewdness tend to any thing else but the ruin of the bodies, souls, and estates of the young men and women of the city of London, who here meet with all the temptations to destruction? The lotteries, to ruin their estates; the drolls, comedies, interludes, and farces, to poison their minds, &c. and in the cloisters what strange medley of lewdness has that place not long since afforded! Lords and ladies, aldermen and their wives, squires and fiddlers, citizens and rope-dancers, jack-puddings and lawyers, mistresses and maids, masters and 'prentices! This is not an ark, like Noah's which received the clean and unclean; only the unclean beasts enter this ark, and such as have the devil's livery on their backs."

An advertisement in "The Postman," of August 19, 1703, by "Barnes and Finley," invites the reader to "see my lady Mary perform such curious steps on the dancing-rope," &c. &c. Lady Mary is noticed in "Heraclitus Ridens," No. 7. "Look upon the old gentleman; his eyes are fixed upon my lady Mary: Cupid has shot him as dead as a robin. Poor Heraclitus! he has cried away all his moisture, and is such a dotard to entertain himself with a prospect of what is meat for his betters; wake him out of his lethargy, and tell him the young noblemen and senators will take it amiss if a man of his years makes pretensions to what is more than a match for their youth. Those roguish eyes have brought her more admirers than ever Jenny Bolton had."

Lady Mary was the daughter of noble parents, inhabitants of Florence, who immured her in a nunnery; but she accidentally saw a merry-andrew, with whom she formed a clandestine intercourse; an elopement followed, and finally, he taught her his infamous tricks, which she exhibited for his profit, till vice had made her his own, as Heraclitus proves. The catastrophe of "the lady Mary" was dreadful: her husband, impatient of delays or impediments to profit, either permitted or commanded her to exhibit on the rope, when her situation required compassionate consideration; she fell never to rise again, nor to open her eyes on her untimely infant, which perished in a few minutes after her.

In 1715, Dawks's "News Letter," says, "on Wednesday, Bartholomew Fair began, to which we hear, the greatest number of black cattle was brought, that was ever known.—There is one great playhouse erected in the middle of Smithfield for the king's players.—The booth is the largest that was ever built." Actors of celebrity performed in the Fair at that time, and in many succeeding years.

A recent writer, evidently well acquainted with the manners of the period, introduces us to a character mentioned in a former sheet. "In the midst of all, the public attention was attracted to a tall, well-made, and handsome-looking man, who was dressed in a very fashionable suit of white, trimmed with gold lace, a laced ruffled shirt, rolled white silk stockings, a white apron, and a large cocked hat, formed of gingerbread, fringed and garnished with Dutch gold. He carried on his arm a basket filled with gingerbread

cakes, one of which he held up in the air; while the other hand was stuck with an easy and fashionable manner into his bosom. For this singular vendor of confectionary every one made way, and numbers followed in his train, shouting after him, 'there goes Tiddy Doll!' the name by which that remarkable character was known. He himself did not pass silently through the crowd, but as he went along, he poured forth a multiplicity of praises of his ware, occasionally enlivened by that song which first procured him his name." This was at the Fair of the year 1740 concerning which the same illustrator thus continues: "The multitude behind was impelled violently forwards, a broad blaze of red light, issuing from a score of flambeaux, streamed into the air; several voices were loudly shouting, 'room there for prince George! make way for the prince!' and there was that long sweep heard to pass over the ground, which indicates the approach of a grand and ceremonious train. Presently the pressure became much greater, the voices louder, the light stronger, and as the train came onward, it might be seen that it consisted, firstly, of a party of yeomen of the guards clearing the way; then several more of them bearing flambeaux, and flanking the procession; while in the midst of all appeared a tall, fair, and handsome young man, having something of a plump foreign visage, seemingly about four and thirty years of age, dressed in a ruby-coloured frock coat, very richly guarded with gold lace, and having his long flowing hair curiously curled over his forehead and at the sides, and finished with a very large bag and courtly queue behind. The air of dignity with which he walked, the blue ribbon, and star and garter with which he was decorated, the small three-cornered silk court hat which he wore, whilst all around him were uncovered; the numerous suite, as well of gentlemen as of guards, which marshalled him along, the obsequious attention of a short stout person, who by his flourishing manner seemed to be a player,—all these particulars indicated that the amiable Frederick, prince of Wales was visiting Bartholomew Fair by torchlight, and that manager Rich was introducing his royal guest to all the entertainments of the place. However strange this circumstance may appear to the present generation, yet it is nevertheless strictly true; for about 1740, when the drolls in Smithfield were extended to

three weeks and a month, it was not considered as derogatory to persons of the first rank and fashion, to partake in the broad humour and theatrical amusements of the place. It should also be remembered, that many an eminent performer of the last century, unfolded his abilities in a booth; and that it was once considered, as an important and excellent preparative to their treading the boards of a theatre-royal." One of the players is thus represented as informing a spectator concerning the occupation of an itinerant actor:—"I will, as we say, take you behind the scenes. First then, a valuable actor must sleep in the pit, and wake early to sweep the theatre, and throw fresh sawdust into the boxes; he must shake out the dresses, and wind up and dust the motion-jacks; he must teach the dull ones how to act, rout up the idlers from the straw, and redeem those that happen to get into the watch-house. Then, sir, when the Fair begins, he should sometimes walk about the stage grandly, and show his dress: sometimes he should dance with his fellows; sometimes he should sing; sometimes he should blow the trumpet; sometimes he should laugh and joke with the crowd, and give them a kind of a touch-and-go speech, which keep them merry, and makes them come in. Then, sir, he should sometimes cover his state robe with a great coat, and go into the crowd, and shout opposite his own booth, like a stranger who is struck with its magnificence: by the way, sir, that's a good trick, I never knew it fail to make an audience; and then he has only to steal away, mount his stage, and strut, and dance, and sing, and trumpet, and roar over again."*

An advertisement in the "London Gazette" of April the 13th, 1682, shows under what authority showmen and similar persons "labour in their vocation":—

"Whereas Mr. John Clarke, of London, bookseller, did rent of Charles Killigrew, Esq. the licensing of all ballad-singers for five years; which time is expired at Lady-day next. These are, therefore, to give notice to all ballad-singers, that they take out licences at the office of the revels, at Whitehall, for singing and selling of ballads, and small books, according to an ancient custom. And all persons con-

cerned are hereby desired to take notice of, and to suppress all mountebanks, ropedancers, prize-players, ballad-singers, and such as make show of motions and strange sights, that have not a licence in red and black letters, under the hand and seal of the said Charles Killigrew, Esq. master of the revels to his majesty;" and in particular it requires them to suppress two, one of them being "Thomas Teats mountebank," who have no licence "that they may be proceeded against according to law."

The late John Charles Crowle, Esq. who bequeathed his illustrated copy of "Pennant's London" to the British Museum, which he valued at 5000*l.* was master of the revels. In that quality he claimed a seat in any part of the theatres, and being opposed by the manager of the little theatre in the Haymarket, maintained his right. He was also trumpeter-major of England, to whom every one who blows a trumpet publicly (excepting those of the theatres-royal) must pay a certain sum, and therefore the office has jurisdiction of all the merry-andrews and jack-puddings of every Fair throughout England. The office of master of the revels was created under Henry VIII. in 1546. The identical seal of the office used under five sovereigns, was engraved on wood, and is in the possession of Francis Douce, Esq. F.S.A., who permitted impressions of it to be inserted first by Mr. Chalmers in his "Apology for the believers in the Shakspeare MSS.," and next by Mr. J. T. Smith, of the British Museum, in his "Ancient Topography of London;" the legend on it is "Sigill: Offic: Jocator: Mascar: et Revell: Dnis. Reg." Mr. Chalmers's work also contains the "arms of the revels."*

Mr. J. T. Smith was informed by Mr. Thomas Batrich, an ancient barber of Drury-lane, that Mr. Garrick shortly after his marriage conducted Mrs. Garrick to Yates and Shuter's booth; Garrick being rudely pushed called upon his bill-sticker, old Palmer, who had been engaged to receive the money at the entrance of the booth for protection. Palmer, though a very strong man, professed himself sorry he could not serve him in Smithfield; alleging that few people there knew Garrick off the stage. One of the merry-andrew

* New European Magazine, 1822-3.

* Smith's Anc. Topog. Lond.

who attended on the quack doctors was so much superior to the rest of his profession for wit and gesture, that he was noticed by all ranks of people. Between the seasons he sold gingerbread nuts about Covent-garden, and was the most polite and quiet vendor of the article in London; for to keep up his value at fairs, where he had a guinea a day for his performance besides presents from the multitude, he would never laugh or notice a joke when a dealer in nuts.

Mr. Edward Oram, who died at Hampstead in his seventy-third year, and was buried at Hendon, was intimate with Hogarth in his youth, and introduced him, soon after he left his master, to the proprietors of Drury-lane theatre, where he and Oram painted scenes conjointly, for several years, and were employed by a famous woman, who kept a droll in Bartholomew Fair to paint a splendid set of scenes. The agreement particularly specified that the scenes were to be gilt; but instead of leaf gold being used, they were covered in the usual way with Dutch metal: the mistress of the drolls declared the contract to be broken, and refused to pay for the scenes.*

Without going into a history of Bartholomew Fair, it may be remarked that in 1778 it was attended by a foreigner, who exhibited serpents that danced on silk ropes to the sound of music. In 1782, the late Mrs. Baker, proprietor of the Rochester theatre, brought here her company of comedians as "show-folk." In four successive years, from 1779 to 1780, Mr. Hall of the City-road, eminent for his skill in the preservation of deceased animals, exhibited at the Fair his fine collection of stuffed birds and beasts, which he exhibited for many years before and afterwards at his own house. To obtain notice to it in Smithfield, he engaged sir Jeffery Dunstan to give his imitations in crying "old wigs;" but the mob were no admirers of "still life:" at Hall's last visit they drew his fine zebra round the Fair; from thenceforth sir Jeffery's imitations ceased to draw, and Hall came no more.

The exhibitions of living animals at this Fair have been always attractive. Hither

came the "illustrious" Pidcock, with his wild beasts, and to him succeeded the "not less illustrious" Polito.

Hither also came the formerly famous, and still well-remembered Astley, with his "equestrian troop," and his learned horse. These feats were the admiration of never-ceasing audiences, and to him succeeded Saunders with like success.

Puppet Shows.

Flockton was the last eminent "motion-master" at Bartholomew Fair. He was himself a good performer, and about 1790 his wooden puppets were in high vogue. He brought them every year till his death, which happened at Peckham, where he resided in a respectable way, upon a handsome competence realized by their exhibition at this and the principal fairs in the country. Flockton's "Punch" was a very superior one to the present street show. He had trained a Newfoundland dog to fight his puppet, representing the devil, whom he always conquered in due time, and then ran away with him.

A puppet-show, or play performed by puppets, was anciently called a "*motion*;" and sometimes, in common talk, a single puppet was called "a motion." These were very favourite spectacles. In the times of the papacy, the priests at Witney, in Oxfordshire, annually exhibited a show of *The Resurrection*, &c. by garnishing out certain small puppets representing the persons of Christ, Mary, and others. Amongst them, one in the character of a waking watchman, espying Christ to arise, made a continual noise, like the sound caused by the meeting of two sticks, and was therefore commonly called *Jack Snacker of Wytney*. Lambarde, when a child, saw a like puppet in St. Paul's cathedral, London, at the feast of Whitsuntide; where the descent of the Holy Ghost was performed by a white pigeon being let fly out of a hole in the midst of the roof of the great aisle, with a long censor, which descending from the same place almost to the ground, was swung up and down at such a length, that it reached with one sweep almost to the west-gate of the church, and with the other to the choir stairs, breathing out over the whole church and the assembled multitude a most pleasant perfume, from the sweet things that burnt within it. Lambarde says; that they everywhere used the like *dumb-shows*, to furnish sundry parts of the church service with spec-

* Smith's Anc. Top. Loud.

tacles of the nativity, passion, and ascension.

There may be added to the particulars of a former exhibition, a puppet-showman's bill at the British Museum, which announces scriptural subjects in the reign of Anne, as follows: "At Crawley's booth, over against the Crown Tavern, in Smithfield, during the time of *Bartholomew Fair*, will be presented a little opera, called *the Old Creation of the World*, yet newly revived; with the addition of *Noah's Flood*; also several fountains playing water during the time of the play. The last scene does present Noah and his family coming out of the ark, with all the beasts two by two, and all the fowls of the air seen in a prospect sitting upon trees; likewise over the ark is seen the sun rising in a glorious manner: moreover a multitude of angels will be seen in a double rank which presents a double prospect, one for the sun, the other for a palace, where will be seen *six angels ringing of bells*. Likewise machines descend from above, double and treble, with *Dives rising out of hell, and Lazarus seen in Abraham's bosom*, besides several figures dancing jigs, sarabands, and country dances, to the admiration of the spectators; with the merry conceits of *Squire Punch, and Sir John Spendall*."

These "motions" or puppet-shows were fashionable at this period in other places, and among fashionable people.

In the "Tatler" of May 14, 1709, there is an account of a puppet-show in a letter from Bath, describing the rivalry of Prudentia and Florimel, two ladies at that watering-place. Florimel bespoke the play of "Alexander the Great," to be acted by the company of strollers on Thursday evening, and the letter-writer accepted the lady's invitation to be of her party; but he says, "Prudentia had counter-plotted us, and had bespoke on the same evening, the puppet-show of the *Creation of the World*. She had engaged every body to be there; and to turn our leader into ridicule, had secretly let them know that the puppet *Eve* was made the most like Florimel that ever was seen. On Thursday morning the puppet-drummer, with Adam and Eve, and several others that lived before the flood, passed through the streets on horseback to invite us all to the pastime; and Mr. Mayor was so wise as to prefer these innocent people, the puppets, who he said were to represent christians, before the wicked players who

were to show Alexander an heathen philosopher. When we came to *Noah's flood* in the show, *Punch* and his wife were introduced dancing in the ark. Old Mrs. Petulant desired both her daughters to mind the moral; then whispered to Mrs. Mayoress, 'this is very proper for young people to see.' *Punch* at the end of the play made *Madame Prudentia* a bow, and was very civil to the whole company, making bows till his buttons touched the ground." Sir Richard Steele in the "Spectator" of March 16, 1711, intimates that Powell, the puppet-showman, exhibited religious subjects with his puppets, under the little piazza in Covent-garden; and talks of "his next opera of *Susannah, or Innocence Betrayed*, which will be exhibited next week with a pair of new elders."

It is observed in a small pamphlet,* that "music forms one of the grand attractions of the Fair, and a number of itinerant musicians meet with constant employment at this time." A band at the west-end of the town, well known for playing on winter evenings before the Spring-garden coffee-house, and opposite Wigley's great exhibition-room, consisted of a double drum, a Dutch organ, the tambourine, violin pipes, and the Turkish jingle, used in the army. This band was generally hired at one of the first booths in the Fair; but the universal noise arising from so many other discordant instruments, with the cry of "show them in! just going to begin!" prevented their being attended to.

The pamphlet referred to mentions the performances by a family of tumblers, who went about with a large caravan, and attended all the Fairs near town; and that at the beginning of the last century, Clarke and Higgins made themselves famous for their wonderful exertions in this way. They would extend the body into all deformed shapes, stand upon one leg, and extend the other in a perpendicular line, half a yard above the head. The tumblers of the present day do not attempt such wonderful exploits, but they put their bodies into a variety of singular postures, and leap with remarkable facility.

Lane was a celebrated performer at this Fair, and had several pupils who succeeded him in practising the grand and sublime art of legerdemain, and various

* 12mo., "published by John Arliss, No. 27 Bartholomew Close," about 1810.

tricks with cards and balls. The secrets of fortune were disclosed; unmarried damsels were told when and to whom they were to be married; and the widow when she should strip herself of her weeds, and enter anew into matrimony; knives were run through the hand without producing blood; knives and forks swallowed as of easy digestion; and fire and sparks proceeded out of a man's mouth as from a blacksmith's forge.

During Bartholomew Fair there were swings without number, besides roundabouts and up-and-downs. In the latter, the "young gentleman," with his fair partner, were elated by the undulating motion, or rather vertical rotation of the machine; and while thus in motion, could survey the busy scene around, and hear its roar. The effect cannot be described

which a stranger experienced upon entering Smithfield, and beholding the immense number of these vehicles, which appeared as if soaring into the clouds.

Then too, about the year 1815, a well-known eccentric character might be seen with plum-pudding on a board, which he sold in slices. He possessed as much drollery as any mountebank in the Fair, and had as various characteristic traits of oddity. He always walked without his hat, and his hair powdered and tied *a la queue*, in a neat dress, with a clean apron: his voice, strong and forcible, made many a humorous appeal in behalf of his pudding, large quantities of which he dealt out for "ready money," and provoked a deal of mirth by his pleasantry.

George Alexander Stevens be-rhymes the Fair in his day thus:—

Here were, first of all, crowds against other crowds driving
 Like wind and tide meeting, each contrary striving;
 Shrill fiddling, sharp fighting, and shouting and shrieking,
 Fifes, trumpets, drums, bagpipes, and barrow girls squeaking—
 "Come my rare round and sound, here's choice of fine ware!"
 Though all was not sound sold at Bartelmew Fair.
 Here were drolls, hornpipe-dancing, and showing of postures,
 With frying black puddings, and opening of oysters;
 With salt-boxes, solos, and galley folks squalling,
 The tap-house guests roaring, and mouth-pieces bawling.
 Here's "Punch's whole play of the gunpowder plot,"
 "Wild beasts all alive," and "peas pudding all hot."
 "Fine sausages" fried, and "the Black on the wire,"
 "The whole court of France," and "nice pig at the fire."
 Here's the up-and-downs, "who'll take a seat in the chair?"
 Tho' there's more up-and-downs than at Bartelmew Fair.
 Here's "Whittington's cat," and "the tall dromedary,"
 "The chaise without horses," and "queen of Hungary."
 Here's the merry-go-rounds, "Come who rides, come who rides, sir,"
 Wine, beer, ale, and cakes, fire eating besides, sir,
 The fam'd "learned dog," that can tell all his letters,
 And some *men*, as *scholars*, are not much his betters.

Before the commencement of the last century, Bartholomew Fair had become an intolerable nuisance, and the lord mayor and aldermen, to abate its depravity, issued a prohibition on the 25th of June, 1700, against its lotteries and interludes. Subsequent feints of resistance were made to its shows, music, and other exhibitions, without further advantage than occasional cessation of gross violations against the public peace.

In sir Samuel Fludyer's mayoralty, interludes were prohibited by a resolution of the court of aldermen. This resolution was annually put forth, and annually broken by the court itself. When

alderman Bull filled the civic chair, he determined to carry the resolution into effect, and so far accomplished his purpose as not to allow any booths to be erected; but want of firmness in his predecessors had inspired the mob, and they broke the windows of the houses in Smithfield. Alderman Sawbridge in his mayoralty was equally determined against shows, and the mob was equally determined for them; he persisted, and they committed similar excesses. Yet we find that in the year 1743, the resolution had been complied with. The city would not permit booths to be erected, and "the Fair terminated in a more peaceable man-

ner than it had done in the memory of man.* This quiet, however, was only temporary, for on the 23rd of August, 1749, a gallery in Phillips's booth broke down, and four persons were killed; a silversmith, a plasterer, a woman, and a child, and many others were dangerously bruised; one of the maimed had his leg cut off the next morning.† This accident seems to have aroused the citizens: on the 10th of July, 1750, a petition was presented to the lord mayor and court of aldermen, signed by above one hundred graziers, salesmen, and inhabitants in and near Smithfield, against erecting booths for exhibiting shows and entertainments there, during Bartholomew Fair, as not only annoying to them in their callings, but as giving the profligate and abandoned opportunity to debauch the innocent, defraud the unwary, and endanger the public peace.‡

On the 17th of July, 1798, the court of common council referred it to the committee of city lands, to consider the necessity and expediency of abolishing Bartholomew Fair: in the course of the previous debate it was proposed to shorten the period to one day, but this was objected to on the ground that the immense crowd from all parts of the metropolis would endanger life.§

In September, 1825, Mr. Alderman Joshua Jonathan Smith, previous to entering on an examination of forty-five prisoners charged with felonies, misdemeanours, assaults, &c. committed in Smithfield during the Fair of that year, stated, that its ancient limits had been extended into several adjoining streets beyond Smithfield; he said he had particularly noticed this infringement in St. John-street, Clerkenwell on the north side, and nearly half-way down the Old Bailey, on the south; and he was determined, with the aid of his coadjutors, to take such further steps as would in future "lessen the criminal extension which had arisen, if not abolish the degrading scene altogether." ||

At other periods besides these, there were loud complaints against Bartholomew Fair; and as in 1825, the corporation of London appears seriously to have been engaged in considering the nuisance, its end may be contemplated as near at hand. It is to the credit of the civic autho-

rities, that though shows and interludes were permitted, the Fair of that year was more orderly than any other within memory. Yet even these regulations are inefficient to the maintenance of the reputation the city ought to hold in the estimation of other corporations. The Fair was instituted for the sale of cloth, cattle, and other necessary commodities: as these have, for many years past, wholly disappeared from it, the use of the Fair has wholly ceased; its abuse alone remains, and that abuse can only be destroyed by the utter extinction of the Fair. To do this is not to "interfere with the amusements of the people," for the people of the metropolis do not require such amusements; they are beyond the power of deriving recreation from them. The well-being of their apprentices and servants, and the young and the illiterate, require protection from the vicious contamination of an annual scene of debauchery, which contributes nothing to the city funds, and nothing to the city's character but a shameful stain.

Bartholomew Fair must and will be put down. It is for this reason that so much has been said of its former and present state. No person of respectability now visits it, but as a curious spectator of an annual congregation of ignorance and depravity.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Mushroom. *Agaricus Campestris*.
Dedicated to *St. Laurence Justinian*

September 6.

St. Pambo of Nitria, A. N. 385. *St. Eleutherius*, Abbot. *St. Bega*, or *Bees*, 7th Cent.

St. Eleutherius.

Alban Butler boldly says, that this saint raised a dead man to life. He died at Rome, in *St. Andrew's* monastery, about the year 585.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Autumnal Dandelion. *Apargia Autumnalis*.
Dedicated to *St. Pambo*.

* Gentleman's Magazine.

† Ibid.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid.

|| Ibid.

September 7.

Cloud, A. D. 560. *St. Regina*, or *St. Reine*, A. D. 251. *St. Evvrtius*, A. D. 340. *St. Grimonia*, or *Germana*. *St. Madelberte*, A. D. 705. *Sts. Alehmund and Tilberht*, Bps. of Hexham, A. D. 780 and 789. *St. Eunan*, first Bp. of Raphoe.

St. Enurchus, or *Evvrtius*.

This saint is in the church of England calendar, and therefore in the English almanacs, but on what ground it is difficult to conjecture; for Butler himself merely mentions him as a bishop of Orleans, who lived in the reign of Constantine, and died about 340:—he adds, that “his name is famous, but his history of no authority.”

“*Fine Feathers make fine Birds.*”

The subjoined letter, dated the 7th of September, 1825, appears in *The Times* newspaper of the following day:—

To the Editor of the Times.

Sir,—I consider it necessary to inform the public, through your paper, that there is a fellow going about the town, (dressed like a painter,) imposing upon the unwary, by selling them painted birds, for foreign ones. He entered my house on Monday last, and after some simple conversation with the customers in the room, he introduced the topic of his birds, which he had in a paper bag, stating that he had been at work in a gentleman's family at the west end of the town, and the gentleman being on the point of leaving England for a foreign country, he made him a present of them; “but,” says he, “I'm as bad as himself, for I'm going down to Canterbury to-morrow morning myself, to work, and they being of no use to me, I shall take them down to Whitechapel and sell them for what I can get.” Taking one out of the bag, he described it as a Virginia nightingale, which sung four distinct notes or voices: the colour certainly was most beautiful; its head and neck was a bright vermilion, the back betwixt the wings a blue, the lower part to the tail a bright yellow, the wings red and yellow; the tail itself was a compound mixture of the above colours, the belly a clear green—he said it was well worth a sovereign to any gentleman. However, after a good deal of lying, bidding, and argument, one of the party offered five shillings, which he at last took; and disposing of the others much in the same way, he

quickly decamped. In the course of an hour after, a barber, a knowing hand in the bird way, who lives in the neighbourhood, came in, and taking a little water, with his white apron he transferred the variegated colours of the nightingale to the white flag of his profession. The deception was visible—the swindler had fled—and the poor hedge-sparrow had his unfortunate head severed from his body, for being forced to personate a nightingale. A LICENSED VICTUALLER.

Upper Thames-street.

By the preceding letter in *The Times*, a great number of persons were first acquainted with a fraud frequently practised. As a useful and amusing communication it has a place here. It may, however, be as well to correct an error which the intelligent “Licensed Victualler” falls into by venturing beyond a plain account, to indulge in figurative expression. It is not doubted that his “barber, a knowing hand in the bird way,” wore “a white apron;” but when the “Licensed Victualler” calls the barber's white apron “the white flag of his profession,” he errs; a white apron may be the “flag” of the “Licensed Victualler's profession;” but it is not the barber's “flag.”



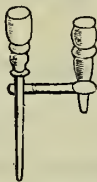
The Barber.

Randle Holme, an indisputable authority, in his great work on “Heraldry,” figures a barber as above. “He beareth *argent*,” says Holme; “a barber bare-headed with a pair of cisers in his right hand, and a comb in his left, clothed in *russet*, his apron *cheque* of the first, and *azure*; a barber is always known by his cheque party-coloured apron, therefore it needs not mentioning.” Holme emphatically adds, “neither can he be termed a barber, (or poler, or shaver,) as anciently they were called, till his apron be about him;” that is to say, “his cheque party-coloured apron.” This, and this only, is the “flag of his profession.”

Holme derives the denomination barber from *barba*, a beard, and describes him as a cutter of hair; he was also anciently termed a *poller*, because in former times to *poll* was to cut the hair: to *trim* was to cut the beard, after shaving, into form and order.

The instrument-case of a barber, and the instruments in their several divisions, are particularly described by Holme. It contained his looking-glass, a set of horn combs with teeth on one side and wide, "for the combing and readying of long, thick, and stony heads of hair, and such like perriwigs;" a set of box combs, a set of ivory combs with fine teeth on both sides, an ivory beard-comb, a beard-iron called the forceps, being a curling iron for the beard, a set of razors, tweezers with an earpick, a rasp to file the point of a tooth, a hone for his razors, a bottle of sweet oil for his hone, a powder box with sweet powder, a puff to powder the hair, a four square bottle with a screwed head for sweet water, wash balls and sweet balls, caps for the head to keep the hair up, trimming cloths to put before a man, and napkins to put about his neck, and dry his hands and face with. After he was shaved and barbed, the barber was to hold him the glass, that he might see "his new-made face," and instruct the barber where it was amiss; the barber was then to "take off the linens, brush his clothes, present him with his hat, and, according to his hire, make a bow, with 'your humble servant, sir.'"

The same author thus figures



The Barber's Candlestick.

He describes it to be "a wooden turned stick, having a socket in the straight peece, and another in the cross or overthwart peece; this he sticketh in his apron strings on his left side or breast when he useth to trim by candlelight."

Without going into every particular concerning the utensils and art of "Barbing and Shaving," some may be deemed curious, and therefore worthy of notice. It is to be observed, however that they

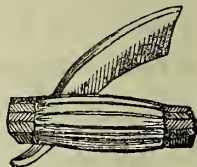
are from Randle Holme, who wrote in 1688, and relate to barbers of former days.



Barber's Basin.

The barber's washing or trimming-basin had a circle in the brim to compass a man's throat, and a place like a little dish to put the ball in after lathering. Holme says, that "such a like bason as this, valiant Don Quixote took from a bloody enchanting barber, which he took to be a golden head-piece."

The barber's basin is very ancient; it is mentioned by Ezekiel the prophet. In the middle age it was of bright copper.*



Razor.

This is a figure of the old razor of a superior kind, tipped with silver; "that is," says Holme, "silver plates engraven are fixed upon each end of the haft, to make the same look more gent and rich." The old man, being fidgetted by this ornament, declares, "it is very oft done by yong proud artists who adorne their instruments with silver shrines, more then setting themselves forth by the glory that attends their art, or praise obtained by skill." Before English manufactures excelled in cutlery, razors were imported from Palermo † Razors are mentioned by Homer.



Barber's Chafin.

* Fosbroke's Ency. of Antiq
Ibid. and Nares's Glossary.

"This is a small chafer which they use to carry about with them, when they make any progress to trim or barb gentiles at a distance, to carry their sweet water (or countreyman's broth) in; the round handle at the mouth of the chafer is to fall down as soon as their hand leaves it;" so says Holme. Mr. J. T. Smith remarks, that "the *flying barber* is a character now no more to be seen in London, though he still remains in some of our country villages; he was provided with a napkin, soap, and pewter bason, the form of which may be seen in many of the illustrative prints of Don Quixote." The same writer speaks of the barber's chafer as being—"A deep leaden vessel, something like a chocolate pot, with a large ring, or handle, at the top; this pot held about a quart of water boiling hot, and thus equipped, he flew about to his customers." These chafers are no longer made in London; the last mould which produced them was sold in Newstreet, Shoe-lane, at the sale of Mr. Richard Joseph's moulds for pewter utensils, in January, 1815: it was of brass and broken up for metal.*



Barber's Chafing Dish.

This was a metal firepot, with a turning handle, and much used during winter, especially in shops without fire-places. It was carried by the handle from place to place, but generally set under a brass or copper basin with a flat broad bottom, whereon if linen cloths were rubbed or let remain, they in a little time became hot or warm for the barber's use.



Barber's Crisping Irons.

* Smith's Anc. Topog. Lond.

This is their ancient shape. "In former times these were much used to curl the side locks of a man's head, but now (in 1688) wholly cast aside as useless; it openeth and shutteth like the forceps, only the ends are broad and square, being cut within the mouth with teeth curled and crisped, one tooth striking within another."

Scissors.

Hair-scissors were long and broad in the blades, and rounded towards the points which were sharp.

Beard-scissors had short blades and long handles.

The *barber's* scissors differed in these respects from others; for instance, the *tailor's* scissors had blunt points, while the *seamster's* scissors differed from both by reason of their smallness, some of them having one ring for the thumb only to fit it, while the contrary ring or bow was large enough to admit two or three fingers.

Beards.



Pick-a-devant Beard.

"A full face with a sharp-pointed beard is termed, in blazon, a man's face with a *pick-a-devant* (or sharp pointed,) beard." Mr. Archdeacon Nares's "Glossary" contains several passages in corroboration of Holme's description of this beard.



Cathedral Beard.

This Holme calls "the *broad* or *cathedral* beard, because bishops and grave men of the church anciently did wear such beards." Besides this, and the *pick-a-devant*, he says there are several sorts and fashions of beards, viz. "the *British* beard hath long mochedoes, (mustachios) on the higher lip, hanging down either side the chin, all the rest of the face being bare:—the *forked* beard is a broad beard ending in two points:—the *mouse-eaten* beard, when the beard groweth scatter-

ingly, not together, but here a tuft and there a tuft," &c.

Guillaume Duprat, bishop of Clermont, who assisted at the council of Trent, and built the college of the Jesuits at Paris, had the finest beard that ever was seen. It was too fine a beard for a bishop, and the canons of his cathedral, in full chapter assembled, came to the barbarous resolution of shaving him. Accordingly, when next he came to the choir, the dean, the *prevot*, and the *chantre* approached with scissors and razors, soap, basin and warm water. He took to his heels at the sight, and escaped to his castle of Beauregard, about two leagues from Clermont, where he fell sick for vexation, and died.*

Ancient monuments represent the Greek heroes to have worn short curled beards. Among the Romans, after the year 454, c. v., philosophers alone constantly wore a beard; the beard of their military men was short and frizzed. The first emperors with a long and thick beard were Hadrian, who wore it to hide his wounds, and Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius, who wore it as philosophers: a thick beard was afterwards considered an appendage that obtained for the emperors veneration from the people.†

Wigs.



A Peruke.

It is figured as seen above by Holme, who also calls it in his peculiar orthography a "perawicke," and says it was likewise called "a *short bob*, a *head of hair*—a wig that hath short locks and a hairy crown." He describes it with some feeling. "This is a counterfeit hair which men wear instead of their own; a thing much used in our days by the generality of men; contrary to our forefathers who got estates, loved their wives, and wore their own hair; but," says he, "in these days (1688) there is no such things!"

* Athenæum.
† Fecbroke's Ency. of Antiq.

He further gives the following as



A long Perriwig, with a Pole-lock.

This he puts forth as being "by artists called a long-curved-wig, with a *suffloplin*, or with a *dildo*, or pole-lock;" and he affirms, that "this is the sign or cognizance of the perawick-maker."

That the peruke was anciently a barber's sign, is verified by a very rare, and perhaps an unique engraving of St. Paul's cathedral when building, with the scaffolding poles and boards up. This print, in the possession of the editor of the *Every-Day Book*, represents a barber's shop on the north-side of St. Paul's churchyard, with the barber's pole out at the door, and a swinging sign projecting from each side of the house, a peruke being painted on each.



A Travelling Wig.

This peruke, with a "curled foretop and bobs," was "a kind of *travelling wig*," having the side or bottom locks turned up into bobs or knots tied up with ribbons." Holme further calls it "a *campaign-wig*," and says, "it hath knots or bobs, or a *dildo*, on each side, with a curled forehead."

A Grafted Wig

is described by Holme as "a perawick with a turn on the top of the head, in imitation of a man's hairy crown."



A Border of Hair.

This is so called by Holme; he also calls it "a *peruque*, with the crown or

top cut off ; some term it the *border* of a *peruque*:" he adds, that "women usually wear such borders, which they call curls or locks when they hang over their ears." He further says, they were called "*taures* when set in curls on the forehead," and "*merkings*" when the curls were worn lower, or at the sides of the face.



A Bull-head.

"Some," says Holme, "term this curled forehead a *bull-head*, from the French word *taure*, because *taure* is a bull ; it was the fashion of women to wear *bull-heads*, or bull-like foreheads, anno 1674, and about that time: this is the coat (of arms) of *Taurell*, a French monsieur, or seigneur."



Curls on Wires.

According to our chief authority, Holme, a female thus "quoiffed," with "a pair of locks and curls," was in "great fashion, about the year 1670." He adds, that "they are *false locks*, set on wyres, to make them stand at a distance from the head ; as the *fardingales* made their clothes stand out (from the hips downwards) in queen Elizabeth's reign."



Female Head Dress in 1688.

There is a little difficulty in naming this head dress ; for Holme is so diffuse and indignant that he gives it no term though he describes the engraving. The figure is remarkable because it is in many respects similar to the manner wherein the ladies of 1825 adjust the head. It will be remembered that Holme was a herald, and though his descriptions have

not hitherto been here related in his armorial language, he always sets them out so, in his "storehouse of armory and blazon." It may be amusing to conclude these extracts from him with his description of this figure in his own words : thus then the old "deputy for the kings of arms" describes it :—

"He beareth *argent* a woman's face, her forehead adorned with a knot of *diverse coloured* ribbons ; the head with a ruffle quoif, set in corners, and the like ribbons behind the head. This," says Holme, "is a *fashion-monger's* head, tricked and trimmed up, according to the mode of these times, wherein I am writing of it ; and, in my judgment, were a fit *coat* for such seamsters as are skilled in inventions. *But*" (he angrily breaks forth,) "*what* do I talk of *arms* to *such*, by reason they will be shortly old, and therefore not to be endured by them, whose brains are always upon new devises and inventions! But *all* are brought again from the *old* ; for there is no *new* thing under the sun ; for what *is* now, *hath been* formerly!"

In the great dining-room at Lambeth-palace, there are portraits of all the archbishops, from Laud to the present time. In these we may observe the gradual change of the clerical dress, in the article of wigs. Archbishop Tillotson was the first prelate who wore a wig, which then was not unlike the natural hair, and worn without powder.*

It is related of a barber in Paris, that, to establish the utility of his bag-wigs, he caused the history of Absalom to be painted over his door ; and that one of the profession, at a town in Northamptonshire, used this inscription, "Absalom, hadst thou worn a perriwig, thou hadst not been hanged."† It is somewhere told of another that he ingeniously versified his brother peruke-maker's inscription, under a sign which represented the death of Absalom and David weeping ; he wrote up thus :—

"Oh, Absalom ! Oh, Absalom !
Oh, Absalom ! my son,
If thou hadst worn a perriwig,
Thou hadst not been undone !"

The well-known, light, flaxen wig of Townsend, the well-known police-officer, is celebrated in a song beginning thus :—

* Lysons's *Environers*.
† *Gent.'s Mag.*

Townsend's Wig.

Tune—"Nancy Dawson."

Of all the wigs in Brighton town,
The black, the grey, the red, the brown,
So firmly glued upon the crown,
There's none like Johnny Townsend's :
It's silken hair and flaxen hue,
(It is a scratch, and not a quene,)
Whene'er it pops upon the view,
Is known for Johnny Townsend's !

Wigs were worn by the Romans when bald ; those of the Roman ladies were fastened upon a caul of goat-skin. Perriwigs commenced with their emperors ; they were awkwardly made of hair, painted and glued together.

False hair was always in use, though more from defect than fashion ; but the year 1529 is deemed the epoch of the introduction of long perriwigs into France ; yet it is certain that ladies *tetes* were in use here a century before. Mr. Fosbroke, from whose "Encyclopædia of Antiquities" these particulars are derived, says, "that strange deformity, the judge's wig, first appears as a *general* genteel fashion in the seventeenth century." Towards the close of that century, men of fashion combed their wigs at public places, as an act of gallantry, with very large ivory or tortoiseshell combs, which they carried in their pockets as constantly as their snuff-boxes. At court, in the mall of St. James's-park, and in the boxes of the theatre, gentlemen conversed and combed their perukes.

Hair.

Horace Walpole relates that when the countess of Suffolk married Mr. Howard, they were both so poor, that they took a resolution of going to Hanover before the death of queen Anne, in order to pay their court to the future royal family. Having some friends to dinner, and being disappointed of a full remittance, she was forced to sell her hair to furnish the entertainment. Long wigs were then in fashion, and the countess's hair being fine, long, and fair, produced her twenty pounds.

A fashion of wearing the hair gave rise to a college term at Cambridge, which is thus mentioned and explained in a dictionary of common parlance at that university :—

"**APOLLO.** One whose hair is loose and flowing ;

Unfrizzled, *unanointed*, and untied ;
No powder seen.—

"His royal highness prince William of Gloucester was an *Apollo* during the whole of his residence at the university of Cambridge! The strange fluctuation of fashions has often afforded a theme for amusing disquisition. 'I can remember,' says the pious archbishop Tillotson, in one of his sermons, discoursing on this *head, viz. of hair!* 'since the wearing the hair *below* the ears was looked upon as a *sin* of the first magnitude ; and when ministers generally, whatever their text was, did either find, or make occasion to reprove the great *sin* of long hair ; and if they saw any one in the congregation guilty in that kind, they would point him out particularly, and *let fly at him* with great zeal.' And we can remember since, the wearing the hair *cropt*, i. e. above the ears, was looked upon, though not as a 'sin,' yet as a very vulgar and *raffish* sort of a thing ; and when the *doers* of newspapers exhausted all their wit in endeavouring to rally the new-raised corps of *croops*, regardless of the noble duke who *headed* them ; and, when the rude, rank-scented rabble, if they saw any one in the streets, whether time, or the tonsor, had thinned his flowing hair, would point him out particularly, and 'let fly at him,' as the archbishop says, till not a shaft of ridicule remained! The tax upon hair powder has now, however, produced all over the country very plentiful *croops*. Among the *Curiosa Cantabrigiensia*, it may be recorded, that our 'most *religious* and gracious king,' as he was called in the liturgy, Charles the Second, who, as his worthy friend, the earl of Rochester, remarked,

'never said a foolish thing,

Nor ever *did* a wise one,'—

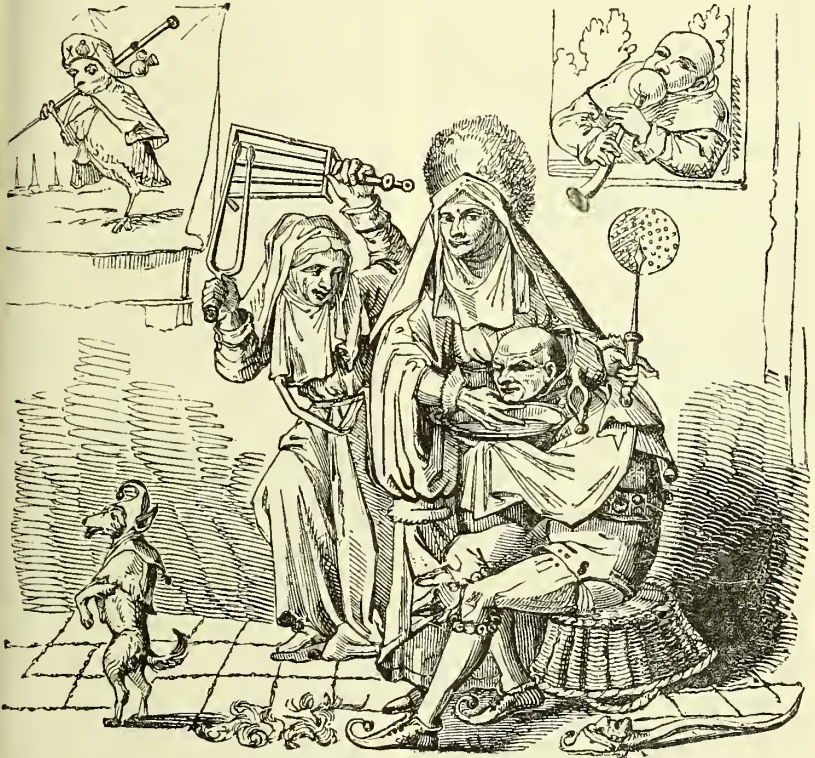
sent a letter to the university of Cambridge, forbidding the members to wear *perriwigs*, smoke tobacco, and read their sermons! It is needless to remark, that tobacco has not yet made its *exit in fumo*, and that *perriwigs* still continue to adorn 'the *heads of houses!*'—Till the present all prevailing, all accommodating fashion of *croops* became general at the university, no young man presumed to dine in hall till he had previously received a handsome trimming from the hair-dresser. An inimitable imitation of 'The Bard' of Gray, is ascribed to the pen of the honourable Thomas (the late lord) Erskine, when a student at Cambridge. Mr. E having been disappointed of the attendance of his college barber, was compelled

to forego his *commons* in hall! An odd thought came into his head. In revenge, he determined to give his hair-dresser a good *dressing*; so he sat down, and began as follows:—

“Ruin seize thee, scoundrel Coe,
Confusion on thy frizzing wait;
Hadst thou the only comb below,
Thou never more shouldst touch my pate.

“Club, nor queue, nor twisted tail,
Nor e'en thy chatt'ring, barber, shall avail
To save thy horse-whipped back from daily
fears
From Cantab's curse, from Cantab's tears.”

The editor of the “*Gradus ad Cantabrigiam*” regrets that he has not room for the whole of the ode.



An Ancient Barber.

There is a curious print from Heems-kerck, of a barber of old times labouring in his vocation: it shows his room or shop. An old woman is making square pancakes at the fire-place, before which an overfed man sits on a chair sleeping: there is a fat toping friar seated by the chimney corner, with his fingers on the crossed hands of a demure looking nun by his side, and he holds up a liquor-measure to denote its emptiness: a nun-like female behind, blows a pair of bellows over her shoulder, and seems dancing to a tune played on the guitar or cittern, by a humorous looking fellow who is standing up: another nun-like female sounds

a gridiron with a pair of tongs, while another friar blows an instrument through a window. These persons are perhaps sojourning there as pilgrims, for there is a print hung against the wall representing an owl in a pilgrim's habit on his journey. In this room the barber's bleeding basin is hung up, and his razor is on the mantel ledge: the barber himself is washing the chin of an aged fool, whom, from the hair lying on the ground, it appears he has just polled. A dog on his hind legs is in a fool's habit, probably to intimate that the fool is under the hands of the barber preparatory to his fraternizing with the friars and their dames. The

print is altogether exceedingly humorous, and illustrative of manners: so much of it as immediately concerns the barber is given in the present engraving from it.

Mr. Leigh Hunt, in "The Indicator," opposes female indifference to the hair. He says, "Ladies, always delightful, and not the least so in their undress, are apt to deprive themselves of some of their best morning beams by appearing with their hair in papers. We give notice, that essayists, and of course all people of taste, prefer a cap, if there must be any thing; but hair, a million times over. To see grapes in paper-bags is bad enough; but the rich locks of a lady in papers, the roots of the hair twisted up like a drummer's, and the forehead staring bald instead of being gracefully tendrilled and shadowed!—it is a capital offence,—a defiance to the love and admiration of the other sex,—a provocative to a paper war: and we here accordingly declare the said war on paper, not having any ladies at hand to carry it at once into their headquarters. We must allow at the same time, that they are very shy of being seen in this condition, knowing well enough, how much of their strength, like Sampson's, lies in that gifted ornament. We have known a whole parlour of them fluttered off, like a dove-cote, at the sight of a friend coming up the garden."

Of the barber's art, as it was practised formerly, Mr. Archdeacon Nares gives a curious sample from Lyly, an old dramatist, one of whose characters being a barber, says, "thou knowest I have taught thee the *knacking of the hands*, the tickling on a man's haire, like the tuning of a citterne. I instructed thee in the phrases of our eloquent occupation, as, how, sir, will you be trimmed? will you have your beard like a spade or a bodkin? a pent-hous on your upper lip, or an ally on your chin? a low curl on your head like a bull, or dangling locke like a spaniel? your mustachoes sharpe at the ends, like shomakers' aules, or hanging downe to your mouth like goates flakes? your love-lockes wreathed with a silken twist, or shaggie to fall on your shoulders?"

Barbers' shops were anciently places of great resort, and the practices observed there were consequently very often the subject of allusions. The *cittern*, or lute, which hung up for the diversion of the

customers, is the foundation of a proverb.* The cittern resembled the guitar. In Burton's "Winter Evening Entertainments," published in 1687, with several wood-cuts, there is a representation of a barber's shop, where the person waiting his turn is playing on a lute.†

The peculiar mode of *snapping the fingers*, as a high qualification in a barber, is mentioned by Green, another early writer. "Let not the barber be forgotten: and look that he be an excellent fellow, and one that can *snap his fingers with dexterity*." Morose, one of Ben Jonson's characters in his "Silent Woman," is a detester of noise, and particularly values a barber who was silent, and did not snap his fingers. "The fellow trims him silently, and hath not the *knack with his shears or his fingers*: and that continency in a barber he thinks so eminent a virtue, as it has made him chief of his counsel."‡

This obsolete practice with barbers is noticed in Stubbe's "Anatomy of Abuses." "When they come to washing," says Stubbe, "oh! how gingerly they behave themselves therein. For then shall your mouth be bossed with the lather, or some that rinseth of the balles, (for they have their swcete balles wherewith all they use to washe,) your eyes closed must be anointed therewith also. Then *snap go the fingers*, ful bravely, Got wot. Thus this tragedy ended, comes me warme clothes to wipe and dry him withall; next, the eares must be picked, and closed together againe artificially, forsooth," &c. This citation is given by a correspondent to the "Gentleman's Magazine," who adds to it his own observations:—"I am old enough," he says, "to remember when the operation of shaving, in this kingdom, was almost exclusively performed by the *barbers*: what I speak of is some three-score years ago, at which time *gentlemen*-shavers were unknown. Expedition was then a prime quality in a barber, who smeared the lather over his customers' faces with his hand; for the delicate refinement of the brush had not been introduced. The lathering of the beard being finished, the operator threw off the lather adhering to his hand, by a peculiar jerk of the arm, which caused the joints of the fingers to crack, this being a more expeditious

* Nares Gloss.

† Smith's Anc. Topog. Lond.

‡ Ibid.

mode of clearing the hand than using a towel for that purpose ; and the more audible the crack, the higher the shaver stood in his own opinion, and in that of his fraternity. This then, I presume, is the custom alluded to by Stubbe."

Mr. J. T. Smith says, "The entertaining and venerable Mr. Thomas Batrich, barber, of Drury-lane, informs me, that before the year 1756, it was a general custom to lather with the hand ; but that the French barbers, much about that time, brought in the brush. He also says, that "A good lather is half the shave," is a very old remark among the trade.

In a newspaper report of some proceedings at a police office, in September, 1825, a person deposing against the prisoner, used the phrase "as common as a barber's chair;" this is a very old saying. One of Shakspeare's clowns speaks of "a barber's chair, that fits all," by way of metaphor; and Rabelais shows that it might be applied to any thing in very common use.*

The *Barber's Pole* is still a sign in country towns, and in many of the villages near London. It was stated by lord Thurlow in the house of peers, on the 17th of July, 1797, when he opposed the surgeons' incorporation bill that, "By a statute still in force, the barbers and surgeons were each to use a pole. The barbers were to have theirs blue and white, striped, with no other appendage ; but the surgeons, which was the same in other respects, was likewise to have a gallipot and a red rag, to denote the particular nature of their vocation."

The origin of the barber's pole is to be traced to the period when the barbers were also surgeons, and practised phlebotomy. To assist this operation, it being necessary for the patient to grasp a staff, a stick or a pole was always kept by the barber-surgeon, together with the fillet or bandaging he used for tying the patient's arm. When the pole was not in use the tape was tied to it, that they might be both together when wanted. On a person coming in to be bled the tape was disengaged from the pole, and bound round the arm, and the pole was put into the person's hand : after it was done with, the tape was again tied on the pole, and in this state, pole and tape were often hung

at the door, for a sign or notice to passengers that they might there be bled: doubtless the competition for custom was great, because as our ancestors were great admirers of bleeding, they demanded the operation frequently. At length instead of hanging out the identical pole used in the operation, a pole was painted with stripes round it, in imitation of the real pole and its bandagings, and thus came the sign.

That the use of the pole in bleeding was very ancient, appears from an illumination in a missal of the time of Edward I., wherein the usage is represented. Also in "Comenii Orbis pictus," there is an engraving of the like practice. "Such a staff," says Brand, who mentions these graphic illustrations, "is to this very day put into the hand of patients undergoing phlebotomy by every village practitioner."

The *News* Sunday-paper of August 4, 1816, says, that a person in Alston, who for some years followed the trade of a barber, recently opened a spirit-shop, when to the no small admiration and amusement of his acquaintance, he hoisted over his door the following lines :—

Rove not from *pole to pole*, but here turn in,
Where naught exceeds the shaving, but the
gin.

The south corner shop of Hosier-lane, Smithfield, is noticed by Mr. J. T. Smith as having been "occupied by a barber whose name was Catch-pole ; at least so it was written over the door: he was a whimsical fellow ; and would, perhaps because he lived in Smithfield, show to his customers a short bladed instrument, as the dagger with which Walworth killed Wat Tyler." To this may be added, a remark not expressed by Mr. Smith, that Catch-pole had a barber's pole for many years on the outside of his door.*

Catch-pole's manœuvre to catch customers, and get his shop talked about, was very successful. It is observed in the "Spectator," that—"The art of managing mankind is only to make them stare a little, to keep up their astonishment, to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have something in your sleeve, in which they must think you are deeper than they are." The writer of the remark exemplifies it by this story:—"There is an inge-

* Nares's Glossary.

* Smith's Anc. Topog. Lond.

nious fellow, a barber of my acquaintance, who, besides his broken fiddle and a dried sea-monster, has a twine-cord, strained with two nails at each end, over his window, and the words, rainy, dry, wet, and so forth, written to denote the weather according to the rising or falling of the cord. We very great scholars are not apt to wonder at this: but I observed a very honest fellow, a chance customer, who sat in the chair before me to be shaved, fix his eye upon this miraculous performance during the operation upon his chin and face. When those, and his head also, were cleared of all incumbrances and excrescences, he looked at the fish, then at the fiddle, still grubbing in his pockets, and casting his eye again at the twine, and the words writ on each side; then altered his mind as to farthings, and gave my friend a silver sixpence. The business, as I said, is to keep up the amazement: and if my friend had had only the skeleton and kitt, he must have been contented with a less payment."

It was customary with barbers to have their shops lighted by candles in brass chandeliers of three, four, and six branches. Mr. Smith noticing their disuse says, "Mr. Batrich has two suspended from his ceiling; he has also a set of bells fixed against the wall, which he has had for these forty years. These are called by the common people *Whittington's Bells*. In his early days, about eighty years back, when the newspapers were only a penny a-piece, they were taken in by the barbers for the customers to read during their waiting time. This custom is handed to us by the late E. Heemskerck, in an etching by Toms, of a barber's shop, composed of monkies, at the foot of which are the following lines:—

"A barber's shop adorn'd we see,
With monsters, news, and poverty;
Whilst some are shaving, others bled,
And those that wait the papers read;
The master full of wigg, or tory,
Combs out your wig, and tells a story."

Mr. Smith's inquiries concerning barbers have been extensive and curious. He says, "On one occasion, that I might indulge the humour of being shaved by a woman, I repaired to the Seven Dials, where, in Great St. Andrew's-street, a slender female performed the operation, whilst her husband, a strapping soldier

in the Horse-guards, sat smoking his pipe. There was a famous woman in Swallow-street, who shaved; and I recollect a black woman in Butcher-row, a street formerly standing by the side of St. Clement's church, near Temple-bar, who is said to have shaved with ease and dexterity." His friend Mr. Batrich informed him that he had read of "the five barberesses of Drury-lane, who shamefully mal-treated a woman in the reign of Charles II." Mr. Batrich died while Mr. Smith's "Ancient Topography of London," was passing through the press.

The "Glasgow Chronicle," about the year 1817, notices the sudden death, in Calton, of Mr. John Falconer, hair-dresser, in Kirk-street. While in the act of shaving a man, he staggered, and was falling, when he was placed on a chair, and expired in five minutes. His shop was the arena of all local discussion, and was therefore denominated the Calton coffee-room. His father and he had been in the trade for upwards of half a century. His father was the first who reduced the price of shaving to a halfpenny; and when his brethren in the town wished him again to raise it, he replied, "Charge a penny! Jock and me are just considering about lowering it to a farthing." He would never take more than a halfpenny though it was offered him; and being very skilful at his business, and of a frank jocular turn, he had a large share of public favour, and was enabled even at this low rate to gather money and build houses. He died about sixteen years before his son, who carried on the business. He often said others wrought for need, but he did it for pleasure or recreation, and never was so happy as when he was improving the countenances of the lieges. He was generally allowed to be at the top of his profession. Some old men whom he and his father had shaved for fifty years, boasted that they were never touched by another: one very old customer regularly came for many a year to his shop every Saturday night from the western extremity of the town. His shop was furnished with two dozen of antique chairs, as many pictures, and a musical clock, and for long time he had a good library of books but they at length nearly wholly disappeared, and he took up to his house the few that remained as his own share. At two different times, when trade was dull,

he gave his tenants a jubilee on the term day, and presented their discharges without receiving a farthing. He left behind him property worth between 2,000*l.* and 3000*l.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Golden Starwort. *Aster Soliduginoides*.
Dedicated to *St. Cloud*.

September 8

Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. St. Adrian, A. D. 306. St. Sidronius, A. D. 1067. Sts. Eusebius, Nestablus, Zeno, and Nestor, Martyrs under Julian. St. Corbinian, Bp. A. D. 730. St. Disen, or Disibode, A. D. 700. The Festival of the Holy Name of the Virgin Mary.

NATIVITY, B. V. M.



Nativity B. V. M.

This Roman catholic festival is in the church of England calendar and almanacs.

According to Butler and other Romish writers, "the title of the mother of God was confirmed to the virgin Mary" by the traditions of their church; and her nativity has been kept "above a thousand years," with matins, masses, homilies, collects, processions, and other forms and ceremonies ordained by that hierarchy. Some of its writers "attribute the institution of this feast to certain revelations which a religious contemplative had; who, they say, every year upon the 8th of *September*, heard most sweet music in heaven, with great rejoicings of the angels; and once asking one of them the cause, he answered him, that upon that day was celebrated in heaven the nativity of the mother of God; and upon the relation of this man, the church began to celebrate it on earth."*

Upon this it is observed and related by the late Mr. Brady thus:—

"A circumstance so important in its nature, and unfolded in so peculiar and miraculous a manner, was of course communicated to the then reigning pope, Servius; who immediately appointed a yearly feast 'to give an opportunity for the religious on earth to join with the angels in this great solemnity;' and there have been some contemplations dedicated for this occasion, wherein is unfolded, 'for the benefit of mankind,' certain circumstances of her 'sallies of love and union with God,' even before her pious mother *St. Anne* gave her being! It is somewhat extraordinary, that, notwithstanding the day of the nativity of the virgin was so clearly proved, after having been forgotten for many centuries, pope Servius, when he appointed the festival, did not also honour it with an octave or vigil; for it appears that pope Innocent IV. has the credit of the octave which he instituted A. D. 1244, and that pope Gregory XI. appointed the vigil A. D. 1370. At the death indeed of Gregory IX. it was in contemplation to observe an octave upon the following occasion: the cardinals had been long shut up without agreeing upon the appointment of a successor to the deceased pope, when some of these holy men made a vow to the virgin, that if through her merits they could come to a decision they would in future observe

* *Ri dencia.*

her *octave*; a vow which had an instantaneous effect, and caused Celestine to be elected to St. Peter's chair; though, as this nominal pope lived only eighteen days from his election, the vow was not fulfilled until Innocent IV. succeeded to that dignity. The long and uncourteous disregard, however, of the early church to the immaculate mother of our Lord, in respect to the day of her nativity, was amply compensated by other attentions, and there still remain many persons in catholic countries, in Spain and Italy in particular, who place a much greater reliance on the efficiency of the mediation of the virgin, than they do on that of our Lord himself: and if we are to credit the numerous authors who have made her divine powers their theme, and celebrated her extraordinary condescensions, our wonder and astonishment must be excited in a most eminent degree. Some of her courtesies are calculated for teaching a lesson of humility, which no doubt was the operating cause of her performing such offices, which in no other view appear of importance. At one time she descends from heaven to mend the gown of Thomas à Becket, which was ripped at the shoulder. Whilst the monks of Clervaux were at work, the virgin relieved their fatigue, by wiping the perspiration from their faces. That the important duties of an abbey should not be neglected, she for some time personally superintended them, whilst the abbess was absent with a monk who had seduced her from the path of virtue. She even descended from heaven to bleed a young man who prayed to her, and whose health required that operation. At the entreaty of a monk, who prayed to her for that purpose, she supplied his place when absent, and sung matins for him. And, we are solemnly assured, that when St. Allan was much indisposed, she rewarded him for his devotional attentions to her, by graciously giving him that nourishment which female parents are accustomed only to afford their offspring! To what depths of impious absurdity will not ignorance and credulity debase mankind!*"

Legendary stories in honour of the virgin are numberless. For edifying reading on this particular festival, the

"Golden Legend" relates, among others, the following:—

A bishop's vicar, by name Theophylus, on the death of his diocesan, was willed by the people to succeed him; but Theophylus refused, saying, he had rather be a vicar than a bishop. However, the new bishop displaced him from being vicar, whereupon Theophylus grieved, and falling into despair, consulted a Jew, who being a magician, summoned the devil to the help of Theophylus. The devil being duly acquainted with the state of affairs, wrote a bond with Theophylus's blood, whereby the said Theophylus was held and firmly bound to renounce the virgin, and the profession of christianity, and the same being by him duly sealed and delivered, as his act and deed, the devil was therewith content, and procured the bishop to re-establish Theophylus in his office. When Theophylus was a vicar again, he began to repent that he had given his bond, and prayed the virgin to relieve him from it. Wherefore she appeared to Theophylus in a vision, "and rebuked him of his felony, and commanded him to forsake the devil," and to confess himself in heart a christian man. This he accordingly did, and therefore the virgin obtained his pardon, and brought his bond from the devil, and laid it on his breast; and Theophylus became joyful, and related to the bishop and all the people what had befallen him, and they marvelled greatly, and gave praise to the virgin, and "three dayes after he rested in peas," and died in his vicarage, whereunto the devil had caused him to be presented.

At another time a widow, whose son had been taken prisoner, wept without comfort, and prayed to the virgin for his delivery, but he still remained prisoner; and at last, when she saw that her prayers availed not, she entered into a church where an image of the virgin was carved, and standing before the image, reminded the virgin of her importunities, and that she had not helped her; "and therefore," said she, "like as my son is taken from me, so shall I take away thy son, and keep him as a hostage for mine." Then she took away from the image the child that it held, "and shette it in her chest, and locked it fast ryght diligently, and was ryght joyfull that she had so good hostage for her sone." Wherefore, on the following night, the virgin liberated the widow's son, and desired him to go an-

* *Clavis Calendaria.*

tell his mother that, as he was released, she desired to have her own son back. This he did, and the widow, in great joy, "toke the chyld of the ymage, and came o the chirche, and delyvered it to our lady, sayenge, lady, I thanke you, for ye have delivered to me my son, and here I deliver to you yours."

One other story is of a thief who was always devout to the virgin. On a time he was taken and judged, and ordered to be hanged; but when he was hanged "the blyssed virgin Mary susteyned, and helde hym up, with her handes, thre dayes, that he dyed not." When they that caused him to be hanged, "found hym lyvving, and of glad chere," they supposed that "the corde had not been well strayed," and would have cut his throat with a sword; but "our blyssed lady" put her hands between his neck and the weapon, so that he could be neither killed nor hurt; and then they took him down "and let him go in the honour of the blyssed virgyn Marye;" and he went and "entred into a monastery, and was in the service of the moder of God as long as he lyved."

Perhaps these three stories provided for the festival of the nativity of the blessed virgin Mary in papal times, may be deemed sufficient in our times.

Spain, as a catholic country, is profuse in adoration of the virgin. On her festivals a shrine is erected in the open street, decorated with flowers, and surrounded by a number of wax candles. A flight of stairs leads to an altar, where on is placed an image of the virgin mother, with an embroidered silk canopy above. On these stairs a priest takes his station, and preaches to the multitude, while other priests go round, at intervals, with a salver, to collect oblations from the devotees. To those who give liberally, the priest presents little engravings of the virgin, which are highly valued. An obliging correspondent, who communicates these particulars, (J. H. D. of Portsmouth,) says, "I have two of them, which I obtained on one of those occasions at Cadiz, in 1811, one of which I herewith send you." Of this consecrated print, the engraving at the head of the present article is a fac-simile.

FLORAL DIRECTORY

Amellus. *Aster Amellus*.
Dedicated to *St. Adrian*.

September 9.

Sts. Gorgonius, Dorotheus, and Companions A. D. 304. *St. Omer*; A. D. 607. *St. Kiaran, Abbot* A. D. 549. *St. Osmana of Ireland. St. Bettelin*.

St. Bettelin, or Beccolin.

The town of Stafford is honoured by this saint being its patron, where "his relics were kept with great veneration." He is said to have served *St. Guthlac*, and been of all others most dear to him, and to have led an "anchoretical life in the forest near Stafford."*

FANNY BRADDOCK.

The fate of this unhappy young woman who committed suicide at Bath, on the 9th of September, 1731, is still remembered in that city. She resided with Mr. John Wood, the architect, and on the night of the 8th went well to bed, no-wise disordered in behaviour. Her custom was to burn a candle all night, and for her maid to lock the door, and push the key under it, so that she always got up in the morning to let her maid into the room. After she had retired, on the evening mentioned, she got out of bed again, and, it is supposed, employed some time in reading. She put on a white night-gown, and pinned it over her breast; tied a gold and a silver girdle together, and at one end having made three knots about an inch asunder, that if one slipped another might hold, she opened the door, put the knotty end of the girdle over it, and locking the door again, made a noose at the other end, through which she put her neck, by getting on a chair and then dropped from it. She hung with her back against the door, and had hold of the key with one of her hands; she had bit her tongue through, and had a bruise on her forehead; this was occasioned, probably, by the breaking of a red girdle she had tried first, which was found in her pocket with a noose on it; there were two marks on the door. The coroner's inquest sat on her that day, and brought in their verdict *non compos men*

* Buzler

is. She was daughter to the late general Braddock, who at his death left her and her sister 6000*l.* By her sister's death about four years before, she became mistress of the whole fortune, but being infatuated by the love of gaming, met "an unlucky chance" which deprived her of her fortune. She had been heard to say, that no one should ever be sensible of her necessities, were they at the last extremity. She was generally lamented, and in life had been greatly esteemed for courteous and genteel behaviour, and good sense. She was buried in a decent manner in the abbey church, in the grave of her honest brave old father, a gentleman who had experienced some undeserved hardships in life; but who might be said to have been thus far happy, that he lived not to see or hear of so tragical a catastrophe of his beloved daughter. The following verses were written by her on her window :—

"O, death! thou pleasing end to human woe!
Thou cure for life! thou greatest good below!
Still may'st thou fly the coward and the slave,
And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave.*"

Mr. Wood who wrote "an Essay towards a Description of Bath," speaks of many circumstances which unite to prove that Fanny Braddock had long meditated self-destruction. In a book entitled *New Court Tales*, she is called "the beautiful and celebrated Sylvia," which Wood says "she was not very improperly styled, having been a tenant under my roof during the last thirteen months of her life; and at the time of her unhappy death, her debt of two and fifty pounds three shillings and fourpence for rent, &c. entitled me to the sole possession of all her papers and other effects, which I seized on Monday, the 13th of September, 1731." Though Wood probably knew better how to draw up an inventory, and make an appraisement, than a syllogism, yet at the end of five months the creditors drew "a new inventory" of what was in his possession, and made a new appraisement. "The goods were then sold," says Wood, "and people striving for something to preserve the memory of the poor deceased lady, the price of every thing was so advanced that the creditors were all paid, and an overplus

remained for the nearest relation; though it ought to have come to me, as a consideration towards the damages I sustained on the score of Sylvia's untimely death"

Whatever was Wood's estimation of his unhappy tenant when alive, he could afford to praise her dead. "Nothing can be more deplorable than the fate of this unfortunate young woman; a fate that I have heard hundreds in high life lament their not suspecting, that they might have endeavoured to prevent it, though it should have been at half the expense of their estates; and yet many of those people, when common fame every where sounded Sylvia's running out of her fortune, would endeavour to draw her into play to win her money, and accept of whatever was offered them from her generous hand!" She was ensnared by a woman named Lindsey, who kept a house for high play. "When I came down to Bath," says Wood, "in the year 1727, Sylvia was entirely at the dame's command, whenever a person was wanting to make up a party for play at her house. Dame Lindsey's wit and humour, with the appearance of sanctity in a sister that lived with her, strongly captivated the youth of both sexes, and engaged them in her interest." The reputation of this "dame Lindsey" was at a low ebb, but Wood observes, "in the course of three years I could never, by the strictest observations, perceive Sylvia to be tainted with any other vice than that of suffering herself to be decoyed to the gaming-table; and, at her own hazard, playing for the amusement and advantage of others. I was therefore not long in complying with a proposal she made to me in the summer of the year 1738, for renting part of a house I then lived in, in Queen-square; her behaviour was such as manifested nothing but virtue, regularity, and good nature. She was ready to accept of trifling marks of friendship, to give her a pretence of making great returns; and she was no sooner seated in my house than ladies of the highest distinction, and of the most unblemished characters were her constant visitors: her levee looked more like that of a minister of state than of a private young lady. Her endowments seemed to have had a power of attraction among her own sex, even stronger than that all the riches of a court among the gentlemen that are allured by them."

The last night of her life she had spent in

Mr. Wood's study, where she took her supper, and dandled two of his children on her knees till the hour of retiring. She then went to the nursery and taking leave of a sleeping infant in its cradle, praised the innocence of its looks. Passing to her own room she undressed and went to bed, and, as her servant left the room, bade her good night; she had never done so before. It is probable that at that moment she thought on her fatal purpose, and some passages in Harrington's translation of "Orlando Furioso," are supposed to have strengthened it. It was found that after she had arisen she had been reading in it; the book lay open at pp. 74 and 75, the story of Olympia, who, by the perfidy and ingratitude of her bosom friend, was ruined.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Canadian Golden Rod. *Solidago Canadensis.*

Dedicated to *St. Omer.*

September 10.

St. Nicholas, of Tolentino, A. D. 1306. *St. Pulcheria*, Empress, A. D. 453. *Sts. Nemesianus, Felix, Lucius*, another *Felix, Litteus, Polianus, Victor, Jader*, and *Dativus*, Bps. with other Priests, Deacons, &c., in Numidia, banished under Valerian. *St. Finian*, called *Winin*, by the Welsh, Bp. 6th Cent. *St. Salvias*, Bp. of Albi, A. D. 580.

Autumn.

[Autumn is by some supposed to commence on the 8th of this month.]



Autumn.

Laden with richest products of the earth;
Its choicest fruits, enchanting to the eye,
Grateful to taste, and courting appetite.

Dr Forster is of opinion that *autumn* commences on the 10th of September. "It occupies ninety days. The mean temperature is 49.37° , or 11.29° below the summer: the medium of the day declines in this season from 58° to 40° . The mean height of the barometer is 29.781 inches; being .096 inches below the mean of summer. The range increases rapidly during this season; the mean extent of it is 1.49 inches. The prevailing winds are the class SW., throughout the season. The evaporation is 6.444 inches, or a sixth part less than the proportion indicated by the temperature. The mean of De Luc's hygrometer is seventy-two degrees. The average rain is 7.441 inches: the proportion of rain increases, from the beginning to near the end of the season: this is the true rainy season with us; and the earth, which had become dry to a considerable depth during the spring and summer, now receives again the moisture required for springs, and for the more deeply rooted vegetables, in the following year.

"The fore part of this season is, nevertheless, if we regard only the sky, the most delightful part of the year, in our climate. When the decomposition of vapour, from the decline of the heat, is as yet but in commencement, or while the electricity remaining in the air continues to give buoyancy to the suspended particles, a delicious calm often prevails for many days in succession, amidst a perfect sunshine, mellowed by the vaporous air, and diffusing a rich golden tint, as the day declines, upon the landscape. At this period, chiefly, the *stratus* or *fallcloud*, the lowest and most singular of the modifications, comes forth in the evenings, to occupy the low plains and vallies, and shroud the earth in a veil of mist, until revisited by the sun. So perfectly does this inundation of suspended aqueous particles imitate real water, when viewed in the distance at break of day, that I have known the country people themselves deceived by its unexpected appearance."

Mr. Howard remarks that—"A phenomenon attends this state of the air, too remarkable to be passed over in silence. An immense swarm of small spiders take advantage of the moisture, to carry on their operations, in which they are so industrious, that the whole country is soon covered with the fruit of their labours, in the form of a fine network, commonly called

gossamer. They appear exceedingly active in the pursuit of the small insects, which the cold of the night now brings down; and commence this fishery about the time that the swallows give it up, and quit our shores. Their manner of locomotion is curious: half volant, half aëronaut, the little creature darts from the papillæ on his rump a number of fine threads which float in the air. Mounted thus in the breeze, he glides off with a quick motion of the legs, which seem to serve the purpose of wings, for moving in any particular direction. As these spiders rise to a considerable height, in very fine weather, their tangled webs may be seen descending from the air in quick succession, like small flakes of cotton."*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Autumnal Crocus. *Crocus autumnalis*.
Dedicated to *St. Pulcheria*.

September 11.

Sts. Protus and Hyacinthus, A. D. 257.
St. Paphnutius, A. D. 335. *St. Patiens*,
Abp. of Lyons, A. D. 480.

NICKNACKITARIANISM.

On the 11th of September, 1802, the following cause was decided by a jury in the sheriff's court.

Hurst v. Halford

The plaintiff was a *nicknackitarian*, that is, a dealer in curiosities, such as Egyptian mummies, Indian implements of war, arrows dipped in the poison of the upas-tree, bows, antique shields, helmets, &c. He was described as possessing the skin of the cameleopard exhibited in the Roman amphitheatre, the head of the spear used by king Arthur, and the breech of the first cannon used at the siege of Constantinople; and, in short, of almost every rarity that the most ardent virtuoso would wish to possess.

The defendant was the executor of a widow lady of the name of Morgan, who, in the enjoyment of a considerable fortune, indulged her fancy, and amused herself in collecting objects of natural and artificial curiosity.

It was stated that this lady had been long in the habit of purchasing a variety of rare articles of the plaintiff: she had bought of him models of the temple of

* • Howard's Climate of London

Jerusalem and the Alexandrian library, a specimen of the type invented by Memnon, the Egyptian, and a genuine manuscript of the first play acted by Thespis and his company in a waggon; for all these she had in her lifetime paid most liberally. It appeared also she had erected a mausoleum, in which her deceased husband was laid, and she projected the depositing her own remains, when death should overtake her, by the side of him. The plaintiff was employed in fitting it up, and ornamenting it with a tessellated pavement; this was also paid for, and constituted no part of the present demand. This action was brought against the defendant to recover the sum of 40*l.* for stuffing and embalming a bird of paradise, a fly-bird, and ouraung-outang, an ichneumon, and a cassowary. The defendant did not deny that the plaintiff had a claim on the estate of the deceased, but he had let judgment go by default, and attempted merely to cut down the amount of the demand. The plaintiff's foreman, or assistant, proved that the work had been done by the direction of Mrs. Morgan, and that the charge was extremely reasonable. On the contrary, the defendant's solicitor contended that the charge was most extravagant; he stated, that the museum of the deceased virtuoso had been sold by public auction, and including the models of the temple of Jerusalem and the Alexandrian library, the antique type, Thespian manuscript, spearhead, and every thing else she had been all her life collecting, it had not netted more than 110*l.* As to the stuffed monkeys and birds, which constituted the foundation of the plaintiff's claim, they scarce had defrayed the expense of carrying them away; they were absolute rubbish. The plaintiff's attorney replied that his client's labour was not to be appreciated by what the objects of it produced at a common sale, attended, perhaps, by brokers, who were as ignorant as the stuffed animals they were purchasing.

The under-sheriff observed, that in matters of taste the intrinsic value of an article was not the proper medium of ascertaining the compensation due to the labour which produced it; a virtuoso frequently expended a large sum of money for what another man would kick out of his house as lumber. If Mrs. Morgan, who it was proved was a lady of fortune, wished to amuse the gloomy hours of her

widowhood by stuffing apes and birds, her executor was at least bound to pay the expense she had incurred, in indulging her whimsical fancy. He saw no reason why a single shilling of the plaintiff's demand should be subtracted; and the jury viewed the curiosities in the same light, and gave a verdict for the plaintiff, damages 40*l.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Variiegated Meadow Saffron. *Colchium variegatum.*

Dedicated to *St. Hyacinthus.*

September 12.

St. Eanswide, Abbess, 7th Cent. *St. Guy* of Anderlent, 11th Cent. *St. Albeus*, A. D. 525.

GLASS-CUTTERS AT NEWCASTLE.

On the 12th of September, 1823, the inhabitants of Newcastle and Gateshead were gratified with a spectacle which in that part was novel and peculiarly interesting, although in London it is common. It was a procession through the principal streets, of the workmen employed in several of the glass-houses, each bearing in his hand a specimen of the art, remarkable either for its curious construction, or its beauty and elegance. The morning was ushered in with the ringing of bells, and notice of the intended procession having been previously circulated, numbers of people crowded the streets. A little after twelve o'clock it moved forward along the Close, amid the cheers of the assembled multitude, the firing of cannon and the ringing of bells, and preceded by the band of the Tyne Hussars. It was composed of the workmen of the Northumberland, the South Shields, the Wear (Sunderland), the Durham and British (Gateshead), the Stourbridge (Gateshead), and the North Shields glass companies, arranged according to the seniority of their respective houses, and each distinguished by appropriate flags. The sky was clear, and the rays of the sun, falling upon the glittering utensils and symbols, imparted richness and grandeur to their appearance. The hat of almost every person in it was decorated with a glass feather, whilst a glass star sparkled on the breast, and a chain or collar of variegated glass hung round the neck; some wore sashes round the waist. Each man carried in his hand a staff, with a cross piece on the top, displaying one or more

curious or beautiful specimens of art. These elevations afforded a sight of the different vessels, consisting of a profusion of decanters, glasses, goblets, jugs, bowls, dishes, &c., the staple articles of the trade, in an endless variety of elegant shape, and of exquisite workmanship, with several other representations remarkable either for excellence of manufacture or for curious construction. Amongst these were two elegant bird-cages, containing birds, which sung at periods during the procession. A salute was fired several times from a fort mounted with glass cannon, to the astonishment of the spectators; a glass bugle which sounded the halts, and played several marches, was much admired for its sweetness and correctness of tone. Several elegant specimens of stained glass were exhibited; many of the men wore glass hats and carried glass swords. When the procession arrived at the mansion-house it halted, while a salute was fired from the glass cannon; the procession then moved forward, passing along the bridge, through Gateshead, and then returned and paraded through the principal streets of Newcastle, to dinners provided at different inns.

Mr. John Sykes, in the volume of "Local Records" published by him at Newcastle, from whence this account is taken, says, "that a procession of this kind is highly commendable, not as a mere *unmeaning show* calculated for caricature, but as exhibiting to public view some of the finest efforts of human industry and genius."

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Semilunar Passion Flower. *Passiflora peltata*.

Dedicated to *St. Eanswite*.

September 13.

St. Eulogius, Patriarch of Alexandria, A. D. 608. *St. Amatus*, Bp. A. D. 690. Another *St. Amatus*, or *Ame*, Abbot, A. D. 627. *St. Mauritius*, 5th Cent.

"GENTLEMAN SMITH,"

THE ORIGINAL CHARLES SURFACE.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

Dear Sir,

Probably a biographical sketch of this eminent professor of the histrionic art, may prove acceptable to your interesting weekly sheet. Of the latter days of Mr.

Smith, I write from my own recollection of him. It is a pleasant occupation to record the acts of these worthies of the legitimate drama—to notice the talents and acquirements of an actor so universally respected for the kindness of his disposition—the firmness of a mind gradually developing principles and conduct worthy the sympathy and respect of all—and whose ease and gracefulness of manner obtained for him the honourable distinction of "Gentleman Smith."

The subject of our memoir was born in London, in 1730. He was designed for the church, and in 1737 his father sent him to Eton, from whence he was removed to St. John's-college, Cambridge, in 1748. The vivacity and spirit which had distinguished young Smith while at Eton, here led him into some rash and impetuous irregularities. He was young—very young: unknown to the world, and too worldly in his pleasures. The force of evil example, so glaringly displayed within our colleges and grammar-schools, was powerful—and Smith yielded to its power. One hasty act of imprudence and passion, frustrated his father's hopes, and determined the future pursuits of this tyro. Having one evening drunk too freely with some associates of kindred minds, and being pursued by the proctor, he had the imprudence to snap an unloaded pistol at him. For this offence he was doomed to a punishment to which he would not submit; and in order to avoid expulsion immediately quitted college. He now had the opportunity of gratifying his inclination for the stage, and without any deep reflection upon the step he was about to take, immediately upon his arrival in London, applied to Mr. Rich, then manager of Covent-garden theatre, and succeeded in obtaining an engagement. He made his first appearance in January, 1753, in the character of *Theodosius*; on which occasion many of his college friends came up for the purpose of giving him their support. His second attempt was *Polydore*, in the "Orphan;" after which he appeared successively in *Southampton*, in the "Earl of Essex," and *Dolabella*, in "All for Love." Mr. Smith was obliged for some time to play subordinate parts; but after Mr. Barry quitted the stage, he undertook several of the principal characters in which that great actor had appeared with such distinguished approbation. Mr. Smith's mode of acting had many peculiarities

which were considered as defects, but from his frequent appearance, the audience seemed to forget them, or to regard them as trifles undeserving notice, when viewed in connection with the many excellencies which he always displayed. This favourable disposition towards him was greatly increased by his upright and independent conduct in private life, which gained for him very general esteem. When Churchill published his "Rosciad," in 1761, the only notice he took of him in his satire, is comprised in the following couplet:—

"Smith the genteel, the airy, and the smart,
Smith was just gone to school to say his part."

After being twenty-two years at Covent-garden, Garrick engaged him, in the winter of 1774, to perform at Drury-lane, where he remained till the close of his professional labours in 1788. Though Mr. Smith, for a considerable period, played the first parts in tragedy, nature seemed not to have qualified him for this branch of the histrionic art. His person was tall and well formed, but his features wanted flexibility, for the expression of the stronger and finer emotions of tragedy, and his voice had a monotony and harshness, which took much from the effect of his finer performances. The parts in this line in which he acquired most popularity were *Richard the Third*, *Hotspur*, and *Hastings*.

But, now, I must speak of those powers in which Mr. Smith was unrivalled. His personation of *Charles Surface*, in the "School for Scandal," (of which he was the original representative,) has always been spoken of as his masterpiece, and, indeed, the highest praise and admiration were always awarded him for originality, boldness of conception, truth, freedom, ease, and gracefulness of action and manner. A sigh of tender regret to the recollection of so great a worthy has been uttered by the pleasant ELIA, in his "Essay upon Old Actors," to which I refer every lover of the drama,—there he will discover what our favourites in the old school of acting were,—and what our modern professors ought now to be!

Mr. Smith's *Kitely* has been extolled as superior to that of Garrick. *Archer* and *Oakly* are two other parts, in which he acquired high reputation.

On the 9th of March, 1788, after performing *Macbeth*, he delivered an epi-

logue, in which he announced his intention to quit the stage at the close of the season, thinking it time to "resign the sprightly *Charles* to abler hands and younger heads." On the ninth of June following, he took his leave, after the performance of *Charles Surface*, in a short, but neat and elegant address: expressing his gratitude for the candour, indulgence, and generosity he had experienced, and his hope that the "patronage and protection the public had vouchsafed him on the stage, would be followed by some small esteem, when he was off." He performed but once afterwards, which was in the same part, in 1798, for the benefit of his old friend King. Mr. Smith was first married to the sister of the earl of Sandwich, the widow of Kelland Courtney, Esq.; she died in 1762. Soon afterwards he married Miss Newson, of Leiston, in Suffolk. Lord Chedworth bequeathed him a legacy of 200*l.* He died at Bury St. Edmunds, on the 13th of September, 1819, in the 89th year of his age.*

In my humble walk of life, when a boy at the free grammar-school of Bury St. Edmunds, I had, with my young "classical" companions, frequent opportunities of meeting this aged veteran of the drama. His appearance was always agreeable to us. He encouraged our playful gambols, and was well-pleased in giving us something to be pleased with. In his eightieth year he looked "most briskly juvenal." His person was then debonair, and his fine, brown, intelligent eye reflected all the mind could realize of the volition of *Charles Surface*. His dress was in perfect keeping with the vivacious disposition of the man. He always wore, when perambulating, a white hat, edged with green—blue coat—figured waistcoat—fustian-coloured breeches, and gaiters to correspond. Thus apparelled, he was, when the weather was favourable, to be met with in some one of the beautifully rural walks in the neighbourhood of the town, tripping on at a sharp, brisk pace, and twisting his thin gold-headed cane in his right hand. His politeness was proverbial; and the same ease and gracefulness of carriage—dignity of manner—and suavity of address—were features as conspicuous off, as when on, the stage. It was a lucky

* An interesting notice of Mr. Smith will be found in a small and elegant little work, entitled "County Biography," &c., published by Longman and Co., accompanied by a good portrait of the subject of this article.

moment for us to meet him near our "tat" and "turn-over" shop. He would anticipate our *raspberry* cravings, and remind us that he "was once a school-boy," and that the *fugging* system was only to be tolerated in the hopeful expectation of a plentiful reward in "sweets" and "sugar-candy." He was one whom Shakespeare has painted—

"That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd
with cheer."

Should this trifling sketch fall into the hands of any of my respected fellows, who were with me during my labours at the above-named school, I am confident they will contemplate this great man's memory with that regard which his rich pleasantries, and our personal knowledge of him, are calculated to inspire. He was an honourable man; and it was his honourable conduct which alone conducted him to an honourable distinction in the evening of his days. Unlike the many of his profession, whose talents blaze forth for a while, and then depart like a sun-beam, he retired into the quiet of domestic life—sought peace and solace—and found them. In a word, "Gentleman Smith" was a respecter of virtue:—and he developed its precepts to the world in the incidents of his own life.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours very truly,
S. R.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Official Crocus. *Crocus Sativus*.
Dedicated to *St. Eulogius*.

September 14.

The Exaltation of the Holy Cross, A. D. 629. *St. Catharine* of Genoa, A. D. 1510. *St. Cormac*, Bp. of Cashel, and king of Munster, A. D. 908.

Holy Cross,

or

HOLY ROOD.

Holy Cross is in our almanacs and the church of England calendar on this day, whereon is celebrated a Romish catholic festival in honour of the holy cross, or, as our ancestors called it, the *holy rood*. From this denomination *Holy-rood-house*, Edinburgh, derives its name.

The *rood* was a carved or sculptured groupe consisting of a crucifix, or image of Christ on the cross, with, commonly the virgin Mary on one side, and John on the other; though for these were sometimes substituted the four evangelists, and frequently rows of saints were added on each side.*

The *rood* was always placed in a gallery across the nave, at the entrance of the chancel or choir of the church, and this gallery was called the *rood-loft*, signifying the rood-gallery; the old meaning of the word *loft* being a high, or the highest, floor, or a room higher than another room. In the *rood-loft* the musicians were stationed, near the rood, to play during mass.

The *holy roods* or *crosses* being taken down at the time of the reformation, the rood-loft or gallery became the *organ-loft* or singing gallery, as we see it in our churches at present: the ancient *rood-loft* was usually supported by a cross-beam, richly carved with foliage, sometimes superbly gilt, with a screen of open tabernacle-work beneath.†

When the *roods*, and other images in churches were taken down throughout England, texts of scripture were written on the walls of the churches instead. The first rood taken down in London was the rood belonging to St. Paul's cathedral, and then all the other roods were removed from the churches of the metropolis.‡

The holy rood, at Boxley, in Kent, was called the *Rood of Grace*; its image, on the cross, miraculously moved its eyes, lips, and head, upon the approach of its marvellous votaries. The *Boxley Rood* was brought to London, and Hilsey, bishop of Rochester, within whose diocese it had performed wonders under the papacy, took it to pieces at St. Paul's cross, and showed the people the springs and wheels by which, at the will of the priests it had been secretly put in motion.§ The open detection and destruction of this gross imposture, reconciled many, who had been deceived, to the reformation.

The festival of *Holy Cross*, or as it is more elaborately termed by the Catholics, *the Exaltation of the Holy Cross*, is in commemoration of the alleged miraculous

* Fosbroke's British Monachism.

† Ibid.

‡ Stow's Chron.

§ Hume.

appearance of the cross to Constantine in the sky at mid-day. It was instituted by the Romish church on occasion of the recovery of a large piece of the pretended real cross which Cosroes, king of Persia, took from Jerusalem when he plundered it. The emperor Heraclius defeated him in battle, retook the relic, and carried it back in triumph to Jerusalem.

According to Rigordus, a historian of the thirteenth century, the capture of this wood by Cosroes, though it was recaptured by Heraclius, was a loss to the human race they never recovered. We are taught by him to believe that the mouths of our ancestors "used to be supplied with thirty, or in some instances, no doubt according to their faith, with thirty-two teeth, but that since the cross was stolen by the infidels, no mortal has been allowed more than twenty-three!"*

Nutting appears to have been customary on this day. Brand cites from the old play of "Grim, the Collier of Croydon:"—

"This day, they say, is called Holy-rood day,
And all the youth are now a nutting gone."

It appears, from a curious manuscript

It yet is not day ;
The morning hath not lost her virgin blush,
Nor step, but mine, soiled the earth's tinsel robe.
— How full of heaven this solitude appears,
This healthful comfort of the happy swain ;
Who from his hard but peaceful bed roused up,
In 's morning exercise saluted is
By a full quire of feathered choristers,
Wedding their notes to the enamoured air.
Here Nature, in her unaffected dresse,
Plaited with vallies, and imboast with hills,
Enchast with silver streams, and fringed with woods,
Sits lovely in her native russet.

Chamberlayne.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Byzantine Saffron. *Colchicum Byzantium.*

Dedicated to *St. Nicetas.*

September 16.

St. Cornelius, Pope, A. D. 252. *St. Cyprian*, Abp. of Carthage, A. D. 258. *St. Euphemia*, A. D. 307. *Sts. Lucia* and

relating to Eton school, that in the month of September, "on a certain day," most probably the fourteenth, the scholars there were to have a play-day, in order to go out and gather nuts, a portion of which, when they returned, they were to make presents of to the different masters ; but before leave was granted for their excursion, they were required to write verses on the fruitfulness of autumn, and the deadly cold of the coming winter.*

"Tuesday, Sept. 14, 1731, being Holy-rood day, the king's huntsmen hunted their free buck in Richmond New park, with bloodhounds, according to custom."†

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Passion Flower. *Passiflora cœrulea.*
Dedicated to the *Exaltation of the Cross.*

September 15.

St. Nicetas, 4th Cent. *St. Nicomedes*, A. D. 90. *St. John*, the Dwarf, 5th Cent. *St. Aicard*, or *Achart*, Abbot, A. D. 687. *St. Aper*, or *Evre*, Bp. A. D. 486.

The weather on an average is, at least, six times out of seven fine on this day.‡

Geminianus. *Sts. Ninian*, or *Ninyas*, Bp. A. D. 432. *St. Editha*, A. D. 984.

JEMMY GORDON.

This eccentric individual, who is recorded on the 23d of May, died in the workhouse of St. Leonard's, at Cambridge, on the 16th of September, 1825. He had for many years been in the receipt of an annuity of five and twenty pounds be-

* Slater's Schol. Eton, A. D. 1560. M. G. Donat. Brit. Mus. 4843 Brand.

† Gentleman's Magazine.

‡ Dr. Forster's Peren. Calendar

queathed to him by Mr. Gordon, a deceased relative. Several confinements in the town goal left Gordon at liberty to write memoirs of himself, which are in the possession of Mr. W. Mason, picture-dealer of Cambridge. He may amuse and essentially benefit society if he publish the manuscripts, accompanied by details drawn from personal recollections of the deceased biographer, with reflections on the misapplication of talent and the consequences of self-indulgence. It is an opportunity whereon to "point a moral, and adorn a tale."

FLORAL DIRECTORY.
Sea Starwort. *Aster Tripolum*.
Dedicated to *St. Editha*.

September 17.

St. Lambert, Bp. A. D. 709. *St. Columba*, A. D. 853. *St. Hildegardis*, Abbess, A. D. 1179. *St. Rouin*, or *Rodingus*, or *Chrodingus*, A. D. 680. *Sts. Socrates* and *Stephen*, Martyrs under Dioclesian.

Lambert.

He is a saint in the Romish calendar; his name "Lambert" stands unsainted in the church of England calendar and almanacs: sometimes he is called Landebert. He was bishop of Maestricht from which see he was expelled in 673, and retired to the monastery of Stavelo, where he continued seven years, submitting to the rules of the novices. He was afterwards restored to his bishopric, and discharged its functions with zeal and success. But during the disorders which prevailed in the government of France, he was murdered on the 17th of September, 703, and in 1240, his festival was ordained to be kept on this day.*

THEATRICALS.

This is about the season when the summer theatres close, and the winter theatres open. Most of the productions written, and represented of late years, seem symptomatic of decay in dramatic and histrionic talent. The false taste of some of the vocal performers, is laughed at in a light piece called "Der Freischütz Travestie: by Septimus Globus, Esq." One of its versifications is in a "SCENE—UNSEEN." According to the author,—

A SONG—SINGS ITSELF.

TUNE.—*Galloping Dreary Dun.*

Fine singers we have, both woman and man,
Gallop O! fly away! jump!
They all bravura, as fast as they can,
They mock Catalani,
Up long laney,
Bawling,
Squalling,
Galloping all away! drag and tail,—die
away—plump!

They come on the stage, so fine and so gay,
Gallop O! fly away! jump!
They mount in the air, and they ride away,
They mock Catalani, &c.

They canter one off, all into the dark,
Gallop O! fly away! jump!
The Jack-bottom sings, instead of the lark,
They mock Catalani, &c.

They let off a trill, and it asks the way,
Gallop O! fly away! jump!
They quiver and shake—oh! I bid you
good day,
They mock Catalani, &c.

Such singing I guess, does nobody good,
Gallop O! fly away! jump!
Notes wander about, like the babes in the
wood,
They mock Catalani, &c.

I sing by myself, but pray take a peep,
Gallop O! fly away! jump!
You'll soon find singers, to sing you to
sleep,
They mock Catalani, &c.
[Exit Song.]

From the same piece there may be another "seasonable" extract, for we are at that period of the year when the chase, which was once a necessary pursuit, is indulged as an amusement. In Von Weber's "Der Freischütz," the casting of the fifth bullet by Caspar is accompanied by "a wild chase in the clouds;" the writer who travestied that opera, as it was represented at the Lyceum theatre, represents this operation to be thus accompanied:—

Neighing and barking 'old clothes!'—*Sky-larking—A wild chase in the clouds;* an 'Ethereal Race—inhabitants of air,' consisting of skeleton dogs muzzled, skeleton horses, and skeleton horsemen, with overalls and preservers, and MR. GREEN from the city, are in pursuit of a skeleton stag 'to Bachelor's-hall,' with grave music accompanying the following—

* Audley's Comp. to the Almanac.

SONG AND CHORUS.
BY SKELETON HUNTSMEN.

'Bright Chanticleer proclaims the dawn.'

The moon's eclipse proclaims our hunt,
The graves release their dead,
The common man lifts up the wood,
The lord springs from the lead;
The lady-corpses hurry on,
To join the ghostly crowds,
And off we go, with a ho! so—ho!
A—hunting in the clouds.

With a hey, ho, chivey!
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy!
&c.

No hill, no dale, no glen, no mire,
No dew, no night, no storm,
No earth, no water, air, nor fire,
Can do wild huntsmen harm.

We laugh at what the living dread,
And throw aside our shrouds,
And off we go, with a ho! so—ho!
A—hunting in the clouds.

With a hey, ho, chivey!
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy,
&c.

Oft, when by body-snatchers stol'n,
And surgeons for us wait,
Some honest watchmen take the rogues
To be examined straight,
We slip away from surgeons, and
From police-office crowds,

And off we go, with a ho! so—ho!
A—hunting in the clouds.

With a hey, ho, chivey!
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy!
&c.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Narrow-leaved Mallow. *Malva augustiflora*.

Dedicated to *St. Lambert*.

September 18.

St. Thomas, Abp. of Valentin, A. D. 1555. *St. Methodius*, Bp. of Tyre, A. D. 311. *St. Ferreol*, A. D. 304. *St. Joseph*, of Cupertino, A. D. 1663.

St. Ferreol

He was "a tribune or colonel," Butler says, at Vienne in France, and imprisoned on suspicion of being a christian, which he verified by refusing to sacrifice according to the religion of the country, whereupon being scourged and laid in a dungeon, on the third day his chains fell off his hands and legs, and he swam over the Rhone. It appears that the miraculous chain-falling was ineffectual, for

he was discovered and beheaded near the river.

The anniversary of this saint and martyr is celebrated at Marseilles with great pomp. The houses are decorated with streamers to the very tops; and the public way is crossed by cords, on which are suspended numberless flags of various colours. The ships are always ornamented with flags and streamers. The procession passes under several arches, hung with boughs, before it stops at the altars or resting-places, which are covered with flowers: every thing concurs to give to this solemnity an air of cheerfulness. The eye dwells with pleasure on the garlands of beautiful flowers, the green boughs, and the emblem of the divinity contained in the flags of the procession. The attendants are extremely numerous; every gardener carries his wax taper, ornamented with the most rare and beautiful flowers; he has also the vegetables and fruits with which heaven had blessed his labour, and sometimes he bears some nests of birds.

The *butchers* also make a part of this procession, clothed in long tunics, and with a hat à la *Henri IV.* armed with a hatchet or cleaver; they lead a fat ox dressed with garlands and ribands, and with gilt horns, like the ox at the carnival: his back is covered with a carpet, on which sits a pretty child, dressed as *St. John the Baptist*. During the whole week which precedes the festival, the butchers lead about this animal: they first take him to the police, where they pay a duty, and then their collection begins, which is very productive: every one wishes to have the animal in his house; and it is a prevailing superstition among the people, that they shall have good luck throughout the year if this beast leave any trace of his visit, however dirty it may be. The ox is killed on the day after the festival. The child generally lives but a short time: exhausted by the fatigue which he has suffered, and by the caresses which he has received, and sickened by the sweetmeats with which he has been crammed, he languishes, and often falls a victim.

A number of young girls, clothed in white, their heads covered with veils adorned with flowers, and girded with ribands of a uniform colour are next in the procession. Children, habited in

different manners, recal the ancient "mysteries." Several young women are dressed as nuns; these are St. Ursula, St. Rosalia, St. Agnes, St. Teresa, &c. The handsomest are clothed as Magdalens; with their hair dishevelled on their lovely faces, they look with an air of contrition on a crucifix which they hold in the hand: others appear in the habit of the *Sœurs de la Charité*, whose whole time is devoted to the service of the sick. Young boys fill other parts, such as angels, abbots, monks; among whom may be distinguished St. Francis, St. Bruno, St. Anthony, &c. In the midst of the shepherds marches the little St. John, but half covered with a sheep's skin, like the picture of his precursor; he leads a lamb decked with ribands, a symbol of the saviour who offered himself for us, and died for the remission of our sins. The streets are strewn with flowers; numerous choristers carry baskets full of roses and yellow broom, which they throw, on a given signal, before the host or holy sacrament: they strew some of these on the ladies who sit in rows to see the procession; these also have baskets of flowers on their knees, which they offer to the host; they amuse themselves with covering the young virgins and little saints with the flowers. The sweet scents of the roses, the cassia, the jessamine, the orange, and the tuberose, mingled with the odour of the incense, almost overpower the senses. The procession proceeds to the port, and it is there that the ceremony presents a sublime character: the people fill the quays; all the decks are manned with seamen, dressed in their best blue jackets, their heads uncovered, and their red caps in their hands. All bend the knee to the God of the Universe: the seamen stretch out their hands towards the prelate, who, placed under a canopy, gives the benediction: the most profound silence reigns among this immense crowd. The benediction received, every one rises instantaneously; the bells begin to ring, the music plays, and the whole train takes the road to the temple from which they came.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Pendulous Starwort. *Aster pendulus*.
Dedicated to St. Thomas, of Villanova.

* Times Telescope, 1819; from Coxe's Gentleman's Guide through France.

September 19.

St. Januarius, Bp. of Benevento, A. D. 305. *St. Theodore*, Abp. of Canterbury, A. D. 690. *Sts. Peleus, Paternuthes*, and Companions. *St. Lucy* A. D. 1090. *St. Eustochius*, Bp. A. D. 461. *St. Sequanus*, or *Seine*, Abbot, A. D. 580.

STOURBRIDGE FAIR

This place, near Cambridge, is also called Sturbridge, Sturbitch, and Stirbitch. A Cambridge newspaper speaks of *Stirbitch* fair being proclaimed on the 19th of September, 1825, for a fortnight, and of *Stirbitch* horse-fair commencing on the 26th of the month. The corruption of this proper name, stamps the persons who use it in its vulgar acceptation as being ignorant as the ignorant; the better instructed should cease from shamefully acquiescing in the long continued disturbance of this appellation.

Stephen Batman, in his "Doomes warning," published in 1582, relates that "Fishers toke a disfigured divell, in a certain *stowre*, (which is a mighty gathering together of waters, from some narrow lake of the sea,) a horrible monster with a goats heade, and eyes shynyng lyke fyre, whereuppon they were all afraide and ranne away; and that ghoste plunged himselfe under the ise, and running uppe and downe in the *stowre* made a terrible noyse and sound." We get in *Stirbitch* a most "disfigured divell" from Stourbridge. The good people derive their "good name" from their river.

Stourbridge fair originated in a grant from king John to the hospital of lepers at that place. By a charter in the 30th year of Henry VIII., the fair was granted to the magistrates and corporation of Cambridge. The vicechancellor of the university has the same power in it that he has in the town of Cambridge.

By an order of privy council of the 3rd of October, 1547, the mayor and under-sheriff of the county were required, not only to acknowledge before the vicechancellor, heads of colleges and proctors, that they had interfered with the privileges of the university in Stourbridge fair but also, "that the mayor, in the common hall, shall openly, among his brethren, acknowledge his wilfull proceeding." The breach consisted in John Fletcher, the

mayor, having refused to receive into the tolbooth certain persons of "naughty and corrupt behaviour," who were "prisoners, taken by the proctors of the university, in the last Sturbridge fair;" wherefore he was called before the lords and others of the council, and his fault therein "so plainly and justly opened" that he could not deny it, but did "sincerely and willingly confess his said fault."*

In 1613, Stourbridge fair acquired such celebrity, that hackney-coaches attended it from London. Subsequently not less than sixty coaches plied at this fair, which was the largest in England. Vast quantities of butter and cheese found there a ready market; it stocked the people of Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and other counties with clothes, and all other necessaries; and shopkeepers supplied themselves from thence with the commodities where-in they dealt.†

Jacob Butler, Esq. who died on the 28th of May, 1765, stoutly maintained the charter of Stourbridge fair: he was of Bene't-college, Cambridge, and a barrister-at-law. In stature he was six feet four inches high, of determined character, and deemed "a great eccentric" because, among other reasons, he usually invited the giants and dwarfs, who came for exhibition, to dine with him. He was so rigid in seeing the charter literally complied with, that if the ground was not cleared by one o'clock on the day appointed, and he found any of the booths standing, he had them pulled down, and the materials taken away. On one occasion when the wares were not removed by the time mentioned in the charter, he drove his carriage among the crockery and destroyed a great quantity.

The rev. John Butler, LL. D. rector of Wallington, in Hertfordshire, father of Mr. Butler, who was his eldest son, endeavoured in the year 1705, to get Stourbridge fair rated to the poor. This occasioned a partial and oppressive assessment on himself that involved him in great difficulties. Dr. Butler died in 1714, and Jacob Butler succeeded to his difficulties and estates in the parish of

Barnwell. As a trustee under an act for the turnpike road from Cambridge to London, Mr. Butler was impeached of abuses in common with his co-trustees. Being obnoxious, he was singled out to make good the abuse, and summoned to the county sessions, where he appeared in his barrister's gown, was convicted and fined ten pounds, which he refused to pay, and was committed. He excepted to the jurisdiction, wherein he was supported by the opinion of sir Joseph Yorke, then attorney-general, and to save an estreat applied to the under-sheriff, who refused his application, and afterwards went to the clerk of the peace at Newmarket, from whom he met the like treatment; this forced him to the quarter-sessions, where he obtained his discharge, after telling the chairman he felt it hard to be compelled to the trouble and expense of teaching him and his brethren law. He appears to have been a lawyer of that school, which admitted no law but the old common law of the land, and statute law. In 1754, "to stem the venality and corruption of the times, he offered himself a candidate to represent the county in parliament, unsupported by the influence of the great, the largess of the wealthy, or any interest, but that which his single character could establish in the esteem of all honest men and lovers of their country. But when he found the struggles for freedom faint and ineffectual, and his spirits too weak to resist the efforts of his enemies, he contented himself with the testimony of those few friends who dare to be free, and of his own unbiassed conscience, which, upon this, as well as every other occasion, voted in his favour; and upon these accounts he was justly entitled to the name of *the old Briton*." He bore this appellation to the day of his death. The loss of a favourite dog is supposed to have accelerated his end; upon its being announced to him, he said, "I shall not live long now my dog is dead." He shortly afterwards became ill, and, lingering about two months, died.

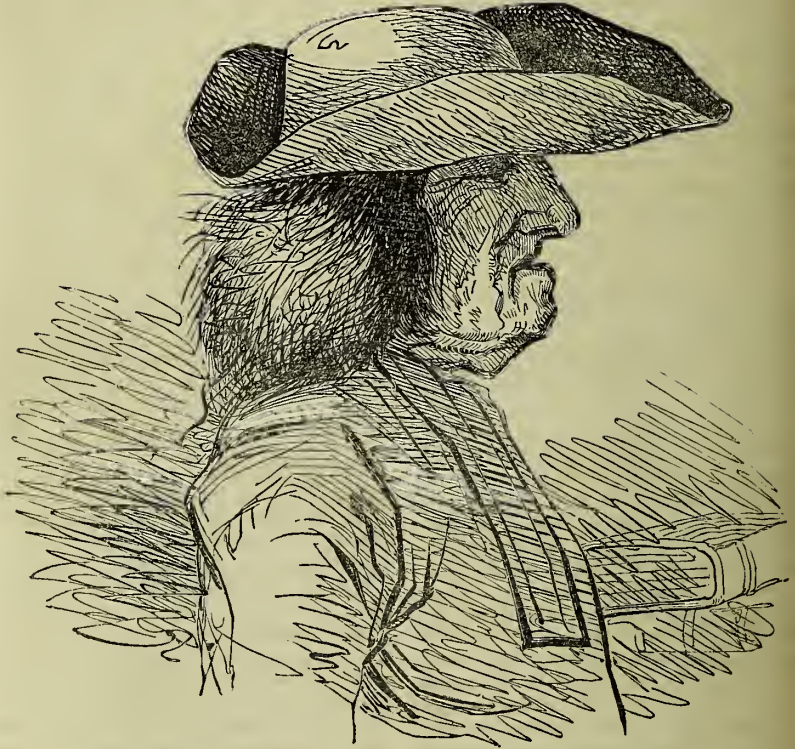
His coffin, which was made from a large oak by his express order, some months before his death, became an object of public curiosity; it was of sufficient dimensions to contain several persons, and wine was copiously quaffed therein by many of those who went to see it. To a person, who was one of the legatees, the singular trust was delegates

* Mr. Dyer's Privileges of Cambridge, vol. i. p. 11.

† Dr. N. Drake's Shakspeare and his Times.

of driving him to the grave, on the carriage of a waggon, divested of the body: seated in the front, he was to drive his two favourite horses, Brag and Dragon, to Barnwell church, and should they refuse to receive his body there, he was to return and bury him in the middle of the grass-plot in his own garden. Part only of his request was complied with, for the body being put into a leaden coffin, and the leaden one into a shell, was conveyed

in a hearse, and the coffin made before his death was put upon the carriage of his waggon, and driven before the hearse by the gentleman above mentioned when arrived at the church door, it was taken from the carriage by four men, who received half-a-guinea each; it was then put into the vault, and the corpse being taken from the hearse was carried to the vault, there put into the coffin, and then screwed down.



Jacob Butler, Esq.

The late rev. Michael Tyson of Bene't-college, "a good antiquary and a gentleman artist," amused himself with etching a few portraits; among them "were some of the old masters of his college, and some of the noted characters in and about Cambridge, as Jacob Butler of Barnwell, who called himself the

old Briton," which Mr. Nichols says "may be called his best, both in design and execution; for it expresses the very man himself." A gentleman of the university has obligingly communicated to this work a fine impression of M. Tyson's head of "the *old Briton*," from whence the present portrait is engraven.

Origin of Stourbridge Fair.

Mr. George Dyer, in a supplement to his recently published "Privileges of the University of Cambridge," being a sequel to his "History of the University," cites thus from Fuller:—

"Stourbridge fair is so called from Stour, a little rivulet (on both sides whereof it is kept,) on the east of Cambridge, whereof this original is reported. A clothier of Kendal, a town characterized to be *Lanificii gloria et industria præcellens*, casually wetting his cloath in water in his passage to London, exposed it there to sale, on cheap termes, as the worse for wetting, and yet it seems saved by the bargain. Next year he returned again with some other of his townsmen, proffering drier and dearer cloath to be sold. So that within a few years hither came a confluence of buyers, sellers, and lookers-on, which are the three principles of a fair. *In memoria* thereof, Kendal men challenge some privilege in that place, annually choosing one of the town to be chief, before whom an antic sword was carried with some mirthful solemnities, disused of late, since these sad times, which put men's minds into more serious employments." This was about 1417.

The "History of Stourbridge Fair," &c. a pamphlet published at Cambridge in 1806, supplies the particulars before the reader, respecting Jacob Butler and the fair, except in a few instances derived from authorities acknowledged in the notes. From thence also is as follows:—

Stourbridge fair was annually set out on St. Bartholomew's day, by the aldermen and the rest of the corporation of Cambridge, who all rode there in grand procession, with music playing before them; and, when the ceremony was finished, used to ride races about the place; then returning to Cambridge, cakes and ale were given to the boys who attended them, at the Town-hall; but, we believe, this old custom is now laid aside. On the 7th of September they rode in the same manner to proclaim it; which being done, the fair then began, and continued three weeks, though the greatest part was over in a fortnight.

This fair, which was allowed, some years ago, to be the largest in Europe, is kept in a corn-field about half a mile square, the river Cam running on the

north side, and the rivulet called the Stour, (from which, and the bridge which crosses it, the fair received its name,) on the east side; it is about two miles from Cambridge market-place, and where, during the time of the fair, coaches, &c. attend to convey persons to the fair. The chief diversions at the fair were drolls rope-dancing, sometimes a music-booth, and plays performed; and though there is an act of parliament which prohibits the acting of plays within ten miles of Cambridge, the Norwich company have permission to perform there every night during the fair.

If the corn was not cleared off the field by the 24th of August, the builders were at liberty to tread it down to build their booths; and on the other hand, if the booths and materials were not cleared away by Michaelmas-day at noon, the ploughmen might enter the same with their horses, ploughs, and carts, and destroy whatever they found remaining on the ground after that time. The filth, straw, dung, &c. left by the fair-keepers, making the farmers amends for their trampling and hardening the ground. The shops, or booths, were built in rows like streets, having each their name; as Garlick-row, Booksellers'-row, Cook-row, &c. and every commodity had its proper place; as the cheese-fair, hop-fair, wool-fair, &c. In these streets, or rows, as well as in several others, were all kinds of tradesmen, who sell by wholesale or retail, as goldsmiths, toy-men, braziers, turners, milliners, haberdashers, hatters, mercers, drapers, pewterers, china warehouses, and, in short, most trades that could be found in London, from whence many of them came; there were also taverns, coffee-houses, and eating-houses in great plenty, all kept in booths, except six or seven brick-houses, in any of which (except the coffee-house booth,) you might be accommodated with hot or cold roast goose, roast or boiled pork, &c.

Crossing the road, at the south end of Garlick-row, on the left hand, was a square formed of the largest booths, called the *Duddery*, the area of which was from two hundred and forty to three hundred feet, chiefly taken up with woollen drapers, wholesale tailors, sellers of second-hand clothes, &c. where the dealers had a room before their booths to take down and open their packs, and bring in waggon to load and unload the same. In the centre of the square there formerly stood

a high pole with a vane at the top. On two Sundays, during the principal time of the fair, morning and afternoon, divine service was performed, and a sermon preached by the minister of Barnwell, from a pulpit placed in this square, who was very well paid for the same, by a contribution made among the fair-keepers.

In this duddery only, it is said, that 100,000*l.* worth of woollen manufacture has been sold in less than a week, exclusive of the trade carried on here by the wholesale tailors from London, and other parts of England, who transacted their business wholly with their pocket-books, and meeting with their chapmen here from all parts of the country, make up their accounts, receive money, and take further orders. These, it is said, exceed the sale of goods actually brought to the fair, and delivered in kind; it was frequently known that the London wholesale-men have carried back orders from their dealers for 10,000*l.* worth of goods, and some a great deal more. Once, in this duddery, there was a booth consisting of six apartments, which contained goods worth 20,000*l.* belonging solely to a dealer in Norwich stuffs.

The trade for wool, hops, and leather, was prodigious; the quantity of wool only, which was sold at one fair, was said to amount to between 50 and 60,000*l.*, and of hops to nearly the same sum.

The 14th of September was the horse-fair day, which was always the busiest day during the time of the fair, and the number of people, who came from all parts of the county on this day, was very great. Colchester oysters and fresh herrings were in great request, particularly by those who lived in the inland parts of the kingdom.

The fair was like a well-governed city, and less disorder or confusion were to be seen here than in any other place, where there was so great a concourse of people assembled. Here was a court of justice, open from morning till night, where the mayor, or his deputy, always attended to determine all controversies in matters arising from the business of the fair, and for keeping the peace; for which purpose he had eight servants to attend him, called *red-coats*, who were employed as constables, and if any dispute arose between buyer and seller, &c. upon calling out red-coat there was one of them immediately at hand; and if the dispute was not

quickly decided, the offenders were taken to the said court, and the case determined in a summary way, (as was practised in those called pie-powder courts in other fairs,) and from which there was no appeal.

The greatest inconvenience attending the tradesmen at this fair, was the manner in which they were obliged to lodge in the night; their bed (if it may be so called,) was laid upon two or three boards nailed to four posts about a foot from the ground, and four boards fixed round it to keep them from falling out; in the day-time it was obliged to be removed from the booth, and laid in the open air, exposed to the weather; at night it was again taken in, and made up in the best manner they were able, and they laid almost neck and heels together, it being not more than five feet long. Very heavy rains, which fall about this season, would sometimes force through the hair-cloths, which were almost the only covering to the booths, and oblige them to get up again; and high winds have been known to blow down many of the booths, particularly in the year 1741.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Legislative discussion and interference have raised a feeling of kindness towards the brute creation which slumbered and slept in our forefathers. Formerly, the costermonger was accustomed to make wounds for the express purpose of producing torture. He prepared to drive an ass, that had not been driven, with his knife. On each side of the back bone, at the lower end, just above the tail, he made an incision of two or three inches in length through the skin, and beat into these incisions with his stick till they became open wounds, and so remained, while the ass lived to be driven to and from market, or through the streets of the metropolis. A costermonger, now, would shrink from this, which was a common practice between the years 1790 and 1800. The present itinerant venders of apples, and other fruit, abstain from wanton barbarity, while coachmen and carmen are punished for it under Mr. Martin's act. This gentleman's humanity, though sometimes eccentric, is ever active; and, when judiciously exercised, is approved by natural feelings, and supported by public opinion.

A correspondent has pleasantly thrown

together some amusing citations respecting the ass. It is a rule with the editor of the *Every-Day Book* not to alter communications, or he would have turned one expression, in the course of the subjoined paper, which seems to bear somewhat ludicrously upon the interference of the member for Galway, in behalf of that class of animals which have endured more persecution than any in existence, except, perhaps, our fellow human-beings, the Jews.

THE ASS.

(For Hone's Every-Day Book.)

Poorly as the world may think of the intellectual abilities of asses, there have been some very clever fellows among them. There have been periods when, far from his name being synonymous with stupidity, and his person made the subject of the derision, the contempt, and, what is worse, the scourge of the vulgar—(for that is “the unkindest cut of all”)—he was “respected and beloved by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance!” Leo Africanus asserts, that asses may be taught to dance to music, and it is surprising to see the accurate manner in which they will keep time. In this, at least, they must be far superior to us, poor human beings, if they can *keep time*, for “time stays for *no man*,” as the proverb says. Though their vocal powers do not equal those of a *Bra-ham*, yet we have had an undoubted proof of the sensitiveness of their ear to the sweets of harmony; Gay also tells us—

“The ass learnt metaphors and tropes,
But most on music fixed his hopes.”—

And merry Peter Pindar thus apostrophises his asinine namesake :—

“What tho’ I’ve heard some voices sweeter;
Yet exquisite thy hearing, gentle Peter!
Whether a judge of music, I don’t know—
If so—

Thou hast th’ advantage got of many a score
That enter at the open door.”—

What an unfounded calumny then must it have been on the part of the Romans, to declare these “*Roussins dé Arcadie*” (as *La Fontaine* calls them) so deficient in their aural faculties, that “to talk to a deaf ass” was proverbial for “to labour in vain!”—Perhaps it was under the same delusion that, as Goldsmith says,—

“John Trott was desired by two witty peers,
To tell them the reason why asses had ears.”

John owns his ignorance of the subject, and facetiously exclaims—

“Howe’er, from this time, I shall ne’er see
your graces,
As I hope to be saved! without thinking on
asses!”

Which joke, by the bye, the author of “*Waverley*” has deigned to make free with, and thrust into the mouth of a thick-headed fellow, in the fourth volume of the “*Crusaders*.”

Gesner says he saw one leap through a hoop, and, at the word of command, lie down just as if he were dead.

Mahomet had an excellent creature, half ass and half mule: for if we may take his word for it, the beast carried him from Mecca to Jerusalem in the twinkling of an eye in one step!—“It is only the *first step* which is difficult,” says the French proverb, and here it is undoubtedly right.

Sterne gives us a most affecting account of one which had the misfortune to die. “The ass,” the old owner told him, “he was assured loved him. They had been separated three days, during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass: and they had scarce either eat or drank till they met.” This certainly could not have assisted much to improve the health of the donkey. I cannot better conclude my evidence of his shrewdness and capacity than with an anecdote which many authors combine in declaring :—

“De la peau du lion l’âne s’étant vêtu
Etoit craint partout à la ronde;
Et bien qu’animal sans vertu
Il faisoit trembler tout le moude.
Un petit bout d’oreille, echappé par malheur,
Decouvrit la fourbe et l’erreur.
Martin fit alors son office,” &c.

La Fontaine

It is curious to see the same taste and the same peculiarities attached to the same family. As long as the ass was thought to be a lion, he was suffered to go on,—but when he is discovered to be an *ass*, forth steps *Mr. Martin*—then the task is his!

Now for the estimation in which they were held.

Shakspeare makes the fairy queen, the lovely Titania, fall in love with a gentleman who sported an ass’s head :—

“Methought I was enamour’d of an ass,”
said the lady waking—and she thought right, if I love be

*All made of fantasy,
"All adoration, duty, and observance."

At Rouen, they idolized a donkey in the most ludicrous manner, by dressing him up very gaily in the church, dancing round him, and singing, "eh! eh! eh! father ass! eh! eh! eh! father ass!" which, however flattering to him, was really no compliment to themselves.

The ass on which Silenus rode, when he did good service to Jove, and the other divinities, was transported up into the celestial regions. Apion affirms, that when Antiochus spoiled the temple at Jerusalem a golden ass's head was found, which the Jews used to worship.—To this Josephus replies with just indignation, and argues how could they adore the image of that, which, "when it does not perform what we impose upon it, we beat with a great many stripes!" Poor beasts! they must be getting used to hard usage by this time! The wild ass was a very favourite creature for hunting, as we learn from Martial (13 Lib. 100 Ep.); and Virgil sings—

"Sæpè etiam cursu timidus agitabis onagros."

Its flesh was esteemed a dainty. Xenophon, in the first book of the "Anabasis," compares it to venison; and Bingley says, it is eaten to this day by the Tartars: but what is more curious, Mæcenas, who was a sensible man in other respects, preferred, according to Pliny, the meat of the foal of the tame donkey! "de gustibus non disputandum" indeed! With its milk Poppœa composed a sort of paste with which she bedaubed her face, for the purpose of making it fair; as we are told by Pliny (Lib. 11. 41.) and Juvenal (Sat. 2. 107): and in their unadulterated milk she used frequently to bathe for the same purpose (Dio. 62. 28.):

"Propter quod secum comites educit asellas
Exul Hyperboreum si dimittatur ad axem."

Juv. 6. 468.

And in both respects she was imitated by many of the Roman ladies. Of its efficacy to persons of delicate habits there can be no doubt, and Dr. Wolcott only called it in question (when recommended by Dr. Geach,) for the purpose of making the following excellent epigram:—

"And, doctor, do you really think
That ass's milk I ought to drink?
'Twould quite remove my ecugh, you say,
And drive my old complaints away.—
It cured yourself—I grant it true—
But then—'twas *mother's milk* to you?"

And lastly, even when dead, his utility is not ended; for, as we read in Plutarch (Vita Cleomenis) the philosopher affirmed, that "from the dead bodies of asses, beetles were produced!" TIM TIMS.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Devil's Bit Scabious. *Scabiosa Succisa*.
Dedicated to *St. Lucy*.

September 20

Sts. Eustachius and Companions. St. Agapetus, Pope, A. D. 536.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 20th of September, 1753, the foundation stone of the new exchange at Edinburgh was laid by George Drummond, Esq. grand master of the society of freemasons in Scotland. The procession was very grand and regular: each lodge of masons, of which there were twelve or thirteen, walked in procession by themselves, all uncovered, amounting to six hundred and seventy-two, most of whom were operative masons. The military paid proper honours to the company, and escorted the procession. The grand master, supported by a former grand master and the present substitute, was joined in the procession by the lord provost, magistrates, and council, in their robes, with the city sword, mace, &c. carried before them, accompanied with the directors of the scheme, &c. The foundation stone, bearing the Latin inscription, lay all that day on the pavement, to be viewed by the populace.

The freemasons, having caused a magnificent triumphal arch in the true Augustine style to be erected at the entry of the place where the stone was laid, they passed through it, and the magistrates went to a theatre erected for them, covered with tapestry, and decked with flowers, on the west of the place where the stone was to be laid; and directly opposite, to the east, another theatre was erected for the grand master and officers of the grand lodge, and being seated in a chair placed for him, the grand master soon after laid the stone; and put into it, in holes made for that purpose, two medals, one of them being inscribed—

"IN THE LORD IS ALL OUR TRUST."

The grand master having applied the square the plumb, the level, the mallet, &c. to the stone, in order to fix the same

in its proper position, gave it three knocks with the mallet, which were followed by three huzzas from the brethren: then the mason's anthem, which was played by the music when the stone was first slung in the tackle, was again repeated, the brethren, &c. joining in the chorus, which being ended, a cornucopia, with two silver vessels, were handed to the grand master, filled with corn, wine, and oil; he, according to an ancient ceremony, poured them on the stone, saying,

"May the bountiful hand of heaven supply this city with abundance of corn, wine, oil, and all other necessaries of life."

This being also succeeded by three huzzas, the anthem was again played; and when finished, the grand master repeated these words:

"May the grand architect of the universe, as we have now laid the foundation stone, of his kind providence enable us to carry on and finish what we have now begun; and may he be a guard to this place, and the city in general, and preserve it from decay and ruin to the latest posterity."

Having closed the ceremony with a short prayer for the sovereign, the senate of the city, the fraternity of masons, and all the people, and the anthem having been again played, the grand master addressed himself to the lord provost and magistrates, &c. in a polite and learned manner, applauding their noble design, and praying that heaven would crown their endeavours, &c. with the desired success. He also made a speech to the undertakers, admonishing them to observe the instructions of the directors, &c. and to do their duty as artificers, for their own honour, credit, &c. Several medals struck on the occasion, were distributed by the grand master to the magistrates, &c.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Common Meadow Saffron. *Colchicum autumnale*.

Dedicated to *St. Eustachius*.

September 21.

St. Matthew, Apostle and Evangelist.
St. Maura, A. D. 850. *St. Lo*, or
Laudus, Bp. of Coutances, A. D. 568.

* Gentleman's Magazine.

St. Matthew.

This is a festival in the church of England calendar, and in the almanacs.

Mr. Audley notices of Matthew, that he was also called Levi; that he was the son of Alpheus, a publican, or tax-gatherer, under the Romans; and that he is said to have preached the gospel in Ethiopia, and to have died a martyr there. Mr. A. inclines to think that he died a natural death. He says, it is generally, if not universally, agreed by the ancients, that Matthew wrote his gospel in Hebrew, but that several moderns think it was written in Greek, and that Matthew has more quotations from the Old Testament than any of the evangelists.

On this day the lord mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, and governors of the several royal hospitals in London, attend divine service, and hear a sermon preached at Christ church, Newgate-street; they then repair to the great hall in Christ's hospital, where two orations are delivered, one in Latin, and the other in English, by the two senior scholars of the grammar-school; and afterwards partake of an elegant dinner.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Cilicated Passion Flower. *Passiflora cilicata*

Dedicated to *St. Matthew*.

September 22.

St. Maurice, and his Companions, 4th Cent. *St. Emmeran*, Bp. of Poitiers, A. D. 653.

"Now soften'd suns a mellow lustre shed,
The laden orchards glow with tempting red;
On hazel boughs the clusters hang embrown'd,
And with the sportsman's war the newshorn fields resound."

FLORAL DIRECTORY

Tree Boletus. *Boletus arborens*.
Dedicated to *St. Maurice*.

September 23

St. Linus, Pope. *St. Thecla*, 1st Cent.
St. Adamnan, Abbot .. L. 705.

On the 23d of September, 1751, a man ran, driving a coach-wheel, from the Bishop's-head in the Old Bailey, to the eleventh mile stone at Barnet, and back again, in three hours and fifty-one minutes, having four hours to do it in, for a wager of 50*l.* *

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

White Starwort. *Aster dumotus*.
Dedicated to *St. Thecla*.

September 24.

St. Gerard, Bp. of Chonad, A. D. 1046.
St. Germer, or *Geremar*, Abbot, A. D. 658. *St. Rusticus*, or *St. Rotiri*, Bp. o. Auvergne, 5th Cent. *St. Chuniald*, or *Conald*.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Dung Fungus. *Agaricus fimetarius*.
Dedicated to *St. Gerard*.

September 25.

S. Ceolfriid, Abbot, A. D. 716. *St. Barr*, or *Finbarr*, first Bp. of Cork, 6th Cent. *St. Firmin*, Bp. of Amiens, 3d Cent. *St. Aunaire*, Bp. of Auxerre, A. D. 605.

Gymnastics.

A late distinguished senator said in parliament, "man is born to labour as the sparks fly upwards." This observation is founded on a thorough knowledge of the destiny from which none can escape. The idle are always unhappy, nor can even mental vigour be preserved without bodily exercise. Neither he who has attained to inordinate wealth, nor he who has reached the greatest heights of human intellect is exempt from the decree, that every man must "*work for his living*." If the "gentleman" does not work to maintain his family, he must work to maintain his life; hence he walks, rides, hunts, shoots, and travels, and occupies his limbs as well as his mind; hence noblemen amuse themselves at the turning lathe, and the workman's bench, or become mail coachmen, or "cutter-lads;" and hence sovereigns sometimes "play at being workmen," or, what is worse, at the "game" of war.

Without exercise the body becomes enfeebled, and the mind loses its tension. Corporeal inactivity cannot be persisted in even with the aid of medicine, without symptoms of an asthenic

state. From this deliquium the patient must be relieved in spite of his perverseness, or he becomes a maniac or a corpse. Partial remedies render him "a nervous man;" his only effectual relief is bodily exercise.

Exercise in the open air is indispensable, and many who walk in the wide and rapidly extending wilderness of the metropolis have sufficient; but, to some, the exercise of walking is not enough for carrying on the business of life; while others, whose avocations are sedentary, scarcely come under the denomination of sesquipedalians. These resort to stretching out the arms, kicking, hopping, what they call "jumping," running up and down a pair of stairs, sparring, or playing with the dumb bells: these substitutes may assist, but, alone, they are inadequate to the preservation of health.

Some years ago a work on gymnastics, by Salzmann, was translated from the German into English. Its precepts were unaided by example; it produced a sensation, people talked about it at the time, and agreed that the bodily exercises it prescribed were good, but nobody took them, and gymnastics, though frequently thought upon, have not until lately been practised. In the first sheet of the *Every-Day Book* public attention was called to this subject, and since then Mr. Voelker, a native of Germany, has opened a gymnasium at No. 1, Union-place, in the New-road, near the Regent's-park; and another at Mr. Fontaine's riding-school, Worship-street, Finsbury-square. The editor of this work has visited Mr. Voelker's gymnasium in the New-road; and with a view to public benefit, and because they will operate a new feature in manners, he promulgates the information that such institutions are established.

Mr. Voelker's prospectus of his establishment is judicious. He contends that while education has been exclusively directed to the development of the mental faculties, the bodily powers have been entirely neglected. "The intimate connection between mind and body has not been sufficiently considered; for who does not know, from his own experience, that the mind uniformly participates in the condition of the body; that it is cheerful, when the body is strong and healthy; and depressed, when the body is languid and unhealthy?"

Mr. Voelker refers to Xenophon, and to the great promoters of education in

* Gentleman's Magazine.

modern times, namely, Locke, Rousseau, Campe, Basedow, Pestalozzi, and Fellenberg, as authorities for the use of gymnastics; but he says it was reserved for professor Jahn to be the restorer of this long-lost art. In 1810, he established a gymnasium at Berlin; and the number of his pupils, consisting of boys, youth, and men, soon increased to several thousands. His ardent zeal and indefatigable exertion, and his powerful and persuasive appeals to his pupils, had such an effect, that all vied with each other in endeavouring to render their bodies strong and active. But the rising of the German people, in 1813, suddenly changed the cheerful game into a serious combat. Professor Jahn, and such of his pupils as were capable of bearing arms, (many of these being but fourteen years of age,) joined the volunteers of Lutzen. But few lived to revisit the place, where they had prepared themselves for enduring the hardships of war. Most of these young heroes covered the fields of battle with their corpses from the gates of Berlin to the capital of their enemies. The exercises, however, were resumed at Berlin, and had spread through several other towns, when the campaign of 1815 caused a new, but short interruption.

"As a pupil of Jahn's," says Mr. Voelker, "I also had the honour of serving among the volunteers. The campaign being finished, I returned to my studies: and when I thought myself sufficiently qualified for the duties of a teacher, I commenced them in 1818. At first I established gymnastic exercises at the academy of Eisenach, and in the university of Tubingen. In these establishments, as in all others where similar exercises had been introduced by professor Jahn or his pupils, a new vigour was imparted to the scholars. Boys, youths, and men, soon found more pleasure in exercises which strengthened the powers of their body, than in pleasures which render it effeminate and weak. By the consciousness of increased vigour, the mind, too, was powerfully excited, and strove for equal perfection; and each of the pupils had always before his eyes, as the object of his exertions, *mens sana in corpore sano*. Even men indolent by nature were irresistibly carried away by the zeal of their comrades. Weakly and sick persons, too, recovered their health; and these exercises were, perhaps, the only effectual remedy that could have been

found for their complaints. The judgment of physicians, in all places where these exercises were introduced, concurred in their favourable effect upon health; and parents and teachers uniformly testified, that by them their sons and pupils, like all other young men who cultivated them, had become more open and free, and more graceful in their deportment. Fortune led me to the celebrated establishment of M. Von Fellenberg; and this great philosopher, and at the same time practical educator, gave the high authority of his approbation to the gymnastic science. It would not become me to state how I have laboured in the academy of that gentleman; but the recommendations with which he and others have favoured me, and also the testimonials, for which I am indebted to them, sufficiently prove that I do not set too high a value upon the utility of this branch of education. After I had established this system of education there, I accepted an invitation as professor at the Canton school at Chur, which I received from the government of the Canton. My exertions there had the same result as in other establishments, as is fully shown by the testimonials of the government. The thanks which I received from so many of my pupils, the testimonials from the directors of those establishments in which I have taught, my own consciousness of not having worked in vain, and the invitations of some friends, emboldened me to come forward in England, also, with gymnastics, on the plan of professor Jahn, and animate me with the confidence that here, too, my endeavours will not be fruitless."

The subscription to professor Voelker's gymnasium in the New-road and at Worship-street is, for one month, 1*l.*; for three months, 2*l.* 10*s.*; for six months, 4*l.*; for a twelvemonth, six guineas: or an association of twenty gentlemen may pay each 2*l.* for three, and 3*l.* for six months. Pupils from boarding-schools pay each 2*l.* for three, and 3*l.* for six months; but a number together pay each 1*l.* 10*s.* for three, 2*l.* 10*s.* for six, and 4*l.* for twelve months. Pupils not taking lessons with the other pupils, pay a guinea for every lesson. Twelve lessons may be had when convenient for 1*l.* 10*s.*

The Exercises.

I. The preliminary exercises serve

principally to strengthen the arms and legs, and to increase their activity, to give the body a graceful carriage, to accustom it to labour, and thus prepare it for the other exercises.

II. Running for a length of time, and with celerity. If the pupil follows the prescribed rules, and is not deterred by a little fatigue in the first six lessons, he will soon be able to run three English miles in from twenty to twenty-five minutes. Some of Mr. V.'s pupils have been able to run for two hours incessantly, and without being much out of breath.

III. Leaping in distance and height, with and without a pole. Every pupil will soon convince himself to what degree the strength of the arms, the energy of the muscles of the feet, and good carriage of the body, are increased by leaping, particularly with a pole. Almost every one learns in a short time to leap his own height, and some of the pupils have been able to leap ten or eleven feet high. It is equally easy to learn to leap horizontally over a space three times the length of the body; even four times that length has been attained.

IV. Climbing up masts, ropes, and ladders. Every pupil will soon learn to climb up a mast, rope, or ladder of twenty-four feet high; and after six months' exercise, even of thirty-four or thirty-six feet. The use of this exercise is very great in strengthening the arms.

V. The exercises on the pole and parallel bars, serve in particular to expand the chest, to strengthen the muscles of the breast and small of the back, and to make the latter flexible. In a short time, every pupil will be enabled to perform exercises of which he could not have thought himself capable, provided that he do not deviate from the prescribed course and rules.

VI. Vaulting, which is considered one of the principal exercises for the increase of strength, activity, good carriage of the body, and courage, which employs and improves the powers of almost all parts of the body, and has hitherto always been taught as an art by itself, is brought to some perfection in three months.

VII. Fencing with the broad sword throwing lances, wrestling, and many other exercises.

All these exercises so differ from one another, that generally those parts of the body which are employed in one, rest in

another. Every lesson occupies from one hour and a half to two hours, its length depending on the degree of labour required for the exercises practised in it.

In the New-road, lessons are given on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, from six to eight o'clock, A. M., or on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday from six to eight o'clock, P. M. Young pupils are instructed every day from eight to nine o'clock, A. M.

At Worship-street, the lessons are given on Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from seven to nine o'clock in the evening

The drawing for this article was made by Mr. George Cruikshank, after his personal observation of Mr. Voelker's gymnasium in the New-road: it was engraved by Mr. H. White

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book
Sir,

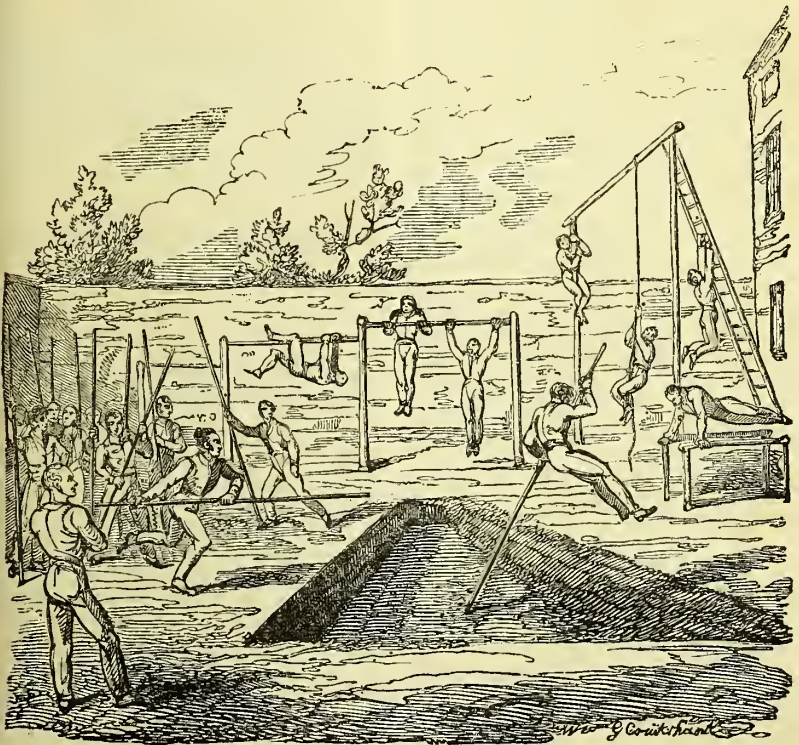
You, who have so long and so ably instructed us in the amusements of our ancestors, will not, I hope, neglect to give publicity to a new species of amusement which is not only pleasant in itself, but absolutely necessary in this overgrown metropolis. I allude to the gymnastic exercises which have lately been introduced from Germany into this country. They are as yet but little known, and some portion of that prejudice exists against them which invariably attends new discovery: fortunately, however, it is in the power of the *Editor of the Every-Day Book* to combat the former by a simple notice, while the latter will be much shaken if it be known that these exercises are approved by him.

An inhabitant of London need only look out of his own window to see practical illustrations of the necessity of these exercises. How often do we see a young man with an intelligent but very pale countenance, whose legs have hardly strength to support the weight of his bent and emaciated body. He once probably was a strong and active boy, but he came to London, shut himself up in an office took no exercise because he was not obliged to take any; grew nervous and bilious; took a great deal of medical advice and physic; took every thing in fact but the true remedy, exercise; and may probably still linger out a few years of wretched existence, when death will be welcomed as his best friend. This,

though an extreme case, is a very common one, and the unfortunate beings who approximate to it in a considerable degree are still more numerous. Many of the miseries and diseases of young and old, male and female, in this city, may be traced eventually to want of exercise. Give us pure air, and we can exist with comparatively little exercise; but bad air and no exercise at all, are poisons of a very active description.

These exercises are so contrived that they exert equally every part of the body without straining or tiring any; and I speak from my own experience, when I say that after two hours' practice in pro-

fessor Voelker's gymnasium, opposite Mary-le-bone church in the new Paddington-road, I am not more fatigued than when I entered it, and feel an agreeable glow of body, and flow of spirits, which walking or riding does not create. I, as well as some other pupils, have two or three miles to walk to the gymnasium; we have the option of going morning or evening, and we do not find the walk and two hours of the exercises before breakfast, fatigue us or incapacitate us in the slightest degree from going through our customary avocations. I should also add that in bodily strength I am under, rather than above, par.



Voelker's Gymnastics.

It is not easy to describe these exercises to those who have not seen them. They consist: First, Of preliminary exercises of the hands and legs, which give force and agility to those members, and prepare the body for the other exercises.

Secondly, Horizontal parallel bars, from three to five feet high, according to the size of the pupil, on which he raises his body by the arms, and swings his legs over in a variety of directions: this exercise opens the chest, and gives great strength to the

muscles of the arms and body. Thirdly, The horizontal round pole supported by posts from five to eight feet high, according to the height of the performer. An endless variety of exercises may be performed on this pole, such as raising the body by the arms, going from one end to the other by the hands alone, vaulting, swinging the body over in all directions, &c. &c. Fourthly, The horse, a large wooden block shaped like the body of a horse—the pupils jump upon and over this much-enduring animal in many ways. Fifthly, Leaping in height and distance with and without poles. Sixthly, Climbing masts, ropes, and ladders of various heights. Seventhly, Throwing lances, running with celerity and for a length of time, hopping, &c. &c. &c. It is, moreover, in our option to take whatever portion of the exercises we may find most agreeable.

The improvement which the gentlemen who practise these exercises experience in health (not to mention strength, agility, and grace,) is very considerable, and altogether wonderful in several who have entered in a feeble and sickly state. This, one would think, would be sufficient to prove that the exercises are not attended with danger, even were I not to mention that I have not seen a single accident. Neither is their utility necessarily confined to boyhood, as several gentlemen upwards of forty can clearly testify; nor does the pleasure of practising them depart with the novelty, but always increases with proficiency and time.

The expense the professor has already incurred in providing implements and adequate accommodation has been very considerable, and his terms are so moderate that a small number of pupils cannot possibly remunerate him; it is therefore to be hoped, no less for his sake than for our own, that he should meet with encouragement in this city.

With respect to the professor himself he has every quality that can recommend him to his pupils. The grace with which he performs the exercises is only equalled by his attention and care, and his mild and unassuming manners have won the hearts of all who know him. His pupils feel grateful not only for the benefits they have themselves received, but for the advantage that is likely to accrue to the country from the introduction of these wholesome, athletic amusements.

I am, &c.

G*.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Great Boletus. *Boletus Bovinus*.
Dedicated to *St. Ceolfriid*.

September 26.

Sts. Cyprian and Justina, A. D. 304. *St. Eusebius*, Pope, A. D. 310. *St. Colman Elo*, Abbot, A. D. 610. *St. Nilus*, the younger, Abbot, A. D. 1005.

Old Holy-rod.

This day is so marked in the church of England calendar and in the almanacs. Respecting the *rod* enough, perhaps, was said to gratify the reader's curiosity on *holy-rod day*.

St. Cyprian

Is also in the calendar and almanacs on this day. He was a native of Carthage in the third century, and as a father is highly esteemed for the piety of his writings and the purity of the Latin tongue wherein they were written.

FLORAL DIRECTORY

Gigantic Golden Rod. *Solidago gigantea*.

Dedicated to *St. Justina*.

September 27.

Sts. Cosmas and Damian, A. D. 303. *Sts. Elzear and Delphina*, A. D. 1323, and 1369.

Sts. Cosmas and Damian.

These saints are said to have been beheaded under Dioclesian.

In a church dedicated to these saints at Isernia, near Naples, while sir William Hamilton was ambassador from Great Britain to that court, votive offerings were presented of so remarkable a nature, as to occasion him to acquaint sir Joseph Banks with the particulars. They were the grossest relics of the ancient pagan worship. The late Mr. Richard Payne Knight wrote a remarkable "Dissertation" on the subject for the use of the *Dilettanti*.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Manyflowered Starwort. *Aster multiflorus*.

Dedicated to *St. Delphina*.

September 28.

St. Wenceslas, duke of Bohemia, A. D. 938. *St. Lioba*, Abbess, A. D. 779.

St. Eustochium, A. D. 419. *St. Euperius*, Bp. of Toulouse, A. 409.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Evergreen Golden Rod. *Solidago sempervirens*.

Dedicated to *St. Eustochium*, V.

September 29.

The Dedication of St. Michael's Church, or The Festival of St. Michael and all the holy Angels. St. Theodota, A. D. 642.

St. Michael.

This saint is in our almanacs and in the calendar of the church of England. The day is a great festival in the Romish church. The rev. Edward Barnard, of Brantinghamthorpe, in "*The Protestant Beadsmen*," an elegantly written "series of biographical notices and hymns, commemorating the saints and martyrs whose holidays are kept by the church of England," says, "The rank of archangel is given in scripture to none but Michael, who is represented as the guardian and protector both of the Jewish church, and the glorious church of Christ, in which the former merged. On this account he is celebrated by name, while the rest of the holy angels are praised collectively. St. Michael is mentioned in scripture five times, and always in a military view; thrice by Daniel, as fighting for the Jewish church against Persia; once by St. John, as fighting at the head of his angelic troops against the dragon and his host; and once by St. Jude, as fighting personally with the devil, about the body of Moses; for the very ashes of God's servants have angelic protection. It has been thought by many, that there is no other archangel but Michael. An author of great name, who has not given his reasons or authority, inclines to this opinion; and adds, that he succeeded Lucifer in this high dignity. Others imagine, and not without strong probability, that Michael is the Son of God himself. The interpretation of his name, and the expression (used by St. John) of 'his angels,' strengthen this supposition; for to whom can the angels belong but to God, or Christ? The title, by which Gabriel spoke of him, when he required his assistance, ('Michael your prince') is likewise brought forward, by bishop Horsley, in confirmation of this opinion. Besides, the Jews always claimed to be

under the immediate spiritual protection and personal government of God, who calls them his peculiar people. How then can Michael preside over them? This festival will not lose any dignity by the adoption of such an interpretation, but will demand a more conscientious observance from those, who celebrate in it, not only the host of friendly angels, but, likewise (under the title of Michael) Jesus Christ the common Lord both of angels and men." A well-informed expositor of the "Common Prayer-book," Wheatley, says that the feast of *St. Michael and all angels* is observed, that the people may know what benefits are derived from the ministry of angels.

The accompanying engraving is from an ancient print emanating from the "contemplations" of catholic churchmen, among whom there is diversity of opinion concerning the number of archangels. Their inquiries have been directed to the subject, because it is an article of the catholic faith that angels, as well as saints, intercede for men, and that their intercession may be moved by prayers to them. In conformity with this persuasion patron-saints and angels are sometimes drawn for, by putting certain favourite names together, and selecting one, to whom, as the patron-saint or angel, the invocations of the individual are from that time especially addressed.

In the great army of angels the archangels are deemed commanders. The angels themselves are said to be divided into as many legions as there are archangels; whether these are seven or nine does not appear to be determined; but Michael, as in the present engraving, is always represented as the head or chief archangel, he is here accompanied by six only.

Dr. Laurence, regius professor of Hebrew at Oxford, and now archbishop of Cashel, recently printed at the Clarendon press, the long lost "Book of Enoch." This celebrated apocryphal writing of ancient times calls "Michael one of the holy angels, who, presiding over human virtue, commands the nations." It says, that Raphael "presides over the spirits of men;" that Uriel "presides over clamour and terror;" and Gabriel, "over paradise and over the cherubims."

Our old heraldic friend, Randle Holme, says, Michael is the head of the "order of archangels;" his design is a banner hang-

ing on a cross, and he is armed, as representing victory with a dart in one hand, and a cross on his forehead. He styles Raphael as leader of the "order of powers," with a thunderbolt and a flaming sword to withstand the power of evil angels. Uriel, he says, commands the

"order of *seraphims*;" his ensign is a flaming heart and a cross-staff. Gabriel he makes governor of the "order of *angels*," and his ensign a book and a staff. Of the other three archangels in the print, it would be difficult to collect an account immediately.



St. Michael and other Archangels.

Our forefathers were told by the predecessor of Alban Butler, that Michael bore the banner of the celestial host, chased the angel Lucifer and his followers from heaven, and enclosed them in dark air unto the day of judgment, not in the upper region, because there it is clear and delightful, nor upon the earth, because there they could not torment mankind, but between heaven and earth, that when they look up they may see the joy they have lost, and when they look downward, may see men mount to heaven from whence they fell. The relation says, they

flee about us as flies; they are innumerable, and like flies they fill the air without number; and philosophers and doctors are of opinion, that the air is as full of devils and wicked spirits "as the *sonne bemes* ben full of small motes which is small dust or *poudre*."*

Bishop Hall, in his "Triumphs of Rome," mentions a red velvet buckler to have been preserved in a castle in Nor-

* Golden Legend.

nandy which Michael wore in his combat with the dragon.

Bishop Patrick who wrote subsequently, in 1674, says "I hope that the precious piece of St. Michael's red cloth is forthcoming—his dagger and his shield were to be seen at the beginning of this age, though one of their historians says, that five years before he came thither, in 1507 the bishop of Avranches had forbidden his shield to be any more showed: but who knows but some of the succeeding bishops may have been better natured, and not have denied this gratification to the desires of their gaping devotees."

Bishop Patrick cites a Roman catholic litany, wherein after addresses to God, the Trinity, and the virgin Mary, there are invocations to St. Michael, St. Gabriel, and St. Raphael, together with all the orders of angels, to "pray for us." He also instances that in the old Roman missal, and in the Sarum missal, there is a proper mass to Raphael the archangel, as the protector of pilgrims and travellers, and a skilful worker with medicine. Likewise an office for the continual intercession of St. Gabriel, and all the heavenly militia. In these catholic services St. Michael is invoked as a "most glorious and warlike prince," "chief officer of paradise," "captain of God's hosts," "the receiver of souls," "the vanquisher of evil spirits," and "the admirable general." After mentioning several miracles attributed by the Romanists to St. Michael, the bishop says, "You see from this legend, that when people are mad with superstition, any story of a cock and a bull will serve their turn to found a festival upon, and to give occasion for the further veneration of a saint or an angel, though the circumstances are never so improbable." He relates as an instance, that in a Romish church-book, Michael is said to have appeared to a bishop, whom he required to go to a hill-top, where if he found a bull tied, he was to found a church, and dedicate it to God and St. Michael. The bishop found the bull, and proceeded to found the church, but a rock on each side hindered the work, wherefore St. Michael appeared to a man, and bade him go and put away the rock, and dread nothing; so the man went, and "sette to his shoulders," and bade the rock go away in the name of God and St. Michael; and so the rocks

departed to the distance necessary to the work. "This removing the rock," says bishop Patrick, "is a pretty stretcher!"

Michaelmas

It is noticed by Mr. Brand in his "Popular Antiquities," which cites most of the circumstances presently referred to, that—"It has long been and still continues the custom at this time of the year, or thereabouts, to elect the governors of towns and cities, the civil guardians of the peace of men, perhaps, as Bourne supposes, because the feast of angels naturally enough brings to our minds the old opinion of tutelar spirits, who have, or are thought to have, the particular charge of certain bodies of men, or districts of country, as also that every man has his guardian angel, who attends him from the cradle to the grave, from the moment of his coming in, to his going out of life."

Mr. Nichols notices in the "Gentleman's Magazine," that on Monday, October 1st, 1804,—“The lord mayor and alderman proceeded from Guildhall, and the two sheriffs with their respective companies from Stationers'-hall, and having embarked on the Thames, his lordship in the city barge, and the sheriffs in the stationers' barge, went in aquatic state to Palace-yard. They proceeded to the court of Exchequer: where, after the usual salutations to the bench (the cursitor baron, Francis Maseres, Esq. presiding) the recorder presented the two sheriffs; the several writs were then read, and the sheriffs and the senior undersheriff took the usual oath. The ceremony, on this occasion, in the court of Exchequer, which vulgar error supposed to be an unmeaning farce, is solemn and impressive; nor have the new sheriffs the least connection either with chopping of sticks, or counting of hobnails. The tenants of a manor in Shropshire are directed to come forth to do their suit and service; on which 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 he counts over in form before the cursitor baron; who, on this particular occasion, is the immediate representative of the sovereign.

“The whole of the numerous company then again embarked in their barges, and returned to Blackfriars-bridge, where the state carriages were in waiting. Thence they proceeded to Stationers’-hall, where a most elegant entertainment was given by Mr. Sheriff Domville.”

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,

I have no doubt but many thousands of my fellow-citizens were unaware of the existence and very recent destruction of the *baronial* establishment of their chief magistrate; and that, therefore, by recording a few particulars you will endeavour to mark the era, when, perhaps, the last of these gentlemanly households, once to be found in every knightly and noble family, was destroyed in England. It is perhaps an unavoidable consequence of change of manners; but to those who delight in contemplating those of their ancestors, to witness the wreck of what appears almost consecrated by ancient usage, affords any thing but a pleasurable sensation. In former days those of rank considered it a degradation to have menials officiate about their persons, and therefore created officers in their households, which were looked upon as initiatory schools to every thing gallant or polite, and were consequently eagerly filled by noble youths and aspiring cadets. In imitation of those with whom for a brief period he ranked, the lord mayor of London had an establishment arranged for him, consisting of the following officers:

Four Squires.

1st. The *sword-bearer*, whose duty it was to advise his lordship of the necessary etiquette to be observed on stated occasions. To some it may appear very unimportant whether the lord mayor has on a violet or a scarlet gown; whether the *mace* is always carried before him or not, and strictly speaking it is so; but while old customs are harmless, and tend to preserve dignity and good order, why should they not be observed? This

place used to be purchased, but when the late Mr. Cotterel died, who gave I believe upwards of 7000*l.* for it, and could have parted with it for 9000*l.* but was prevented by the corporation, it was made a gift place, and given to Mr. Smith of the chamberlain’s office, who now holds it subject to an annual election. This has placed the office on a very different, less independent, and less respectable footing, than it used to be. The predecessor of Mr. Cotterel, Heron Powney, Esq., who enjoyed the office thirty-three years, exercised great authority throughout the house, and used, with great form, to attend the lord mayor every morning to instruct him in any necessary ceremonial; and on all public occasions, assisted by two yeomen of the water side, robed his lordship: this is now performed by servants. There are four swords—the *black*, used on Good Friday, 30th of January, fire of London, and all fast days, when his lordship *ought* to go to St. Paul’s: on these days he wears his livery gown. The *common* sword, to go to the sessions, courts of aldermen, common council, &c.; the *Sunday* sword; and the *pearl* sword, which used to be carried on very rare occasions only, but is now exhibited at every turn. This gentleman, in the olden times, had apartments at the Old Bailey, and derived emolument from granting admission to two galleries during the sessions. He wears a black silk damask gown, and a cap of maintenance, and chain upon state days. He sits at the head of the table which goes by his name, at which the gentlemen of the household dined when they were in waiting; but now they only dine together fourteen days in the year, on public occasions. The lord mayors were latterly allowed 1500*l.* per annum for the maintenance of this table, which supplied that in the servants’ hall; but the latter have long been on board wages, to the great loss of many an exhausted pauper.

The second squire was Mr. *Common Hunt*: his principal office is indicated by his title; but he was likewise master of the ceremonies. He was in waiting every Monday and Wednesday, and every third Sunday while the house was in waiting. The last who held this office was Mr. Charles Cotterel, brother to the late sword-bearer, at whose death in 1807 it was abolished, and the duty of master of the ceremonies has since been performed by Mr. Goldham, one of the *seriants* of

the chamber. The common hunt's house used to be at the Dog-house-bar in the City-road.

The third squire is Mr. *Common Crier*, whose duty it is to attend his lordship with the mace to the courts of aldermen and common council, common halls, and courts of hustings: he is in waiting every Tuesday and Thursday; and whenever the lord mayor wears his scarlet robes, attends him with the mace. His dress is a damask gown and counsellor's wig: he had apartments at Aldersgate. Formerly this place was purchased, but not within the memory of man.

The fourth squire is the *water-bailiff*, who is empowered by the lord mayor to act as sub-conservator of the Thames and Medway. He is in waiting every Friday and Saturday, every third Sunday, and all public days. Dress, damask gown. Had apartments at Cripplegate. This is now likewise a gift place.

The *four attornies* used to attend his lordship in turn, weekly, to advise him in his magisterial capacity; but this part of their duty has now become obsolete, and has devolved to Mr. Hobler.

To the lord mayor's household also properly belong three serjeant carvers, three serjeants of the chamber, one serjeant of the channel, one yeoman of the chamber, two marshals, four yeomen of the water-side, one yeoman of the channel, one under water-bailiff, six young men.

The members of the household, with the exception of the four squires, attornies, and marshals, had the privilege of alienating their places on payment of 50*l.* to the corporation; but if they died without paying this fine, their places lapsed to the city, and the value of them was consequently lost to their family. But let the one who sold hold what situation he might in this little republic, the purchaser was admitted to only the lowest rank, that of junior young man, that all below the one who sold might rise a step.

The gentlemen were in waiting on fixed days; sometimes the whole number, at others only a part, and at these times were entitled to a dinner, and on any extra occasion when the sword was carried: there was a bill of fare for each day. At table, the marshals were the lowest *above* the salt. This was formerly made of pewter, but in the year _____, a carver presented the table with one of

silver, nearly similar in form. The pewter one was used in the servants' hall until it was rendered useless by the introduction of board wages. Except the squires, attornies, and marshals, the household now all wear black gowns, in form like those of the livery, made of prince's stuff faced with velvet, though formerly they were curious enough. Divided as if by a herald into two parts, dexter and sinister, one side was formed of the colours distinguishing the lord mayor's livery, and the other those of the two sheriffs.

On Plough Sunday his lordship goes to church to qualify, when two of the yeomen of the water-side attend, that they may depose to this fact at the next sessions. On the Monday his lordship keeps wassail with his household, and with his lady presides at the head of their table. This used indeed to be a gala day; but elegance now takes place of profusion and hilarity. Formerly they could scarcely see their opposite neighbour for the piles of sweetmeats; but these have disappeared to make way for the city plate and artificial flowers. The lady mayoress is generally accompanied by two or three ladies, to obviate the unpleasantness of finding herself the only female among so many strangers: the chaplain on that day takes the lower end of the table. The yeoman of the cellar is stationed behind his lordship, and at the conclusion of the dinner produces two silver cups filled with negus, and giving them to his lord and lady, proclaims with a loud voice, "Mr. Sword-bearer, squires, and gentlemen all! my lord mayor and lady mayoress drink to you in a loving cup, and bid you all heartily welcome!" After drinking, they pass the cups down each side of the table, for all to partake and drink their healths. When the ladies retire the chaplain leads her ladyship, and after a few songs his lordship follows. *Then* a mighty silver bowl of punch was introduced, and a collection amounting to nearly 25*l.* used to be made for the servants. They were all introduced, from the stately housekeeper to the kitchen girl, in merry procession to accept the largess, taste the punch, and perhaps the cook or a pretty housemaid did not escape without a kiss. This was not the only day on which the servants partook of the bounty of the gentlemen. Every Saturday there was a collection of three-shillings and sixpence from the sword

bearer and the other squire, and one shilling and sixpence from the other individuals. This was termed cellarage, and was divided between the yeoman of the cellar and the butler. But these golden days are over. Since the days of the Fitzaleyns and Whittingtons, it has been found expedient to make the lord mayors an allowance to enable them, or rather assist them, to maintain the hospitality and splendour of their station; but such is the perverseness of human nature, that as this has from time to time been increased, the gorgeousness of the display seems to have decreased. The following are the receipts and expenses of Mr. Wilkes during his mayoralty:

Receipts.

	£.	s.	d.
Payments from the chamberlain's office -	2372	8	4
Cocket office -	702	5	6½
Gauger -	250	0	0
Annual present of plate from the Jews -	50	0	0
Lessees of Smithfield-market -	10	0	0
Licenses -	4	10	0
From the bridge-house towards the feast -	50	0	0
Alienation of a young man's place -	40	0	0
Sale of a young man's place	1000	0	0
Presentation of the sheriffs	13	6	8
For keeping the mansion-house in order -	100	0	0
Six freedoms to the lord mayor -	150	0	0
In lieu of buckets -	6	0	0
Licensing the sessions paper -	130	0	0
From Mr. Roberts, comptroller, for the importation fee -	10	10	0
	<u>£4889</u>	<u>0</u>	<u>6½</u>

Expenses.

	£	s.	d.
Lord mayor's table, including public dinners -	2050	0	0
Sword-bearer's table -	1500	0	0
Lord mayor's-day -	520	0	0
Easter Monday -	1200	0	0
Rout -	190	0	0
Old Bailey -	730	0	0
Horses, coaches, &c -	420	0	0
Servants' wages, liveries, &c.	570	0	0
Lamps, wax, and other candles -	295	0	0
Linen -	160	0	0
Coals and firing -	280	0	0

	£.	s.	d.
China and glass -	110	0	0
Stationery wares, newspapers, &c. -	60	0	0
Winter and summer for the sword-bearer and household -	36	13	0
Glazier, upholsterer, &c. -	46	0	0
Music, &c. -	35	0	0
Ribands, &c. -	24	0	0
	<u>£8226</u>	<u>13</u>	<u>0</u>

N. B. Benefactions on public occasions, charities, &c. cloths, fees to the water-bailiff, are not included.

Expenses -	8226	13	0
Receipts -	4889	0	6½
Balance	<u>£3337</u>	<u>12</u>	<u>5½</u>

The *rout* was first discontinued by sir Brooke Watson, because it was always customary to have it in passion week. The allowance has since had an increase of 3000*l.* This liberality on the part of the corporation, instead of exciting a corresponding feeling on the part of their magistrates, seems rather to have raised in them a spirit of cupidity, and of late years, on many occasions, the office seems to have been undertaken on a kind of speculation for saving money. Though allowed 1500*l.* a year for the sword-bearer's table, every chicken and bottle of wine began to be grudged; and after repeated appeals by the household to the court of common council, on account of the shabby reductions successively made, and which were considered as unjust, as they had purchased their places with the usual privileges, the corporation concluded a treaty with them a short time ago, by which a specified sum of money was secured to each individual, either on giving up his place, or at his death to be paid to his family. They have of course given up the right of alienating their places, and thus perpetuating the system. The corporation have thus gained an extensive increase of patronage; though the number of officers is to be reduced as the places fall in. But some of the aldermen below the chair were rather disagreeably surprised at the result; for the common council very justly deducted the 1500*l.* at which the expense of the table was generally calculated, from his lordship's allowance.

I am, &c.
C R. H.

The *lord mayor's household*, scarcely known in its constitution by the citizens whom the lord mayor selects for his visitors, is well set forth by the preceding letter of a valuable correspondent. It concerns all who are interested in the maintenance of civic splendour, and especially those who are authorized to regulate it. Such papers, and indeed any thing regarding the customs of London, will always be acceptable to the readers of this work, who have not until now been indulged with information by those who have the power to give it. The *Every-Day Book* is a collection of ancient and present usages and manners, wherein such contributions are properly respected, and by the Editor they are always thankfully received.

On Michaelmas-day the sheriffs of London, previously chosen, are solemnly sworn into office, and the lord mayor is selected for the year ensuing.

Pennant speaking of the mercers' company, which by no means implied originally a dealer in silks, (for *mercery* included all sorts of small wares, toys, and haberdashery,) says, "This company is the first of the twelve, or such who are honoured with the privilege of the lord mayor's being elected out of one of them." If the lord mayor did not belong to either of the twelve, it was the practice for him to be translated to one of the favoured companies. The custom was discontinued in the mayoralty of sir Brook Watson, in 1796, and has not been revived. E. I. C.

The "Gentleman's Magazine" notices a singular custom at Kidderminster—"On the election of a bailiff the inhabitants assemble in the principal streets to throw cabbage stalks at each other. The town-house bell gives signal for the affray. This is called lawless hour. This done, (for it lasts an hour,) the bailiff elect and corporation, in their robes, preceded by drums and fifes, (for they have no waits,) visit the old and new bailiff, constables, &c. &c. attended by the mob. In the mean time the most respectable families in the neighbourhood are invited, to meet and fling apples at them on their entrance. I have known forty pots of apples expended at one house."

No. 43

Michaelmas Goose.

"September, when by custom (right divine)
Geese are ordain'd to bleed at Michael's
shrine." Churchill.

Mr. Brand notices the English custom of having a roast goose to dinner on Michaelmas-day. He cites Blount as telling us that "goose-intentos" is a word used in Lancashire, where "the husbandmen claim it as a due to have a goose intentos on the sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost; which custom took origin from the last word of the old church-prayer of that day: 'Tua, nos quæsumus, Domine, gratia semper præveniat et sequitur; ac bonis operibus jugiter præstet esse intentos.' The common people very humourously mistake it for a goose with *ten toes*." To this Mr. Brand objects, on the authority of Beckwith, in his new edition of the "Jocular Tenures:" that "besides that the sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost, or after Trinity rather, being movable, and seldom falling upon Michaelmas-day, which is an immovable feast, the service for that day could very rarely be used at Michaelmas, there does not appear to be the most distant allusion to a goose in the words of that prayer. Probably no other reason can be given for this custom, but that Michaelmas-day was a great festival, and geese at that time most plentiful. In Denmark, where the harvest is later, every family has a roasted goose for supper on St. Martin's Eve."

Mr. Douce is quoted by Mr. Brand, as saying, "I have somewhere seen the following reason for eating goose on Michaelmas-day, viz. that queen Elizabeth received the news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada, whilst she was eating a goose on Michaelmas-day, and that in commemoration of that event she ever afterwards on that day dined on a goose." This Mr. Brand regards as strong proof that the custom prevailed even at court in queen Elizabeth's time; and observing that it was in use in the tenth year of king Edward the Fourth, as will be shown presently, he represents it to have been a practice in queen Elizabeth's reign, before the event of the Spanish defeat, from the "Posies of Gascoigne," published in 1575.

"And when the tenauntes come
to paie their quarter's rent,
They bring some fowle at Midsummer,
a dish of fish in Lent,

“At Christmase a capon,
at Michaelmasse A GOOSE,
 And somewhat else at New-yeser tide,
for feare their lease stie loose.”
Gascoyne.

So also the periodical paper called “The World,” represents that “When the reformation of the calendar was in agitation, to the great disgust of many worthy persons who urged how great the harmony was in the old establishment between the holidays and their attributes, (if I may call them so,) and what confusion would follow if MICHAELMAS-DAY, for instance, was not to be celebrated when *stubble-geese are in their highest perfection*; it was replied, that such a propriety was merely imaginary, and would be lost of itself, even without any alteration of the calendar by authority: for if the errors in it were suffered to go on, they would in a certain number of years produce such a variation, that we should be mourning for a good king Charles on a false thirtieth of January, at a time of year when our ancestors used to be tumbling over head and heels in Greenwich-park in honour of Whitsuntide: and at length be choosing king and queen for Twelfth Night, when we ought to be admiring the London prentice at Bartholomew-fair.”

According to Brand, geese are eaten by ploughmen at the harvest-home; and it is a popular saying, “If you eat goose on Michaelmas-day you will never want money all the year round.”

In 1470, John de la Hay took of William Barnaby, lord of Lastres, in the county of Hereford, one parcel of the land of that demesne, rendering twenty-pence a year, and one *goose* fit for the lord’s dinner on the feast of St. Michael the archangel, with suit of court and other services.

According to Martin, in his “Description of the Western Islands of Scotland,” the protestant inhabitants of Skie, observe the festivals of Christmas, Easter, Good Friday, and that of St. Michael, on which latter day they have a cavalcade in each parish, and several families bake the cake called St. Michael’s bannock. So also, “They have likewise a general cavalcade on St. Michael’s-day in Kilbar village, and do then also take a turn round their church. Every family, as soon as the solemnity is ended, is accustomed to bake

St. Michael’s cake, and all strangers, together with those of the family, must eat the bread that night.” We read too, in Macauley’s History, that “It was, till of late, a universal custom among the islanders, on Michaelmas-day, to prepare in every family a loaf or cake of bread, enormously large, and compounded of different ingredients. This cake belonged to the archangel, and had its name from him. Every one in each family, whether strangers or domestics, had his portion of this kind of shew-bread, and had, of course, some title to the friendship and protection of Michael.”

Macauley, in the “History of St. Kilda,” says, that “In Ireland a sheep was killed in every family that could afford one, on the same anniversary; and it was ordained by law that a part of it should be given to the poor. This, and a great deal more was done in that kingdom, to perpetuate the memory of a miracle wrought there by St. Patrick through the assistance of the archangel. In commemoration of this, Michaelmas was instituted a festival day of joy, plenty, and universal benevolence.”

Ganging Day.

Mr. Brand found in a London newspaper of October 18, 1787, the following extraordinary *septennial* custom at Bishops Stortford, in Hertfordshire, and in the adjacent neighbourhood, on *old Michaelmas-day*: “On the morning of this day, called Ganging-day, a great number of young men assemble in the fields, when a very active fellow is nominated the leader. This person they are bound to follow, who, for the sake of diversion, generally chooses the route through ponds, ditches, and places of difficult passage. Every person they meet is bumped, male or female; which is performed by two other persons taking them up by their arms, and swinging them against each other. The women in general keep at home at this period, except those of less scrupulous character, who, for the sake of partaking of a gallon of ale and a plumb-cake, which every landlord or publican is obliged to furnish the revellers with, generally spend the best part of the night in the fields, if the weather is fair, it being strictly according to ancient usage not to partake of the cheer any where else.”

M. Stevenson, in "The Twelve Moneths, Lond. 1661, 4to." mentions the following superstition; "They say, so many dayes old the moon is on Michael-mass-day, so many floods after."

Anecdote of a Goose.

An amusing account of a Canada goose once the property of Mr. Sharpe, at Little Grove, near East Barnet, was inserted by that gentleman in his copy of "Wilughby's Ornithology." He says:—

The following account of a Canada goose is so extraordinary, that I am aware it would with difficulty gain credit, were not a whole parish able to vouch for the truth of it. The Canada geese are not fond of a poultry-yard, but are rather of a rambling disposition. One of these birds, however, was observed to attach itself, in the strongest and most affectionate manner, to the house-dog; and would never quit the kennel, except for the purpose of feeding, when it would return again immediately. It always sat by the dog; but never presumed to go into the kennel, except in rainy weather. Whenever the dog barked, the goose would cackle and run at the person she supposed the dog barked at, and try to bite him by the heels. Sometimes she would attempt to feed with the dog; but this the dog, who treated his faithful companion rather with indifference, would not suffer.

This bird would not go to roost with the others at night, unless driven by main force; and when, in the morning, she was turned into the field, she would never stir from the yard gate, but sit there the whole day, in sight of the dog. At last, orders

were given that she should be no longer molested, but suffered to accompany the dog as she liked: being thus left to herself, she ran about the yard with him all the night; and what is particularly extraordinary, and can be attested by the whole parish, whenever the dog went out of the yard and ran into the village, the goose always accompanied him, contriving to keep up with him by the assistance of her wings; and in this way of running and flying, followed him all over the parish.

This extraordinary affection of the goose towards the dog, which continued till his death, two years after it was first observed, is supposed to have originated from his having accidentally saved her from a fox in the very moment of distress. While the dog was ill, the goose never quitted him day or night, not even to feed; and it was apprehended that she would have been starved to death, had not orders been given for a pan of corn to be set every day close to the kennel. At this time the goose generally sat in the kennel, and would not suffer any one to approach it, except the person who brought the dog's or her own food. The end of this faithful bird was melancholy; for, when the dog died, she would still keep possession of the kennel; and a new house-dog being introduced, which in size and colour resembled that lately lost, the poor goose was unhappily deceived; and going into the kennel as usual, the new inhabitant seized her by the throat, and killed her.

Michaelmas-day is one of the "four usual quarter-days, or days for payment of rent in the year."

A Michaelmas Notice to quit.

To ALL gad-flies and gnats, famed for even-tide hum,
To the blue-bottles, too, with their gossamer drum;
To all long-legs and moths, thoughtless rogues still at ease,
Old Winter sends greeting—health, friendship, and these.

WHEREAS, on complaint lodged before me this day,
That for months back, to wit, from the first day of May,
Various insects, pretenders to beauty and birth,
Have, on venturesome wing, lately traversed the earth,
And, mistaking fair Clara's chaste lips for a rose,
Stung the beauty in public—and frightened her beaux.

AND, WHEREAS, on the last sultry evening in June,
The said Clara was harmlessly humming a tune;
A blue-bottle, sprung from some dunghill, no doubt,
Buzzed about her so long—he at last put her out.

AND WHEREAS sundry haunches and high-seasoned pies,
And a thousand sweet necks have been o'errun with flies;
In his wisdom, Old Winter thinks nothing more fit
Than to publish this friendly 'memento to quit.'

AT YOUR PERIL, ye long-legs, this notice despise!
Hasten hence, ye vile gad-flies! a word to the wise!
Hornets, horse-stingers, wasps, fly so hostile a land,
Or your death-warrant's signed by Old Winter's chill hand *

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Michaelmas Daisy. *Aster Tradescanti*.
Dedicated to *St. Michael and all Angels*.

September 30.

St. Jerome, Priest, Doctor of the Church,
A. D. 420. *St. Gregory*, Bp. sur-
named the Apostle of Armenia, and
the Illuminator, 4th Cent. *St. Honorius*,
Abp. of Canterbury, A. D. 653.

St. Jerome.

This saint is in the church of England
calendar and almanacs. Particulars con-
cerning him will be related hereafter; it
is sufficient to observe, for the present,
that the church of England sets him forth
as an authority for reading the Old Testa-
ment Apocrypha.

Custom at Kidderminster.

The annual election of a bailiff at this
town, before noticed,* is still accompanied
by the rude mirth of the populace. The
Editor is obliged to a lady for the fol-
lowing communication.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Dear Sir,

I have just cast my eye upon your de-
finition of the term "costermonger," and
it reminds me of an annual custom at
Kidderminster, (my native town,) which
you may perhaps think an account of, a
fit subject for insertion in the *Every-Day
Book*.

The magistrate and other officers of the
town are annually elected, and the first
Monday after Michaelmas-day is the day
of their inauguration, in celebration of
which, they each of them cause to be

thrown to the populace, (who assemble
to the amount of some thousands,) from
the windows of their houses, or some-
times from the town-hall, a large quan-
tity of apples, in the whole often amount-
ing, from twenty to thirty pots, (baskets
containing five pecks each.) This prac-
tice occasions, of course, a kind of pre-
scriptive holiday in the town, and any
one having the temerity to refuse his ap-
prentice or servant leave to attend the
"apple-throwing," would most probably
have cause to repent such an invasion of
right. A rude concourse therefore fill
the streets which are the scenes of action,
and as a sort of "safety valve," if I may
"compare great things with small," re-
course is had by the crowd to the flinging
about of old shoes, cabbage stalks, and al-
most every accessible kind of missile; till
at length the sashes are raised, and the
gifts of Pomona begin to shower down
upon the heads of the multitude. Woe be
to the unlucky wight who may chance to
ride through the town during the intro-
ductory part of this custom; no sooner
does he appear, than a thousand aims are
taken at him and his horse, or carriage,
and the poor belated rider "sees, and
dreams he sees," (if ignorant of the prac-
tice,) the inhabitants of a whole town
raised to oppose his single progress
without being able to form the most di-
stant idea of their motive for so doing. At
Ludlow there is a custom as ancient and
equally foolish, that of pulling a rope, both
of this I know nothing except by report

I am, H. M.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Golden Amaryllis. *Amaryllis Aurea*
Dedicated to *St. Jerome*.

* In Col 1337.

* From Times Telescop



OCTOBER.

Then came October, full of merry glee,
 For yet his noule was totty of the must,
 Which he was treading, in the wine-fat's see,
 And of the joyous oyle, whose gentle gust
 Made him so frolick, and so full of lust:
 Upon a dreadfull scorpion he did ride,
 The same which by Dianae's doom unjust
 Slew great Orion; and eeke by his side
 He had his ploughing-share, and coulter ready tyde. *Spenser.*

This is the tenth month of the year. From our Saxon ancestors, "October had the name of *Wyn-monat*," *wyn* signifying wine; "and albeit they had not anciently wines made in Germany, yet in this season had they them from divers countries adjoining."* They also called it *Winter-fulleth*.†

In noticing the stanza, beneath the above engraving by Mr. Williams from his own

design, Mr. Leigh Hunt says, that "Spenser, in marching his months before great nature, drew his descriptions of them from the world and its customs in general; but turn his October wine-vats into cider-presses and brewing-tubs, and it will do as well." He continues to observe, that "This month on account of its steady temperature, is chosen for the brewing of such malt liquor as is designed for keeping. The farmer continues to sow his corn, and the gardener plants

* Verstegan

† Dr. F. Sayer.

orest and fruit trees. Many of our readers, though fond of gardens, will learn perhaps for the first time that trees are cheaper things than flowers; and that at the expense of not many shillings, they may plant a little shrubbery, or make a rural skreen for their parlour or study windows, of woodbine, guelder-roses, bays, arbutus, ivy, virgin's bower, or even the poplar, horse-chestnut, birch, sycamore, and plane-tree, of which the Greeks were so fond. A few roses also, planted in the earth, to flower about his walls or windows in monthly succession, are nothing in point of dearness to roses or other flowers purchased in pots. Some of the latter are nevertheless cheap and long-lived, and may be returned to the nursery-man at a small expense, to keep till they flower again. But if the lover of nature has to choose between flowers or flowering shrubs and trees, the latter, in our opinion, are much preferable, inasmuch as while they include the former, they can give a more retired and verdant feeling to a place, and call to mind, even in their very nestling and closeness, something of the whispering and quiet amplitude of nature.

"Fruits continue in abundance during this month, as everybody knows from the shop-keeper; for our grosser senses are well informed, if our others are not. We have yet to discover that imaginative pleasures are as real and touching as they, and give them their deepest relish. The additional flowers in October are almost confined to the anemone and scabious; and the flowering-trees and shrubs to the evergreen cytissus. But the hedges (and here let us observe, that the fields and other walks that are free to every one are sure to supply us with pleasure, when every other place fails,) are now sparkling with their abundant berries,—the wild rose with the hip, the hawthorn with the haw, the blackthorn with the sloe, the bramble with the black-berry; and the briony, privet, honey-suckle, elder, holly, and woody nightshade, with their other winter feasts for

the birds. The wine obtained from the elder-berry makes a very pleasant and wholesome drink, when heated over a fire; but the humbler sloe, which the peasants eat, gets the start of him in reputation, by changing its name to *port* of which wine it certainly makes a considerable ingredient. A gentleman, who lately figured in the beau-monde, and carried coxcombrity to a pitch of the ingenious, was not aware how much truth he was uttering in his pleasant and disavowing definition of port wine: 'A strong intoxicating liquor much drank by the lower orders.'

"Swallows are generally seen for the last time this month, the house-martin the latest. The red-wing, field-fare, snipe, Royston crow, and wood-pigeon, return from more northern parts. The rooks return to the roost trees, and the tortoise begins to bury himself for the winter. The mornings and afternoons increase in mistiness, though the middle of the day is often very fine; and no weather when it is unclouded, is apt to give a clearer and manlier sensation than that of October. One of the most curious natural appearances is the *gossamer*, which is an infinite multitude of little threads shot out by minute spiders, who are thus wafted by the wind from place to place.

"The chief business of October, in the great economy of nature, is dissemination, which is performed among other means by the high winds which now return. Art imitates her as usual, and sows and plants also. We have already mentioned the gardener. This is the time for the domestic cultivator of flowers to finish planting as well, especially the bulbs that are intended to flower early in spring. And as the chief business of nature this month is dissemination or vegetable birth, so its chief beauty arises from vegetable death itself. We need not tell our readers we allude to the changing leaves with all their lights and shades of green, amber, red, light red, light and dark green, white, brown, russet, and yellow of all sorts."

The orient is lighted with crimson glow,
 The night and its dreams are fled,
 And the glorious roll of nature now
 Is in all its brightness spread.
 The autumn has tinged the trees with gold,
 And crimson'd the shrubs of the hills;
 And the full seed sleeps in earth's bosom cold;
 And 'tween all the universe fills.

October 1.

St. Remigius, A. D. 533. *St. Bavo*, Patron of Ghent, A. D. 653. *St. Piut*, A. D. 286. *St. Wasnulf*, or *Wasnon*, A. D. 651. *St. Fidharleus*, Abbot in Ireland, A. D. 762. *Festival of the Rosary*.

Remigius.

This is another saint in the church of England calendar and the almanacs. He was bishop or archbishop of Rheims, and the instructor of Clovis, the first king of the Franks who professed christianity; Remigius baptized him by trine immersion. The accession of Clovis to the church, is deemed to have been the origin of the "*most christian king*," and the "*eldest son of the church*," which the kings of France are stiled in the present times.

Salters' Company.

The beadles and Servants of the worshipful company of salters are to attend divine service at St. Magnus church, London-bridge, pursuant to the will of sir John Salter, who died in the year 1605; who was a good benefactor to the said company, and ordered that the beadles and servants should go to the said church the first week in October, three times each person, and say, "How do you do brother Salter? I hope you are well!"*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Lowly Amaryllis. *Amaryllis humilis*.
Dedicated to *St. Remigius*.

October 2.

Feast of the Holy Angel-Guardians. *St. Thomas*, Bp. of Hereford, A. D. 1282. *St. Leodegarius*, or *Leger*, A. D. 678. *Guardian-Angels*.

The festival of "the Holy Angel-Guardians" as they are called by Butler, is this day kept by his church. He says that, "according to St. Thomas," when the angels were created, the lowest among them were enlightened by those that were supreme in the orders. It is not to be gathered from him how many orders there were; but Holme says, that "after the fall of Lucifer the bright star and his company, there remained still in heaven more angels then ever there was, is, and shall be, men born in the earth." He adds, that they are "ranked into nine orders or

chorus, called the nine quires of holy angels;" and he ranks them thus:—

1. The order of *seraphims*.
2. The order of *cherubims*.
3. The order of *archangels*.
4. The order of *angels*.
5. The order of *thrones*.
6. The order of *principalities*
7. The order of *powers*.
8. The order of *dominions*.
9. The order of *virtues*.

Some authors put them in this sequence: 1. seraphims; 2. cherubims; 3. thrones; 4. dominions; 5. virtues; 6. powers; 7. principalities; 8. archangels; 9. angels. Holme adds, that "God never erected any order, rule, or government, but the devil did and will imitate him; for where God hath his church, the devil will have his synagogue." The latter part of this affirmation is versified by honest Daniel De Foe. He begins his "True-born Englishman" with it:—

Wherever God erects a house of prayer
The devil's sure to have a chapel there.

Angel, in its primitive sense, denotes a *messenger*, and frequently signifies men, when, from the common notion of the term, it is conceived to denote ministering spirits. Angels, as celestial intelligences, have been the objects of over curious inquiry, and of worship. Paul prohibits this: "Let no man," he says, "beguile you of your reward, in a voluntary humility, and the worshipping of angels, intruding into those things which he hath not seen."* An erudite and sincere writer remarks, that "The worship, which so many christians pay to angels and saints, and images and relics, is really a false worship, hardly distinguishable from idolatry. When it is said, in excuse, that 'they worship these only as mediators,' that alters the case very little; since to apply to a false mediator is as much a departure from Jesus Christ, our only advocate, as to worship a fictitious deity is withdrawing our faith and allegiance from the true God."†

Amid the multiplicity of representations by Roman catholic writers concerning angels, are these by Father Lewis Henriques, "That the streets of Paradise are adorned with tapestry, and all the histories of the world are engraven on the

* Annual Register, 1769.

* Colossians ii. 17.

† Jortin

walls by excellent sculptors; that the angels have no particular houses, but go from one quarter to another for diversity; that they put on women's habits, and appear to the saints in the dress of ladies, with curls and locks, with waistcoats and 'ardingales, and the richest linens."

This occupation of the *angels* agrees with the occupations that Henriques assigns to the *saints*; who, according to him, are to enjoy, with other pleasures, the recreation of bathing: "There shall be pleasant bathes for that purpose; they shall swim like fishes, and sing as melodious as nightingales; the men and women shall de-

light themselves with muscarades, feasts and ballads; women shall sing more pleasantly than men, that the delight may be greater; and women shall rise again with very long hair, and shall appear with ribands and laces as they do upon earth. Father Henriques was a Jesuit, and communicates this information in a book entitled, "*The Business of the Saints in Heaven.*" published by the written authority of Father Prado, the Provincial of the order of Jesuits at Castille, dated at Salamanca, April 28th, 1631.*

* Moral Practice of the Jesuits. Lond. 12mo. 1670



Hannah Want.

"For *Age* and *Want* save while you may
No morning sun lasts a whole day."

The Times and other journals report the "obit" of this female. "On the 2nd of October, 1825, died Mrs. Hannah

Want, at Ditchingham, Norfolk, in the 106th year of her age. She was born on the 20th of August, 1720, and through-

out this long life enjoyed a state of uninterrupted health; and retained her memory and perception to the end with a clearness truly astonishing. Till the day previous to her decease she was not confined to her bed; and on the 105th anniversary of her birth, entertained a party of her relatives who visited her to celebrate the day: she lived to see a numerous progeny to the fifth generation, and at her death there are now living children, grand-children, great-grand-children, and great-great-grand-children to the number of one hundred and twenty-one."

An intelligent correspondent writes: "As it is *not* an 'every-day' occurrence for people to live so long, perhaps you may be pleased to immortalize Hannah Want, by giving her a leaf of your *Every-Day Book*." That the old lady may live as long after her death as this work shall be her survivor the Editor can promise, "with remainder over" to his survivors.

Hannah Want, in common with all long-livers, was an early riser. The following particulars are derived from a correspondent. She was seldom out of bed after nine at night, and even in winter; and towards the last of her life, was seldom in it after six in the morning. Her sleep was uniformly sound and tranquil; her eye-sight till within the last three years was clear; her appetite, till two days before her death, good; her memory excellent; she could recollect and discourse on whatever she knew during the last century. Her diet was plain common food, meat and poultry, pudding and dumpling, bread and vegetables in moderate quantities; she drank temperately, very temperately, of good, very good, mild home-brewed beer. During the last twenty years she had not taken tea, though to that period she had been accustomed to it. She never had the small pox, and never had been ill. Her first seventy-five years were passed at Bungay in Suffolk, her last thirty at the adjoining village of Ditchingham in Norfolk. She was the daughter of a farmer named Knighting. Her husband, John Want, a maltster, died on Christmas-day, 1802, at the age of eighty-five, leaving Hannah ill provided for, with an affectionate and dutiful daughter, who was better than house and land; for she cherished her surviving parent when "age and want, that ill-matched pair, make countless thousands mourn."

Hannah Want was of a serious and sedate turn; not very talkative, yet cheerfully joining in conversation. She was a plain, frugal, careful wife and mother; less inclined to insist on rights, than to perform duties; these she executed in all respects, "and all without hurry or care." Her stream of life was a gentle flow of equanimity, unruffled by storm or accident, till it was exhausted. She was never put out of her way but once, and that was when the house wherein she lived at Bungay was burned down, and none of the furniture saved, save one featherbed.

In answer to a series of questions from the Editor, respecting this aged and respectable female, addressed to another correspondent, he says, "What a work you make about an old woman! 'I'll answer none of your silly questions; ax Briant!' as a neighbouring magistrate said to sir Edmund Bacon, who was examining him in a court of justice. The old woman was well enough. There is nothing more to be learned about her, than how long a body may crawl upon the earth, and think nothing worth thinking—as if 'thinking was out an idle waste of thought;' and how long a person to whom 'naught is every thing, and every thing is nothing', did nothing worth doing. I suppose that the noted H. W. knew as much of life in 105 hours, as Hannah Want did in 105 years. All I know or can learn about her is nothing, and if you can make any thing of it you may. Some of our *free-knowledgists*, 'with a pale cast of thought' have taken a cast of her head, and discovered that her organ of self-destructiveness was harmonized by the organ of long-liviteness." This latter correspondent is too hard upon Hannah; but he encloses information on another subject that may be useful hereafter, and therefore what he amusingly says respecting her, is at the service of those readers who are qualified to make something of nothing.

A portrait of Hannah Want, in 1824, when she was in her 104th year, taken by Mr. Robert Childs, "an ingenious gentleman" of Bungay, and etched by him, furnishes the present engraving of her.

—
FLORAL DIRECTORY

Friars' Minors Soapwort. *Saponaria officinalis*.

Dedicated to the *Guardian Angels*.

October 3.

St. Dionysius the Areopagite, A. D. 51.
St. Gerard, Abbot, A. D. 959. *The two*
Ewalds, A. D. 690.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Downy Helenium. *Helenium pubescens*.
 Dedicated to *St. Dionysius*

SONNET.

Written at Chatsworth with a Pencil in October.

TIME.—SUNSET.

I always lov'd thee, and thy yellow garb,
 October dear!—and I have hailed thy reign,
 On many a lovely, many a distant plain,
 But here, thou claim'st my warmest best regard.
 Not e'en the noble banks of silver Seine

Can rival Derwent's—where proud Chatsworth's tow'rs
 Reflect Sol's setting rays—as now yon chain
 Of gold-tipp'd mountains crown her lawns and bowers.

Here, countless beauties catch the ravish'd view,
 Majestic scenes, all silent as the tomb;

Save where the murmuring of Derwent's wave,
 To tenderest feelings the rapt soul subdue,

While shadowy forms seem gliding through the gloom
 To visit those again they lov'd this side the grave.

Richman.

October 4.

St. Francis of Assisium, A. D. 1226. *Sts.*
Marcus, Marcian, &c. St. Petronius,
 Bp. A. D. 430. *St. Ammon*, Hermit,
 A. D. 308. *St. Aurea*, Abbess, A. D.
 666. *St. Edwin*, King, A. D. 633.
The Martyrs of Triers.

SALE OF

HYDE-PARK-CORNER TOLL-GATE.

Before the close of the sessions of parliament in 1825 an act passed for the removal of the toll-gate at Hyde-park-corner, with a view to the free passage of horsemen and carriages between London and Pimlico. So great an accommodation to the inhabitants of that suburb, manifests a disposition to relieve other growing neighbourhoods of the metropolis from these vexatious imposts. On the present occasion a gentleman, evidently an artist, presented the Editor with a drawing of Hyde-park-corner gate on the day when it was sold; it is engraved opposite. This liberal communication was accompanied by the subjoined letter:—

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,

I have taken the liberty of enclosing you a representation of a scene which took place at Hyde-park-corner last Tuesday, October 4th, being no less than the

public sale of the toll-house, and all the materials enumerated in the accompanying catalogue. If you were not present, the drawing I have sent may interest you as a view of the old toll-house and the last scene of its eventful history. You are at liberty to make what use of it you please. The sale commenced at one o'clock, the auctioneer stood under the arch before the door of the house on the north side of Piccadilly. Several carriage folks and equestrians, unconscious of the removal of the toll, stopped to pay, whilst the drivers of others passed through knowingly, with a look of satisfaction at their liberation from the accustomed restriction at that place. The poor dismantled house *without a turnpike man*, seemed "almost afraid to know itself"—"Othello's occupation was gone." By this time, if the conditions of the auction have been attended to, not a vestige is left on the spot. I have thought this event would interest a mind like yours, which permits not any change in the history of improvement, or of places full of old associations, to take place without record.

I remain, sir,

Yours, &c.

A CONSTANT READER



Sale of Hyde-Park-Corner Toll-gate

“ The last time ! a going ! gone.”

Auctioneer.

“ Down ! down ! derry down !”

Public.

The sale by auction of the “ toll-houses” on the north and south side of the road, with the “ weighing machine,” and lamp-posts at Hyde-park-corner, was effected by Mr. Abbott, the estate agent and appraiser, by order of the trustees of the roads. They were sold for building materials; the north toll-house was in five lots, the south in five other lots; the gates, rails, posts, and inscription boards were in five more lots; and the engine-house was also in five lots. At the same time, the weighing machine and toll-houses at Jenny’s Whim bridge were sold in seven lots; and the toll-house near the bun-house at Chelsea, with lamp posts on the road, were likewise sold in seven lots. The whole are entirely cleared away, to the relief of thousands of persons resident in these neighbourhoods. It is too much to expect every thing vexatious to disappear at once; this is a very good beginning, and if there be truth in the old saying, we may expect “ a good ending.”

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Southernwood. *Artemisia Aproxanum.*
Dedicated to *St. Francis Assisium.*

October 5.

St. Placidus, &c. A. D. 546. St. Galla,
6th Cent.

THE ASS.

The cantering of **TIM TIMS*** startles him who told of his “ youthful days,” at the school wherein poor “ Starkey” cyphered part of his little life. C. L. “ getting well, but weak” from painful and severe indisposition, is “ off and away” for a short discursion. Better health to him, and good be to him all his life. Here he is.

THE ASS

No. 2.

(For Hone’s *Every-Day Book.*)

Mr. Collier, in his “ Poetical Decameron” (Third Conversation) notices a Tract, printed in 1595, with the author’s initials only, A. B., entitled “ The Noblesse of the Ass: a work rare, learned, and excellent.” He has selected the following pretty passage from it. “ He (the Ass) refuseth no burthen, he goes whither

* Ante, p 1308.

he is sent without any contradiction. He lifts not his foote against any one; he bytes; not he is no fugitive, nor malicious affected. He doth all things in good sort, and to his liking that hath cause to employ him. If strokes be given him, he cares not for them; and, as our modern poet singeth,

“Thou wouldst (perhaps) he should become thy foe,

And to that end dost beat him many times; He cares not for himselfe, much lesse thy blow.”*

Certainly Nature, foreseeing the cruel usage which this useful servant to man should receive at man's hand, did prudently in furnishing him with a tegument impervious to ordinary stripes. The malice of a child, or a weak hand, can make feeble impressions on him. His back offers no mark to a puny foeman. To a common whip or switch his hide presents an absolute insensibility. You might as well pretend to scourge a school-boy with a tough pair of leather breeches on. His jerkin is well fortified. And therefore the Costermongers “between the years 1790 and 1800” did more politiciely than piously in lifting up a part of his upper garment. I well remember that beastly and bloody custom. I have often longed to see one of those refiners in discipline himself at the cart's tail, with just such a convenient spot laid bare to the tender mercies of the whipster. But since Nature has resumed her rights, it is to be hoped, that this patient creature does not suffer to extremities; and that to the savages who still belabour his poor carcase with their blows (considering the sort of anvil they are laid upon) he might in some sort, if he could speak, exclaim with the philosopher, “Lay on: you beat but upon the case of Anaxarchus.”

Contemplating this natural safeguard, this fortified exterior, it is with pain I view the sleek, foppish, combed and curried, person of this animal, as he is transmuted and disnaturalized, at Watering Places, &c. where they affect to make a palfrey of him. Fie on all such sophistications!—It will never do, Master Groom. Something of his honest shaggy exterior will still peep up in spite of you—his good, rough, native, pine-apple coating. You cannot “refine a scorpion

into a fish, though you rince it and scour it with ever so cleanly cookery.”*

The modern poet, quoted by A. B., proceeds to celebrate a virtue, for which no one to this day had been aware that the Ass was remarkable.

One other gift this beast hath as his owne,
Wherewith the rest could not be furnished;
On man himselfe the same was not bestowne,

To wit—on him is ne'er engendered
The hatefull vermine that doth teare the skin

And to the bode [body] doth make his passage in.

And truly when one thinks on the suit of impenetrable armour with which Nature (like Vulcan to another Achilles) has provided him, these subtle enemies to our repose, would have shown some dexterity in getting into his quarters. As the bogs of Ireland by tradition expel toads and reptiles, he may well defy these small deer in his fastnesses. It seems the latter had not arrived at the exquisite policy adopted by the human vermin “between 1790 and 1800.”

But the most singular and delightful gift of the Ass, according to the writer of this pamphlet, is his *voice*; the “goodly, sweet, and continual brayings” of which, “whereof they forme a melodious and proportionable kinde of musicke,” seem to have affected him with no ordinary pleasure. “Nor thinke I,” he adds, “that any of our immoderne musitians can deny, but that their song is full of exceeding pleasure to be heard; because therein is to be discerned both concord, discord, singing in the meane, the beginning to sing in large compasse, then following on to rise and fall, the halfe note, whole note, musicke of five voices, firme singing by four voices, three together or one voice and a halfe. Then their variable contrarieties amongst them, when one delivers forth a long tenor, or a short, the pausing for time, breathing in measure, breaking the minim or very least moment of time. Last of all to heare the musicke of five or six voices changed to so many of Asses, is amongst them to heare a song of world without end.”

There is no accounting for ears; or for that laudable enthusiasm with which an Author is tempted to invest a favourite subject with the most incompatible perfections. I should otherwise, for my own

* Who this modern poet was, says Mr. C., is a secret worth discovering.—The wood-cut on the title of the Pamphlet is—an Ass with a wreath of laurel round his neck.

* Milton: from memory.

taste, have been inclined rather to have given a place to these extraordinary musicians at that banquet of nothing-less-than-sweet sounds, imagined by old Jeremy Collier (Essays, 1698; Part. 2.—On Music.) where, after describing the inspiring effects of martial music in a battle, he hazards an ingenious conjecture, whether a sort of *Anti-music* might not be invented, which should have quite the contrary effect of “sinking the spirits, shaking the nerves, curdling the blood, and inspiring despair, and cowardice and consternation.” “Tis probable” he says, “the roaring of lions, the warbling of cats and screech-owls, together with a mixture of the howling of dogs, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this invention.” The dose, we confess, is pretty potent, and skilfully enough prepared. But what shall we say to the Ass of Silenus (quoted by TIMS), who, if we may trust to classic lore, by his own proper sounds, without thanks to cat or screech-owl, dismaid and put to rout a whole army of giants? Here was *Anti-music* with a vengeance; a whole *Pan-Dis-Harmonicon* in a single lungs of leather!

But I keep you trifling too long on this Asinine subject. I have already past the *Pons Asinorum*, and will desist, remembering the old pedantic pun of Jem Boyer, my schoolmaster:—

Ass in *præsentî* seldom makes a WISE
MAN in *futuro*.

C. L.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Starlike Camomile. *Boltonia Asteroides*.
Dedicated to *St. Placidus*.

October 6.

St. Bruno, Founder of the Carthusian

Monks, A. D. 1101. *St. Faith* or *Fides*, and others.

Faith.

This name in the church of England calendar and almanacs belongs to a saint of the Romish church.

According to Butler, *St. Faith* was a female of Aquitain, put to death under Dacian. He says she was titular saint of several churches in France, particularly that of Longueville in Normandy, which was enriched by Walter Giffard, earl of Buckingham. He also says she was “patroness of the priory of Horsam, in the county of Norfolk;” that “the subterraneous chapel of *St. Faith*, built under *St. Paul’s*, in London, was also very famous;” and that “an arm of the saint was formerly kept at *Glastenbury*.” Nevertheless, Mr. Audley thinks, that as the ancient Romans deified *Faith* according to the heathen mythology, and as christian Rome celebrates on August 1st the passion of the holy virgins, *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*, it is highly probable these virtues have been mistaken for persons; and, admitting this, Dr. M. Geddes smartly says, “they may be truly said to have suffered, and still to suffer martyrdom at Rome.” Mr. Audley adds, “There is indeed the church of *St. Faith* at London; but as our calendar is mostly copied from the Romish one, that will account for the introduction of the good virgin amongst us.”*

ST. BRUNO.

This saint was an anchorite and the founder of the Carthusian monks. He is stiled by writers of his own age “master of the Chartreuse;” from his order comes our Charter-house at London.

A prelate of the same name is renowned in story, and his last adventures are related in verse.

BISHOP BRUNO.

“Bruno, the bishop of Herbigopolitanum, sailing in the river of Danubius, with Henry the Third, then emperor, being not far from a place which the Germanes call *Ben Strudel*, or the devouring gulfe, which is neere unto *Grinon*, a castle in Austria, a spirit was heard clamouring aloud, ‘Ho! ho! bishop Bruno, whither art thou travelling? but dispose of thyself how thou pleasest, thou shalt be my prey and spoile.’ At the hearing of these words they were all stupified, and the bishop with the rest crost and blest themselves. The issue was, that within a short time after, the bishop feasting with the emperor in a castle belonging to the countesse of *Esburch*, a rafter fell from the roof of the chamber wherein they sate, and strooke him dead at the table.”

Heywood’s Hierarchie of the blessed Angels.

Bishop Bruno awoke in the dead midnight,
 And he heard his heart beat loud with affright :
 He dreamt he had rung the palace bell,
 And the sound it gave was his passing knell.

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain
 He turned to sleep and he dreamt again
 He rung at the palace gate once more,
 And Death was the porter that opened the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,
 And he heard at his window the screech owl scream !
 Bishop Bruno slept no more that night ;—
 Oh ! glad was he when he saw the day light !

Now he goes forth in proud array,
 For he with the emperor dines to-day ;
 There was not a baron in Germany
 That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind his soldiers ride,
 The people throng'd to see their pride ;
 They bow'd the head, and the knee they bent,
 But nobody blest him as he went.

So he went on stately and proud,
 When he heard a voice that cried aloud,
 Ho ! ho ! bishop Bruno ! you travel with glee—
 But I would have you know, you travel to me !

Behind, and before, and on either side,
 He look'd, but nobody he espied ;
 And the bishop at that grew cold with fear,
 For he heard the words distinct and clear.

And when he rung the palace bell,
 He almost expected to hear his knell
 And when the porter turn'd the key,
 He almost expected Death to see.

But soon the bishop recover'd his glee,
 For the emperor welcomed him royally
 And now the tables were spread, and there
 Were choicest wines and dainty fare.

And now the bishop had blest the meat,
 When a voice was heard as he sat in his seat,—
 With the emperor now you are dining in glee.
 But know, bishop Bruno, you sup with me !

The bishop then grew pale with affright,
 And suddenly lost his appetite ;
 All the wine and dainty cheer
 Could not comfort his heart so sick with fear.

But by little and little recovered he
 For the wine went flowing merrily,
 And he forgot his former dread,
 And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare
 Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there ;
 But when the masquers entered the hall,
 He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the masquers' crowd
 There went a voice hollow and loud ;
 You have passed the day, bishop Bruno, with glee !
 But you must pass the night with me !

His cheek grows pale and his eye-balls glare,
 And stiff round his tonsure bristles his hair ;
 With that there came one from the masquers' band,
 And he took the bishop by the hand.

The bony hand suspended his breath,
 His marrow grew cold at the touch of Death ;
 On saints in vain he attempted to call,
 Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace hall.

Southey

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Lateflowering Feverfew. *Pyrethrum Scro-*
tinum.

Dedicated to *St. Bruno.*

October 7.

St. Mark, Pope, A. D. 336. *Sts. Sergius*
 and *Bacchus*. *Sts. Marcellus* and
Apuleius. *St. Justina* of Padua, A. D.
 304. *St. Osith*, A. D. 870.

Purveyance for Winter.

After the harvest for human subsistence during winter, most of the provision for other animals ripens, and those with provident instincts are engaged in the work of gathering and storing.

Perhaps the prettiest of living things in the forest are squirrels. They may now be seen fully employed in bearing off their future food ; and now many of the little creatures are caught by the art of man ; to be engaged for life to contribute to his amusement.

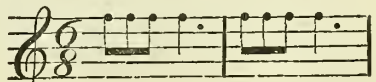
Squirrels and Hares.

On a remark by the hon. Daines Barrington, that "to observe the habits and manners of animals is the most pleasing part of the study of zoology," a correspondent, in a letter to "Mr. Urban," says "I have for several years diverted myself by keeping squirrels, and have found in them not less variety of humours and dispositions than Mr. Cowper observed in his hares. I have had grave and gay, fierce and gentle, sullen and familiar, and tractable and obedient squirrels. One

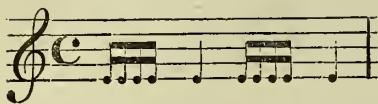
property I think highly worthy of observation, which I have found common to the species, as far as my acquaintance with them has extended ; and that acquaintance has been by no means confined to a few : yet this property has, I believe, never been adverted to by any zoological writer. I mean, that they have an exact musical ear. Not that they seem to give the least attention to any music, vocal or instrumental, which they hear ; but they universally dance in their cages to the most exact time, striking the ground with their feet in a regular measured cadence, and never changing their tune without an interval of rest. I have known them dance perhaps ten minutes in *allegro* time of eight quavers in a bar, thus :



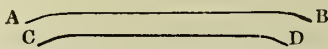
then, after a pause, they would change to the time of six quavers divided into three quavers and a dotted crotchet, thus :



again, after a considerable rest, they would return to common time divided by four semiquavers, one crotchet, four semiquavers and another crotchet, in a bar, thus :



always continuing to dance or jump to the same tune for many minutes, and always resting before a change of tune. I once kept a male and a female in one large cage, who performed a peculiar dance together thus; the male jumped sideways, describing a portion of a circle in the air; the female described a portion of a smaller circle concentric with the first, always keeping herself duly under the male, performing her leap precisely in the same time, and grounding her feet in the same moment with him.



While the male moved from A to B, or from B to A, the female moved from C to D, or from D to C, and their eight feet were so critically grounded together, that they gave but one note. I must observe, that this practice of dancing seems to be an expedient to amuse them in their confinement; because, when they are for a time released from their cages, they never dance, but reserve this diversion until they are again immured."

Mr. Urban's correspondent continues thus, "no squirrel will lay down what he actually has in his paws, to receive even food which he prefers, but will always eat or hide what he has, before he will accept what is offered to him. Their sagacity in the selection of their food is truly wonderful. I can easily credit what I have been told, that in their winter hoards not one faulty nut is to be found; for I never knew them accept a single nut, when offered to them, which was either decayed or destitute of kernel: some they reject, having only smelt them; but they seem usually to try them by their weight, poisoning them in their fore-feet. In eating, they hold their food not with their whole fore-foot, but between the inner toes or thumbs. I know not whether any naturalist has observed that their teeth are of a deep orange colour."

This gentleman, who writes late in the year 1788, proceeds thus, "A squirrel sits

by me while I write this, who was born in the spring, 1781, and has been mine near seven years. He is, like Yorick, 'a whoreson mad fellow—a pestilent knave—a fellow of infinite jest and fancy. When he came to me, I had a venerable squirrel, corpulent, and unwieldy with age. The young one agreed well with him from their first introduction, and slept in the same cage with him; but he could never refrain from diverting himself with the old gentleman's infirmities. It was my custom daily to let them both out on the floor, and then to set the cage on a table, placing a chair near it to help the old squirrel in returning to his home. This was great exercise to the poor old brute; and it was the delight of the young rogue to frustrate his efforts, by suffering him to climb up one bar of the chair, then pursuing him, embracing him round the waist, and pulling him down to the ground; then he would suffer him to reach the second bar, or perhaps the seat of the chair, and afterwards bring him back to the floor as at first. All this was done in sheer fun and frolic, with a look and manner full of inexpressible archness and drollery. The old one could not be seriously angry at it; he never fought or scolded, but gently complained and murmured at his unlucky companion. One day, about an hour after this exercise, the old squirrel was found dead in his cage, his wind and his heart being quite broken by the mischievous wit of his young messmate. My present squirrel one day assaulted and bit me without any provocation. To break him of this trick, I pursued him some minutes about the room, stamping and scolding at him, and threatening him with my handkerchief. After this, I continued to let him out daily, but took no notice of him for some months. The coolness was mutual: he neither fled from me, nor attempted to come near me. At length I called him to me: it appeared that he had only waited for me to make the first advance; he threw off his gravity towards me, and ran up on my shoulder. Our reconciliation was cordial and lasting; he has never attempted to bite me since, and there appears no probability of another quarrel between us, though he is every year wonderfully savage and ferocious at the first coming-in of filberts and walnuts. He is frequently suffered to expatiate in my garden; he has never of late attempted to wander beyond it; he always climbs up a very high ash tree, and soon

after returns to his cage, or into the parlour."

For what this observant writer says of *hares*, see the 17th day of the present month.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Indian Chrysanthemum. *Chrysanthemum Indicum*.

Dedicated to *St. Mark*, Pope.

October 8.

St. Bridget, A. D. 1373. *St. Thais*, A. D. 348. *St. Pelagia*, 5th Cent. *St. Keyna*, 5th or 6th Cent.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Sweet Maudlin. *Actillea Ageratum*.
Dedicated to *St. Bridget*.

October 9.

St. Dionysius, Bp. of Paris, and others, A. D. 272. *St. Dominus*, A. D. 304. *St. Guislain*, A. D. 681. *St. Leuís Bertrand*, A. D. 1581.

St. Denys.

This is the patron saint of France, and his name stands in our almanacs and in the church of England calendar, as well as in the Romish calendar.



St. Denys.

St. Denys had his head cut off, he did not care for that,
He took it up and carried it two miles without his hat.

"The times have been that when the brains were out the man would die;" they were "*the times!*" Yet, even in those times, except "the Anthrophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders," men, whose heads grew upon their shoulders, wore them in that situation during their natural lives until by accident a head was taken off, and then infallibly "the man would die." But the extraordinary persons called "saints," were exempt from ordinary fatality: could all their sayings be recorded, we might probably find it was as usual for a decapitated saint to ask, "Won't you give me my head?" before he walked to be buried, as for an old citizen to call, "Boy, bring me my wig," before he walked to club.

St. Denys was beheaded with some other martyrs in the neighbourhood of Paris. "They beheaded them," says the reverend father Ribadeneira, "in that mountain which is at present called *Mons Martyrum (Montmartre)*, the mountain of the martyrs, in memory and honour of them; but after they had martyred them, there happened a wonderful miracle. The body of St. Denys rose upon its feet, and took its own head up in its hands, as if he had triumphed and carried in it the crown and token of its victories. The angels of heaven went accompanying the saint, singing hymns choir-wise, with a celestial harmony and concert, and ended with these words, '*gloria tibi, Domine alleluia;*' and the saint went with his head in his hands about two miles, till he met with a good woman called Catula, who came out of her house; and the body of St. Denys going to her, it put the head in her hands." Perhaps this is as great a miracle as any he wrought in his life; yet those which he wrought after his death "were innumerable." Ribadeneira adds one in favour of pope Stephen, who "fell sick, and was given over by the doctors in the very monastery of St. Denys, which is near Paris; where he had a revelation, and he saw the princes of the apostles, St. Peter, and St. Paul, and St. Denys, who lovingly touched him and gave him perfect health, and this happened in the year of our Lord, 704, upon the 28th of July; and in gratitude for this favour he gave great privileges to that church of St. Denys, and carried with him to Rome certain relics of his holy body, and built a monastery in his honour."

It appears from an anecdote related by an eminent French physician, that it was believed of St. Denys that he kissed his head while he carried it; and it is equally marvellous that a man was so mad as not to believe it true. The circumstance is thus related:

"A famous watchmaker of Paris, infatuated for a long time with the chimera of perpetual motion, became violently insane, from the overwhelming terror which the storms of the revolution excited. The derangement of his reason was marked with a singular trait. He was persuaded that he had lost his head on the scaffold, and that it was put in a heap with those of many other victims: but that the judges, by a rather too late retraction of their cruel decree, had ordered the heads to be resumed, and to be rejoined to their respective bodies; and he conceived that, by a curious kind of mistake, he had the head of one of his companions placed on his shoulders. He was admitted into the Bicêtre, where he was continually complaining of his misfortune, and lamenting the fine teeth and wholesome breath which he had exchanged for those of very different qualities. In a little time, the hopes of discovering the perpetual motion returned; and he was rather encouraged than restrained in his endeavours to effect his object. When he conceived that he had accomplished it, and was in an ecstasy of joy, the sudden confusion of a failure removed his inclination even to resume the subject. He was still, however, possessed with the idea that his head was not his own: but from this notion he was diverted by a repartee made to him, when he happened to be defending the possibility of the miracle of St. Denys, who, it is said, was in the habit of walking with his head between his hands, and in that position continually kissing it. 'What a fool you are to believe such a story,' it was replied, with a burst of laughter; 'How could St. Denys kiss his head? was it with his heels?' This unanswerable and unexpected retort struck and confounded the madman so much, that it prevented him from saying any thing farther on the subject; he again betook himself to business, and entirely regained his intellects."*

St. Denys, as the great patron of France,

is highly distinguished. "France," says bishop Patrick, "glories in the relics of this saint; yet Baronius tells us, that Ratisbonne in Germany has long contested with them about it, and show his body there; and pope Leo IX. set out a declaration determining that the true body of St. Denys was entire at Ratisbonne, wanting only the little finger of his right hand, yet they of Paris ceased not their pretences to it, so that here are two bodies venerated of the same individual saint; and both of them are mistaken if they of Prague have not been created, among whose numerous relics I find the arm of St. Denys, the apostle of Paris, reckoned." The bishop concludes by extracting part of a Latin service, in honour of St. Denys, from the "Roman Missal,"* wherein the prominent miracle before alluded to is celebrated in the following words, thus rendered by the bishop into English.—

He fell indeed, but presently
 The breathless body finds both
 He takes his head in hand, and
 forward goes,

Till the directing angels bid
 him stay.
 Well may the church triumphantly
 proclaim
 This martyr's death, and never
 dying fame.

Several devotional books contain prints representing St. Denys walking with his head in his hands. One of them, entitled "Le Tableau de la Croix, represente dans les Ceremonies de la Ste. Messe," consists of a hundred engravings by J. Collin,* and from one of them the "lively portraiture" of the saint prefixed to this article is taken.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Milky Agaric. *Agaricus lactiflorus*.
 Dedicated to St. Denis.

October 10.

St. Francis Borgia, A. D. 1572. St
 Paulinus, Abp. of York, A. D. 644.
 St. John of Bridlington, A. D. 1379.

1825.

Oxford and Cambridge Terms begin on this day

AUTUMN.

There is a fearful spirit busy now.

Already have the elements unfurled

Their banners: the great sea-wave is upcurled:

The cloud comes: the fierce winds begin to blow

About, and blindly on their errands go;

And quickly will the pale red leaves be hurled

From their dry boughs, and all the forest world

Stripped of its pride, be like a desert show.

I love that moaning music which I hear

In the bleak gusts of autumn, for the soul

Seems gathering tidings from another sphere,

And, in sublime mysterious sympathy,

Man's bounding spirit ebbs and swells more high,

Accordant to the billow's loftier roll.†

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Cape Acetris. *Velthemia Viridifolia*.
 Dedicated to St. Francis Borgia.

October 1.

Sts. Tarachus, Probus, and Andronicus,
 A. D. 304. St. Gummar, or Gomar,
 A. D. 774. St. Ethelburge, or Edil-

burge, A. D. 664. St. Canucus, or
 Kenny, Abbot in Ireland, A. D. 599.
 St. Ethelburge.

In ancient times, on the festival of this
 saint, furmity was "an usual dish."‡

Old Michaelmas Day.

On this day it was a custom in Hert-
 fordshire for young men to assemble in
 the fields and choose a leader, whom they

* Paris, 1520, folio

* Imp. à Paris, 4to. † Literary Pocket Book
 ‡ Fesbroke's Eccl. of Antiq.

were obliged to follow through ponds and ditches, "over brake and briar." Every person they met was taken up by the arms and bumped, or swung against another. Each publican furnished a gallon of ale and plum-cake, which was consumed in the open air. This was a septennial custom and called *ganging-day*."

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Holly. *Ilex aquifolium*.
Dedicated to *St. Ethelburge*.

October 12.

St. Wilfrid, Bp. of York, A. D. 709.
Seasonable Work.

Now come the long evenings with devices for amusing them. In the intervals of recreation there is "work to do." This word "work" is significant of an employment which astonishes men, and seems never to tire the fingers of their industrious helpmates and daughters; except that, with an expression which we are at a loss to take for either jest or earnest, because it partakes of each, they now and then exclaim, "womens' work is never done!" The assertion is not exactly the fact, but it is not a great way from it. What "man of woman born" ever considered the quantity of stiches in a shirt without fear that a general mutiny among females might leave him "without a shirt to his back?" Cannot an ingenious spinner devise a seamless shirt, with its gussets, and wristbands, and collar, and selvages as durable as hemming? The immense work in a shirt is concealed, and yet happily every "better half" prides herself on thinking that she could never do too much towards making good shirts for her "good man." Is it not in his power to relieve her from some of this labour? Can he not form himself and friends into a "society of hearts and manufactures," and get shirts made, as well as washed, by machinery and steam? These inquiries are occasioned by the following

LETTER FROM A LADY.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.
Sir,

I assure you the *Every Day Book* is a great favourite among the 'adies; and therefore, I send for your insertion a

and.

calculation, furnished me by a maiden aunt, of the number of stiches in a plain shirt she made for her grandfather.

Stitching the collar, four rows	3,000
Sewing the ends - - - -	500
Button-holes, and sewing on buttons - - - - -	150
Sewing on the collar and gathering the neck - - - -	1,204
Stitching wristbands - - -	1,228
Sewing the ends - - - -	68
Button-holes - - - - -	148
Hemming the slits - - - -	264
Gathering the sleeves - - -	840
Setting on wristbands - - -	1,468
Stitching shoulder-straps, three rows each - - - - -	1,880
Hemming the neck - - - -	390
Sewing the sleeves - - - -	2,554
Setting in sleeves and gussets	3,050
Taping the sleeves - - - -	1,526
Sewing the seams - - - -	848
Setting side gussets - - - -	424
Hemming the bottom - - - -	1,104

Total number of stiches 20,646 in
My aunt's grandfather's plain shirt,
As witness my hand,
GERTRUDE GRIZENHOEFE.

Cottenham,
Near Cambridge,
Sept. 1825.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Wavy Fleabane. *Inula undulata*.
Dedicated to *St. Wilfred*.

October 13.

St. Edward, King and Confessor, A. D. 1066. *Sts. Faustus, Januarius, and Marcialis*, A. D. 304. *Seven Friar Minors, Martyrs*, A. D. 1221. *St. Colman*, A. D. 1012. *St. Gerald*, Count of Aurillac, or Orilhac, A. D. 909.

Translation King Edward
Confessor.

This, in the church of England calendar and almanacs, denotes the day to be a festival to the memory of the removal of his bones or relics, as they are called by the Roman church, from whence the festival is derived

Corpulency.

On the 13th of October, 1754, died a

Stebbing in Essex, Mr. Jacob Powell. He weighed nearly forty stone, or five hundred and sixty pounds. His body was above five yards in circumference, and his limbs were in proportion. He had sixteen men to carry him to his grave.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Smooth Helenium. *Helenium autumnale*.
Dedicated to *St. Edward*.

October 14.

St. Calixtus, or *Callistus*, Pope, A. D. 222.
St. Donatian, Bp. A. D. 389. *St. Burckard*, 1st Bp. of Wurzburg, A. D. 752.
St. Dominic, surnamed *Loricatus*, A. D. 1060.

THE YEAR.

The year is now declining; "the sear, the yellow leaf" falls, and "dies in October." There is a moral in every thing to moralizing minds; these indications of wear on the face of the earth, induce moralities on the use and abuse of time.

The Hare and Tortoise.

In days of yore, when Time was young,
When birds convers'd as well as suug,
When use of speech was not confin'd
Merely to brutes of human kind,
A forward hare, of swiftness vain,
The genius of the neighb'ring plain,
Would oft deride the drudging crowd:
For geniuses are ever proud.
He'd boast, his flight 'twere vain to follow,
For dog and horse he'd beat them hollow;
Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
Outstrip his brethren half a length.

A tortoise heard his vain oration,
And vented thus his indignation:
"Oh puss! it bodes thee dire disgrace,
When I defy thee to the race.
Come, 'tis a match, nay, no denial,
I'll lay my shell upon the trial."
'Twas done and done, all fair, a bet,
Judges prepar'd, and distance set.

The scamp'ring hare outstart the wind,
The creeping tortoise lagg'd behind,
And scarce had pass'd a single pole,
When puss had almost reach'd the goal.
"Friend tortoise," quoth the jeering hare,
"Your burthen's more than you can bear,
To help your speed it were as well
That I should ease you of your shell:

Jog on a little faster, pr'ythee,
I'll take a nap, and then be with thee."
So said, so done, and safely sure,
For say, what conquest more secure?
Whene'er he walk'd (that's all that's in it)
He could o'ertake him in a minute.

The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
But still resolv'd to persevere,
Still draw'd along, as who should say,
I'll win, like Fabius, by delay;
On to the goal securely crept,
While puss unknowing soundly slept.

The bets were won, the hare awoke,
When thus the victor tortoise spoke:
"Puss, tho' I own thy quicker parts,
Things are not always done by starts,
You may deride my awkward pace,
But slow and steady wins the race." *Lloyd*.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Indian Fleabane. *Inula Indica*.
Dedicated to *St. Calixtus*.

October 15

St. Teresa, Virgin, A. D. 1582. *St. Tecla*,
Abbess. *St. Hospicius*, or *Hospis*
A. D. 580.

Scent of Dogs, and Tobacco.

A contemporary kalendarian* appears to be an early smoker and a keen sportsman. He says, "From having constantly amused ourselves with our pipe early in the morning, we have discovered and are enabled to point out an almost infallible method of judging of good scent. When the tobacco smoke seems to hang lazily in the air, scarcely sinking or rising, or moving from the place where it is emitted from the pipe, producing at the same time a strong smell, which lasts some time in the same place after the smoke is apparently dispersed, we may on that day be sure that the scent will lay well. We have seldom known this rule to deceive; but it must be remembered that the state of the air will sometimes change in the course of the day, and that the scent will drop all of a sudden, and thus throw the hounds all out, and break off the chase abruptly. For as Somerville says:—

* Gentleman's Magazine.

* Dr. Forster.

Thus on on the air
 Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy streaks
 At eve forebode a blustering stormy day,
 Or lowering clouds blacken the mountain's brow,
 When nipping frosts, and the keen biting blasts
 Of the dry parching east, menace the trees
 With tender blossoms teeming, kindly spare
 Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of straw
 Low sinking at their ease; listless they shrink
 Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice
 Thought oft invoked; or haply if thy call
 Rouse up the slumbering tribe, with heavy eyes
 Glazed, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their tails
 Inverted; high on their bent backs erect
 Their pointed bristles stare, or 'mong the tufts
 Of ranker weeds, each stomach-healing plant
 Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.
 These inauspicious days, on other cares
 Employ thy precious hours.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Sweet Sultan. *Centaurea moschi*
 Dedicated to *St. Teresa*.

October 16.

St. Gall, Abbot, A. D. 646. *St. Lullus*, or
Lullon, Abp., A. D. 787. *St. Mummolin*, or
Mommolin, Bp. A. D. 665.

CUSTOM AT ESKDALE, YORKSHIRE.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

Sir,

Ascension-day, whereon there is a remarkable annual custom in maintenance of a tenure, has passed, but as it originated from a circumstance on the 16th of October, you can introduce it on that day, and it will probably be informing as well as amusing to the majority of readers. The narrative is derived from a tract formerly published at Whitby. I am, &c.

WENTANA CIVIS.

On this day in the fifth year of the reign of king Henry II. after the conquest of England, (1140,) by William, duke of Normandy, the lord of *Uglebarnby*, then called William de Bruce, the lord of Snaynton, called Ralph de Percy, and a gentleman freeholder called Allotson, did meet to hunt the wild boar, in a certain wood or desert, called Eskdale side; the wood or place did belong to the abbot of the monastery of Whitby in Yorkshire, who was then called Sedman, and abbot of the said place.

Then, the aforesaid gentlemen did meet with their hounds and boar-staves in the place aforesaid, and there found a great wild boar; and the hounds did run him very hard, near the chapel and hermitage of Eskdale side, where there was a monk of Whitby, who was an hermit; and the boar being so hard pursued, took in at the chapel door, and there laid him down, and died immediately, and the hermit shut the hounds out of the chapel, and kept himself at his meditation and prayers; the hounds standing at bay without, the gentlemen in the thick of the wood, put behind their game, in following the cry of the hounds, came to the hermitage and found the hounds round the chapel; then came the gentlemen to the door of the chapel, and called on the hermit, who did open the door, and then they got forth, and within lay the boar dead, for which the gentlemen, in a fury, because their hounds were put out of their game, run at the hermit with their boar-staves, whereof he died; then the gentlemen knowing, and perceiving that he was in peril of death, took sanctuary at Scarborough; but at that time, the abbot, being in great favour with the king, did remove them out of the sanctuary, whereby they became in danger of the law, and not privileged, but like to have the severity of the law, which was death. But the hermit being a holy man, and being very sick and at the point of death, sent for the abbot, and desired him to send for the gentlemen, who had wounded him to death; so doing, the gentlemen came, and the hermit being sick, said, "I am sure

to die of these wounds:" but the abbot answered, "They shall die for it," but the hermit said, "Not so, for I will freely forgive them my death, if they are content to be enjoined this penalty (penance) for the safeguard of their souls;" the gentlemen being there present, bid him enjoin what he would, so he saved their lives: then said the hermit, "you and yours shall hold your land of the abbot of Whitby, and his successors in this manner: that upon *Ascension-day Even*, you or some of you shall come to the wood of *Strayheads*, which is in Eskdale side, and the same (*Ascension-day*) at sun rising, and there shall the officer of the abbot blow his horn, to the intent that you may know how to find him, and deliver unto you William de Bruce, ten stakes, eleven street stowers, and eleven yadders, to be cut with a knife of a penny price; and you Ralph de Percy, shall take one and twenty of each sort, to be cut in the same manner; and you Allotson, shall take nine of each sort to be cut as aforesaid, and to be taken on your backs, and carried to the town of Whitby, and to be there before nine o'clock of the same day before mentioned; and at the hour of nine o'clock, if it be full sea, to cease their service, as long as till it be low water, and at nine o'clock of the same day, each of you shall set your stakes at the brim of the water, each stake a yard from another, and so yadder them with your yadders, and to stake them on each side, with street stowers, that they stand three tides, without removing by the force of the water; each of you shall make at that hour in every year, except it be full sea at that hour, which when it shall happen to come to pass, the service shall cease: you shall do this to remember that you did slay me; and that you may the better call to God for mercy, repent yourselves, and do good works. The officer of Eskdale side, shall blow, *Out on you! out on you! out on you!* for this heinous crime of yours. If you or your successors refuse this service, so long as it shall not be a full sea, at the hour aforesaid, you or your's shall forfeit all your land to the abbot or his successors; this I do entreat, that you may have your lives, and goods for this service, and you to promise by your parts in heaven, that it shall be done by you and your successors, as it is aforesaid:" and then the abbot said, "I grant all that you have said, and will confirm it by the faith of an

honest man." Then the hermit said, "My soul longeth for the Lord, and I as freely forgive these gentlemen my death, as Christ forgave the thief upon the cross;" and in the presence of the abbot and the rest, he said moreover these words, "*In manus tuas, Domine commendo spiritum meum, à vinculis enim mortis redimisti me, Domine veritatis,*" (Into thy hands O Lord I recommend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me from the bonds of death O Lord of Truth,) and the abbot and the rest said "*Amen,*" and so yielded up the ghost the eighth day of December, upon whose soul God have mercy. Anno Domini, 1160.

N. B. This service is still annually performed.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Yarrow. *Achillea multifolium*.
Dedicated to *St. Gall*.

October 17.

St. Hedwiges, or Avoice, duchess of Poland, A. D. 1243, *St. Anstrudis*, or *Anstru*, A. D. 688. *St. Andrew* of Crete, A. D. 761.

St. Etheldreda.

She was daughter of Annas, king of the East Angles, and born about 630, at Ixning, formerly a town of note on the western border of Suffolk, next Cambridgeshire. At Coldingham Abbey, Yorkshire, she took the veil under Ebba, daughter of king Ethelfrida, an abbess, afterwards celebrated for having saved herself and her nuns from the outrage of the Danes by mutilating their faces; the brutal invaders enclosed them in their convent and destroyed them by fire.

Notwithstanding Etheldreda's vow to remain a nun, she was twice forced by her parents to marry, and yet maintained her vow; hence she is styled, in the Romish breviaries, "twice a widow and always a virgin." On the death of her first husband Tonbert, a nobleman of the East Angles, the isle of Ely became her sole property by jointure, and she founded a convent, and the convent church there; and for their maintenance endowed them with the whole island. She married her second husband Egfrid, king of Northum-

berland, on the death of Tonbert, in 671, but persisted in her vow, and died abbess of her convent on the 23d of June, 679. On the 17th of October, sixteen years afterwards, her relics were translated, and therefore on this day her festival is commemorated. In 870, the Danes made a descent on the isle of Ely, destroyed the convent and slaughtered the inhabitants. By abbreviation her name became corrupted to Audrey and Audrey.*

Tawdry—St Audrey.

As at the annual fair in the isle of Ely, called St. Audrey's fair, "much ordinary but showy lace was usually sold to the country lasses, St. Audrey's lace soon became proverbial, and from that cause *Taudry*, a corruption of St. Audrey, was established as a common expression to denote not only lace, but any other part of female dress, which was much more gaudy in appearance than warranted by its real quality and value." This is the assertion of Mr. Brady, in his "Clavis Calendaria," who, for aught that appears to the contrary, gives the derivation of the word as his own conjecture, but Mr. Archdeacon Nares, in his admirable "Glossary," shows the meaning to have been derived from Harpsfield, "an old English historian," who refers to the appellation, and "makes St. Audrey die of a swelling in her throat, which she considered as a particular judgment, for having been in her youth much addicted to wearing fine necklaces." There is not now any grounds to doubt that *tawdry* comes from St. Audrey. It was so derived in Dr. Johnson's "Dictionary" before Mr. Todd's edition. Dr. Ash deemed the word of "uncertain etymology."

HARES AND SQUIRRELS.

The pleasant correspondent of Mr. Urban, whose account of his squirrels is introduced on the seventh day of the present month, was induced, by Mr. Cowper's experience in the management of his hares, to procure a *hare* about three weeks old. "The little creature," he says, "at first pined for his dam, and his liberty, and refused food. In a few days I prevailed with him to take some milk from my lips, and this is still his favourite method of drinking. Soon after, observing that he greedily lapped sweet things,

I dipped a cabbage-leaf in honey, and thus tempted him to eat the first solid food he ever tasted. I beg leave to add to Mr. Cowper's bill of fare, nuts, walnuts, pears sweet cakes of all kinds, sea biscuits sugar, and, above all, apple-pie. Every thing which is hard and crisp seems to be particularly relished.—The iris of the hare is very beautiful; it has the appearance of the gills of a young mushroom, seeming to consist of very delicate fibres, disposed like radii issuing from a common centre. I shall be glad to be informed by any person, skilled in anatomy, whether this structure of the iris be not of use to enable the eye to bear the constant action of the light; as it is a common opinion that this animal sleeps, even in the day-time, with its eyes open. I have observed, likewise, that the fur of the hare is more strongly electrical than the hair of any other animal. If you apply the point of a finger to his side in frosty weather, the hairs are immediately strongly attracted towards it from all points, and closely embrace the finger on every side."

It should be added from this agreeable writer, as regards the *squirrel*, that he was much surprised at the great advantage the little animal derives from his extended tail, which brings his body so nearly to an equipose with the air, as to render a leap or fall from the greatest height perfectly safe to him. "My squirrel has more than once leaped from the window of the second story, and alighted on stone steps, or on hard gravel, without suffering any inconvenience. But I should be glad to have confirmation, from an eye-witness, of what Mr. Pennant relates on the credit of Linnæus, Klein, Rzaczinski, and Scheffer, viz. that a squirrel sometimes crosses a river on a piece of bark by way of boat, using his tail as a sail. Not less astonishing is the undaunted courage of these little brutes: they seem sometimes resolved to conquer as it were, by reflection and fortitude, their natural instinctive fears. I have often known a squirrel tremble and scream at the first sight of a dog or cat, and yet, within a few minutes, after several abortive attempts, summon resolution enough to march up and smell at the very nose of his gigantic enemy. These approaches he always makes by short abrupt leaps, stamping the ground with his feet as loud as he can; his whole mien and countenance most ridiculously expressive of ancient Pistol's affected valour and in trepidity."

* Audley. Brady.

IN RE SQUIRRELS.

Be it remembered, that C. L. comes here and represents his relations; that is to say, on behalf of the recollections, being the next of kin, of him, the said C. L., and of sundry persons who are "aye treading" in the manner of squirrels aforesaid; and thus he saith:—

For the Every-Day Book.

What is gone with the Cages with the climbing Squirrel and bells to them, which were formerly the indispensable appendage to the outside of a Tinman's shop, and were in fact the only Live Signs? One, we believe, still hangs out on Holborn; but they are fast vanishing with the good old modes of our ancestors. They seem to have been superseded by that still more ingenious refinement of modern humanity—the Tread-mill; in which *human* Squirrels still perform a similar round of ceaseless, improgressive clambering; which must be nuts to them.

We almost doubt the fact of the teeth of this creature being so purely orange-coloured, as Mr. Urban's correspondent gives out. One of our old poets—and they were pretty sharp observers of nature—describes them as brown. But perhaps the naturalist referred to meant "of the colour of a Maltese orange,"* which is rather more obfuscated than your fruit of Seville, or Saint Michael's; and may help to reconcile the difference. We cannot speak from observation, but we remember at school getting our fingers into the orangery of one of these little gentry (not having a due caution of the traps set there), and the result proved sourer than lemons. The Author of the Task somewhere speaks of their anger as being "insignificantly fierce," but we found the demonstration of it on this occasion quite as significant as we desired; and have not been disposed since to look any of these "gift horses" in the mouth. Maiden aunts keep these "small deer" as they do parrots, to bite people's fingers, on purpose to give them good advice "not to venture so near the cage another time." As for their "six quavers divided into three quavers and a dotted crotchet," I suppose, they may go into Jeremy

* Fletcher in the "Faithful Shepherdess."—The Satyr offers to Clorin,

—grapes whose lusty blood
Is the learned Poet's good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
Than the squirrels' teeth that crack them.—

Bentham's next budget of Fallacies, along with the "melodious and proportionable kinde of musieke," recorded in your last number of another highly gifted animal.*

C. L.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Tenleaved Sunflower. *Helianthus decapetalus.*

Dedicated to *St. Austrudis.*

October 18.

St. Luke the Evangelist, A. D. 63. *St. Julian Sabus*, 4th Cent. *St. Justin. St Monon*, 7th Cent.

St. Luke.

The name of this evangelist is in the church of England calendar and almanacs on this day, which was appointed his festival by the Romish church in the twelfth century. As a more convenient occasion will occur for a suitable notice of his history and character, it is deferred till then. It is presumed that he died about the year 70, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, having written his gospel about seven or eight years before.

CHARLTON FAIR.

Commonly called

HORN FAIR

At the pleasant village of Charlton, on the north side of Blackheath, about eight miles from London, a fair is held annually on St. Luke's day. It is called "Horn Fair," from the custom of carrying horns at it formerly, and the frequenters still wearing them. A foreigner travelling in England in the year 1598, mentions horns to have been conspicuously displayed in its neighbourhood at that early period. "Upon taking the air down the river (from London), on the left hand lies Ratcliffe, a considerable suburb. On the opposite shore is fixed a long pole with rams-horns upon it, the intention of which was vulgarly said to be a reflection upon wilful and contented cuckolds." † An old newspaper states, that it was formerly a custom for a procession to go from some of the inns in Bishopsgate-street, in which were, a king, a queen, a miller, a counsellor, &c., and a great number of others, with horns in their hats, to Charlton, where they went round the church three times. This was accompa-

* Page 1360.

† Hentzner.

nied by so many indecencies on Blackheath, such as the whipping of females with furze, &c., that it gave rise to the proverb of "all is fair at Horn Fair."* A curious biographical memoir relates the custom of going to Horn Fair in women's clothes. "I remember being there upon Horn-Fair day, I was dressed in my land-ladie's best gown and other women's attire, and to Horn Fair we went, and as we were coming back by water, all the cloathes were spoiled by dirty water, &c., that was flung on us in an inundation, for which I was obliged to present ner with two guineas to make atonement for the damages sustained."† Mr. Brand, who cites these notices, and observes that Grose mentions this fair, adds, that "It consists of a riotous mob, who, after a printed summons dispersed through the adjacent towns, meet at Cuckold's Point, near Deptford, and march from thence in procession through that town and Greenwich to Charlton, with horns of different kinds upon their heads; and at the fair there are sold rams' horns, and every sort of toy made of horn: even the gingerbread figures have horns." The same recorder of customs mentions an absurd tradition assigning the origin of this fair to a grant from king John, which, he very properly remarks, is "too ridiculous to merit the smallest attention."

"A sermon," says Mr. Brand, "is preached at Charlton church on the fair-day." This sermon is now discontinued on the festival-day: the practice was created by a bequest of twenty shillings a year to the minister of the parish for preaching it.

The horn-bearing at this fair may be conjectured to have originated from the symbol, accompanying the figure of St. Luke: when he is represented by sculpture or painting, he is usually in the act of writing, with an ox or cow by his side, whose horns are conspicuous. These seem to have been seized by the former inhabitants of Charlton on the day of the saint's festival, as a lively mode of sounding forth their rude pleasure for the holiday. Though most of the painted glass in the windows of the church was destroyed during the troubles in the time of Charles I., yet many fragments remain of St. Luke's ox with wings on his back, and goodly horns upon his head: indeed, with

the exception of two or three armorial bearings, and a few cherubs' heads, these figures of St. Luke's horned symbol, which escaped destruction, and are carefully placed in the upper part of the windows, are the only painted glass remaining; save also, however, that in the east window, there are the head and shoulders of the saint himself, and the same parts of the figure of Aaron.

The procession of horns, customary at Charlton fair, has ceased; but horns still continue to be sold from the lowest to "the best booth in the fair." They are chiefly those of sheep, goats, and smaller animals, and are usually gilt and decorated for their less innocent successors to these ornaments. The fair is still a kind of carnival or masquerade. On St. Luke's-day, 1825, though the weather was unfavourable to the customary humours, most of the visitors wore masks; several were disguised in women's clothes, and some assumed whimsical characters. The spacious and celebrated Crown and Anchor booth was the principal scene of their amusements. The fair is now held in a private field: formerly it was on the green opposite the church, and facing the mansion of sir Thomas Wilson. The late lady Wilson was a great admirer and patroness of the fair; the old lady was accustomed to come down with her attendants every morning during the fair, "and in long order go," from the steps of her ancient hall, to without the gates of her court-yard, when the bands of the different shows hailed her appearance, as a signal to strike up their melody of discords: Richardson, always pitched his great booth in front of the house. Latterly, however, the fair has diminished; Richardson was not there in 1825, nor were there any shows of consequence. "Horns! horns!" were the customary and chief cry, and the most conspicuous source of frolic: they were in the hat and bonnet of almost every person in the rout. A few years ago, it was usual for neighbouring gentry to proceed thither in their carriages during the morning to see the sports. The fair lasts three days.

One of the pleasantest walks from Greenwich is over Blackheath, along by the park-wall to Charlton; and from thence after passing through that village, across Woolwich common and Plumstead common, along green lanes, over the foot

* Brand.

† Life of Mr. William Fuller, 1703, 12mo.

paths of the fields, to the very retired and rural village of East Wickham, which lies about half a mile (on the north side of Welling, through which is the great London road to Dover. There are various pleasant views for the lover of cultivated nature, with occasional fine bursts of the broad flowing Thames. Students in botany and geology will not find it a stroll, barren of objects in their favourite sciences.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Floccose Agaric. *Agaricus floccosus*.
Dedicated to *St. Luke, Evangelist*.

October 19.

St. Peter, of Alcantara, A. D. 1562. *Sts. Ptolemy, Lucius*, and another, A. D. 166. *St. Frideswide*, patroness of Oxford, 8th Cent. *St. Ethbin*, or *Egbin*, Abbot, 6th Cent.

The Last Rose of Summer.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one
To pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone? *Moore.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Tall Tickseed. *Coreopsis procosa*.
Dedicated to *St. Frideswide*

October 20.

St. Artemius, A. D. 362. *St. Barsubius*, Abbot, and others, A. D. 342. *St. Zenobius*, Bp. *St. Sindulphus*, or *St.*

Sendou, 7th Cent. *St. Adian*, Bp. or *Mayo*, A. D. 768.

Migration of Birds.

Woodcocks have now arrived. In the autumn and setting in of winter they keep dropping in from the Baltic singly, or in pairs, till December. They instinctively land in the night, or in dark misty weather, for they are never seen to arrive, but are frequently discovered the next morning in any ditch which affords them shelter, after the extraordinary fatigue occasioned by the adverse gales which they often have to encounter in their aerial voyage. They do not remain near the shores longer than a day, when they are sufficiently recruited to proceed inland, and they visit the very same haunts which they left the preceding season. In temperate weather they retire to mossy moors, and high bleak mountainous parts; but as soon as the frost sets in, and the snows begin to fall, they seek lower and warmer situations, with boggy grounds and springs, and little oozing mossy rills, which are rarely frozen, where they shelter in close bushes of holly and furze, and the brakes of woody glens, or in dells which are covered with underwood: here they remain concealed during the day, and remove to different haunts and feed only in the night. From the beginning of March to the end of that month, or sometimes to the middle of April, they all keep drawing towards the coasts, and avail themselves of the first fair wind to return to their native woods. — The snipe, *scolopax gullinago*, also comes now, and inhabits similar situations. It is migratory, and met with in all countries: like the woodcock, it shuns the extremes of heat and cold, by keeping upon the bleak moors in summer, and seeking the shelter of the valleys in winter. In unfrozen boggy places, runners from springs, or any open streamlets of water, they are often found in considerable numbers.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Yellow Sultan. *Centaurea suaveolens*.
Dedicated to *St. Artemius*.

October 21.

Sts. Ursula, and her Companions, 5th Cent. *St. Hilarion*, Abbot, A. D. 371.

* Dr. Forster's Perennial Calendar.

St. Fintan, or *Munnu*, Abbot, in Ire land, A. D. 634.

THE SEASON.

After a harvest with a good barley crop, a few minutes may be seasonably amused by a pleasant ballad.

John Barleycorn.

There went three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
An' they ha' sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him
down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To show their deadly rage.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still as signs of life appear'd,
'They toss'd him to and fro.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill nake your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe,
'Twill lighten all his joy:
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland! *Burns.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Hairy Silphium. *Silphium asteriscus.*
Dedicated to *St. Ursula.*

October 22.

St. Philip, Bp. of Heraclea, and others, A. D. 304. *Sts. Nunilo and Alodia*, A. D. 840. *St. Donatus*, Bp. of Fiesoli, in Tuscany, A. D. 816. *St. Mello*, or *Melanius*, 4th Cent. *St. Mark*, Bp. A. D. 156.

St. Mark, Bishop of Jerusalem.

The two first bishops of Jerusalem were "the apostle St. James and his brother St. Simeon; thirteen bishops who succeeded them were of the Jewish nation." Upon an edict of the emperor Adrian, prohibiting all Jews from coming to Jerusalem, Mark, being a Gentile Christian, was chosen bishop of the Christians in that city, and was their first Gentile bishop. He is said to have been martyred in 156*.

THE SEASON.

They who think the affections are always in season, may not deem these lines out of season.

TRIBUTE OF AFFECTION.

To a Mother.

In the sweet "days of other years,"
When o'er my cradle first thy tears
Were blended with maternal fears,
And anxious doubts for me;
How often rose my lisping prayer,
That heav'n a mother's life would spare,
Who watch'd with such incessant care,
My helpless infancy.

Those happy hours are past away,
Yet fain I'd breathe an artless lay,
To greet my mother this blest day,
For oh! it gave thee hirth;
Hope whispers that it will be dear,
As seraph's music to thine ear,
That thou wilt hallow with a tear,
This tribute to thy worth.

* Butler.

And thy approving voice would be
More sweet—more welcome far to me
Than greenest wreaths of minstrelsy,
Pluck'd from the muses' bowers ;
And round this lowly harp of mine,
I'd rather that a hand like thine,
One simple garland should entwine,
Than amaranthine flowers.

My childish griefs were hush'd to rest,
Those lips on mine fond kisses prest,
Those arms my feeble form caress,
When few a thought bestow'd—
When sickness threw its venom'd dart,
My pillow was thy aching heart—
Thy gentle looks could joy impart,
With angel love they glow'd.

This world is but a troubled sea,
And rude its billows seem to me ;
Yet my frail bark must shipwreck'd be,
Ere I forget such friend ;
Or send an orison on high,
That begs not blessings from the sky,
That heav'n will hear a daughter's sigh,
And long thy life defend.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Three-leaved Silphium. *Silphium trifoliatum*.

Dedicated to *St. Nunilo*.

October 23.

St. Theodoret, A. D. 362. *St. Romanus*,
Abp. of Rouen, A. D. 639. *St. John*
Capistran, A. D. 1456. *St. Ignatius*,
Patriarch of Constantinople, A. D. 878.
St. Severin, Abp. of Cologne, A. D. 400.
Another St. Severin.

St. Severin.

The annals of the saints are confused. *St. Severin*, Abp. of Cologne, is famous in the history of the church: by him, his own diocese, and that of Tongres, "was purged from the venom of the Arian heresy, about the year 390." He "knew by revelation the death and glory of *St. Martin* at the time of his departure," and died about 400. So says *Butler*, who immediately begins with "*Another St. Severin* or *Surin*, patron of Bourdeaux," said by some "to have come to Bourdeaux from some part of the east;" and by others, to have been "the same with the foregoing archbishop of Cologne." It is difficult to make a distinction when we find "two single gentlemen rolled into

one." Whether one or two is of little consequence perhaps: their biographers were miraculists. He of Cologne led "an angelical life," according to *Butler*, who adds, that "his life wrote by *Fortunatus* is the best:" the latter biographer achieved as great marvels with his pen, as his namesake with his wishing-cap.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Rushy Starwort. *Aster junicus*.
Dedicated to *St. Theodoret*.

October 24.

St. Proclus, Abp. of Constantinople,
A. D. 447. *St. Felix*, A. D. 303. *St.*
Magloire, A. D. 575.

St. Proclus.

Besides his other perfections he was a queller of earthquakes. *Butler* instances that "*Theophanes*, and other Greek historians, tell us that a child was taken up into the air, and heard angels singing the Trisagion, or triple doxology," which is "in the preface of the mass;" and that therefore *St. Proclus* "taught the people to sing it:" he says that "it is at least agreed, that on their singing it the earthquakes ceased." *Butler* represents the style of this father to be "full of lively witty turns, more proper to please and delight than to move the heart." Twenty of his homilies were published at Rome in 1630, whereof "the first, fifth, and sixth are upon the blessed Virgin Mary, whose title of Mother of God," says *Butler*, "he justly extols." He wrote upon mysterious theology and the church festivals, and was a great disputant.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Zigzag Starwort. *Aster flexuosus*.
Dedicated to *St. Proclus*.

October 25.

Sts. Crysanthus and *Daria*, 3rd Cent.
Sts. Crispin and *Crispian*, A. D.
287. *St. Gaudentius* of Brescia, A. D.
420. *St. Boniface I.* Pope, A. D. 422

Crispin.

The name of this saint is in the church of England calendar and the almanacs, why *Crispian's* is disjoined from it we are not informed



St. Crispin and St. Crispinian

PATRONS OF THE GENTLE CRAFT.

“Our shoes were sow’d with merry notes,
 And by our mirth expell’d all moan ;
 Like nightingales, from whose sweet throats
 Most pleasant tunes are nightly blown :
 The Gentle Craft is fittest then
 For poor distressed gentlemen !”

St. Hugh's Song

This representation of St. Crispin and St. Crispinian at their seat of work, is faithfully copied from an old engraving of the same size by H. David. Every body knows that they were shoemakers, and patrons of that “art, trade, mystery, calling, or occupation,” in praise whereof, when properly exercised, too much cannot be said. Now for a word or two concerning these saints. To begin seriously, we will recur to the tenth volume of the “Lives of the Saints,” by “the Rev. Alban Butler,” where, on the 504th page, we find St. Crispin and St. Crispinian called “two glorious martyrs,”

and are told that they came from Rome to preach at Soissons, in France, “towards the middle of the third century, and, in imitation of St. Paul, worked with their hands in the night, making shoes, though they were said to have been nobly born and brothers.” They converted many to the Christian faith, till a complaint was lodged against them before Rictius Varus, “the most implacable enemy of the Christian name,” who had been appointed governor by the emperor Maximian Hercules. Butler adds, that “they were victorious over this most inhuman judge, by the patience and constancy

with which they bore the most cruel tortments, and finished their course by the sword about the year 287." In the sixth century a great church was built to their honour at Soissons, and their shrine was richly ornamented. These are all the circumstances that Butler relates concerning these popular saints: most unaccountably he does not venture a single miracle in behalf of the good name and reputation of either.

On *Crispin's-day*, in the year 1415, the battle of Agincourt was fought between the English, under king Henry V., and the French, under the constable d'Albret. The French had "a force," says Hume, "which, if prudently conducted, was sufficient to trample down the English in the open field." They had nearly a hundred thousand cavalry. The English force was only six thousand men at arms, and twenty-four thousand foot, mostly archers. The constable of France had selected a strong position in the fields in front of the village of Agincourt. Each lord had planted his banner on the spot which he intended to occupy during the battle. The night was cold, dark, and rainy, but numerous fires lighted the horizon; while bursts of laughter and merriment were repeatedly heard from the soldiery, who spent their time in revelling and debate around their banners, discussing the probable events of the next day, and fixing the ransom of the English king and his barons. No one suspected the possibility of defeat, and yet no one could be ignorant that they lay in the vicinity of the field of Cressy. In that fatal field, and in the equally fatal field of Poitiers, the French had been the assailants: the French determined therefore, on the present occasion, to leave that dangerous honour to the English. To the army of Henry, wasted with disease, broken with fatigue, and weakened by the privations of a march through a hostile country in the presence of a superior force,—this was a night of hope and fear, of suspense and anxiety. They were men who had staked their lives on the event of the approaching battle, and spent the intervening moments in making their wills, and in attending the exercises of religion. Henry sent his officers to examine the ground by moon-light, arranged the operations of the next day, ordered bands of music to play in succession during the night, and before sun-rise summoned his

troops to attend at matins and mass: from thence he led them to the field

His archers, on whom rested his principal hope, he placed in front; beside his bow and arrows, his battle-axe or sword, each bore on his shoulder a long stake sharpened at both extremities, which he was instructed to fix obliquely before him in the ground, and thus oppose a rampart of pikes to the charge of the French cavalry. Many of these archers had stripped themselves naked; the others had bared their arms and breasts that they might exercise their limbs with more ease and execution: their well-earned reputation in former battles, and their savage appearance this day struck terror into their enemies. Henry himself appeared on a grey palfrey in a helmet of polished steel, surmounted by a crown sparkling with jewels, and wearing a surcoat whereon were emblazoned in gold the arms of England and France. Followed by a train of led horses, ornamented with the most gorgeous trappings, he rode from banner to banner cheering and exhorting the men. The French were drawn up in the same order, but with this fearful disparity in point of number, that while the English files were but four, theirs were thirty deep. In their lines were military engines or cannon to cast stones into the midst of the English. The French force relatively to the English was as seven or six to one. When Henry gave the word, "Banners advance!" the men shouted and ran towards the enemy, until they were within twenty paces, and then repeated the shout; this was echoed by a detachment which immediately issuing from its concealment in a meadow assailed the left flank of the French while the archers ran before their stakes, discharged their arrows, and then retired behind their rampart. To break this formidable body, a select battalion of eight hundred men at arms had been appointed by the constable; only seven score of these came into action; they were quickly slain, while the others unable to face the incessant shower of arrows, turned their vizors aside, and lost the government of their horses, which, frantic with pain, plunged back in different directions into the close ranks. The archers seizing the opportunity occasioned by this confusion, slung their bows behind them, and bursting into the mass of the enemy, with their sword and battle axes, killed the

constable and principal commanders, and routed the first division of the army. Henry formed the archers again, and charged the second division for two hours in a bloody and doubtful contest, wherein Henry himself was brought on his knees by the mace of one of eighteen French knights who had bound themselves to kill or take him prisoner: he was rescued by his guards, and this second division was ultimately destroyed. The third shared the same fate, and resistance having ceased, Henry traversed the field with his barons, while the heralds examined the arms and numbered the bodies of the slain. Among them were eight thousand knights and esquires, more than a hundred bannerets, seven counts, the three dukes of Brabant, Bar, and Alençon, and the constable and admiral of France. The loss of the conquerors amounted to no more than sixteen hundred men, with the earl of Suffolk and the duke of York, who perished fighting by the king's side, and had an end more honourable than his life. Henry became master of fourteen thousand prisoners, the most distinguished of whom were the dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, and the counts of Eu, Vendôme, and Richmond. As many of the slain as it was possible to recognise were

buried in the nearest churches, or conveyed to the tombs of their ancestors. The rest, to the number of five thousand eight hundred, were deposited in three long and deep pits dug in the field of battle. This vast cemetery was surrounded by a strong enclosure of thorns and trees, which pointed out to succeeding generations the spot, where the resolution of a few Englishmen triumphed over the impetuous but ill-directed valour of their numerous enemies. Henry returned to England by way of Dover: the crowd plunged into the waves to meet him: and the conqueror was carried in their arms from his vessel to the beach. The road to London exhibited one triumphal procession. The lords, commons, and clergy the mayor, aldermen, and citizens, conducted him into the capital: tapestry, representing the deeds of his ancestors, lined the walls of the houses: pageants were erected in the streets: sweet wines ran in the conduits: bands of children tastefully arrayed sang his praise: and the whole population seemed intoxicated with joy.—*Lingard.*

This memorable achievement on *Crispin's-day* is immortalized by Shakspeare, in a speech that he assigns to Henry V. before the battle.

This day is called—the feast of Crispian:
 He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a-tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian:
 He, that shall live this day, and see old age,
 Will yearly, on the vigil, feast his friends,
 And say,—To-morrow is St. Crispian:
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
 Old men forget; yet shall not all forget,
 But they'll remember, with advantages,
 What feats they did that day: Then shall our names,
 Familiar in their mouth as household words,—
 Harry the king, Bedford, and Exeter,
 Warwick, and Talbot, Salisbury, and Glo'ster,—
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered:
 This story shall the good man teach his son:
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered:
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition:
 And gentlemen in England, now abed,
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
 That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day.

In "Times Telescope" for 1816, it is observed, that "the shoemakers of the present day are not far behind their predecessors, in the manner of keeping St. Crispin. From the highest to the lowest it is a day of feasting and jollity. It is also, we believe, observed as a festival with the corporate body of cordwainers, or shoemakers, of London, but without any sort of *procession* on the occasion,—except the *proceeding* to a good tavern to partake of a good dinner, and drink the *pious memory* of St. Crispin."

On the 29th of July, 1822, the cordwainers of Newcastle held a coronation of their patron St. Crispin, and afterwards walked in procession through the several streets of that town. The coronation took place in the court of the Freeman's Hospital, at the Westgate, at eleven o'clock; 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 provided for the occasion. A great number of people assembled to witness the procession, as there had not been a similar exhibition since the year 1789.*

The emperor Charles V. being curious to know the sentiments of his meanest subjects concerning himself and his administration, often went incog. and mixed himself in such companies and conversation as he thought proper. One night at Brussels, his boot requiring immediate mending, he was directed to a cobbler. Unluckily, it happened to be St. Crispin's holiday, and, instead of finding the cobbler inclined for work, he was in the height of his jollity among his acquaintance. The emperor acquainted him with what he wanted, and offered him a handsome gratuity.—"What, friend!" says the fellow, "do you know no better than to ask one of our craft to work on St. Crispin? Was it Charles himself, I'd not do a stitch for him now; but if you'll come in and drink St. Crispin, do and welcome: we are as merry as the emperor can be." The emperor accepted the offer: but while he was contemplating their rude pleasure, instead of joining in it, the jovial host thus accosts him:—"What, I

suppose you are some courtier politician or other, by that contemplative phiz; but be you who or what you will, you are heartily welcome:—drink about—here's Charles the Fifth's health."—"Then you love Charles the Fifth?" replied the emperor.—"Love him!" says the son of Crispin; "ay, ay, I love his long-noseship well enough; but I should love him much better would he but tax us a little less; but what have we to do with politics? round with the glasses, and merry be our hearts." After a short stay, the emperor took his leave, and thanked the cobbler for his hospitable reception. "That," cried he, "you are welcome to; but I would not have dishonoured St. Crispin to-day to have worked for the emperor." Charles, pleased with the good nature and humour of the man, sent for him next morning to court. You must imagine his surprise to see and hear his late guest was his sovereign: he feared his joke upon his long nose must be punished with death. The emperor thanked him for his hospitality, and, as a reward for it, bade him ask for what he most desired, and take the whole night to settle his surprise and his ambition. Next day he appeared, and requested that, for the future, the cobblers of Flanders might bear for their arms a boot with the emperor's crown upon it. That request was granted, and, as his ambition was so moderate, the emperor bade him make another. "If," says he, "I am to have my utmost wishes, command that, for the future, the company of cobblers shall take place of the company of shoemakers." It was, accordingly, so ordained; and, to this day, there is to be seen a chapel in Flanders, adorned with a boot and imperial crown on it: and in all processions, the company of cobblers takes precedence of the company of shoemakers.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Fleabane Starwort. *Aster Conizoides*.

Dedicated to *St. Crispin*.

Meagre Starwort. *Aster miser*.

Dedicated to *St. Crispinian*.

October 26.

St. Evaristus, Pope, A. D. 112. *Sts. Lucian and Marcian*, A. D. 250.

It is noticed by Dr. Forster, that in a mild autumn late grapes now ripen e

* Sykes's Local Records

* European Magazine, vol. xl.

the vines, and that the gathering of the very late sorts of apples, and of winter pears, still continues: these latter fruits, like those of the earlier year, are to be laid up in the loft to complete their process of ripening, which, except in a few sorts, is seldom completed on the trees.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Late Golden Rod. *Solidago petiolaris*.
Dedicated to *St. Evaristus*.

October 27.

St. Frumentius, Apostle of Ethiopia, 4th Cent. *St. Elesbaan*, King of Ethiopia, A. D. 527. *St. Abban*, Abbot in Ireland, 6th. Cent.

Evelyn says, "the loppings and leaves of the elm, dried in the sun, prove a great relief to cattle when fodder is dear, and will be preferred to oats by the cattle." The Herefordshire people, in his time, gathered them in sacks for this purpose, and for their swine.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Floribund Starwort. *Aster floribundus*.
Dedicated to *St. Frumentius*.

October 28.

St. Simon, the Zealot, Apostle. *St. Jude*, Apostle. *St. Faro*, Bp. of Meaux, A. D. 672. *St. Neot*, A. D. 877.

St. Simon and St. Jude.

A festival to these apostles is maintained on this day in the church of England, whereon also it is celebrated by the church of Rome; hence their names in our almanacs.

Simon is called the Canaanite, either from Cana the place of his birth, or from his having been of a hot and sprightly temper. He remained with the other apostles till after pentecost, and is imagined on slight grounds to have preached in Britain, and there been put to death. *Jude*, or Judas, also called *Thaddeus* and *Libbius*, was brother to James the brother to Christ, (Matt. xiii. 55.) Lardner imagines he was the son of Joseph by a former wife. Some presume that he suffered martyrdom in Persia, but this is doubtful.*

This anniversary was deemed as rainy

* Augl'y.

as *St. Swithin's*. A character in the "Roaring Girl," one of Dodsley's old plays, says, "as well as I know 'twill rain upon Simon and Jude's day:" and afterwards, "now a continual Simon and Jude's rain beat all your feathers as flat down as pancakes." Hollinshed notices that on the eve of this day in 1536, when a battle was to have been fought between the troops of Henry VIII., and the insurgents in Yorkshire, there fell so great a rain that it could not take place. In the Runic calendar, the day is marked by a ship because these saints were fishermen.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Late Chrysanthemum. *Chrysanthemum scrotinum*.

Dedicated to *St. Simon*.

Scattered Starwort. *Aster passiflorus*.

Dedicated to *St. Jude*.

October 29.

St. Narcissus, Bp. of Jerusalem, 2d Cent. *St. Chef*, in latin *Theuderius*, Abbot, A. D. 575.

New Literary Institution, in 1825.

At this period, active measures were adopted in London for forming a "*Western Literary and Scientific Institution*," for persons engaged in commercial and professional pursuits; its objects being 1. The establishment of a library of reference and circulation, and rooms for reading and conversation. 2. The formation of the members into classes, to assist them in the acquisition of ancient and modern languages. 3. The delivery of lectures in literature and science. This is an undertaking fraught with advantages, especially to young men whose situations do not permit them convenient access to means of instruction within the reach of their employers, many of whom may be likewise bettered by its maturity. The mechanics had an excellent "institution," while persons, who, engaged in promoting general business, and meriting equal regard, remained without the benefit which growing intelligence offers to all who have industry and inclination sufficient to devise methods for reaching it. Other institutions have arisen, and are rapidly arising, for equally praiseworthy purposes.

* Brand

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Green Autumnal Narcissus. *Narcissus viridiflorus*.

Dedicated to *St. Narcissus*, Bp.

October 30.

St. Marcellus, the Centurion, A. D. 298.

St. Germanus, Bp. of Capua, A. D. 540.

St. Asterius, Bp. of Amasea in Pontus, A. D. 400.

ST. KATHARINE'S BY THE TOWER.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

Sir, Oct. 29, 1825.

The ancient and beautiful collegiate church of St. Katharine finally closes to-morrow, previous to its demolition by the St. Katharine's dock company. The destruction of an edifice of such antiquity, one of the very few that escaped the great fire of 1666, has excited much public attention. I hope, therefore, that the subject will not be lost sight of in your *Every-Day Book*. Numbers of the nobility and gentry, who, notwithstanding an earnest appeal was made to them, left the sacred pile to its fate, have lately visited it. In fact, for the beauty and simplicity of its architecture, it has scarcely a rival in London, excepting the Temple church: the interior is ornamented with various specimens of ancient carving; a costly monument of the duke of Exeter, and various others of an interesting kind. This interesting fabric has been sacrificed by the present chapter, consisting of the master, sir Herbert Taylor, three brethren chaplains, and three sisters, to a new dock company, who have no doubt paid them handsomely for sanctioning the pulling down of the church, the violation of the graves, and the turning of hundreds of poor deserving people out of their homes; their plea is, that they have paid the chapter. I hope, sir, you will pardon the liberty I have taken in troubling you with these particulars; and that you will not forget poor Old Kate, deserted as she is by those whose duty it was to have supported her.

I remain,

Your obedient servant,

A NATIVE OF THE PRECINCT.

P.S. There is no more occasion for these docks than for one at the foot of Ludgate-hill.

well-founded lamentation over the final dissolution of his church; his call upon me could not be declined. I did not get his note till the very hour that the service was commencing, and hurried from Ludgate-hill to the ancient "collegiate church of St. Katharine's by the Tower," where I arrived just before the conclusion of prayers. Numbers unable to get accommodation among the crowd within, were coming from the place; but "where there's a will there's a way," and I contrived to gain a passage to the chancel, and was ultimately conducted to a seat in a pew just as the rev. R. K. Bailey, resident chaplain of the tower, ascended the curious old pulpit of this remarkable structure. This gentleman, whose "History of the Tower" is well known to topographers and antiquaries, appropriately selected for his text, "Go to now, ye that say, to-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell and get gain." (James iv. 13.) He discoursed of the frailty of man's purpose, and the insecurity of his institutions, and enjoined hope and reliance on Him whose order ordained and preserves the world in its mutations. He spoke of the "unfeeling and encroaching hand of commerce," which had rudely seized on the venerable fabric, wherein no more shall be said—

"Lord, how delightful 'tis to see,
A whole assembly worship thee."

To some of the many present the building was endeared by locality, and its burial ground was sacred earth. Yet from thence the bones of their kindred were to be expelled, and the foundations of the edifice swept away. For eight centuries the site had been undisturbed, save for the reception of the departed from the world—for him whose friends claimed that there "the servant should be free from his master," or for the opulent, who, in his end, was needy as the needy, and required only "a little, little grave." Yet the very chambers of the dead were to be razed, and the remains of mortality dispersed, and a standing water was to be in their stead. The preacher, in sad remembrance, briefly, but strongly, touched on the coming demolition of the fane, and there were those among the congregation who deeply sorrowed. On the features of an elderly inhabitant opposite to me, there was a convulsive twitching, while, with his head thrown back, he watched

The purpose of this correspondent may be answered, perhaps, by publishing his

the preacher's lips, and the big tear sprung from his eyes; and the partner of his long life leaned forward and wept; the bosoms of their daughters rose and fell in grief; matrons and virgins sobbed; manly hearts were swollen, and strong men were bowed.

After the sermon "sixty poor children of the precinct," for whose benefit it was preached—it was the last office that could be celebrated there in their behalf—sung a hymn to the magnificent organ, which, on the morrow, was to be pulled down. They choralled in tender tones—

"Great God, O! hear our humble song,
An offering to thy praise,
O! guard our tender youth from wrong,
And keep us in thy ways!"

These were the offspring of a neighbourhood of ill fame, whence, by liberal hands, they had been plucked and preserved as brands from the burning fire. It seemed as though they were about to be scattered from the fold wherein they had been folded and kept.

While the destruction of this edifice was contemplated, the purpose gave rise to remonstrance; but resistance was quelled by the applications, which are usually successful in such cases. "An Earnest Appeal to the Lords and Commons in Parliament, by a Clergyman," was ineffectually printed and circulated with the hope of preventing the act. This little tract says:—

"The collegiate body to whom the church and precinct pertain, and who have not *always* been so insensible to the nobler principles they now abandon, owe their origin to Maud, wife of king Stephen—their present constitution to Eleanor, wife of king Henry III.—and their exemption from the general dissolution in the time of Henry VIII. to the attractions (it is said) of Anne Bolcyn. The queens' consort have from the first been patronesses, and on a vacancy of the crown matrimonial, the kings of England. The fabric for which, in default of its retained advocates, I have ventured now to plead, is of the age of king Edward III., lofty and well-proportioned, rich in ancient carving, adorned with effigies of a Holland, a Stafford, a Montacute, all allied to the blood royal, and in spite of successive mutilations is well able to plead for itself: surely then, for its own sake, as well as for the general interests involved in its preservation, it is not too much to ask, that it may, at least, be confronted with

those who wish its destruction—that its obscure location may not cause its condemnation unseen—that no one will pass sentence who has not visited the spot, and that, having so done, he will suffer the unbiassed dictates of his own heart to decide."

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Mixen Agaric. *Agaricus fimetarius*.
Dedicated to *St. Marcellus*.

October 31.

St. Quintin, A. D. 287. *St. Wolfgang*,
Bp. of Ratisbon, A. D. 994. *St. Foil-*
lan, A. D. 655.

ALLHALLOW EVEN;

or,

HALLOW E'EN.

Respecting this, which is the vigil of All Saints-day, Mr. Brand has collected many notices of customs; to him therefore we are indebted for the following particulars:—

On this night young people in the north of England dive for apples, or catch at them, when stuck upon one end of a kind of hanging beam, at the other extremity of which is fixed a lighted candle. This they do with their mouths only, their hands being tied behind their backs. From the custom of flinging nuts into the fire, or cracking them with their teeth, it has likewise obtained the name of *nut-crack night*. In an ancient illuminated missal in Mr. Douce's collection, a person is represented balancing himself upon a pole laid across two stools; at the end of the pole is a lighted candle, from which he is endeavouring to light another in his hand, at the risk of tumbling into a tub of water placed under him. A writer, about a century ago, says, "This is the last day of October, and the birth of this packet is partly owing to the affair of *this night*. I am alone; but the servants having demanded *apples, ale, and nuts*, I took the opportunity of running back my own annals of *Allhalloves Eve*; for you are to know, my lord, that I have been a mere adept, a most famous artist, both in the college and country, on occasion of *this anile, chimerical solemnity*."*

* *Life of Harvey, the conjuror, 8vo., 1728.*

Pennant says, that the young women in Scotland determine the figure and size of their husbands by *drawing cabbages blind-fold* on Allhallow Even, and, like the English, *fling nuts into the fire*. It is mentioned by Burns, in a note to his poem on "Hallow E'en," that "The first ceremony of Hallow E'en is pulling each a stock or plant of kail. They must go out, hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with. Its being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any *yird*, or earth, stick to the root, that is *tocher*, or fortune; and the taste of the *custoc*, that is the heart of the stem, is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation, the *runts*, are placed somewhere above the head of the door; and the christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the priority of placing the *runts*, the names in question." It appears that the Welsh have "a play in which the youth of both sexes seek for an even-leaved sprig of the ash: and the first of either sex that finds one, calls out *Cyniver*, and is answered by the first of the other that succeeds; and these two, if the omen fails not, are to be joined in wedlock."*

Burns says, that "Burning the nuts is a favourite charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire; and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be." It is to be noted, that in Ireland, when the young women would know if their lovers are faithful, they put three nuts upon the bars of the grates, naming the nuts after the lovers. If a nut cracks or jumps, the lover will prove unfaithful; if it begins to blaze or burn, he has a regard for the person making the trial. If the nuts, named after the girl and her lover, burn together, they will be married. This sort of divination is also in some parts of England at this time. Gay mentions it in his "Spell:"—

"Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweet-heart's name;
This with the *loudest bounce* me sore amaz'd,
That in a *flame of brightest colour* blaz'd;
As *blaz'd the nut*, so may thy passion grow,
For 't'was thy nut that did so brightly glow!"

There are some lines by Charles Graydon, Esq.—"On Nuts burning, Allhallow Eve."

"These glowing nuts are emblems true
Of what in human life we view;
The ill-match'd couple fret and fume,
And thus, in strife themselves consume.
Or, from each other wildly start,
And with a noise for ever part.
But see the happy happy pair,
Of genuine love and truth sincere;
With mutual fondness, while they burn
Still to each other kindly turn:
And as the vital sparks decay
Together gently sink away:
Till life's fierce ordeal being past,
Their mingled ashes rest at last."*

Burns says, "the passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature, in its rude state, in all ages and nations; and it may be some entertainment to a philosophic mind to see the remains of it among the more unenlightened in our own." He gives, therefore, the principal charms and spells of this night among the peasantry in the west of Scotland. One of these by young women, is, by pulling stalks of corn. "They go to the barn yard, and pull, each, at three several times, a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the top-pickle, that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage bed any thing but a maid." Another is by the *blue clue*. "Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions: steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and, darkling, throw into the pot a clew of blue yarn; wind it in a new clew off the old one; and, towards the latter end, something will hold the thread; demand, 'wha hauds?' *i. e.* who holds? and answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the christian and surname of your future spouse." A third charm is by eating an apple at a glass. "Take a candle and go alone to a looking-glass; eat an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time; the face of your conjugal companion *to be*, will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder."

In an appendix to the late Mr. "Pennant's Tour," several other very observable and perfectly new customs of divination on this night are enumerated. One is to "steal out unperceived, and sow a

* Owen's Welsh Dictionary.

* Gray's Collection of Poems 8vo., Dublin, 1801.

handful of hemp-seed, harrowing it with any thing you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat, now and then, 'hemp-seed I saw thee, hemp-seed I saw thee; and him (or her) that is to be my true, come after me and pou thee.' Look over your left shoulder and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, 'come after me and shaw thee,' that is, show thyself; in which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, 'come after me and harrow thee.'"

Another is, "to winn three wechts o'naething." The wecht is the instrument used in winnowing corn. "This charm must likewise be performed unperceived and alone. You go to the barn and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible: for there is danger that the *being*, about to appear, may shut the doors and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which, in our country dialect, we call a *wecht*, and go through all the attitudes of letting down corn against the wind. Repeat it three times; and, the third time, an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue marking the employment or station in life."

Then there is "to fathom the stack three times." "Take an opportunity of going unnoticed to a *bear stack* (barley stack), and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yokefellow." Another, "to dip your left shirt sleeve in a burn wherc three lairds land's meet." "You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring or rivulet, wherc 'three lairds' lands meet,' and dip your left shirt sleeve. Go to bed in sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake; and some time near midnight, an apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it."

The last is a singular species of divination "with three *tuggies*, or dishes." "Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, and leave the third empty: blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged: he (or she) dips the left hand, if

by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretells with equal certainty no marriage at all. It is repeated three times: and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered." Sir Frederick Morton Eden says, that "*Sowens*, with butter instead of milk, is not only the Hallow E'en supper, but the Christmas and New-year's-day's breakfast, in many parts of Scotland.*"

In the province of Moray, in Scotland, "A solemnity was kept on the eve of the first of November as a thanksgiving for the safe in-gathering of the produce of the fields. This I am told, but have not seen: it is observed in Buchan and other countries, by having Hallow Eve fire kindled on some rising ground."†

In Ireland fires were anciently lighted up on the four great festivals of the Druids, but at this time they have dropped the fire of November, and substituted candles. The Welsh still retain the fire of November, but can give no reason for the illumination.‡

The minister of Logierait, in Perthshire, describing that parish, says: "On the evening of the 31st of October, O. S. among many others, one remarkable ceremony is observed. Heath, broom, and dressings of flax, are tied upon a pole. This faggot is then kindled. One takes it upon his shoulders; and, running, bears it round the village. A crowd attend. When the first faggot is burnt out, a second is bound to the pole, and kindled in the same manner as before. Numbers of these blazing faggots are often carried about together; and when the night happens to be dark, they form a splendid illumination. This is Halloween, and is a night of great festivity."§ Also at Callander, in Perthshire:—"On All Saints Even they set up bonfires in every village. When the bonfire is consumed, the ashes are carefully collected into the form of a circle. There is a stone put in, near the circumference, for every person of the several families interested in the bonfire; and whatever stone is moved out of its place, or injured before next morning, the person represented by that stone is devoted, or *fey*; and is supposed not to live twelve months from that day. The

* Eden's State of the Poor.

† Shaw's Hist. of Moray.

‡ Vallancey, Collect. Hibern.

§ Sinclair's Stat. Acc. of Scotland.

people received the consecrated fire from the Druid priests next morning, the virtues of which were supposed to continue for a year.* At Kirkmichael, in the same shire, "The practice of lighting bonfires on the first night of winter, accompanied with various ceremonies, still prevails in this and the neighbouring highland parishes.† So likewise at Aberdeen, "The Midsummer Even fire, a relict of Druidism, was kindled in some parts of this county; the Hallow Even fire, another relict of Druidism, was kindled in Buchan. Various magic ceremonies were then celebrated to counteract the influence of witches and demons, and to prognosticate to the young their success or disappointment in the matrimonial lottery. These being devoutly finished, the Hallow fire was kindled, and guarded by the male part of the family. Societies were formed, either by pique or humour, to scatter certain fires, and the attack and defence here often conducted with art and fury."—"But now"—"the Hallow fire, when kindled, is attended by children only; and the country girl, renouncing the rites of magic, endeavours to enchant her swain by the charms of dress and of industry."‡

Pennant records, that in North Wales "there is a custom upon All Saints Eve of making a great fire called Coel Coeth, when every family about an hour in the night makes a great bonfire in the most conspicuous place near the house; and when the fire is almost extinguished, every one throws a white stone into the ashes, having first marked it; then, having said their prayers, turning round the fire, they go to bed. In the morning, as soon as they are up, they come to search out the stones; and if any one of them is found wanting, they have a notion that the person who threw it in will die before he sees another All Saints Eve." They also distribute *soul cakes* on All Souls-day, at the receiving of which poor people pray to God to bless the next crop of wheat.

Mr. Owen's account of the bards, in sir R. Hoare's "Itinerary of archbishop Baldwin through Wales," says, "The autumnal fire is still kindled in North Wales on the eve of the first day of November, and is attended by many ceremonies; such as running through the fire and smoke, each casting a stone into the fire, and all running off at the conclusion to

escape from the black short-tailed sow; then supping upon parsnips, nuts, and apples; catching at an apple suspended by a string with the mouth alone, and the same by an apple in a tub of water; each throwing a nut into the fire, and those that burn bright betoken prosperity to the owners through the following year but those that burn black and crackle denote misfortune. On the following morning the stones are searched for in the fire, and if any be missing they betide ill to those that threw them in."

At St. Kilda, on Hallow E'en night, they baked "a large cake in form of a triangle, furrowed round, and which was to be all eaten that night."* In England, there are still some parts wherein the grounds are illuminated upon the eve of All Souls, by bearing round them straw, or other fit materials, kindled into a blaze. The ceremony is called *a tinley*, and the Romish opinion among the common people is, that it represents an emblematical lighting of souls out of purgatory.

"The inhabitants of the isle of Lewis (one of the western islands of Scotland,) had an antient custom to sacrifice to a sea god, called Shony, at Hallow-tide, in the manner following: the inhabitants round the island came to the church of St. Mulvay, having each man his provision along with him. Every family furnished a peck of malt, and this was brewed into ale. One of their number was picked out to wade into the sea up to the middle; and, carrying a cup of ale in his hand, standing still in that posture, cried out with a loud voice, saying, 'Shony, I give you this cup of ale, hoping that you'll be so kind as to send us plenty of sea-ware, for enriching our ground the ensuing year;' and so threw the cup of ale into the sea. This was performed in the night time. At his return to land, they all went to church, where there was a candle burning upon the altar; and then standing silent for a little time, one of them gave a signal, at which the candle was put out, and immediately all of them went to the fields, where they fell a drinking their ale, and spent the remainder of the night in dancing and singing," &c.‡

At Blandford Forum, in Dorsetshire, "there was a custom, in the papal times, to ring bells at Allhallow-tide for all christian souls." Bishop Burnet gives a letter from king Henry the Eighth to

* Sinclair's Stat. Acc. of Scotland.
† Ibid.

* Martin's Western Islands.

‡ Ibid

Cranmer "against superstitious practices," wherein "the vigil and ringing of bells all the night long upon Allhallow-day at night," are directed to be abolished; and the said vigil to have no watching or ringing. So likewise a subsequent injunction, early in the reign of queen Elizabeth, orders "that the superfluous ringing of bells, and the superstitious ringing of bells at Alhallowntide, and at Al Soul's day, with the two nights next before and after, be prohibited."

General Vallancey says, concerning this night, "On the Oidhche Shamhna, (Ee Ow-na,) or vigil of Samam, the peasants in Ireland assemble with sticks and clubs, (the emblems of laceration,) going from house to house, collecting money, bread-cake, butter, cheese, eggs, &c. &c. for the feast, repeating verses in honour of the solemnity, demanding preparations for the festival in the name of St. Columb Kill, desiring them to lay aside the fatted calf, and to bring forth the black sheep. The good women are employed in making the griddle cake and candles; these last are sent from house to house in the vicinity, and are lighted up on the (Saman) next day, before which they pray, or are supposed to pray, for the departed soul of the donor. Every house abounds in the best viands they can afford. Apples and nuts are devoured in abundance; the nut-shells are burnt, and from the ashes many strange things are foretold. Cabbages are torn up by the root. Hempseed is sown by the maidens, and they believe that if they look back, they will see the apparition of the man intended for their future spouse. They hang a shift before the fire, on the close of the feast, and sit up all night, concealed in a corner of the room, convinced that his apparition will come down the chimney and turn the shift. They throw a ball of yarn out of the window, and wind it on the reel within, convinced that if they repeat the paternoster backwards, and look at the ball of yarn without, they will then also see his sith, or apparition. They dip for apples in a tub of water,

and endeavour to bring one up in the mouth. They suspend a cord with a cross stick, with apples at one point, and candles lighted at the other; and endeavour to catch the apple, while it is in a circular motion, in the mouth. These, and many other superstitious ceremonies, the remains of Druidism, are observed on this holiday, which will never be eradicated while the name of Saman is permitted to remain."

It is mentioned by a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," that *lamb's-wool* is a constant ingredient at a merry-making on Holy Eve, or on the evening before All Saints-day in Ireland. It is made there, he says, by bruising roasted apples, and mixing them with ale, or sometimes with milk. "Formerly, when the superior ranks were not too refined for these periodical meetings of jollity, white wine was frequently substituted for ale. To *lamb's-wool*, apples and nuts are added as a necessary part of the entertainment; and the young folks amuse themselves with *burning nuts in pairs* on the bar of the grate, or among the warm embers, to which they give their name and that of their lovers, or those of their friends who are supposed to have such attachments; and from the manner of their burning and duration of the flame, &c. draw such inferences respecting the constancy or strength of their passions, as usually promote mirth and good humour." *Lamb's-wool* is thus etymologized by Vallancey:—"The first day of November was dedicated to the angel presiding over fruits, seeds, &c. and was therefore named *La Mas Ubhal*, that is, the day of the apple fruit, and being pronounced *lamosool*, the English have corrupted the name to *lamb's-wool*."

So much is said, and perhaps enough for the present, concerning the celebration of this ancient and popular vigil.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Fennel-leaved. Tickseed *Corcopsis ferulefolia*.

Dedicated to *St. Quinin*.

Seasonable.

Now comes the season when the humble want,
And know the misery of their wretched scant:
Go, ye, and seek their homes, who have the power,
And ease the sorrows of their trying hour

"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth
To him who gives, a blessing never ceaseth.



NOVEMBER.

Next was November ; he full grown and fat
 As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme ;
 For he had been a fattening hogs of late,
 That yet his browes with sweat d'ïd reek and steam ;
 And yet the season was full sharp and breem ;
 In planting eeke he took no small delight,
 Whereon he rode, not easie was to deeme
 For it a dreadful centaure was in sight,
 The seed of Saturn and fair Nais, Chiron hight.

This is the eleventh month of the year. The anglo-saxons gave names in their own tongue to each month, and "November they termed *wint-monat*, to wit, wind-moneth, whereby we may see that our ancestors were in this season of the year made acquainted with blustering Boreas; and it was the ancient custome for shipmen then to shrowd themselves at home, and to give over sea-faring (notwithstanding the littleness of their then used voyages) untill blustering March had bidden them well to fare."* They likewise called it *blot-monath*. In the saxon, "*blot*" means *blood*; and in this month they killed great abundance of cattle for winter-store, or, according to some, for purposes of sacrifice to their deities.†

Bishop Warburton commences a letter to his friend Hurd, with an allusion to the evil influence which the gloominess of this month is proverbially supposed to have on the mind. He dates from Bedford-row, October 28th, 1749:—"I am now got hither," he says, "to spend the month of November: the dreadful month of November! when the little wretches hang and drown themselves, and the great ones sell themselves to the court and the devil."

"This is the month," says Mr. Leigh Hunt, "in which we are said by the Frenchman to hang and drown ourselves. We also agree with him to call it 'the gloomy month of November;' and, above all, with our in-door, money-getting, and unimaginative habits, all the rest of the year, we contrive to make it so. Not all of us, however: and fewer and fewer, we trust, every day. It is a fact well known to the medical philosopher, that, in proportion as people do not like air and exercise, their blood becomes darker and darker: now what corrupts and thickens the circulation, and keeps the humours within the pores, darkens and clogs the mind; and we are then in a state to receive pleasure but indifferently or confusedly, and pain with tenfold painfulness. If we add to this a quantity of *unnecessary* cares and sordid mistakes, it is so much the worse. A love of nature is the refuge. He who grapples with March, and has the smiling eyes upon him: of June and August, need have no fear of November.—And as the Italian proverb says, every medal has its reverse. November, with its loss of verdure, its frequent rains, the fall of the leaf, and

the visible approach of winter, is undoubtedly a gloomy month to the gloomy but to others, it brings but pensiveness, a feeling very far from destitute of pleasure; and if the healthiest and most imaginative of us may feel their spirits pulled down by reflections connected with earth, its mortalities, and its mistakes, we should but strengthen ourselves the more to make strong and sweet music with the changeful but harmonious movements of nature." This pleasant observer of the months further remarks, that, "There are many pleasures in November if we will lift up our matter-of-fact eyes, and find that there are matters-of-fact we seldom dream of. It is a pleasant thing to meet the gentle fine days, that come to contradict our sayings for us; it is a pleasant thing to see the primrose come back again in woods and meadows; it is a pleasant thing to catch the whistle of the green plover, and to see the greenfinches congregate; it is a pleasant thing to listen to the deep amorous note of the wood-pigeons, who now come back again; and it is a pleasant thing to hear the deeper voice of the stags, making their triumphant love amidst the falling leaves.

"Besides a quantity of fruit, our gardens retain a number of the flowers of last month, with the stripped lily in leaf; and, in addition to several of the flowering trees and shrubs, we have the fertile and glowing china-roses in flower, and in fruit the pyracantha, with its lustrous red-berries, that cluster so beautifully on the walls of cottages. This is the time also for domestic cultivators of flowers to be very busy in preparing for those spring and winter ornaments, which used to be thought the work of magic. They may plant hyacinths, dwarf tulips, polyanthus-narcissus, or any other moderately-growing bulbous roots, either in water-glasses, or in pots of light dry earth, to flower early in their apartments. If in glasses, the bulb should be a little in the water; if in pots, a little in the earth, or but just covered. They should be kept in a warm light room.

"The trees generally lose their leaves in the following succession:—walnut, mulberry, horse-chesnut, sycamore, lime, ash, then, after an interval, elm, then beech and oak, then apple and peach-trees, sometimes not till the end of November; and lastly, pollard oaks and young beeches, which retain their withered leaves till pushed off by their new ones in spring. Oaks that happen to be

* Verstegan.

† Dr. F. Sayer.

stripped of their leaves by chaffers, will often surprise the haunter of nature by being clothed again soon after midsummer with a beautiful vivid foliage.

“The farmer endeavours to finish his ploughing this month, and then lays up his instruments for the spring. Cattle are kept in the yard or stable, sheep turned into the turnip-field, or in bad weather fed with hay; bees moved under shelter, and pigeons fed in the dove-house.

O Spring! of hope, and love, and youth, and gladness,
Wind-winged emblem! brightest, best, and fairest!
Whence comest thou, when, with dark winter's sadness,
The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharest?
Sister of joy, thou art the child who wearest
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet;
Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou bearest
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle feet,
Disturbing not the leaves, which are her winding sheet.

Shelley.

November 1.

All Saints. *St. Cæsarins*, A. D. 300. *St. Mary. M.* *St. Marcellus*, Bp. of Paris, 5th Cent. *St. Benignus*, Apostle of Burgundy, A. D. 272. *St. Austremoine*, 3d Cent. *St. Harold VI.*, King of Denmark, A. D. 980.

All Saints.

This festival in the almanacs and the church of England calendar is from the church of Rome, which celebrates it in commemoration of those of its saints, to whom, on account of their number, particular days could not be allotted in their individual honour.

On this day, in many parts of England, apples are bobbed for, and nuts cracked, as upon its vigil, yesterday; and we still retain traces of other customs that we had in common with Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, in days of old.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

Sir,

Should the following excerpt relative to the first of November be of use to you, it is at your service, extracted from a scarce and valuable work by Dr. W. Owen Pughe, entitled “Translations of the Heroic Elegies of Llywarch Hên, London, 1792.”

Triplets.

1.

On All Saints day hard is the grain,
The leaves are dropping, the puddle is full
At setting off in the morning
Wee to him that will trust a stranger.

“Among our autumnal pleasures, we ought not to have omitted the very falling of the leaves:

To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round.

C. Lamb

“Towards the end of the month, under the groves and other shady places, they begin to lie in heaps, and to rustle to the foot of the passenger; and there they will lie till the young leaves are grown overhead, and spring comes to look down upon them with their flowers:—

“The first day of November was considered (among the ancient Welsh) as the conclusion of summer, and was celebrated with bonfires, accompanied with ceremonies suitable to the event, and some parts of Wales still retain these customs. Ireland retains similar ones, and the fire that is made at these seasons, is called *Beal teinidh*, in the Irish language, and some antiquaries of that country, in establishing the eras of the different colonies planted in the island, have been happy enough to adduce as an argument for their Phœnician origin this term of *Beal teinidh*.

“The meaning of *tân*, (in Welsh), like the Irish *teinidh*, is fire, and *Bal* is simply a projecting springing out or expanding, and when applied to vegetation, it means a budding or shooting out of leaves and blossoms, the same as *balant*, of which it is the root, and it is also the root of *bala* and of *blwydd*, *blwyddyn* and *blynedd*, a year, or circle of vegetation. So the signification of *bâl dân*, or *tân bâl*, would be the rejoicing fire for the vegetation, or for the crop of the year.”

The following seven triplets by Llywarch Hên, who lived to the surprising age of one hundred and forty years, and wrote in the sixth century, also relate to the subject. The translations, which are strictly literal, are also from the pen of Dr. Pughe

Tribanau

1.

Calangauaf caled grawn
Dail ar gychwyn, Uynwyn Uawn:—
Y bore cyn noi fyned.
Gwae a ymddried i estrawn

2.
All Saints day, a time of pleasant gossiping,
The gale and the storm keep equal pace,
It is the labour of falsehood to keep a secret.

3.
On All Saints day the stags are lean,
Yellow are the tops of birch; deserted is the
summer dwelling:
Woe to him who for a trifle deserves a curse.

4.
On All Saints day the tops of the branches
are bent;
In the mouth of the mischievous, disturbance
is congenial:
Where there is no natural gift there will be no
learning.

5.
On All Saints day blustering is the weather.
Very unlike the beginning of the past fair
season:
Besides God there is none who knows the
future.

6.
On All Saints day 'tis hard and dry,
Doubly black is the crow, quick is the arrow
from the bow,
For the stumbling of the old, the looks of the
young wear a smile.

7.
On All Saints day bare is the place where
the heath is burnt,
The plough is in the furrow, the ox at work:
Amongst a hundred 'tis a chance to find a
friend.

2.
Calanguauf cain gyfrin,
Cyfred awel a drychin:
Gwaith celwydd yw celu rhin.

3.
Calanguauf cul hyddod
Melyn blaen bedw, gweddw hafod:
Gwae a haedd mefyl er bychod.

4.
Calanguauf crwm blaen gwrysg:
Gnawd o ben diried derfysg;
Lle ni bo dawn ni bydd dysg.

5.
Calanguauf garw hin,
Annhebyg i gyntefin:
Nanwyn Duw nid oes dewin.

6.
Calanguauf caled cras,
Purddu bran, buan o fras:
Am gwypm hen chwerddid gwên gwâs.

7.
Calanguauf Uwn goddaith,
Aradyr yn rhych, ych yn ngwaith:
O'r cant odid cydymmaith.

It will be perceived that each triplet, as was customary with the ancient Britons
s accompanied by a moral maxim, without relation to the subject of the song.

GWILYM SAIS.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Laurastinus. *Laurastinus sempervirens*.
Dedicated to *St. Fortunatus*.

November 2.

*All Souls; or the Commemoration of the
Faithful departed. St. Victorinus* Bp.
A. D. 304. *St. Marcian*, A. D. 387. *St.
Vulgan*, 8th Cent.

All Souls.

This day, also a festival in the almanacs,
and the church of England calendar, is
from the Romish church, which celebrates
it with masses and ceremonies devised
on the occasion. "Odilon, abbot of
Cluny, in the 9th century, first enjoined
the ceremony of praying for the dead on

this day in his own monastery; and the
like practice was partially adopted by
other religious houses until the year 998,
when it was established as a general fes-
tival throughout the western churches.
To mark the pre-eminent importance of
this festival, if it happened on a Sunday
it was not postponed to the Monday, as
was the case with other such solemnities,
but kept on the Saturday, in order that
the church might the sooner aid the suf-
fering souls; and, that the dead might
have every benefit from the pious exer-
tions of the living, the remembrance of
this ordinance was kept up, by persons
dressed in black, who went round the

different towns, ringing a loud and dismal-toned bell at the corner of each street, every Sunday evening during the month; and calling upon the inhabitants to remember the deceased suffering the expiatory flames of purgatory, and to join in prayer for the repose of their souls.*"

Time.

Mr. John M'Creery, to whose press Mr. Roscoe committed his "History of Leo X.," and the subsequent productions of his pen, has marked this day by dating a beautiful poem on it, which all who desire to seize the "golden grains" of time, will do well to learn and remember daily.

INSCRIPTION

FOR MY DAUGHTERS' HOUR-GLASS.

Mark the golden grains that pass
Brightly thro' this channell'd glass,
Measuring by their ceaseless fall
Heaven's most precious gift to all!
Busy, till its sand be done,
See the shining current run;
But, th' allotted numbers shed,
Another hour of life hath fled!
Its task perform'd, its travail past,
Like mortal man it rests at last!—
Yet let some hand invert its frame
And all its powers return the same,
Whilst any golden grains remain
'Twill work its little hour again.—
But who shall turn the glass for man,
When all his golden grains have ran?
Who shall collect his scatter'd sand,
Dispers'd by time's unsparring hand?—
Never can one grain be found,
Howe'er we anxious search around!

Then, daughters, since this truth is plain,
That Time once gone ne'er comes again.
Improv'd bid every moment pass—
See how the sand rolls down your glass.

Nov. 2. 1810.

J. M. C.

Mr. M'Creery first printed this little effusion of his just and vigorous mind on a small slip, one of which he gave at the time to the editor of the *Every-Day Book*, who if he has not like

the little busy bee

Improved each shining hour,
is not therefore less able to determine the value of those that are gone for ever; nor therefore less anxious to secure each that may fall to him; nor less qualified to enjoy on his youthful readers the importance of this truth, "that time once gone, ne'er comes again." He would bid them remember, in the conscience-burning words of one of our poets, that—

"Time is the stuff that life is made of."

* Brady's Clavis Calendaria.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Winter Cherry. *Physalis*.
Dedicated to *St. Marcian*.

November 3.

St. Malachi, Abp of Armagh, A. D. 1144
St. Hubert, Bp of Leige, A. D. 727
St. Wenefride, or *Winefride*. *St. Papoul*, or *Papulus*, 3d. Cent. *St. Flour*, A. D. 389. *St. Rumwald*.

Without being sad, we may be serious; and continue to-day the theme of yesterday.

Mr. Bowring, from whose former poetical works several citations have already glistened these pages, in a subsequent collection of effusions, has versified to our purpose. He reminds us that:—

Man is not left untold, untaught,
Untrain'd by heav'n to heavenly things;
No! ev'ry fleeting hour has brought
Lessons of wisdom on its wings;
And ev'ry day bids solemn thought
Soar above earth's imaginings.

In life, in death, a voice is heard,
Speaking in heaven's own eloquence,
That calls on purposes deferr'd,
On wand'ring thought, on wild'ring sense,
And bids reflection, long interr'd,
Arouse from its indifference.

Another poem is a translation

FROM THE GERMAN.

Ach wie nichtig, ach wie flüchtig!

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is our earthly being!
'Tis a mist in wintry weather,
Gather'd in an hour together,
And as soon dispers'd in ether.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Are our days departing!
Like a deep and headlong river
Flowing onward, flowing ever—
Tarrying not and stopping never.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Are the world's enjoyments!
All the hues of change they borrow,
Bright to-day and dark to-morrow—
Mingled lot of joy and sorrow!

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is all earthly beauty!
Like a summer flow'ret flowing,
Scattered by the breezes, blowing
O'er the bed on which 'twas growing

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is the strength of mortals!
On a lion's power they pride them,
With security beside them—
Yet what overthrows betide them!

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is all earthly pleasure!
'Tis an air-suspended bubble,
Blown about in tears and trouble,
Broken soon by flying stubble.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is all earthly honour!
He who wields a monarch's thunder,
Tearing right and law asunder,
Is to-morrow trodden under.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is all mortal wisdom!
He who with poetic fiction
Sway'd and silenced contradiction,
Soon is still'd by death's infiction.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is all earthly music!
Though he sing as angels sweetly,
Play he never so discreetly,
Death will overpower him fleetly.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Are all mortal treasures!
Let him pile and pile untiring,
Time, that adds to his desiring,
Shall disperse the heap aspiring.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is the world's ambition!
Thou who sit'st upon the steepest
Height, and there securely sleepest,
Soon wilt sink, alas! the deepest.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
Is the pomp of mortals!
Clad in purple—and elated,
O'er their fellows elevated,
They shall be by death unseated.

O how cheating, O how fleeting
All—yes! all that's earthly!
Every thing is fading—flying—
Man is mortal—earth is dying—
Christian! live on Heav'n relying.

The same writer truly pictures our fearful estate, if we heed not the silent progress of "the enemy," that by proper attention we may convert into a friend.—

Time.

On! on! our moments hurry by
Like shadows of a passing cloud,
I'll general darkness wraps the sky,
And man sleeps senseless in his shroud.

He sports, he trifles time away,
Till time is his to waste no more
'Heedless he hears the surges play;
And then is dash'd upon the shore.

He has no thought of coming days,
Though they alone deserve his thought
And so the heedless wanderer strays,
And treasures nought and gathers nought.

Though wisdom speak—his ear is dull;
Though virtue smile—he sees her not;
His cup of vanity is full;
And all besides forgone—forgot.

These "memorabilia" are from a three-shilling volume, entitled "Hymns, by John Bowring," intended as a sequel to the "Matins and Vespers." Mr. Bowring does not claim that his "little book" shall supply the place of similar productions. "If it be allowed," he says, "to add any thing to the treasures of our devotional poetry; if any of its pages should be hereafter blended with the exercises of domestic and social worship; or if it shall be the companion of meditative solitude, the writer will be more than rewarded." All this gentleman's poetical works, diversified as they are, tend "to mend the heart."

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Primrose. *Primula vulgaris*.
Dedicated to *St. Flour*.

November 4.

St. Charles Borromeo, Cardinal, Abp. of Milan, A. D. 1584. *Sts. Vitalis and Agricola*, A. D. 304. *St. Joannicius*, Abbot, A. D. 845. *St. Clarus*, A. D. 894. *St. Brinstan*, Bp. of Winchester, A. D. 931.

KING WILLIAM LANDED.

So say our almanacs, directly in opposition to the fact, that king William III. did not land until the next day, the 5th: we have only to look into our annals and be assured that the almanacs are in error. Rapin says, "The fourth of November being Sunday, and the prince's birthday, now (in 1688) thirty-eight years of age, was by him dedicated to devotion; the fleet still continuing their course, in order to land at Dartmouth, or Torbay. But in the night, whether by the violence of the wind, or the negligence of the pilot, the fleet was carried beyond the desired ports without a possibility of putting back, such was the fury of the wind. But soon after, the wind turned to the south, which happily carried the fleet into Tor-

bay, the most convenient place for landing the horse of any in England. The forces were landed with such diligence and tranquillity, that the whole army was on shore before night. It was thus that the prince of Orange landed in England, without any opposition, on the 5th of November, whilst the English were celebrating the memory of their deliverance from the powder-plot about fourscore years before," &c. Hume also says, "The prince had a prosperous voyage, and landed his army safely in Torbay on the 5th of November, the anniversary of the gunpowder treason." These historians ground their statements on the authority of bishop Burnet, who was on board the fleet, and from other writers of the period, and their accuracy is provable from the public records of the kingdom, notwithstanding the almanac-makers say to the contrary. It must be admitted, however, that the fourth is kept as the anniversary of the landing of king William, a holiday at different public offices.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Strawberry-tree. *Arbutus*.
Dedicated to *St. Brinstan*.

November 5.

St. Bertille, Abbess of Chelles, A. D. 692.

Powder Plot, 1605.

This is a great day in the calendar of the church of England: it is duly noticed by the almanacs, and kept as a holiday at the public offices. In the "Common Prayer Book," there is "A Form of Prayer with Thanksgiving, to be used yearly upon the Fifth day of November; for the happy deliverance of King JAMES I., and the three Estates of England, from the most Traiterous and bloody-intended Massacre by Gunpowder: And also for the happy Arrival of His late Majesty (King WILLIAM III.) on this Day, for the Deliverance of our Church and Nation."

GUY FAWKES.

There cannot be a better representation of "Guy Fawkes," as he is borne about the metropolis, "in effigy," on the fifth of November, every year, than the drawing to this article by Mr. Cruikshank. It is not to be expected that poor boys should be well informed as to Guy's history, or be

particular about his costume. With them "Guy Fawkes-day," or, as they as often call it, "Pope-day," is a holiday, and as they reckon *their* year by their holidays, this, on account of its festivoous enjoyment, is the greatest holiday of the season. They prepare long before hand, not "Guy," but the fuel wherewith he is to be burnt, and the fireworks to fling about at the burning: "the *Guy*" is the last thing thought of, "the bonfire" the first. About this time ill is sure to betide the owner of an ill-secured fence; stakes are extracted from hedges, and branches torn from trees; crack, crack, goes loose pulling; deserted buildings yield up their floorings; unbolted flip flapping doors are released from their hinges as supernumeraries; and more burnables are deemed lawful prize than the law allows. These are secretly stored in some enclosed place, which other "collectors" cannot find, or dare not venture to invade. Then comes the making of "the Guy," which is easily done with straw, after the materials of dress are obtained: these are an old coat, waistcoat, breeches, and stockings, which usually as ill accord in their proportions and fitness, as the parts in some of the new churches. His hose and coat are frequently "a world too wide;" in such cases his legs are infinitely too big, and the coat is "hung like a loose sack about him." A barber's block for the head is "the very thing itself;" chalk and charcoal make capital eyes and brows, which are the main features, inasmuch as the chin commonly drops upon the breast, and all deficiencies are hid by "buttoning up:" a large wig is a capital achievement. Formerly an old cocked hat was the reigning fashion for a "Guy;" though the more strictly informed "dresser of the character" preferred a mock-mitre; now, however, both hat and mitre have disappeared, and a stiff paper cap painted, and knotted with paper strips, in imitation of ribbon, is its substitute; a frill and ruffles of writing-paper so far completes the figure. Yet this neither was not, nor is, a *Guy*, without a dark lantern in one hand, and a spread bunch of matches in the other. The figure thus furnished, and fastened in a chair, is carried about the streets in the manner represented in the engraving; the boys shouting forth the words of the motto with loud huzzas, and running up to passengers hat in hand, with "pray remember Guy! please to remember Guy



Guy Fawkes.

Please to remember the fifth of November
 Gunpowder treason and plot ;
 We know no reason, why gunpowder treason
 Should ever be forgot !
 Holla boys ! holla boys ! huzza—a—a !

A stick and a stake, for king George's sake,
 A stick and a stump, for Guy Fawkes's rump !
 Holla boys ! holla boys ! huzza—a—a

Scuffles seldom happen now, but "in my youthful days," "when Guy met Guy—then came the tug of war!" The partisans fought, and a decided victory ended in the capture of the "Guy" belonging to the vanquished. Sometimes desperate bands, who omitted, or were destitute of the means to make "Guys," went forth

like Froissart's knights "upon adventures." An enterprise of this sort was called "going to *smug* a Guy," that is, to steal one by "force of arms," fists, and sticks, from its rightful owners. These partisans were always successful, for they always attacked the weak.

In such times, the burning of "a good Guy" was a scene of uproar unknown to the present day. The bonfire in Lincoln's Inn Fields was of this superior order of disorder. It was made at the Great Queen-street corner, immediately opposite Newcastle-house. Fuel came all day long, in carts properly guarded against surprise: old people have remembered when upwards of two hundred cart-loads were brought to make and feed this bonfire, and more than thirty "Guys" were burnt upon gibbets between eight and twelve o'clock at night.

At the same period, the butchers in Clare-market had a bonfire in the open space of the market, next to Bear-yard, and they thrashed each other "round about the wood-fire," with the strongest sinews of slaughtered bulls. Large parties of butchers from all the markets paraded the streets, ringing peals from marrow-bones-and-cleavers, so loud as to overpower the storms of sound that came from the rocking belfries of the churches. By ten o'clock, London was so lit up by bonfires and fireworks, that from the suburbs it looked in one red heat. Many were the overthrows of horsemen and carriages, from the discharge of hand-rockets, and the pressure of moving mobs inflamed to violence by drink, and fighting their way against each other.

This fiery zeal has gradually decreased. Men no longer take part or interest in such an observance of the day, and boys carry about their "Guy" with no other sentiment or knowledge respecting him, than body-snatchers have of a newly-raised corpse, or the method of dissecting it; their only question is, how much they shall get by the operation to make merry with. They sometimes confound their confused notion of the principle with the mawkin, and for "the Guy," they say, "the Pope." Their difference is not by the way of distinction, but ignorance. "No popery," no longer ferments; the spirit is of the lees.

The day is commonly called Gunpowder treason, and has been kept as an
No. 46.

anniversary from 1605, when the plot was discovered, the night before it was to have been put in execution. The design was to blow up the king, James I., the prince of Wales, and the lords and commons assembled in parliament. One of the conspirators, being desirous of saving lord Monteagle, addressed an anonymous letter to him, ten days before the parliament met, in which was this expression, "the danger is past, so soon as you have burnt the letter." The earl of Salisbury said it was written by some fool or madman; but the king said, "so soon as you have burnt the letter," was to be interpreted, in as short a space as you shall take to burn the letter. Then, comparing the sentence with one foregoing, "that they should receive a terrible blow, this parliament, and yet should not see who hurt them," he concluded, that some sudden blow was preparing by means of gunpowder. Accordingly, all the rooms and cellars under the parliament-house were searched; but as nothing was discovered, it was resolved on the fourth of November, at midnight, the day before the parliament met, to search under the wood, in a cellar hired by Mr. Percy, a papist. Accordingly sir Thomas Knevet, going about that time, found at the door a man in a cloak and boots, whom he apprehended. This was Guy Fawkes, who passed for Percy's servant. On removing the wood, &c. they discovered thirty-six barrels of gunpowder, and on Guy Fawkes being searched, there were found upon him, a dark lantern, a tinder-box, and three matches. Instead of being dismayed, he boldly said, if he had been taken within the cellar, he would have blown up himself and them together. On his examination, he confessed the design was to blow up the king and parliament, and expressed great sorrow that it was not done, saying, it was the devil and not God that was the discoverer. The number of persons discovered to have been in the conspiracy were about thirteen; they were all Roman catholics, and their design was to restore the catholic religion in England. It appears that Guy Fawkes and his associates had assembled, and concerted the plot at the old King's-head tavern, in Leadenhall-street. Two of the conspirators were killed, in endeavouring to avoid apprehension; eight were executed. Two jesuits, Oldcorn and Garnet, also suffered death; the former for saying, "the ill success of the conspiracy did not

render it the less just;” the latter for being privy to the conspiracy and not revealing it.

A corporation notice is annually left at the house of every inhabitant in the city of London, previous to lord mayor’s day. The following (delivered in St. Bride’s) is its form :

SIR, *October the 11th, 1825.*

BY Virtue of a Precept from my LORD MAYOR, in order to prevent any Tumults and Riots that may happen on the Fifth of NOVEMBER and the next ensuing LORD MAYOR’S DAY, you are required to charge all your Servants and Lodgers, that they neither make, nor cause to be made, any SQUIBS, SERPENTS, FIRE BALLOONS, or other FIREWORKS, nor fire, fling, nor throw them out of your House, Shop, or Warehouse, or in the Streets of this City, on the Penalties contained in an Act of Parliament made in the Tenth year of the late King WILLIAM.

Note. The Act was made perpetual, and is not expired, as some ignorantly suppose.

C. PUCKERIDGE, *Beadle.*

Taylor, Printer, Basinghall Street.

On the fifth of November, a year or two ago, an outrageous sparkle of humour broke forth. A poor hard-working man, while at breakfast in his garret, was enticed from it by a message that some one who knew him wished to speak to him at the street door. When he got there he was shaken hands with, and invited to a chair. He had scarcely said “nay” before “the ayes had him,” and clapping him in the vacant seat, tied him there. They then painted his face to their liking, put a wig and paper cap on his head, fastened a dark lantern in one of his hands, and a bundle of matches in the other, and carried him about all day, with shouts of laughter and huzzas, begging for their “Guy.” When he was released at night he went home, and having slept upon his wrongs, he carried them the next morning to a police office, whether his offenders were presently brought by warrant, before the magistrates, who ordered them to find bail or stand committed. It is illegal to *smug* a man for “a Guy.”

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Angular Physalis. *Physalis Alhakengi.*
Dedicated to *St. Bertillo.*

November 6.

St. Leonard, 6th Cent. *St. Winoc*, Abbot, 8th Cent. *St. Illutus*, 6th Cent.

Michaelmas Term begins.

Now *Monsieur TERM* will come to town,
The lawyer putteth on his gown;
Revenge doth run post-swift on legs,
And’s sweet as muscadine and eggs;
And this makes many go to law
For that which is not worth a straw,
But only they their mind will have,
No reason hear, nor council crave.

Poor Robin’s Almanac, 1757.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book.*

Sir, *October, 1825.*

Presuming the object you have in view in your *Every-Day Book* is to convey useful and pleasing information with the utmost correctness, and, if possible, without contradiction, I beg leave to say, your statement in page 100, “that in each term there is one day whereon the courts do not transact business, namely, on Candlemas-day in Hilary Term, Ascension-day in Easter Term, Midsummer-day in Trinity Term, and All-Saints’-day in Michaelmas Term,” is not quite correct with respect to the two last days; for in last term (Trinity) Midsummer-day was subsequent to the last day, which was on the 22d of June. And if Midsummer-day falls on the morrow of Corpus Christi, as it did in 1614, 1698, 1709, and 1791, Trinity full Term then commences, and the courts sit on that day; otherwise, if it occurs in the term it is a *dies non*. In 1702, 1713, 1724, 1795, and 1801, when Midsummer-day fell upon what was regularly the last day of term, the courts did not then sit, regarding it as a Sunday, and the term was prolonged to the 25th. (See Blackstone’s Commentaries, vol. iii. page 278.) With respect to All-Saints’-day, (1st of November,) it does not now occur in Michaelmas Term, for by the statute 24th Geo. II. c. 48, (1752,) the Essoin day of that term is on the morrow of All-Souls, 3d of November, consequently Michaelmas Term does not actually commence before the 6th of November.

With respect to the grand days of the inns of court, I find by “The Student’s Guide to Lincoln’s Inn,” the two first days you mention are correct with respect to that society; but in Trinity Term the grand day is uncertain, unless Midsummer-day is in the term, then that is

generally the grand day. In Michaelmas Term, grand day is on the second Thursday in the term.

In page 156, you state, "It is of ancient custom on the first day of term for the judges to breakfast with the lord chancellor in *Lincoln's Inn Hall*." Till within these few years, and only on the present lord chancellor removing from Bedford-square, the judges, together with the master of the rolls and his officers, the vice-chancellor, the masters in chancery, the king's serjeants and counsel, with the different officers of the court of chancery, always assembled at the chancellor's house to breakfast, and from thence, following the chancellor in his state carriage, to Westminster. But on the removal of lord Eldon to Hamilton-place, his lordship desired to meet the gentlemen of the courts of law and equity in Lincoln's Inn Hall; and from that time, the judges, &c. have met in Lincoln's Inn. This place is better adapted to the convenience of the profession than one more distant.

The above observations, if worth notice, may be used on the first day of next term, the 6th of November; but as the 6th is on a Sunday, term will not actually begin until the 7th.

I am, sir, &c.

Lincoln's Inn, New-square. S. G.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Yew. *Taxus baccata*.
Dedicated to *St. Leonard*.

November 7.

St. Willibrord, 1st Bp. of Utrecht, A. D. 738. *St. Werenfrid*. *St. Prosdocionus*, 1st. Bp. of Padua, A. D. 103.

CHRONOLOGY.

Hats and Bonnets.

On the 7th of November, 1615, (Michaelmas Term, 13 Jac. I.) when Ann Turner, a physician's widow, was indicted at the bar of the court of king's bench, before sir Edward Coke (as an accessory before the fact) for the murder of sir Thomas Overbury, the learned judge observing she had a hat on, told her "to put it off; that a woman might be covered in a church, but not when arraigned in a

court of justice." Whereupon she said, she thought it singular that she might be covered in the house of God, and not in the judicature of man. Sir Edward told her, "that from God no secrets were hid; but that it was not so with man, whose intellects were weak; therefore, in the investigation of truth, and especially when the life of a fellow creature is put in jeopardy, on the charge of having deprived another of life, the court should see all obstacles removed; and, because the countenance is often an index to the mind, all covering should be taken away from the face." Thereupon the chief justice ordered her hat to be taken off, and she covered her hair with her handkerchief.

On Sunday, the 7th of November, 1824, being the hundredth anniversary of the death of the celebrated John Eyrle, Esq., Pope's "*Man of Ross*," the new society of ringers in that town rung a "muffled peal" on the occasion.—*Hereford Paper*.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY

Large Furercæa. *Furercæa Gigantea*.
Dedicated to *St. Willibrord*.

November 8.

The four crowned Brothers, Martyrs, A. D. 304. *St. Willehad*, Bp. A. D. 787. *St. Godfrey*, Bp. A. D. 1118.

Now the leaf

Incessant rustles from the mournful grove;
Oft startling such as studious walk below;
And slowly circles through the waving air.

As the maturing and dispersing of seeds was a striking character of the last month, so the fall of the leaf distinguishes the present. From this circumstance, the whole declining season of the year is often in common language denominated the *fall*. The melancholy sensations which attend this gradual death of vegetable nature, by which the trees are stripped of all their beauty, and left so many monuments of decay and desolation, forcibly suggest to the reflecting mind an apt comparison for the fugitive generations of man.†

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground.

* The Times, 17th November, 1824.

† Aikin's Natural History of the Year.

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. *Pope's Homer.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Cape Aletris. *Veltheimia glauca.*
 Dedicated to *The four Brothers.*

November 9.

The Dedication of the Church of St. John Laterans. St. Theodorus, surnamed Tyro, A. D. 306. St. Mathurin, A. D. 388. St. Vanne, or Vitonus, Bp. A. D. 525. St. Benignus, or Binen, Bp. A. D. 468.

Lord Mayor's Day.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,

Enclosed are official printed copies of the two precepts issued previous to lord mayor's day, for the purpose of informing the master and wardens of the respective livery companies, to whom they are directed, (as well as the aldermen of the wards through which the procession passes,) of the preparations necessary to be made on that day. These precepts are first ordered to be printed at a court of aldermen; directions accordingly are afterwards given by the town clerk, and, when printed, they are sent to the four attornies of the lord mayor's court, by whom they are filled up, afterwards they are left at the mansion-house, and lastly they are intrusted to the marshalsmen to be delivered. The larger precept is sent to the aldermen of the wards of Cheap, Cordwainer, Vintry, Farringdon within, Farringdon without, Bread-street, Cripplegate within, and Castle Baynard. The smaller precept is forwarded to the whole of the livery companies.

I am, sir, &c.

S. G. *

November 2, 1825.

Precept to the Aldermen.

By the MAYOR.

To the Aldermen of the Ward of

FORASMUCH AS WILLIAM VENABLES, Esquire, lately elected Lord Mayor of this City for the Year ensuing, is on

Wednesday the Ninth Day of November next to be accompanied by his Brethren the Aldermen, and attended by the Livery of the several Companies of this City, to go from Guildhall, exactly at Eleven o'clock in the Forenoon, to *Blackfriars Stairs*, and from thence by Water to *Westminster* there to be sworn, and at his return will land at *Blackfriars Stairs*, and pass from thence to *Fleet Bridge*, through *Ludgate Street*, *Saint Paul's Church Yard*, *Cheapside*, and down *King Street* to the Guildhall, to Dinner:

Now, for the more decent and orderly Performance of the said Solemnity, and for preventing any Tumults and Disorders which may happen by the great Concourse of People,

These are in his Majesty's Name to require you to cause the Constables within your Ward to keep a good and sufficient double Watch and Ward of able Men well weaponed on that Day, as well as at the landing Places as in the Streets through which the said Solemnities are to pass; and you are required to charge the said Constables to preserve the said Streets and Passages free and clear from all Stops and Obstructions, and not permit any Coach, Cart, or Dray to stand therein; and if any Coachman, Drayman, or Carman refuse to move out of the said Streets, that they carry such Coachman, Drayman, or Carman to one of the Compters, and such Coach, Dray, or Cart to the *Green Yard*, and take their Numbers that they may be prosecuted according to Law. And although every Person is bound by the Law to take Notice of all general Acts of Parliament, yet that there may not be the least colour or pretence of Ignorance or Inadvertency, these are also to require you to cause your Beadle to go from House to House, and acquaint the several Inhabitants, that by an Act of Parliament made in the ninth and tenth years of the Reign of King *William the Third* (which is made perpetual,) It is enacted that no Person of what degree or quality soever shall make, sell, or expose to sale, any Squibs, Serpents, or other Fireworks; or any Cases Moulds, or other Implements whatsoever

for making such Fireworks, nor shall permit any Person to cast or throw any Squibs, Serpents, or other Fireworks from out of or in their Houses, Lodgings, or Habitations, nor shall any Person whatsoever cast, throw, or fire any such Squibs, Serpents, or other Fireworks, in, out of, or into any Street, House, or Passage; every such Offence being adjudged by the said Act to be a common Nuisance, and every Offender for every such single Offence being liable to the several Penalties inflicted by the said Act.

And you are to enjoin your Constables and Watchmen carefully to observe and apprehend all such Persons as shall presume to offend against the said Act, or shall commit any Riots, Tumults, or other Disorders whatsoever, and bring them before me or some other of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace within this City, that they may be punished according to the said Act, and as the Law directs.

And that you cause Notice to be given to the Inhabitants of your Ward to adorn the Fronts and Balconies of their Houses with their best Hangings or other Ornaments, and that they cause the Streets before their respective Houses to be cleanly wept and well paved and amended, whereof the Scavengers are also to take Notice, and to be warned that they see the same duly and effectually performed. And if any Constable, Beadle, or other Officer shall be found remiss and negligent in their Duty, in not apprehending

any offending, they shall be prosecuted for such their Neglect, Default, or Remissness, according to the utmost Severity of the Law. Dated this Eleventh Day of October, 1825. WOODTHORPE.

Printed by Arthur Taylor, Printer to the Honourable City of London, Basinghall Street.

Precept to the Companies.

By the MAYOR.

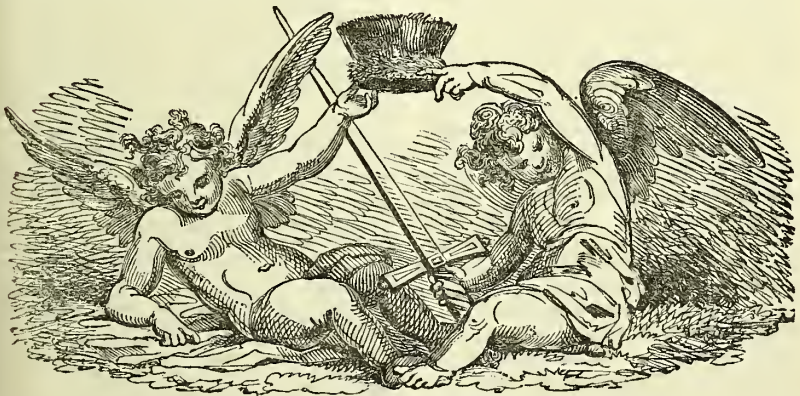
To the Master and Wardens of the Company of

WHEREAS the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor Elect and Court of Aldermen have appointed at their return from *Westminster*, on *Wednesday* the 9th day of *November* next, to land at *Blackfriars Stairs*, and pass from thence to *Fleet Street*, through *Ludgate Street*, to *St. Paul's Church Yard*, down *Cheapside* and *King-street*, to the Guildhall, to Dinner:

These are therefore to require you to be in your Barge by Eleven o'clock in the Forenoon precisely, his Lordship being resolved to be going by that time; and that as well in your going as return you will cause your Barge to go in order according to your precedency; and that such of your Company as walk in the Streets land at *Blackfriars Stairs* aforesaid; and that you be early and regular in taking and keeping your Standings. Dated the Eleventh day of *October*, 1825.

WOODTHORPE.

Printed by A. Taylor, 40, Basinghall Street.



Lord Mayor's Show.

Behold

How London *did* pour out her citizens!
The Mayor and all his brethren in best sort!

Shakespeare.

The procession of the corporation of London to Westminster on the occasion of the new lord mayor being sworn into office, is familiar to most residents in the metropolis, and the journals annually record the modern processions and festivals in the Guildhall, sufficiently to acquaint those who have not witnessed them with the nature of the proceedings. It is not purposed then, for the present, to describe what passes in our own times, but to acquaint the citizens and all who feel an interest in ancient customs, with something of the splendour attendant upon the ceremony in old times.

In 1575, "William Smythe, citizen and haberdasher of London," wrote "A breffe description of the Royall Citie of London, capital citie of this realme of England." This manuscript which is in existence sets forth as follows :

"The day of St. Simon and St. Jude, the mayor enters into his state and office. The next day he goes by water to Westminster in most triumphant-like manner, his barge being garnished with the arms of the city; and near it a ship-boat of the queen's majesty being trimmed up and rigged like a ship of war, with divers pieces of ordnance, standards, pennons, and targets of the proper arms of the said mayor, of his company, and of the merchants' adventurers, or of the staple, or of the company of the new trades; next before him goeth the barge of the livery of his own company, decked with their own proper arms; then the bachelors' barge; and so all the companies in London, in order, every one having their own proper barge, with the arms of their company. And so passing along the Thames, he landeth at Westminster, where he taketh his oath in the exchequer before the judge there; which done, he returneth by water as aforesaid, and landeth at Paul's wharf, where he, and the rest of the aldermen take their horses, and in great pomp pass through Cheapside. And first of all cometh two great standards, one having the arms of the city, and the other the arms of the mayor's company: next them two drums and a flute, then an ensign of the city, and then about lxx or lxxx poore men marching two and two, in blue gowns, with red sleeves and caps, every one bearing a pike and a target, whereon is painted the arms of all them that have been mayors of the same company that this new mayor is of. Then two banners, one of the king's arms the

other of the mayor's own proper arms. Then a set of hautboys playing, and after them certain *whiffers*,* in velvet coats and chains of gold, with white staves in their hands; then the *Pageant of Triumph* richly decked, whereupon by certain figures and writings, some matter touching justice and the office of a magistrate is represented. Then sixteen trumpeters, eight and eight, having banners of the mayor's company. Then certain *whiffers* in velvet coats and chains, with white staves as before. Then the bachelors, two and two, in long gowns, with crimson hoods on their shoulders of satin; which bachelors are chosen every year of the same company, that the mayor is of, (but not of the living) and serve as gentlemen on that and other festival days, to wait on the mayor, being in number according to the quantity of the company, sometimes sixty, or one hundred. After them twelve trumpeters more, with banners of the mayor's company; then the drum and flute of the city, and an ensign of the mayor's company; and after, the waits of the city in blue gowns, red sleeves and caps, every one having a silver collar about his neck. Then they of the livery in their long gowns, every one having his hood on his left shoulder, half-black and half-red, the number of them according to the greatness of the company whereof they are. After them follow sheriff's-officers, and then the mayor's officers, with other officers of the

* *Whiffler*, Mr. Douce says, in his "*Illustrations of Shakspeare*," is a term undoubtedly borrowed from *whiffie*, another name for a fife or small flute; for whiffers were originally those who preceded armies or processions, as fifers or pipers: in process of time the term *whiffler*, which had been always used in the sense of a *fifer*, came to signify any person who went before in a procession. He observes, that Minshew defines him to be a club or staff-bearer, and that it appears, *whiffers* carried white staves, as in the annual feast of the printers, founders, and ink-makers, described by Randle Holme.

Mr. Archdeacon Nares, in his *Glossary*, cites Grose's mention of the *whiffers* at Norwich, who make way for the corporation by flourishing their swords.

A friend informs me, that the dexterity of the Norwich *whiffers* in turning their swords to every possible direction is amazing.

Mr. Archdeacon Nares remarks, that in the city of London, young freemen, who march at the head of their proper companies on the lord Mayor's day, sometimes with flags, were called *whiffers*, or *bachelor whiffers*, not because they cleared the way, but because they went first as *whiffers* did; and he quotes a character in the old play of the *City Match*, saying, "I look'd the next lord mayor's day to see you o' the livery, or one of the bachelor *whiffers*."

Done on Mysteries

city, as the common serjeant, and the chamberlain; next before the mayor goeth the sword-bearer, having on his head the cap of honour, and the sword of the city in his right hand, in a rich scabbard, set with pearl, and on his left hand goeth the common crier of the city, with his great mace on his shoulder all gilt. The mayor hath on a long gown of scarlet, and on his left shoulder a hood of black velvet, and a rich collar of gold or SS. about his neck, and with him rideth the old mayor also, in his scarlet gown, hood of velvet, and a chain of gold about his neck. Then all the aldermen, two and two, (among whom is the recorder,) all in scarlet gowns; those that have been mayors have chains of gold, the others have black velvet tippets. The two sheriffs come last of all, in their black scarlet gowns and chains of gold. In this order they pass along through the city to the Guildhall, where they dine that day, to the number of one thousand persons, all at the charge of the mayor and the two sheriffs. This feast costeth 400*l.*, whereof the mayor payeth 200*l.* and each of the sheriffs 100*l.* Immediately after dinner, they go to St. Paul's church, every one of the aforesaid poor men bearing staff, torches, and targets, which torches are lighted when it is late, before they come from evening prayer."* In more ancient times, the procession to and from Westminster was by land; until in 1453, sir John Norman built a sumptuous barge at his own expense, for the purpose of going by water, whereupon watermen made a song in his praise, beginning, "*Row thy boat, Norman.*" The twelve companies emulating their chief have, from that period, graced the Thames on lord mayor's day.

The first account of this annual exhibition known to have been published, was written by George Peele, for the inauguration of sir Wolstone Dixie, knight, on the 29th of October, 1585. On that occasion, as was customary to the times, there were dramatic representations in the procession—of an allegorical character. Children were dressed to personify the city, magnanimity, loyalty, science, the country, and the river Thames. They also represented a soldier, a sailor, and nymphs, with appropriate speeches. The show opened with a moor on the back of a lynx. On sir Thomas Middleton's

mayoralty, in 1613, the solemnity is described as unparalleled for the cost, art, and magnificence of the shows, pageants, chariots, morning, noon, and night triumphs. In 1655, the city pageants, after a discontinuance of about fourteen years, were revived. Edmund Gayton, the author of the description for that year, says, that "our metropolis for these planetary pageants, was as famous and renowned in foreign nations, as for their faith, wealth, and valour." In the show of 1659, an European, an Egyptian, and a Persian, were personated. On lord mayor's day, 1671, the king, queen, and duke of York, and most of the nobility being present, there were "sundry shows, shapes, scenes, speeches and songs, in parts;" and the like, in 1672, and 1673, when the king again "graced the triumphs." The king, queen, duke and duchess of York, prince Rupert, the duke of Monmouth, foreign ambassadors, the chief nobility, and secretary of state, were at the celebration of lord mayor's day, in 1674, when there were "emblematical figures, artful pieces of architecture, and rural dancing, with pieces spoken on each pageant."

The printed description of these processions are usually entitled "*Triumphs,*" though they are more commonly called "*The London Pageants,*" all of them are scarce, and some of such extreme rarity, as to bear a price at the rate of two and three guineas a leaf. The description of sir Patience Ward's show, on the 29th of October, 1680, composed by Thomas Jordan, is an interesting specimen of the setting out and pageantry of this procession. The lord mayor being of the livery of the merchant-tailors' company, at seven o'clock in the morning, liverymen of the first rank, appointed to conduct the business of the day, assembled at merchant-tailors' hall, to meet the masters, wardens, and assistants, in their gowns, faced with *foyns*, (the skin of the martin.) In the second rank, others in gowns faced with *budge*, (lambs'-skin, with the wool dressed outwards,) and livery-hoods. In the third rank, a number of *foyns*-bachelors, and forty *budge*-bachelors, both attired in scarlet hoods and gowns. Sixty gentlemen-ushers, in velvet coats and chains of gold, bearing white staves. Thirty more in plush and buff, bearing colours and banners. Thirty-six of the king's trumpeters, with silver trumpets, headed by the serjeant-trumpeter, he wearing two scarfs, one the lord mayor's, and the other

* Dr. Drake's Shakespeare and his Times, vol. ii.

the company's colours. The king's drum-major followed by four of the king's drums and fifes. Seven other drums and two fifes, wearing vests of buff, with black breeches and waste scarfs. Two city marshals on horseback, with attendants. The foot-marshal, with a rich broad shoulder-scarf, to put them in rank and file, attended by six others. The fence-master, with attendants, bearing bright broadswords drawn. Poor pensioners, with gowns and caps, bearing standards and banners. A troop of poor persons, in azure gowns and caps. One hundred more with javelins and targets, bearing the arms of their benefactors. Being all assembled, they are by the foot-marshal's judgment, arranged into six divisions, ranked out by two and two. *The first division* contains the ensigns of the company, followed by the poor company of pensioners. Four drums and one fife. Pensioners in coats as before described. Persons of worth, each bearing a standard or banner. Four trumpets. Two merchant-tailors' ensigns, bearing their supporters and crest, Six gentlemen-ushers. The budge-bachelors, marching in measured order. *Second division.* Six trumpets. Two gentlemen, bearing the coats of arms of the city, and the merchant-tailors' company. Eight gentlemen, wearing gold chains. The foyns-bachelors. *Third division.* Two gentlemen in velvet coats with banners. Ten gentlemen-ushers in coats and chains of gold, as before described. A large body of the livery in their gowns and livery-hoods, followed by "all lord mayors in the *potential mood.*" In their rear divers of the city trumpets. Two gentlemen bearing the arms of the city and the lord mayor. Gentlemen-ushers. The court of assistants. Four drums. Six trumpets. Three gallants, bearing the banners of the diadem. The king's, queen's, and city's ensigns, attended by six gentlemen as pages. The masters and wardens of the merchant-tailors' company. Thus formed, they march from merchant-tailors' hall to the lord mayor's house, where his lordship and the aldermen take horse, according to their degree, and the whole body proceed in state to Guildhall. Being met at the gate by the old lord mayor, and there attired with the gown, fur hood, and scarf, and guarded by knights, esquires, and gentlemen, they all march through King-street down to Three-Crane-wharf, where the lord mayor and aldermen, discharging

some of the attendants, take barge at the west-end of the wharf; the court of assistants' livery, and the best of the gentlemen-ushers taking barge at the east-end. The rest of the ushers, with the foyns and the budge-bachelors, remain ashore, with others, to await the return of his lordship, who proceeds with several city companies by water, and is rowed all along by the Strand to Westminster, a pleasure boat with great guns aboard saluting him on the way. At New Palace Stairs they disembark, and making a lane to the hall, the lord mayor passes along to take the oath and go through the usual ceremonies. These being completed, he makes a liberal donation to the poor of Westminster, reembarks with all his retinue, and being rowed back to Blackfriars Stairs, he lands there under beat of drum and a salute of three volleys from the artillery company in their martial ornaments, some in buff, with head-pieces, many being of massy silver. From Blackfriars they march before the lord mayor and aldermen through Cheapside to Guildhall. The pensioners and banners who went not to Westminster, being set in order to march, the foot-marshal in the rear of the artillery company, leads the way along by the channel up Ludgate-hill, through Ludgate, into St. Paul's Churchyard, and so into Cheapside, where his lordship is entertained by the *first pageant*, consisting of a large stage, with the coat armour of the merchant-tailors' company, eminently erected, consisting of a large tent royal, gules, fringed and richly garnished, *or*, lined, faced, and doubled, *ermine*. This stage is winged or flanked by two other stages, bearing two excellent figures of lively carved camels, the supporters to the company's coat. On the back of one camel, a black native Indian, in a golden robe, a purple mantle fringed with gold, pearl pendants in his ears, coronet of gold with feathers, and golden buskins laced with scarlet ribbon, holds a golden bridle in his left, and a banner of the company, representing *Treasure* in his right hand. On the other camel, a West Indian, in a robe of silver, scarlet mantle, diamonds pendant from his ears, buskins of silver, laced with purple ribbons, a golden crown feathered, holds a silver bridle in his left, and a banner of the lord mayor, representing *Traffic*, in his right hand. On one of the camel stages four figures sit on pedestals, one at each corner, represent-

ing *Diligence, Industry, Ingenuity, and Success*; on the other camel-stage, in like manner, *Mediocrity, Amity, Verity, Variety*, all richly habited in silk or sarcenet, bear splendid emblems and banners. The royal tent, or imperial pavilion, between these two stages, is supported on one side by a minister of state representing *Royalty*, and on the other side by another representing *Loyalty*; each in rich robes of honor *gules*, wearing on their left arms shields *azure*, with this motto in gold, *For the king and kingdom*, one bearing a banner of the king's, and the other one of the city's banners. On a high and eminent seat of throne-like ascension is seated *Sovereignty*, in royal posture and alone, with black curled hair, wearing an imperial crown, a robe of purple velvet, lined, faced, and caped with ermine, a collar of SS with a George pendant; bearing in one hand a golden globe, in the other a royal sceptre. On a seat beneath, are *Principality, Nobility*, and *Honour*, all richly habited. On the next seat, gradually descending beneath, are, 1. *Gentility*, shaped like a scholar and soldier, holding in one hand, clad with a golden gauntlet, a silver spear, in the other a book; 2. *Integrity*, wearing an earl's coronet for the court, a loose robe of scarlet-coloured silk for the city, underneath a close coat of grass-green plush for the county; 3. *Commonalty*, as a knight of the shire in parliamentary robes. On the lowest seat, an *ancient English Hero*, with brown curling hair, in ancient armour, as worn by chief commanders, the coat of mail richly gilt, crimson and velvet scarf fringed with gold, a quiver of arrows in a gold belt on one side, a sword at the other, buskins laced with silver and gold, a silver helmet with red and white plume, in one hand a large long bow, and a spear in the other. This personage, representing *sir John Hawkwood*, a merchant-tailor of martial renown under Edward III., when he conquered France, as soon as he perceives the lord mayor prepared, with attention riseth up, and with a martial bow exhibiteth a speech in verse of thirty-seven lines, in compliment to the merchant-tailors and the lord mayor. His lordship testifying his approbation, rideth with all his brethren through the throng of spectators, till at Milk-street end, he is intercepted by the *second pageant*, which is a chariot of ovation, or peaceful triumph, adorned with delightful

pieces of curious painting, and drawn by a golden lion and a lamb. On the lion is mounted a young negro prince, richly habited, according to the royal mode in India, holding a golden bridle, and in the other hand St. George's banner, representing *Power*. On the lamb is mounted a white beautiful seraphim-like creature, with long bright flaxen curled hair, and on it a golden coronet of cherubims' heads and wings, a carnation sarcenet robe, with a silver mantle and wings of gold, silver, purple, and scarlet, reining the lamb by a silver bridle in his left hand, and with his right bearing an angelical staff, charged with a red cross, representing *Clemency*. In the chariot sitteth seven persons, 1. *Concordia*. 2. *Unanimia*. 3. *Pacifica*. 4. *Consentantia*. 5. *Melodea*. 6. *Benevolentia*, (whose habits, and those of other characters already and hereafter mentioned, are not described here for want of room) and 7. "*Harmonia*, a lady of great gravity, with masculine aspect, wearing a lovely dark brown peruke, curiously curled, on which is planted a crown imperial; she wears a robe of French green velvet, pleasantly embroidered with gold, a crimson coloured silk and silver mantle, and sitting majestically alone in front, upon the approach and fixation of my lord mayor, improves the opportunity, riseth up, and delivereth an oration." This consists of forty-four lines in verse, wherein she acquaints his lordship that the other characters are her attributes, recommends unity, because division is the policy of the pope and the jesuits, expresses her belief that if the lion and the lamb fall out, she should run to ruin, descants upon magistrature-like virtues, and in the end tells his lordship,—

You have done all things fair, no action foul;
Your sherevalry gave relish of good rule,
Nor need they doubt your mayoralty, therefore,

Begging your pardon, I shall say no more.

This speech being concluded, his lordship exhibiting a gracious aspect of favourable acceptance, advanceth further towards Guildhall, but is civilly obstructed by another scene, and in regard, his lordship is a merchant, and his company merchant-tailors, the *Third Triumphal Scene, or Pageant*, is a ship called the *Patience*, with masts and sails, fully rigged and manned, the *captain* whereof addresseth to my lord a speech beginning,—

What cheer, my lord? I am return'd from
 sea,
 To amplify your day of Jubilee,
 In this tried vessel, &c.

His lordship having surveyed the ship, and the trumpets sounding, he continueth his determined course toward Guildhall, but by the way is once more obstructed by another scene, called the *Palace of Pleasure*, which is a triumphal ionic arch of excellent structure, where, in distinct and perspicuous situations, sitteth nine beautiful and pleasant ladies, whose

Of all the professions that ever were nam'd
 The Taylers though slighted, is much to be fam'd :
 For various invention and antiquity,
 No trade with the *Taylers* compared may be :
 For warmth and distinction and fashion he doth
 Provide for both sexes with silk, stuff, and cloth :
 Theu do not disdain him or slight him, or flout him,
 Since (if well consider'd) you can't live without him.
 But let all due praises (that can be) be made
 To honour and dignifie the *Taylers* trade.

When Adam and Eve out of Eden were hurl'd,
 They were at that time king and queen of the world :
 Yet this royal couple were forced to play
 The *Taylers*, and put themselves in green array ;
 For modesty and for necessity's sake
 They had figs for the belly, and leaves for the back
 And afterward clothing of sheep-skins they made
 Then judge if a *Tayler* was not the first trade,
 The oldest profession; and they are but railers,
 Who scoff and deride men that be *Merchant-Taylers*.

This song, containing five more verses, being ended, the foot-marshal places the assistants, livery, and the companies on both sides of King's-street, and the pensioners with their targets hung on the tops of the javelins; in the rear of them the ensign-bearers; drums and fifes in front; he then hastens the foins and budge-bachelors, together with the gentlemen ushers, to Guildhall, where his lordship is again saluted by the artillerymen with three volleys more, which concludes their duty. His land attendants pass through the gallery or lane so made into Guildhall; after which the company repairs to dinner in the hall, and the several silk-works and triumphs are likewise conveyed into Blackwell-hall; and the officers aforesaid, and the children that sit in the pageants, there refresh themselves until his lordship hath dined. At the dinner in Guildhall, his lordship and the guests being all seated, the city music begin to touch their instruments with very artful fingers. Their ears being

as well feasted as their palates, and a concert lesson or two succeeding, "a sober person with a good voice, grave humour, and audible utterance, proper to the condition of the times," sings a song called *The Protestants' Exhortation*, the burden whereof is, *Love one another*, and the subject against the catholics. The song being ended, the musicians play divers new airs, which having done, three or four "habit themselves according to the humour of the song," and one of them chanteth forth *The Plotting Papist's Litany*, in ten stanzas, the first of which ends with

Joyn'tly then wee 'l agree,
 To sing a Litany,
 And let the burden be,
Ora pro nobis.

In the year 1688, the second mayoralty of sir Thomas Pilkington, who being of the skinner's company, a pageant in honour of their occupation, consisted of "a spacious wilderness, haunted and

inhabited with all manner of wild beasts and birds of various shapes and colours, even to beasts of prey, as wolves, bears, panthers, leopards, sables, and beavers; likewise dogs, cats, foxes, and rabbits, which tossed up now and then into a balcony fell oft upon the *company's* heads, and by them tossed again into the crowd, afforded great diversion; melodious harmony likewise allayed the fury of the wild beasts, who were continually moving, dancing, curvetting, and tumbling to the music."

On the alteration of the style, the swearing in of the lord mayor and the accompanying show, which had been on the 29th of October, was changed to the 9th of November. The speeches in the pageants were usually composed by the city poet, an officer of the corporation, with an annual salary, who provided a printed description for the members of the corporation before the day. Settle, the last city poet, wrote the last pamphlet intended to describe a lord mayor's show; it was for sir Charles Duncombe's, in 1708, but the prince of Denmark's death the day before, prevented the exhibition. The last lord mayor who rode on horseback at his mayoralty was sir Gilbert Heathcote in the reign of queen Anne.

It will be remarked after this perusal, that the modern exhibitions have no pretension to vie with the grandeur of the old "London triumphs." In 1760, the court of common council recommended pageants to be exhibited for the entertainment of their majesties on lord mayor's day. Such revivals are inexpedient, yet probably some means might be devised for improving the appearance of the present procession, without further expenditure from the city funds, or interfering with the public appropriation of the allowance for the support of the civic dignity. All that remains of the lord mayor's show, to remind the curiously informed of its ancient character, is in the first part of the procession, wherein the poor men of the company to which the lord mayor belongs, or persons hired to represent them, are habited in long gowns and close caps of the company's colour, and bear painted shields on their arms, but without javelins. So many of these head the show, as there are years in the lord mayor's age. Their obsolete costume and hobbling walk are sport for the unseated, who, from imperfect tradi-

tion, year after year, are accustomed to call them "old bachelors"—tongues less polite call them "*old fogeys.*" The numerous band of gentlemen-ushers in velvet coats, wearing chains of gold and bearing white staves, is reduced to half-a-dozen full-dressed footmen, carrying umbrellas in their hands. The antiquarian reminiscences occasioned by the throwing o substances that stone-eaters alone would covet, from the tops of the houses, can arise no more; and even the giants in Guildhall are elevated upon octagon stone columns, to watch and ward the great west window, in no other than a gigantic capacity: their proper situation they were displaced from some few years ago, owing, it is presumed, to lack of information in the civic authorities, that figures of giants anciently belonged to Guildhall, and that their *corporate* station was at the Guildhall door. In their present station, they are as much out of place as a church weathercock would be if it were removed from the steeple, and put on the sounding board of the pulpit.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,

It is not often that men, now-a-days, send copies of verses to their wives, but I think the editor of the *Every-Day Book* who is fond of the times gone by, is still old fashioned enough not to condemn the practice. The following lines, which have not appeared in print, are much at your service. My best wishes attend the complete success of your useful and instructive undertaking.

I remain,

Your constant reader,

II.

Norfolk, Oct. 19, 1825.

To Mrs. ——— on my Birth-day.

My Betsy lo! the year's gone round,
We see this day once more,
November's leaves bespread the ground,
And I am forty-four.

I look me back to boyhood's days,
When I was wont to pore
O'er grammar, 'neath a master's gaze,
Nor thought of forty-four.

The mathematics I began,
Twice two I said was four,
What more know I, tho' time has ran,
And made me forty-four.

Df French and crabbed Latin too
I laid in little store,
Yet both are pleasing to my view,
Now I am forty-four.

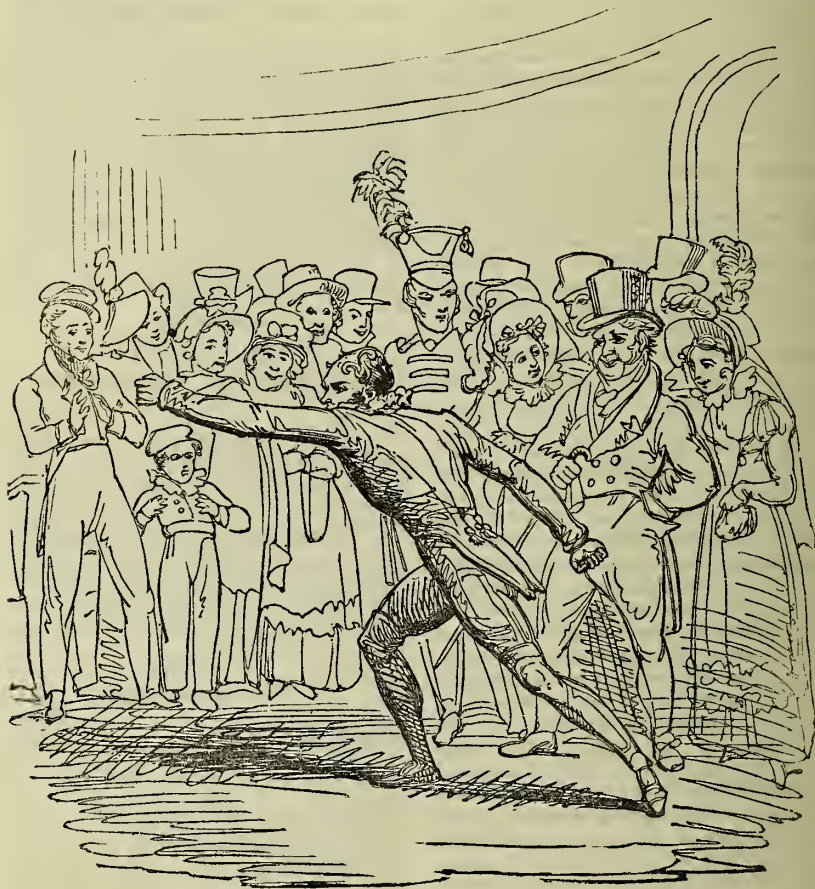
Thus time makes pleasant in his round
What once to us was sore,
This truth full often have I found,
Ere I was forty-four.

One nymph to crown our nuptial bliss,
See dancing on the floor,

May all our days be blest as this
On which I am forty-four.

Tho' small my girl, our share, our wealth,
On wolf, we bar the door;
If Providence but sends me health,
I'm blest at forty-four.

For thee, my love, long life I ask,
That blessing sent of yore,
When men like *boys* conn'd o'er a task
At ten times forty-four.



The Aerial, or The Great Unknown,

AT VAUXHALL.

“The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And this is of them.”

This personage has obtained himself to be sketched and lithographed. It is a true portraiture of his dress and form, but not of his face. By way of denoting his pretension to "deathless notoriety," it has these few expressive words beneath it; namely,—“Without equal in nature or art, this or in any other age or globe.” Afterwards follows this intimation, “Published as the act directs, by Mr. Leeming, London, October, 1825.” In vain did he solicit the printers to sell the prints for five shillings each. Although he had coupled it with written intimation that he is “the *Ærial* invaluable,” and that after his decease will be inscribed on his tomb, “If this was not a *gentleman*, he would not have been buried in christian burial,” yet the publishers were impenetrable to his “assurance,” and therefore before and after, and on Guy Fawke’s day, a man was employed to walk the streets with a board bearing a couple of the impressions pasted thereon, the said man bearing also unpasted ones, “to all who choose to buy them” at one shilling each.

The first public intimation of this “phenomenon,” is in the *Times* of Saturday, July 2, 1825 :—“An individual in a splendid dress of Spanish costume has excited much attention at Vauxhall gardens. Having walked or rather skipped round the promenade, with a great air of consequence, saluting the company as he passed along, he at length mingled amongst the audience in the front of the orchestra, and distributed a number of cards, on each of which was written, ‘The *Ærial* challenges the whole world to find a man that can in any way compete with him as such.’ After having served about three or four hundred of these challenges, he darted off like lightning, taking the whole circuit of the gardens in his career, and made his exit through the grand entrance into the road where a carriage was in waiting for him, into which he sprang, and was driven off.”

Postponing a few particulars of this visitation of Vauxhall by “*The Ærial*” for a minute or two, we proceed to state that he declares himself “an Adonis;” that to glad the eyes of artists with a view of his uncommon person, he condescended to leave the good town of Manchester by the common stage coach, and that assuming the disguise of common dress, like Apollo in “*Midas*” after expulsion from the celestials, he arrived in London on the day of June Dull as he found this me-

ropolis to personal merit, yet, to his “Agreeable Surprise,” there were some who said in the language of *Lingo* :—

“Such beauties in view I
Can never praise too high.”

Sculptors and painters of eminence to whom he proffered disclosure of his elegant person were honoured by visits from him. He represents some interviews to this effect. Sir Thomas Lawrence, the president of the royal academy, gazed upon him, and inquired what “he considered the essential principle of man?” the *Ærial* immediately answered “the thigh.” Sir Thomas insensible to the mundane charms before him, observed that he thought the beauties of the mind should be preferred to those of the body, and therefore suggested the propriety of his cultivating mental beauty. This was an indignity, for it was opposed to the theory maintained by the *Ærial*, that mental beauty results from personal beauty. Mr. Haydon was not quite so shocking; he admitted to, and to the cost of the *Ærial*, as will hereafter appear, that he had “a beautiful leg.” His oral development of his sylph-like perfections to Mr. Chantry, induced that gentleman to decline prolongation of the interview, and to say he should at once call himself *Ærial*, and from that moment he did. Mr. Behnes told him that he was “no conjuror,” and that every body laughed at him. The *Ærial* was not to be so subdued, nor by such means humbled. He deemed them to be the sayings of envy. His organ of self-esteem attained a new swell, and in harmonious strength he rose like Antæus from the dust, a giant refreshed.

He conceives that he is the most beautiful person in the world, and hence besides calling himself “the *Ærial*,” the “New Discovery,” and “the Great Unknown,” he adds “the Paragon of Perfection,” “the Phœnix,” “the God of Beauty,” and “the Grand Arcana of Nature. Some one intimated that arcanum would be correct; he said, he did not choose to *hum*, and he was “not to be *hummed*.” It was hinted that he might assume the name of Apollo; he turned from the speaker with contempt—“Apollo is nothing compared with me; there is no figure to compete with me in any respect, except the Achilles in the park, which may be somewhat like me in the under part of the foot upon the ground,

but upon that it is impossible to determine with accuracy, unless the figure flew from the pedestal."

He relates, that he visited Dr. Thornton, who lectures at the Marlborough rooms, in Great Marlborough-street, on "craniology, botany, chemistry, astronomy, vision, hearing, the circulation of the blood, digestion, and the beneficial effects produced by the different gases in the cure of diseases." He inquired of this gentleman whether he thought "an exhibition of something never before seen under the sun, and which, when seen, people would fall down and worship, would be likely to *take*?" The doctor inquired what the "something" was; the Ærial answered by inquiring which of all the exhibitions was likely to be the most successful; the doctor answered, "the panorama of London in the Regent's-park when it opens." "But what do you think an infinitely more attractive exhibition will produce." "It is impossible to say—perhaps 20,000*l.* a year; but what is yours?"—"You shall see—but not now—to-morrow." On the morrow the Ærial came with a small bundle; and having obtained permission to retire therewith, alone to a room, promised to return in a few minutes, and cheer the sight of the doctor and his family with a more astonishing production of nature than the doctor or all mankind born before him had seen, or after ages could see. During his absence, the doctor's household were on tiptoe expectation till the long-looked-at door opened, when the Ærial entered in a close-fitting dress, and walking to the middle of the room, threw out his chest and left arm, and projecting his right arm behind, cried, "Behold!"

Determined on an immediate public exhibition, the Ærial conceived the idea of a new joint stock company, "capital one million;" for which "good and valuable consideration, he proposed to put himself at the disposition of the company "so soon as the subscription was filled up." To certain observations of the chancellor against the "new companies," the Ærial attributed a general indifference to personal overtures that he made to several individuals, with a view to arrangements for bringing him "into the market." He resolved to speculate on his own account; the first thing to be obtained was a "grand room;" but the proprietor of the "Egyptian-hall" was deaf to the voice of the charmer, and

every room in London was denied to him, except on degrading conditions which people "without souls" are accustomed to require on such applications. Could he have obtained *one* friend to have gone shares with him, the *summum bonum* might have been obtained. If only *one* monied man would have advanced with capital, the Ærial would have advanced in person. It was to have been an exhibition by candlelight, for candlelight he said was indispensable to produce "extreme height," and render him in common eyes "a giant." This effect of exhibition by candlelight would be, he said, a "new discovery;" and therefore he added to himself the title of the "New Discovery." He is five feet one inch and a quarter high. Some one unthinkingly conversing in his presence, stated him to be five feet one inch and a *half*; the Ærial corrected the inaccuracy with severity. "A *quarter*, sir," he said; "five feet one and a *quarter*, sir; mine is the *perfect* height; a *quarter* of an inch more would be higher, a *quarter* of an inch less would be lower than the standard of perfection!"

Acquiring experience from disappointment, and deeming that the wonder of his person might be as insupportable as "excess of light," the Ærial purposed to let himself in upon the public by degrees. At his chambers in Thavies-inn, he procured the attendance of a person to mould that limb, which Mr. Haydon, from inability to duly appreciate the rest of his body, had denominated "a beautiful leg." The operation was so tedious, that the mould was not completed till eleven o'clock in the evening. It was then carried away for the purpose of being cast, but the Ærial suspected "all was not right," and "convinced," he says, "that the artist was sitting up to surreptitiously take a thousand casts from it, in the course of the night, and sell them all over the country," he jumped into a hackney, between one and two in the morning, and caused the coachman to drive him "as fast as the horses could go," to the artist's house. The coachman, then he, the door-knocker seized, and there both kept "lowd rub a dub tabering, with frapping rip rap." The drowsy servant roused from slumber, "creeping like snail, unwillingly" opened the street door; the Ærial called out "where's my leg! I'm come for my leg!" and, seizing "the candle," rushed to the workroom, which to his astonishment was

in darkness till illumined by his presence, and the light he bore in his hand. On seeing the mould of his leg in the basket just as it had been brought, he seized and bore it off to his own home, and after this achievement slept in peace. In the morning he carried it himself to another place, and having had a cast taken from it in his own presence, conveyed both away, and meditated how "all might see, and having seen, admire." Finally, he deposited the cast with Mr. Cottrell, at his "last and boot-tree manufactory," No. 125, (near Leather-lane,) Holborn, upon a promise that it should be exhibited in the shop window without note or comment: "it will speak for itself," he said. He frequently made kind inquiries as to this portional representation of himself, till he was informed, that "two hundred pounds had been bid for it:" this was not enough. On a subsequent interview, he was acquainted that "another person said he was willing to give three hundred for it." This undervaluation was decisive. "Such people," he said, "shall not have a part of my person: give me my leg; plenty now will desire an entire cast of me: I will submit to it for the sake of the world for a thousand pounds; no less: here is my address, let any one who desires it come to me." He once more resumed the actual possession of the cast, but no one came, and he pondered in vain to account for the motives of "the world." At length, by accident, he let the cast fall and broke it; this he entirely destroyed. He next sought how to dispose of the mould without disgrace to it, or to himself. Sudden and quick in purpose, he resolved to bury it in the ocean. The mail carried him to Dover, and from on board a steam-vessel, when midway between England and France, he let it down to the bed of the sea, as to the bed of honour, and "left it alone in its glory."

After this funeral excursion, which had extended to Calais, he was, on Monday, the 29th of August, at the public office, Marlborough-street. The newspapers state the circumstance to this effect:—"A young man, smart and flippant withal, was introduced to Mr. Conant, the presiding magistrate. Whether the individual thought with Burke, that 'mystery was an attribute of the sublime,' we know not—but this we know, he at first attempted to hide his merits under the humble appellative of Joseph Thompson; but subsequently owned a lawful right to

the name of Joseph Leeming;—whether to an immoderate love of the grape, or malt, was to be attributed the inclination of Joseph Leeming matters not, a serious charge of drunkenness, and its almost certain offspring, a riotous comportment in his majesty's highway, was made against him. When it was demanded what part of the metropolis was dignified by the sojourn of Joseph, he replied, No. 20, Newman-street, where he had tarried about a week. Indeed, Joseph, by his own avowal, is of the swallow nature—one of those roving sons of fortune who filip the world aside, and cock their hat at fate. With this disposition he seldom remains more than a week anywhere,—perhaps he thinks with Virgil, that 'in no fixed place the happy souls reside,' and therefore puts his happiness in quick migration. He had come direct from Calais. 'And pray, sir,' said the magistrate, 'what was your business at Calais?'—'My *business*?' retorted Joseph Leeming, '*business*, indeed!'—'Well, sir,' replied the magistrate, making due acknowledgment for having imagined that Joseph Leeming could have any business, 'what was your *pleasure*?' but our hero was not to be catechised in this manner, yet feeling that his dependence on his powers were gradually relaxing, he sent for an artist to astonish the world by a publication of that fame which the modesty of Joseph Leeming kept concealed. The messenger said the artist was not at home, but he learned from a man at the house, that Joseph Leeming was, what no one could have discovered, namely, a conjuror; and then came the grand discovery which we have now to relate. England is now the museum of the world; she has balloons, fighting-dogs, fighting-men, giantesses, and gripping churchmen. Mr. Leeming, with a laudable spirit to improve the number of these curiosities, and to distend the jaws of public wonderment somewhat wider, had hit upon a plan by which he might fly through the air and wage an equal battle with rooks and magpies. He had purposed, by the aid of a pair of patent wings, (to be had only of the inventor,) to fly from one of the Dover cliffs down into the town of Calais, or, upon extraordinary occasions, to light upon Paris gates, thereby saving a world of trouble resulting from passports and gendarmerie. However, nothing is more uncertain than the resolve of genius, Mr.

Leeming had lately examined the cliffs of Dover, and whether, as he surveyed the shores of France from chalky England, he thought a trip to the 'land of the Gaul' was too venturesome for a goose we know not; but the feat was relinquished, and the good people of Dover and Calais were denied the pleasure of beholding an aerial race between Mr. Leeming and a sea-gull for the point of destination. After this introduction of Mr. Leeming, in his national greatness, to Mr. Conant, his worship recurred to the original subject, and asked Mr. Leeming if he had his 'wings' about him. Mr. Leeming said it was a question he should not answer. 'Because if you have,' said Mr. Conant, 'you may fly out of the office as soon as you please, after you have paid five shillings for being drunk.' Mr. Leeming paid the five shillings; and so much had the adventure awakened curiosity to the suggested voyage, that the spectators could not divest themselves of the hope of seeing Mr. Leeming fly from the step of the office-door to a neighbouring chimney-pot; in this, however, they were deceived, as he preferred walking out."

Whether Mr. Leeming proposed "to fly" from Dover cliffs or not is of little consequence, but a person at Dover who meditated and perhaps achieved the experiment, deemed it inexpedient to be considered the Aerial of Marlborough-street, and by public announcement, disclaimed the identity. His appearance at that police office was after his return from Calais. He was on his way home to Newman-street, in "tipsy dance," when in the imperative mood, he inquired his way of a watchman, who, preferring the *suaviter in modo*, lodged him in the house appointed for the reception of many who indulge too freely in "life in London." The constable inquired "who are you?" "If you cannot perceive I am a great man with a mere look," said the Aerial, "I shall not tell you: I will have you all punished." The result as we have seen, was the proceedings before Mr. Conant.

For the visit to Vauxhall mentioned in *The Times*, he made due preparation. His dress was a close jacket of blue and silver; theatrical "trunks," or short breeches, reaching to within two or three inches above the knee; white silk stockings of twenty shillings the pair; blue kid shoes; a double frill or ruff, edged with lace round the neck; and wristbands trimmed with lace. His entrance into the gardens

without a hat, surprised and astonished the waiters, who ran across to each other inquiring "who is he?" They imagined him a distinguished foreigner, but as he walked the gardens unrecognised their curiosity ceased. During the performances he was little noticed, for being uncovered, the company presumed he was some performer awaiting his turn to exhibit; but when the amusements had ceased, one or two visitors begged to know whom they had the honour of addressing. He answered, "you'll find out by and bye." Inquiries becoming troublesome, and a crowd of gazers pressing on, he suddenly broke through, and sustained the character of Aerial, by a "light fantastic toe" sort of flight, from one part of the ground to another, till having arrived at the saloon and rotunda escape was impossible. From a private pocket he handed the printed card copied in *The Times* paragraph, with another inscribed, "THE NEW DISCOVERY challenges the whole World, and artists individually, to find a man, or even design, that can in any way, in form or shape, be compared to him." The distribution of three or four hundred of these challenges were, in general, satisfactory answers; and when he intimated an inclination to walk, a passage was made, through which he passed with the most dignified deportment he could assume, while the company followed huzzaing. A gentleman required a ring for him; it was instantly complied with, and the Aerial put himself into various positions, with the intent of displaying his transcendent form in the attitudes of ancient statues; that which seemed to give the most lively satisfaction to himself and his increasing audience was the gladiator, wherein he is represented by the engraving to this article. He maintained it with painful perseverance and patient endurance, while the perspiration poured down his face, and the spectators shrieked with laughter and amazement. This achievement was the height of his ambition; at its conclusion he withdrew to a couch, whereon he duly reclined in a studied attitude, to the admiration of thousands, who, tempted by the "Wonderful Discovery," flocked in from the supper rooms to gaze. Loud cries and shouts of "encore," roused him from temporary repose; but it was not to indulge the anxious desire, for he walked apparently undisturbed by the distinction he had obtained, and entering a box

called for "wine, mighty wine." Draughts of this were succeeded by potations of "rack-punch, while loud calls upon him were unanswered; allegations derogatory to his dignity were noticed by looks of indignation and contempt; "he spoke not, he moved not," till increased throng and uproar raised his indignation, when a person withdrew him from the gardens, put on his cloak, and the Ærial retired delighted with his reception.

Perusing the papers on the morrow, and not finding accounts respecting his Vauxhall adventure, he found an advertisement of a song dedicated to the duke of York, printed in blue and white. "They are my colours," said the Ærial, "they are the colours of an ærial,—the duke is an ærial." Elated by this conception, he bought another new pair of silk stockings, and accomplished another visit to Vauxhall the same evening, where being immediately recognised by some who had seen him the evening before, he was soon surrounded. On this occasion he adventured a challenge, with an offer of 500*l.* to any one who would match himself against him for beauty. Being pushed and pursued he sprung on the supper-table of a company, to the loss or great damage of his second pair of silks, and went home on foot by daylight, amidst the grins of unappreciating people passing to their labour.

On the night of the juvenile fete, as the duke of Cambridge was to be present with his son, the Ærial once more visited Vauxhall. Unhappily, the duke and the young prince were the attracting objects.

Deserted in his utmost need,
By those his former fancies fed,

the Ærial retired to a box, and, through the medium of the waiters, consoled himself from their beaufets so effectually, that before supper time he was better qualified to represent an attendant in a bacchanal procession, than the celestial character he assumed. Imagining that certain smiles indicated a deadly jealousy of his superhuman structure, and dreading assassination from the hands of the envious, he manifested his feelings in an undaunted manner, and was overpowered in a scuffle. Being unable to walk from excess of derotation to the rosy deity, he was deposited in one of the cloak rooms, and left to repose: on awaking and sallying forth into the gardens he was astonished to find the place deserted; and, for lamp-light, the

glare of the sun. His cloak and purse were not to be found; remonstrance and entreaty were alike vain; he was assured he should have both when they were recoverable, but not then, and he found it convenient to accept the best substitute the place afforded. To be content, where discontent avails not, is a philosophical rudiment, and therefore he philosophically submitted to be assisted by the waiters into a moth-eaten, mouldy, ragged watchman's scarlet frieze cloak, with "R. G. V. H.," denoting "Royal Gardens, Vauxhall," worked in large worsted letters on the back; and in this attire he wandered, "not unseen," to his dormitory at a few miles distance. The particular compliments he received by the way are not relatable. After a few hours' rest, he made personal application at Vauxhall for his cloak and purse, and both were returned to him, accompanied by an assurance from them that he must not appear there again. Undaunted by so unexpected a return for the patronage he had vouchsafed towards the gardens, and conceiving that the proprietors ought not to sustain the injury his absence would inflict on them, he laid out another pound in a fourth pair of hose, and again, "in silk attire," covered by a cloak, presented himself at the door, but he had scarcely advanced from paying his entrance-money when constables hurried him out, and he was not allowed to re-enter. This was the last appearance of the Ærial at Vauxhall.

Conceiving that the managers of the theatres would gladly avail themselves of his attractive powers, he habited himself as before described, and announced himself at their doors as "The Ærial;" but they were "not at home," nor were they "at home" to his subsequent calls. Such gross inattention to their interests was inconceivable; for it seems he coveted no other remuneration than "to walk across the stage and back again, and receive the plaudits of the audience." He affirms that he appeared on the boards of the Manchester theatre, and that the people hooted because he would not deign to remain long enough for the gratification of their extreme curiosity. Though convinced that no one ever appeared to such advantage as he does, in the dress wherein he has already appeared in public, yet he walks *en deshabille* on ordinary occasions, lest he should suffer violence from the fathers, brothers, and lovers of the British

ladies, who, according to his own affirmation, are ready to throw themselves at his feet upon the least encouragement. He says he is determined to ally himself to her alone, if she can be found, who knows herself to be a Venus as he knows himself to be an Adonis. He is of opinion that he is "winning each heart and delighting each eye;" and he calls himself "the immortal Mr. L——." It was suggested to him as possible, that as no income resulted from his outgoings, his property might be expended. His answer was to this effect:—"When I am at the last extremity I can marry any lady I please with thirty thousand pounds." If he should find himself mistaken in his conceptions before matters have proceeded so far, those to whom his flights have rendered him a public character will soon forget his extraordinary assumptions, and he will find a common station more conducive to his personal quiet. He is unknown to the writer of this article, who, nevertheless, is so well informed respecting him as to be persuaded that when Mr. L.'s feverish excitement is over, his talents merely require diligent cultivation in a different direction to ensure this. A man is in less danger who thinks too meanly, than he who thinks too highly of himself. It is easier to be comfortable in a lower sphere, than to reach an elevated one and live happy in it.

Letter from the Aerial.

When this sheet was going to press a letter was received; which, being properly authenticated, is here subjoined, with the words in italics as marked in the original.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir, November 16, 1825.

I conceive that nothing but my "death," or at least "the beautiful leg," will atone to the world for my *little* indiscretions. If you expect me to appeal to the public, I answer, that I have been without father and mother eleven years nearly, though now only twenty-five years old, and measuring five feet two inches and a half, and in the hands of guardians, though not wanting money, *four of whom* it took to put me in the watchhouse, and I answer that I would rather be hanged if "the most liberal nation of the earth" wishes it.

You have observed that the company *shrieked* with laughter and amazement.

Now I say *I* was the only *one* who *shrieked* with laughter, as I should at another hoax on the public. You might have spared me the trouble of answering you, if you had not introduced a most immutable picture of my conduct. You have represented me as the individual courting excessive censure or praise; but I must here be puppy enough to talk of general opinion, and say, that notwithstanding the pretended *christian burial* of me by the newspapers, it still appears by each and every of them that in the end the magistrate had no just cause to hate me. Besides acquiring experience from disappointment, and Mr. Chantry who sent for *me*, I had a *dream* which clearly *convinced* me I should not part with the cast.

I have no occasion to mention the author of the following quotation:—

"Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, the dog will have his day."

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,
JOSEPH LEEMING.

No. 61, Berwick Street, Soho.

Having inserted this letter here the matter ends, for nothing remains to be said.

It being within the purpose of the *Every-Day Book* to observe on the phenomena of the times, Mr. Leeming, as "the *Aerial*," was included, but not until he had been previously in print from the character he assumed. His present letter speaks for itself. He admits "*little*" indiscretions: among these "*little*" ones a *large* one was, what he terms, his "*hoax*" on the public; but his visits to the artists are of another character. There exists no feeling towards him, on the part of the editor of this work, but a kind one; and he advises him, for his own sake, to "*study to be quiet.*"

Happy the man whose wish and care,

A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air,

In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,

Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,

In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find

Hours, days, and years, slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,

Quiet by day

Sound sleep by night, study and ease
 Together mix'd; sweet recreation!
 And innocence which most does please
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die;
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.
 Pope.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Glaucus Aletris. *Veltheimia glauca*.
 Dedicated to *St. John Lateran*.

November 10.

St. Andrew Avellino, A. D. 1608. *Sts. Trypho and Respicuus*, A. D. 250. *St. Nympha*, 5th Cent. *St. Justus*, Abp. of Canterbury, A. D. 627. *St. Milles*, Bp., and *Sts. Abrosimus and Sina*, A. D. 341.

DAY AFTER LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

London on the 10th of November.

Thin attendance on 'Change to-day—dull eyes—languid countenance—a little nervous this morning—fresh demand for soda-water and ginger-beer—much breakfasting at the coffee-houses about twelve—scrags of mutton in great request—confounded head-ache—shall be home early to-morrow, my dear—let me have a little broth—deuce take the lord mayor; I'll never go again.*—

FLORAL DIRECTORY

Scotch Fir. *Pinus Silvestris*.
 Dedicated to *St. Nympha*.

November 11.

St. Martin, Bp. A. D. 397. *St. Mennas*, A. D. 304.

St. Martin.

He is in the church of England calendar and the almanacs. By Romish writers he is called "the Great St. Martin, the glory of Gaul." They say that he was born in Lower Hungary, about 316, and becoming a soldier, a beggar requested alms, when having no money he drew his sword, and cutting his cloak into two pieces, gave half to the beggar, and wrapped himself up in the other; whereupon Christ appeared to him the next

night, in the half he had given away, asked him if he knew it, and said to angels that surrounded him, "Martin has given me this garment." This occasioned him to leave the army and enter the church, and he was made an exorcist by St. Hilary. Turning hermit, he lived on roots and wild herbs, and unawares ate a quantity of hellebore sufficient to kill an unprivileged person. After this, one of his disciples fell ill of a fever, and died suddenly without baptism; "whereupon," says Alban Butler, "feeling in himself a divine impulse to work a miracle," he stretched himself upon the body, and prayed till the deceased came to life. She said her soul had been before the divine tribunal, and been sentenced to a dark dungeon;—but that on two angels representing St. Martin was praying for her coming back, she was ordered to be restored to the body and raised to life. "Another time the saint restored to life, in the same manner, a slave who had hanged himself." In 371, he was chosen bishop of Tours, and is said to have lived in a narrow hole in the side of a rock. Near to it was a chapel with an altar, over a tomb, but St. Martin would not visit it, because, although the person buried was represented to have been a martyr, he was not assured that the relics were genuine. He went, however, one day with some of his clergy, and prayed for information, whereupon on his left hand, "he saw near him a pale ghost of a fierce aspect, whom he commanded to speak; the ghost told his name, and it appeared that he had been a robber who was executed for his crimes, whom the people honoured as a martyr; none but St. Martin saw him, the rest only heard his voice; he thereupon caused the altar to be removed. After the rectification of this trifling mistake, he went on raising the dead, casting out devils, and receiving revelations; but as he grew older "it cost him more difficulty, and longer prayers, to cast out devils than formerly." He died in 397, and his shrine worked the usual miracles. This account of St. Martin is abstracted from the rev. Alban Butler's life of him.

Martinnas.

A custom anciently prevailed, though generally confined at present to country villages, of killing cows, oxen, swine, &c. at this season, which were cured for the winter, when fresh provisions were seldom or never to be had.

* Morning Advertiser, Nov. 15, 1824.

When Easter comes, who knows not than
That veale and bacon is the man?
And *Martilmass Beefe* doth beare good tacke,
When countrey folke do dainties lacke.

Tusser.

Martlemas beef was beef dried in the chimney, as bacon, and is so called, because it was usual to kill the beef for this provision about the feast of St. Martin. * There is mention of

—dried fitches of some smoked beeve,
Hang'd on a writen wythe since Martin's
Eve *Hall.*

Mr. Brand relates, that rustic families in Northumberland clubbed at Martinmas to buy a cow or other animal; the union for this purchase is called a "mart." After the animal was killed, they filled the entrails with a kind of pudding meat, consisting of blood, suet, groats, &c. which being formed into little sausage links, were boiled and sent about as presents. These are called "black-puddings" from their colour. There is also noticed a kind of entertainment in Germany, called the "feast of sausages," which was wont to be celebrated with great joy and festivity. The day is a great festival on the continent: new wines then begin to be tasted, and the hours are spent in carousing. An old author says, that the great doings on this occasion almost throughout Europe in his time, are derived from an ancient Athenian festival, observed in honour of Bacchus, upon the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth days of the month Anthesterion, corresponding with our November. Another says, that the eleventh month had a name from the ceremony of "tapping their barrels on it;" when it was customary to make merry. It is likewise imagined by Dr. Stukeley, in his "Itinerary" concerning *Martinsal-hill*, thus: "I take the name of this hill to come from the merriments among the northern people, called *Martinalia*, or drinking healths to the memory of St. Martin, practised by our Saxon and Danish ancestors. I doubt not but upon St. Martin's day, or Martinmass, all the young people in the neighbourhood assembled here, as they do now upon the adjacent St. Ann's-hill, upon St. Ann's day." He adds, that "St. Martin's day, in the Norway clogs, (or wooden almanacs) is marked with a goose: for on that day they always feasted with a roasted goose: they say, St. Martin, being elected to a bishoprick, hid himself, (noluit

episcopari) but was discovered by that animal. *We* have transferred the ceremony to Michaelmas."*

Dr. Forster, so often cited, observes, that a medal has lately been struck in France in commemoration of this laudable custom; on one side of which is embossed a goose, and on the reverse occurs the word *Martinalia*. Relative to the custom of goose-eating, it is further noticed in the "Perennial Calendar," that the festival of St. Martin occurs when geese are in high season. "It is always celebrated with a voracity the more eager, as it happens on the eve of the *petit carême*, when fowls can no longer be presented on the tables of a religious age. A German monk, Martin Schoock, has made it a case of conscience whether, even on the eve of the little Lent, it be allowable to eat goose: '*An liceat Martinalibus anserem comedere?*' After having dived into the weedy pool of the casuist's arguments, the delighted devotee emerges with the permission to roast his goose; and thus the goose came to be a standing dish on Martinmas as well as Michaelmas day."

In some of the old church calendars the celebration of this day is called "The *Martinalia*, a genial feast; wines are tasted of and drawn from the lees; Bacchus is the figure of Martin."† "Time's Telescope," for 1814, cites some extracts from a little ballad, entitled "Martilmasse Day."—

It is the day of Martilmasse,
Cuppes of ale should frellie passe;
What though Wynter has begunne
To push downe the Summer sunne,
To our fire we can betake,
And enjoyc the crackling brake,
Never heedinge Wynter's face
On the day of Martilmasse.

Some do the citie now frequent,
Where costlie shows and merriment
Do weare the vaporish eveninge out
With interlude and revellinge rout;
Such as did pleasure Englands' queene
When here her Royal Grace was seen
Yet will they not this day let passe,
The merrie day of Martilmasse.

When the dailie sportes be done,
Round the market crosse they 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 the merry night of Martilmasse.

* *Tusser Redivivus.*

* Brand,

† Brady's *Clavis Calendarum.*

Martilmasse shall come againe,
 Spite of wind, and snow, and raine ;
 But many a strange thing must be donee,
 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.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Weymouth Pine. *Pinus Strobus*.
 Dedicated to *St. Martin*.

November 12.

St. Martin, Pope, A. D. 655. *St. Nilus*,
 A. D. 390. *St. Livin*, A. D. 633. *St.*
Lebwin, Patron of Daventer, 8th Cent.

Birth-day of Admiral Vernon.

The anniversary of this famous old admiral's nativity was formerly kept with great enthusiasm. It was distinguished in 1740 in a very extraordinary manner, by the ringing of bells, and public dinners in many places, &c. In the evening there were the greatest rejoicings, bonfires, and illuminations in London and other cities, that had been known for many years. Don Blass was burnt in some places, and at Chancery-lane-end was a *pageant*, whereon was represented admiral Vernon, and a Spaniard on his knees offering him a sword; a view of *Porte Bello*, &c.; over the admiral was wrote, "Venit, vidit, vicit;" and under him, "Vernon semper viret."*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Grafe Aloe. *Veltheinnia Uvaria*.
 Dedicated to *St. Nilus*.

November 13.

St. Homobonus, A. D. 1197. *St. Didacus*,
 A. D. 1463. *St. Stanislas Kostka*, A. D.
 1568. *St. Mitrinus*. *St. Brice*, A. D.
 444. *St. Constant*, of Logherne, A. D.
 777. *St. Killen*, or *Killian*, of Ire-
 land.

St. Brice.

This saint is in the church of England calendar and the almanacs, for what reason is unknown. He was born at Tours,

became a monk under St. Martin, and succeeded him in the see of that city.

ST. JOHN'S, CLERKENWELL.

The church of St. John, Clerkenwell, having been closed for reparation since the first Sunday in July, was opened for divine service on the 13th of November, 1825, by the Rev. W. E. L. Faulkner, M. A. rector of the parish. The exterior of the present edifice is altogether unseemly. It is frequently called St. John's chapel, and has more the air of a meeting for dissenting worship, than a structure of the establishment; if it had not a sort of steeple with a bell, it might be mistaken for a theatre; but the interior is in every respect befitting its ecclesiastical use. It has spacious galleries, is well pewed below, and thoroughly lighted, with a very commodious vestry. In these respects it is creditable to the inhabitants who have now so judiciously fitted it up, that it will not require more than usual cleaning for many years. Still it is to be regretted, that a structure, essentially gothic, should have been accommodated to modern architecture. The deviation seems to have taken place on its appropriation to the use of the parish of St. John, about a century preceding the reparation it has now undergone.

St. John's parish is distinct from the parish of St. James, although, as regards their poor, they are under one management; and the parish of St. James has, in other respects, an ascendancy, which formerly was the cause of open dissension. This difference originated on the setting out of the parish, the boundaries whereof are described by an entry in the vestry-book, which states in what way the church became parochial. Before referring to it, a glance may be taken of the annexed engraving. It is from an original drawing of a *south* view of the church in the year 1508, and preserved in the Cotton collection. It is especially curious, because it shows the old square tower, on the site whereof the present church stands, with the great bell tower above, which is rapturously described by Stowe, as will be mentioned presently. The building with two windows between three buttresses, surmounted by pinnacles, was anciently the library.

* *Gentleman's Magazine*.



Church of St. John, Clerkenwell, in 1508.

ENTRY IN THE VESTRY BOOK.

The History of the Parish of St. John, Clerkenwell.

On Friday the twenty seventh Day of December in the year of our Lord Christ one thousand seven hundred twenty and three, and in the tenth Year of the Reign of George by the Grace of God, king of Great Britain, &c. being St. John's Day, this Church was consecrated and dedicated to the Service of Almighty God by the Right Reverend Father in God Edmund [Gibson] by Divine Permission Lord Bishop of London, by the Name of the Church of St. John Clerkenwell in the County of Middlesex.

This Church is what was the Choir of the antient Church of the Knights Hospitalers, or the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem in England, which Order began at Jerusalem about the Year of our Lord Christ 1099, taking its rise and name from an Hospital built for the reception of Christian Strangers and Pilgrims, who came to perform their Devotion at the Place of our Lord's Sepulchre, and from a Church adjoining dedicated to St. John Baptist.

In the 11th Century the Christians in the Holy Land were very much harassed by the Turks, till some Merchants from Amalfi in Italy visited the parts about Syria and Egypt, and so far recommend

ed themselves to the Inhabitants by the many rare and pretious commodities they brought thither, that the Calif of Egypt gave them a part of Jerusalem to live in, where they built a Cloister and transplanted thither from Italy an Abbot with some Benedictine Monks, who entertained all Christian Pilgrims and travellers: soon after a Cloister was erected for Women, and these being too small, the Hospital or Alms-House just mentioned was founded for the reception of both sick and well, under the direction of an Overseer maintained chiefly by Alms from Amalfi and other parts of Italy: shortly after, the Church was built, and dedicated to St. John Baptist; tradition informing, that his Father Zachary had often travelled that way, from whence those of this Foundation took the Name of Joannites, and continued an Order of Hospitalers or Alms-men some few Years.

In the year 1099, when the Christian Princes, under the command of Godfrey of Bologne, Duke of Lorrain besieged Jerusalem, Gerard the then overseer, with the rest of the Hospitalers by a sudden and unexpected Sally upon the rear of the Turks, contributed greatly to the overthrow of the infidels, and the recovery of the Holy-Land. Godfrey made public acknowledgments of this signal piece of Service, and being created King of Jerusa-

tem gave the Hospitalers large presents, and put the defence of many Towns into their hands. From this time their Order commenced that of Knighthood, Gerard being their first Grand Master. The Order was confirmed by Pope Honorius the second, and by the then Patriarch of Jerusalem. The members of it were called indifferently the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. It was their Vow and Profession to exercise hospitality, to resist the Barbarians that should offer any injury to Pilgrims on the High Ways, and to maintain the Christian religion by force of Arms in their Country. They soon greatly increased in Fame and Riches and spread into many nations: the services they did to Christian Princes procured them every where great respect, Wealth and Privileges, insomuch that tho' at first they professed voluntary poverty, they were afterwards at once in Possession of 19000 Manors in Christendom.

This Order flourished with great pomp and splendour in this Nation: their Prior was reckoned the first Baron in England; their Establishment here was very early, for about a Year after their first Institution at Jerusalem, viz. An. Dom. 1100, Jordan Briset Baron, and Muriel his wife, founded a Priory in this place for the Knights of this Order, and built a Church, which was dedicated to the Honour of St. John Baptist, in the Year 1185, being then consecrated by Heraclius Patriarch of Jerusalem. Both Church and House were burnt in 1381, by the Essex Rebels, but were afterwards rebuilt and continued in the possession of the Knights Hospitallers till the 32nd Year of Henry the 8th (which was years after the general Dissolution of Religious Houses in this Kingdom,) when by a particular Act of Parliament the Priory was suppressed, and the House, Church, and all the Lands of the Knights Hospitallers were vested in the Crown, with all Privileges, &c. thereto belonging, other than the right of Sanctuary, which Right is by this Act discharged, but with an express saving of the Privileges common to Churches and Church Yards applied and used to God's service. In this Act of Parliament the Hospital, House, Church, &c. are mentioned, not as a part of, or within the Parish of St. James, Clerkenwell, but as situate and being near to the City of London, in the County of Middlesex, and so the same are mentioned in the grant from the Crown and subsequent writings.

The Hospital or Priory Church, and House of St. John were preserved from Spoil and down-pulling so long as Henry the 8th lived; but in the third Year of King Edward the 6th the Body and side Isles with the great Bell tower, (a most curious piece of workmanship, graven, gilt, and enamelled,) were pulled down; but the Choir, (which remained,) was closed up in the reign of Queen Mary, who restored the Order and incorporated a Priory and several Brethren, and granted to them this Church, House, and many Lands; but the Order being again dissolved by Queen Elizabeth, the Church and Priory remained in the Crown till the 9th day of May, in the 5th year of King James the first, when by Letters Patent of that date the King granted the same to Ralph Freeman and his heirs, in free and common Soccage by the name of the City or House of the late Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in England, in the County of Middlesex, and all the City, Circuit, and Precinct of the same House, having therein one great Mansion House, one great Chapel, &c., containing by estimation 5 acres. From Freeman the said Church or Chapel, and part of the great house and gardens, came in the 10th Year of King James the first Ld. Wm. Cecil Lord Burghley, Son and Heir apparent of Thomas Earl of Exeter, by whose daughter the Lady Diana, it passed in marriage in the 5th Year of King Charles the 1st to Thomas, Lord Bruce, afterwards Earl of Elgin, whose son Robert was created Earl of Ailesbury, in which Family this Church or Chapel, (from thence called Ailesbury Chapel,) continued till the Year 1706, and being then sold by them, was afterwards, viz. in the Year 1721, purchased by Mr. Simon Michell, with intent to accommodate the Inhabitants of a new Street by him then partly built, called Red Lion Street, and the neighbouring inhabitants with a convenient place for Divine Worship. He afterwards enlarged the said Chapel, or what was used as such, being the middle Isle only by restoring thereto the North Isle, (which had been made part of a dwelling-house,) and also the South Isle, (the upper part of which had been converted into a Library, and the lower part separated by a wall from what was left to the Chapel,) and having likewise entirely new built the west front, and new roofed the whole, and furnished the Chapel with convenient Galleries pews and;

he proposed it thus rebuilt and beautified to the Commissioners appointed in pursuance of Acts of Parliament for building 50 New Churches in and about London, as proper to be by them converted into a Parochial Church for such an adjoining District, as they should think fit to appoint for a Parish to the same.

This proposal being accepted and an agreement made by the Commissioners with Mr. Simon Michell, he and Mr. Hutton (his trustee) by bargain and sale enrolled in Chancery, bearing date the 29th day of August 1723, conveyed the Chapel, and the ground extending from the East end thereof to St. John's Street, (on the front part whereof next to St. John's Street, stood 2 houses,) to the said Commissioners, who by Deed bearing date the 11th day of December 1723 and afterwards enrolled in Chancery, did, pursuant to their Power, granted by the said Acts of Parliament, declare and appoint the Chapel to be from and for ever after the Enrollment of that Deed and the consecration of the Chapel, a Parish Church by such Name as should be given thereto in the act of Consecration; and by the same Deed the said Commissioners did pursuant to the said Acts of Parliament set out and appoint a Parish for the said Church, and ascertained the Bonds and Limits of such new parish to be as followeth:—

The entry in the vestry-book, hitherto given verbatim, proceeds to set out the parish bounds in words, and a copy of the act of consecration.

It is interesting to go a little farther into the history of this ancient church.

While Henry VIII. reigned, "the rebels of Essex and Kent," in 1381, set fire to the house, causing it to burn for the space of seven days together, and not suffering any to quench it: afterwards the church, and houses thereto appertaining, were new built, and the church finished by Thomas Docwray, lord prior there about the year 1504, as appears by the inscription over the gate-house, mentioned by Stow as remaining in his time, and which still remains. The church was employed as a storehouse for the king's "toyles and tents for hunting and for the wars," &c. Stow, who says this, speaking of its destruction in the third year of king Edward VI., adds, that the church for the most part, to wit, the body and side isles with the great bell tower was undermined and blown up with gunpowder, and the stone thereof

employed in building the lord protector's (Somerset) house in the Strand. The great bell tower he calls "a most curious piece of workmanship, graven, gilt, and inameled to the great beautifying of the city, and passing all other that I have sceene." He adds that the part of the quire which remained, with some side chapels, was closed up at the west end by cardinal Pole, in the reign of queen Mary, and the other was repaired, and sir Thomas Tresham Knight, made the lord prior there with the restitution of some lands. At the suppression, the priory was valued "to dispend in lands, 3385*l.* 19*s.* 8*d.* yearly; sir William Weston being then lord prior, died on the 7th of May, 1540." The king granted "great yeerely pensions" to the knights; and to the lord prior, during his life, 1000*l.* "but he never received a penny." He died of a broken heart on Ascension-day in the same year, the very day the house was suppressed. An account of the exhumation of his body on the 27th of April, 1788, on taking down the old church of St. James, Clerkenwell, with interesting particulars respecting him, may be seen in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for that year. Mr. Bartholomew of Red Lion-street, Clerkenwell, a lover, and as far as he is permitted by the other inhabitants, a preserver of the antiquities of his parish of St. John, is in possession of a portion of prior Weston's cere-cloth.

The only vestiges of the antiquity and extent of this church are in Jerusalem-court, which runs from St. John's-square into St. John's-street, and is bounded on the left by houses or dwellings constructed within the remaining part of the south wall: they are now, (in November, 1825,) undergoing reparation by new facing, but portions of the old church buttresses remain, though they are much mutilated, and their shafts buried to the extent of many feet below the pavement. There is not a single inscription or monument of any age remaining. The only remarkable stone in the churchyard is a memoritur of the late "Mrs. Sarah Newman of No. 63, Cow-cross-street, St. Sepulchre," who died a few years ago, and is rendered "remarkable" by an amplification of the ever-recurring epitaph, "Affliction sore" &c. She is made to say—

Pain was my portion,
Physic was my food,
Groans was my devotion,
Drugs did me no good;

Christ was my physician,
Knew what way was best,
To ease me of my pain,
He took my soul to rest.

A mural inscription in the church, represents "Simon Michell Esq. a member of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn, descended from a family of that name in Somersetshire. He died August 30, 1750, aged 74." He was a barrister, and member of parliament for Boston. Red Lion-street, built by him, is the best class of houses erected in his time in Clerkenwell, which, among the "lower orders," is called "Jack Adams's parish," for a reason that, if it can be authentically communicated, will be hereafter inserted.

The old gateway of St. John's priory remains in the state wherein it is seen monthly on the title-page of the "Gentleman's Magazine." The east turret and the great rooms over the gateway, are used as a tavern called "The old St. John of Jerusalem," occupied and kept by Mr. William Flint, who formerly carried on the business of a printer in the Old Bailey. The lower part of the west turret is the watchhouse of St. John's parish. On entering the gateway from the south, the fixed iron shaft of the top hinge, whereon the ancient gate swung, is about level with the elbow of a person of ordinary stature: from this, the height to which the ground has been raised above the old level may be imagined. The gateway itself has been lately repaired at the parish expense, chiefly at the instance of Mr. Bartholomew, who took great pains to ascertain and properly colour the arms of Prior Docway on the crown of the arch, and the remaining ornaments, some of which had been hidden in the watchhouse. An ancient door in the watchhouse bricked up, and boarded over by the wainscotting, retains an o'd carved oak-facing at the top; through Mr. Bartholomew's persistence it was not destroyed, and he has caused a small flap with hinges to be inserted in the wainscot for the purpose of disclosing this carving, from time to time, to curious inquirers. He is one of the few inhabitants of Clerkenwell, who take an interest in maintaining the reputation of this suburb for its former grandeur.

The rental of St. John's parish in the year 1782, was 12,658*l.* In 1825, it

amounted to 21,724*l.*, not so much from additional building, as from increase in the value of property.

St. John's-gate will be always remembered in connection with the "Gentleman's Magazine," which was first printed there by Edmund Cave.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Bay. *Laurus poetica.*

* Dedicated to *St. Homobonus.*

November 14.

St. Lawrence, Abp. of Dublin, A. D. 1180. *St. Dubricius*, A. D. 522.

STAMFORD BULL RUNNING.

This annual custom in the county of Lincoln is fixed for the 13th of November; which, in 1825, being Sunday, it was postponed to the next day, Monday the 14th. A correspondent's communication sets forth ample and curious particulars of the usage.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,

As your very respectable and highly entertaining publication, the *Every-Day Book*, is a receptacle for local usages and customs, doubtless the *Stamford bull-running*, which takes place annually on the 13th of November, will be acceptable. It is conducted with a most determined spirit, and unlike most other customs, seems to increase in notoriety yearly.

Butcher says, "the bull-running is a sport of no pleasure, except to such as take a pleasure in beastliness and mischief. It is performed just the day six weeks before Christmas. The butchers of the town at their own charge, against the time, purchase a wild bull; this bull over night is had into some stable or barn belonging to the alderman; the next morning proclamation is made by the common bellman of the town, round about the same, that each one shut up his shop-doors and gates, and none, under pain of imprisonment, do any violence to strangers; for the preventing whereof (the town being a great thoroughfare, and then being in term time,) a guard is appointed for the passing of travellers through the same, without hurt. None [to] have any iron upon their bull-clubs, or other staff which they pursue the bull with: which procla-

mation made, and the gates all shut up, the bull is turned out of the alderman's house, and then, hivy, skivy, tag-rag, men, women, and children, of all sorts and sizes, with all the dogs in the town, promiscuously running after him with their bull-clubs, spattering dirt in each other's faces, that one would think them to be so many furies started out of hell for the punishment of *Cerberus*, as when *Theseus* and *Perillus* conquered the place, as Ovid describes it—

“ A ragged troop of boys and girls,
Do pellow him with stones,
With clubs, with whips, and many nips,
They part his skin from bones.”

“ And (which is the greater shame) I have seen both *Senatores majorum gentium et matrone de euodem gradu*, following this bulling business.

“ I can say no more of it, but only to set forth the antiquity thereof, (as the tradition goes,) William, earl of Warren, in the time of king John, standing upon his castle-wall under the same, saw two bulls fighting for one cow. A butcher of the town, the owner of one of the bulls, with a great mastiff dog, accidentally coming by set his dog upon his own bull, who forced the same bull up into the town, which no sooner was come within the same, but all the butcher's dogs, great and small, followed in pursuit of the bull, which by this time made stark mad with the noise of the people, and the fierceness of the dogs, ran over man, woman, and child, that stood in his way. This caused all the butchers and others in the town to rise up as it were in a tumult, making such a hideous noise that the sound thereof came into the castle into the ears of earl Warren, who presently mounted on horseback, and rid into the town to see the business; which then appearing (to his humour) very delightful, he gave all the meadows in which the bulls were at first found fighting, (which we now call the castle meadows,) perpetually as a common to the butchers of the town, to keep their cattle in till the time of slaughter, upon this condition, that upon the day on which this sport first began, the butchers of the town should from time to time yearly for ever, find a mad bull for the continuance of that sport.”

Mr. Lowe speaks more favourably of the “ bull-running ” than Butcher. He calls it “ a good old custom,” and says,

“ there is nothing similar to it in his majesty's dominions, nor I believe in the dominions of any other potentate on the globe: no, it stands without a rival.” “ If,” says Lowe, “ the doctrine of transmigration be true, nothing can be more certain than that the soul of earl Warren animated the body of Mr. Robert Ridlington, once a tanner, alderman, and mayor, of this corporation, who to perpetuate this gallant diversion as much as in him lay, left half-a-crown to be paid annually to each of the five parishes (of Stamford,) for the trouble of stopping the gates and avenues of the town, which is received on St. Thomas's-day. I therefore hold it incumbent on me to record this spirited bequest, and to let this *par nobile fratrum* go hand in hand to posterity, for which legacy every bullard in gratitude ought to drink on that day to the joint memory of both. Since this account may chance to fall into the hands of some who are strangers to the town, I would have such know that when this gala-day falls either on a market-day or on a Sunday, that neither the market nor even the sabbath is put off on its account, but, on the contrary, it is itself postponed till the morrow, which must be acknowledged to be an instance of great forbearance!”

So much for the accounts of Butcher and Lowe. I shall now proceed to state the manner in which the sport is conducted in the present day.

The bull being duly procured, is shut up the night previous to the appointed morn, in a place provided for the purpose, and, long ere dawn of day, no peaceable person lying on his bed, can enjoy the pleasing and renovating stupor which, if unmolested by the cry of “ bull for ever,” the leaden key of Somnus would afford him. At eleven o'clock, Taurus is loosed from his prison-house generally into a street stopped at each end, which he parades in majesty sublime. At this dangerous juncture every post, pump, and the like is in requisition, and those who are fortunate enough to get sheltered behind one sit in conscious security,

“ grinning with a ghastly smile”

at those who less fortunate than themselves must, for protection, have recourse to flight. The carts and waggons which form the stoppage at the ends of the street, are crowded with individuals, as

well as the roofs of houses; in short, every place tenable is occupied. Some years back it was customary to irritate the bull by goading him with pointed sticks, but this is now wholly done away with, it being declared unnecessarily cruel, and different means are resorted to to enrage him. Frequently, a hogshead with both ends knocked out is brought, wherein a man places himself, and by rolling it to the bull, provokes him to toss it. He tosses, but tosses in vain; its inmate is trained too well to the sport to be easily dislodged; so that by this and other means equally harmless and teasing, he is rendered sufficiently infuriated to afford "prime sport." The street is then un-stopped, when, all agog, men, boys, and bull, tumble one over the other to get free.

Bridging the bull is next thought of; this, if he be much enraged, is the most dangerous part of the ceremony; it consists in driving him upon the bridge, which is a great height from the water, and crowds of people press to him on three sides.

"Shouts rend the air and onward goes the throng,
Arms locked in arms, and man drives man along."

Regardless of the danger to which the van is exposed, they press closer and closer; at length, in spite of his amazing powers he yields to the combined strength of his numerous opponents, and is tumbled into the water. On again rising to the surface, his first care generally is to land, which, in most cases, he effects in the meadows; these are very swampy, full of rivers, and spacious. November being a month invariably attended with rain, the stay-laced sportful dandy, alas! too frequently finds that the slippery ground is no respecter of persons, and in spite of all his efforts to maintain his equilibrium, in submissive, prostrate attitude, he embraces his mother earth.

The sport is attended regularly by a patroness,—

"A bold virago stout and tall,
Like Joan of France, or English Mall,"

clad in blue, with a rare display of ribbons, and other insignia of her high office, who by close of day generally imbibes so much of the inspiring spirit of sir John Barleycorn, as to make her fully verify the words of Hamlet, viz.—

"Frailty, thy name is woman."

Thus the amusement continues, until night puts a stop to the proceedings; the baited animal is then slaughtered, and his carcass sold at a reduced price to the lower classes, who to "top the day," regale themselves with a supper of bull beef.

So ends this jovial sport, which, as Mr. Lowe says, "stands without a rival." In conclusion, it only remains for me to state, that I have been more than once present at this "bull-running," and am far from forming the idea that it is so cruel as some represent it to be; fatigue is the greatest pain the bull is subjected to; and, on the other hand, the men who so courageously cope with him are in imminent danger of loss of life, or broken limbs, whilst they possess not the most distant idea of doing any thing more injurious to the animal than irritating him.

I am, Sir, &c.

JOSEPH JIBB.

Sleaford,
October 17, 1825.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Portugal Laurel. *Cerasus Lusitanica.*
Dedicated to *St. Lawrence.*

November 15.

St. Gertrude, Abbess, A. D. 1292. *St. Leopold*, Marquis of Austria, A. D. 1136. *St. Eugenius*, A. D. 275. *St. Malo*, or *Maclou*, A. D. 565.

St. Machutus.

This saint is in the church of England calendar and almanacs. He is the "St. Malo, or Maclou," of Alban Butler; according to whom he was born in England, and sent to Ireland for his education, where he was offered a bishopric but declined it. Going to Brittany he became disciple to a recluse named Aron, near Aleth, of which city he was the first bishop, and died November 15, 565. *St. Malo* derives its name from him. The ground whereon he stands in the church of England calendar is unknown.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Sweet Coltsfoot. *Tussilago fragrans.*
Dedicated to *St. Gertrude*

November 16.

St. Edmund, Abp. of Canterbury, A. D. 1242. *St. Eucherius*, Bp. of Lyons, A. D. 460.

Stourbridge Fair.

A correspondent in the subjoined note mentions a singular character, which should be taken into the particulars concerning this fair related at page 1300.

(*For the Every-Day Book.*)

Mr. Editor,

In addition to your account of Stourbridge fair I send you the following, related to me by an individual of great veracity, who attended the fairs in 1766 and 1767.

Exclusive of the servants in red coats there was also another person dressed in similar clothing, with a string over his shoulders, from whence were suspended quantities of spigots and fossetts, and also round each arm many more were fastened. He was called "*Lord of the Tap*," and his duty consisted in visiting all the booths in which ale was sold, to determine whether it was fit and proper beverage for the persons attending the fairs.

In the account published at Cambridge in 1806, as given in your excellent miscellany, no notice is taken of this personage, and it may therefore be presumed the office had been discontinued.

J. N

November 16, 1825.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

African Hemp. *Sansciviera Guineam*.
Dedicated to *St. Edmund*.

November 17.

St. Gregory Thaumaturgus, Bp. A. D. 270. *St. Dionysius*, Abp. of Alexandria, A. D. 265. *St. Gregory*, Bp. of Tours, A. D. 596. *St. Hugh*, Bp. of Lincoln, A. D. 1200. *St. Anian*, or *Agnan*, Bp. A. D. 453.

Queen Elizabeth's Accession.

This day was formerly noted in the almanacs as the anniversary of queen Elizabeth's accession to the throne, in the year 1558. In 1679, while the bill for excluding the duke of York, afterwards James II., from the throne of England,

was in agitation, there was a remarkable cavalcade in London on this day. The following account of it was drawn up at the time:—

"The bells generally about the town began to ring at three o'clock in the morning. At the approach of evening, all things being in readiness, the solemn procession began, setting forth from Moor-gate, and so passed first to Aldgate, and from thence through Leadenhall-street, by the Royal Exchange, through Cheapside, and so to Temple-bar, in the ensuing order, viz.

"1. Six whiffers, to clear the way, in pioneers' caps, and red waistcoats.

"2. A bellman ringing, and with a loud but dolesome voice, crying out all the way, 'remember justice Godfrey.'

"3. A dead body, representing justice Godfrey, in a decent black habit, carried before a jesuit in black, on horseback, in like manner as he was carried by the assassins to Primrose-hill.

"4. A priest, in a surplice, with a cope embroidered with dead bones, skeletons, skulls, and the like, giving pardons very plentifully to all those that should murder protestants, and proclaiming it meritorious.

"5. A priest in black, alone, with a great silver cross.

"6. Four carmelites, in white and black habits.

"7. Four grey-fryars, in the proper habits of their order.

"8. Six jesuits, with bloody daggers.

"9. A concert of wind music.

"10. Four bishops, in purple, and lawn sleeves, with a golden cross on their breast, and crosier staves in their hands.

"11. Four other bishops, in pontificalibus, with surplices and rich embroidered copes, and golden mitres on their heads.

"12. Six cardinals, in scarlet robes and caps.

"13. The pope's doctor, (sir George Wakeman, the queen's physician,) with jesuit's powder in one hand, and an urinal in the other.

"14. Two priests in surplices, with two golden crosses.

"Lastly, the pope, in a lofty glorious pageant, representing a chair of state, covered with scarlet, richly embroidered and fringed, and bedecked with golden balls and crosses. At his feet a cushion of state, and two boys in surplices, with white silk banners, and bloody crucifixes

and daggers, with an incense pot before them, censuring his holiness, who was arrayed in a splendid scarlet gown, lined through with ermine, and richly daubed with gold and silver lace; on his head a triple crown of gold, and a glorious collar of gold and precious stones, St. Peter's keys, a number of beads, *agnus deus*, and other catholic trumpery. At his back, his holiness's privy councillor, (the degraded seraphim, *anglice*, the devil,) frequently caressing, hugging, and whispering him, and oftentimes instructing him aloud, 'to destroy his majesty, to forge a protestant plot, and to fire the city again;' to which purpose he held an infernal torch in his hand.

"The whole procession was attended with 150 flambeaux and lights, by order; but so many more came in voluntarily that there was some thousands.

"Never were the balconies, windows, and houses more numerous lined, or the streets closer thronged with multitudes of people, all expressing their abhorrence of popery, with continual shouts and exclamations, so that it is modestly computed that, in the whole progress, there could not be fewer than 200,000 spectators.

"Thus, with a slow and solemn state they proceeded to Temple-bar; where, with innumerable swarms, the houses seemed to be converted into heaps of men, and women, and children; for whose diversion there were provided great variety of excellent fireworks.

"Temple-bar being, since its rebuilding, adorned with four stately statues, viz. those of queen Elizabeth and king James on the inward, or eastern side, fronting the city, and those of king Charles I. and king Charles II. on the outside, facing towards Westminster; and the statue of queen Elizabeth, in regard to the day, having on a crown of gilded laurel, and in her hand a golden shield, with this motto inscribed,—'The Protestant Religion and Magna Charta,' and flambeaux placed before it; the pope being brought up near thereunto, the following song (alluding to the posture of those statues) was sung in parts, between one representing the English cardinal, (Howard,) and others acting the people.

Cardinal.

"From York to London town we came,
To talk of popish ire,
To reconcile you all to Rome,
And prevent Smthfield fire

People.

"Cease, cease, thou Norfolk cardinal,
See yonder stands queen Bess,
Who sav'd our souls from popish thrall,
O! queen Bess, queen Bess, queen Bess.

"Your popish plot and Smithfield threat
We do not fear at all;
For lo! beneath queen Bess's feet
You fall, you fall, you fall!

"'Tis true, our king's on t'other side,
Looking tow'rds Whitehall,
But could we bring him round about,
He'd counterplot you all.

"Then down with James and set up Charles
On good queen Bess's side,
That all true commons lords, and earls,
May wish him a fruitful bride.

"Now God preserve great Charles our king
And eke all honest men;
And traitors all to justice bring,
Amen, amen, amen.

"Then having entertained the thronging spectators for some time with the ingenious fireworks, a vast bonfire being prepared just over against the Inner Temple Gate, his holiness, after some compliments and reluctances, was decently toppled from all his grandeur into the impartial flames; the crafty devil leaving his infallibilityship in the lurch, and laughing as heartily at his deserved ignominious end as subtle jesuits do at the ruin of bigotted lay-catholics whom themselves have drawn in; or as credulous Coleman's abettors did, when, with pretences of a reprieve at the last gasp, they made him vomit up his soul with a lie, and sealed up his dangerous chops with a flatter. This justice was attended with a prodigious shout, that might be heard far beyond Somerset-house, (where the queen resided,) and it was believed the echo, by continual reverberations, before it ceased, reached Scotland, [the duke was then there,] France, and even Rome itself, damping them withal with a dreadful astonishment."

These particulars, from a tract in lord Somers's collection, are related in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1740; and the writer adds, that "the place of prompter-general, Mr. North insinuates, was filled by lord Shaftesbury."

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Tree Stramony. *Datura arborea*.
Dedicated to *St. Gregory*.

November 18.

The Dedication of the Churches of Sts. Peter, and Paul, at Rome. Sts. Alphæus, and Zachæus; also Romanus, and Barulas. St. Odo, Abbot of Cluni, A. D. 942. St. Hilda, or Hild, Abbess, A. D. 680.

The "*Mirror of the Months*," a pleasing volume published in the autumn of 1825, and devoted to the service of the year, points to the appearance of nature at this time:—"The last storm of autumn, or the first of winter, (call it which you will) has strewed the bosom of the all-receiving earth with the few leaves that were still clinging, though dead, to the already sapless branches; and now all stand bare once more, spreading out their innumerable ramifications against the cold grey sky, as if sketched there for a study by the pencil of your only successful drawing-mistress—nature.

"Of all the numerous changes that are perpetually taking place in the general appearance of rural scenery during the year, there is none so striking as this which is attendant on the falling of the leaves; and there is none in which the unpleasing effects so greatly predominate over the pleasing ones. To say truth, a grove denuded of its late gorgeous attire, and instead of bowing majestically before the winds, standing erect and motionless while they are blowing through it, is 'a sorry sight,' and one upon which we will not dwell. But even this sad consequence of the coming on of winter (sad in most of its mere visible effects,) is not entirely without redeeming accompaniments; for in most cases it lays open to our view objects that we are glad to see again, if it be but in virtue of their association with past years; and in many cases it opens vistas into sweet distances that we had almost forgotten, and brings into view objects that we may have been sighing for the sight of all the summer long. Suppose, for example, that the summer view from the windows of a favourite sleeping-room is bounded by a screen of shrubs, shelving upwards from the turf, and terminating in a little copse of limes, beeches, and sycamores; the prettiest boundary that can greet the morning glance when the shutters are opened, and the sun slants gaily in at them, as if glad to be again admitted. How pleasant is it, when (as now) the winds of winter have stripped the branches

that thus bound our view in, to spy beyond them, as if through network, the sky-pointing spire of the distant village church, rising from behind the old yew-tree that darkens its portal; and the trim parsonage beside it, its ivy-grown windows glittering perhaps in the early sun! Oh, none but those who *will* see the good that is in every thing, know how very few evils there are without some of it attendant on them, and yet how much of good there is unmixed with any evil.

"But though the least pleasant sight connected with the coming on of winter in this month is to see the leaves that have so gladdened the groves all the summer long, falling every where around us, withered and dead,—that sight is accompanied by another which is too often overlooked. Though most of the leaves fall in winter, and the stems and branches which they beautified stand bare, many of them remain all the year round, and look brighter and fresher now than they did in spring, in virtue of the contrasts that are every where about them. Indeed the cultivation of evergreens has become so general with us of late years, that the home enclosures about our country dwellings, from the proudest down to even the poorest, are seldom to be seen without a plentiful supply, which we now, in this month, first begin to observe, and acknowledge the value of. It must be a poor plot of garden-ground indeed that does not now boast its clumps of winter-blowing laurestinus; its trim holly bushes, bright with their scarlet berries; or its tall spruce firs, shooting up their pyramid of feathery branches beside the low ivy-grown porch. Of this last-named profuse ornamentor of whatever is permitted to afford it support, (the ivy) we now too every where perceive the beautifully picturesque effects: though there is one effect of it also perceived about this time, which I cannot persuade myself to be reconciled to: I mean where the trunk of a tall tree is bound about with ivy almost to its top, which during the summer has scarcely been distinguished as a separate growth, but which now, when the other leaves are fallen, and the outspread branches stand bare, offers to the eye, not a contrast, but a contradiction. But let us not dwell on any thing in disfavour of ivy, which is one of the prime boasts of the village scenery of our island, and which even at this season of the year offers pic-

tures to the eye that cannot be paralleled elsewhere. Perhaps as a single object of sight, there is nothing which gives so much innocent pleasure to so many persons as an English village church, when the ivy has held undisputed possession of it for many years, and has hung its fantastic banners all around it. There is a charm about an object of this kind, which it is as difficult to resist as to explain."

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Curly Passion-flower. *Passiflora serrata*.
Dedicated to the Churches of Sts. Peter and Paul.

November 19.

St. Elizabeth, of Hungary, A. D. 1231.
St. Pontian, Pope, A. D. 230. St. Barlaam.

Apple-fruited Passion-flower. *Passiflora maliformis*.
Dedicated to St. Elizabeth.

November 20.

St. Edmund, King and Martyr, A. D. 870.
St. Humbert, Bp. of the East Angles, A. D. 855. St. Felix, of Valois, A. D. 1212. St. Bernward, Bp., A. D. 1021. St. Masentia, 7th Cent.

St. Edmund,

King and Martyr

This English king and saint is in the church of England calendar and almanacs. St. Edmund was king of East Anglia, which took its name from a people called the Angles, who landed on the eastern coast of Britain, under twelve chiefs, the survivor of whom, Uffa, assumed the title of king of the East Angles. This kingdom contained Norfolk and Suffolk, with part of Cambridgeshire. The chief towns were Norwich, Thetford, Ely, and Cambridge. In 867, the Danes landed in East Anglia, and after ravaging different parts of the island, and continuing some time in Northumberland, returned into East Anglia, committing, in their route, the most horrid barbarities. Edmund the king opposed them; but his army was defeated at Thetford, and the king being taken prisoner, fell a miserable victim to their barbarity, for they tied him to a tree, as a butt or mark, and then

shot him to death with arrows. The place where Edmund was interred had the name of St. Edmund's Bury, but is now generally called Bury. Canute the Great built a stately church over his grave, and greatly enlarged the town

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Red Stapelia. *Stapelia rufa*.
Dedicated to St. Edmund, King.

November 21.

The Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary. St. Columban, Abbot, A. D. 615. St. Gelasius, Pope, A. D. 496.

Ghost of an Arm Chair.

A lady assured the editor of the "Perennial Calendar," of the truth of the following story. She had ordered an armed chair which stood in her room to be sent to a sick friend, and thought it had been sent conformably to her orders. Waking, however, in the night, and looking by the light of the night-lamp at the furniture in her room, she cast her eyes on the place where the said chair used to stand, and saw it, as she thought, in its place. She at first expressed herself to her husband as being vexed that the chair had not been sent; but, as he protested that it was actually gone, she got out of bed to convince herself, and distinctly saw the chair, even on a nearer approach to it. What now became very remarkable was, that the spotted chair-cover which was over it, assumed an unusual clearness, and the pattern assumed the appearance of being studded with bright stars. She got close to it, and putting her hand out to touch it, found her fingers go through the spectrum unresisted. Astonished, she now viewed it as an illusion, and presently saw it vanish, by becoming fainter till it disappeared. Dr. Forster considers this apparition as affording a clue to one mode by which spectra are introduced, namely, by local association. The lady had anticipated seeing the chair in its place, from its always being associated with the rest of the furniture; and this anticipation of an image of perception was the basis of a corresponding image of spectral illusion.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Largeflowered Wood Sorrel. *Oxalis grandiflora*.
Dedicated to the Presentation of the V. Mary.



St. Cecilia.

—Divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
 She drew an angel down.

Dryden.

November 22.

St. Cecily, A. D. 230. *St. Theodorus*,
 A. D. 821. *Sts. Philemon*, and *Appia*.

St. Cecilia.

This saint is in the church of England calendar, and in the almanacs. Her having existed has been doubted, but she is a saint of the Romish church, and Butler gives her life, wherein he calls her "the patroness of church music." He says, that she was married to a nobleman named Valerian, whom, with her brother Tibertius, she converted, and with them she was martyred. Various legends, and many pictures and prints, represent her

as engaged in music, or listening to it from celestial performers. Hence the ode for St. Cecilia's day by Dryden, who was catholic, concludes by saying,

"She drew an angel down."

Formerly, concerts on her festival-day were fashionable, and Pope honoured her in numbers, though "the numbers came" not to him, as to Dryden. The preceding engraving is from a design by M. de Vos, engraved by J. Sadler. Her husband is represented, allured by the harmony, entering a room, wherein she sits. According to catholic story, he found a young man playing on the organ, Cecilia described

him to Valerian as an angel, and from that time she received "angels' visits."

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Trumpet-flowered Wood Sorrel. *Oxalis*
ubiflora.

Dedicated to *St. Cecilia*.

November 23.

St. Clement, Pope, A. D. 100. *St. Amphilo-
chius*, Bp. of Iconium, A. D. 394.
St. Tron, A. D. 693. *St. Daniel*, Bp.
A. D. 545.

St. Clement.

This saint is in the church of England calendar and the almanacs.

Clement was a follower and coadjutor of the apostle Paul, who, writing to the *Philippians*, (iv. 3.) requires them to be mindful of the flock and their teachers, and distinguishes Clement by name—"help those women which laboured with me in the gospel, and with Clement also, and with other my fellow-labourers." The Romish writers contend for the direct papal succession from the apostles, and call Clement a pope; but in the uninterrupted succession they claim for the pontiffs of their hierarchy, they fail in establishing as indisputable whether he was the first, second, or third pope; the name itself was not devised until centuries afterwards. Some of them say he was martyred, others contend that he died a natural death. The advocates for his martyrdom assign him an anchor as a symbol of distinction, because they allege that he was thrown into the sea with an anchor about his neck. It is further alleged that two of his disciples desirous of recovering his remains, assembled a multitude and prayed for the discovery, and, as usual, there was a miracle. "Immediately the sea retired for the space of three miles, or a league, in such sort that they could go into it for all that space as upon the dry land; and they found in it a chapel, or little church, made by the hands of angels; and within the church a chest of stone, in which was the body of St. Clement, and by it the anchor with which he had been cast into the sea. This miracle did not happen only that year in which the holy pope died, but it happened also every year, and the sea retired itself three miles, as was

said, leaving the way dry for seven days, namely, the day of his martyrdom, and the other six following days."* Though "travellers see strange sights," no modern tourist has related this annual miracle, which is still performed by the sea in the neighbourhood of Rome, on the days aforesaid, as duly and truly as the annual liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples—"or, if not, why not?"

Protestants, in London, are reminded of St. Clement's apocryphal death by his anchor being the weathercock that "turns and turns," to every wind, on the steeple of the parish church of St. Clement Danes in the Strand. It denotes the efflux of time as a minute-hand upon the clock; it denotes the limits of the parish as a mark upon the boundary stones; it graces the beadles' staves; and on the breasts of the charity children is, in the eyes of the parishioners, "a badge of honour."

It appears from a state proclamation, dated July 22, 1540, that children were accustomed to be decked, and go about on St. Clement's day in procession. From an ancient custom of going about on the night of this festival to beg drink to make merry with, a pot was formerly marked against the 23d of November upon the old clog-almanacs.†

St. Clement is the patron of *blacksmiths*. His quality in this respect is not noticed by Brand, or other observers of our ancient customs, nor do they mention any observances by that trade in commemoration of his festival. But the following communications will show the estimation wherein he is held among the "cunning workmen in iron."

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Chancery-lane, Nov. 19, 1825.

Sir,

As secretary of the "Benevolent Institution of Smiths," I take the liberty of jogging your memory. I hope you will not forget our *St. Clement*, (Nov. 23.) in your interesting *Every-Day Book*. When I was a child, an old man went about in the trade, reciting the following ode or smithery, which, I believe, is very old. If you think it worthy a place in your work, it will much oblige me and our trade; for it is now quite forgot, with many good customs of hospitality of the

* Ribadeneira.

† Plot's *Staffordshire*.

olden days which are no more. I hope a story of St. Dunstan, the smith, with you will cull your flowers of antiquity, and his tongs, pinching the devil by the nose, collect all you can for our trade; there is &c

An Ode on Smithery, 1610.

“ By reading of old authors we do find
The smiths have been a trade time out of mind;
And it's believed they may be bold to say,
There's not the like to them now at this day.
For was it not for smiths what could we do,
We soon should loose our lives and money too;
The miser would be stript of all his store,
And lose the golden god he doth adore:
No tradesman could be safe, or take his rest
But thieves and rogues would nightly him molest;
It's by our cunning art, and ancient skill,
That we are saved from those who would work ill.
The smith at night, and soon as he doth rise,
Doth always cleanse and wash his face and eyes;
Kindles his fire, and the bellows blows,
Tucks up his shirt sleeves, and to work he goes:
Then makes the hammer and the anvil ring,
And thus he lives as merry as a king.

A working smith all other trades excels,
In useful labour wheresoe'er he dwells;
Toss up your caps ye sons of Vulcan then,
For there are none of all the sons of men,
That can with the brave working smiths compare,
Their work is hard, and jolly lads they are.
What though a smith looks sometimes very black,
And sometimes gets but one shirt to his back
And that is out at elbows, and so thin
That you through twenty holes may see his skin;
Yet when he's drest and clean, you all will say,
That smiths are men not made of common clay
They serve the living, and they serve the dead,
They serve the mitre, and the crowned head;
They all are men of honour and renown,
Honest, and just, and loyal to the crown.
The many worthy deeds that they have done,
Have spread their fame beyond the rising sun
So if we have offended rich or poor,
We will be good boys, and do so no more.

I hope you will polish up for insertion. I will call for the old copy at your office: I should have sent it sooner, but could not find it, and the trouble it has cost me has made it valuable.

I remain, &c.

J. JOHNSON.

7, Hill-street,
Southwark.

The editor has given the “ode” without Mr. Johnson's alterations and additions, because its original state is better suited to convey a notion of his predecessors'

manners; for the same reason, his suggestion to “polish up” has been declined. The homeliness of those who preceded him is not discreditable to him, or any of the brethren of his trade. They are daily increasing in respectability, and ought to be a thriving branch. Compared with those who lived before them, they have extraordinary means of becoming acquainted with the *principles* of their varied manufacture, by becoming members of the *Mechanics' Institution*. Many blacksmiths have already joined that society. A diligent and good hand who knows

more than his fellows, will be the best workman, and get the most money; and frugality abroad, and economy at home, will secure his independence. Attendance at the *Mechanics' Institution* will teach these things: and St. Clement cannot be better honoured than by observing them.

ST. CLEMENT, at *Woolwich*.

R. R. obligingly communicates with his name, the following account of an annual ceremony on the evening of St. Clement's day, by the blacksmiths' apprentices of the dockyard there.

(For the *Every-Day Book*.)

One of the senior apprentices being chosen to serve as *old Clem*, (so called by them,) is attired in a great coat, having his head covered with an oakham wig, face masked, and a long white beard flowing therefrom; thus attired, he seats himself in a *large wooden chair*, chiefly covered with a sort of stuff called buntin, with a crown and anchor, made of wood, on the top, and around it, four transparencies, representing "the blacksmiths' arms," "anchor smiths at work," "Britannia with her anchor," and "Mount Etna." He has before him a wooden anvil, and in his hands a pair of tongs and wooden hammer which, in general, he makes good use of whilst reciting his speech. A mate, also masked, attends him with a wooden sledge-hammer; he is also surrounded by a number of other attendants, some of whom carry torches, banners, flags, &c.; others battle-axes, tomahawkes, and other accoutrements of war. This procession, headed by a drum and fife, and six men with old Clem mounted on their shoulders, proceed round the town, stopping and refreshing at nearly every public house, (which, by the by, are pretty numerous,) not forgetting to call on the blacksmiths and officers of the dockyard: there the money-box is pretty freely handed, after old Clem and his mate have recited their speeches, which commence by the mate calling for order, with

"Gentlemen all, attention give,
Aud wish St. Clem, long, long to live."

Old Clem then recites the following speech:—

"I am the real St. Clement, the first founder of brass, iron, and steel, from the ore. I have been to Mount Etna, where the god Vulcan first built his forge, and forged the armour and thunderbolts for the god Jupiter. I have been through the deserts of

Arabia; through Asia, Africa, and America; through the city of Pongrove; through the town of Tipningo; and all the northern parts of Scotland. I arrived in London on the twenty-third of November, and came down to his majesty's dockyard, at Woolwich, to see how all the gentlemen Vulcans came on there. I found them all hard at work, and wish to leave them well on the twenty-fourth."

The mate then subjoins:—

"Come all you Vulcans stout and strong,
Unto St. Clem we do belong,
I know this house is well prepared
With plenty of money and good strong beer,
And we must drink before we part,
All for to cheer each merry heart.
Come all you Vulcans, strong and stout,
Unto St. Clem I pray turn out;
For now St. Clem's going round the town,
His coach and six goes merrily round.
Huzza,—a,—a."

After having gone round the town and collected a pretty decent sum, they retire to some public house, where they enjoy as good a supper as the money collected will allow.

R. R.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Convex Wood Sorrel. *Oxalis convexula*.
Dedicated to *St. Clement*.

November 24.

St. John of the Cross, A. D. 1591. *St. Chrysoگونus*. *Sts. Flora and Mary*, A. D. 851. *St. Cianan*, or *Kenan*, Bp. of Duleek, in Ireland, A. D. 489.

London in November.

In the already cited "*Mirror of the Months*," there is a feeling account of certain days in the metropolis, at this season, which every one who has sojourned in "that overgrown place" will immediately recognize to be "quite correct."

"Now the atmosphere of London begins to thicken over head, and assume its *natural* appearance, preparatory to its becoming, about Christmas time, that 'palpable obscure,' which is one of its proudest boasts; and which, among its other merits, may reckon that of engendering those far-famed fogs, of which every body has heard, but to which no one has ever done justice. A London fog, in November, is a thing for which I have a sort of natural affection—to say nothing of an acquired one—the result of a hackney-coach adventure, in which the fair part

the fare threw herself into my arms for protection, amidst the pleasing horrors of an overthrow.

“As an affair of mere breath, there is something tangible in a London fog. In the evanescent air of Italy, a man might as well not breathe at all, for any thing he knows of the matter. But in a well-mixed metropolitan fog, there is something substantial and satisfying. You can feel what you breathe, and see it too. It is like breathing water,—as we may suppose the fishes to do. And then the taste of it, when dashed with a due seasoning of sea-coal smoke, is far from insipid. It is also meat and drink at the same time: something between egg-flip and *omelette soufflée*, but much more digestible than either. Not that I would recommend it medicinally, especially to persons of queasy stomachs, delicate nerves, and afflicted with bile. But for persons of a good robust habit of body, and not dainty withal, (which such, by the by, never are,) there is nothing better in its way. And it wraps you all round like a cloak, too—a patent water-proof one, which no rain ever penetrated. No—I maintain that a real London fog is a thing not to be sneezed at—if you help it. *Mem.* As many spurious imitations of the above are abroad,—such as Scotch mists, and the like,—which are no less deleterious than disagreeable,—please to ask for the ‘true London particular,’—as manufactured by Thames, Coalgas, Smoke, Steam, & Co. No others are genuine.”

Water-proof Boots and Shoes.

Take one pound of drying (boiled linseed) oil, two ounces of yellow wax, two ounces of spirits of turpentine, and one of Burgundy pitch, melted carefully over a slow fire. With this composition new shoes and boots are to be rubbed in the sun, or at a distance from the fire, with a small bit of sponge, as often as they become dry, until they are fully saturated; the leather then is impervious to wet, the shoes and boots last much longer, acquire softness and pliability, and thus prepared, are the most effectual preservatives against cold.

A Notable Woman.

On the 24th of November, 1735, a butcher near Rumford, in Essex, was rode up to by a woman well mounted on

a side saddle, who, to his astonishment, presented a pistol, and demanded his money. In amazement he asked her what she meant, and received his answer from a genteel looking man, who coming to him on horseback, said he was a brute to deny the lady's request, and enforced this conviction by telling him that if he did not gratify her desire immediately he would shoot him through the head. The butcher could not resist an invitation to be gallant, when supported by such arguments, and he placed six guineas and his watch in her hands.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Starry Stapelia. *Stapelia radiata*
Dedicated to *St. John of the Cross.*

November 25.

St. Catharine, 3d Cent. *St. Erasmus*, or
Elme.

St. Catharine.

This saint is in the church of England calendar, and the almanacs. It is doubtful whether she ever existed; yet in mass-books and breviaries, we find her prayed to and honoured by hymns, with stories of her miracles so wonderfully apocryphal that even cardinal Baronius blushes for the threadbare legends. In Alban Butler's memoirs of this saint, it may be discovered by a scrutinizing eye, that while her popularity seems to force him to relate particulars concerning her, he leaves himself room to disavow them; but this is hardly fair, for the great body of readers of his “Lives of the Saints,” are too confiding to criticise hidden meanings. “From this martyr's uncommon erudition,” he says, “and the extraordinary spirit of piety by which she sanctified her learning, and the use she made of it, she is chosen, in the schools, the patroness and model of christian philosophers.” According to his authorities she was beheaded under the emperor Maxentius, or Maximinus II. He adds, “She is said first to have been put upon an engine made of four wheels joined together, and stuck with sharp pointed spikes, that when the wheels were moved her body might be torn to pieces. The acts add, that at the first stirring of the terrible engine, the cords with which the martyr

* Gentleman's Magazine.



St. Catharine and the Emperor Maxentius.

FROM A STAINED GLASS WINDOW IN WEST WICKHAM CHURCH, KENT, 1825.

was tied, were broke asunder by the invisible power of an angel, and, the engine falling to pieces by the wheels being separated from one another, she was delivered from that death. Hence, the name of "St. Catharine's wheel."

The Catharine-wheel, a sign in the Borough, and at other inns and public houses, and the Catharine-wheel in fire-works, testify this saint's notoriety in England. Besides pictures and engravings representing her pretended marriage with Christ, others, which are more numerous, represent her with her wheel. She was, in common with other papal saints, also painted in churches, and there is still a very fine, though somewhat mutilated, painting of her, on the glass window in the chancel of the church of West Wickham, a village delightfully situated in Kent, between Bromley and Croydon. The editor of the *Every-Day Book* went thither, and took a tracing from the window itself, and now presents an engraving from that tracing, under the expectation that, as an ornament, it may be acceptable to all, and, as perpetuating a relic of antiquity, be still more acceptable to a few. The figure under St Catharine's feet is the tyrant Maxentius. In this church there are other fine and perfect remains of the beautifully painted glass which anciently adorned it. A coach leaves the Ship, at Charing-cross, every afternoon for the Swan, at West Wickham, which is kept by Mr. Crittel, who can give a visiter a good bed, good cheer, and good information, and if need be, put a good horse into a good stable. A short and pleasant walk of a mile to the church the next morning will be gratifying in many ways. The village is one of the most retired and agreeable spots in the vicinity of the metropolis. It is not yet deformed by building speculations.

St. Catharine's Day.

Old Barnaby Googe, from Naogeorgus, says—

"What should I tell what sophisters
on Cathrins day devise?
Or else the superstitious toys
that maisters exercise."

Anciently women and girls in Ireland kept a fast every Wednesday and Saturday throughout the year, and some of them also on *St. Catharine's* day; nor would they omit it though it happened on their birthday, or they were ever so ill. The reason given for it was that the girls might get good husbands, and the women better ones, either by the death, desertion, or reformation of their living ones.*

St. Catharine was esteemed the saint and patroness of spinsters, and her holiday observed by young women meeting on this day, and making merry together, which they call "Cathar'ning."† Something of this still remains in remote parts of England.

Our correspondent R. R. (in November, 1825,) says, "On the 25th of November, *St. Catharine's* day, a man dressed in woman's clothes, with a large wheel by his side, to represent *St. Catharine*, was brought out of the royal arsenal at Woolwich, (by the workmen of that place,) about six o'clock in the evening, seated in a large wooden chair, and carried by men round the town, with attendants, &c. similar to *St. Clement's*. They stopped at different houses, where they used to recite a speech; but this ceremony has been discontinued these last eight or nine years."

Much might be said and contemplated in addition to the notice already taken of the demolition of the church of *St. Catharine's*, near the Tower. Its destruction has commenced, is proceeding, and will be completed in a short time. The surrender of this edifice will, in the end, become a precedent for a spoliation imagined by very few on the day when he utters this foreboding.

25th of November, 1825.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Sweet Butter-bur. *Tussilago fragrans*
Dedicated to *St. Catharine*.

* Camden Brit.

† La Motte on Poetry and Painting, 1730, 12mo.

November 26.

St. Peter, Martyr, Bp. of Alexandria, A. D. 311. *St. Nicon*, surnamed *Mctanoite*, A. D. 998. *St. Sylvester Gozzolini*, A. D. 1267. *St. Conrad*, Bp. of Constance, A. D. 976.

A NEW MOON CUSTOM,
and "more last words" respecting
CAPTAIN STARKEY.

To the Editor of the *Every-Day Book*.

Sir,

I do not remember to have seen in your book, "where *every-day* we turn the leaf to read," any notice of a custom, which is not only very prevalent, but which is, also, most harmless in its nature and endearing in its tendency—promotes in its practice goodwill and good humour—and, not unfrequently, with those who view the "future i' th' instant," love itself. Among the many new moon customs, such as looking through a new silk handkerchief to ascertain the number of your lovers, feeling for money in your pocket, to see if you will have a lucky month, &c. ; I know of none so pleasant, or, to my thinking, so rational, as that of claiming the **FIRST KISS FOR A PAIR OF NEW GLOVES!** The person, in a company, male or female, who first gets a glimpse of the new moon, immediately kisses some member of the company, and pronounces with a triumphant chuckle, "Aha! Jane, (or as the name may be,) there's a pair of gloves for me!" By this means a pleasant interruption is often given to a tedious tale, or uninteresting debate, and a new subject starts, in which all may join with greater or less avidity. How happy is some modest youth, should the blushing and ingenuous girl, whom he has secretly "singled from the world," have laid him under the penalty of a pair of new gloves, by that soft phrase and that first delicious kiss—how fruitful are his sweet anticipations of that golden time—

"When life is all one dream of love and flowers."

How joyful is an amiable sister, if, by this species of initiation, she has been enabled to re-conciliate the vagrant affections of some estranged brother: and even where love and sisterly feelings are out of the question, viewed as an interchange of common (*common!*) friendship, between the sexes, how felicitous is

it in effect and operation! Should you, Mr. Editor, be of opinion with me, respecting this no longer "tyrant custom," you may, possibly, by printing this letter be productive of much good humour, and a pair of new gloves.

I am,

Your constant and approving reader,
W. G. T.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

P. S. I cannot write the name of the town where I reside, without feeling a strong inducement to say one word of him, who has been so pleasantly immortalized by yourself, and the inimitable being who wrote so affectingly of "Rosamund Gray," and the "Old Familiar Faces"—I mean poor Starkey. I was born, and have lived all my life (not a long one), in the town where he terminated his humble career, and gave another name to the neglected and unpitied list of those, who seem chiefly to have entered the world for the purpose of swelling

"The short and simple annals of the poor,"

and my earliest recollections are haunted by his meagre care-worn form;—many a time have I shrunk from the shaking of his stick, and the imperious "*dem your bluds*," which he bestowed with uncommon celerity on the defenceless heads of his young and unthinking sources of annoyance, as they assailed him from the corners which he was accustomed to pass. But the captain was a humble man, and these "moods of the mind" were seldom indulged in, save when he was returning, brim-full of brief and intemperate importance, from the Black Horse, in Pilgrim-street, the tap-room of which was the scene of many a learned disputation with the "unwashed artificers" of the evening, and in which the captain was always proportionably brilliant to the number of *gills* he had drank. On these occasions, in his efforts to silence the sons of toil, he did not scruple to use his Latin—and, in such instances, appeal was impossible, and victory sure. Among several anecdotes, I am in possession of two, which you, his most celebrated biographer, may not think unworthy of recording. On one evening, when he was returning from a carousal, furnished by the generosity of friends, or his own indiscretion—for the captain despised to-morrow as much as

any man, and was fully convinced of the propriety of the apophthegm, "sufficient unto the day is its own evil"—he found the gate of the Freeman's Hospital, where he resided, closed, and no one in a better condition for exclaiming with Dr. Beattie,

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb!"

than himself. What was to be done? To fly over was impossible—and he was much too deep in the scale of intoxication to dream of scaling the wall. A party of young bucks, "ripe for fun," fresh from their sacrifices at the shrine of "the reeling goddess with the zoneless waist," came up the street; to these, hat in hand, did the captain prefer his petition to be assisted over, and they, with a thoughtlessness hardly to be excused by their condition, took him up, and threw him completely on to the grass plot on the other side. The veteran scrambled to his legs, and, for the wall was not *very* high on the inside, returned them thanks in his best manner for their timely assistance, utterly forgetful that it might have proved most disastrous both to himself and them. The second, and with which I must conclude a postscript which has already far outgrown the letter, was less harmless and equally illustrative of the man. He had gone, with another eleemosynary worthy, on some gratulatory occasion, to the hall of one of the

members for the town, and the butler who was well aware of the object of his guests, treated them handsomely in his refectory to cold beef and good ale. He was accidentally called away, and the two friends were left alone. Alas! for the temptations which continually beset us! The "expedition of" the captain's "violent love outran the pauser, reason:" he suggested, and both adopted, the expedient of secreting a slice or two of the member's beef, to make more substantial the repast of the evening. Starkey's share was deposited in his hat. The man in office returned, pressed his visitors afresh, "and still the circling cup was drained," until the home-brewed had made considerable innovations, and the travellers thought it fitting to depart. The captain's habitual politeness was an overmatch for his cunning: whilst he was yet at the door, casting his "last lingering looks behind," he must needs take off his hat to give more effect to the fervour of his farewell—when—"out upon 't"—the beef fell as flat on his oration, as did the hat of corporal Trim on the floor in the scene of his eloquence. Starkey was dumb-founded, his associate was in agonies, and the butler was convulsed with the most "side-splitting" laughter. The captain, like other great men, has not fallen "un-sung." Harken to Gilchrist, one of the "bards of the Tyne," who thus sings in his apotheosis of Benjamin Starkey:—

"His game is up, his pipe is out, 'n' fairly laid his craw,
His fame 'ill blow about just like coal dust at Shincy-Raw.
He surely rare—what times there'd been for a' the nation,
Had he but lived to be a mayor, the glory o' wor corporation!

"Whack, &c." W. G. T.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Linear Wood Sorrel. *Oxalis linearis*
Dedicated to *St. Conrad*.

ANNIVERSARY OF

The Great Storm

IN ENGLAND.

November 27.

St. Maximus, Bp. of Riez, A. D. 460. *St. James*, surnamed *Intereisus*, A. D. 421. *St. Maharsapor*, A. D. 421. *St. Virgil*, Bp. of Saltzburg, A. D. 784. *St. Secundin*, or *Seachnal*, Bp. of Dunsaghlín, in Meath, A. D. 447.

In *Little Wild-street* chapel, Lincoln's Inn Fields, a sermon is annually preached on this day in commemoration of the "GREAT STORM" in 1703.

This fearful tempest was preceded by a strong west wind, which set in about the middle of the month; and every day, and almost every hour, increased in force until

the 24th, when it blew furiously, occasioned much alarm, and some damage was sustained. On the 25th, and through the night following, it continued with unusual violence. On the morning or Friday, the 26th, it raged so fearfully that only few people had courage to venture abroad. Towards evening it rose still higher; the night setting in with excessive darkness added general horror to the scene, and prevented any from seeking security abroad from their homes, had that been possible. The extraordinary power of the wind created a noise, hoarse and dreadful, like thunder, which carried terror to every ear, and appalled every heart. There were also appearances in the heavens that resembled lightning. "The air," says a writer at the time, "was full of meteors and fiery vapours; yet," he adds, "I am of opinion, that there was really no lightning, in the common acceptation of the term; for the clouds, that flew with such violence through the air, were not to my observation such as are usually freighted with thunder and lightning; the hurried nature was then in do not consist with the system of thunder." Some imagined the tempest was accompanied with an earthquake. "Horror and confusion seized upon all, whether on shore or at sea; no pen can describe it, no tongue can express it, no thought can conceive it, unless theirs who were in the extremity of it; and who being touched with a due sense of the sparing mercy of their Maker, retain the deep impressions of his goodness upon their minds though the danger be past. To venture abroad was to rush into instant death, and to stay within afforded no other prospect than that of being buried under the ruins of a falling habitation. Some in their distraction did the former, and met death in the streets; others the latter, and in their own houses received their final doom." One hundred and twenty-three persons were killed by the falling of dwellings; amongst these were the bishop of Bath and Wells (Dr. Richard Kidder) and his lady, by the fall of part of the episcopal palace of Wells; and lady Penelope Nicholas, sister to the bishop of London, at Horsley, in Sussex. Those who perished in the waters, in the floods of the Severn and the Thames, on the coast of Holland, and in ships blown away and never heard of afterwards, are computed to have amounted to eight thousand

All ranks and degrees were affected by this amazing tempest, for every family that had any thing to lose lost something: land, houses, churches, corn, trees, rivers, all were disturbed or damaged by its fury; small buildings were for the most part wholly swept away, "as chaff before the wind." Above eight hundred dwelling-houses were laid in ruins. Few of those that resisted escaped from being unroofed, which is clear from the prodigious increase in the price of tiles, which rose from twenty-one shillings to six pounds the thousand. About two thousand stacks of chimnies were blown down in and about London. When the day broke the houses were mostly stripped, and appeared like so many skeletons. The consternation was so great that trade and business were suspended, for the first occupation of the mind was so to repair the houses that families might be preserved from the inclemency of the weather in the rigorous season. The streets were covered with brickbats, broken tiles, signs, bulks, and penthouses.

The lead which covered one hundred churches, and many public buildings, was rolled up, and hurled in prodigious quantities to distances almost incredible; spires and turrets of many others were thrown down. Innumerable stacks of corn and hay were blown away, or so torn and scattered as to receive great damage.

Multitudes of cattle were lost. In one level in Gloucestershire, on the banks of the Severn, fifteen thousand sheep were drowned. Innumerable trees were torn up by the roots; one writer says, that he himself numbered seventeen thousand in part of the county of Kent alone, and that, tired with counting, he left off reckoning.

The damage in the city of London, only, was computed at near two millions sterling. At Bristol, it was about two hundred thousand pounds. In the whole, it was supposed that the loss was greater than that produced by the great fire of London, 1666, which was estimated at four millions.

The greater part of the navy was at sea, and if the storm had not been at its height at full flood, and in a spring-tide, the loss might have been nearly fatal to the nation. It was so considerable, that fifteen or sixteen men of war were cast away, and more than two thousand seamen perished. Few merchantmen were

lost; for most of those that were driven to sea were safe. Rear-admiral Beaumont with a squadron then lying in the Downs, perished with his own and several other ships on the Goodwin Sands.

The ships lost by the storm were estimated at three hundred. In the river Thames, only four ships remained between London-bridge and Limehouse, the rest being driven below, and lying there miserably beating against one another. Five hundred wherries, three hundred ship-boats, and one hundred lighters and barges were entirely lost; and a much greater number received considerable damage. The wind blew from the western seas, which preventing many ships from putting to sea, and driving others into harbour, occasioned great numbers to escape destruction.

The Eddystone lighthouse near Plymouth was precipitated in the surrounding ocean, and with it Mr. Winstanley, the ingenious architect, by whom it was contrived, and the people who were with him.—“Having been frequently told that the edifice was too slight to withstand the fury of the winds and waves, he was accustomed to reply contemptuously, that he only wished to be in it when a storm should happen. Unfortunately his desire was gratified. Signals of distress were made, but in so tremendous a sea no vessel could live, or would venture to put off for their relief.”*

The amazing strength and rapidity of the wind, are evidenced by the following well authenticated circumstances. Near Shaftesbury a stone of near four hundred pounds weight, which had lain for some years fixed in the ground, fenced by a bank with a low stone wall upon it, was lifted up by the wind, and carried into a hollow way, distant at least seven yards from the place. This is mentioned in a sermon preached by Dr. Samuel Stennett, in 1788. Dr. Andrew Gifford in a sermon preached at Little Wylde-street, on the 27th of November, 1734, says that “in a country town, a large stable was at once removed off its foundation and instantly carried quite across the highway, over the heads of five horses and the man that was then feeding them, without hurting any one of them, or removing the rack and manger, both of which remained for a considerable time to the admiration of every beholder.” Dr. Gifford in the same sermon, gives an ac-

count of “several remarkable deliverances.” One of the most remarkable instances of this kind occurred at a house in the Strand, in which were no less than fourteen persons: “Four of them fell with a great part of the house, &c. three stories, and several two; and though buried in the ruins, were taken out unhurt: of these, three were children; one that lay by itself, in a little bed near its nurse; another in a cradle; and the third was found hanging (as it were wrap’d up) in some curtains that hitch’d by the way; neither of whom received the least damage. In another place, as a minister was crossing a court near his house, a stone from the top of a chimney upwards of one hundred and forty pounds weight, fell close to his heels, and cut between his footsteps four inches deep into the ground. Soon after, upon drawing in his arm, which he had held out on some occasion, another stone of near the same weight and size, brush’d by his elbow, and fell close to his foot, which must necessarily, in the eye of reason, have killed him, had it fallen while it was extended.” In the Poultry, where two boys were lying in a garret, a huge stack of chimnies fell in, which making its way through that and all the other floors to the cellar, it was followed by the bed with the boys asleep in it, who first awaked in that gloomy place of confusion without the least hurt.

So awful a visitation produced serious impressions on the government, and a day of fasting and humiliation was appointed by authority. The introductory part of the proclamation, issued by queen Anne for that purpose, claims attention from its solemn import.

WHEREAS, by the late most terrible and dreadful Storms of Wind, with which it hath pleased Almighty God to afflict the greatest part of this our Kingdom, on Friday and Saturday, the Twenty-Sixth and Twenty-Seventh days of November last, some of our Ships of War, and many Ships of our loving Subjects have been destroyed and lost at Sea, and great numbers of our subjects, serving on board the same have perished, and many houses and other buildings of our good Subjects have been either wholly thrown down and demolished, or very much damaged and defaced, and thereby several persons have been killed, and many Stacks of Corn and Hay thrown down and scat-

* Belsham's Hist. of G. Britain.

tered abroad, to the great damage and impoverishment of many others, especially the poorer sort, and great numbers of Timber and other Trees have by the said Storm been torn up by the roots in many parts of this our Kingdom: a Calamity of this sort so dreadful and astonishing, that the like hath not been seen or felt in the memory of any person living in this our Kingdom, and which loudly calls for the deepest and most solemn humiliation of us and our people: therefore out of a deep and pious sense of what we and all our people have suffered by the said dreadful Wind and Storms, (which we most humbly acknowledge to be a token of the divine displeasure, and that it was the infinite Mercy of God that we and our people were not thereby wholly destroyed,) We have Resolved, and do hereby command, that a General Public Fast be observed," &c.

This public fast was accordingly observed, throughout England, on the nineteenth of January following, with great seriousness and devotion by all orders and denominations. The protestant dissenters, notwithstanding their objections to the interference of the civil magistrate in matters of religion, deeming this to be an occasion wherein they might unite with their countrymen in openly bewailing the general calamity, rendered the supplication universal, by opening their places of worship, and every church and meeting-house was crowded.

ADVERTISEMENT.

"It may not be generally known, that a Mr. JOSEPH TAYLOR, having experienced a merciful preservation, during the 'Great Storm,' in 1703; and, being at that period, a member of the (Baptist) church, meeting in Little Wild-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, instituted an annual sermon, to perpetuate the recollection of that affecting occurrence; leaving, in trust, a small sum to be thus annually expended."

The above announcement is prefixed to a sermon preached in the before-mentioned chapel, in the year 1821, by the rev. George Pritchard. The annual sermon at that place has been regularly preached, but Mr. Pritchard's is the last printed one. It has an appendix of "remarkable facts, which could not so conveniently be introduced into the discourse." The rev. Robert Winter, A. M.

(now D.D.) preached the sermon of 1798, which was the last published one preceding Mr. Pritchard's.

Mr. Joseph Taylor was a bookseller in Paternoster-row. He left 40*l.* for the purpose mentioned, to which the church added 5*l.*, and purchased 50*l.* three per cent. consols, which is now standing in the name of three trustees, who pay the minister.

	£.	s.	d.
For the sermon -	1	0	0
Distributing of Notices	0	2	6
Clerk - - -	0	2	6
Two Pew-openers 2 <i>s.</i> 6 <i>d.</i>			
each	0	5	0
	<hr/>		
	£1	10	0
	<hr/>		

The following is a copy of the notice, printed and distributed in the year 1825.

"GREAT STORM.

On Sunday Evening, November 27, 1825,

THE

Annual Sermon

In commemoration of the Great Storm in 1703,

WILL BE PREACHED

In Little Wild Street Chapel,

LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS,

By the REV. THOMAS GRIFFIN,

Of Prescott Street

"A collection will be made after the service for the support of the Evening Lecture, which was commenced at the beginning of the present year, and will be continued every Sunday evening, to which the inhabitants of Wild-street, and its vicinity, are earnestly solicited to attend.

"Service commences at half-past six o'clock."

Etymology of the Seasons.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Mr Editor,

I am, no doubt, with many others, obliged by the information contained in your *Every-Day Book*, especially in giving the etymology and origin of things of old and present practices.

But being a dabbler in etymology myself, I was disappointed in finding none for the present season of the year, autumn; and as many of our names of

places were, no doubt, given by our Saxon ancestors, we in the north retain more of that language, and consequently more familiar with the names of places than you in England.

Perhaps there is not one hundred persons in Langbourn ward know any meaning to the two words by which the ward is called; but to any child in Scotland the words are significant.

Will you then allow me to give you my etymology of the seasons?

Spring makes itself familiar to almost every one; but summer, or as we would say in Scotland, means an addition, or "sum-more," or "some-mere;" viz. if a person was not satisfied with his portion of victuals, he would say "I want sum-
mere."

And does not this correspond with the season, which in all the plants and fruits of the field and garden, is getting "sum-
mere" every day, until the months of August and September, when according to the order and appointment of the great Lawgiver, they are brought to perfection, and gathered in?

Then comes the present season, autumn, or as we would in the north say, "ae-tum," or "all-empty," which is the present state of the gardens, trees, and fields; they are "ae-tum."

The last season brings with it its own name by its effects, "wind-tere."

If these observations will add any thing to your fund of information, it will not diminish that of

Your humble servant,
A NORTH BRITAIN.

PS.—Observe, they pronounce the A in Scotland as in France, Aa.
November 16, 1825.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Lupinleaved Wood Sorrel. *Oxalis lupinifolia*.

Dedicated to *St. Virgil*.

November 28.

St. Stephen the Younger, A. D. 764. *St. James of La Marea*, of Ancona, A. D. 476.

[Michaelmas Term ends.]

BURMESE STATE CARRIAGE.

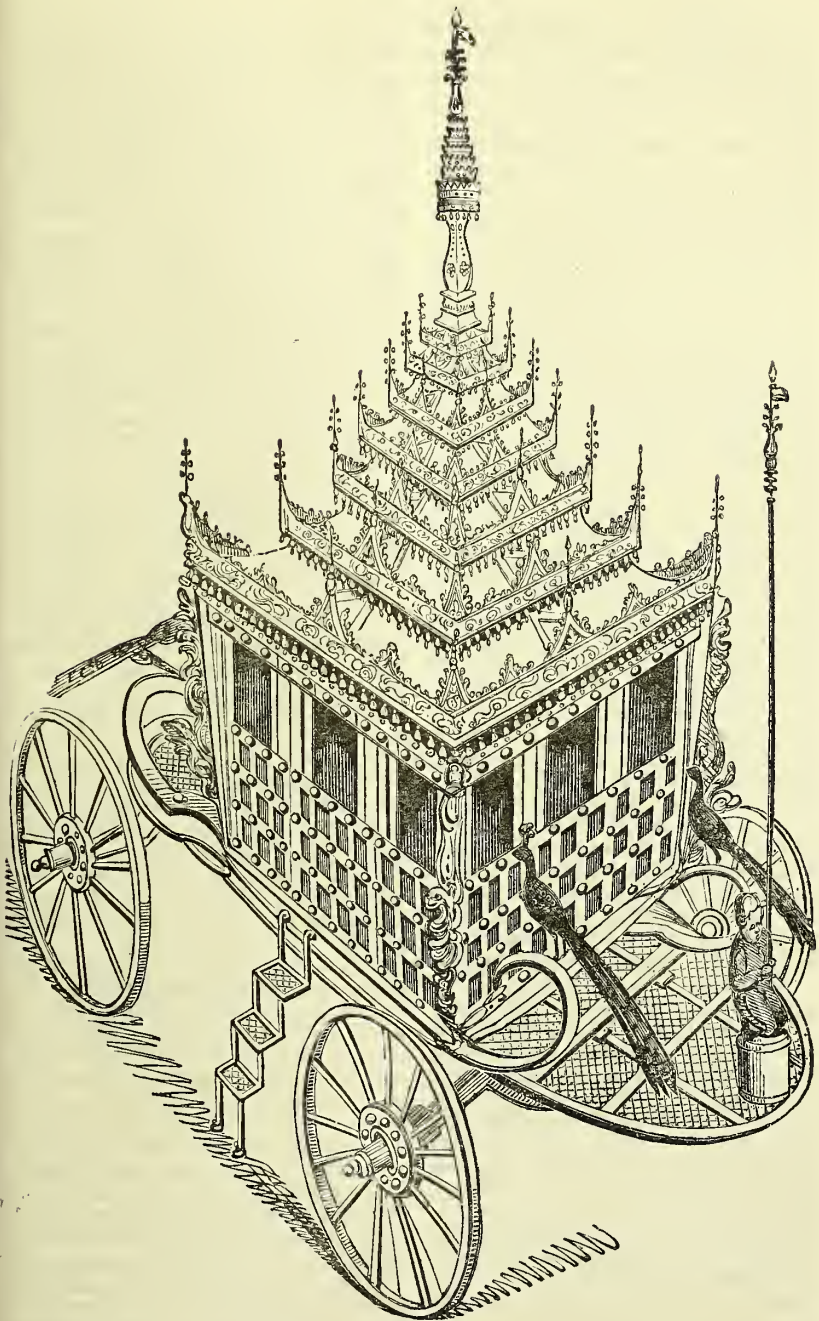
Exhibited in November, 1825.

An invitation to a private view of the "Rath," or state carriage of the king of

Ava, or emperor of the Burmans, at the Egyptian-hall, Piccadilly, gave the editor of the *Every-Day Book* an opportunity of inspecting it, on Friday, the 18th of November, previous to its public exhibition; and having been accompanied by an artist, for whom he obtained permission to make a drawing of the splendid vehicle, he is enabled to present the accompanying engraving.

The *Times*, in speaking of it, remarks, that "The Burmese artists have produced a very formidable rival to that gorgeous piece of lumber, the lord mayor's coach. It is not indeed quite so heavy, nor quite so glassy as that moving monument of metropolitan magnificence; but it is not inferior to it in glitter and in gilding, and is far superior in the splendour of the gems and rubies which adorn it. It differs from the metropolitan carriage in having no seats in the interior, and no place for either sword-bearer, chaplain, or any other inferior officer. The reason of this is, that whenever the 'golden monarch' vouchsafes to show himself to his subjects, who with true legitimate loyalty worship him as an emanation from the deity, he orders his throne to be removed into it, and sits thereon, the sole object of their awe and admiration."

The *British Press* well observes, that "Independent of the splendour of this magnificent vehicle, its appearance in this country at the present moment is attended with much additional and extrinsic interest. It is the first specimen of the progress of the arts in a country of the very existence of which we appeared to be oblivious, till recent and extraordinary events recalled it to our notice. The map of Asia alone reminded us that an immense portion of the vast tract of country lying between China and our Indian possessions, and constituting the eastern peninsula of India, was designated by the name of the Burmah empire. But so little did we know of the people, or the country they inhabited, that geographers were not agreed upon the orthography of the name. The attack upon Chittagong at length aroused our attention to the concerns of this warlike people, when one of the first intimations we received of their existence was the threat, after they had expelled us from India, to invade England. Our soldiers found themselves engaged in a contest different from any they had before experienced in that part of the world, and



The Rath, or Burmese Imperial State Carriage ;

Captured, in September, 1825, at Tavoy, a sea-port in the Burmese Empire

with a people who, to the impetuous bravery of savages, added all the artifices of civilized warfare. We had to do with an enemy of whose history and resources we knew absolutely nothing. On those heads our information is still but scanty. It is the information which 'the Rath,' or imperial carriage, affords respecting the state of the mechanical arts among the Burmese, that we consider particularly curious and interesting."

Before more minute description it may be remarked, that the eye is chiefly struck by the fretted golden roof, rising step by step from the square oblong body of the carriage, like an ascending pile of rich shrine-work. "It consists of seven stages, diminishing in the most skilful and beautiful proportions towards the top. The carving is highly beautiful, and the whole structure is set thick with stones and gems of considerable value. These add little to the effect when seen from below, but ascending the gallery of the hall, the spectator observes them, relieved by the yellow ground of the gilding, and sparkling beneath him like dew-drops in a field of cowslips. Their presence in so elevated a situation well serve to explain the accuracy of finish preserved throughout, even in the nicest and most minute portions of the work. Gilt metal bells, with large heart-shaped chrysal drops attached to them, surround the lower stages of the pagoda, and, when the carriage is put in motion, emit a soft and pleasing sound."* The apex of the roof is a pinnacle, called the *tee*, elevated on a pedestal. The *tee* is an emblem of royalty. It is formed of movable belts, or coronals, of gold, wherein are set large amethysts of a greenish or purple colour: its summit is a small banner, or vane, of crystal.

The length of the carriage itself is thirteen feet seven inches; or, if taken from the extremity of the pole, twenty-eight feet five inches. Its width is six feet nine inches, and its height, to the summit of the *tee*, is nineteen feet two inches. The carriage body is five feet seven inches in length, by four feet six inches in width, and its height, taken from the interior, is five feet eight inches. The four wheels are of uniform height, are remarkable for their lightness and elegance, and the peculiar mode by which the spokes are secured, and measure only four feet two

inches: the spokes richly silvered, are of a very hard wood, called in the east, *iron wood*: the felloes are cased in brass, and the caps to the naves elegantly designed of bell metal. The pole, also of iron wood, is heavy and massive; it was destined to be attached to elephants by which the vehicle was intended to be drawn upon all grand or state occasions. The extremity of the pole is surmounted by the head and fore part of a dragon, a figure of idolatrous worship in the east; this ornament is boldly executed, and richly gilt and ornamented; the scales being composed of a curiously coloured *talc*. The other parts of the carriage are the wood of the oriental *sassafras* tree, which combines strength with lightness, and emits a grateful odour; and being hard and elastic, is easily worked, and peculiarly fitted for carving. The body of the carriage is composed of twelve panels, three on each face or front, and these are subdivided into small squares of the clear and nearly transparent horn of the rhinoceros and buffalo, and other animals of eastern idolatry. These squares are set in broad gilt frames, studded at every angle with raised silvered glass mirrors: the higher part of these panels has a range of rich small looking-glasses, intended to reflect the gilding of the upper, or pagoda stages.

The whole body is set in, or supported by four wreathed dragon-like figures, fantastically entwined to answer the purposes of pillars to the pagoda roof, and carved and ornamented in a style of vigour and correctness that would do credit to a European designer: the scaly or body part are of *talc*, and the eyes of pale ruby stones.

The interior roof is latticed with small looking-glasses studded with mirrors as on the outside panels: the bottom or flooring of the body is of matted cane, covered with crimson cloth, edged with gold lace, and the under or frame part of the carriage is of matted cane in panels.

The upper part of each face of the body is composed of sash glasses, set in broad gilt frames, to draw up and let down after the European fashion, but without case or lining to protect the glass from fracture when down; the catches to secure them when up are simple and curious, and the strings of these glasses are wove crimson cotton. On the frames of the glasses is much writing in the Burmese character,

* The British Press.

but the language being utterly unknown in this country, cannot be deciphered; it is supposed to be adulatory sentences to the "golden monarch" seated within.

The body is staid by braces of leather; the springs, which are of iron, richly gilt, differ not from the present fashionable C spring, and allow the carriage an easy and agreeable motion. The steps merely hook on to the outside: it is presumed they were destined to be carried by an attendant; they are light and elegantly formed of gilt metal, with cane threads.

A few years previous to the rupture which placed this carriage in the possession of the British, the governor-general of India, having heard that his Burmese majesty was rather *curious in his carriages*, one was sent to him some few years since, by our governor-general, but it failed in exciting his admiration—he said it was not so handsome as his own. Its having lamps rather pleased him, but he ridiculed other parts of it, particularly, that a portion so exposed to being soiled as the steps, should be folded *and put up within side*.

The Burmese are yet ignorant of that useful formation of the fore part of the carriage, which enables those of European manufacture to be turned and directed with such facility: the fore part of that now under description, does not admit of a lateral movement of more than four inches, it therefore requires a very extended space in order to bring it completely round.

On a gilt bar before the front of the body, with their heads towards the carriage, stand two Japanese peacocks, a bird which is held sacred by this superstitious people; their figure and plumage are so perfectly represented, as to convey the natural appearance of life; two others to correspond are perched on a bar behind. On the fore part of the frame of the carriage, mounted on a silvered pedestal, in a kneeling position, is the *tee-bearer*, a small carved image with a lofty golden wand in his hands, surmounted with a small tee, the emblem of sovereignty: he is richly dressed in green velvet, the front laced with jargoon diamonds, with a triple belt round the body, of blue sapphires, emeralds, and jargoon diamonds; his leggings are also embroidered with sapphires. In the front of his cap is a rich cluster of white sapphires encircled with a double star of rubies and emeralds: the cap is likewise thickly studded with

the carbuncle, a stone little known to us, but in high estimation with the ancients. Behind the carriage are two figures; their lower limbs are tattooed, as is the custom with the Burmese: from their position, being on one knee, their hands raised and open, and their eyes directed as in the act of firing, they are supposed to have borne a representation of the carbine, or some such fire-arm weapon of defence, indicative of protection.

The pagoda roof constitutes the most beautiful, and is, in short, the on'y *imposing* ornament of the carriage. The gilding is resplendent, and the design and carving of the rich borders which adorn each stage are no less admirable. These borders are studded with amethysts emeralds, jargoon diamonds, garnets hyacinths, rubies, tourmalines, and other precious gems, drops of amber and crystal being also interspersed. From every angle ascends a light spiral gilt ornament, enriched with crystals and emeralds.

This pagoda roofing, as well as that of the great imperial palace, and of the state war-boat or barge, bears an exact similitude to the chief sacred temple at Shoemadro. The Burman sovereign, the king of Ava, with every eastern Bhuddish monarch, considers himself sacred, and claims to be worshipped in common with deity itself; so that when enthroned in his palace, or journeying on warlike or pleasurable excursions in his carriage, he becomes an object of idolatry.

The seat or throne for the inside is movable, for the purpose of being taken out and used in council or audience on a journey. It is a low seat of cane work, richly gilt, folding in the centre, and covered by a velvet cushion. The front is studded with almost every variety of precious stone, disposed and contrasted with the greatest taste and skill. The centre belt is particularly rich in gems, and the rose-like clusters or circles are uniformly composed of what is termed the stones of the orient: viz. pearl, coral, sapphire, cornelian, cat's-eye, emerald, and ruby. A range of buffalo-horn panels ornament the front and sides of the throne, at each end of which is a recess, for the body of a lion like joss-god figure, called Sing, a mythological lion, very richly carved and gilt; the feet and teeth are of pearl; the bodies are covered with sapphires, hyacinths, emeralds, tourmalines, carbuncles, jargoon diamonds, and rubies; the eyes are of a tri-coloured sapphire. Six small

carved and gilt figures in a praying or supplicatory attitude, are fixed on each side of the seat of the throne, they may be supposed to be interceding for the mercy or safety of the monarch: their eyes are rubies, their drop ear-rings corneelian, and their hair the light feather of the peacock.

The *chattah*, or umbrella, which overshadows the throne, is an emblem or representation of regal authority and power.

It is not to be doubted, that the comparisons of the elephants would equal in splendour the richness of the carriage, but one only of the elephants belonging to the carriage was captured; the comparisons for both are presumed to have escaped with the other animal. It is imagined that the necks of these ponderous beings bore their drivers, with small hooked spears to guide them, and that the *cortège* combined all the great officers of state, priests, and attendants, male and female, besides the imperial body-guard mounted on eighty white elephants.

Among his innumerable titles, the emperor of the Burmans styles himself "king of the white elephant." Xacca, the founder of Indian idolatry, is affirmed by the Brahmins to have gone through a metempsychosis eighty thousand times, his soul having passed into that number of brutes; that the last was in a white elephant, and that after these changes he was received into the company of the gods, and is now a pagod.

This carriage was taken with the workmen who built it, and all their accounts. From these it appeared, that it had been three years in building, that the gems were supplied from the king's treasury, or by contribution from the various states, and that the workmen were remunerated by the government. Independent of these items, the expenses were stated in the accounts to have been twenty-five thousand rupees, (three thousand one hundred and twenty-five pounds.) The stones are not less in number than twenty thousand, which its reputed value at Tavoy was a lac of rupees, twelve thousand five hundred pounds.

It was in August, 1824, that the expedition was placed under the command of lieutenant-colonel Miles, C. B., a distinguished officer in his majesty's service. It comprised his majesty's 89th regiment, 7th Madras infantry, some artillery, and



AN ENLARGED VIEW OF

The Tee,

The ornament surmounting the roof of the Burmese State Carriage.

other native troops, amounting in the whole to about one thousand men. The naval force, under the command of captain Hardy, consisted of the Teignmouth, Mercury, Thetis, Panang cruiser Jesse, with three gun boats, three Malay prows, and two row boats. The expedition sailed from Rangoon on the 26th of August, and proceeded up the Tavoy river, which is full of shoals and natural difficulties. On the 9th of September, Tavoy, a place of considerable strength, with ten thousand fighting men, and many mounted guns, surrendered to the expedition. The viceroy of the province, his son, and other persons of consequence, were among the prisoners, and colonel Miles states in his despatch, that, with the spoil, he took "a new state carriage for the king of Ava, with one elephant only." This is the carriage now described. After subsequent successes the expedition returned to Rangoon, whither the carriage was also conveyed; from thence, it was forwarded to Calcutta, and there sold for the benefit of the captors. The purchaser, judging that it would prove an attractive object of curiosity in Europe, forwarded it to London, by the Cornwall, captain Brooks, and it was immediately conveyed to the Egyptian-hall for exhibition. It is not too much to say that it is a curiosity. A people emerging from the bosom of a remote region, wherein they had been concealed until captain Symes's embassy, and struggling in full confidence against British tactics, must, in every point of view, be interesting subjects of inquiry. The Burmese state carriage, setting aside its attractions as a novelty, is a remarkable object for a contemplative eye.

Unlike Asiatics in general, the Burmese are a powerful, athletic, and intelligent men. They inhabit a fine country, rich in rivers and harbours. It unites the British possessions in India with the immense Chinese empire. By incessant encroachments on surrounding petty states, they have swallowed them up in one vast empire. Their jealousy, at the preponderance of our eastern power, has been manifested on many occasions. They aided the Mahratta confederacy; and if the promptness of the marquis of Hastings had not deprived them of their allies before they were prepared for action, a diversion would doubtless have then been made by them on our eastern frontier.

Burmah is the designation of an active and vigorous race, originally inhabiting the line of mountains, separating the great peninsula, stretching from the confines of Tartary to the Indian Ocean, and considered, by many, the *Golden Chersonesus* of the ancients. From their heights and native fastnesses, this people have successively fixed their yoke upon the entire peninsula of Aracan, and after seizing successively the separate states and kingdoms of Ava, Pegue, &c., have condensed their conquests into one powerful state, called the Burmah empire, from their own original name. This great Hindoo-Chinese country, has gone on extending itself on every possible occasion. They subdued Assam, a fertile province of such extent, as to include an area of sixty thousand square miles, inhabited by a warlike people who had stood many powerful contests with neighbouring states. On one occasion, Mohammed Shar, emperor of Hindostan, attempted to conquer Assam with one hundred thousand cavalry; the Assamese annihilated them. The subjugation of such a nation, and constant aggressions, have perfected the Burmese in every species of attack and defence: their stockade system, in a mountainous country, closely intersected with nullahs, or thick reedy jungles, sometimes thirty feet in height, has attained the highest perfection. Besides Aracan, they have conquered part of Siam, so that on all sides the Burmese territory appears to rest upon natural barriers, which might seem to prescribe limits to its progress, and ensure repose and security to its grandeur. Towards the east, immense deserts divide its boundaries from China; on the south, it has extended itself to the ocean; on the north, it rests upon the high mountains of Tartary, dividing it from Tibet; on the west, a great and almost impassable tract of jungle wood, marshes, and alluvial swamps of the great river Houghly, or the Ganges, has, till now, interposed boundaries between itself and the British possessions. Beyond this latter boundary and skirting of Assam is the district of Chittagong, the point whence originated the contest between the Burmese and the British.

The Burmese population is estimated at from seventeen to nineteen millions of people, lively, industrious, energetic, further advanced in civilization than most of the eastern nations, frank and candid, and destitute of that pusillanimity which

characterises the Hindoos, and of that revengeful malignity which is a leading trait in the Malay character. Some are even powerful logicians, and take delight in investigating new subjects, be they ever so abstruse. Their learning is confined to the male sex, and the boys are taught by the priests. Females are denied education, except in the higher classes. Their books are numerous, and written in a flowing and elegant style, and much ingenuity is manifested in the construction of their stories.

The monarch is arbitrary. He is the sole lord and proprietor of life and property in his dominions; his word is absolute law. Every male above a certain age is a soldier, the property of the sovereign, and liable to be called into service at any moment.

The country presents a rich and beautiful appearance, and, if cultivated, would be one of the finest in the world. Captain Cox says, "wherever I have landed, I have met with security and abundance, the houses and farmyards put me in mind of the habitations of our little farmers in England."

There is a variety of other information concerning this extraordinary race, in the interesting memoir which may be obtained at the rooms in Piccadilly. These were formerly occupied by "Bullock's Museum." Mr. Bullock, however, retired to Mexico, to form a museum in that country for the instruction of its native population; and Mr. George Lackington purchased the premises in order to let such portions as individuals may require, from time to time, for purposes of exhibition, or as rooms for the display and sale of works in the fine arts, and other articles of refinement. Mr. Day's "Exhibition of the Moses of the Vatican," and other casts from Michael Angelo, with numerous subjects in sculpture and painting, of eminent talent, remains under the same roof with the Burmese carriage, to charm every eye that can be delighted by magnificent objects.

Advent.

This term denotes the *coming* of the Saviour. In ecclesiastical language it is the

denomination of the four weeks preceding the celebration of his birthday. In the Romish church this season of preparation for Christmas is a time of penance and devotion. It consists of four weeks, or at least four Sundays, which commence from the Sunday *nearest* to St. Andrew's day, whether before or after it: anciently it was kept as a rigorous fast.*

In the church of England it commences at the same period. In 1825, St. Andrew's day being a fixed festival on the 30th of November, and happening on a Wednesday, the *nearest* Sunday to it, being the 27th of November, was the first Sunday in Advent; in 1826, St. Andrew's day happening on a Thursday, the *nearest* Sunday to it is on the 3d of December, and, therefore, the first Sunday in Advent.

New Annual Literature.

THE AMULET.

The literary character and high embellishment of the German almanacs, have occasioned an annual publication of beautifully printed works for presents at this season. The *Amulet*, for 1826, is of this order. Its purpose is to blend religious instruction with literary amusement. Messrs. W. L. Bowles, Milman, Bowring, Montgomery, Bernard Barton, Conder, Clare, T. C. Croker, Dr. Anster, Mrs. Hofland, &c.; and, indeed, individuals of various denominations, are contributors of sixty original essays and poems to this elegant volume, which is embellished by highly finished engravings from designs by Martin, Westall, Brooke, and other painters of talent. Mr. Martin's two subjects are engraved by himself in his own peculiarly effective manner. Hence, while the *Amulet* aims to inculcate the fitness of Christian precepts, and the beauty of the Christian character, it is a specimen of the progress of elegant literature and fine art.

The *Amulet* contains a descriptive poem, wherein the meaning of the word *advent* is exemplified; it commences on the next page.

* Butler on the Fasts.

THE RUSTIC FUNERAL.

A Poetical Sketch.

BY JOHN HOLLAND.

'Twas *Christmas*—and the morning of that day,
 When holy men agree to celebrate
 The glorious *advent* of their common Lord,
 The Christ of God, the Saviour of mankind!
 I, as my wont, sped forth, at early dawn,
 To join in that triumphant natal hymn,
 By Christians offer'd in the house of prayer.
 Full of these thoughts, and musing of the theme,
 The high, the glorious theme of man's redemption,
 As I pass'd onward through the village lane,
 My eye was greeted, and my mind was struck
 By the approach of a strange cavalcade,—
 If cavalcade that might be called, which here
 Six folks composed—the living and the dead.
 It was a rustic funeral, off betimes
 To some remoter village. I have seen
 The fair or sumptuous, yea, the gorgeous rites
 The ceremonial, and the trappings proud,
 With which the rich man goeth to the dust;
 And I have seen the pauper's coffin borne
 With quick and hurried step, without a friend
 To follow—one to stand on the grave's brink,
 To weep, to sigh, to steal one last sad look,
 Then turn away for ever from the sight.
 But ne'er did pompous funeral of the proud,
 Nor pauper's coffin unattended borne,
 Impress me like this picturesque array.
 Upright and tall, the coffin-bearer, first
 Rode, mounted on an old gray, shaggy ass;
 A cloak of black hung from his shoulders down
 And to the hinder fetlocks of the beast
 Depended, not unseemly: from his hat
 A long crape streamer did the old man wear,
 Which ever and anon play'd with the wind:
 The wind, too, frequently blew back his cloak,
 And then I saw the plain neat oaken coffin,
 Which held, perchance, a child of ten years old.
 Around the coffin, from beneath the lid,
 Appear'd the margin of a milk-white shroud,
 All cut, and crimp'd, and pounc'd with eyelet-holes
 As well became the last, last earthly robe
 In which maternal love its object sees.
 A couple follow'd, in whose looks I read
 The recent traces of parental grief,
 Which grief and agony had written there.
 A junior train—a little boy and girl,
 Next follow'd, in habiliments of black;
 And yet with faces, which methought bespoke
 Somewhat of pride in being marshal'd thus,
 No less than decorous and demure respect.
 The train pass'd by: but onward as I sped,
 I could not raze the picture from my mind;

Nor could I keep the unavailing wish
 That I had own'd albeit but an hour,
 Thy gifted pencil, Stothard!—rather still,
 That mine had match'd thy more than graphic pen,
 Descriptive Wordsworth! This at least I claim,
 Feebly, full feebly to have sketch'd a scene,
 Which, 'midst a thousand recollections stor'd
 Of village sights, impress'd my pensive mind
 With some emotions ne'er to be forgot.*

Sheffield Park.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Variiegated Stapelia. *Stapelia variegata*.
 Dedicated to *St. Stephen, the younger*.

November 29.

St. Saturninus, Bp. A. D. 257. *St. Rad-
 bod*, Bp. A. D. 918.

CHRONOLOGY.

Invention of Printing by Steam.

The *Times* journal of Tuesday, November the 29th, 1814, was the first newspaper printed by steam. To the editor of the *Every-Day Book* the application of machinery, through this power, to the production of a newspaper seemed so pregnant with advantages to the world, that he purchased *The Times* of that morning, within an hour of its appearance, "as a curiosity," and here transcribes from it the words wherein it announced and described the mode by which its fitness for publication was on that day effected.

The Times introduces the subject, through its "leading article," thus:—

"LONDON, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 29,
 1814.

"Our journal of this day presents to the public the practical result of the greatest improvement connected with printing, since the discovery of the art itself. The reader of this paragraph now holds in his hand, one of the many thousand impressions of *The Times* newspaper, which were taken off last night by a mechanical apparatus. A system of machinery almost organic has been devised and arranged, which, while it relieves the human frame of its most laborious efforts in printing, far exceeds all human powers in rapidity and despatch. That the magnitude of the invention may be justly appreciated by its effects, we shall inform

the public, that after the letters are placed by the compositors, and enclosed in what is called the form, little more remains for man to do, than to attend upon, and watch this unconscious agent in its operations. The machine is then merely supplied with paper: itself places the form, inks it, adjusts the paper to the form newly inked, stamps the sheet, and gives it forth to the hands of the attendant, at the same time withdrawing the form for a fresh coat of ink, which itself again distributes, to meet the ensuing sheet now advancing for impression; and the whole of these complicated acts is performed with such a velocity and simultaneousness of movement, that no less than eleven hundred sheets are impressed in one hour.

"That the completion of an invention of this kind, not the effect of chance, but the result of mechanical combinations methodically arranged in the mind of the artist, should be attended with many obstructions and much delay, may be readily admitted. Our share in this event has, indeed, only been the application of the discovery, under an agreement with the Patentees, to our own particular business; yet few can conceive,—even with this limited interest,—the various disappointments and deep anxiety to which we have for a long course of time been subjected.

"Of the person who made this discovery we have but little to add. Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN's noblest monument is to be found in the building which he erected; so is the best tribute of praise, which we are capable of offering to the inventor of the Printing Machine, comprised in the preceding description, which we have feebly sketched, of the powers and utility of his invention. It must suffice to say farther, that he is a Saxon

* *The Amulet*.

by birth; that his name is KÆNIG; and that the invention has been executed under the direction of his friend and countryman BAUER."

On the 3d of December, 1824, *The Times* commences a series of remarks, entitled, "Invention of Printing by Steam," by observing thus. "Ten years elapsed on the 29th of last month, since this journal appeared for the first time printed by a mechanical apparatus; and it has continued to be printed by the same method to the present day." It speaks of consequent advantages to the public, from earlier publication, and better press-work, and says, "This journal is undoubtedly the first work ever printed by a mechanical apparatus: we attempted on its introduction to do justice to the claims of the inventor Mr. Kœnig, who some years afterwards returned to his native country, Germany, not benefited, we fear, up to the full extent of his merits, by his wonderful invention and his exertions in England." In refuting some pretensions which infringed on Mr. Kœnig's claim to consideration as the author of the invention, *The Times* states, that "before Mr. Kœnig left this country, he accomplished the last great improvement, —namely, the printing of the sheet on both sides. In consequence of successive improvements, suggested and planned by Mr. Kœnig the inventor, our machines now print 2,000 with more ease than 1,100 in their original state." Hence, as in 1814, 1,100 is represented to have been the number then thrown off within the hour, it follows that the number now printed every hour is 2,000. *The Times* adds, "we cannot close this account without giving our testimony not only to the enlightened mind and ardent spirit of Mr. Kœnig, but also to his strict honour and pure integrity. Our intercourse with him was constant, during the very critical and trying period when he was bringing his invention into practice at our office; so that we had no slight knowledge of his manners and character: and the consequence has been, sincere friendship and high regard for him ever since."

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Sphenogyne. *Sphenogyne piliflora*.
Dedicated to *St. Saturninus*

November 30.

St. Andrew, Apostle. *St. Narses*, Bp. and *Companions*. *Sts. Sapor* and *Isaac*. Bps. *Mahanas*, *Abraham*, and *Simeon*, A. D. 339

St. Andrew.

PATRON SAINT OF SCOTLAND.

This saint is in the church of England calendar and the almanacs. He was one of the apostles. It is affirmed that he was put to death in the year 69, at Patræ, in Aclaia, by having been scourged, and then fastened with cords to a cross, in which position he remained "teaching and instructing the people all the time," until his death, at the end of two days. It is the common opinion that the cross of St. Andrew was in the form of the letter X, styled a cross decussate, composed of two pieces of timber crossing each other obliquely in the middle. That such crosses were sometimes used is certain, yet no clear proofs are produced as to the form of St. Andrew's cross. A part of what was said to have been this cross was carried to Brussels, by Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, and Brabant, who in honour of it, instituted the knights of the golden fleece, who, for the badge of their order, wear a figure of this cross, called St. Andrew's cross, or the cross of Burgundy. The Scots honour St. Andrew as principal patron of their country, and their historians tell us, that a certain abbot called Regulus, brought thither from Constantinople in 369, certain relics of this apostle, which he deposited in a church that he built in his honour, with a monastery called Abernethy, where now the city of St. Andrew stands. Many pilgrims resorted thither from foreign countries, and the Scottish monks of that place were the first who were *culdees*. The Muscovites say, he preached among them, and claim him as the principal titular saint of their empire. Peter the Great instituted the first order of knighthood under his name. This is the order of the blue ribbon; the order of the red ribbon, or of St. Alexander Newski, was instituted by his widow and successor to the throne, the empress Catherine.*

Naogeorgus, in the words of his translator Barnaby Googe, says,

* Butler

To Andrew all the lovers and
 the lustie wooers come,
 Beleiving through his ayde, and
 certaine ceremonies done,
 (While as to him they presentes bring,
 and conjure all the night,)
 To have good lucke, and to obtaine
 their chiefe and sweete delight.

In an account of the parish of Easling, in Kent, it is related that, "On St. Andrew's day, November 30, there is yearly a diversion called squirrel-hunting in this and the neighbouring parishes, when the labourers and lower kind of people, assembling together, form a lawless rabble, and being accoutred with guns, poles, clubs, and other such weapons, spend the greatest part of the day in parading through the woods and grounds, with loud shoutings; and, under the pretence of demolishing the squirrels, some few of which they kill, they destroy numbers of hares, pheasants, partridges, and in short whatever comes in their way, breaking down the hedges, and doing much other mischief, and in the evening betaking themselves to the alehouses."*

At Dudington, distant from Edinburgh a little more than a mile, many opulent citizens resort in the summer months to solace themselves over one of the ancient homely dishes of Scotland, for which the place has been long celebrated, singed sheep's heads boiled or baked. The frequent use of this solace in that village, is supposed to have arisen from the practice of slaughtering the sheep fed on the neighbouring hill for the market, removing the carcasses to town, and leaving the head, &c. to be consumed in the place.† Brand adds, that "singed sheep's heads are borne in the procession before the Scots in London, on St. Andrew's day."

There is a marvellous pleasant story in the "Golden Legend," of a bishop that loved St. Andrew, and worshipped him above all other saints, and remembered him every day, and said prayers in honour of God and St. Andrew, insomuch that the devil spitefully determined to do him mischief. Wherefore, on a certain day, the devil transformed himself "in to the fourme of a ryght fayre woman," and came to the bishop's palace, and desired in that "fourme" to confess, as women

do. When the bishop was informed of the message, he answered that she should go and confess herself to his "peny-tauncer," who had power from him to hear confessions. Thereupon she sent the bishop word, that she would not reveal the secrets of her confession to any but himself; therefore the bishop commanded her to be brought to him. Whereupon, being in his presence, she told him, that her father was a mighty king, who had purposed to give her to a prince in marriage, but that having devoted herself to piety, she refused, and that her father had constrained her so much, that she must either have consented to his will, or suffered divers torments; wherefore she chose to live in exile, and had fled secretly away to the bishop, of whose holy life she had heard, and with whom she now prayed to live in secret contemplation, "and eschewe the evyll perylles of this present lyfe." Then the bishop marvelled greatly, as well for the nobility of her descent, as for the beauty of her person, and said choose thee an house, "and I wyll that thou dyne with me this daye;" and she answered that evil suspicion might come thereof, and the splendour of his renown be thereby impaired. To this the bishop replied, that there would be many others present, therefore there could be no such suspicion. Then the devil dined with the bishop, who did not know him, but admired him as a fair lady, to whom therefore the bishop paid so much attention, that the devil perceived his advantage, and began to increase in beauty more and more; and more and more the bishop marvelled at the exceeding loveliness before him, and did homage thereto, and conceived greater affection than a bishop should. Then a pilgrim smote at the bishop's gate, and though he knocked hard they would not open the door; then the pilgrim at the gate knocked louder, and the bishop grew less charitable and more polite, and asked the beautiful creature before him, whether it was her pleasure that the pilgrim should enter; and she desired that a question should be put to the pilgrim, which, if he could answer, he should be received, and if he could not, he should abide without as not worthy to come in. And the company assented thereto, and the bishop said, none of them were so able to propose the question as the lady, because in fair speaking and wisdom, she surpassed them all. Then she required that

* Hasted's Kent.

† Sir J. Sinclair's Statist. Acc. of Scotland.

it should be demanded of the pilgrim, which is the greatest marvel in the smallest space that ever God made? And then the bishop's messenger propounded the question to the pilgrim, who answered that it was the diversity and excellence of the faces of men, because from the beginning of the world there are not two men whose faces "were lyke, and semblanle in all thynges:" and the company declared that this was a very good answer to the question. Then she said, that to prove the further knowledge of the pilgrim, he ought to be asked what thing of the earth is higher than all the heaven; and the pilgrim answered, the body o' Jesus Christ, which is in the imperial heaven, is of earthly flesh, and is more high than all the heaven; and by this answer they were again surprised, and marvellously praised the pilgrim's wisdom. Then she desired that a third question might be asked of the pilgrim, which if he could answer, then he would be worthy to be received at the bishop's table; and by her order, the messenger demanded this question of the pilgrim, "What is the distance from the bottomless pit unto the imperial heaven?" and the pilgrim answered, "Go to him that sent thee to me, and ask the question o' *him*, for *he* can better answer it, because he measured this distance when he fell from heaven into the bottomless pit, and *I* never measured it:" and when the messenger heard this, he was sore afraid, and fearfully told the pilgrim's message to the bishop and all the others, who when they heard the same, were also sore afraid. Then forthwith the devil vanished away from before their eyes; and the bishop repented, and sent the messenger to bring in the pilgrim, but he could not be found. So the bishop assembled the people and told them what had happened, and required them to pray that it might be revealed who this pilgrim was, that had delivered him from so great peril: and the same night it was revealed to the bishop, that it was St. Andrew who had put himself into the habit of a pilgrim for the bishop's deliverance. "Than began the bisshop more and more to have devocyon and remembrance of saynt Andrewe than he hadde tofore."

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Three-coloured Wood Sorrel. *Oxalis tricolor.*

Dedicated to *St. Sapor.*

Belzoni.

The celebrated Belzoni died at the close of the year 1823, and at the same period of the year 1825, the newspapers contain advertisements and appeals, in behalf of his widow, to a British public, whose national character Belzoni has elevated, by introducing into England many splendid remains of ancient grandeur. The journals of another year will record whether these representations were sufficient to rouse national feeling to a sense of national honour, and the necessity of relieving a lady whose husband perished in an enterprise to enrich her country, by making it the deposit of his further discoveries. Belzoni had penetrated and examined distant regions, and after disclosing the results of his investigations, and all the curious monuments of art he collected on his travels, he left London for the deserts of Africa, where he fell while labouring towards Timbuctoo, for other specimens of human ingenuity, and endeavouring to explore and point out channels of enterprise to our manufacturers and merchants. It is from these classes especially that his fate claims commiseration; and from them, and the public in general, Mrs. Belzoni should derive aid. Removal of her embarrassment, is only a suspension of the misfortunes that await a bereaved female, if she is not afforded the means of future support. This is said by one who never saw her or her late husband, and who only volunteers the plain thoughts of a plain man, who knows the advantages which England derives from Belzoni's ardour and perseverance, and is somewhat qualified, perhaps, to compassionate Mrs. Belzoni's helplessness. During a season of festal enjoyment, when friends and neighbours "make wassail," any individual of right feeling might thaw indifference into regard for her situation, and "make the widow's heart sing for joy."

Subscriptions are advertised to be received by the following bankers, Messrs. Coutts and Co.; Esdaile and Co.; Goslings and Co.; Hammersley and Co.; Hopkinson and Co.; Hoare, Barnett, and Co.; Jones, Lloyd, and Co.; Masterman and Co.; Smith, Payne, and Co.; Snow and Paul; Willis, Percival, and Co.; Wright and Co.



DECEMBER.

And after him came next the chill December ;
 Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
 And great bonfires, did not the cold remember ;
 His Saviour's birth so much his mind did glad ;
 Upon a shaggy bearded goat he rode,
 The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender years,
 They say was nourisht by the Idæan mayd ;
 And in his hand a broad deepe bowle he beares,
 Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peers.

Spenser.

This is the twelfth and last month of the year. By our ancestors "December hath his due appellation given him in the name of *winter-monat*, to wit, *winter-cometh* ; but after the Saxons received Christianity, they then, of devotion to the birth-time of Christ, termed it by the name of *heligh-monat*, that is to say, *holy-cometh.*" * They also called it *midwinter-*

monath and *guil erra*, which means the former or first *giul*. The feast of Thor, which was celebrated at the winter solstice, was called *giul* from *iol*, or *ol*, which signified *ale*, and is now corrupted into *yule*. This festival appears to have been continued through part of January.*

Our pleasant guide to "The Months," Mr. Leigh Hunt, says of December thus :—

* Verstegan.

* Dr. J. Sayers.

It is now complete winter. The vapourish and cloudy atmosphere wraps us about with dimness and chilliness; the reptiles and other creatures that sleep or hide during the cold weather, have all retired to their winter quarters; the farmer does little or nothing out of doors; the fields are too damp and miry to pass, except in sudden frosts, which begin to occur at the end of the month; and the trees look but like skeletons of what they were—

Bare ruined choirs in which the sweet birds sang.

Shakspeare.

The evergreen trees with their beautiful cones, such as firs and pines, are now particularly observed and valued. In the warmer countries, where shade is more desirable, their worth and beauty are more regularly appreciated. Virgil talks of the pine as being handsomest in gardens; and it is a great favourite with Theocritus, especially for the fine sound of the air under its kind of vaulted roof.

But we have flowers as well as leaves in winter-time; besides a few of last month, there are the aconite and hellebore, two names of very different celebrity; and in addition to some of the flourishing shrubs, there is the Glastonbury thorn, which puts forth its beauty at Christmas. It is so called, we believe, because the abbots of the famous monastery at that place first had it in their garden from abroad, and turned its seasonable efflorescence into a miracle.

The evergreens and winter flowers are like real friends, who, whatever be their peculiar disposition, whether serious or gay, will never forsake us. Even roses, with which we are so apt to associate summer weather, flourish from May to December inclusive; and during the winter months will live and prosper in apartments. We need never be without them from the first day of the year to the last; and thus, to the numerous comparisons made between roses and the fair sex, may be added this new one, as complimentary to their friendship as it is true.

We have anticipated our general observations on winter-time in our remarks at the beginning of the year. December

is in general too early a month for the fine manly exercise of skating, which indeed can be taken but rarely, on account of our changeful weather and the short continuance of frost. Like swimming, all the difficulty of it is in the commencement, at least for the purposes of enjoyment. The graces of outside strokes, and spread eagles, are the work of time and ambition.

But December has one circumstance in it, which turns it into the merriest month of the year,—Christmas. This is the holiday, which, for obvious reasons, may be said to have survived all the others; but still it is not kept with any thing like the vigour, perseverance, and elegance of our ancestors. They not only ran Christmas-day, new-year's-day, and twelfth-night, all into one, but kept the wassail-bowl floating the whole time, and earned their right to enjoy it by all sorts of active pastimes. The wassail-bowl, (as some of our readers may know by experience, for it has been a little revived of late,) is a composition of spiced wine or ale, with roasted apples put into it, and sometimes eggs. They also adorned their houses with green boughs, which it appears, from Herrick, was a practice with many throughout the year,—box succeeding at Candlemas to the holly, bay, rosemary, and misletoe of Christmas,—yew at Easter to box,—birch and flowers at Whitsuntide to yew,—and then bents and oaken boughs. The whole nation were in as happy a ferment at Christmas, with the warmth of exercise and their firesides, as they were in May with the new sunshine. The peasants wrestled and sported on the town-green, and told tales of an evening; the gentry feasted then, or had music and other elegant pastimes; the court had the poetical and princely entertainment of masques; and all sung, danced, revelled, and enjoyed themselves, and so welcomed the new year like happy and grateful subjects of nature.

This is the way to turn winter to summer, and make the world what heaven has enabled it to be; but as people in general manage it, they might as well turn summer itself to winter. Hear what a poet says, who carries his own sunshine about with him:—

As for those chilly orbs, on the verge of creation

Where sunshine and smiles must be equally rare

Did they want a supply of cold hearts for that station,

Heaven knows we have plenty on earth we could spare.

Oh, think what a world we should have of it here,
 If the haters of peace, of affection, and glee,
 Were to fly up to Saturn's comfortless sphere,
 And leave earth to such spirits as you, love, and me.

Moore.

Nor is it only on holidays that nature tells us to enjoy ourselves. If we were wise, we should earn a reasonable portion of leisure and enjoyment day by day, instead of resolving to do it some day or other, and seldom doing it at all. Company is not necessary for it, at intervals, except that best and most necessary company of one's family-partners in life, or some one or two especial friends, truly so called, who are friends for every sort of weather, winter as well as summer. A warm car-

pet and curtains, a sparkling fire, a book, a little music, a happy sympathy of talk or a kind of discussion, may then call to mind with unenvying placidity the very rarest luxuries of the summer-time; and instead of being eternally and foolishly told, that pleasures produce pains, by those who really make them do so with their profligacy or bigotry, we shall learn the finer and manlier knowledge—how to turn pain to the production of pleasure.

Lawrence, of virtuous father, virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
 From the hard season gaining? Time will run
 On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, which neither sowed nor spun.
 What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attick taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well touched, or artful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
 He who of these delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

Milton.

December 1.

St. Eligius, or *Eloy*, Bp. of Noyon. A. D. 659.

THE SEASON.

It is observed by Dr. Forster in the "Perennial Calendar," that the weather at this time is usually mild, and wet, with fogs; we have an occasional interchange of frosts. On some occasions a kind of weather occurs now which occasionally happens during all the winter months. The air becomes perfectly calm, the sky clouded and dark, without much mist below, the ground gets dry, and not a leaf stirs on the trees, and the sounds of distant bells, and other sounds and noises are heard at a great distance, just as they are on other occasions before rain. The thermometer is often from 45° to 52°. The barometer rises to "set fair" and remains steady, and the current of smoke from the chimnies either goes straight upright into

the air in a vertical column, or inclines so little with the breath of air as to indicate sometimes one wind and sometimes another. At this time the crowing of the cocks, the noise of busy rooks and daws, which feed in flocks in the meadows, and fly at morning and eventide in flocks to and from their nests, the music of distant singing, and the strokes of the church clocks and chimes are heard for miles, as if carried along under the apparent sounding board of the clouds above. Even the voices of persons are heard at a vast distance, all being hushed around.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Dark *Stapelia*. *Stapelia pulla*.
 Dedicated to *St. Eligius*.

December 2.

St. Bibiana, A. D. 363.

CHRONOLOGY.

On the 2d of December, 1823, the

London Mechanics' Institution was formed, and on the anniversary of the day, in 1824, the first stone of its theatre for the delivery of the lectures, in Southampton Buildings, Chancery-lane, was laid by Dr. Birkbeck. In a cavity of the stone was placed a bottle, wherein were sealed up a book of the laws of the institution—the tenth number of the "Mechanics'

Magazine," which contained an account of the first meeting of the members—a vellum roll, on which was inscribed the names of the officers of the institution,—and a portrait of Dr. Birkbeck, the president. The bottle having been deposited, the president proceeded to lay the stone, which bears the following inscription, with the names of all the officers of the institution:—

This Stone, the first of the Lecture Room,
was laid on the 2d of December, 1824,
Being the First Anniversary of the Establishment
of the

LONDON MECHANICS' INSTITUTION,

by

GEORGE BIRKBECK, M. D. PRESIDENT,

In the presence of the following Officers of the Institution,

Vice-Presidents, Trustees, Auditors,

John Martineau, Esq.,

Professor Millington,

John Borthwick Gilchrist, LL. D.

Robert M'William, Esq.

After the stone was laid, Dr. Birkbeck addressed the meeting in nearly the following words:—"Now have we founded our edifice for the diffusion and advancement of human knowledge. Now have we begun to erect a temple, wherein man shall extend his acquaintance with the universe of mind, and shall acquire the means of enlarging his dominion over the universe of matter. In this spot, hereafter, the charms of literature shall be displayed, and the powers of science shall be unfolded to the most humble inquirers; for to 'the feast of reason' which will be here prepared, the invitation shall be as unbounded as the region of intellect. For an undertaking so vast in its design, and so magnificent in its objects (nothing short, indeed, of the moral and intellectual amelioration and aggrandizement of the human race), the blessing of heaven, I humbly trust, will not be implored in vain. If, in this institution, we seek to obey the mandate which has gone forth, that knowledge shall be increased; if we act in obedience to the injunction, that in all our gettings we should get understanding; if we succeed in proving, that for the existence of the mental wilderness, the continuance of which we all deeply deplore, we ought 'to blame the culture, not the soil;' if by rendering man more percipient of the order, harmony, and benevolence, which pervade the universe, we more effectually 'assert eternal Providence, and justify the ways of God to

man;' and if thus we shall be the happy means of rendering it palpable, that the immortal essence within us, when freed from the deformity of ignorance and vice, has been created in the express image of God—then may we confidently hope that Omniscience will favourably behold our rising structure; and that in its future progress, Omnipotence, without whose assistance all human endeavours are vain, will confer upon us a portion of his powers. Whilst I remind you that the illustrious Bacon, long ago, maintained that 'knowledge is power,' I may apprise you that it has, since his time, been established that knowledge is wealth—is comfort—is security—is enjoyment—is happiness. It has been found so completely to mingle with human affairs, that it renders social life more endearing; has given to morality more sprightliness; and, politically, has produced more consistent obedience—it takes from adversity some of its bitterness, and enlarges the sphere, as well as augments the sweetness of every laudable gratification; and lastly, unquestionably one of its brightest influences, it becomes at once an avenue and a guide to that 'temple which is not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'"

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Lemon Geodorum. *Geodorum citrinum*.
Dedicated to *St. Bibiana*.

December 3.

St. Francis Xavier, A. D. 1552. *St. Birinus*, first Bp. of Dorchester, A. D. 650. *St. Sola*, A. D. 790. *St. Lucius*, King, A. D. 182.

Royal Dance of Torches.

Berlin, December 3, 1821.—Of all the entertainments which took place in this capital, on the occasion of the marriage of the prince royal with the princess of Bavaria, none appeared so extraordinary to foreigners, as the *dance of torches*, (*Fakeltanz*.) It was executed after the grand marriage feast, in the following manner:—"The royal family, followed by all the personages who had partook of the feast at separate tables, proceeded to the white saloon. The dance was immediately opened by the privy councillor, marshal of the court, the baron de Maltzahn, bearing his baton of order. After him followed two and two, according to seniority of rank, the privy councillors and the ministers of state, bearing *wax torches*. The august bride and bridegroom preceded the above dancers, and walked round the saloon. The princess royal stopped before the king, and making him a profound reverence, invited him to dance. After having danced one turn with his majesty, she danced with all the princes. The prince royal, in like manner, danced with all the princesses. After the ball, the royal family passed into the apartment of Frederick I., where the grand mistress, countess of Norde, distributed the garter of the bride.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Indian Tree. *Euphorbia Tirucalli*.
Dedicated to *St. Francis Xavier*.

December 4.

St. Peter Chrysologus, A. D. 450. *St. Barbara*, A. D. 306. *St. Anno*, Abp. of Cologne, A. D. 1075. *St. Osmund*, Bp. A. D. 1099. *St. Maruthas*, Bp. 5th Cent. *St. Siran*, or *Sigirannus*, A. D. 655. *St. Clement*, of Alexandria, A. D. 189.

Ancient Divinations in Advent.

From the following lines of Barnaby Googe, it appears that rustic young girls in ancient times, indulged at this season in attempting to divine the name of the man they were to marry, from forcing the

growth of onions in the chimney-corner, and that they ascertained the temper of the good man, from the straitness or crookedness of a faggot-stick drawn from a woodstack. Advent seems likewise to have been a time wherein the young ones went about and levied contributions

Three weekes before the day whereon
was borne the Lorde of Grace,
And on the Thursday boyes and girles
do runne in every place,
And bounce and beate at every doore,
with blowes and lustie snaps,
And crie, the *advent* of the Lord
not borne as yet perhaps.
And wishing to the neighbours all,
that in the houses dwell,
A happie yeare, and every thing
to spring and prosper well:
Here have they peares, and plumbs, and
pence,
ech man gives willinglee,
For these three nightes are always thought
unfortunate to bee:
Wherein they are afraide of sprites,
and carked witches spight,
And dreadfull devils blacke and grim,
that then have chiefest might.
In these same dayes yong wanton gyrls
that meete for marriage bee,
Doe search to know the names of them
that shall their husbands bee.
Foure onyons, five, or eight, they take
and make in every one,
Such names as they do fansie most,
and best do thinke upon.
Thus neere the chimney then they set,
and that same onyon than,
That first doth sproute, doth surely beare
the name of their good man.
Their husbandes nature eke they seeke
to know, and all his guise,
When as the sunne hath hid himselfe,
and left the starrie skies,
Unto some woodstacke do they go,
and while they there do stande
Eche one drawes out a faggot sticke,
the next that commes to hande,
Which if it streight and even be,
and have no knots at all,
A gentle husband then they thinke
shall surely to them fall.
But if it fowle and crooked be,
and knottie here and there,
A crabbed churlish husband then,
they earnestly do feare.
These thinges the wicked papistes beare,
and suffer willingly,
Because they neyther do the ende,
nor fruites of faith espie:
And rather had the people should
obey their foolish lust,
Than truely God to know; and in
him here alone to trust.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Barbadou Gooseberry. *Cactus Pereskia*.
Dedicated to *St. Peter Chrysologus*.

Foot Ball in Scotland

On Tuesday the 5th of December, 1815, a great foot-ball match took place at Carterhaugh, Ettrick Forest (a spot classical in minstrelsy), betwixt the Ettrick men and the men of Yarrow; the one party backed by the earl of Home, and the other by sir Walter Scott, sheriff of the forest, who wrote two songs for the occasion, one whereof follows:—

December 5.

St. Sabas, Abbot, A. D. 532. *St. Crispina*, A. D. 304. *St. Nicetius*, Bp. of Triers, A. D. 566.

*Lifting the Banner of the House of Buccleugh,
at the great Foot-ball match, on Carterhaugh.*

From the brown crest of Newark its summons extending,
Our signal is waving in smoke and in flame;
And each forester blithe from his mountain descending,
Bounds light o'er the heather to join in the game.

Chorus.

Then up with the banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers' before.

When the southern invader spread waste and disorder,
At the glance of her crescents he paus'd and withdrew
For around them were marshal'd the pride of the border,
The flowers of the forest, the bands of Buccleuch.
Then up with the banner, &c.

A stripling's weak hand to our revel has borne her,
No mail glove has grasp'd her, no spearmen around;
But ere a bold foeman should scathe or should scorn her,
A thousand true hearts would be cold on the ground.
Then up with the banner, &c.

We forget each contention of civil dissension,
And hail, like our brethren, Home, Douglas, and Car;
And Elliot and Pringle in pastime shall mingle,
As welcome in peace as their fathers in war.
Then up with the banner, &c.

Then strip lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather,
And if, by mischance, you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,
And life is itself but a game at foot-ball!
Then up with the banner, &c.

And when it is over, we'll drink a blythe measure
To each laird and each lady that witness'd our fun,
And to every blythe heart that took part in our pleasure,
To the lads that have lost and the lads that have won.
Then up with the banner, &c.

May the forest still flourish, both borough and landward
From the hall of the peer to the herd's ingle nook;
And huzza! my brave hearts, for Buccleuch and his standard
For the king and the country, the clan and the duke!
Then up with the banner, &c.

QUOTH THE SHERIFF OF THE FOREST

Abbotsford, Dec. 1, 1815.

Something has been said concerning *ball-play*, at p. 863, and more remains to be observed, with which foot-ball will be mentioned hereafter. At present the year hastens the volume to a close, and we must put by many things to make ready for the "great festival:"—

Christmas is a coming,
We'll have flowing bowls,
Laughing, piping, drumming,
We'll be jovial souls.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Longstalked Hibiscus. *Hibiscus pedunculatus*.

Dedicated to *St. Crispina*.

December 6.

St. Nicholas, Abp. of Myra, A. D. 342.

Sts. Dionysia, Dativa, Æmilianus, Boniface, Leontia, Tertius, and Majoricus, Martyrs. *St. Peter Paschal*, A. D. 1300.

St. Theophilus, Bp. of Antioch, A. D. 190.

St. Nicholas.

He is in the almanacs, and church of England calendar. He is patron or titular saint of virgins, boys, sailors, and the worshipful company of parish clerks of the city of London. Mr. Audley briefly observes of him, that he was remarkable in his infancy for piety, and the knowledge of the scriptures; that he was made bishop of Myra, in Lycia, by Constantine the Great, and that "he was present in the council of Nice, where, it is said, he gave Arius a box on the ear."*

According to catholic story, St. Nicholas was a saint of great virtue, and disposed so early in life to conform to ecclesiastical rule, that when an infant at the breast he fasted on Wednesday and Friday, and sucked but once on each of those days, and that towards night.† A story is related to his credit which is of considerable curiosity. It is told, that "an Asiatic gentleman" sent his two sons to "Athens" for education, and ordered them to wait on the bishop for his benediction. On arriving at Myra with their baggage they took up their lodging at an inn, purposing, as it was late in the day, to defer their visit till the morrow; but in the mean time the innkeeper, to secure their effects to himself, wickedly killed the young gentlemen, cut them into pieces, salted them, and intended to sell them

for pickled pork. Happily St. Nicholas was favoured with a sight of these proceedings in a vision, and in the morning went to the inn, and reproached the cruel landlord with his crime, who immediately confessed it, and entreated the saint to pray to heaven for his pardon. Then the bishop, being moved by his confession and contrition, besought forgiveness for him, and supplicated restoration of life to the children; whereupon the pickled pieces reunited, and the reanimated youths stepping from the brine-tub threw themselves at the feet of St. Nicholas, who raised them up, exhorted them to return thanks to God alone, gave them good advice for the future, bestowed his blessing on them, and sent them to Athens with great joy to prosecute their studies.‡



The Salisbury missal of 1534, fol. xxvii. contains a prayer to St. Nicholas, before which is an engraving on wood of the bishop with the children rising from the tub; but better than all, by a licence that artists formerly assumed of representing successive scenes in the same print, the landlord himself is shown in the act of reducing a limb into sizes suitable for his mercenary purpose. There are only two children in the story, and there are three in the tub of the engraving; but it is fairly to be conjectured, that the story was thought so good as to be worth making a little better. It is deemed seemly to introduce this narration by a fac-simile

* Audley's Companion to the Almanac.
† Ribadeneira.

‡ Rev. Mr. Cole; see *Gentleman's Magazine*.

of the missal cut. Ribadeneira says of St. Nicholas, that "being present at the council of Nice, among three hundred and eighteen bishops, who were there assembled together to condemn the heresy of Arius, he shone among them all with so great clarity, and opinion of sanctity, that he appeared like a sun amongst so many stars." It will be remembered that he is affirmed to have given Arius a clarifying "box on the ear."

The Boy Bishop.

If there were no other, the miracle of the pickled children would be sufficient to establish Nicholas's fame as the patron of youth, and we find his festival day was selected by scholars, and the children of the church, for a remarkable exhibition about to be described.

Anciently on the 6th of December, it being St. Nicholas's day, the choir boys in cathedral churches, chose one of their number to maintain the state and authority of a bishop, for which purpose the boy was habited in rich episcopal robes, wore a mitre on his head, and bore a crosier in his hand; and his fellows, for the time being, assumed the character and dress of priests, yielded him canonical obedience, took possession of the church, and except mass, performed all the ecclesiastical ceremonies and offices. Though the boy bishop's election was on the 6th of December, yet his office and authority lasted till the 28th, being Innocents' day.

It appears from a printed church book containing the service of the boy bishop set to music, that at Sarum,* on the eve of Innocents' day, the boy bishop and his youthful clergy, in their copes, and with burning tapers in their hands, went in solemn procession, chanting and singing versicles as they walked into the choir by the west door, in such order that the dean and canons went foremost, the chaplains next, and the boy bishop with his priests in the last and highest place. He then took his seat, and the rest of the children disposed themselves on each side of the choir upon the uppermost ascent, the canons resident bore the incense and the book, and the petit-canons the tapers according to the Romish rubric. Afterwards the boy bishop proceeded to the altar of the Holy Trinity, and All Saints, which he first censed, and next the image of the Holy Trinity, while his priests were singing. Then they all

chanted a service with prayers and responses, and the boy bishop taking his seat, repeated salutations, prayers, and versicles, and in conclusion gave his benediction to the people, the chorus answering, *Deo gratias*. Having received his crosier from the cross-bearer other ceremonies were performed; he chanted the complyn; turning towards the quire delivered an exhortation; and last of all said, "*Benedicat Vos omnipotens Deus, Pater, et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus.*"

By the statutes of the church of Sarum, for the regulation of this extraordinary scene, no one was to interrupt or press upon the boy bishop and the other children, during their procession or service in the cathedral, upon pain of anathema. It farther appears that at this cathedra, the boy bishop held a kind of visitation, and maintained a corresponding state and prerogative; and he is supposed to have had power to dispose of prebends that fell vacant during his episcopacy. If he died within the month he was buried like other bishops in his episcopal ornaments, his obsequies were solemnized with great pomp, and a monument was erected to his memory, with his episcopal effigy.

About a hundred and fifty years ago a stone monument to one of these boy bishops was discovered in Salisbury cathedral, under the seats near the pulpit, from whence it was removed to the north part of the nave between the pillars, and covered over with a box of wood, to the great admiration of those, who, unacquainted with the anomalous character it designed to commemorate, thought it "almost impossible that a bishop should be so small in person, or a child so great in clothes."

Mr. Gregorie found the processional of the boy bishop. He notices the same custom at *York*; and cites Molanus as saying, "that this bishop in some places did *reditat census, et capones annuo accipere*, receive rents, capons, &c. during his year," &c. He relates that a boy bishop in the church of *Cambray* disposed of a prebend, which fell void during his episcopal assumption to his master; and he refers to the denunciation of the boy bishop by the council of *Basil* which, at the time of the holding of that council, was a well-known custom. Mr. Gregorie, who was a prebendary of *Salisbury*, describes the finding of the boy bishop's monument at that place, and inserts a representation of it in his treatise, from which the annexed engraving is taken.

* *Processionale ad usum insignit et preclare Ecclesie Sarum, Rothomagi, 1556, 4to.*



Monument to a Boy Bishop

IN SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

The ceremony of the boy bishop is supposed to have existed not only in collegiate churches, but in almost every parish in England. He and his companions walked the streets in public procession. A statute of the collegiate church of St. Mary Overy, in 1337, restrained one of them to the limits of his own parish. On December 7, 1229, the day after St. Nicholas's day, a boy bishop in the chapel at Heton, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, said vespers before Edward I. on his way to Scotland, who made a considerable present to him and the other boys who sang with him. In the reign of king Edward III., a boy bishop received a present of nineteen shillings and sixpence for singing before the king in his private chamber on Innocents' day. Dean Colet in the statutes of St. Paul's school which he founded in 1512, expressly ordains that his scholars should every Childermas (Innocents) day, "come to Paulis Church and hear the Chylde-

Bishop's sermon: and after be at the hygh masse, and each of them offer a penny to the Chylde-Bishop: and with them the maisters and surveyors of the stole."

By a proclamation of Henry VIII. dated July 22, 1542, the show of the boy bishop was abrogated, but in the reign of Mary it was revived with other Romish ceremonials. A flattering song was sung before that queen by a boy bishop, and printed. It was a panegyric on her devotion, and compared her to Judith, Esther, the queen of Sheba, and the Virgin Mary.

The accounts of St. Mary at Hill, London, in the 10th Henry VI., and for 1549, and 1550, contain charges for the boy bishops of those years. At that period his estimation in the church seems to have been undiminished; for on November 13, 1554, the bishop of London, issued an order to all the clergy of his diocese to have boy bishops and their

processions; and in the same year these young sons of the old church paraded! St. Andrew's, Holborn, and St. Nicholas Olaves, in Bread-street, and other parishes. In 1556, Strype says that the boy bishops again went abroad singing in the old fashion, and were received by many ignorant but well-disposed persons

into their houses, and had much good cheer.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Nestflowered Heath. *Erica nidiflora*
Dedicated to *St. Nicholas*.

* Hone on Ancient Mysteries



WINTER.

Hoary, and dim, and bare, and shivering,
Like a poor almsman comes the aged Year,
With kind "God save you all, good gentlefolks!"
Heap on fresh fuel, make a blazing fire,
Bring out the cup of kindness, spread the board,
And gladden Winter with our cheerfulness!
Wassail!—To you, and yours, and all!—All health!

December 7.

St. Ambrose, A. D. 397. *St. Fara*, Ab-
bess, A. D. 655.

WINTER.

The natural commencement of the
winter season, according to Mr. How-
No. 50

ard's "Tables," is on the 7th of December
This quarter of the year comprehend
eighty-nine days, except in leap-yea-
when it has ninety days. Winter ex-
hibits as large a proportion of the cold, as
summer did of the heat. In spring the
cold gradually goes off, to be replaced in

the middle of the season by warmth; the respective proportions being like those which obtain in autumn, while their positions are reversed.

“The mean temperature of the season in the country is 37.76 degrees. The medium temperature of the twenty-four hours, descends from about 40 to $34\frac{1}{2}$ degrees, and returns again to the former point.

“The mean height of the *barometer* is 29.802 inches, being .021 inches above that of autumn. The range of the column is greatest in this season; and in the course of twenty winters it visits nearly the two extremities of the scale of three inches. The mean winter range is however 2.25 inches.

“The predominating *winds* at the beginning of winter are the south-west: in the middle these give place to northerly winds, after which the southerly winds prevail again to the close: they are at this season often boisterous at night.

“The mean *evaporation*, taken in situations which give more than the natural quantity from the surface of the earth, (being 30.467 inches on the year,) is 3.587 inches. This is a third *less* than

the proportion indicated by the mean temperature; showing the *dampness* of the air at this season.

“De Luc’s hygrometer averages about 78 degrees.

“The average *rain* is 5.868 inches. The rain is greatest at the commencement, and it diminishes in rapid proportion to the end. In this there appears a salutary provision of divine intelligence: for had it increased, or even continued as heavy as in the autumnal months, the water instead of answering the purpose of irrigation, for which it is evidently designed, would have descended from the saturated surface of the higher ground in perpetual surface, and wasted for the season the plains and valleys.

“Notwithstanding the sensible indications of moisture, which in the intervals of our short frosts attend this season, the actual quantity of vapour in the atmosphere is now, probably, at its lowest proportion, or rather it is so at the commencement of the season; after which it gradually increases with the temperature and evaporation.”*

* Howard’s Climate of London.

Winter.

This is the eldest of the seasons: he
 Moves not like spring with gradual step, nor grows
 From bud to beauty, but with all his snows
 Comes down at once in hoar antiquity.
 No rains nor loud proclaiming tempests flee
 Before him, nor unto his time belong
 The suns of summer, nor the charms of song,
 That with May’s gentle smiles so well agree.
 But he, made perfect in his birth-day cloud,
 Starts into sudden life with scarce a sound,
 And with a tender footstep prints the ground,
 As tho’ to cheat man’s ear: yet while he stays
 He seems as ’twere to prompt our merriest days,
 And bid the dance and joke be long and loud.

Literary P. Book.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Hairy Achania. *Achania pilosa*
 Dedicated to *St. Ambrose*.

December 8.

The Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. St. Romaric, Abbot, A. D. 653.

The winter season of the year 1818, was extraordinarily mild. On the 8th of December, the gardens in the neighbourhood of Plymouth showed the following flowers in full bloom, viz.:—Jonquils, narcissus, hyacinths, anemonies, pinks,

stocks, African and French marigolds, the passion flowers, and monthly roses, in great perfection, ripe strawberries and raspberries. In the fields and hedges were the sweet-scented violets, heart’s-ease, purple vetch, red robin, wild strawberry blossom, and many others. The oak and the elm retained much of their foliage, and the birds were sometimes heard as in spring.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

At: *vitæ. Thuja occidentalis.*
Dedicated to the Conception of the B. V.
Mary.

December 9.

St. Leocadia, A. D. 304. *The Seven Martyrs at Samosata*, A. D. 297. *St. Wulfhilde*, A. D. 990.

BURIED ALIVE.

A remarkable instance of premature interment, is related in the case of the rev. Mr. Richards, parson of the Hay, in Herefordshire, who, in December, 1751, was supposed to have died suddenly. His friends seeing his body and limbs did not stiffen, after twenty-four hours, sent for a surgeon, who, upon bleeding him, and not being able to stop the blood, told them that he was not dead, but in a sort of trance, and ordered them not to bury him. They paid no attention to the injunction, but committed the body to the grave the next day. A person walking along the churchyard, hearing a noise in the grave, ran and prevailed with the clerk to have the grave opened, where they found a great bleeding at the nose, and the body in a profuse sweat; whence it was conjectured that he was buried alive. They were now, however, obliged to let him remain, as all appearance of further recovery had been precluded by his interment*.

A writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine" some years before, observes, "I have undoubted authority for saying, a man was lately (and I believe is still) living at Hustley, near Winchester, December, 1747, who, after lying for dead two days and two nights, was committed to the grave, and rescued from it by some boys luckily playing in the churchyard!"

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Corsican Spruce. *Pinus Laricio.*
Dedicated to *St. Leocadia.*

December 10.

St. Melchiodus, Pope, A. D. 314. *St. Eulalia.*

BIG MAN.

On the 10th of December, 1741, died Mr. Henry Wanyford, late steward to the earl of Essex. He was of so large a size, that the top of the hearse was

obliged to be taken off before the coffin could be admitted, and it was so heavy, that the attendants were forced to move it along the churchyard upon rollers.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Portugal Cyprus. *Cupressus Lusitanica.*
Dedicated to *St. Eulalia.*

December 11.

St. Damasus, Pope, A. D. 384. *Sts. Fuscian, Victorius, and Gentian*, A. D. 287. *St. Daniel*, the Stylite, A. D. 494.

ST. NICHOLAS IN RUSSIA.

A gentleman obligingly contributes the subjoined account of a northern usage on the 5th of December, the vigil of St. Nicholas. He communicates his name to the editor, and vouches for the authenticity of his relation, "having himself been an actor in the scene he describes."

(For the Every-Day Book.)

In the fine old city of Leewarden, the capital of West Friesland, there are some curious customs preserved, connected with the celebration of the anniversary of this saint. From time immemorial, in this province, St. Nicholas has been hailed as the tutelary patron of children and confessions; no very inappropriate association, perhaps. On the eve, or *Avond*, as it is there termed, of this festival, the good saint condescends, (as currently asserted, and religiously believed, by the *younger fry*), to visit these sublunar spheres, and to irradiate by his majestic presence, the winter fireside of his infant votaries.

During a residence in the above town, some twenty years ago, in the brief days of happy boyhood, (that green spot in our existence,) it was my fortune to be present at one of these annual visitations. Imagine a group of happy youngsters sporting around the domestic hearth, in all the buoyancy of riotous health and spirits, brim-full of joyful expectation, but yet in an occasional pause, casting frequent glances towards the door, with a comical expression of impatience, mixed up with something like dread of the impending event. At last a loud knock is heard, in an instant the games are suspended, and the door slowly unfolding, reveals to sight the venerated saint himself, arrayed in his pontificals, with pas-

* Gentleman's Magazine, 1751

* Gentleman's Magazine.

toral staff and jewelled mitre. Methinks I see him now! yet he did "his *spiriting gently*," and his tone of reproof, "*was more in sorrow than in anger!*"

In fine, the family peccadillos being tenderly passed over, and the more favourable reports made the subject of due encomiums, good father Nicholas gave his parting benediction, together with the promise, (never known to fail,) of more substantial benefits, to be realized on the next auspicious morning. So ends the first act of the farce, which it will be readily anticipated is got up with the special connivance of *papa* and *mamma*, by the assistance of some family friend, who is quite *au fait* to the domestic politics of the establishment. The concluding scene, however, is one of unalloyed pleasure to the delighted children, and is thus arranged.

Before retiring to rest, each member of the family deposits a *shoe* on a table in a particular room, which is *carefully* locked, and the next morning is opened in the presence of the assembled household; when lo! by the mysterious agency (doubtless) of the munificent saint, the board is found covered with *bons bons*, toys, and trinkets.

It may not be deemed irrelevant to add, that on the anniversary, the confectioners' shops display their daintiest inventions, and are gaily lighted up and ornamented for public exhibition, much in the same way as at Paris on the first day of the new year.

These reminiscences may not prove unacceptable to many, who contemplate with satisfaction the relics of ancient observances, belonging to a more primitive state of manners, the memory of which is rapidly passing into oblivion; and who, perhaps, think with the writer, in one sense at least, that modern refinements, if they tend to render us wiser, hardly make us happier!

H. H.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Aleppo Pine. *Pinus Halipensis*.
Dedicated to *St. Damasus*.

December 12.

Sts. Epimachus and Alexander, &c. A. D. 250.
St. Finian, or *Finan*, Bp. in Ireland.
A. D. 552. *St. Columba*, son of *Crimthain*, A. D. 548. *St. Cormac*. *St. Colman*, Abbot, A. D. 659. *St. Eadburge*, A. D. 751. *St. Valery*, Abbot,

A. D. 622. *St. Corentin*, 1st. Bp. of Quimper, 5th Cent. Another *St. Corentin*, or *Cury*, A. D. 401

An intoxicated Servant.

In *Lloyd's Evening Post* of December 12-14, 1781, there is the following advertisement:—

A YOUNG MAN having yesterday left his master's service in Smithfield, on a presumption of his pocket being picked of one hundred pounds, his master's property, when he was in liquor; this is to inform him, that he left it in the shop of his master, who has found it; and if he will return to his master's service he will be kindly received

Such was the state of society, in the year 1781, that a drunken servant would be "kindly received" by his employer. We are so far better, in the year 1825, that if such a servant were kindly received, he would not be permitted to enter on his duties till he was admonished not to repeat the vice. Drunkenness is now so properly reprobated, that no one but thorough reprobate dares to practise it and the character of sot or drunkard invariably attaches to him.

In the subjoined extract taken from an old author, without recollection of his name, there is something apt to the occasion.

THE TRADE OF BREWING.

By a writer, in the year 1621.

Of all the trades in the world, a brewer is the loadstone which draws the customers of all functions unto it. It is the mark or upshot of every man's ayme, and the bottomlesse whirlepoole that swallows up the profits of rich and poore. The brewer's art (like a wilde kestrell or lemand hawke,) flies at all games; or like a butler's boxe at Christmasse, it is sure to winne, whosoever loses. In a word, it rules and raignes, (in some sort,) as Augustus Cæsar did, for it taxeth the whole earth. Your innes and alehouses are brookes and rivers, and their clients are small rills and springs, who all, (very dutifully) doe pay their tributes to the boundless ocean of the brewhouse. For, all the world knowes, that if men and women did drinke no more than sufficed nature, or if it were but a little extraordinary now and then upon occasion, or by chance as you may terme it; if drinking were used in any reason, or any reason used in drinking, I pray ye what

would become of the brewer then? Surely we doe live in an age,* wherein the seven deadly sins are every man's trade and living.

Pride is the maintainer of thousands, which would else perish; as mercers, taylors, embroyders, silkmens, cutters, drawers, sempsters, laundresses, of which functions there are millions which would starve but for Madam Pride, with her changeable fashions. Letchery, what a continual crop of profits it yeelds, appears by the gallant thriving and gawdy outsides of many he and she, private and publicke sinners, both in citie and suburbs. Covetousnesse is embroydered with extortion, and warmly lined and furred with oppression; and though it be a divell, yet is it most idolatrously adored, honoured, and worshipped by those simple sheep-headed fooles, whom it hath undone and beggared. I could speake of other vices, how profitable they are to a commonwealth; but my invention is thirsty, and must have one carouse more at the brewhouse, who (as I take it) hath a greater share than any, in the gaines which spring from the world's abuses.

If any man hang, drowne, stabbe, or by any violent meanes make away his life, the goods and lands of any such person are forfeit to the use of the king; and I see no reason but those which kill themselves with drinking, should be in the same estate, and be buried in the highways, with a stake drove thorow them; and if I had but a grant of this suite, I would not doubt but that in seven yeeres (if my charity would but agree with my wealth,) I might erect almshouses, free-schools, mend highways, and make bridges; for I dare swear, that a number (almost numberlesse) have confessed upon their death-beds, that at such and such a time, in such and such a place, they dranke so much, which made them surfeite, of which surfeite they languished and dyed. The maine benefit of these superfluous and manslaughtering expences, comes to the brewer, so that if a brewer be in any office, I hold him to be a very ingrateful man, if he punish a drunkard; for every stiffe, potvaliant drunkard

is a post, beam, or pillar, which holds up the brewhouse; for as the barke is to the tree, so is a good drinker to the brewer.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Crowded Heath. *Erica conferta*.
Dedicated to *St. Eadburge*.

December 13.

St. Lucy, A. D. 304. *St. Juloc*, or *Josse*, A. D. 669. *St. Kenelm*, King, A. D. 820. *St. Aubert*, Bp. of Cambrai and Arras, A. D. 669. *B. John Marinoni*, A. D. 1562. *St. Othilla*, A. D. 772.

St. Lucy.

This saint is in the church of England calendar and the almanacs. She was a young lady of Syracuse, who preferring a religious single life to marriage, gave away all her fortune to the poor. Having been accused to Peschasius, a heathen judge, for professing christianity, she was soon after barbarously murdered by his officers.*

TRANSATLANTIC VERSES.

The following effusions are from America. The first, by Mr. R. H. Wilde, a distinguished advocate of Georgia; the second, by a lady of Baltimore, who moots in the court of the muses, with as much ingenuity as the barrister in his own court.

STANZAS.

My life is like the summer rose
That opens to the morning sky,
But, ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die.
Yet on that rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As if she wept such waste to see;
But none shall *weep a tear* for me.

My life is like the autumn leaf
That trembles in the moon's pale ray,
Its hold is frail, its date is brief,
Restless, and soon to pass away,
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree shall mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree,
But none shall *breath a sigh* for me.

My life is like the prints which feet
Have left on Tempe's desert strand,
Soon as the rising tide shall beat
All trace will vanish from the sand.
Yet, as if grieving to efface
All vestige of the human race,
On that lone shore loud moans the sea:
But none, alas! shall *mourn* for me.

* Audley's Companion to the Almanac.

* Some make a profit of quarrelling; some pick their livings out of contentions and debate; some thrive and grow fat by gluttony; many are bravely maintained by bribery, theft, cheating, roguery, and villiany; but put all these together, and joine to them all sorts of people else, and they all in general are drinkers, and consequently the brewer's clients and customers.

ANSWER.

The dews of night may fall from heaven,
Upon the wither'd *rose's* bed,
And tears of fond regret be given,
To mourn the virtues of the dead.
Yet morning's sun the dews will dry,
And tears will fade from sorrow's eye,
Affection's pangs be lull'd to sleep,
And even love forget to *weep*.

The *tree* may mourn its fallen *leaf*,
And autumn winds bewail its bloom,
And friends may heave the sigh of grief,
O'er those who sleep within the tomb.
Yet soon will spring renew the flowers,
And time will bring more smiling hours;
In friendship's heart all grief will die,
And even love forget to *sigh*.

The *sea* may on the desert *shore*,
Lament each *trace* it bears away;
The lonely heart its grief may pour
O'er cherish'd friendship's fast decay:
Yet when all trace is lost and gone,
The waves lance bright and daily on;
Thus soon affection's bonds are torn,
And even love forgets to *mourn*.

A Winter Piece.

It was a winter's evening, and fast came down the snow,
And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast did blow;
When a damsel all forlorn, quite bewilder'd in her way,
Press'd her baby to her bosom, and *sadly* thus did say:

"Oh! cruel was my father, that shut his door on me,
And cruel was my mother, that such a sight could see;
And cruel is the wintry wind, that chills my heart with cold;
But crueller than all, the lad that left my love for gold!

"Hush, hush, my lovely baby, and warm thee in my breast;
Ah, little thinks thy father how sadly we're distressed!
For, cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,
He'd shield us in his arms from this bitter piercing air.

"Cold, cold, my dearest jewel! thy little life is gone.
Oh! let my tears revive thee, so warm that trickle down;
My tears that gush so warm, oh! they freeze before they fall
Ah! wretched, wretched mother! thou 'rt now bereft of all."

Then down she sunk despairing upon the drifted snow,
And, wrung with killing anguish, lamented loud her woe:
She kiss'd her babe's pale lips, and laid it by her side;
Then cast her eyes to heaven, then bow'd her head, and died.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Pitch Pine. *Pinus resinosa*.
Dedicated to *St. Florence*.

December 16.

St. Ado, Abp. of Vienne, A. D. 875. *St. Alice*, or *Adelaide*, Empress, A. D. 999.
St. Beanus, Bp. in Leinster.
[Cambridge Term ends]
"O *Sapientia*."

This day is so marked in the church of England calendar and the almanacs. Many have been puzzled by this distinc-

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Cypress arbor vitæ. *Thuja cupressioides*.
Dedicated to *St. Lucy*.

December 14.

St. Spiridion, Abp. A. D. 348. *Sts. Nicusius*, 9th Abp. of Rheims, and his *Companions*, 5th Cent.

Ember Week.

This is an ancient fast, wherein monks were enjoined to great abstinence preparatory to the festival of Christmas.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Swamp Pine. *Pinus palustris*.
Dedicated to *St. Spiridion*.

December 15.

St. Eusebius, Bp. of Vercelli, A. D. 371.
St. Florence, or *Flann*, Abbot.

SEASONABLE

There is a class of those who are said to "dearly love the lasses, oh?" by whom the verses below may be read without danger of their becoming worse.

tion, and some have imagined that "O SAPIENTIA" was a saint and martyr, one of the celebrated eleven thousand virgins of St Ursula. Mr. Audley, however, has rightly observed that, "This day is so called from the beginning of an anthem in the service of the Latin church, which used to be sung for the honour of Christ's advent, from this day till Christmas eve."—The anthem commenced with these words, "O SAPIENTIA quæ ex ore altissimi prodidisti," &c.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Chinese arbor vitæ. *Thuja orientalis*.
Dedicated to *St. Alice*

December 17.

St. Olympias, A. D. 410. *St. Begga*,
Abbess, A. D. 698.

[Oxford Term ends.]

The Season.

By this time all good housewives, with an eye to Christmas, have laid in their stores for the coming festivities. Their mincemeat has been made long ago, and they begin to inquire, with some anxiety, concerning the state of the poultry market, and especially the price of prime roasting beef

“O the roast beef of old England,
And O the old English roast beef!”

Manner of Roasting Beef anciently.

A correspondent, who was somewhat ruffled in the dog-days by suggestions for preventing hydrophobia, let his wrath go down before the dog-star; and in calm good nature he communicates a pleasant anecdote or two, which, at this time, may be deemed acceptable.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Dear Sir,

As an owner of that useful class of animals, dogs, I could not but a little startle at the severity you cast on their owners in your “Sirius,” or dog-star of July 3d. In enumerating their different qualities and prescribing substitutes, you forgot one of the most laborious employments formerly assigned to a species of dogs with long backs and short legs, called “Turnspits.”

The mode of teaching them their business was more summary than humane: the dog was put in a wheel, and a burning coal with him; he could not stop without burning his legs, and so was kept upon the full gallop. These dogs were by no means fond of their profession; it was indeed hard work to run in a wheel for two or three hours, turning a piece of meat which was twice their own weight. As the season for roasting meat is fast approaching, perhaps you can find a corner in your *Every-Day Book* for the insertion of a most extraordinary circumstance, relative to these curs, which took place many years ago at Bath.

It is recorded, that a party of young wags hired the chairmen on Saturday night to steal all the turnspits in the town, and lock them up till the following evening. Accordingly on Sunday, when every body desires roast meat for dinner, all the cooks were to be seen in the streets,—“Pray have you seen our Chloe?” says one. “Why,” replies the other, “I was coming to ask you if you had seen our Pompey;” up came a third while they were talking, to inquire for her Toby,—and there was no roast meat in Bath that day. It is recorded, also, of these dogs in this city, that one Sunday, when they had as usual followed their mistresses to church, the lesson for the day happened to be that chapter in Ezekiel, wherein the self-moving chariots are described. When first the word “wheel” was pronounced, all the curs pricked up their ears in alarm; at the second wheel they set up a doleful howl; and when the dreaded word was uttered a third time, every one of them scampered out of church, as fast as he could, with his tail between his legs.

Nov. 25, 1825. JOHN FOSTER.

A real EVERY-DAY English Dialogue.

(From the Examiner.)

A. (Advancing) “How d’ye do, Brooks?”

B. “Very well, thank’ee; how do *you* do?”

A. “Very well, thank’ee; is Mrs. Brooks well?”

B. “Very well, I’m much obliged t’ye. Mrs. Adams and the children are well, I hope?”

A. “Quite well, thank’ee.”

(A pause.)

B. “Rather pleasant weather to-day.”

A. “Yes, but it was cold in the morning.”

B. “Yes, but we must expect that at this time o’year.”

(Another pause, — neckcloth twisted and switch twirled.)

A. “Seen Smith lately?”

B. “No,—I can’t say I have—but I have seen Thompson.”

A. “Indeed—how is he?”

B. “Very well, thank’ee.”

A. “I’m glad of it.—Well,—good morning.”

B. “Good morning.”

Here it is always observed that the speakers, having taken leave, walk faster than usual for some hundred yards.



Wild Fowl Shooting in France

Or where the Northern ocean, in vast whirls
Boils round the naked melancholy isles
Of farthest Thulé, and th' Atlantic surge
Pours in among the stormy Hebrides ;
Who can recount what transmigrations there
Are annual made ? what nations come and go ?
And how the living clouds on clouds arise ?
Infinite wings till all the plume-dark air
And rude, resounding shore, are one wild cry.

Thomson

To a sporting friend, the editor is indebted for the seasonable information in the accompanying letter, and the drawings of the present engravings.

Abbeville, Nov. 14, 1825.

Dear Sir

It is of all things in the world the most unpleasant to write about nothing, when one knows a letter with something is expected. It is true I promised to look out for pious *chansons*, miraculous stories, and other whims and wonders of the French vulgar; and though I do not

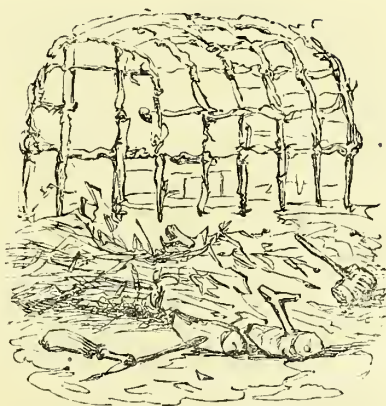
send you a budget of these gallimaufry odds and ends, whereon I know you have set your heart, yet I hope you will believe that I thoroughly determined to keep my word. To be frank, I had no sooner landed, than desire came over me to reach my domicile at this place as fast as possible, and get at my old field-sports. I therefore posted hither without delay, and, having my gun once more in my hand, have been up every morning with the lark, lark shooting, and letting fly at all that flies—my conscience flying and flapping in my face at every recollection

of my engagement to you. I well remember your telling me I should forget you, and my answering, that it was "impossible!" Birds were never more plentiful, and till a frost sets them off to a milder atmosphere, I cannot be off for England. I am spell-bound to the fields and waters. Do not, however, be disheartened; I hope yet to do something handsome for your "hobby," but I have one of my own, and I must ride him while I can.

It strikes me, however, that I can communicate something in *my* way, that will interest *some* readers of the *Every-Day Book*, if you think proper to lay it before them.

Every labouring man in France has a right to sport, and keeps a gun. The consequence of this is, that from the middle of October, or the beginning of this month, vast quantities of wild-fowl are annually shot in and about the fens of Picardy, whither they resort principally in the night, to feed along the different ditches and small ponds, many of which are artificially contrived with one, two, and sometimes three little huts, according to the dimensions of the pond. These huts are so ingeniously manufactured, and so well adapted to the purpose that I send you two drawings to convey an idea of their construction.

All wild-fowl are timorous, and easily deceived. The sportsman's huts, to the number of eight or ten, are placed in such a situation, that not until too late do the birds discover the deception, and the destruction which, under cover, the fowlers deal among them. To allure them from their heights, two or three tame ducks, properly secured to stones near the huts, keep up an incessant quacking during the greater part of the night. The huts are sufficiently large to admit two men and a dog; one man keeps watch while his companion sleeps half the night, when, for the remainder, it becomes his turn to watch and relieve the other. They have blankets, a mattress, and suitable conveniences, for passing night after night obscured in their artificial caverns, and exposed to unwholesome damps and fogs. The huts are formed in the following manner:—A piece of ground is raised sufficiently high to protect the fowler from the wet ground, upon which is placed the frame of the temporary edifice. This is mostly made of osier, firmly interwoven, as in this sketch.



This frame is covered with dry reeds, and well plastered with mud or clay, to the thickness of about four inches, upon which is placed, very neatly, layers of turf, so that the whole, at a little distance, looks like a mound of verdant earth. Three holes, about four inches in diameter, for the men inside to see and fire through, are neatly cut; one is in the front, and one on each side. Very frequently there is a fourth at the top. This is for the purpose of firing from at the wild-fowl as they pass over. The fowlers, lying upon their backs, discharge guess shots at the birds, who are only heard by the noise of their wings in their flight. Fowlers, with quick ears, attain considerable expertness in this guess-firing.

The numbers that are shot in this way are incredible. They are usually therefore sold at a cheap rate. At forty sous a couple, (1s. 8d. English) they are dear, but the price varies according to their condition.

In the larger drawing, I have given the appearance of the country and of the atmosphere at this season, and a duck-shooter with his gun near his hut, on the look out for coming flocks; but I fear wood engraving, excellent as it is for most purposes, will fall very short of the capability of engraving on copper to convey a correct idea of the romantic effect of the commingling cloud, mist, and sunshine, I have endeavoured to represent in this delightful part of France. Such as it is, it is at your service to do with as you please.

For myself, though for the sake of variety, I have now and then crept into a fowler's hut, and shot in ambuscade, I

prefer open warfare, and I assure you I have had capital sport. That you may be acquainted with some of these wild-fowl, I will just mention the birds I have shot here within the last three weeks, beginning with the godwit; their names in French are from my recollection of Buffon.

The Godwit.

Common Godwit, *la grand barge*.
Red Godwit, *la barge rousse*.
Cinereous Godwit, (*Bewick*)
Cambridge Godwit, (*Latham*).
Green-shanked Godwit, *la barge variée*.
Red-legged Godwit, *le chevalier rouge*.
Redshank, *le chevalier aux pieds rouges*.

Sandpipers.

Ruffs and Reeves, *le combattant*.
Green Sandpiper, *le bécasseau, ou cul-blanc*

Common Sandpiper, *la guignette*.
Brown Sandpiper, (*Bewick*).
Dunlin, *la brunette*.
Ox-eye, *l'alouette de mer*.
Little Stint, *la petite alouette de mer*, (*Brisson*) &c. &c.

Curllews.

Curlew, *la courles*.
Whimbrel, *la petite courles*.

Heron.

Common, *le heron hupe*.
Bittern, *le butor*.
Little Bittern, *le blongois*.

Ducks.

The common Wild Duck, *le canard sauvage*.
Gadwell, or Gray, *le chipecau*.
Widgeon, *le canard siffleur*.
Pochard, *penelope, le millovin*.
Pintail, *le canard à longue queue*.
Golden-eye, *le garrot*.
Morillon, *le morillon*.
Tufted Duck, *le petit morillon*. (*Brisson*).
Gargany, *la sarcelle*.
Teal, *la petite sarcelle*.

If you were here you should have a "gentleman's recreation," of the most delightful kind. Your propensity to look for "old masters," would turn into looking out for prime birds. The spotted red-shanks, or barkers, as they are sometimes called, would be fine fellows for you, who are fond of achieving difficulties. They come in small flocks, skimming about the different ponds into which they run to the height of the body, pick-

ing up insects from the bottom, and looking as if they had no legs. They are excessively wary, and above all, the most difficult to get near. Confound all "black letter" say I, if it keeps a man from such delightful scenes as I have enjoyed every hour since I came here; as to picture-loving—come and see *these* pictures which never tire by looking at. I like a good picture though myself, and shall pick up some prints at Paris to put with my others. You may be certain therefore of my collecting something for you, after the birds have left, especially wood cuts. I shall accomplish what I can in the scrap and story-book way, which is not quite in my line, yet I think I know what you mean. In my next you shall have something about lark-shooting, which, in England, is nothing compared with what the north of France affords.

I am, &c.
J. J. H.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

White Cedar. *Cupressus thyoides*.
Dedicated to *St. Olympias*.

December 18.

Sts. Rufus and Zozimus, A. D. 116. *St. Gatian*, 1st. Bp. of Tours, 3d. Cent.
St Winebald, A. D. 760.

THE ASS AND THE CAMEL.

Fault was found because a newspaper commenced a police-office report of one of the humane endeavours of the warm-hearted member for Galway, in behalf of the proverbially most patient of all quadrupeds, by saying, "Mr. Martin came to this office with another ass." Ridicule, however, never injures a just man with the just-minded; Mr. Martin has been properly supported in every judicious effort by public opinion.

The notice of the all-enduring ass, in former pages, occasions a letter from a gentleman, (with his name) whose researches have been directed to the geographical and natural history of foreign countries. In this communication he refers to a work of considerable interest relative to Africa, which it may be important for inquirers regarding the interior of that region to be acquainted with.

To the Editor of the Every-Day Book.

Sir,
November 29, 1825.
The facetious TIM TIME & you

Every-Day Book, of the 19th of September, (p. 1309.) cites the amusing and accurate Leo Africanus, as asserting "that asses may be taught to dance to music." This is an error. Leo, in his description of Africa, (Elzevir edition, 1632. p. 749.) says, "I saw in Cairo a *camel* dance to the sound of a drum, and as the master told me, this is the mode of teaching: a young camel is selected and placed for half an hour in a place prepared for him of about the size of a stove, the pavement of which is heated by fire. Some one then, outside the door, beats the drum, and the camel, not on account of the music, but of the fire by which his feet are hurt, lifts first one leg then another, after the manner of a dancer, and after having been thus trained for ten or twelve months, he is led into public, when, on hearing the drum, and remembering the burning of his feet, he immediately begins to jump, and thinking himself to be on the same floor, he raises himself on his hind legs, and appears to dance; and so, use becoming second nature, he continues to do."

The only ass described by Leo, is the ass of the woods, found only in the desert or its borders. It yields to the Barb, or Arabian, (Leo says they are the same,) in swiftness, and is caught with the greatest difficulty. When feeding, or drinking, he is always moving.

A word more about the camel. He is of a most kind and mild nature, and partakes in a manner of the sense of man. If, at any time, between Ethiopia and Barbary (in the great desert) the day's journey is longer than ordinary, he is not to be driven on by stripes (or beating,) but the driver sings certain short songs, by which the camel being allured, he goes on with such swiftness, that no one is able to keep up with him.

When I open this highly valued book, I never know when to close it; and, indeed, the less at this time, when we are all on tip-toe with respect to Africa.

Now it does appear strange to me, that not one word has been said, either by the travellers, or those who have traced them, about this little work. One reason may be, that it has never been wholly translated into English. It is called by Hartnan, (who has been deemed the ablest editor of these oriental authors,) a golden book, which had he wanted, he should as frequently have wanted light. The author, who was a man of a noble

family and great acquirements, had been at Tombuto twice at least. Once he accompanied his father on his embassy from the king of Fez to that city, and afterwards as a merchant. This must have been at the very beginning of the sixteenth century, for he finished this work at Rome, the 5th of March, 1526. He describes Tombuto, as well as Borno, and Cano, and many other of the Negro kingdoms with great minuteness, and with respect to the Niger, (which, like the Nile, rises, falls, and fertilizes the country,) he says, that its course is from the kingdom of Tombuto towards the west as far as Ginea or Jinnea, and even Melli, which joins the ocean at the same place where the Niger empties itself into the sea. He also says, that at Cabra, which is situate on the Niger, about twelve miles from Tombuto, the merchants sailing to Ginea or Melli, go on board their vessels.

Moore, who resided as a writer and factor under the African company, at the mouth of the Gambia, about five years, and in 1738, published his travels, describing the several nations for the space of six hundred miles up that river, concludes that river and the Niger to be the same. In this work will be found an English translation from the Italian, of parts of Leo's work.

Jackson is a coxcomb, who copies without acknowledgment. He fancies the Niger runs backwards, and joins the Nile, after which they most fraternally run into the Mediterranean.

I am, &c.
T. O.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.
New Holland Cyprus. *Cupressus Australis*.
Dedicated to *St. Winebald*.

December 19.

St. Nemesion, &c., A. D. 250. *St. Samthana*, Abbess, A. D. 738.

CELESTIAL SCENERY.

By the contemplation of the "shining heavens" at this season, the mind is induced to the solemn thinking, beautifully imagined by the greatest and most wayward poet of our age.

A Starlight Winter Night.

The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
 Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful !
 I linger yet with Nature, for the night
 Hath been to me a more familiar face
 Than that of man ; and in her starry shade
 Of dim and solitary loveliness,
 I learn'd the language of another world.
 I do remember me, that in my youth,
 When I was wandering,—upon such a night
 I stood within the Colosseum's wall,
 'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ;
 The trees which grew along the broken arches
 Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
 Shone through the rents of ruin : from afar
 The watchdog bayed beyond the Tiber ; and
 More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
 The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
 Of distant sentinels the fitful song
 Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
 Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
 Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
 Within a bowshot—where the Cæsars dwelt,
 And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
 A grove which springs through levell'd battlements,
 And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
 Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth ;—
 But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
 A noble wreck in ruinous perfection !
 While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
 Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—
 And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
 All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
 Which softened down the hoar austerity
 Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
 As 'twere, anew, the gaps of centuries ;
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
 And making that which was not, till the place
 • Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
 With silent worship.

Byron.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Two-coloured Heath. *Erica bicolor*.
 Dedicated to *St. Samthana*.

December 20.

St Philogonius, Bp. of Antioch, A. D.
 322. *St. Paul*, of Latrus, or Latra,
 A. D. 956.

THE BATH SEASON.

Mr. Foster's letter, inserted on the 17th
 instant, occasions the seasonable recol-
 lection, that this is the time when, in
 fashionable language, "every body" goes
 to Bath.

According to fabulous history, the vir-
 tues of the hot springs at Bath, were dis-
 covered long before the christian era, by
 Bladud, a British prince, who having
 been driven from his father's house be-
 cause he was leprous, was reduced like
 the prodigal son to keep swine. His
 pigs, says the story, had the same disease
 as himself; in their wanderings they came
 to this valley, and rolled in the mud where
 these waters stagnated; and healed them.
 Whereupon prince Bladud, attaining

to the height of this great argument," tried the same remedy with the same success, and when he became king, built a city upon the spot—the famous city of Bath.

Nash.

Beau Nash, the founder of the theatre at Bath, made laws to regulate when and where the company should assemble, and when they should separate; arranged the tactics of the dance; enacted the dress in which ladies should appear; and, if they ventured to disobey, whatever was their rank, turned them back. His strong sense and sarcastic humour, being supported by a prevailing sense of propriety, kept offenders of this sort in awe. It has been said that such a man in old times, would have been selected for the king's fool; he seems to have considered himself in that relation to the Bath visitors, and made use of the privilege the character allowed him. He lived on the follies of mankind, and cultivated them. He gambled, and his profits and his office required and enabled him to live expensively, sport a gay equipage, and keep a large retinue. Yet he became old and helpless, and lived to need that charity which he had never withheld from the needy, but which none extended to him. He died poor, neglected, and miserable; and the inhabitants of Bath rewarded his services and genius, in the usual manner; they erected a statue to the honour of the man whom they had suffered almost to starve.

His loss, to the assemblies was exemplified in a very remarkable manner. Two ladies of quality quarrelled in the ball-room. The company took part, some on one side, some on the other: Nash was gone, and his successor in office did not inherit his authority: the partizans as well as the combatants became outrageous, a real battle-royal took place, and caps, lappets, curls, cushions, diamond pins, and pearls, strewed the floor of those rooms, wherein during Nash's time order was supreme.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Stone Pine. *Pinus Pinea.*
Dedicated to *St. Philogonius.*

December 21.

St. Thomas, the Apostle. St. Edburge.

St. Thomas.

This apostle is in the church of England calendar and almanacs. He is affirmed to have travelled and promulgated christianity among the Parthians, Medes, Persians, and Carmenians, and to have been the apostle of the Indies; where he effected numerous conversions, and by his preaching raised the indignation of the Bramins, who instigated the people against him till they threw stones and darts at him, and ended his life by running him through the body with a lance.

It is said that the body of the apostle was carried to the city of Edessa. On the discovery of Malabar, by the Portuguese, they found there the Nestorian christians of St. Thomas, whom they treated as heretics, and held a council, which passed decrees for their purgation. Yet many of the Malabarians still maintain the Nestorian doctrines and ceremonies, and refuse to acknowledge the authority of the pope.

Ribadeneira pretends that on the eve of Christmas, in the church of St. Thomas at Malabar, a stone cross commences to shed blood as soon as the Jesuits begin to say mass, "and not before." He says, "The holy cross also begins, by little and little, to change its natural colour, which is white, turning into yellow, and afterwards into black, and from black into azure colour, until the sacrifice of the mass being ended, it returns to its natural colour: and that which augments both admiration and devotion is, that, as the holy cross changes its colours, it distils certain little drops of blood, and by little and little they grow thicker, until they fall in so great abundance that the clothes with which they wipe it are dyed with the same blood: and if any year this miracle fail, it is held as a certain sign of great calamity that is to come upon them, as experience has shown them." Perhaps it is further miraculous, that in a country where there is liberty of thought and speech, and a free press, no stone cross will do the like

ST. THOMAS'S DAY.

Going a *gooding* on St. Thomas's day formerly prevailed in England. Women begged money, and in return presented the

donors with sprigs of palm and branches of primroses.* Mr. Ellis says, "this practice is still kept up in Kent, in the neighbourhood of Maidstone." Mr. Brand adds, "My servant B. Jelkes, who is from Warwickshire, informs me that there is a custom in that county for the poor on St. Thomas's day to go with a bag to beg corn of the farmers, which they call going *a corning*."

LONDON ELECTIONS.

In London, on St. Thomas's day, wardmotes are held for the election of the inquest and common councilmen, and other officers, who are annually chosen for the service and representation of the respective wards.

It is a remarkable fact that the majority of the inhabitants, in many wards, are indifferent to these elections, and suffer their ample franchise to run to waste, like housewives who are careless of their serviceable water; hence important offices are frequently filled by persons either ignorant of the duties they should discharge, or indifferent to them, or unqualified to understand them.

The Ward Inquests.

From "An Inquiry into the Nature and Duties of the Office of Inquest Jurymen," by Mr. Thomas Newell, of Cripplegate Ward, published in 1825, it appears that the ward inquest should be elected on St. Thomas's day, *before* the common councilmen are elected, inasmuch as "the alderman is commanded by his precept from the lord mayor, to give all the articles of the precept in charge to the inquest; which they cannot take charge of unless they are elected first." It is now the common practice of wardmotes, to elect the inquest *last*. This has arisen, perhaps, from what may be called, in the ordinary sense of the word, the "political" importance usually attached to the election of the common councilmen, and by this means the inquest, though foremost in power, has been degraded in rank, and sunk into comparative insignificance. Withal it is to be observed, that the inquest, with the aldermen, are the returning officers of the election of the common councilmen; so that where the practice prevails of electing the inquest last, such inquests are in fact constituted too

late to take cognizance, as an inquest, of the election of the common council, and such inquests are consequently incompetent upon their oaths, as inquest men, to return the common councilmen as having been truly and duly elected.

It appears further, that another extraordinary inroad has been made in London, upon the right of the wardmote inquests to return the jurors to serve in the mayor's and sheriffs' courts of the city. By some by-law or order of the court of aldermen, that court claims to exercise this most important and ancient right of the wardmote inquests; and issues a precept to the alderman of each ward, requiring him to acquaint the inquest "that they are not hereafter to intermeddle or concern themselves in the making of the said returns." This mandate is said to be conformed to at this time by all the inquests; so that the court of aldermen seems to have obtained the inquests to surrender their right to nominate the juries in the city courts, without a struggle. If the proceedings of the court of aldermen were illegal, it is clear that each alderman, in his own ward, illegally dispossessed each inquest of its right, and then, exercised their usurped power when they met together as a court of aldermen.

From the elections in each ward on this day, the citizens are all in a hurry, and there is much discussion at the few remaining clubs and tavern parlours in the different parishes, concerning the qualifications of the respective candidates. All freemen, being householders, are entitled to vote.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Sparrowwort. *Erica passerina*.
Dedicated to *St. Thomas, Apostle*.

December 22.

St. Ischyriion, A. D. 253. *Sts. Cyril and Methodius*, A. D. 881.

Clark, the Miser of Dundee.

On the 22d of December, 1817, died, at Dundee, aged sixty-six, Thomas Clark, a labouring man, who, by dint of parsimony and saving, had accumulated property to the amount of from 800*l.* to 1000*l.* before his death. There are perhaps few authenticated instances of endurance which this person did not volun-

* Gentleman's Magazine, April, 1794.

tarily submit to, in order to gratify his ruling passion. He lived by himself, in a small garret, in a filthy lane, called Tyn-dal's Wynd. His diet consisted of a little oatmeal, stirred into hot water, which he begged from some one or other of the neighbours every morning, to save the expense of fuel. For many years he had laboured under a painful disorder, but would not put himself under the care of a surgeon, fearful of the cost. Driven at last to desperation by the intenseness of his sufferings, about twelve months previous to his decease, he sent for Mr. Crichton, who found him lying, in the most inclement season of the year, barely covered by an old tattered blanket. The furniture of the apartment consisted of about a dozen pair of old shoes, some old tattered clothes, a plough-share, a wooden dish, and horn spoon, a pair of scales and weights, a tub for holding meal, and an old crazy chair. Clark's disorder having been ascertained to be stone in the bladder, he was told that a surgical operation would be necessary for his relief. This he expressed the utmost willingness to undergo; but when informed it would also be necessary to have him removed to a comfortable room, &c. his heart died within him, and he said he must continue as he was, until death relieved him. In vain was he told that every thing needful would be provided. He still persevered in his determination. Leaving a trifle with him to procure necessaries, Mr. Crichton descended from the garret, and made inquiry of the neighbours concerning this miserable object; from whom he received the account narrated. Possessed of this information he returned and rated the wretch for his miserable disposition; but all that could be obtained, was a promise to procure some bed-clothes, and to allow the operation to be performed in a room belonging to one of the neighbours, and immediately to be hoisted back to his own roost. The first morning after the operation he was found quarrelling and abusing the old woman left in charge of him, for her extravagance in making use of soap to wash the cloths that were occasionally taken from under him; and he expressed great exultation when she was given to understand that soap was not absolutely necessary for the purpose. A dose of castor oil that had been prescribed for him, he would not allow to be sent for; but in its place swallowed a piece of soap, which, he said,

would equally answer the purpose, and at much less cost. The cure going on well, he was ordered some beef tea. The parting with threepence every morning to purchase half a pound of meat, was perfect torture, and recollecting a piece of old rusty bacon, which he had formerly picked up somewhere in his travels, he tried the expedient of converting part of it into beef tea, and drank it with seeming relish. Next morning, however, the old woman, alarmed for the consequences, insisted peremptorily for money to purchase fresh meat, at the same time acquainting him that a supply of coals was necessary. "The coals consumed already! Impossible! They should have served him for the winter! She must have carried off some of them! Threepence for meat and eighteen-pence for coals! It's ruination! She must pack off immediately! But before she goes she must account for the two shillings received on the day of the operation!" The poor woman being somewhat confused could not bring to her recollection the disposal of more than 1s. 10d. It was then perfectly plain she was robbing his room, and ruining him by her extravagance, and she must go to prison! The garret was filled with the neighbours, alarmed by his noisy vociferation; and nothing they could say having pacified him, they sent for Mr. Crichton, who thought it might be a wise plan to leave him alone, and let him manage and feed himself in his own way. By the help of a good constitution, he soon recovered his health, but never could forget the expenses he had been put to during his confinement. The failure also of some people holding money of his in their hands, tended much to embitter the remainder of his life; and he was often observed lamenting his misfortunes; frequently saying aloud, "all bankrupts should be hanged!" There would be no end to the detail of this miserable creature's miserable eccentricities. On a bitter cold day, he went into one of the neighbour's rooms to warm himself, before ascending to his comfortable loft. The next morning he was found almost stiff with cold, and unable to move—the bed clothes, which he had been made to provide himself with the year before, were lying folded up in a corner; he had not the heart to use them. On Sunday he lost the use of his faculties; and on Monday he breathed his last. His only surviving sister, a poor old woman, living

somewhere in Strathmore, inherited his property.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Pellucid Heath. *Erica pellucida*.

Dedicated to *St. Cyril*.

December 23.

St. Servulus, A. D. 590. *Ten Murtyrs of Crete*. *St. Victoria*, A. D. 250.

A Trifling Mistake.

In December, 1822, the *Morning Chronicle* states the following whimsical circumstance to have taken place at the Black Swan inn, at York:—

An honest son of Neptune travelling northwards, having put up there for the night, desired the chambermaid to call him early the next morning, as he wished to proceed on his journey by the coach; and added, "as I am a very sound sleeper, you will most likely be obliged to come in and shake me." Accordingly he left his door unfastened, and soon fell asleep. The next morning when he awoke, he found the sun was high, and the coach must have left him some hours behind. Vexation was his first feeling, the next was that of vengeance against the faithless Molly. Accordingly he proceeded to inform himself of the time of day, that he might tax her accurately with her omission, which was aggravated, in his mind, by every additional hour that he had lost; but after groping for some time under his pillow for his watch, it was not to be found! This effectually roused him, and he launched at once out of bed, but no sooner found himself on his feet, than he discovered that his clothes had likewise vanished. It was now evident to him that he had been robbed; however a little more rubbing of the eyes convinced him that he must have been also *stolen himself*, as the room, bed, and furniture, were all strange to him! Indeed, he was positive in his own mind, that he had never beheld them before. It was equally clear to him that he had gone to bed sober; so being completely puzzled, Jack sate himself down on the bed to "make a calculation," as he often had done at sea, in order to discover, if possible, in what precise part of the globe he just then happened to be, and how he came there. He had read of the enchanted carpet, by which persons could be transported to the remotest parts of

the world in the twinkling of an eye; but he never had heard that these fairy tricks had been played at or near York, to which place he had now distinctly traced himself by his "log." His next thought was to "take an observatoin," by looking out of the window, but he could observe nothing but tops of houses. This view, however, rejoiced his sight, for, thought he, I am still in a civilized country; this place *may be York*, where, if my senses do not deceive me, I went to bed last night, at all events I shall have justice done me. But the enigma still remained unexplained, and poor Jack had no clothes to go in quest of a solution. At last he spied a bell-rope, and giving it a hearty tug, leaped into bed again to wait the issue, come who might. It was no enchanter who answered this summons, but only poor Molly. "So you are there, are you? Pray why did you not call me at seven o'clock, as I desired you?" "I did, sir, but you did not answer me." "Then, why did you not come in and shake me?" "I did come in, sir, but you were gone." "I tell you I have not been out of bed all night; you must have gone to the wrong room." "No, sir, I went to No. 22, the room that I put you in last night; besides, there was your watch under the pillow, your impression in the bed, and your clothes placed ready for putting on." "Then, where the devil am I? and how came I here?" "You are a story higher, sir; just over your own room." Our hero was now satisfied that he had been rambling over the house in his sleep, and had mistaken a story in returning to his own room. He then recollected that this was a trick to which he had been addicted when a boy, and he devised that the fatigue of a long journey had probably chiefly contributed to revive his old habit. The whole affair was now accounted for, and Molly proceeded to fetch the clothes of the disenchanted knight, resolving within herself never to trust her own door open again, lest it should be entered accidentally by some sleep-walking traveller.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Cedar of Lebanon. *Pinus cedrus*

Dedicated to *St. Victoria*.

To the Reader.

I am encouraged, by the approbation of my labours, to persevere in the completion of my plan, and to continue this little work next year as usual.

Not a sentence that has appeared in the preceding sheets will be repeated, and the Engravings will be entirely new.

December, 1825.

W. HONE.

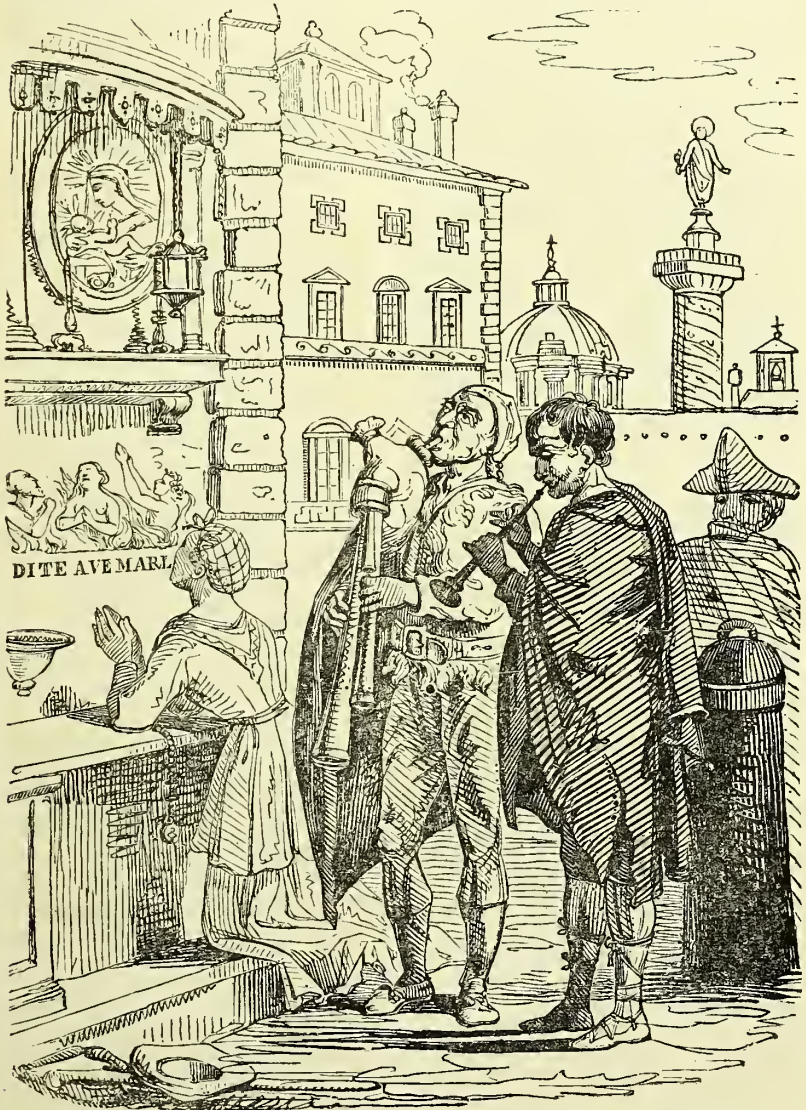
December 24.

Sts. Thrasilla and Emiliana. St. Gregory, of Spoleto, A. D. 304.

Christmas Eve.

This is the vigil of that solemn festival which commemorates the day that gave

“To man a saviour—freedom to the slave!”



Calabrian Shepherds playing in Rome at Christmas

In the last days of Advent the Calabrian minstrels enter Rome, and are to be seen in every street saluting the shrines of the virgin mother with their wild music, under the traditional notion of soothing her until the birth-time of her infant at the approaching Christmas. This circumstance is related by lady Morgan, who observed them frequently stopping at the shop of a carpenter. To questions concerning this practice, the workmen, who stood at the door, said it was done out of respect to St. Joseph. The preceding engraving, representing this custom, is from a clever etching by D. Allan, a Scottish artist of great merit. In Mr. Burford's excellent panorama of the ruins of Pompeii, exhibited in the Strand, groups of these peasantry are celebrating the festival of the patron saint of the master of a vineyard. The printed "Description" of the panorama says, these mountaineers are called *Pifferari*, and "play a pipe very similar in form and sound to the bagpipes of the Highlanders." It is added, as lady Morgan before observed, that "just before Christmas they descend from the mountains to Naples and Rome, in order to play before the pictures of the Virgin and Child, which are placed in various parts of every Italian town." In a picture of the Nativity by Raphael, he has introduced a shepherd at the door playing on the bagpipes.

Christmas Carols.

Carol is said to be derived from *cantare*, to sing, and *rola*, an interjection of joy.* It is rightly observed by Jeremy Taylor, that "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good-will towards men," the song of the angels on the birth of the Saviour, is the first Christmas carol.

Anciently, bishops carolled at Christmas among their clergy; but it would be diverging into a wide field to exemplify ecclesiastical practices on this festival; and to keep close to the domestic usages of the season, church customs of that kind will not now be noticed.

In Mr. Brand's "Popular Antiquities," he gives the subjoined Anglo-Norman carol, from a MS. in the British Museum,† with the accompanying translation by his "very learned and communicative friend, Mr. Douce; in which it will easily be

observed that the translator has necessarily been obliged to amplify, but endeavours every where to preserve the sense of the original."

Anglo-Norman Carol.

Seignors ore entendez a nus,
De loinz sumes venuz a wous,
Pur quere NOEL;
Car lem nus dit que en cest hostel
Soleit tenir sa feste anuel
Ahi cest iur.
Deu doint a tuz icels joie d'amurs
Qi a DANZ NOEL ferunt honors.

Seignors io vus di por veir
KE DANZ NOEL ne uelt aveir
Si joie non;
E repleni sa maison,
De payn, de char, & de peison,
Por faire honor.
Deu doint a tuz ces joie damur.

Seignors il est crie en lost,
Qe cil qui despent bien & tost,
E largement;
E fet les granz honors sovent
Deu li duple quanque il despent
Por faire honor.
Deu doint a.

Seignors escriez les malveis,
Car vus nel les troverez jameis
De bone part:
Botun, batun, ferun groinard,
Car tot dis a le quer cuuard
Por faire honor.
Deu doint.

NOEL beyt bein li vin Engleis
E li Gascoin & li Franceys
E l'Angeuin.
NOEL fait beivre son veisin,
Si quil se dort, le chief en clin,
Sovent le ior.
Deu doint . tuz cels.

Seignors io vus di par NOEL,
E par li sires de cest hostel,
Car beuez ben:
E io primes beurai le men,
E pois apres chescon le soen,
Par mon conseil,
Si io vus di trestoz Wesseyl
Dehaiz eit qui ne dirra Drincheyl.

Translation.

Now, lordings, listen to our ditty,
Strangers coming from afar;
Let poor minstrels move your pity,
Give us welcome, soothe our care
In this mansion, as they tell us,
Christmas wassell keeps to day;
And, as the king of all good fellows,
Reigns with uncontroled sway.

* Bourne in Brand's Antiquities

† Bib. Reg. 16. E. VIII

Lordings, in these realms of pleasure,
 Father Christmas yearly dwells ;
 Deals out joy with liberal measure,
 Gloomy sorrow soon dispels :
 Numerous guests, and viands dainty,
 Fill the hall and grace the board ;
 Mirth and beauty, peace and plenty,
 Solid pleasures here afford.

Lordings, 'tis said the liberal mind,
 'Tbat on the needy much bestows,
 From Heav'n a sure reward shall find ;
 From Heav'n, whence ev'ry blessing
 flows.

Who largely gives with willing hand,
 Or quickly gives with willing heart,
 His fame shall spread throughout the land,
 His memory thence shall ne'er depart.

Lordings, grant not your protection
 To a base, unworthy crew,
 But cherish, with a kind affection,
 Men that are loyal, good, and true.
 Chace from your hospitable dwelling
 Swinish souls, that ever crave ;
 Virtue they can ne'er excel in,
 Gluttons never can be brave.

Lordings, Christmas loves good drinking,
 Wines of Gascoigne, France, Anjou,*
 English ale, that drives out thinking,
 Prince of liquors old or new.
 Every neighbour shares the bowl,
 Drinks of the spicy liquor deep,
 Drinks his fill without controul.
 Till he drowns his care in sleep.

And now—by Christmas, jolly soul !
 By this mansion's generous sire !
 By the wine, and by the bowl,
 And all the joys they both inspire !
 Here I'll drink a health to all .
 The glorious task shall first be mine :
 And ever may foul luck befall
 Him that to pledge me shall decline !

THE CHORUS.

Hail, father Christmas ! hail to thee !
 Honour'd ever shalt thou be !
 All the sweets that love bestows,
 Endless pleasures, wait on those
 Who, like vassals brave and true,
 Give to Christmas homage due.

From what has been observed of Christmas carols in another work, by the editor, a few notices will be subjoined with this remark, that the custom of singing carols at Christmas is very ancient ; and though most of those that exist at the present day are deficient of interest to a refined ear, yet they are calculated to awaken

tender feelings. For instance, one of them represents the virgin contemplating the birth of the infant, and saying,

“ He neither shall be clothed
 in purple nor in pall,
 But all in fair linen,
 as were babies all :
 He neither shall be rock'd
 in silver nor in gold,
 But in a wooden cradle,
 that rocks on the mould.”

Not to multiply instances at present, let it suffice that in a MS. at the British Museum* there is “ A song on the holly and the ivy,” beginning,

“ Nay, my nay, hyt shal not be I wys,
 Let holy lafe the maystay, as the maner ys :

“ Holy stond in the hall, fayre to behold,
 Ivy stond without the dore, she ys ful sore
 acold. “ *Nay my nay,*” &c.

“ Holy, & hys mery men, they dawnsyn and
 they syng,
 Ivy and hur maydyns, they wepyn & they
 wryng. “ *Nay my nay,*” &c.

The popularity of carol-singing occasioned the publication of a duodecimo volume in 1642, intitled, “ Psalmes or Songs of Sion, turned into the language, and set to the tunes of a strange land. By W(illiam) S(latyer), *intended for Christmas carols*, and fitted to divers of the most noted and common but solemne tunes, every where in this land familiarly used and knowne.” Upon the copy of this book in the British Museum, a former possessor has written the names of some of the tunes to which the author designed them to be sung : for instance, Psalm 6, to the tune of *Jane Shore* ; Psalm 19, to *Bar. Forster's Dreame* ; Psalm 43, to *Crimson Velvet* ; Psalm 47, to *Garden Greene* ; Psalm 84, to *The fairest Nymph of the Valleys* ; &c.

In a carol, still sung, called “ Dives and Lazarus,” there is this amusing account:

“ As it fell it out, upon a day,
 Rich Dives sicken'd and died,
 There came two serpents out of hell,
 His soul therein to guide.

“ Rise up, rise up, brother Dives,
 And come along with me,
 For you've a place provided in hell,
 To sit upon a *serpent's* knee.”

However whimsical this may appear to the reader, he can scarcely conceive its ludicrous effect, when the “ serpent's

* Gascoigne and Anjou, being at this time under the dominion of the English sovereigns, were not regarded as part of France.

knee" is solemnly drawn out to its utmost length by a Warwickshire chanter, and as solemnly listened to by the well-disposed crowd, who seem, without difficulty, to believe that Dives sits on a serpent's *knee*. The idea of sitting on this knee was, perhaps, conveyed to the poet's mind by old wood-cut representations of Lazarus seated in Abraham's lap. More anciently, Abraham was frequently drawn holding him up by the sides, to be seen by Dives in hell. In an old book now before me, they are so represented, with the addition of a devil blowing the fire under Dives with a pair of bellows.

Carols begin to be spoken of as not belonging to this century, and few, perhaps, are aware of the number of these compositions now printed. The editor of the *Every-Day Book* has upwards of ninety, all at this time, published annually.

This collection he has had little opportunity of increasing, except when in the country he has heard an old woman singing an old carol, and brought back the carol in his pocket with less chance of its escape, than the tune in his head.

Mr. Southey, describing the fight "upon the plain of Patay," tells of one who fell, as having

"In his lord's castle dwelt, for many a year,
A well-beloved servant: he could sing
Carols for Shrove-tide, or for Candlemas,
Carols for the wassel, and when the boar's head
Crown'd with gay garlands, and with rose-
mary,
Smoak'd on the Christmas board."

Joan of Arc, b. x. l. 466.

These ditties, which now exclusively enliven the industrious servant-maid, and the humble labourer, gladdened the festivity of royalty in ancient times. Henry VII., in the third year of his reign, kept his Christmas at Greenwich: on the twelfth night, after high mass, the king went to the hall, and kept his estate at the table; in the middle sat the dean, and those of the king's chapel, who, immediately after the king's first course, "sang a caroll."*—Granger innocently observes, that "they that fill the highest and the lowest classes of human life, seem in many respects to be more nearly allied than even themselves imagine. A skilful anatomist would find little or no difference in dissecting the body of a king, and that of the meanest of his subjects; and a judicious philo-

sopher would discover a surprising conformity in discussing the nature and qualities of their minds."*

The earliest collection of Christmas carols supposed to have been published, is only known from the last leaf of a volume printed by Wynkn de Worde, in the year 1521. This precious scrap was picked up by Tom Hearne; Dr. Rawlinson purchased it at his decease in a volume of tracts, and bequeathed it to the Bodleian library. There are two carols upon it: one, "a caroll of huntyng," is reprinted in the last edition of Juliana Berners' "Boke of St. Alban's;" the other, "a caroll, bringing in the bore's head," is in Mr. Dibdin's "Ames," with a copy of it as it is now sung in Queen's-college, Oxford, every Christmas-day. Dr. Bliss, of Oxford, also printed on a sheet for private distribution, a few copies of this and Ant. a Wood's version of it, with notices concerning the custom, from the hand-writings of Wood and Dr. Rawlinson, in the Bodleian library. Ritson, in his ill-tempered "Observations on Warton's History of English Poetry," (1782, 4to. p. 37,) has a Christmas carol upon bringing up the boar's head, from an ancient MS. in his possession, wholly different from Dr. Bliss's. The "Bibliographical Miscellanies," (Oxford, 1813, 4to.) contains seven carols from a collection in one volume in the possession of Dr. Cotton, of Christ-church-college, Oxford, "imprynted at London, in the Powtry, by Richard Kele, dwellyng at the longe shop vnder saynt Myldrede's Chyrche," probably "between 1546 and 1552:" I had an opportunity of perusing this exceedingly curious volume, which is supposed to be unique, and has since passed into the hands of Mr. Freeling. There are carols among the *Godly and Spiritual Songs and Balates*, in "Scottish Poems of the sixteenth century," (1801, 8vo.); and one by Dunbar, from the Bannatyne MS. in "Ancient Scottish Poems." Others are in Mr. Ellis's edition of Brand's "Popular Antiquities," with several useful notices. Warton's "History of English Poetry" contains much concerning *old* carols. Mr. Douce, in his "Illustrations of Shakspeare," gives a specimen of the carol sung by the shepherds, on the birth of Christ, in one of the Coventry plays. There is a sheet of carols headed thus: "CHRISTUS NATUS EST: *Christ is born*;" with a wood-cut, 10 inches high,

* Leland, Collect. vol. iv. p. 237.

* Biog. Hist. Engl. ed. 1804, vol. iv. p. 308

by 8½ inches wide, representing the stable at Bethlehem; Christ in the crib, watched by the virgin and Joseph; shepherds kneeling; angels attending; a man playing on the bagpipes; a woman with a basket of fruit on her head; a sheep bleating, and an ox lowing on the ground; a raven croaking, and a crow cawing on the hay-rack; a cock crowing above them; and angels singing in the sky. The animals have labels from their mouths, bearing Latin inscriptions. Down the side of the wood-cut is the following account and explanation: "A religious man, inventing the conceits of both birds and beasts, drawn in the picture of our Saviour's birth, doth thus express them: the cock croweth, *Christus natus est*, Christ is born. The raven asked, *Quando?* When? The crow replied, *Hac nocte*, This night. The ox cryeth out, *Ubi?* *Ubi?* Where? where? The sheep bleated out, *Bethletem*, Bethlehem. A voice from heaven sounded, *Gloria in Excelsis*, Glory be on high.—London: printed and sold by J. Bradford, in Little Britain, the corner house over against the Pump, 1701. Price One Penny." This carol is in the possession of Mr. Upcott.

The custom of singing carols at Christmas prevails in Ireland to the present

time. In Scotland, where no church feasts have been kept since the days of John Knox, the custom is unknown. In Wales it is still preserved to a greater extent, perhaps, than in England; at a former period, the Welsh had carols adapted to most of the ecclesiastical festivals, and the four seasons of the year, but in our times they are limited to that of Christmas. After the turn of midnight at Christmas-eve, service is performed in the churches, followed by the singing of carols to the harp. Whilst the Christmas holidays continue, they are sung in like manner in the houses, and there are carols especially adapted to be sung at the doors of the houses by visitors before they enter. *Lffyr Carolan*, or the book of carols, contains sixty-six for Christmas, and five summer carols; *Blodeugerdd Cymrii*, or the "Anthology of Wales," contains forty-eight Christmas carols, nine summer carols, three May carols, one winter carol, one nightingale carol, and a carol to Cupid. The following verse of a carol for Christmas is literally translated from the first mentioned volume. The poem was written by Hugh Morris, a celebrated songwriter during the commonwealth, and until the early part of the reign of William III:—

" To a saint let us not pray, to a pope let us not kneel;
On Jesu let us depend, and let us discreetly watch
To preserve our souls from Satan with his snares;
Let us not in morning invoke any one else."

With the succeeding translation of a Welsh, the lines of each couplet, repeated *Welsh wassail song*, the observer of manners will, perhaps, be pleased. In

A Carol for the Eve of St. Mary's Day.

This is the season when, agreeably to custom,
That it was an honour to send *wassail*
By the old people who were happy
In their time, and loved pleasure;
And we are now purposing
To be like them, every one merry:
Merry and foolish, youths are wont to be,
Being reproached for squandering abroad.
I know that every mirth will end
Too soon of itself;
Before it is ended, here comes
The *wassail* of Mary, for the sake of the time:
N ——— * place the maid immediately
In the chair before us;

* Here the master or mistress of the house was called on by

And let every body in the house be content that we
 May drink *wassail* to virginity,
 To remember the time, in faithfulness,
 When fair Mary was at the sacrifice,
 After the birth to her of a son,
 Who delivered every one, through his good will
 From their sins, without doubt.

Should there be an inquiry who made the carol,
 He is a man whose trust is fully on God,
 That he shall go to heaven to the effulgent Mary,
 Towards filling the orders where she also is.

THOMAS EVANS.

In the rage for "collecting" almost every thing, it is surprising that "collectors" have almost overlooked carols as a class of popular poetry. To me they have been objects of interest from circumstances which occasionally determine the direction of pursuit. The wood-cuts round the annual sheets, and the melody of "*God rest you merry gentlemen,*" delighted my childhood; and I still listen with pleasure to the shivering carolist's evening chant towards the clean kitchen window decked with holly, the flaring fire showing the whitened hearth, and reflecting gleams of light from the surfaces of the dresser utensils.

Davies Gilbert, Esq. F. R. S. F. A. S. &c. has published "Ancient Christmas carols, with the *tunes* to which they were formerly sung in the west of England." Mr. Gilbert says, that "on Christmas-day these carols took the place of psalms in all the churches, especially at afternoon service, the whole congregation joining: and at the end it was usual for the parish clerk, to declare in a loud voice, his wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy new year."

In "Poor Robin's Almanac," for 1695, there is a Christmas carol, which is there called, "*A Christmas Song,*" beginning thus:—

Now thrice welcome, Christmas,
 Which brings us good cheer,
 Minc'd-pies and plumb-porridge,
 Good ale and strong beer;
 With pig, goose, and capon,
 The best that may be,
 So well doth the weather
 And our stomachs agree.
 Observe how the chimneys
 Do smook all about,
 The cooks are providing
 For dinner, no doubt;
 But those on whose tables
 No victuals appear,
 O, may they keep Lent
 All the rest of the year

With holly and ivy
 So green and so gay;
 We deck up our houses
 As fresh as the day.
 With bays and rosemary
 And laurel compleat,
 And every one now
 Is a king in conceit.

So much only concerning carols for the present. But more shall be said hereon in the year 1826, if the editor of the *Every-Day Book* live, and retain his faculties to that time. He now, however, earnestly requests of every one of its readers in every part of England, to collect every carol that may be singing at Christmas time in the year 1825, and convey these carols to him at their earliest convenience, with accounts of manners and customs peculiar to their neighbourhood, which are not already noticed in this work. He urges and solicits this most earnestly and anxiously, and prays his readers not to forget that he is a serious and needy suitor. They see the nature of the work, and he hopes that any thing and every thing that they think pleasant or remarkable, they will find some means of communicating to him without delay. The most agreeable presents he can receive at any season, will be contributions and hints that may enable him to blend useful information with easy and cheerful amusement.

CUSTOMS ON Christmas Eve.

Mr. Coleridge writing his "*Friend,*" from Ratzeburg, in the north of Germany, mentions a practice on Christmas-eve very similar to some on December the 6th, St. Nicholas'-day. Mr. Coleridge says, "There is a Christmas custom here which pleased and interested me. The children make little presents to their parents, and to each other, and the parents to their children. For three or four

months before Christmas the girls are all busy, and the boys save up their pocket-money to buy these presents. What the present is to be is cautiously kept secret; and the girls have a world of contrivances to conceal it—such as working when they are out on visits, and the others are not with them—getting up in the morning before day-light, &c. Then, on the evening before Christmas-day, one of the parlours is lighted up by the children, into which the parents must not go; a great yew bough is fastened on the table at a little distance from the wall, a multitude of little tapers are fixed in the bough, but not so as to burn it till they are nearly consumed, and coloured paper, &c hangs and flutters from the twigs. Under this bough the children lay out in great order the presents they mean for their parents, still concealing in their pockets what they intend for each other. Then the parents are introduced, and each presents his little gift; they then bring out the remainder one by one, from their pockets, and present them with kisses and embraces. Where I witnessed this scene, there were eight or nine children, and the eldest daughter and the mother wept aloud for joy and tenderness; and the tears ran down the face of the father, and he clasped all his children so tight to his breast, it seemed as if he did it to stifle the sob that was rising within it. I was very much affected. The shadow of the bough and its appendages on the wall, and arching over on the ceiling, made a pretty picture; and then the raptures of the *very* little ones, when at last the twigs and their needles began to take fire and *snap*—O it was a delight to them!—On the next day, (*Christmas-day*) in the great parlour, the parents lay out on the table the presents for the children; a scene of more sober joy succeeds; as on this day, after an old custom, the mother says privately to each of her daughters, and the father to his sons, that which he has observed most praiseworthy and that which was most faulty in their conduct. Formerly, and still in all the smaller towns and villages throughout North Germany, these presents were sent by all the parents to some one fellow, who, in high buskins, a white robe, a mask, and an enormous flax wig, personates *Knecht Rupert*, *i. e.* the servant Rupert. On Christmas-night he goes round to every house, and says, that Jesus Christ, his master, sent him thither. The parents and elder children receive him

with great pomp and reverence, while the little ones are most terribly frightened. He then inquires for the children, and, according to the character which he hears from the parents, he gives them the intended present, as if they came out of heaven from Jesus Christ. Or, if they should have been bad children, he gives the parents a rod, and, in the name of his master, recommends them to use it frequently. About seven or eight years old the children are let into the secret, and it is curious how faithfully they keep it.”

A correspondent to the “Gentleman’s Magazine,” says, that when he was a school-boy, it was a practice on Christmas-eve to roast apples on a string till they dropt into a large bowl of spiced ale, which is the whole composition of *lamb’s wool*. Brand thinks, that this popular beverage obtained its name from the softness of the composition, and he quotes from Shakspeare’s “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 dew-lap pour the ale.”

It was formerly a custom in England on Christmas-eve to *wassail*, or wish health to the apple-tree. Herrick enjoins to—

“Wassail the trees, that they may beare
You many a plum, and many a pear;
For more or lesse fruits they will bring,
And you do give them wassailing.”

In 1790, it was related to Mr. Brand, by sir Thomas Acland, at Werington, that in his neighbourhood on Christmas-eve it was then customary for the country people to sing a wassail or drinking-song, and throw the toast from the wassail-bowl to the apple-trees in order to have a fruitful year.

“Pray remember,” says T. N. of Cambridge, to the editor of the *Every-Day Book*, “that it is a Christmas custom from time immemorial to send and receive presents and congratulations from one friend to another; and, could the number of *baskets* that enter London at this season be ascertained, it would be astonishing; exclusive of those for sale, the number and weight of turkeys only, would surpass belief. From a historical account of Norwich it appears, that between Satur-

day morning and the night of Sunday, December 22, 1793, one thousand seven hundred turkeys, weighing 9 tons, 2 cwt. 2 lbs. value 680*l.* were sent from Norwich to London; and two days after half as many more."

"Now," says Stevenson, in his *Twelve Months*, 1661, "capons and hens, besides turkeys, geese, ducks, with beef and mutton, must all die; for in twelve days a multitude of people will not be fed with a little. Now plums and spice, sugar and honey, square it among pies and broth. Now a journeyman cares not a rush for his master, though he begs his plum-porridge all the twelve days. Now or never must the music be in tune, for the youth must dance and sing to get them a heat, while the aged sit by the fire. The country-maid leaves half her market, and must be sent again if she forgets a pack of cards on Christmas-eve. Great is the contention of holly and ivy, whether master or dame wears the breeches; and if the cook do not lack wit, he will sweetly lick his fingers."

Mr. Leigh Hunt's *Indicator* presents this Christmas picture to our contemplation—full of life and beauty:—

HOLIDAY CHILDREN.

One of the most pleasing sights at this festive season is the group of boys and girls returned from school. Go where you will, a cluster of their joyous chubby faces present themselves to our notice. In the streets, at the panorama, or play-house, our elbows are constantly assailed by some eager urchin whose eyes just peep beneath to get a nearer view.

I am more delighted in watching the vivacious workings of their ingenuous countenances at these Christmas shows, than at the sights themselves.

From the first joyous huzzas, and loud blown horns which announce their arrival, to the faint attempts at similar mirth on their return, I am interested in these youngsters.

Observe the line of chaises with their warm-like loads hurrying to tender and exulting parents, the sickly to be cherished, the strong to be amused; in a few mornings you shall see them, new clothes, warm gloves, gathering around their mother at every toy-shop, claiming the promised bat, hoop, top, or marbles;

mark her kind smile at their ecstasies; her prudent shake of the head at their multitudinous demands; her gradual yielding as they coaxingly drag her in—her patience with their whims and clamour while they turn and toss over the play-things, as now a sword, and now a hoop is their choice, and like their elders the possession of *one* bauble does but make them sigh for another.

View the fond father, his pet little girl by the hand, his boys walking before on whom his proud eye rests, while ambitious views float o'er his mind for them, and make him but half attentive to their repeated inquiries; while at the Museum or Picture-gallery, his explanations are interrupted by the rapture of discovering that his children are already well acquainted with the different subjects exhibited.

Stretching half over the boxes at the theatre, adorned by maternal love, see their enraptured faces now turned to the galleries wondering at their height and at the number of regular placed heads contained in them, now directed towards the green cloud which is so lingeringly kept between them and their promised bliss. The half-peeled orange laid aside when the play begins; their anxiety for that which they understand; their honest laughter which runs through the house like a merry peal of sweet bells; the fear of the little girl lest they should discover the person hid behind the screen; the exultation of the boy when the hero conquers.

But, oh, the rapture when the pantomime commences! Ready to leap out of the box, they joy in the mischief of the clown, laugh at the thwacks he gets for his meddling, and feel no small portion of contempt for his ignorance in not knowing that hot water will scald and gunpowder explode; while with head aside to give fresh energy to the strokes, they ring their little palms against each other in testimony of exuberant delight.

Who can behold them without reflecting on the many passions that now lie dormant in their bosoms, to be in a few years agitating themselves and the world. Here the coquet begins to appear in the attention paid to a lace frock or kid gloves for the first time displayed, or the domestic tyrant in the selfish boy, who snatches the largest cake, or thrusts his younger brother and sister from the best place.

At no season of the year are their holi-

days so replete with pleasures; the expected Christmas-box from grand-papa and grand-mamma; plum-pudding and snap-dragon, with blindman's-buff and forfeits; perhaps to witness a juvenile play rehearsed and ranted; galantée-show and drawing for twelfth-cake; besides Christmas gambols in abundance, new and old.

Even the poor charity-boy at this sea-

son feels a transient glow of cheerfulness, as with pale blue face, frost-nipped hands and ungreatcoated, from door to door, he timidly displays the unblotted scutcheon of his graphic talents, and feels that the pence bestowed are his *own*, and that for once in his life he may taste the often desired tart, or spin a top which no one can snatch from him in capricious tyranny.



Ancient Representation of the Nativity.

THE OX AND THE ASS

According to Mr. Brand, "a superstitious notion prevails in the western parts of Devonshire, that at twelve o'clock

at night on Christmas-eve, the oxen in their stalls are always found on their knees, as in an attitude of devotion; and that (which is still more singular) since

the alteration of the style, they continue to do this only on the eve of old Christmas-day. An honest countryman, living on the edge of St. Stephen's Down, near Launceston, Cornwall, informed me, October 28, 1790, that he once, with some others, made a trial of the truth of the above, and watching several oxen in their stalls at the above time, at twelve o'clock at night, they observed the two oldest oxen only fall upon their knees, and, as he expressed it in the idiom of the country, make 'a cruel moan like christian creatures.' I could not but with great difficulty keep my countenance: he saw, and seemed angry that I gave so little credit to his tale, and, walking off in a pettish humour, seemed to 'marvel at my unbelief.' There is an old print of the Nativity, in which the oxen in the stable, near the virgin and the child, are represented upon their knees, as in a suppliant posture. This graphic representation has probably given rise to the above superstitious notion on this head." Mr. Brand refers to "an old print," as if he had only observed *one* with this representation; whereas, they abound, and to the present day the ox and the ass are in the wood-cuts of the nativity on our common Christmas carols. Sannazarius, a Latin poet of the fifteenth century, in his poem *De Partu Virginis*, which he was several years in composing, and twenty years in revising, and which chiefly contributed to the celebrity of his name among the Italians, represents that the virgin wrapped up the new-born infant, and put him into her bosom; that the cattle cherished him with their breath, an ox fell on his knees, and an ass did the same. He declares them both happy, promises they shall be honoured at all the altars in Rome, and apostrophizes the virgin on occasion of the respect the ox and ass have shown her. To a quarto edition of this Latin poem, with an Italian translation by Gori, printed at Florence in 1740, there is a print inscribed "Sacrum monumentum in antiquo vitro Romæ in Museo Victorio," from whence the preceding engraving is presented, as a curious illustration of the obviously ancient mode of delineating the subject.

In the edition just mentioned of Sannazarius's exceedingly curious poem, which is described in the editor's often cited volume on "Ancient Mysteries," there are other engravings of the nativity with the ox and the ass, from sculptures on

ancient sarcophagi at Rome. This introduction of the ox and the ass warming the infant in the crib with their breath, is a fanciful construction by catholic writers on Isaiah i. 3; "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib."

Sannazarius was a distinguished statesman in the kingdom of Naples. His superb tomb in the church of St. Mark is decorated with two figures originally executed for and meant to represent Apollo and Minerva; but as it appeared indecorous to admit heathen divinities into a christian church, and the figures were thought too excellent to be removed, the person who shows the church is instructed to call them David and Judith: "You mistake," said a sly rogue who was one of a party surveying the curiosities, "the figures are St. George, and the queen of Egypt's daughter." The demonstrator made a low bow, and thanked him.*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Frankincense. *Pinus Tæda*.

Dedicated to *Sts. Thrasilla* and *Emiliana*.

December 25.

The Nativity of Christ, or Christmas-day.
St. Anastasia, A. D. 304. Another *St. Anastasia*. *St. Eugenia*, A. D. 257.

Christmas-day.

The festival of the nativity was anciently kept by different churches in April, May, and in this month. It is now kept on this day by every established church of christian denomination; and is a holiday all over England, observed by the suspension of all public and private business, and the congregating of friends and relations for "comfort and joy."

Our countryman, Barnaby Googe, from the Latin of Naogeorgus, gives us some lines descriptive of the old festival:—

Then comes the day wherein the Lorde
 did bring his birth to passe;
 Whereas at midnight up they rise,
 and every man to Masse.
 This time so holy counted is,
 that divers earnestly
 Do thinke the waters all to wine
 are chaunged sodainly;

* Lounger's Com. Pace Book.

In that same houre that Christ himselfe
 was borne, and came to light,
 And unto water streight againe
 transformde and altdred quight.
 There are beside that mindfully
 the money still do watch,
 That first to aultar commes, which then
 they privily do snatch.
 The priestes, beast other should it have,
 takes oft the same away,
 Whereby they thinke throughout the yeare
 to have good lucke in play,
 And not to lose : then straight at game
 till day-light do they strive,
 To make some present prooffe how well
 their hallowde pence wil thrive.
 Three Masses every priest doth sing,
 upon that solemne day,
 With offerings unto every one,
 that so the more may play.
 This done, a wooden child in clowtes
 is on the aultar set,
 About the which both boyes and gyrls
 do daunce and trymly jet,
 And Carrols sing in prayse of Christ,
 and, for to helpe them heare,
 The organs aunswere every verse
 with sweete and solemne cheare.
 The priestes doe rore aloud; and round
 about the parentes stande
 To see the sport, and with their voyce
 do helpe them and their hande.

The commemorations in our own times vary from the account in these versifyings. An accurate observer, with a hand powerful to seize, and a hand skilled in preserving manners, offers us a beautiful sketch of Christmas-tide in the "New Monthly Magazine," of December 1, 1825. Foremost in his picture is the most estimable, because the most useful and ornamental character in society,—a good parish priest.

"Our pastor was told one day, in argument, that the interests of christianity were opposed to universal enlightenment. I shall not easily forget his answer. 'The interests of christianity,' said he, 'are the same as the interests of society. It has no other meaning. Christianity is that very enlightenment you speak of. Let any man find out that thing, whatever it be, which is to perform the very greatest good to society, even to its own apparent detriment, and I say *that* is christianity, or I know not the spirit of its founder. What?' continued he, 'shall we take christianity for an arithmetical puzzle, or a contradiction in terms, or the bitterness of a bad argument, or the interests, real or supposed, of any parti-

cular set of men? God forbid. I wish to speak with reverence (this conclusion struck me very much)—I wish to speak with reverence of whatever has taken place in the order of Providence. I wish to think the best of the very evils that have happened; that a good has been got out of them; perhaps that they were even necessary to the good. But when once we have attained better means, and the others are dreaded by the benevolent, and scorned by the wise, then is the time come for throwing open the doors to all kindliness and to all knowledge, and the end of christianity is attained in the reign of beneficence.'

"In this spirit our pastor preaches to us always, but most particularly on *Christmas-day*; when he takes occasion to enlarge on the character and views of the divine person who is supposed then to have been born, and sends us home more than usually rejoicing. On the north side of the church at M. are a great many holly-trees. It is from these that our dining and bed-rooms are furnished with boughs. Families take it by turns to entertain their friends. They meet early; the beef and pudding are noble; the mince-pies—peculiar; the nuts half play-things and half-eatables; the oranges as cold and acid as they ought to be, furnishing us with a superfluity which we can afford to laugh at; the cakes indestructible; the wassail bowls generous, old English, huge, demanding ladles, threatening overflow as they come in, solid with roasted apples when set down. Towards bed-time you hear of elder-wine, and not seldom of punch. At the manor-house it is pretty much the same as elsewhere. Girls, although they be ladies, are kissed under the mistletoe. If any family among us happen to have hit upon an exquisite brewing, they send some of it round about, the squire's house included; and he does the same by the rest. Riddles, hot-cockles, forfeits, music, dances sudden and not to be suppressed, prevail among great and small; and from two o'clock in the day to midnight, M. looks like a deserted place out of doors, but is full of life and merriment within. Playing at knights and ladies last year, jade of a charming creature must needs send me out for a piece of ice to put in her wine. It was evening and a hard frost. I shall never forget the cold, cutting, dreary, dead look of every thing out of doors, with a wind through the

wiry trees, and the snow on the ground, contrasted with the sudden return to warmth, light, and joviality.

"I remember we had a discussion that time, as to what was the great point and crowning glory of Christmas. Many were for mince-pie; some for the beef and plum-pudding; more for the wassail-bowl; a maiden lady timidly said, the misletoe; but we agreed at last, that although all these were prodigious, and some of them exclusively belonging to the season, the *fire* was the great indispensable. Upon which we all turned our faces towards it, and began warming our already scorched hands. A great blazing fire, too big, is the visible heart and soul of Christmas. You may do without beef and plum-pudding; even the absence of mince-pie may be tolerated; there must be a bowl, poetically speaking, but it need not be absolutely wassail. The bowl may give place to the bottle. But a huge, heaped-up, *over* heaped-up, all-attracting fire, with a semicircle of faces about it, is not to be denied us. It is the *lar* and genius of the meeting; the proof positive of the season; the representative of all our warm emotions and bright thoughts; the glorious eye of the room; the inciter to mirth, yet the retainer of order; the amalgamater of the age and sex; the universal relish. Tastes may differ even on a mince-pie; but who gainsays a fire? The absence of other luxuries still leaves you in possession of that; but

'Who can hold a fire in his hand

With thinking on the frostiest twelfth-cake?'

"Let me have a dinner of some sort, no matter what, and then give me my fire, and my friends, the humblest glass of wine, and a few penn'orths of chesnuts, and I will still make out my Christmas. What! Have we not Burgundy in our blood? Have we not joke, laughter, repartee, bright eyes, comedies of other people, and comedies of our own; songs, memories, hopes? [An organ strikes up in the street at this word, as if to answer me in the affirmative. Right, thou old spirit of harmony, wandering about in that ark of thine, and touching the public ear with sweetness and an abstraction! Let the multitude bustle on, but not unarrested by thee and by others, and not unreminded of the happiness of renewing a wise childhood.] As to our old friends

the chesnuts, if any body wants an excuse to his dignity for roasting them, let him take the authority of Milton. 'Who now,' says he, lamenting the loss of his friend Decadati,—'who now will help to soothe my cares for me, and make the long night seem short with his conversation; while the roasting pear hisses tenderly on the fire, and the nuts burst away with a noise,—

'And out of doors a washing storm o'erwhelms

Nature pitch-dark, and rides the thundering elms?'"

Christmas in France.

From a newspaper of 1823, (the name unfortunately not noted at the time, and not immediately ascertainable), it appears that Christmas in France is another thing from Christmas in England.

"The habits and customs of the Parisians vary much from those of our own metropolis at all times, but at no time more than at this festive season. An Englishman in Paris, who had been for some time without referring to his almanac, would not know Christmas-day from another by the appearance of the capital. It is, indeed, set down as a *jour de fete* in the calendar, but all the ordinary business of life is transacted; the streets are, as usual, crowded with waggons and coaches; the shops, with few exceptions, are open, although on other *fête* days the order for closing them is rigorously enforced, and if not attended to, a fine levied; and at the churches nothing extraordinary is going forward. All this is surprising in a catholic country, which professes to pay such attention to the outward rites of religion.

"On *Christmas-eve* indeed, there is some bustle for a midnight mass, to which immense numbers flock, as the priests, on this occasion, get up a showy spectacle which rivals the theatres. The altars are dressed with flowers, and the churches decorated profusely; but there is little in all this to please men who have been accustomed to the John Bull mode of spending the evening. The good English habit of meeting together to forgive offences and injuries, and to cement reconciliations, is here unknown. The French listen to the church music, and to the singing of their choirs, which is generally excellent, but they know nothing of the origin of the day

and of the duties which it imposes. The English residents in Paris, however, do not forget our mode of celebrating this day. Acts of charity from the rich to the needy, religious attendance at church, and a full observance of hospitable rites, are there witnessed. Paris furnishes all the requisites for a good pudding, and the turkeys are excellent, though the beef is not to be displayed as prize production.

“On *Christmas-day* all the English cooks in Paris are in full business. The queen of cooks, however, is Harriet Dunn, of the Boulevard.—As sir Astley Cooper among the cutters of limbs, and d’Egville among the cutters of capers, so is Harriet Dunn among the professors of one of the most necessary, and in its results, most gratifying professions of existence; her services are secured beforehand by special retainers; and happy is the peer who can point to his pudding, and declare that it is of the true “Dunn” composition. Her fame has even extended to the provinces. For some time previous to *Christmas-day*, she forwards puddings in cases to all parts of the country, ready cooked and fit for the table, after the necessary warming. All this is, of course, for the English. No prejudice can be stronger than that of the French against plum-pudding—a Frenchman will dress like an Englishman, swear like an Englishman, and get drunk like an Englishman; but if you would offend him for ever, compel him to eat plum-pudding. A few of the leading restaurateurs, wishing to appear extraordinary, have *plomb-pooding* upon their cartes, but in no instance is it ever ordered by a Frenchman. Every body has heard the story of St. Louis—Henri Quatre, or whoever else it might be, who, wishing to regale the English ambassador on *Christmas-day* with a plum-pudding, procured an excellent recipe for making one, which he gave to his cook, with strict injunctions that it should be prepared with due attention to all the particulars. The weight of the ingredients, the size of the copper, the quantity of water, the duration of time, every thing was attended to except one trifle—the king forgot the cloth, and the pudding was served up like so much soup, in immense tureens, to the surprise of the ambassador, who was, however, too well bred to express his astonishment. Louis XVIII., either to show his contempt of the prejudices of his countrymen, or to keep up a custom which suits his palate, has always an enormous pudding on

Christmas-day, the remains of which, when it leaves the table, he requires to be eaten by the servants, *bon gré, mauvais gré*; but in this instance even the commands of sovereignty are disregarded, except by the numerous English in his service, consisting of several valets, grooms, coachmen, &c., besides a great number of ladies’ maids, in the service of the duchesses of Angouleme and Berri, who very frequently partake of the dainties of the king’s table.”

The following verses from the original in old Norman French, are said to be the first drinking song composed in England. They seem to be an abridged version of the *Christmas carol* in Anglo-Norman French, translated by Mr Douce:—

Lordlings, from a distant home,
To seek old *Christmas* are we come,
Who loves our minstrelsy—
And here, unless report mis-say,
The greybeard dwells; and on this day
Keeps yearly wassel, ever gay
With festive mirth and glee.

Lordlings, list, for we tell you true,
Christmas loves the jolly crew.
That cloudy care defy:
His liberal board is deftly spread,
With manchet loaves and wastel bread.
His guests with fish and flesh are led,
Nor lack the stately pye.

Lordlings, it is our host’s command,
And *Christmas* joins him hand in hand.
To drain the brimming bowl;
And I’ll be foremost to obey—
Then pledge me, sirs, and drink away
For *Christmas* revels here to-day
And sways without controul.
Now *wassel* to you all! and merry may you be,
And foul that wight befall, who *drinks* not
health to me.

There were anciently great doings in the halls of the inns of court at *Christmas* time. At the Inner-Temple early in the morning, the gentlemen of the inn went to church, and after the service they did then “presently repair into the hall to breakfast with brawn, mustard, and malmsey.” At the first course at dinner, was “served in, a fair and large *Bore’s head* upon a silver platter with minstralsye.”*

* Dugdale’s Orig. Jurid.

The Boar's Head.

With our forefathers a soused boar's head was borne to the principal table in the hall with great state and solemnity, as the first dish on Christmas-day.

In the book of "Christmasse Carolles" printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1521, are the words sung at this "chefe servyce," or on bringing in this the boar's head, with great ceremony, as the first dish: it is in the next column.

A CAROL bryngyng in the Boar's Head

*Caput Apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.*

The bore's head in hande bring I,
With garlandes gay and rosemary,
I pray you all syng merely,
Qui estis in convivio.

The bore's head, I understande,
Is the chefe servyce in this lande
Loke wherever it be fande
Servite cum Cantico.

Be gladde, lords, both more and lasse,
For this hath ordayned our stewarde
To chere you all this Christmasse,
The bore's head with mustarde.

**The Boar's Head at Christmas.**

“With garlandes gay and rosemary.”

Warton says, “This carol, yet with many innovations, is retained at Queen's-college, in Oxford.” It is still sung in that college, somewhat altered, “to the common chant of the prose version of the psalms in cathedrals;” so, however, the rev. Mr. Dibdin says, as mentioned before.

Mr. Brand thinks it probable that

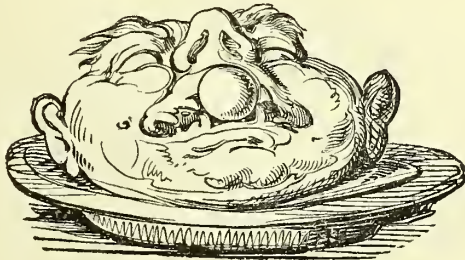
Chaucer alluded to the custom of bearing the boar's head, in the following passage of the “Franklein's Tale:”—

“Janus sitteth by the fire with double berd,
And he drinketh of his bugle-horne the wine,
Before him standeth the *brawne of the tusked swine.*”

In "The Wonderful Yeaere, 1603," Dekker speaks of persons apprehensive of catching the plague, and says, "they went (most bitterly) miching and muffled up and down, with rue and wormwood stuff into their eares and nostrils, looking like so many *bores heads* stuck with branches of rosemary, to be served in for brawne at Christmas."

Holinshed says, that in 1170, upon the young prince's coronation, king Henry II. "served his son at the table as sewer, bringing up the *bore's head*, with trumpets before it, according to the manner."*

An engraving from a clever drawing by Rowlandson, in the possession of the editor of the *Every-Day Book*, may gracefully close this article.



A Boor's Head.

"Civil as an orange."

Shakspeare.

There are some just observations on the old mode of passing this season, in "The World," a periodical paper of literary pleasantries. "Our ancestors considered Christmas in the double light of a holy commemoration, and a cheerful festival, and accordingly distinguished it by devotion, by vacation from business, by merriment, and hospitality. They seemed eagerly bent to make themselves, and every one about them happy with what punctual zeal did they wish one another a *merry Christmas!* and what an omission would it have been thought, to have concluded a letter without the *compliments of the season!* The great hall resounded with the tumultuous joys of servants and tenants, and the gambols they played served as amusement to the lord of the manor, and his family, who, by encouraging every art conducive to mirth and entertainment, endeavoured to soften the rigour of the season, and mitigate the influence of winter."

year, an independent gentleman in the reign of queen Anne, is described as having "never played at cards but at Christmas, when the family pack was produced from the mantle-piece." "His chief drink the year round was generally ale, except at this season, the 5th of November, or some other gala days, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg. In the corner of his hall, 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 traditional tales of the village, respecting ghosts and witches, till fear made them afraid to move. In the meantime the jorum of ale was in continual circulation."*

The country squire of three hundred a

* *Grose.*

It is remarked, in the "Literary Pocket Book," that now, Christmas-day only, or at most a day or two, are kept by people in general; the rest are school holidays. "But, formerly, there was nothing but a run of merry days from Christmas-eve to Candlemas, and the first twelve in particular were full of triumph and hospitality. We have seen but too well the cause of this degeneracy. What has saddened our summer-time has saddened our winter. What has taken us from our fields and May-flowers, and suffered them to smile and die alone, as if they were made for nothing else, has contradicted our flowing cups at Christmas. The middle classes make it a sorry business of a pudding or so extra, and a game at cards. The rich invite their friends to their country houses, but do little there but gossip and gamble; and the poor are either left out entirely, or presented with a few clothes and eatables that make up a wretched substitute for the long and hospitable intercourse of old. All this is so much the worse, inasmuch as christianity had a special eye to those feelings which should remind us of the equal rights of all; and the greatest beauty in it is not merely its charity, which we contrive to swallow up in faith, but its being alive to the *sentiment* of charity, which is still more opposed to these proud distances and formal dolings out.—The same spirit that vindicated the pouring of rich ointment on his feet, (because it was a homage paid to sentiment in his person,) knew how to bless the gift of a cup of water. Every face which you contribute to set sparkling at Christmas is a reflection of that goodness of nature which generosity helps to uncloud, as the windows reflect the lustre of the sunny heavens. Every holly bough and lump of berries with which you adorn your houses is a piece of natural piety as well as beauty, and will enable you to relish the green world of which you show yourselves not forgetful. Every wassail bowl which you set flowing without drunkenness, every harmless pleasure, every innocent mirth however mirthful, every forgetfulness even of serious things, when they are only swallowed up in the kindness and joy with which it is the end of wisdom to produce, is

Wisest, virtuous'est, discreetest, best;'
and Milton's Eve, who suggested those epithets to her husband, would have thought so too, if we are to judge by the poet's account of her hospitality."

ANCIENT CHRISTMAS.

And well our christian sires of old
Loved, when the year its course had roll'd
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all its hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honour to the holy night :
On Christmas-eve the bells were rung ;
On Christmas-eve the mass was sung ;
That only night, in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen ;
The hall was dress'd with holly green ;
Forth to the wood did merry men go,
To gather in the misletoe.
Then open wide the baron's hall,
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all ;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And ceremony doff'd his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose .
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of " post and pair."
All hailed, with uncontrouled delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supply'd,
Went, roaring, up the chimney wide ;
The huge hall table's oaken face,
Scrub'd till it shone, the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving man ;
Then the grim boar's-head frown'd on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell,
How, when, and where the monster fell ;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar ;
While round the merry wassel bowl,
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithe did trowl.
There the huge sirloin reek'd ; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie ;
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide her savoury goose.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roar'd with blithsome din ;
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery ;
White shirts supply the masquerade,
And smutt'd cheeks the visor made ;
But, oh ! what masquers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light !
England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale ;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year.

Sir Walter Scott.

WAITS.

The musicians who play by night in the streets at Christmas are called *waits*. It has been presumed, that *waits* in very ancient times meant watchmen; they were minstrels at first attached to the king's court, who sounded the watch every night, and paraded the streets during winter to prevent depredations.

In London, the *waits* are remains of the musicians attached to the corporation of the city under that denomination. They cheer the hours of the long nights before Christmas with instrumental music. To denote that they were "the lord mayor's music," they anciently wore a *cognizance*, or badge on the arm, similar to that represented in the engraving below, from a picture by A. Bloemart.



The Piper.

He blows his bagpipe soft or strong,
 Or high or low, to hymn or song,
 Or shrill lament, or solemn groan,
 Or dance, or reel, or sad o-lone!
 Or ballad gay, or well-a-day—
 To all he gives due melody.

Preparatory to Christmas, the bellman of every parish in London rings his bell at dead midnight, that his "worthy masters and mistresses" may listen, and be assured by his vocal intonation that he is reciting "a copy of verses" in praise of their several virtues, especially their liberality; and, when the festival is over, he

calls with his bell, and hopes he shall be "remembered."

At the good town of Bungay, in Suffolk, the "watch" of the year 1823 circulated the following, headed by a representation of a moiety of their dual body:—

A COPY OF CHRISTMAS VERSES,

PRESENTED

TO THE

INHABITANTS

OF BUNGAY,

BY THEIR HUMBLE

SERVANTS,

THE LATE

WATCHMEN

John Hye and

John Tye.



YOUR pardon, Gentles, while we thus implore,
In strains not less *awakening* than of yore,
Those smiles we deem our best reward to catch,
And for the which we've long been on the *Watch*;
Well pleas'd if we that recompence obtain,
Which we have ta'en so many *steps* to gain.
Think of the perils in our *calling past*,
The chilling coldness of the midnight blast,
The beating rain, the swiftly-driving snow,
The various ills that we must undergo,
Who roam, the glow-worms of the human race,
The living Jack-a-lanterns of the place.

'Tis said by some, perchance, to mock our toil,
That we are prone to "*waste the midnight oil!*"
And that, a task thus idle to pursue,
Would be an idle *waste of money* too!
How hard, that we the *dark* designs should rue
Of those who'd fain make *light* of all we do!
But such the fate which oft doth merit greet,
And which now drives us fairly off our beat!
Thus it appears from this our dismal plight,
That *some* love *darkness*, rather than the *light*.

Henceforth let riot and disorder reign,
With all the ills that follow in their train;
Let TOMS and JERRYS unmolested brawl,
(No *Charlies* have they now to *floor* withal,
And "rogues and vagabonds" infest the Town,
For cheaper 'tis to *save* than *crack a crown!*)

To brighter scenes we now direct our view—
And first, fair Ladies, let us turn to you.

May each NEW YEAR new joys, new pleasures bring,
 And Life for you be one delightful spring !
 No summer's sun annoy with fev'rish rays,
 No winter chill the evening of your days !

To you, kind Sirs, we next our tribute pay :
 May smiles and sunshine greet you on your way !
 If married, calm and peaceful be your lives ;
 If single, may you forthwith get you wives !

Thus, whether Male or Female, Old or Young,
 Or Wed or Single, be this burden sung :
 Long may you live to hear, and we to call,
A Happy Christmas and New Year to all !

J. and R. Childs, Printers, Bungay.

Previous to Christmas 1825, a trio of foreign minstrels appeared in London, ushering the season with melody from instruments seldom performed on in the streets. These were Genoese with their guitars. Musicians of this order are common in Naples and all over Italy ; at the carnival time they are fully employed, and at other periods are hired to assist in those serenades whereof English ladies hear nothing, unless they travel, save by

the reports of those who publish accounts of their adventures. The three now spoken of took up their abode in London, at the King's-head public-house, in Leather-lane, from whence ever and anon, to wit, daily they sallied forth to "discourse most excellent music." They are represented in the engraving below, from a sketch hastily taken by a gentleman who was of a dinner party, by whom they were called into the house of a street in the suburbs.



Italian Minstrels in London,

AT CHRISTMAS, 1825.

Ranged in a row, with guitars slung
 Before them thus, they played and sung :
 Their instruments and choral voice
 Did each glad guest still more rejoice ;
 And each guest wish'd again to hear
 Their wild guitars and voices clear

There was much of character in the men themselves. One was tall, and had that kind of face which distinguishes the Italian character; his complexion a clear pale cream colour, with dark eyes, black hair, and a manner peculiarly solemn: the second was likewise tall, and of more cheerful feature; but the third was a short thick-set man, with an Oxberry countenance of rich waggery, heightened by large whiskers: this was the humorist. With a bit of cherry-tree held between the finger and thumb, they rapidly twirled the wires in accompaniment of various airs, which they sung with unusual feeling and skill. They were acquainted with every foreign tune that was called for. That Italian minstrels of this class should venture here for the purpose of perambulating our streets, is evidence that the refinement in our popular manners is known in the "land of song," and they will bear testimony to it from the fact that their performances are chiefly in the public-houses of the metropolis, from whence thirty years ago such aspirants to entertain John Bull would have been expelled with expressions of abhorrence.

To the accounts of Christmas keeping in old times, old George Wither adds amusing particulars in rhyme.

Christmas.

So now is come our joyfult feast;

Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.

Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine;
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbours' chimnies smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lyc;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wond'rous trim,
And no man minds his labour;
Our lasses have provided them
A bagpipe and a tabor;
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys;
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun;
Their hall of music soundeth;

And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
So all things there aboundeth.
The country folks, themselves advance,
With crowdy-muttons out of France;
And Jack shall pipe and Jyll shall dance,
And all the town be merry.

Ned Squash hath fetcht his hands from pawn,
And all his best apparel;
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
With dropping of the barrel.
And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat, or rags to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the justices
With capons make their errants;
And if they hap to fail of these,
They plague them with their warrants.
But now they feed them with good cheer,
And what they want, they take in beer,
For Christmas comes but once a year,
And then they shall be merry.

Good farmers in the country nurse
The poor, that else were undone;
Some landlords spend their money worse,
On lust and pride at London.
There the roysters they do play,
Drab and dice their lands away,
Which may be ours another day,
And therefore let's be merry.

The client now his suit forbears,
The prisoner's heart is eased;
The debtor drinks away his cares,
And for the time is pleased.
Though others' purses be more fat,
Why should we pine, or grieve at that?
Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry.

Hark! now the wags abroad do call,
Each other forth to rambling;
Anon you'll see them in the hall,
For nuts and apples scrambling.
Hark! how the roofs with laughter sound,
Anon they'll think the house goes round,
For they the cellar's depth have found,
And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassel bowls
About the streets are singing;
The boys arc come to catch the owls,
The wild mare in it bringing.
Our kitchen boy hath broke his box,
And to the dealing of the ox,
Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
And here they will be merry.

Now kings and queens poor shepcotes have
And mute with every body;
The honest now may play the knave,
And wise men play the noddy.

Some youths will now a mumming go,
Some others play at Rowland-bo,
And twenty other game boys mo,
Because they will be merry.

Then, wherefore, in these merry daies,
Should we, I pray, be duller?
No, let us sing some roundelays,
To make our mirth the fuller.
And, while we thus inspired sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring;
Woods and hills, and every thing,
Bear witness we are merry.

From Mr. Grant's "Popular Superstitions of the Highlands," we gather the following account:—

Highland Christmas.

As soon as the brightening glow of the eastern sky warns the anxious housemaid of the approach of Christmas-day, she rises full of anxiety at the prospect of her morning labours. The meal, which was steeped in the *sowans-bowie* a fortnight ago, to make the *Prechdachdan sour*, or *sour scones*, is the first object of her attention. The gridiron is put on the fire, and the sour scones are soon followed by hard cakes, soft cakes, buttered cakes, brantered bannocks, and pannich perm. The baking being once over, the sowans pot succeeds the gridiron, full or new sowans, which are to be given to the family, agreeably to custom, this day in their beds. The sowans are boiled into the consistence of molasses, when the *Lagan-le-urich*, or yeast-bread, to distinguish it from boiled sowans, is ready. It is then poured into as many bickers as there are individuals to partake of it, and presently served to the whole, old and young. It would suit well the pen of a Burns, or the pencil of a Hogarth, to paint the scene which follows. The ambrosial food is despatched in aspiring draughts by the family, who soon give evident proofs of the enlivening effects of the *Lagan-le-urich*. As soon as each despatches his bicker, he jumps out of bed—the elder branches to examine the ominous signs of the day,* and the younger to enter on its amusements. Flocking to the swing, a favourite amusement on this occasion, the youngest of the family get the first "*shouder*," and

the next oldest to him in regular succession. In order to add the more to the spirit of the exercise, it is a common practice with the person in the *swing*, and the person appointed to swing him, to enter into a very warm and humorous altercation. As the swung person approaches the swinger, he exclaims, *Ei mi tu chal*, "I'll eat your kail." To this the swinger replies, with a violent shove, *Cha ni u mu chal*, "You shan't eat my kail." These threats and repulses are sometimes carried to such a height, as to break down or capsize the threatener, which generally puts an end to the quarrel.

As the day advances, those minor amusements are terminated at the report of the gun, or the rattle of the ball-clubs—the gun inviting the marksman to the "*Kiavamuchd*," or prize-shooting, and the latter to "*Luchd-vouil*," or the ball combatants—both the principal sports of the day. Tired at length of the active amusements of the field, they exchange them for the substantial entertainments of the table. Groaning under the "*sonsy haggis*,"* and many other savoury dainties, unseen for twelve months before, the relish communicated to the company, by the appearance of the festive board, is more easily conceived than described. The dinner once despatched, the flowing bowl succeeds, and the sparkling glass flies to and fro like a weaver's shuttle. As it continues its rounds, the spirits of the company become the more jovial and happy. Animated by its cheering influence, even old decrepitude no longer feels his habitual pains—the fire of youth is in his eye, as he details to the company the exploits which distinguished him in the days of "*auld langsyne*;" while the young, with hearts inflamed with "*love and glory*," long to mingle in the more lively scenes of mirth, to display their prowess and agility. Leaving the patriarchs to finish those professions of friendship for each other, in which they are so devoutly engaged, the younger part of the company will shape their course to the ball-room, or the card-table, as their individual inclinations suggest; and the remainder of the evening is spent with the greatest pleasure of which human nature is susceptible.

* The "*savoury haggis*" (from *hag* to chop) is a dish commonly made in a sheep's maw, of its lungs, heart, and liver, mixed with suet, onions, salt and pepper; or of oatmeal mixed with the latter, without any animal food.

* "A black Christmas makes a fat kirk-yard." A windy Christmas and a calm Candlemas are signs of a good year.

EVERGREENS AT CHRISTMAS.

When *Rosemary* and *Bays*, the poet's crown,
 Are baw'd in frequent cries through all the town ;
 Then judge the festival of Christmass near,
 Christmass, the joyous period of the year !
 Now with bright *Holly* all the temples strow,
 With *Lawrel* green, and sacred *Misletoe*.

From ev'ry hedge is pluck'd by eager hands
 The *Holly branch* with prickly leaves replete,
 And fraught with berries of a crimson hue ;
 Which, torn asunder from its parent trunk,
 Is straightway taken to the neighb'ring towns,
 Where windows, mantels, candlesticks, and shelves,
 Quarts, pints, decanters, pipkins, basins, jugs,
 And other articles of household ware,
 The verdant garb confess.

R. J. Thorn.

The old and pleasant custom of decking our houses and churches at Christmas with evergreens is derived from ancient heathen practices. Councils of the church forbade christians to deck their houses with bay leaves and green boughs at the same time with the pagans ; but this was after the church had permitted such doings in order to accommodate its ceremonies to those of the old mythology. Where druidism had existed, "the houses were decked with evergreens in December, that the sylvan spirits might repair to them, and remain unnnipped with frost and cold winds, until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their darling abodes."*

Polydore Vergil says that, "Trimmyng of the Temples, with hangynges, floures, boughes, and garlondes, was taken of the heathen people, whiche decked their idols and houses with suchie array." In old church calendars Christmas-eve is marked "Templa exornantur." *Churches are decked*.

The holly and the ivy still maintain some mastery at this season. At the two universities, the windows of the college chapels are decked with laurel. The old Christmas carol in MS. at the British Museum, quoted at p. 1598, continues in the following words :—

Ivy hath a lybe ; she laghtit with the cold,
 So mot they all hafe that wyth Ivy hold.

Nay, Ivy ! Nay, hyt, &c.

Holy hat berys as red as any Rose,
 The foster the hunters, kepe hem from the doo.

Nay, Ivy ! Nay, hyt, &c.

Ivy hath berys as black as any slo ;
 Ther com the oule and ete hym as she goo.

Nay, Ivy ! Nay, hyt, &c.

Holy hath byrdys, aful fayre flok,
 The Nyghtyngale, the Poppyngy, the gayntyl Lavyrok.

Nay, Ivy ! Nay, hyt, &c.

Good Ivy ! what hyrdys ast thou !
 Non but the howlet that kreye 'How ! How !'

Nay, Ivy ! Nay, hyt shall not, &c.

Mr. Brand infers from this, "that *holly* was used only to deck the inside of houses at Christmas : while ivy was used not only as a vintner's sign, but also among the evergreens at funerals." He also cites from the old tract, "Round about our Coal-fire, or Christmas Entertainments," that formerly "the rooms were embowered with holly, ivy, *cyprus*, bays,

laurel, and misletoe, and a burning Christmas log in the chimney ;" but he remarks, that "in this account the *cyprus* is quite a new article. Indeed I should as soon have expected to have seen the *yew* as the *cyprus* used on this joyful occasion."

Mr. Brand is of opinion that "although Gay mentions the *misletoe* among those evergreens that were put up in *churches*, it never entered those sacred edifices but

* Brand.

by mistake, or ignorance of the sextons; for it was the heathenish and profane plant, as having been of such distinction in the pagan rites of druidism, and it therefore had its place assigned it in kitchens, where it was hung up in great state with its white berries, and whatever female chanced to stand under it, the young man present either had a right or claimed one of saluting her, and of plucking off a berry at each kiss." He adds "I have made many diligent inquiries about the truth of this. I learnt at Bath that it never came into churches there. An old sexton at Teddington, in Middlesex, informed me that some misletoe was once put up in the church there, but was by the clergyman immediately ordered to be taken away." He quotes from the "Medallic History of Carausius," by Stukeley, who speaking of the winter solstice, our Christmas, says: "This was the most respectable festival of our druids called yule-tide; when *misletoe*, which they called *all-heal*, was carried in their hands and laid on their altars, as an emblem of the salutiferous advent of Messiah. The misletoe they cut off the trees with their upright hatchets of brass, called celts, put upon the ends of their staffs, which they carried in their hands. Innumerable are these instruments found all over the British Isles. The custom is still preserved in the north, and was lately at York. On the eve of Christmas-day they carry misletoe to the high altar of the cathedral and proclaim a public and universal liberty, pardon, and freedom to all sorts of inferior and even wicked people at the gates of the city towards the four quarters of heaven." This is only a century ago.

In an "Inquiry into the ancient Greek Game, supposed to have been invented by Palamedes," Mr. Christie speaks of the respect the northern nations entertained for the *misletoe*, and of the *Celts* and *Goths* being distinct in the instance of their equally venerating the misletoe about the time of the year when the sun approached the winter solstice. He adds, "we find by the allusion of Virgil, who compared the *golden bough in infernis*, to the *misletoe*, that the use of this plant was not unknown in the religious ceremonies of the ancients, particularly the Greeks, of whose poets he was the acknowledged imitator."

The cutting of the *misletoe* was a ceremony of great solemnity with our an-

cient ancestors. The people went in procession. The bards walked first singing canticles and hymns, a herald preceded three druids with implements for the purpose. Then followed the prince of the druids accompanied by all the people. He mounted the oak, and cutting the misletoe with a golden sickle, presented it to the other druids, who received it with great respect, and on the first day of the year distributed it among the people as a sacred and holy plant, crying, "The misletoe for the new year." Mr. Archdeacon Nares mentions, "the custom longest preserved was the hanging up of a bush of misletoe in the kitchen or servant's hall, with the *charm* attached to it, that the maid, who was not kissed under it at Christmas, would not be married in that year." This *natural* superstition still prevails.

Christmas Doughs, Pies, and Porridge.

The season offers its

————— customary treat,
A mixture strange of suet, currants, meat,
Where various tastes combine.

Oxford Sausage.

Yule-dough, or *dow*, a kind of baby, or little image of paste, was formerly baked at Christmas, and presented by bakers to their customers, "in the same manner as the chandlers gave Christmas candles." They are called *yule cakes* in the county of Durham. Anciently, "at Rome, on the vigil of the nativity, *sweetmeats* were presented to the fathers in the Vatican, and all kinds of *little images* (no doubt of *paste*) were to be found at the confectioners' shops." Mr. Brand, who mentions these usages, thinks, "there is the greatest probability that we have had from hence both our yule-doughs, plum-porridge, and mince-pies, the latter of which are still in common use at this season. The *yule-dough* has perhaps been intended for an image of the child Jesus, with the Virgin Mary." he adds, "it is now, if I mistake not, pretty generally laid aside, or at most retained only by children."

It is inquired by a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," 1783, "may not the *minced pye*, a compound of the choicest productions of the east, have in view the offerings made by the wise men, who came from afar to worship, bringing *spices*," &c. These were also called *shrid-pies*.

Christmasse Day.

No matter for plumb-porridge, or *shrid*-pie
Or a whole oxen offered in sacrifice
To Comus, not to Christ, &c.

Sheppard's Epigrams, 1651.

Mr. Brand, from a tract in his library printed about the time of queen Elizabeth or James I. observes, that they were likewise called "*minched* pies."

According to Selden's "*Table Talk*," the coffin shape of our Christmas pies, is in imitation of the *cratch*, or manger wherein the infant Jesus was laid. The ingredients and shape of the Christmas pie is mentioned in a satire of 1656, against the puritans:—

Christ-mass? give me my beads: the word implies

A plot, by its ingredients, beef and pyes.
The cloyster'd steaks with salt and pepper lye
Like Nunnes with patches in a monastrie.
Prophaneness in a conclave? Nay, much more,

Idolatrie in crust! —————

————— and bak'd by hanches, then
Serv'd up in *coffins* to unholy men;
Defil'd, with superstition, like the Gentiles
Of old, that worship'd onions, roots, and lentiles!

R. Fletcher.

There is a further account in *Misson's "Travels in England."* He says, "Every family against Christmass makes a famous pye, which they call Christmas pye. It is a great nostrum; the composition of this pasty is a most learned mixture of neat's-tongues, chicken, eggs, sugar, raisins, lemon and orange peel, various kinds of spicery," &c. The most notably familiar poet of our seasonable customs interests himself for its safety:—

Come guard this night the Christmas-pie
That the thiefe, though ne'r so slie,
With his flesh hooks don't come nie

To catch it;

From him, who all alone sits there,
Having his eyes still in his eare,
And a deale of nightly feare

To watch it.

Herrick.

Mr. Brand observes, of his own knowledge, that "in the north of England, a *goose* is always the chief ingredient in the composition of a Christmas pye;" and to illustrate the usage, "further north," he quotes, that the Scottish poet Allan Ramsay, in his "*Elegy on lucky Wood*," tells us, that among other baits by which the good ale-wife drew customers to her

house, she never failed to tempt them at *Yule* (Christmas,) with

"*A bra' Goose Pye.*"

Further, from "*Round about our Coal-fire*," we likewise find that "An English gentleman at the opening of the great day, *i. e.* on Christmass day in the morning, had all his tenants and neighbours enter his hall by day-break. The strong beer was broached, and the black jacks went plentifully about with toast, sugar, nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese. The hackin (the great sausage) must be boiled by day-break, or else two young men must take the maiden (*i. e.*) the cook, by the arms and run her round the market-place till she is ashamed of her laziness.

"In Christmas holidays, the tables were all spread from the first to the last; the sirloins of beef, the minced pies, the *plumb porridge*, the capons, turkeys, geese, and plum-puddings, were all brought upon the board: every one eat heartily, and was welcome, which gave rise to the proverb, 'merry in the hall when beards wag all.'"

Misson adds of our predecessors in his time, that besides the "*famous pye*" at Christmas, "they also make a sort of soup with plums which is not at all inferior to the pye, which is in their language called plum-porridge."

Lastly, Mr. Brand makes this important note from personal regard. "*Memorandum.* I dined at the chaplain's table at St. James's on Christmas-day, 1801, and partook of the first thing served and eaten on that festival at that table, *i. e.* a tureen full of rich luscious plum-porridge. I do not know that the custom is any where else retained."

Thus has been brought together so much as, for the present, seems sufficient to describe the ancient and present estimation and mode of keeping Christmas.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Holly. *Ilex bacciflora.*

Dedicated to the *Nativity of Jesus Christ*

It ought not, however, to be forgotten, that a scene of awful grandeur, hitherto misrepresented on the stage by the meanest of "his majesty's servants," opens the tragedy of *Hamlet*, wherein our everlasting bard refers to ancient and still existing tradition, that at the time of

cock-crowing, the midnight spirits forsake these lower regions, and go to their proper places; and that the cocks crow throughout the live-long nights of Christmas—a circumstance observable at no other time of the year. Horatio, the friend of Hamlet, discourses at midnight with Francisco, a sentry on the platform before the Danish palace, and Bernardo and Marcellus, two officers of the guard, respecting the ghost of the deceased monarch of Denmark, which had appeared to the military on watch.

Mar. Horatio says, 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen
of us;
Therefore I have entreated him, along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. Tush! tush! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile;
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.
——— Last night of all,
When yon same star, that's westward from
the pole,
Had made his course to illumine that part of
heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one,———

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where
it comes again!

The ghost enters. Horatio is harrowed with fear and wonder. His companions urge him to address it; and somewhat recovered from astonishment, he urges "the majesty of bury'd Denmark" to speak. It is offended, and stalks away.

Mar. Thus, twice before, and just at this
dead hour,
With martial stalk he hath gone by our
watch.

Horatio discourses with his companions on the disturbed state of the kingdom, and the appearance they have just witnessed; whereof he says, "a mote it is, to trouble the mind's eye." He is interrupted by its re-entry, and invokes it, but the apparition remains speechless; the "cock crows," and the ghost is about to disappear, when Horatio says,

——— Stay, and speak.—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I strike at it with my par-tizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

Mar. 'Tis gone! [Exit Ghost.
We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the
cock crew.

Hor. And then it started, like a guilty
thing
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet of the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding
throat
Awake the god of day; and, at this warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object makes probation

Marcellus answers, "It faded on the crowing of the cock," and concludes on the vigilance of this bird, previous to the solemn festival, in a strain of superlative beauty:—

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit stirs abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planet strikes;
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

December 26.

St. Stephen.

St. Stephen, the first Martyr. *St. Dionysius*, Popc, A. D. 269. *St. Jarlath*, 1st Bp. of Tuam, 6th Cent.

The church of England observes this festival, and the name of the apostle is in the almanacs accordingly. The circumstances that led to his death, and the

particulars of it by stoning, are related in the seventh chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. He is deemed the first martyr for the christian faith.

The notice of this festival by Naogeorgus is thus translated by Barnaby Googe:—

Then followeth Saint Stephens day,
whereon doth every man
His horses jaunt and course abrode,
as swiftly as he can,
Until they doe extremely sweate,
and than they let them blood,
For this being done upon this day,
they say doth do them good,
And keepes them from all maladies
and sicknesse through the yeare,
As if that Steven any time
took charge of horses heare.

Horses.

Whether Stephen was the patron of horses does not appear; but our ancestors used his festival for calling in the horse-leech. Tusser, in his "Five Hundred Points of Husbandry," says,

Yer Christmas be passed,
let *Horsse be lett blood*,
For many a purpose
it doth him much good :
The day of St. Steven,
old fathers did use,
If that do mislike thee,
some other day chuse.

An annotator on Tusser subjoins, "About Christmas is a very proper time to bleed horses in, for then they are commonly at house, then spring comes on,

"They saw a cart, that charged was with hay,
The which a carter drove forth on his way :
Depe was the way, for which the carte stode ;
The carter smote and cryde as he were wode,
Heit Scot ! Heit Brok ! what spare ye for the stones ?
The Fend quoth he, you fetch, body and bones."§

Brok is still in frequent use amongst farmer's draught oxen.*

Whooh! a well-known exclamation to stop a team of horses, is derived by a writer in the "Gentleman's Magazine," 1799, from the Latin. "The exclamation used by our waggoners when they wish for any purpose to stop their team (an exclamation which it is less difficult to speak than to write, although neither is a task of great facility,) is probably a legacy bequeathed us by our Roman ancestors: precisely a translation of the ancient

the sun being now coming back from the winter solstice, and there are three or four days of rest, and if it be upon St. Stephen's day it is not the worse, seeing there are with it three days of rest, or at least two." In the "Receipts and Disbursements of the Canons of St. Mary in Huntingdon," is the following entry: "Item, for letting our horses blede in Chrystmasse weke *iiijd.*"* According to one of Mr. Douce's manuscript notes, he thinks the practice of bleeding horses on this day is extremely ancient, and that it was brought into this country by the Danes. It is noticed in "Wits Fits and Fancies," an old and rare book, that on "S. Stevens-day it is the custome for all horses to be let bloud and drench'd. A gentleman being (that morning) demanded whether it pleased him to have his horse let bloud and drencht, according to the fashion? He answered, no, sirra, my horse is not diseas'd of the *fashions.*" Mr. Ellis in a note on Mr. Brand quotes, that Aubrey says, "On St. Stephen's-day the farrier came constantly and blouDED all our cart-horses."†

The Finns upon St. Stephen's-day, throw a piece of money, or a bit of silver, into the trough out of which the horses drink, under the notion that it prospers those who do it.‡

Heit ! Heck ! Whooh ! and Geho !

The well-known interjection used by country people to their horses, when yoked to a cart, &c. *Heit !* or *Heck !* is noticed by Mr. Brand to have been used in the days of Chaucer:—

Ohe ! an interjection strictly confined to bespeaking a pause—rendered by our lexicographers, *Enough ! Oh, Enough !*

"Obe, jam satis est—Ohe, Libelle."

A learned friend of Mr. Brand's says, "The exclamation '*Geho, Geho,*' which carmen use to their horses is probably of great antiquity. It is not peculiar to this country, as I have heard it used in France. In the story of the milkmaid who kicked

* Mr. Nichols's Illustration of Anc. Times.

† In Lansdowne MS. 226. British Museum.

‡ Tooke's Russia.

§ Frere's T. ed. Tyrwh. Chaucer.

down her pail, and with it all her hopes of getting rich, as related in a very ancient 'Collection of Apologues,' entitled 'Dialogus Creaturarum,' printed at Gouda, in 1480, is the following passage: 'Et cum sic gloriaretur, et cogitaret cum quanta gloria duceretur ad illum virum super equum dicendo *gio gio*, cepit pede percutere terram quasi pungeret equum calcaribus.'"

It appears from a memoir on the manner in which the inhabitants of the north riding of Yorkshire celebrate Christmas, in the "Gentleman's Magazine," 1811, that "On the feast of St. Stephen large goose pies are made, all of which they distribute among their needy neighbours, except one which is carefully laid up, and not tasted till the purification of the virgin, called Candlemas."

Boxing Day.

On the day after Christmas, tradespeople are visited by persons in the employment of their customers for a "*Christmas-box*," and every man and boy who thinks he is qualified to ask, solicits from those on whom he calculates as likely to bestow. A writer, in 1731, describes *Boxing-day* at that time from his own experience. "By that time I was up, my servants could do nothing but run to the door. Inquiring the meaning, I was answered, the people were come for their *Christmas-box*: this was logic to me; but I found at last, that, because I had laid out a great deal of ready-money with my brewer, baker, and other tradesmen, they kindly thought it my duty to present their servants with some money for the favour of having their goods. This provoked me a little; but being told it was 'the custom,' I complied. These were followed by the watch, beadles, dustmen, and an innumerable tribe; but what vexed me the most was the clerk, who has an extraordinary place, and makes as good an appearance as most tradesmen in the parish; to see him come a boxing, alias begging, I thought was intolerable: however, I found it was 'the custom' too, so I gave him half-a-crown; as I was likewise obliged to do to the bellman, for oreaking my rest for many nights together

"Having talked this matter over with end, he promised to carry me where

I might see the good effects of this giving *box-money*. In the evening, away we went to a neighbouring alehouse, where abundance of these gentry were assembled round a stately piece of roast beef, and as large a plum-pudding. When the drink and brandy began to work, they fell to reckoning of their several gains that day: one was called a stingy dog for giving but sixpence; another called an extravagant fool for giving half-a-crown, which perhaps he might want before the year was out; so I found these good people were never to be pleased. Some of them were got to cards by themselves, which soon produced a quarrel and broken heads. In the interim came in some of their wives, who roundly abused the people for having given them money; adding, that instead of doing good, it ruined their families, and set them in a road of drinking and gaming, which never ceased till not only their gifts, but their wages, were gone. One good woman said, if people had a mind to give charity, they should send it home to their families: I was very much of her opinion; but, being tired with the noise, we left them to agree as they could.

"My friend next carried me to the upper end of Piccadilly, where, one pair of stairs over a stable, we found near a hundred people of both sexes, *some masked*, others not, a great part of which were dancing to the music of two sorry fiddles. It is impossible to describe this medley of mortals fully; however, I will do it as well as I can. There were footmen, servant-maids, butchers, apprentices, oyster and orange-women, and sharpers, which appeared to be the best of the company. This horrid place seemed to be a complete nursery for the gallews. My friend informed me, it was called a 'three-penny hop;' and while we were talking, to my great satisfaction, by order of the Westminster justices, *to their immortal honour*, entered the constables and their assistants, who carried off all the company that was left; and, had not my friend been known to them, we might have paid dear for our curiosity."*

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Purple Heath. *Erica purpurea*.

Dedicated to *St. Stephen*.

* Cited in Malcolm's London, 16th Cent.

December 27.

St. John the Apostle and Evangelist. *St. Theodorus Grupt*, A. D. 822.

St. John.

This festival of St. John is observed by the church of England, and consequently his name is in the church calendar and the almanacs. The church of Rome, from whence the celebration is derived, also keeps another festival to St. John on the 6th of May, concerning which, and the evangelist, there are particulars at p. 617. Mr. Audley says of him, "Tradition reports, that when he was a very old man, he used to be carried into the church at Ephesus, and say, 'little children, love one another.' He returned from his banishment, and lived till the third or fourth year of Trajan; so that he must have been nearly a hundred years of age when he died. The appellation of *divine* given to St. John is not canonical; but was first applied to him by Eusebius, on account of those mysterious and sublime points of divinity, with the knowledge of which he seems to have been favoured above his fellow apostles. Perhaps this may explain the etymology of the word *divine*, as applied to christian ministers."

Barnaby Googe, from the Latin of Naogeorgus, thus introduces the day:—

Nex^te John the sonne of Zebedee
bath his appoynted day,
Who once by cruell tyrants will,
constrayned was they say
Strong poyson up to drinke, therefore
the papistes doe beleve
That whoso puts their trust in him,
no poyson them can greeve.
The wine beside that halowed is
in worship of his name,
The priestes doe give the people
that bring money for the same.
And after with the selfe same wine
are little manchets made,
Agaynst the boystrous winter stormies,
and sundrie such like trade.
The men upon this solemne day,
do take this holy wine
To make them strong, so do the maydes
to make them faire and fine.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Flame Heath. *Erica flammœa*
Dedicated to *St. John*.

December 28.

The Holy Innocents. St. Theodorus,
Abbot of Tabenna, A. D. 367.

Innocents.

This is another Romish celebration preserved in the church of England calendar and the almanacs. It has another name—

Childermas-Day.

This is conjectured to have been derived from the *masses* said for the souls of the *Innocents* who suffered from Herod's cruelty. It is to commemorate their slaughter that *Innocents* or *Childermas*-day is appropriated, and hence the name it bears.

It was formerly a custom to whip up the children on Innocent's day morning, in order "that the memorial of Herod's murder of the Innocents might stick the closer, and so, in a moderate proportion, to act over the cruelty again in kinde."* The day itself was deemed of especial ill omen, and hence the superstitious never married on Childermas-day. Neither upon this day was it "lucky" to put on new clothes, or pare the nails, or begin any thing of moment. In the play of "Sir John Oldcastle" the prevalence of this belief is instanced by an objection urged to an expedition proposed on a Friday,—“Friday, quoth'a, a dismal day; Candlemas-day this year was Friday.” This vulgar superstition reached the throne; the coronation of king Edward IV. was put off till the Monday, because the preceding Sunday was Childermas-day.† Lastly, a mother in the "Spectator" is made to say, at that time, "No, child, if it please God, you shall not go into join-hand on Childermas-day."

Yet this was a day of disport among the sages of the law. In 1517, king Henry VIII., by an order, enjoined, "that the *king of cockneys*, on *Childermas*-day, should sit and have due service; and that he and all his officers should use honest manner and good order, without any waste or destruction making in wine, brawn, chely, or other vitails: and also

* Gregory on the Boy Bishop.
† Fenn's Letters, i.

that he, and his marshal, butler, and constable marshal, should have their lawful and honest commandments by delivery of the officers of Christmas, and that the said king of cockneys, ne none of his officers medyl neither in the buttery, nor in the Stuard of Christmass his office, upon pain of 40s. for every such medling :

and lastly, that Jack Straw, and all his adherents, should be thenceforth utterly banisht and no more to be used in this house, upon pain to forfeit, for every time, five pounds, to be levied on every fellow hapning to offend against this rule ”*

* Dugdale's Orig. Jurid.



The Flight of the Holy Family.

From Herod's cruel order they,
By angel's order, fled away,
And painters add, an angel, too,
Attended them the journey through.

The old artists often painted the flight of the holy family from Herod's cruel purpose:—"Behold the angel of the lord appeared to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise, and take the young child and his mother, and flee into Egypt, and be thou there until I bring thee word: for Herod will seek the young child to destroy him. When he arose he took the young child and his mother by night, and departed into Egypt, and was there until the death of Herod."* In some pictures an angel is painted accompanying them on the way, although on no scriptural authority. In a painting by "Lucca Giordano"

they are represented in a boat with the ass, whereon the virgin had rode, held by an angel, who is thus degraded to the condition of a stable boy; while cherubs company them in the sky: the picture being curious, an engraving from it is placed in this article.

Lucca Giordano.

The artist of the picture mentioned was born at Naples, about 1629: he studied under Spagnoletto, and afterwards under Pietra da Cortona. He is likewise called *Luca fu Presto*, from a phrase used by his father. Though his son painted with amazing facility, from designs of the great masters, while he pursued his studies, and

* Acts ii. 13-15.

the old man sold them for high prices, yet he was accustomed to hurry his son at his meals as well as his work, and say, "Luca *fa presto!*" Luca, make haste: hence, Luca's companions nicknamed him *Fa Presto*. His knowledge of the style of artists belonging to different schools was amazing, and though his attainments in judgment and execution were of high order, he seems to have preferred the copying of other compositions to painting designs by himself. Hence, there are more pictures by Luca *fa Presto* than some connoisseurs would willingly acknowledge. They pervade every collection under the reputation of being by Titian, Guido, Tintorette, and other painters of greater celebrity than Giordano. He etched his own thoughts freely and gracefully, and died loaded with honours from crowned heads, and immensely rich, in 1704.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Bloody Heath. *Erica cruenta*.
Dedicated to *the Holy Innocents*.

December 29.

St Thomas, Abp. of Canterbury, A. D. 1170. *St. Marcellus*, Abbot of the Acæmetes, A. D. 485. *St. Evroul*, Abbot, A. D. 596.

Sculpture.

Much has been remarked in the course of these sheets respecting painting, which, if our artists will labour, they may elevate to a height that will honour their country, and amply reward themselves. It is a mistake to suppose that *real* talent is not appreciated. Precocity is not talent till it has ripened; it usually withers and falls beneath the only test of greatness, labour: patrons experience this, and sicken. Whenever genius labours, it finds patrons.

Sculpture in the English school seems of late to have advanced further than painting, in their simultaneous efforts, and in this department of art, Ireland is likely to compete with England.

At the distribution of medals by sir Thomas Lawrence to students, at the Royal Academy, in the month of December, 1825, Mr. John Gallagher and Mr. Constantine Panormo, natives of the sister country, received the two medals for sculpture. It is a happy augury for the Royal Dublin Society that these young men were the first individuals sent hither

by that institution for the purpose of improvement; and it must be highly gratifying to Mr. Behnes, with whom the Royal Dublin Society placed them as pupils, that his tuition so qualified these youths, that they excelled their numerous rivals, and carried both the prizes. So extraordinary an instance is creditable to their native country, whose national establishment fostered them, and whose protection they have distinguished by their perseverance.

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Senista Heath. *Erica genistopha*
Dedicated to *St. Thomas*.

December 30.

St. Sabinus, Bp. of Assisium, and his Companions, A. D. 304. *St. Anysia*, A. D. 304. *St. Maximus*, A. D. 662.

THE SEASON.

The earth, as it appears in England at this period, is well represented in the "Mirror of the Months," the pleasant reflex of the year referred to in November. "The meadows are still green—almost as green as in the spring—with the late-sprouted grass that the last rains have called up since it has been fed off, and the cattle called home to enjoy their winter fodder. The corn-fields, too, are bright with their delicate sprinkling of young autumn-sown wheat; the ground about the hedge-rows, and in the young copses, is still pleasant to look upon, from the sobered green of the hardy primrose and violet, whose clumps of unfading leaves brave the utmost rigour of the season; and every here and there a bush of holly darts up its pyramid of shining leaves and brilliant berries, from amidst the late wild and wandering, but now faded and forlorn company of wood-bines and eglantines, which have all the rest of the year been exulting over and almost hiding it with their quick-growing branches, and flaunting flowers. The evergreens, too, that assist in forming the home enclosures, have altogether lost that sombre hue which they have until lately worn—sombre in comparison with the bright freshness of spring, and the splendid variety of autumn; and now, that not a leaf is left around them, they look as gay by the contrast as they lately looked grave."

FLORAL DIRECTORY.

Pontieva. *Ponthieva glandalom.*
Dedicated to *St. Anysia.*

December 31.

St. Sylvester, Pope, A. D. 335. *St. Columba*, A. D. 258. *St. Melania*, the younger, A. D. 439.

St. Sylvester.

This saint, whose name is in the church of England calendar and the almanacs, was pope Sylvester I. "He is said to have been the author of several rites and ceremonies of the Romish church, as asylums, unctions, palls, corporals, &c. He died in 334."*

New Year's Eve.

To end the old year merrily, and begin the new one well, and in friendship, were popular objects in the celebration of this festival. It was spent among our labouring ancestors in festivity and frolic by the men; and the young women of the village carried from door to door, a bowl of spiced ale, the wassail bowl, which they offered to the inhabitants of every house they stopped at, singing rude congratulatory verses, and hoping for small presents. Young men and women also exchanged clothes, which was termed Mumming, or Disguising; and when thus dressed in each other's garments, they went from one neighbour's cottage to another, singing, dancing, and partaking of good cheer.†

The anticipated pleasure of the coming year, accompanied by regret at parting with the present old year, is naturally expressed by a writer already cited. "After Christmas-day comes the last day of the year; and I confess I wish the bells would not ring so merrily on the next. I have not become used enough to the loss of the old year to like so triumphant a welcome to the new. I am certain of the pleasures I have had during the twelvemonth: I have become used to the pains. In a few days, especially by the help of Twelfth-night, I shall become reconciled to the writing 6 instead of 5 in the date of the year. Then welcome new hopes and new endeavours. But at the moment—at the

turn—I hate to bid adieu to my old acquaintance."*

ELIA, in a delightful paper on the "Eve of New Year's-day, 1821, among the other delightful essays of his volume, entitled "ELIA"—a little book, whereof to say that it is of more gracious feeling and truer beauty than any of our century, is poor praise—Elia says, "while that turncoat bell, that just now mournfully chanted the obsequies of the year departed, with changed notes lustily rings in a successor, let us attune to its peal the song made on a like occasion, by hearty, cheerful Mr. Cotton." Turn, gentle reader, to the first page of the first sheet, which this hand presented to you, and you will find the first two and twenty lines of ELIA'S "song." They tell us, that, of the two faces of Janus,

— that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the New-born year.

These are the remaining verses.

He † looks too from a place so high,

The year lies open to his eye;

And all the moments open are

To the exact discoverer;

Yet more and more he smiles upon

The happy revolution.

Why should we then suspect or fear

The influences of a year,

So smiles upon us the first morn,

And speaks us good so soon as born?

Plague on't! the last was ill enough,

This cannot but make better proof;

Or, at the worst, as we brush'd through

The last, why so we may this too;

And then the next in reason shou'd

Be superexcellently good;

For the worst ills (we daily see)

Have no more perpetuity,

Than the best fortunes that do fall;

Which also bring us wherewithal

Longer their being to support,

Than those do of the other sort;

And who has one good year in three,

And yet repines at destiny,

Appears ungrateful in the case,

And merits not the good he has.

Then let us welcome the new guest

With lusty brimmers of the best;

Mirth always should good fortune meet,

And render e'en disaster sweet:

And though the princess turn her back

Let us but line ourselves with sack,

We better shall by far hold out,

Till the next year she face about.

ELIA, having trolled this song to the

* Mr. Audley's Companion to Almanac.
† Dr. Drake's Shakespeare and his Times.

* New Monthly Magazine, Dec 18.
† Janus.

sound of "the merry, merry bells," breaks out:—

"How say you reader—do not these verses smack of the rough magnanimity of the old English vein? Do they not fortify like a cordial; enlarging the heart, and productive of sweet blood, and generous spirits in the concoction?—Another cup of the generous! and a merry New Year, and many of them, to you all, my masters!"

The same to you, ELIA,—and "to you all my masters!"—*Ladies!* think not yourselves neglected, who are chief among "my masters"—you are the kindest, and therefore the most masterful, and most worshipful of "my masters!"

Under the female form the ancients worshipped the Earth. They called her "*Bona Dea*," or the "Good Goddess," by way of excellency, and that, for the best reason in the world, because "there is no being that does men more good." In respect to her chastity, all men were forbidden to be present at her worship; the high priest himself, in whose house it was performed, and who was the chief minister in all others, not excepted. Cicero imputed to Clodius as a crime that he had entered the sacred fane in disguise, and by his presence polluted the mysteries of the Good Goddess. The Roman ladies offered sacrifices to her through the wife of the high priest, and virgins consecrated to the purpose.

The Earth, *Bona Dea*, or the "Good Goddess," was represented under the form of a matron with her right hand opened, as if tendering assistance to the helpless, and holding a loaf in her left hand. She was also venerated under the name of *Ops*, and other denominations, but with the highest attributes; and when so designated, she was worshipped by men and boys, as well as women and virgins; and priests ministered to her in dances with brazen cymbals. These motions signified that the Earth only imparted blessings upon being constantly moved; and as brass was discovered before iron, the cymbals were composed of that metal to indicate her antiquity. The worshippers seated themselves on the ground, and the posture of devotion was bending forward, and touching the ground with the right hand. On the head of the goddess

was placed a crown of towers, denoting strength, and that they were to be worn by those who persevered.

To all "of the earth" not wholly "earthy," the Earth seemed a fit subject to picture under its ancient symbol; and, in a robe of arable and foliage, set in a goodly frame of the celestial signs, with the seasons "as they roll," it will be offered as a *frontispiece* to the present volume, and accompany the title-page with the *indexes* in the next sheet.

It must have been obvious to every reader of the *Every-Day Book*, as it has been to me, of which there have been several indications for some time past, that the plan of the work could not be executed within the year; and I am glad to find from numerous quarters that its continuance is approved and even required. So far as it has proceeded I have done my utmost to render it useful. My endeavours to render it agreeable may occasion "close" readers to object, that it was more discursive than they expected. I am afraid I can only answer that I cannot unmake my making-up; and plead guilty to the fact, that, knowing the wants of many, through my own deficiencies, I have tried to aid them in the way that appeared most likely to effect the object, with the greater number of those for whom the work was designed. Nor do I hesitate also to acknowledge, that in gathering for others, I have in no small degree been teaching myself. For it is of the nature of such an undertaking to constrain him who executes it, to tasks of thought, and exercises of judgment, unseen by those who are satisfied when they enjoy what is before them, and care not by what ventures it was obtained. My chief anxiety has been to provide a wholesome sufficiency for all, and not to offer any thing that should be hurtful or objectionable. I hope I have succeeded.

I respectfully desire to express my grateful sense of the extensive favour wherein the conduct of the publication is held. And I part from my readers on New Year's-eve, with kind regards till we meet in the new volume of the *Every-Day Book* on New Year's-day—to-morrow.

45, Ludgate-hill, 1825

W. HONE.

INDEXES.

- I. GENERAL SUBJECTS.
- II. ROMISH SAINTS.
- III. POETRY, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED
- IV. FLORAL DIRECTORY.
- V. CORRESPONDENTS' SIGNATURES
- VI. ENGRAVINGS IN THE VOLUME

I. GENERAL INDEX.

SUBJECTS CONTAINED OR NOTICED IN THIS VOLUME.

Festivals and other Holydays of observance, in the Church of England Calendar, are printed in CAPITALS.

- ABREVILLE, sporting letter from, 1575.
Abduction, case of, 767.
Abelard, P., died, 494.
Abercrombie, sir R., died, 397.
Aboo, or Aber, Irish war-cry, 502.
Abraham's bosom, in old wood-cuts, 1599.
Absalom, in a sign, 1262.
Accomplishments without principle, 287.
Actor, an itinerant, his duties, 1243.
Acts of the Apostles, a mystery at Paris, 749.
Adam, R. and J., account of, 326.
Adams, Jack, his parish, 1481.
Addison, at Button's, 1007.
Adelphi, the, 326.
Advent, meaning of the term, 1531; customs of the season, 1552, 1595, 1642.
Ærial, the, account of, 1455.
Ætna, its eruptions diverted by a lady's veil, 213.
Africa, travels in, 1580.
After Yula, 3.
AGATHA, *February* 5; miracles by her, 213.
Agincourt, battle of, 1397.
AGNES, *January* 21; her legend, 141; customs on St. Agnes' eve, 136.
Aguesseau, chanc. D', his use of time, 310.
Air, spiritually peopled, 1328.
Aits, islands on the Thames, 604.
ALBAN, *June* 17; account of this saint, 803.
No 53*
- Alban's, St., Herts, formerly Holmhurst, 804.
Albert and Isabella, archdeacon and duchess kiss St. Walburg's jawbone, 303.
Aldegraver, his engraving of the guillotine, 148.
Ale, 1147, 1622; name derived, 1544; ale-drinkers in Holinshed's time, 1125.
—, Whitsun, 685, whence derived, 686.
Alexander the Great, notice of, 493.
—, St., Newski, order of, 1538.
All Fools' day, 409.
— hallow e'en, 1408.
— heal, the mistletoe, 1537.
ALL SAINTS, *November* 1; customs on, 1421.
— SOULS, *November* 2; customs on, 1423.
Allan, D., his etching of Italian street music, 1595.
Alleluia, buried in the Romish church, 199.
Almanacs, chrouological error in, 1429; made of wood, 1471.
Alphabet, in a bill of costs, 238.
ALPHEGE, *April* 19; customs on his festival, 485.
Amelia, princess, original letter from, 1071.
American war commenced, 486; poetry, 1571.
Amherst, lord, his portrait, 604.
Amhurst, Nicholas, author, account of, 527.

Amiens, peace of, signed, 392.
 Amulet, the, its literary character, 1532.
 Ancient Britons, their anniversary, 322.
 ANDREW, St., *November* 30; account of the saint and his festival, 1538; order of, *ib.*
 —————'s Holborn, boy bishop, 1561.
 ————— Undershaft, maypole, 555.
 Angelo, Michael; see Buonarroti.
 Angel, guardian, 630.
 Angels, archangels, and angels guardian, 1326; their orders and habits, 1349; for their visits, &c. to saints, see Index II.
 Angling, 697.
 Anglo-Norman carol, 1595.
 Animals, on cruelty to, 799, 1308.
 ANN, St., *July* 25; memoirs of her and St. Joachim, 1008.
 ANNUNCIATION, B. V. M., or LADY DAY, *March* 25; customs on the festival, 385.
 Anselm, St., archbishop of Canterbury, notice of, 493.
 Anson, commodore, lord, died, 767.
 Antiquaries, society of, their anniversary, 503.
 Antony, St., picture of, 118; his hospital, London, 119; its seal, 120; school, *ib.*; his pig, 119.
 Apis, the Egyptian deity, 491.
 Apocrypha, authority for reading it, 1343.
 Apollinarius, the elder and younger, play writers, 744.
 Apollo and Minerva, shown at Naples, for David and Judith, 1612.
 ———, an, of Cambridge, 1263.
 Apostle spoons, described, 176.
 Apothecaries, proposal for their canonization, 303.
 Apparition of an arm chair, 1494.
 Apparitions, &c. see Romish saints, in Index II.
 Apple, sports, 1408, 1421; diving, 1415.
 Apples, the finest, where grown, 908; blest, 978.
 Apple-tree, charm, 42; wassail, 1606.
 Apprentices, city, their former importance, and present condition, 258.
 Aprilius, John, hanged for three days and kept alive, 46.
 Apron, the barbers', 1254.
 Archee, his new-year's gift, 9.
 Archers, decay of, 1236; their service at Agincourt, 1397.
 Architecture of the new churches, 945.
 Arius, indebted to St. Lucian, 61.
 Armitage, the racket-player 868.
 Armonat, 1059.
 Arsedine, yellow arsenic, 1213.
 Art, eminence in it, how attained, 273.
 Arundel Castle, a sweep in the state bed, 588.
 ASCENSION-DAY, 651; its customs, 1379.
 Ascham, Roger, account of, 29.
 Ascot races, fraud at, 768.
 Ash, rev. J., philologist, died, 529.

ASH WEDNESDAY, *movable*; customs, 261
 ASE, the, citations respecting, 1309; his nobleness and voice, 1358; how mentioned by Leo Africanus, 1580; remarks on, 1610; drawn in procession, 393.
 ASSUMPTION, B. V. M. *August* 15; customs on the day, 1117.
 Astley's troop at Bartholomew fair, 1246.
 Atkins, his menagerie, 1175.
 Attanasy, father, his Easter sermon, 446.
 Attorney, an, not to be compared to a bull, nor to a goose, but comparable, perhaps, to the man in the moon, 239.
 Attornies of the lord mayor's court, 1333.
 Audrey's, St., lace, 1383.
 August, the Twelfth of, petition from, 1099; answer to, 1101.
 AUGUSTINE, archbishop of Canterbury, *May* 26; his monastery at Canterbury, 301; notices and legendary anecdotes of him, 704.
 ———, St., *August* 28; an early father, Lardner's character of him, 1144.
 Aauty's garden, a pastime, 109.
 Aurochos, an African animal, 1176.
 Autograph of St. Ignatius, 1056.
 Autumn quarter, 1283.
 Baal, Bal, Beal, Bel-tein, fires, 594, 847, 1412, 1422.
 Bacchus, his festival, 1471.
 Bachelors, in the lord mayor's show, 1453.
 Bacon, lord, died, 452; cause of his death, 870; proof of his favoritism, 871.
 Bag-pipers, of Italy, 1595; a German one with a cognizance, 1626.
 Bailey, rev. R. R., his sermon at St. Katharine's, 1406.
 Baker, Mrs., her company at Bartholomew fair, 1245.
 Bales, Peter, a writing-master, account of, 1085.
 Bail-play customs, 244, 259, 429, 1554, 1634; at Copenhagen-house, 865.
 Ball's itinerant theatre, 1175.
 Ballad-singers, formerly licensed, 1243.
 Ballard's menagerie, 1191.
 Balloons, 442.
 Banks, sir Jos., his wine cellar, 21; died, 811.
 Bannockburn, battle of, 855.
 Bannocks, cakes, "sauty" and charmed ones, 260; of St. Michael, 1339.
 Baptism of infants, 1444.
 Bara, a Sicilian festival, 1118.
 Barbers, account of, 1254.
 Baretti, Jos., died, 616.
 Barley, beerlegh, berlegh, berleg, 1147.
 Barley-corn, sir John, his trial, 73; Burus's ballad, 1391.
 Barne, beerheym, berham, 1147.
 BARNABAS, St., *June* 11; notice respecting him, 772.

- Barnes and Finley's booth at Bartholomew fair, 1241.
- Barnet, battle of, 463.
- Barnmoneth, 1059.
- Baron, lord chief, to say he cannot ear of one ear actionable, 239.
- Barr, Ben, the seer of Helpstone, 525.
- Barrister's first brief, 160.
- Barrow, Dr. Isaac, notice of, 613.
- Barrow-woman, of London, described, 903.
- Barthelemy, J. J., notice of, 614.
- BARTHOLOMEW, St., *August* 24; notice of him, 1131; custom at Croydon on his festival, 1132.
- , massacre at Paris, 1131.
- 's church-yard anciently contested in for school prizes, 119.
- fair, its ancient and present state, 1165, 1252; form of the proclamation read, 1235.
- hospital, origin of, 1231.
- pig, 1201.
- , Mr., of St. John's, Clerkenwell, 1480, 1481.
- Bassingborne, Camb., mystery at, 755.
- Bastile, account of its destruction, 935.
- Bath, anecdotes, 1574, 1583; season of visiting, 1583.
- Bathing, 893, 970.
- Batnan, Stephen, his notice of printing, 1134.
- Batrich, Thomas, an ancient barber, 1244.
- Battersea, scepole and windmill, 603, 810.
- Battle, Sarah, at whist, 91.
- Bauer, assists Kœnig in the steam press, 1537.
- Baynes, John, account of, 159.
- Beacon, or standing lamp, 833.
- Bean-king, and queen, on twelfth-night, 44, 55, 57, 59.
- Bears, mode of taking in Russia, 180; carried in a cart with queen Elizabeth, 445; fight with lions, 1000; washed in the Thames, 1005.
- Beards, comely oncs, 18; various, described, 1258; St. Anthony's beard at Cologne, 117.
- Beasts preached to, and blessed, 117
- Beaton, cardinal, notice of, 708.
- Beaus, comb their wigs in public, 1263.
- Beauclerc, Topham, a collector of mysteries, 746.
- Becket, the bookseller, and Garrick, 328.
- Beckwith, Mr., his account of twelfth-eve at Leeds, 43.
- Bed, love of it, 17; sleeping out of one's own, 1591; beds at Stourbridge fair, 1308.
- BEDE, VENERABLE, *May* 27; notice of him, 706.
- Bees, swarming, 647, 682; on a man's head, 963.
- Beggars, their patron, 1149.
- Behnes, Mr. W., sculptor, his bust of West, 346; of Mrs. Gent, 638; he calls a man "no conjuror," 1458; his pupils gain the Royal Academy prize, 1651.
- Bell, death, its knell, why different, 774
- , pancake, 242, 246.
- , the great, of Lincoln's Inn, 811.
- Bells, on new-year's day, 5, 6, 15; on All Souls' day, 1415, 1425; on admiral Vernon's birth-day, 1473; on new-year's eve, 1653; rung by puppet angels, 1247; Whittington's, 1271.
- Bell-flower, 901.
- Bellows, blown under Dives, 1599.
- B. Itein, see Baal.
- Belzoni, death of, 1542.
- BENEDICT, *March* 21; miraculous anecdotes of him, 380; founder of the order of St. Benedict, 382.
- Benedictine nunnery, Clerkenwell, its site, 754.
- Bent, Independent, 603.
- Berkshire customs, 435.
- Berlin, royal marriage dance, 1551.
- Berners, lord, his Froissart, &c., 861.
- Berri, duchess de, her new-year's gift to Louis XVIII., 14.
- Berwick, duke of, killed, 773.
- Bessy, on Plough Monday, 71.
- Beyntesh, Berks, hne and cry, 876.
- Bible, withheld from the laity, 751, 753; written to be comprised in a walnut shell, 1086.
- Bickham, George, writing-master, died, 614
- Big Sam, notice of, 619.
- , man, 1565.
- Bill of costs, whimsical, 235.
- Billington, Mrs., noticed, 763.
- Bingley, Mrs., dress-maker to princess Anelia, 1073.
- Birch, Dr. Thomas, notice of, 79, 975.
- Bird, W., and his school in Fetter-lane described, 965.
- Birds, in winter, 24; their resistance to cold, 70; arrival, 466, 614; singing, 727; migration, 1390; fraudulently painted, 1253.
- Birdseller's shop, described, 754.
- Birkbeck, Dr. George, founder of the London Mechanics' Institution, 1549.
- Bishop Valentine, 219.
- Blackbird, in a cage at Greenwich, 691.
- Blackheath hill, 687, 689.
- Blacksmiths, their patron, 1498.
- Blackstone, sir W., how he relieved his studies, 164; account of, 231.
- Plandford Forum, custom, 1414.
- BLASE, *February* 3; miracles attributed to this saint, 207; customs on his festival, 209.
- Bleeding image of Paris, 895; stone cross, 1586.
- Blessing of apples, 978; ashes, 261; beasts, 117; candles, 200; wax, 201; a market, 758.

- Blight, in spring, 620.
 Bliss, Dr., his boar's head carol, 1600.
 Bloenart, Abraham, his piper, 1626.
 Bloomfield, Robert, poet, account of, 1125.
 Blossoms, in spring, 621.
 Blotmonath, 1419.
 Bo! to a goose, 1088
 Boadicea, site of her rattle, 861
 Boar's head, and carol, at Christmas, 1618.
 Ho-bo and his father Ho-ti, 1218.
 Hochart, Samuel, orientalist, died, 619.
 Bodies, why they float after death, 130.
 Boetius, beheaded, and carries his head, 706.
 Bolton, Jenny, 1241.
 ———, prior of St. Bartholomew's, 1232.
 Bombs, first used in war, 385.
 Bona Dea, the good goddess of the Romans, 1655.
 Bonaparte, Louis, anecdote of, 95.
 Bonasoni, his portrait of M. Angelo, 270.
 Bon-Bons, French, 13.
 Bonfires, on St. John's eve, 823, 845; on 5th of November, 1433.
 BONIFACE, *June* 5; account of him, 766.
 ———, pope, VIII., throws blessed ashes in the eyes of an archbishop, 262.
 ———, archbishop of Canterbury, anecdote of, 1231.
 Bonnets, 1437.
 Boot of St. Ignatius, 1050.
 Boots and Shoes, receipt for water proof, 1503.
 Boring, for water, 1041.
 Botanizers of London, 872.
 Botolph, St., Aldersgate, Register Book, 434.
 Bottle-devil, 27.
 Bourgeois Gallery, Dulwich, 1011.
 Bow Church, corporation sermon, 446.
 Bowings, marvellous number per day by a saint, 38.
 Bowling alleys, 1236.
 Bowring, John, tendency of his poetry, 1428.
 Bows and silver arrows, prizes, 1238.
 Bowyer, Robert, keeper of the lions, 1005.
 Boxing day, described, 1645.
 Boxley rood, 1292.
 Boy bishop, account of, 1557.
 Boyer, Jem, C. L.'s schoolmaster, 1361.
 Boyne, the, battle of, 894.
 Braddock, Fanny, singular memoir of, 1278.
 Bradford, Yorkshire, clothing festival, 209.
 Braeckmonath, 738.
 Bramanti, his disputes with M. Angelo, 267.
 Brandy punch, 1622.
 Breakfast, in cold weather, 288.
 Breitkopf, J. G. I., account of, 185
 Breughel, his concert of cats, 1106.
 Brewer, the, and his trade, 1568.
 Brewster, Dr., invents the kaleidoscope, 474.
 Bride's, St., church, Fleet-street, 86; spital sermon, 445; well, 325.
 Brinlley, the editor of his classics hanged, 287.
 BRITIVS B ICE, *November* 13, notice of him, 1473.
 Broom girls, Buy a broom? 809.
 Brougham, Mr. Robert, his good humour on a humorous portrait of him, 811.
 Brown's troop of jugglers, dancers, &c. 1190.
 Bruce, James, traveller, died, 527.
 Brüd, his bed, 206.
 Bruno, bishop, eaten by rats, 1362.
 Bubbles, anecdotes of, 165, 172, 354, 1460
 Buccleugh, banner of, 1554.
 Buchanan, George, his new-year's gift to Mary queen of Scots, 10.
 Buckler of St. Michael, 1329.
 Buckley, Samuel, bookseller, account of, 281.
 Budgell, Eustace, his suicide, 614.
 Buds, their structure, 184.
 Building, improvements, 638, 642, 872, 878.
 Bull-running at Stamford, 1482.
 Bull, a,—the dead returns thanks, 372.
 Bullock, Mr., forms a museum at Mexico, 1531.
 Bumping, 1340, 1374.
 Bungay, Suffolk, storm at, 1065; watchmen there, their Christmas verses, 1628.
 Buns, Good Friday, 402.
 Buonarroti, Michael Angelo, account of, 263; design by him for a fountain, 1045
 Burial of persons alive, 1565.
 Burleigh, lord, at Bernard Gilpin's, 331.
 Burmese state carriage, described, 1519.
 Burney, Dr. C., a collector of mysteries, 746; his death, 461.
 Burning the old witch, 58.
 Burton, Devon, festival at, 741.
 Bushy, Middlesex, ball-play, 245.
 Butchers, French, their pageant, 1298; of Clare-market, their bonfire, 1433.
 Bute, John, earl of, died, 346.
 Butler, rev. Alban, his "Lives of the Saints" used in this work, 3.
 ———, archdeacon, his opinion on card-playing, 89; funeral sermon, on Dr. Parr, 444.
 ———, Jacob, antiquary, account of, 1301.
 Button's coffee-house, 1006.
 Byron, lord, died, 486.
 C's bull, an attorney not to be compared to, 239.
 Cages of squirrels, 1385.
 Cairo, the Pacha refuses a diploma, 84.
 Cakes, 42; tossed from an ox's horn, 43.
 Calabrian minstrels in Rome, at Christmas, 1595.
 Calf, superstitiously burnt, 854; walks up to a lion, 1005.
 Camberwell, church monuments, 38?; fair, 1124; Grove, scenery, 1014.
 Cambray, boy bishop, 1558.
 Cambridge, names and professions, 699,

- oak, 1060, squib, on dog muzzling, 898 ; university examination, 461 ; Apollos, and wigs, 1263.
- Camden, earl, account of, 480.
- Camel, how taught to dance, 1581.
- Candle, an everlasting one, 28 ; piece of a celestial one, 203 ; sport 1408 ; superstition, 1415.
- Candles, blest, 200 annually given at Lyme Regis 206 ; for the tooth ache, 208 ; lighted by miracle 27, 78, 99 ; by the devil, 115 ; see also the saints in Index II.
- CANDLEMAS, *February* 2 ; customs of the festival, 199 ; derived from the ancient Romans, 202 ; bull, 11 ; bond, 12.
- Candler, his Fantoccini, 1114.
- Cannom, Cath., marries two husbands, 1122.
- Canonbury tower, Islington, described, 633 ; when built, 1232.
- Canterbury, St. Augustine's monastery, 301.
- Caraccioli, prince, executed, 128 ; rises from the sea, 130.
- Cards, 89, 1607, 1622 ; origin of cards, 186.
- Care, Carle, or Carling Sunday, 378, 1069.
- Carlos, colonel, and Charles II., account of, 718.
- Carols, at Christmas, 1595, 1618.
- Carracioli, on the English climate, 309.
- Carte, Thomas, projects the English edition of Thuanus, 283.
- Carter, sir John, account of, 662.
- Carterhaugh, N. Britain, sport, 1554.
- Casimir III., fights after his death, 330.
- Castor and Pollux, 537.
- Cat-worship by the Romish clergy, 758 ; anecdotes of cats, 1104.
- Catalani, madame, noticed, 763.
- Catchpole, a barber, 1269.
- CATHARINE, *November* 25 ; account of her, 1504 ; customs on her festival, 1507, see Katharine.
- Cathedrals, ill adapted to protestant worship, 643.
- Chato, performed in Fetter-lane, 968.
- Cattle, superstitiously treated, 12 ; drinking in winter, 198.
- Cavanagh, the fives-player, account of, 865.
- Cave, Edward, printer, account of, 1482.
- Cave of the three kings of Cologne, 82.
- Caxton, William, his life of St. Roche, 1121.
- CÆCILIA, *November* 22 ; notice of her, 1495.
- Celts, for cutting the mistletoe, 1637.
- Censing, at Whitsuntide, 685.
- Centaur, a, seen by a saint, 104.
- Ceres, the planet, discovered, 17.
- Cervantes, his death, 503.
- CHAD, *March* 2 ; St. Chad's Wells, Battle-bridge, 322.
- Chafing dish, on twelfth-night, 55.
- Chair, the barber's, 1269.
- Chantry, Mr., a designation by, 1458.
- Chapel-royal, Maundy, 401 · printers' chapel, 1135.
- Chaplains, Romish, play-writers, 756.
- Chappell and Pike's tumblers, &c., 1197.
- Chare Thursday, 402.
- Charity schools, of London, instituted, 389 · children at church, 1407.
- CHARLES I. K. MARTYRDOM, *January* 30 ; his execution, 187 ; pasquinade on his statue at Charing-cross, 897.
- II. K. RESTORATION, *May* 29 ; customs of the Restoration-day 711 ; his escape from Worcester, 712 ; statue in the Royal Exchange, 719 ; verses admired by him, 720 ; restores maypoles, 557 ; prohibits wigs at Cambridge, 1264 ; his weakness in childhood, 16.
- V. emperor and cobbler, 1401.
- VI. of France, licenses the English mysteries, 747.
- Charlton, village and fair described, 1386.
- Charms, apple-trees, 42 ; witchcraft, 55 ; mistletoe, 1638 ; various, 1409.
- Chatham, the great earl, died, 651.
- Chatsworth, Derbyshire, sonnet at, 1355.
- Checketts, T., his seven-legged mare, 1118.
- Cherry season, 903.
- Cheshire customs, 430.
- Chester, maypole, 549 ; mysteries, 750, 757 ; pageants, 835.
- Chesterfield, lord, and his servants, 629.
- Cheyne, sir John, his answer to the archbishop of Canterbury, 752.
- Child desertion, 1119.
- Childebert, his key, a reliquary, 1062.
- Childermas-day, 1648.
- Children, flogged, 30 ; whipped on Innocent's morning, 1648 ; how nursed formerly, 923 ; pickled, and come to life, 1555.
- Childs, Mr. Robert, of Bungay, 1354.
- Chimney corner, in old times, 1622.
- sweepers' May garland, 583 ; their festivities, 585, 591.
- Chinese characters, in movable types, 185.
- Christ's hospital, boys bathing, 974 ; sermon on St. Matthew's day, 1314.
- Passion, a mystery, by Gregory Nazianzen, 744 ; performed at Ely house, 756.
- Christchurch; cloisters, 1216, 1240.
- Christern, king of Denmark, at a London pageant, 830.
- Christianity, in England before Augustine, 301.
- CHRISTMAS-DAY, *December* 25 ; its celebration, 1612 ; eve, 1594 ; carols, 1595 ; ever-greens, order of their succession in decking, 205 ; kings, in a pageant at Norwich, 256 ; log, 204 ; pie, 1639.
- Church, ball-play in it, 429, 864.
- , building, in saints' times, 25, 1497.
- , a racket-player, 868.
- Churches, decked with greens, 1635 ; not with mistletoe, 1635 ; modern architecture of, 919, 945

- Cider drinking, 42, 43.
 CIRCUMCISION, *January 1*; when instituted, 3.
 City, laureate, or poet, 1453.
 Civil wars, how commenced in England, 28.
 C. L's sister, 965, 970.
 Clare-market, butchers' bonfire, 1433.
 Clarges, sir Walter, his origin, 582.
 Clark, Thomas, miser of Dundee, 1588.
 Clarke's horse-riding and tumbling, 1185.
 ———, posture master, 1248.
 ———, John, licenser of ballad singers, 1243.
 Classes, high and low assimilate, 1599.
 Clay, Mr., printseller, 1011.
 Clayen cup, in Devonshire, 41.
 Cleghorn, Mr. John, artist, sketching at the Piccadilly, 635; noticed again, 974.
 CLEMENT, St., *November 23*; notice of him, 1497; customs on his festival, 1498.
 Clergy, Romish, call themselves the cocks of the Almighty, 255.
 Clerkenwell, parish, Clerks'well, its site, 754; ducking-pond, 971; St. John's church and parish, 1474.
 Clias, captain, his gymnastics, 19.
 Cliff, Kent, rectorial custom at, 978.
 Clipping the church, 430.
 Clock, dialogue, 819.
 Clogs, wooden almanacs, 1471.
 Cloth fair, lord Rich's residence in, 1233.
 Clothiers, how they travelled anciently, 876; at Bartholomew fair, 1232.
 Clouds, their gorgeous imagery, 888.
 Clouwet, his engraving of Rubens's St. Antony, 120.
 Coach wheel, driven for a wager, 1315.
 Coalheavers going to Greenwich fair, 437.
 Cobbler and his stall, 857; cobblers take precedence of shoemakers, 1402.
 Cock in pot, and cock to dunghill, 72.
 ——— and lion, disputants, 99.
 ——— fighting, and customs, 252, 255; leaden ones, 253.
 ——— crowing during the nights of Advent, 1642.
 Cockneys, king of, his court on Childermas-day, 1648.
 Cockpit-royal, Whitehall, 255.
 Coke, sir Edward, his reproof of Anne Turner, 1437.
 Colchester oysters, at Stourbridge, 1307.
 Cold, at the North Pole, 466.
 Colet, dean, his order for the boy bishop's sermon, 1559.
 Collar days, at court, 100.
 Colley, Thomas, convicted of murder, 1045.
 Collop Monday customs, 241.
 Colnaghi and Son, printsellers, 1011.
 Cologne, three kings of, 45, 46.
 Colpoys, admiral, his life saved, 663.
 Common council, prayed for, 446.
 ——— crier's office, 1333.
 ——— Hunt's office, 1332.
 Conant, Mr., and the Aerial, 1461.
 Conduits, destroyed, 1042.
 Confectioners of Paris, 13.
 Congresbury custom, 837.
 Constantine, his church establishment, 744.
 Contented man, described, 1468.
 CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL, *January, 25*; superstitions concerning the day, 175.
 Cook, how disgraced if idle at Christmas, 1640.
 Cooke, Mr., theatrical singer, 966.
 Copenhagen-house, account of, 857.
 Copy-writing, at school, 967.
 Corning, on St. Thomas's day, 1587.
 Cornwall, Palm Sunday customs, 396; other customs and superstitions, 561, 847, 849, 853, 1611; guary miracle plays, or mysteries, 757.
 Corpse, terrifically rises from the sea, 131.
 CORPUS CHRISTI, *movable*; makes Trinity term commence a day later, 100; customs on the festival, 742.
 Cosin, John, bishop of Durham, lights his cathedral on Candlemas-day, 205.
 Costermonger, described, 1213, 1308.
 Costume of the 13th century, 337.
 Cottager, a, and his family, 873.
 Coventry mysteries, 750, 756; parliament there, 753; sports, 477.
 Councils, forbid the decking with greens, 1635.
 Country, the, and a country life, 492, 525, 608, 659; country lasses, their finery formerly, 8; squire of queen Anne's time, 1621.
 Cowper, William, poet, account of, 520.
 Cox, captain, the collector, 477.
 Cranmer, archbishop, burnt, 382; his widow, *ib.*
 Cratch, the, in mince-pies, 1639.
 Crawley's booth, Bartholomew fair, 1247.
 Creation of the world, a mystery, 754; represented by puppets at Bartholomew fair, 1239, 1247; at Bath, *ib.*
 Creeping to the cross, 431.
 Cressets, account of, 831.
 Cressy, father S., his "Church History" used in this work, 3.
 Crickets on a winter hearth, 98.
 Cripple-gate, and the cripples' patron, 1149.
 Crisp, Samuel, account of, 102.
 CRISPIN, *October 25*; account of the saint and his festival, 1394.
 Crittel, Mr., landlord at West Wickham, 1507.
 Croaker, Mrs., her new-year's gift to the lord chancellor, 9.
 Croft, rev. Mr., collector of mysteries 746.
 Cromwell, O., personated in a sport, 718; his supposed burial place, 859.
 Cross, found by Helena, 611; seen in the sky by Constantine, 1292; bleeding one of stone, 1586.
 ——— of the south, described, 611.

- Cross-bill, a bird, described, 934.
 — week, 642.
- Crowdic, 260
- Crowle, J. C., master of the revels, &c. 1243.
- Crown and Anchor booth, at fairs, 693, 724, 1388.
- Croyland abbey custom, 1132.
- Crucifixion, wounds, &c. in the passion flower, 770.
- Cruikshank, Mr. George, the artist, noticed, 907, 1113, 1320, 1429.
- Cuckold's point, 1386.
- Cuckoo, the, 390, 411; cuckoo-day, 465; song, 739.
- Cumberland customs, 53, 423; funerals, 1077.
 — gardens, Vauxhall, 603.
- Cuper's gardens, 503.
- Curfew bell, its origin, &c. 242.
- Curly-papers, 1267.
- Curses of the church, 262
- Cuthbert, St., converted at ball-play, 864.
- Cutpurses, caveat against, 1206.
- CYPRIAN, St., *September* 26; notice of, 1324.
- Cyprus, a decking for rooms, 1635.
- Daffa-down-dilly, a lawyer may not be called one, 239.
- Dagon, a symbol of the sun in Pisces, 28.
- Dance, by moonlight, 11; of torches, 1551.
- Danes, massacre of, commemorated, 476; their honours to rural deities, 42.
- Daniel O'Rourke, his story, 622.
- Darwin, Dr. Erasmus, death of, 481.
- Davies, John, a racket-player, 868.
 — Tom., bookseller, notice of, 615.
- DAVID, St., *March* 1; account of the saint, 314; customs of his festival, 317.
 — H., artist, engraving from, 1395.
- Day family, the, 1100.
 —, 15th September, usually fine, 1294.
 — after lord-mayor's day, 1469.
 — Mr., his exhibition of painting and sculpture, 263, 1531.
 — Mr. Thomas, a dwarf, 1194.
- Dead Sunday, 340.
- Death, contemplated, 1032.
 — of Good Living, 257.
 — of the Virgin, by old engravers, 1119.
- Deeping the Jews, 297.
- Deer, and a lion, 1001.
- Denham, sir J., poet, died, 373.
- DENYS, St., *October* 9. Account of his martyrdom, and walking two miles afterwards with his head between his hands, attended by angels, and other miracles, 1371.
- Deptford fair, on Trinity Monday, 724.
- Descent into Hell, a mystery, 750, 755.
- Devil in a dish, 112; very tall, 114, 115; his smell, *ib.*; blessed by mistake, 118; visits Bungay church 1065: represented in a pageant, 1490; fo. other adventures attributed to him, see accounts of the Romish saints, Index II.
- Devonshire customs and superstitions, 42, 718, 1609.
- Dictionary of musicians, characterised, 765.
- Dioclesian, the emperor, in his garden, 132.
- Discontented pendulum, 819.
- Dissent, origin and progress of, 752.
- Distaff's, St., day, superstitious, 61.
- Dives and Lazarus, a carol, 1598.
- Divinations, various, 1409; in advent, 1552.
- Docwray, Thomas, prior of St. John's Clerkenwell, 1479.
- Dog and goose, 1341.
- DOG DAYS BEGIN *July* 3; influence of the season on dogs, 897; no cure for the bite of a mad one, 900; a dog's complaint, 944.
 — END *August* 11.
 — fights on Sunday, 870.
 — killer, an ancient office, 901.
 — star, its alleged power, 897.
- Dogs, bait lions, 978, 1006; a horse, *ib.*
- Dogget's booth at Bartholomew fair, 1239
- Dorset, countess of, 16.
- Dorsetshire custom, 1414.
- Dort, milk-maids save the city, 605.
- Dotterel catching, in Cambridgeshire, 645.
- Doubts, burnt out, 745.
- Douce, Mr., his ancient Christmas carols, 1595, 1600.
- Dragon, a symbol, 500; of St. Michael, 1325; with a stake in his eye, 38.
- Drama, ancient Greek, suppressed, 743; origin of the modern drama, 744.
- Drinking custom, 373.
 —, by miracle, 25; at both ends of the barrel, 654; before execution, 1132; excessive, 1568.
- Druids, customs, ceremonies, &c. 6, 58, 854, 1413, 1637.
- Drury-lane maypole, 581.
- Dublin royal society's pupils, under Mr. Behnes, gain the London royal academy prizes, 1651.
- Duck-hunting at May-fair, 573.
- Dudingston, N. Britain, custom, 1539.
- Duel, R. B. Sheridan and Mathews, 911.
- Duelling, characterised, 451.
- Dulwich, visit to, 1011.
- Dunn, Harriet. English plum-pudding maker at Paris, 161.
- DUNSTAN, *May* 19; adventures of the saint with the devil, 670.
 —, sir Jeffery, 1245.
- Durham, cathedral, on Candlemas-day, 205; customs, 431.
- Dwarfs at Bartholomew fair, 1189, &c.
- Dyer, Mr. George, his "Privileges of the University of Cambridge," and "History," 1305.
- Earth, the, how worshipped, 1655.

- Earthquakes, England, 150, 341; Lisbon, 975; predicted by cats, 1109.
- Easling, Kent, custom, 1539.
- East winds, unwholesome, 134.
- Easter, Eastre, Easter-monath, 407.
- EASTER-DAY, *movable*; origin, and how to find, 416, 517, 518; customs, 421, 864; offerings, origin of, 359.
- Eckert, C. A. F., a musical prodigy, 1038.
- Eclipse, the first recorded, 373.
- Eddystone lighthouse destroyed, 1515.
- Edinburgh, coronation pageant, 647; cardinal Beaton's house, 711; new Exchange founded, 1312.
- EDMUND, K. and MARTYR, *November 20*; account of him, 1493.
- Eduf, a strong Anglo-Saxon, 29.
- EDWARD, St., K. W. S. *March 18*; murdered, 372.
- 's TRANSLATION, *June 20*; removal of his remains, 813.
- the confessor, his death, 619; translation, 1376.
- II., sees a mystery at Paris, 746.
- III., his gift to a boy bishop, 1559.
- Eel-pie house, near Hornsey, 697.
- Eggs, at Easter, 425.
- Egypt, conquered by the Turks, 461.
- Eldest son of the church, origin of the title, 1349.
- Elephant, of Henry III., 1005; Atkins's, 1177, 1179.
- Elia, and Bridget Elia, 92.
- and Jem White, their treat to the sweeps, 585.
- Elizabeth, queen, new-year's gifts to, 7; studies with Roger Ascham, 29; sees fives' play, 865; goes to St. Mary Spital, 445; her accession celebrated, 1488.
- Elm leaves, used for fodder, 1403.
- Elm, St., extraordinary circumstances relative to the capitulation of the fort, 126.
- Ely, Isle of, convent and church, 1382; willows, 1080.
- house, mystery performed there, 756.
- EMBER WEEKS, *movable*; seasons of mortification, 1572.
- Enoch, the book of, 1326.
- ENURCHUS, *September 7*; his history of no authority, 1253.
- EPIPHANY, *January 6*; customs of the festival, 45, 59; name explained, 58.
- Epitaphs on a chimney board, 459; on captain Grose, 657; on a garret, 790; at St. John's, Clerkenwell, 1480.
- Equinox, vernal, 375.
- Erskine, lord, his dressing of his barber, 1265.
- Erysipelas, why called St. Antony's fire, 119.
- Escorial, palace and monastery, 1085.
- Esdale custom, 1379.
- ETHELDREDA, *October 17*; account of her, 1382.
- Eton-school customs, on Collop Monday, 242; Shrove Tuesday, 259; bonfires, 849; nutting, 1294.
- Ettrick forest, sport, 1554.
- Etymology of the seasons, 1518.
- Evelyn, John, with judge Jefferies at an entertainment, 478; his account of the fire of London, 1152.
- Evergreens at Christmas, 1635.
- Every-day dialogne, 1574; work, 1042.
- Evesham, John, keeper of the lions, 1005.
- Evil eye, on May eve, 593.
- May-day, 555, 577.
- Ewis, inscription for St. David at, 316.
- Exaltation of the cross, 1291.
- Excise laws, originated, 360.
- Exercise, indispensable, 1316.
- Exeter city gates broken by a strong man, 29; mail coach horse, and lions, 1191.
- Eyes, the, receipt for, 353.
- FABIAN, *January 20*; notice of him, 135.
- Fagot-sticks, divination, 1552.
- Fairies on May eve, 593.
- FAITH, *October 6*; the existence of this saint doubted, 1362.
- Falconer, John, barber of Glasgow, 1272.
- Falling sickness, in rooks, 495.
- Fan handle, decorated, 8.
- Fantoccini, a street show described, 1113.
- Fardel, explained, 1215.
- Fashion-monger's head, 1262.
- Fasten's eve, 260.
- Favorite of lord Bacon's, mentioned, 871.
- Faulkner, rev. W. E. L., 1474.
- Fawkes, the conjuror, 1225.
- , Guy, his day, London, 1429.
- Ferrers, earl, executed, 615.
- Ferule, school-masters', described, 967.
- Festival of kings, 44.
- Fete de Sans-Culottes, 57.
- Fiddler, a, in Greenwich park, 692.
- Filthie worm, a Romish monument, lost, 294.
- Finger-snapping by barbers, 1268.
- Finland custom on St. Stephen's day, 1644.
- Finsbury-fields, ball-play, 258.
- Fires in London, 389, 1098, 1150.
- , good ones, essential to Christmas, 1615.
- , on twelfth-day eve, 43, 58; see Baal.
- Fireworks, in London, prohibited, 1435.
- Fish, how preserved in ponds during frost, 82; preached to, 118; pond for cod, 82.
- Fishmongers' almshouses, fiddler at, 692.
- Fives', ball-play, 863; see Ball-play.
- court, St. Martin's-st. 868.
- Fleet prison, ball-play, 869.
- Flamsteed, John, astronomer, his original memoirs of himself, and his dispute with sir Isaac Newton, 1809.
- Fleming, rev. Abraham, account of, 1066.
- Flight into Egypt, how represented by artists, 1650.

- Flint, William, printer, of the Old St. John of Jerusalem tavern, 1481.
- Flockton, his puppet show at Bartholomew fair, 1246.
- Flogging of children, 30, 1648; of relics, to recover their virtues, 816.
- Floral directory, commenced and explained, 131.
- Flowers, origin of their names, and when they blow, 104, 303, 464, 667, 740, 863.
- Flying, by patent wings, 1462.
- Fog of London, in November, 1502.
- Fools, on Plough Monday, 71; hatching, in a pageant, 256.
- Foot-ball, in Scotland, 1554; see Ball-play.
- Footc, captain, signs the treaty of St Elmo, 127.
- Fornacalia, Fornax, the origin of pancakes, 250.
- Foscue, a farmer general, his self-burial alive, 101.
- Fountain, public-house, City-road, 975.
- Fountains, 1006, 1041.
- France, twelfth-day in, 57; Death of Good Living there, 257; all fools' day, 413; bleeding image of Paris, 895; Christmas, 1616.
- Francis I. throws verses on Laura's tomb, 451; licenses mysteries, 749.
- Franking of newspapers, discontinued, 856.
- Frederick, emperor, his present to Cologne, 46.
- , prince of Wales, at Bartholomew fair, his death, 374.
- Freeling, —, possessor of Kele's carols, 1600.
- Freezing shower, its effects on trees and animals, 134.
- Frenchmen, all sportsmen, 1577.
- Frontispiece to this volume, explained, 1655.
- Fruit-stalls, 907.
- Funerals in Cumberland, 1077; a rustic one, 1533.
- Fuseli, his compositions as an artist, 349.
- Fussell, Mr. Joseph, artist, noticed, 872.
- Gabriel, the archangel, 1326.
- Gahagan, Usher, a scholar, hanged, 287.
- Gallagher, Mr. John, gains a prize for sculpture, 1651.
- Game destroyers' notice to House of Commons, 350.
- Gang-week, 642.
- Ganging, 1374.
- Ganging-day, 1340.
- Ganymede, changed to Aquarius, 141.
- Garden, its beauties, 133.
- Gardeners, perambulating, 616.
- Gardening, in old age, a renewal of our childhood, 113.
- Garlands, on Trinity Sunday, 723; mourning, 1080; see May-day.
- Garret, or Garrard, a grocer's epitaph, 790.
- Garrick, David, his letter to Messrs. Adam, 328; goes to Bartholomew fair with Mrs. Garrick, 1244.
- Garter of the princess of Bavaria, at her wedding, 1551.
- Gaudy days, at the universities, 100.
- Gaunt, Mrs., burnt, 480.
- Geck, gowk, gull, 411.
- Ge-ho! to horses, its antiquity, 1645.
- Genealogy, precedence disputed, 797.
- Genius, what it is, 357.
- Gent, Mrs. Thomas, her bust by Lehnes, 638.
- Gentleman's Magazine title-page, 1481.
- Geoffry, abbot of St. Albans, first plays mysteries in England, 750.
- George-a-Green, and George Dyer, 1100, 1103.
- , III., king, notice of, 766.
- , IV., birth-day of, 1099.
- GEORGE, St., *April* 23; account of him, 496; legend of his adventures with the dragon, 498, 1101.
- 's, St., fields, lactarium, 103.
- Germany, twelfth-day in, 57; celebrations of Spring, 339; breeds the best cocks, 240; German diploma rejected, 84.
- Gerst-monat, 1147.
- Giants, at Bartholomew fair, 1172, &c.; represented in pageants at Chester, 835; in Guildhall, 1454.
- Gibbon, Edward, where he conceived his history, 268.
- Gilbert, Mr. Davies, his Christmas carols, 1603.
- GILES, *September* 1; miracles attributed to him, 1149.
- Giltspur-street, whence so called, 1166.
- Gilpin, rev. Bernard, account of, 330, 345.
- , rev. William, tourist, died, 421.
- Giordano, Lucca, painter, notice of, 1651.
- Gladman, John, pageant by him, 255.
- Glasscutters' procession at Newcastle, 1286.
- Glastonbury, monastery, 315; miraculous walnut tree, 772.
- Gleeman, Anglo-Saxon, 1188.
- Glensinnyn, vale of, monument there to the pretender, 32.
- Gloves, new-year's gifts, 9; hung in the air by miracle, 78; kissing for, 1509; glove of defiance in a church, 345; glove money whence derived, 9.
- Gloucestershire customs, 58, 849.
- Glowworm, 1143.
- Gnat killed by a saint, 21.
- Go-to-bed-at-noon, flowers, 667.
- God of Death, druidical, 58.
- God rest you, merry gentlemen! Christmas carol, 1603.
- Godfrey, sir Edmundbury, in a pageant, 1488.
- Golden Legend, W. de Worde's edition used in this work, 3; formerly read in stead of the New Testament, 386.

- Goldsmith, Oliver, resided at Canonbury, 638.
- Gondomar, on the English weather, 308.
- GOOD FRIDAY, *movable*; celebrations and customs of the day, 402.
- Gooding, on St. Thomas's day, 1586.
- Goose, at Michaelmas, 1338; anecdote of one, 1341; whether lawful in Lent, 1472; in Christmas pie, 1639; goose pies on St. Stephen's day 1645.
- Gooseberry fair, 437.
- Gordon, Jemmy, of Cambridge, 698; his death, 1294.
- Gothic church, depraved, 1474
- Gout, miraculously cured, 472.
- Grammar school disputations in Smithfield, 1236.
- Grand days, in the law courts, 100.
- Granger, rev. J., punning note to Grose, 657.
- Grapes, grow on a saint's bramble, 102
- Grasshopper, its song, 98.
- Grass-week, 642.
- Great, the, when they sell themselves to the court, and the devil, 1419.
- seal, new, 17.
- Greatness of character, exemplified, 263, 280.
- Greeks, the, used the mistletoe, 1637.
- Greens, on St. John's day, 837; in churches, 1635; see Evergreens.
- Greenwich church, dedication, 486; holidays and fairs at Easter, 436; Whitsuntide, 687; observatory founded, 1089; see Flamsteed.
- GREGORY, (called the Great,) *March* 12; account of this saint and his alleged miracles, 356.
- Nazianzen, suppresses the Greek drama, and writes religious plays instead, 743, 744.
- Grey, lady Jane, severity of her parents, 31; inscription on her portrait, 32.
- Friars, mystery performed at the, 756.
- Gridirons honoured, 1085.
- Griffin, rev. Thomas, his storm sermon, 1518.
- Groom porter at St. James's, played for by the royal family, 59.
- Grose, Francis, antiquary, notice of, 6 6.
- Guil-erra, and guil, 1544.
- Guillotinc, in France, 145; in England, &c. long before, 148; contemplated for lord Lovat, 149; an heraldic bearing, *ib.*
- Gule, of August, 1062.
- Gunpowder, invented, 397.
- Plot day, 1429.
- Guthlac, St., his whips, 1132.
- Gymnastics, account of, 19, 1315.
- Hackin, the, a sausage, 1640.
- Hackney coaches, at Stourbridge, 1301.
- Hagbush-lane, Islington, account of, 870; derivation of name, 575.
- Haggis, how made, 1634.
- Hail-storm saipt, 326.
- Hair dress, 1260.
- shirts; see saints, in Index II.
- Halifax gibbet, and gibbet law, 145.
- Hall, with his preserved birds and beasts at Bartholomew fair, 1245.
- Halley, Edmund, astronomer, 1093.
- Hallow e'en, 1408.
- Halter, in a repartee, 529.
- Hamilton, lady, at Caraccioli's execution, 130.
- Hampton-Wick, Middlesex, ball-play, 245.
- Hand ball, hand tennis, 863; see Ball-play.
- Handsel Monday, 23.
- Hanging month, 1419.
- Harding, Jem, a racket-player, 868.
- Hardwick forest, custom, 145.
- Hardwicke, lord, resigns the seals to read Thuanus, 284.
- Hardy, captain, R. N., serves against the Burmese, 1529.
- Hare and tabor, 1210; hare and tortoise, 1377; hares, domesticated, 1383
- Hartman, his opinion of Leo Africanus, 1581.
- Harvest month, 1059; end of harvest, 1147.
- Hastings, Warren, account of, 1128; Sheridan's conduct in his impeachment, 914.
- Hats, 1437.
- Hawkwood, sir John, in a pageant, 1449.
- Haydon, Mr., artist, an opinion by, 1458.
- Haymarket theatre, disputes with the master of the revels, 1244.
- Hazard, played by the royal family, 59.
- Hazlitt, Mr., on Cavanagh's fives-play, 865.
- Head-ache, cured by a saint, 23.
- Health, in summer, to preserve, 921.
- drinking, on Plough Monday, 1334.
- Heard, sir Isaac, herald, died, 530.
- Hearne, Thomas, antiquary, discovers an old leaf, 1600; at Bartholomew fair, 1228; died, 771.
- Hearts, in valentines, 219, 227.
- Heatley's booth at Bartholomew fair, 1238.
- Heaven, represented in a pageant, 1118; heaven and hell, distance between, 1541; see saints in Index II.
- Heaving, at Easter, 422.
- Heemskerck, his barber, 1265.
- Heit! used to horses, its antiquity, 1644.
- Helena, empress, translates the three kings, 45.
- Heligh-monat, 1543.
- Hell, its Romish arrangement, 22; see saints in Index II.
- Hell-mouth, in a mystery, 747, 757.
- Heloise and Abelard, notice of, 494.
- Hempseed, charm, 1410, 1415.
- Hen, hey, hay-monath, 892.
- Henrietta Maria, queen, notice of, 773
- street, Covent-garden, duel there, 911.
- Henry II., acts as sewer to his son, 1622
- IV., holds a parliament at Coventry, 753.

- Henry V., at Agincourt, 1397.
 — VI., at a mystery at Winchester, 755; at another at Coventry, 757.
 — VII., keeps Christmas at Greenwich, 1599.
 — VIII., Charles I. buried beside him, 190; a cock fighter, 255; goes a maying to Greenwich, 550; disguises himself to see the London watch, 830.
 — IX., king of England, 34.
 Hens, customs concerning, 245; one that spoke, 249.
 Herald, personated by the devil, 21.
 Herefordshire, custom on twelfth-night, 43; winter fodder, 1403.
 Heretics, St. Antony's, hatred to, 111.
 Hermit, the first, 104.
 Hertfordshire customs, 565, 1375; witchcraft, 1045.
 Heton, near Newcastle, boy bishop, 1559.
 Higgins, a posture master, 1248.
 Highgate, lord Bacon died there, 870.
 Highway-woman, at Rumford, 1503.
 HILARY, *January* 13; account of him, 99.
 Hindoo festival, Huli, 412.
 Hipson, Miss, a gigantic girl, 1173.
 Hitchin, Herts, May-day, 565.
 Hlafmas, 1063.
 Hoare, Mr. S., his admonitory letter to Wombwell, 988.
 Hoax, in France, 960.
 Hoby, sir Philip, his papers, 871.
 Hock, Hoke, or Hox-day, 476.
 Hockley in the hole, its site, 754.
 Hoddesdon, Herts, Shrove Tuesday customs, 242.
 Hodges's distillery, Lambeth, 603.
 Hogarth, painted scenes for Bartbolomew fair, 1245.
 Holbetch, bishop of London, declares the gift of St. Bartholomew's to the city, at Paul's cross, 1234.
 Holborn-hill, "in my time," 907.
 Holland's, lady, mob, 1229.
 Hollar, Wenc., engraver, account of, 397.
 Holmhurst, St. Alban's, 804.
 Holly, the, and the ivy, 60; a carol, 1598, 1635; an in-door decking, 1635; holly-boy and ivy-girl, 226, 257.
 HOLY CROSS, *September* 14; derivation and usage of the day, 1291.
 — THURSDAY, *mouable*; rogations and customs of the day, 651, 643.
 — gate, opened at Rome, 307.
 — water, 25.
 Holyday, at Dulwich, by S. R. 1011; rational holyday making, 438.
 —, children, at Cbristmas, 1607.
 Home, a sailor's, 690.
 Hop, a threepenny, 1646.
 Hopfer, D., engraving by, 1121.
 Horn fair, described, 1386.
 Horne, bishop, anecdote of, 836.
 Hornsey Wood house, notice of, 759.
 Horoscope of Greenwich observatory, 1090.
 Horses, overloaded one, 438; baited by dogs, 1000; bled on St. Stephen's day, 1643.
 Hosts, miraculous, 351, 534.
 Hot letter from l. Fry to capt. Lyon, 950.
 — weather, 1041; effects of, 1111.
 Hour-glass, inscription, 1425.
 Howe, lord, his naval victory, 741.
 Huddy, Mr., his whimsical equipage, 78.
 Hunting, in the twelfth century, 1379.
 —, rule for knowing when the scent lies, 1378.
 Husbandmen, should be meteorologists, 879.
 Hyde-park, sale of the toll-gate, 1355.
 Hydrophobia, incurable, 900.
 Icicles, poetically described, 184, 198.
 Iliad, in a nut-shell, 1086.
 Ill May-day; see Evil May-day.
 Illumination in London, 1814, 459; of St. Peter's at Rome, 885.
 Image, divided by miracle, 99.
 Indulgence of Leo XII., 306.
 INNOCENTS, *December* 28; derivation and customs of the day, 1648.
 Inquests of London, 1587.
 Insects in summer, 1099.
 INVENTION OF THE CROSS, *May* 3; miraculous origin of the festival, 611.
 Inverness, ball-play, 260.
 Iol, or ol, 1544.
 Ireland, its verdure and plants, 108; customs, 422, 592, 685, 847, 1508; advancing in sculpture, 1651.
 Irving, Mr. Washington, his love of England, 635.
 Isle of Man customs, 59.
 Islington; see Canonbury, Copenhagen-house, Hagbush-lane, Pied Bull, &c.
 Italian minstrels, in London, 1630.
 Ivy, an outside decking, 1635; see Holly.
 Jack in the green, 585.
 — Snacker of Wytney, 1246.
 Jacob's Well, Barbican, 972.
 Jahn's gymnastics, 1317.
 James's, St., palace, plum porridge there at Christmas, 1640.
 James I., new-year's gifts to, 9; a cock-fighter, 255; goes to St. Mary Spital, 445; attends his queen's coronation at Edinburgh, 647; his adventure with a clergyman who caught dotterels, 646.
 — II., lands in Ireland, 353.
 January, the first day, how pictured, 3.
 Janus, how pictured, 1, 6.
 Jefferies, Judge, account of, 478.
 Jennings, miser, account of him, 301.
 Jenyns, Soame, on cruelty to animals, 799.
 JEROME, *September* 30; authority for O. T. Apocrypha, 1343; his legend of the first hermit, 104.
 Jerusalem, golden gate of, 1008.

- Jessup, Samuel, the pill-taker, 661.
 Jesuit, the, a periodical work, 914.
 Jewellery of the Burmese carriage, 1520.
 Jews' new-year's day, 15.
 —, their treatment and present state in England, 295, 385; Jewish stage play, 743.
 Joachim, St., and St. Anne, account of, 1008.
 Joan of Arc, account of, 726.
 John, king of France, died, 452.
 JOHN PORT LATIN, *May 6*; notice of him, 617.
 —, St., baptist, customs on his festival, 836, 845.
 —'s eve, celebrations, 823, 836.
 JOHN, St., apostle, *December 27*, account of him, and customs on his festival, 1647.
 —'s lane, Clerkenwell, raised, 1481.
 — wort, a charm, 854.
 Johnson, David, writing-master, account of, 1086.
 —, Mr. J., his "Typographia," 1136.
 —, Dr. Samuel, and Boswell's liking to town, 646.
 Joint-stock companies, see Bubbles; a new one proposed, 1460.
 Joke, no, like a true joke, 505.
 Jones, rev. W., of Nayland, anecdote of, 836.
 —, sir W., died, 527.
 Jonson, Ben, his description of Bartholomew fair, 1201.
 Joseph, St., Roman carpenters' respect for him, 1595
 Judas, the, 435.
 Judges' breakfast on first of term, 722; sermon before them on Trinity Sunday, 722.
 Judith and Holofernes, at Bartholomew fair, 1227.
 Juggler, with balls, knives, &c. 1188.
 Julian, emperor, reviver of beards, 18; notice of him, 887.
 Juliet Capulet, and Petrarch, 1063.
 Julius II., pope, prefers the sword to books, 266.
 Junkets, 561.
 Justifying bail, humorously described, 158.
 Justs and tournaments on London-bridge, Smithfield, &c. 799, 1167, 1234.
 Kale, whence derived, 196.
 Kaleidoscope invented, 473.
 Katharine, queen, goes a maying, 550.
 —'s, St., church, by the tower, last service there, 1405; see Catharine.
 Keate, George, author, notice of, 880.
 Kele-wurt, 196.
 Kemp, W., of Peerless-pool, 971.
 Kenilworth, sports, 477.
 Kensington, lord, his interest in Bartholomew fair, 1233.
 Kent-road fountain, 1043.
 Kentish custom on Valentin's day, 226; not on that day, 257
 Kiava muchd, 1634.
 Kidder, bishop, and his lady, killed, 1513.
 Kidderminster custom, 1337, 1343.
 Kilda, St., Isle of, custom, 1340.
 Killigrew, Charles, master of the revels, 1243
 King, George IV., his birth-day kept, 1199
 —'s-bench, ball-play, 869.
 Kingston, Surrey, customs, 245, 959.
 Kiss in the ring, 692.
 Klopstock, Frederic, died, 361.
 Knacking of the hands, 1267.
 Knight, the, and the Virgin Mary, a mystery, 748.
 —, R. P., his dissertation, 1324.
 Knight-riders-street, whence so called, 1166.
 Knights and ladies, a winter pastime, 1614.
 Knowledge, advantages of, 1549.
 Kœnig, Mr., inventor of the steam press, 1537
 Kyrle, John, death of, 1438.
 Labour, inevitable in all ranks, 1315; essential to success in art, 1651.
 Labre, Benedict Joseph, account of, 467.
 Lace of St. Audrey, 1383.
 Lackington, Mr. George, purchases the Egyptian-hall, 1531.
 Lady-day, 386.
 —, old, 450.
 — of the May, 550.
 Ladies, wore friars' girdles, 262.
 Lagan-le-vrich, 1633.
 Lalande, astronomer, died, 451.
 Lamb of St. Agnes, 141, 143; lamb-playing at Easter, 422; lamb and lion, 1005.
 —, Mr. Charles, quatrains from him to the editor, 927; quatorzians from the editor to him, 929.
 Lamb's wool, 44, 53, 1606; its derivation, 1416.
 LAMBERT, *September 17*; account of the saint, 1295.
 LAMMAS, *August 1*; its derivation, 1063; weather in Scotland, 342.
 Lamps, of old times, 831.
 Lanark, Palm Sunday custom, 396.
 Lane, a legerdeman player, 1248.
 Larks in spring, 534; Dunstaple, 952.
 Last Judgment of M. Angelo, 268.
 Latimer's, bishop, new-year's gift to Henry VIII., 7.
 Laura, Petrarch's, died, 450.
 LAWRENCE, *August 10*; account of this saint, 1085.
 —, St., Jewry church, 1085.
 —, sir Thomas, a question by, 1458.
 Law suit, its forms and progress of, 233.
 — terms, 99; vacations, *ib.*
 Laymen's parliament, 752.
 Leadenhall-street maypole, 555.
 Leaf, a withered, 1111; fall of the leaf, 1438.
 Learned pig's performance, 1194.

- Leather-lane, King's-head public-house, 1630.
- Lee and Harper's show, 1228.
- Leeds, twelfth-eve custom, 43.
- Leek, on St. David's-day, 317.
- Leeming, Joseph, account of, 1455; his letter to the editor, 1467.
- Leeuwarden custom, 1566.
- Leg, a, adventures of, 1460, 1467.
- Legal glee—a catch, 164.
- recreations, 239.
- Leicester, sir John, his gallery possesses Mr. Behnes' bust of Mr. West, 346.
- Leisure, retired, 667.
- Leisre-monat, 312.
- Lent celebrations, 193; in a pageant, 256, 257; Lenten cross, 395.
- Leo, zodiacal sign, symbolized, 1006.
- Africanus, on the ass, 1309; and camel, 1580; his travels, 1581.
- , pope, calls St. Hilary a cock, 99.
- XII., his indulgence, 306.
- Leopold, prince, of Brunswick, drowned, 527.
- Letter to *March* 25, 389.
- foundery of Breikopf, 185.
- Leyden, explosion of gunpowder there, 93.
- Libra, zodiacal sign, 1147.
- Lida aftera, 892; erra, 738.
- Lifting at Easter, 422.
- Lincoln's-inn-hall, breakfast on first of term, 155, 1436; fountain, 1043.
- Lincolnshire customs, &c. 1482.
- Lindsey, dame, of Bath, 1280.
- Lions, anecdotes of, 104, 978 to 1006, 1184, 1176, 1177, 1191.
- head at Button's, 1006.
- Lisbon, earthquake at, affects Peerless-pool, 975.
- Liston, Mr., sees the living skeleton, 1029.
- Literary services, ungrateful reward of, 527; piracy, 1140.
- Literature, societies for encouraging, 354.
- Little Britain, Spectator published there, 283.
- Littleton, lexicographer, his inscription for the monument, 1165.
- Liverpool, earl of, master of the Trinity, ceremony of swearing, 724.
- Living skeleton, the, visit to, 1017; another, 1129.
- Livy and his books, 24.
- Loaf-mass, 1063.
- Lobscouse, 53.
- Logan, salt-water fish-pond, 82.
- London, new-year's day, 15; Palm Sunday, 395; customs, 435; lord mayor and citizens going a maying, 552; pageant, 671; lord mayor &c. at a mystery, 756; ancient watch, 826; sheriffs proveditors for beasts, 1005; corporation costume on St. Bartholomew's day, eve, &c. 1235; customs at Michaelmas, 1330; lord mayor's establishment, 1331; notice for 5th Nov. 1435; lord mayor's day, 1439; election of ward officers, 1587; waits, 1626; ceremony of founding the new London-bridge, 775; account of the old one, 799; city wall repaired from ruins of Jews' houses, 296.
- LONDON BURNT, 1666, *September* 2; accounts of the great fire, 1150.
- Magazine, "Lion's Head," 1007.
- LONGEST DAY, *June* 21; a suitable apologue, 819; see BARNABAS, *June* 11.
- Longevity of Petrarch, a Russian, 39.
- Dennis Hampson, Irish bard, 40.
- LORD MAYOR'S DAY, *November* 9; account of lord mayor's show, 671, 1439, 1453.
- Lord of the tap, at Stourbridge fair, 1487.
- Lothbury, Jews' synagogue plundered, 296; —how watered formerly, 971.
- Lovat, lord, executed, 452.
- Love account-keeping, 215; advertisement, 1070; see Spring.
- Loveday, Mr., his daughters become Catholics, 534.
- Loudon, J. C., his "Encyclopædia of Gardening," 1043, note.
- Louis XVI., beheaded, 145.
- XVIII., new-year's gifts to him, 14; patron of plum-pudding, 1617.
- LOW SUNDAY, *movable*; its derivation, 453.
- Luchd-vouil, 1634.
- LUCIAN, *January* 8; account of this saint, 78.
- LUCY, *December* 13; account of this saint, 1570.
- LUKE, *October* 18; horn fair on his festival, 1386; how he is painted, 1387.
- Lulle, Raym., alchemist, account of, 398.
- Lulli, J. B., composer, died, 383.
- Lute, the barber's, 1268.
- Lyme Regis, custom on Candlemas-day 206.
- M'Creery, Mr. John, his "Press," a poem, 1135; lines on his daughter's hour-glass, 1425.
- Macdonald, Alexander, his monument to the pretender, 33.
- , sergeant Samuel, notice of, 619.
- M'Dowal, colonel, his salt fish store, 82.
- MACHUTUS, *November* 15; who he was, 1486.
- Mackerel fishing, 961.
- Macnamara, captain, duellist, 451.
- Mad dogs, danger from, 900.
- Moll, and her husband, at Hitchin, 566.
- Magdalen-college quadrangle, dressed with greens, 836.
- Magna Charta signed, 811.
- Magnus, St., church, custom at, 1349.
- Maia, a deity, 537.
- Maid Marian, 550, &c.

- Mail coach, annual procession, 503.
 Malabar Christians, 1586.
 Malt's defence, 75.
 Man of Ross, Pope's, 1438.
 — smuggling, illegal, 1435.
 Mansfield, earl, C. J., died, 374.
 Manures and dressings, fanciful, 664.
 Nara, madam, notice of, 762.
 Marco, a Tower lion 1006.
 Mare with seven legs, 1181.
 Margot, a French girl, a ball-player, 856.
 MARK, St. *April* 25; notice of him, 512; celebrations of his eve and festival, 521.
 Marlborough, duke of, notice of, 798.
 Marriage of a priest, whereby he remained a bachelor, 142; ill luck to marry on Childermas-day, 1648.
 Marseilles' fete, 1298.
 MARTIN, St., *November* 11; account of him, 1469.
 ———'s church, near Canterbury, 301.
 ———, Mr., of Galway, noticed, 980.
 Martineau, Mrs., lines on her death, 796.
 Martinmas, 1470.
 Mary, the lady, a rope-dancer, her tragical fate, 1241.
 ———, queen, sung to by a boy bishop, 1560.
 ———, queen of Scots, new-year's gift to, 10.
 ———, St., at hill, boy bishop, 1560.
 ———'s, eve carol, 1602.
 ——— Overy, boy bishop, 1559.
 ———, Spital, London, 445.
 Mason, rev. W., poet, died, 421.
 Maskers, at a common hop, 1646.
 Masking on twelfth-night, 54.
 Massacre of St. Bartholomew, 1131.
 Master of the revels, his office and seal, 1244.
 Matilda, queen of Denmark, dies in prison, 529.
 MATTHEW, St., *September* 21; account of him, 1314.
 Maughan, Nicholas, a showman, 1173.
 MAUNDY THURSDAY, *movable*; maund, maundy, &c. customs, 400.
 Maxentius II., emperor, his cruelty, 1504.
 May-day, maypoles, maygames and garlands, 541 to 598, 705; maypole in a screen, 761.
 Mayers' song, 567.
 May-fair, Piccadilly, account of, 572.
 — hill, dangerous to invalids, 652.
 — month, 598.
 — morning, 644.
 Mechanics' Institution recommended, 1500.
 ———, London, founded, 1549.
 Mechelen, Israel van, engraving by, 1119.
 Medal of Henry IX. king of England, 34; of Napoleon on his marriage, 409; a French one on Martinmas, 1472.
 Medemonath, 738.
 Melmoth, Courtney, died, 361.
 Melodies of evening, 606.
 Memory Corner Thompson, account of, 81.
 Men, twelve, suspended in the air, 20.
 Mercery, its signification, 1337.
 Merchaat Tailors' song, 1452.
 Meredith, a fives-player, 867.
 Merriment within compass, 61.
 Merry-andrew, a superior one, 1245.
 Merry in the hall, when beards wag all! 1640.
 Meteor, a, in Britain, 373.
 MICHAEL, St., *September* 29; account of him, 629; his dragon, 500, 1325.
 Michaelmas-day custom, 1325.
 ———, old, 1374.
 ——— term, 1436.
 Michell, Simon, barrister, 1479, 1481.
 Middleton's, Dr. Conyers, coach-horses blessed, 117.
 Mid-Lent Sunday, 358.
 Midnight and the Moon, 963.
 MIDSUMMER-DAY, *June* 24; celebrations 837.
 ———-eve, bonfires, watchsetting, &c. 823 to 836; divinations, 850.
 ———-men, 850.
 Midsumormonath, 738.
 Midwinter, 59.
 ———-monath, 1543.
 Milan, its great loss, 46.
 Mildred's, St., church in the Poultry, 285.
 Mile, and half-mile stones, projected, 103.
 Miles, lieutenant colonel, serves against the Burmese, 1527.
 Milkmaids' garlands, 570.
 Miller's booth, Bartholomew fair, 1238.
 Mince pies, symbolical, 1638.
 Minch-pies, 1639.
 Minster, Isle of Thanet, first abbess of, 285.
 Minstrels, their ancient vocation, 1231.
 Miracles, &c. of Romish saints; see Index II.
 Mirror of the Months, a book, 1491.
 Missel-thrush, 535.
 Mistletoe cut by the Druids, 6; kissed under, 1614, 1615; proscribed in churches, 1636.
 Mitford, J., his account of lord Byron's residence at Mitylene, 487.
 Monk, a, drowned, and afterwards relates his adventures, 1117.
 ———, duke of Albemarle, his wife, 582.
 Monmouth, countess of, 17.
 Montgomery, colonel, killed, 451.
 Months, the, in a Norwich pageant, 256; in a versified memorandum, 310.
 Montmartre, its derivation, 1371.
 Monument, the, on Fish-street-hill, 1150, 1165.
 Moon, the, poetically addressed, 292; at midnight, 963; its influence on the weather, 1015; symbolized, 1110; new-moon customs, 1509.

- Moor, sir Jonas, astronomer died, 1093.
 Moore's travels in Africa, 1582.
 ———, Mr. Thomas, lord Byron's last lines to, 490.
 Moorgate, annual procession from, 1488.
 More, sir Thomas, lord chancellor, declines a new-year's gift of money, 9; reproves his lady, 262; his head on London bridge, 799.
 Morrice dance, in the Strand, 559.
 Morton, Regent, his guillotine, 149.
 Moscow rebuilt, from Grays-inn-lane dust-heap, 323.
 Most Christian king, origin of the title, 1349.
 Mother, suckling her child, 905.
 Mothering Sunday, 358.
 Mother's milk, an epigram, 1311.
 Motions, puppet shows, 1246.
 Movable fasts and feasts, 190; vigil or eve, morrow, octave or utas of, &c. 192; corrected, 415.
 Mummers and mumming, 592, 1653.
 Mushroom, an enormous one, 20.
 Music of cats, 1106, 1110; music in every thing, 1142; at Bartholomew fair, 1248; in the ass, 1360; musical ear of squirrels, 1365; musical prodigies, 1038.
 Mutton-pie, and loaf, annual gift, 978.
 Myddleton, sir Hugh, when he did not die, 343.
 Mysteries, and Romish church pageants, 742, 750, &c.
 Nailing, on twelfth-night, 50.
 NAME OF JESUS, *August 7*; why in the almanacs, 1071.
 Napoleon's marriage and medal, 409; king of Rome, born, 374; Napoleon died, 616.
 Naseby, battle of, 773.
 Nash, Beau, notice of, 1585.
 NATIVITY OF JOHN, baptist, *June, 24*; customs on the day and eve, 833, 846.
 ———, B. V. M., *September 8*; when instituted as a festival, &c., 1274.
 Navigations, miraculous, 4, 26, 194.
 Negro woman's pity of a climbing boy, 592.
 Nelson, lord, anecdotes of him, 126.
 Neptune of the Egyptians, 141.
 Nero, account of, 453.
 ——— and Wallace, lions, 978.
 Nettle whipping, on May eve, 594.
 New River nuisances, 951, 1042.
 ——— year's day, celebrations of, 3; Nightingale on, 521.
 ——— eve, celebrations and winds, 10, 11, 1653.
 ——— gifts, 6, 30.
 Newcastle customs, 430; Corpus Christi play, 755; procession of glass-cutters, 1286; and shoemakers, 1401.
 ——— house bonfire, 1433.
 Newman, Sarah, epitaph on, 1480.
 Newnton, Wilts, Trinity Sunday custom, 723.
 Newspaper advertisement, to subscribers, 823.
 ——— office, letter-boxes, 103.
 Newton, sir Isaac, obtains the Strand maypole, 560; dispute between him and Fiamsteed, 1091; died, 374.
 Nice, council of, 1557.
 NICHOLAS, *December 6*; account of St. Nicholas, and customs on his festival, 1555; in Holland, 1566.
 ———, lady Penelope, killed, 1513.
 Nicknackitarian law-suit, 1284.
 NICOMEDE, *June 1*; a martyr, 741.
 Niger, the, its course, 1582.
 Nightingales, on new-year's day, 521; in April, 540; in May, 606; at Blackheath, 688; their jug-jug, 728.
 Nightless days, 772.
 Noah's flood represented at Bartholomew fair, 1247.
 Norfolk, duke of, foiled at a sale, 1007.
 North-east wind fiend, 136; its effects, 622.
 North road to London, account of the most ancient, 870 to 878.
 ——— Walsham, Norfolk, throwing at an owl there, 252.
 Northumberland customs, 849.
 ——— household book, records, mysteries, 755.
 Norwich turkeys, sent to London at Christmas, 1606.
 Notice to quit, 1342.
 Nottingham park, foliage destroyed, 1111.
 Now—a hot day, 880.
 Nut-burning and cracking, 1408, 1415, 1421.
 Nutting on Holy-rood day, 1293.
 Oath, remarkably observed, 654.
 Octavia, empress, account of, 454.
 Ode on Smithery, 1499.
 O'Donoghue, legend of, 594.
 Offerings at the chapel-royal on twelfth-day, 59; at Easter, 359.
 Olave's St., church in the Old Jewry formerly a synagogue, 296; boy bishop, 1561.
 ———, Silver-st., mystery performed at, 756.
 Old Clem at Woolwich, 1501.
 ——— Fogcys, 1454.
 ——— HOLY ROOD, *September 26*; noticed, 1324.
 ——— May-day, 683.
 ——— MICHAELMAS DAY, *October 11*; customs, 1375.
 Onagra, the, 1178.
 Onions, divination, 1552.
 O. P. row, 603.
 Opie, John, artist, died, 453.
 Optical illusion, 122.
 Oram, Edward, and Hogarth, 1245

- Orange, stuck with cloves, 7.
 Oratorio, its origin, 703.
 Oratory, fathers of the, 702.
 Organ, of St. Catharine's church, 1407; in the street at Christmas, 1615.
 Orleans, duchess d', her new-year's gift to Louis XVIII., 14.
 O SAPIENTIA, *December* 16; why in the almanacs, 1572.
 Oster-monath, 407.
 Ovens, origin of, 259.
 Overbury, sir Thomas, murder of, 1437.
 Ovid, character of, 23.
 Our lady of Bolton's image, 431.
 Owling and purling on Valentine's day, &c. 227, 252.
 Ox and Ass, why represented in prints of the nativity, 1610.
 Oxen pledged in cider, &c., 43.
 Oxford, curfew at Carfax, 242.
 Oyster-tub used for a carriage, 78.
 Oysters on St. James's-day, 978.
- Packhorse travelling, 876.
 Packington's pound, a tune, 1214.
 Pageants in London, 671, 1443, 1473, 1487; at Edinburgh, 647; on St. John's eve, 825; of the seasons, fasts, and feasts, 255.
 . . .lace-yard porter shops, 603.
 Pallas, the planet, discovered, 397.
 PALM SUNDAY, *movable*; celebrations and customs of the day, 391; palm, 1081.
 — play, with a ball, 864.
 Palmer, Garrick's bill-sticker, 1244.
 Pamela, imagined at cards, 93.
 Pancake-day, 246.
 — month, 197.
 Panchaud, M., defrauded, 770.
 Panormo, Mr. C., gains a prize for sculpture, 1651.
 Paper folding man, the, 692.
 — windows at Bartholomew tide, 1133.
 Paques, pascha, paschal, pace, paste, 416.
 Paradise, a Jesuit's account of, 1350.
 Paris, new-year's day, 13; blessing of a market there, 758.
 Parish clerks of London, the, mysteries of, 753.
 — priest, a good, 1613.
 Parr, Dr. Samuel, his Spital sermon, and character, 444; and death, 339.
 Pascal, the, 393, 436, 959.
 Passion, the, symbolized, 405.
 — flower, 770.
 — Sunday, 392.
 Pastry-cooks' shops on twelfth-night, 47.
 Paternoster backwards, a charm, 1415.
 PATRICK, St., *March* 17; legend of the saint's miracles, 363; customs on his festival, 369; his chair, 825.
 Paul, St., the apostle, notice of 889; his and Seneca's epistles, 453.
 —'s day, superstitions, 175; his chain, 601.
 Paul's cathedral, London, 301; its pigeon, 1246.
 — cross, sermon against maypoles 753; rood, 1292.
 — school, boys play mysteries, 753.
 Pea-queen on twelfth-night, 56.
 Peckham fair, 1125.
 Pedlar, described, 1215.
 Peerless-pool, described, 970.
 Pendrill, Will., in the royal oak, 718.
 Penn, William, his account of Mrs. Gaunt's death, 480.
 Penny, in twelfth-cake, 55.
 Pens, his engraving of a guillotine, 148
 Pentecost, 685.
 Pentonville, deficient of water, 1042.
 Penzance, May custom, 561.
 Perambulation of parishes, 652.
 Perceval, Robert, killed in the Strand, 561.
 PERPETUA, *March* 7; noticed, 340.
 Perriwigs, 1259.
 Peru, a fives-player, 867.
 Pukes, 1450; for four angels, 435.
 PETER, St., *June* 29, celebration of his festival at Rome, 885.
 —'s chains, 1061.
 — chair at Rome, 121.
 — church, occasioned the Reformation, 264.
 —, Czar, visits Greenwich, 1095.
 Petrarch, crowned in public, 452; his birth-day, the same as Juliet Capulet's, 1063.
 Phials, with devil's drink, 21.
 PHILIP and JAMES, Sts., *May* 1; noticed, 541.
 — the fair, entertains Edward II., 746
 Phillips, W., a Welsh dwarf, 1188.
 Philosopher's stone, a patent for it, 240.
 Piazzi's discovery of the planet Ceres, 17.
 Picture of St. Ignatius, miraculous, 1055.
 Pictures at Dulwich, 1011.
 Pidcock and Polito's menagerie, 1246.
 Pie-powder-court, 1214.
 Pied Bull, Islington, 634.
 Pifferari of Calabria, 1595.
 Pigeons of Paul's, 120, 1246.
 Pigs, 119; annually consumed in London, 1217.
 Pillow made of a dead man, 21.
 Pills, one pill not a dose, 661.
 Pinning on twelfth-night, 47.
 Pin-sticking customs, 136.
 Pins and Pin-money, 9.
 Pio, Albert, prince of Carpi, buried, 529.
 Pipe of the Roman eucharist, 185.
 Piran's, St., day, 334.
 Pitt, rev. Charles, poet, died, 461.
 Pizarro, notice of, 857.
 Plague, the, notice of, 363; in London, 383
 Plough-light money, 73.
 PLOUGH MONDAY, *movable*; processions and other customs, 71.
 — and Sunday, London festivals, 1334.

- Plum-porridge at Christmas, 1640.
 — pudding, an eccentric vender of it, 1250; made in France, 1617.
 Plutarch, read to Louis XIV., 1231.
 Plymouth, mild winter at, 1563.
 Poaching notice, 350.
 Poetry, English, its first cultivator, 701.
 Pole, the barber's, 1269.
 Pompeii, panorama of, 1595.
 Pompey's complaint in the dog-days, 945.
 Ponsodie, 53.
 Pope, the, and cardinals' jubilee for the massacre on St. Bartholomew's day, 1131.
 —, annual burning of, 1487.
 — Joan, card par'y, 91.
 Pope's willow tree, 1081.
 Popery, No, 1433.
 Porter and his knot, 1215.
 Porto-Bello, rejoicings on taking, 1473.
 Post-office business increased, 215.
 POWDER PLOT, *November 5*; celebrations, 1429.
 Powell's, Mr., pedigree, 797.
 Powell of the fives-court, 868.
 Prayer, directory for, 202; M. Angelo's, 280.
 Praying for the dead, 1424.
 Prehdachdan sour, 1633.
 Pressing of seamen, when commenced, 373.
 Pretender, monument to him, 33.
 Price, Dr. Richard, died, 486.
 Pricking in the belt, 437.
 Printer's customs, and printing terms, 1133;
 — devil, 1139.
 Printing, 185; improvement in, 1535; a simile, 30.
 PRISCA, *January 18*; noticed, 22.
 Prisoners on trial, why uncovered, 1437.
 Pritchard, rev. George, his storm sermon, 1517.
 Procession-week, 642.
 Proclamation of Bartholomew fair, form of, 1165; for a fast in the storm year, 1515.
 Proger's, Mr., pedigree, 797.
 Pulpits, 838; stone pulpit at Oxford, 837.
 Pumps, 1041.
 Puppet shows, 1246; in Ben Jonson's time, 1202; at May-fair, 574; at Pentonville, 1114.
 Purgatory eased, in 1825, 307; see Romish saints, Index II.
 PURIFICATION, *February 2*; see Candlemas.
 Puxton custom, 837.
 Pye-corner, Smithfield, 1217, 1238.
 —, John, watchman of Bungay, 1628.
- Quadragesima, 193.
 Quarter-day, situations and feelings on, 841.
 Quarto-die-post, explained, 100.
 Queen's college Oxford, Boar's head carol, 1619.
- R. G. V. H. an inscription, 1466.
 No. 54*.
- Racine, reads to Louis XIV., 1231.
 Rackets, origin of, 863.
 Radcliffe, Ralph, mystery writer, 753.
 Raher, first prior of St. Bartholomew's, 1231.
 Raikes, Robert, philanthropist, died, 421.
 Rain, why it did not fall for three years, 116; on Swithin's day, 954, 958; average fall in winter, 1564.
 — bow in winter, 107.
 Ranson's, Mr. J. T., etching of Starkey, 922, 928, 968.
 Raphael, the archangel, 1326.
 —, painter, died, 451; his picture of the Nativity, with a bag-piper, 1595.
 Rath, the or Burncase state-carriage, 1519.
 Rats eat a bishop, 1362.
 Ratzburg customs on Christmas-ere, 1604.
 Raven feeds a saint and fetches his cloak 104.
 Recollections, effect of tender, 1406.
 Red Cross-street burial ground, for Jews, 296.
 — Lion-square, obelisk in, 859.
 Reformation, the, its immediate cause, 264.
 Refreshment Sunday, 358.
 Relics, curious list of, 814.
 REMIGIUS, *October 1*; noticed, 1349.
 Resurrection, the, a Romish church drama, 431.
 Rhed-monath, 313.
 Rheumatism cured by ale, 23.
 Ribadeneira's Lives of the Saints, used in this work, 3.
 Rich, Richard, lord, grant to him of St. Bartholomew's priory, 1232.
 RICHARD DE WICHE, *April 3*; account of him, 419.
 — II. and his court at the parish clerks' play, 753.
 — III. attends the Coventry plays, 757.
 Richards, rev. Mr., buried alive, 1565.
 Richardson, Mr., buys Button's lion's head, 1007.
 —'s, itinerant theatre, 1182, 1388.
 Richmond, visit to, 601; hunt on Holyrood-day, 1294.
 Riding stang described, 12.
 Ridlington, Rob., his bequest to Stamford, 1484.
 Ring, a, occasions a repartee, 529; wedding ring of Joachim and Anne, 1010.
 Rippon church, Yorksbire, lighted up before Candlemas, 205.
 Rising early, its effects, 79.
 Ritson, Jos., publishes a Christmas carol, 1600.
 Roast beef, 1578.
 — pig, by Elia, 1218.
 Robbery at Copenhagen-house, 862.
 Robin in winter, 103; and the wren, 647.
 — Hood, 550; and his bower, 686.
 Roche, St. or St. Roche's day, 1120.

- Rochester cathedral, 301.
 ———, lord, outwitted, 613; banters Charles II., 721.
 Rock-day, 61.
 Rodd, Mr. Thomas, bookseller, 8, 1066.
 Rodney, adm., defeats Comte de Grasse, 459.
 Roebuck Inn Richmond, 604.
 ROGATION SUNDAY, *movable*; customs in Rogation week, 641.
 Rogers, organist of Bristol, noticed, 1039.
 Roman pottery, a new-year's gift, 6; wigs of Roman ladies, 1263.
 Rome, ancient, new-year's day, 13; founded, 493.
 Romish church established, 744; Romish and protestant churches and worship compared, 839, 919.
 Ronaldshay, North, custom, 10.
 Rood, the, described, 1291.
 Rooks, in Doctor's Commons, 494.
 Rose Sunday, 358.
 ——— gathering on Midsummer-eve, 852.
 ———, the last, of summer, 1389.
 Roseberry, earl of, singular narrative of his son and a clergyman's wife, 1122.
 Rosemary-branch, fives-play, 867.
 Roundabouts and up-and-downs, 1249.
 Rout, city, discontinued, 1336.
 Row, T., Dr. Pegge, and curfew, 244.
 Rowlandson's Boor's-head, 1622.
 Royal-oak-day, 711.
 Rubens's death of St. Antony, 120.
 Ruffian's hall, Smithfield, 1234.
 Runic calendar, 1404.
 Rural musings, 106.
 Rush-strewing at Deptford, 1825, 725.
 Sackville, secretary, account of his schoolmaster, 29.
 Sadler, J., his engraving of St. Cecilia, 1496.
 Sadler's Wells, anglers, 344; play-bill, 1200.
 Saffron-flower and cakes, 1148.
 Sailors, their patrons in storms, 537; staid ashore in bad weather, 1419; mistake of one, 1591; a sailor and his wife at Greenwich, 689.
 Saints, Romish, authorities mostly referred to for their legends, 3; in sweetmeat, 116; peculiarity of their bodies, *ib.*; tender-nosed, 745; carry their heads under their arms after death, 1371; a dirty one, 467. For further particulars, see Index II.
 Salisbury, boy bishop, 1557; Edward the Confessor, translated to Salisbury, 813.
 Sallows described, 78.
 Salters' company, custom, 1349.
 Salvator's temptation of St. Antony, 116.
 Samam, vigil of, 1415.
 Samwell's company of tumblers, 1185.
 Sannazarius's poem, De Partu Virginis, 1611.
 Saturnalian days, 57.
 Satyr, seen by a saint, 104
 Saunderson, Dr. Nicholas, mathematician died, 486.
 Sausages, feast of, 1471.
 Scent in hunting, 1378.
 Schoen, Martin, engraving by, 1119.
 Schoolmasters, formerly, 30; presided on throwing at cocks, 252.
 School-time in spring, 674.
 Scone, ball-play, 259.
 Scotland, candlemas-day, 206; Shrove Tuesday, 259; mists, 250; first of April, 1811; has no carols at Christmas, 1602; Highland Christmas, 1633; superstitions, 1408.
 Scott, Bartholomew, married Cranmer's widow, 382.
 Screen, at Hornsey Wood house, 760.
 Sculpture and painting, their relative merits, 275; the two Royal Academy prizes for 1825; awarded to two Irish pupils, 1651.
 Scythe carried by the Devil, 21.
 Sea-water, a company to bring it to Copenhagen-fields, 869.
 Seal of Button's Lion's head, 1007
 Seasons, their names derived, 1518.
 Seduction, 1076.
 Self-multiplication of saints' bodies and relics, 335, 611, 814.
 Selim, sultan, takes Cairo, 461.
 Seneca, his death and character, 453.
 SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY, *movable*; why so called, 192, 193.
 Sepulchre, Romish church drama, 432.
 Serjeant's coif, 158.
 Sermon for Easter diversion, 446.
 ———s prohibited to be read, 1264.
 Serpent, a little one in a woman, 38; a taper, *ib.*; serpents dance on ropes, 1245; a seat on a serpent's knee, 1599.
 Servants, their new-year's gifts to masters, 10; cautioned against leaving Christmas leaves, 204.
 ——— maid, a character, 481.
 Settle, Elkanah, the last city poet, 1453.
 Seurat, Ambrose, account of, 1017.
 Seward, Anna, author, died, 389.
 SEXAGESIMA, *movable*; why so called, 191, 193.
 Shaftesbury, lord, plays in a pageant, 1490.
 Shakspeare, died, 503; his jest book, 504.
 ——— tavern sale, 1007.
 Shamrock, the Irish cognizance, 371.
 Sharp, Mr. T., his work on pageants, 478.
 ———, W., engraver, 604.
 Shaving in winter, 18; anciently, 1268.
 Sheep-blessing by the Romish church, 143; shearing, 740.
 Sheep's head, singed, 1539.
 Sheet used at execution of Charles I., 187.
 Shepherd and shepcredess tavern, City-road, 442, 975.

- Shere Thursday, 400.
 Sheridan, R. B., notice and character of, 910.
 Ship, in a pageant, 1450.
 Shirt, a miraculous iron one, 286; stitches in a shirt, 1375.
 Shoemaker-row, 1238.
 ———s, their patron and holyday, 1395; shoe-stealer blinded, 26.
 Shoes, sandals, and slippers, 513.
 Shony, a western isle sea-god, 1414.
 Shooting, at Bartholomew tide, 1235; in North Britain at Christmas, 1634.
 Showman's family described, 1189.
 Shrewsbury, Easter-lifting, 422.
 Shrid-pies, 1638.
 Shrive, shrove, 246.
 SHROVE TUESDAY, *movable*; customs, 242.
 Siddons, Mrs., 905.
 Side-bar, in Westminster-hall, 156.
 Sidney, Algernon, 479.
 Sign, Absalom, 1262; a tinman's, 1385.
 Silcnus, 450.
 SILVESTER, *December* 31; notice of him, 1653.
 SIMON, St., and St. JUDE, *October* 28; superstitions of the day, 1403.
 Sirius, the dog-star, 897, 899.
 Sixtine chapel, M. Angelo's scaffold for it, 267.
 Skeleton-huntsmen' song, 1296.
 Skewers, used for pins, 9.
 Skinners' company, their pageant, 1452.
 ——— well, mystery played at, 753.
 Slatyer, W., his psalms to song tunes, 1598.
 Sleep, how avoided by a saint, 282.
 Sleepers, legend of the Seven, 1035.
 Slingsby, sir H., his account of the training in 1639, 28.
 Sluicelhouse, near Hornsey Wood, 696.
 Smith, Gentleman, account of, 1288.
 Smithery, ode in praise of, 1499.
 Smithfield, entertainment on May-day, 589; at Bartholomew-fair time, 1166; whence so called, 1231; paved, 1234.
 Smoking, 667.
 Smuchdan, 12.
 Smuggling tops, dumps, &c. 253; a Guy, 1431; a man, 1435.
 Snipes, 1390.
 Snow-ball, sport, 257; snow-balls medicinal, 414.
 ——— drop described, 78.
 Snuff-taking, how to leave off, 152; wit at a pinch, 231.
 Soissons, church branch of seven tapers, 45.
 Solace, a printer's penalty, 1136.
 Soldier pensioned for killing two men, and capturing their lion, 1006.
 Somers, lord, died, 525.
 ———town miracle, 472.
 Somerset-house, old, what stones built with, 1479.
 Somersetshire, sports and customs, 435; customs, 837, 865.
 Somnambulism, 1591.
 Song, a, sung by itself, 1296
 Sophia, princess, of Gloucester, walk in her gardens at Blackheath, 689.
 Sops, joy-sops with twelfth-cake, 56.
 Sot's hole, 689.
 Sound as a roach, 1121.
 South-sea bubble, 165.
 Sowans, 1633.
 Sowing, rewarded by cakes and cider, 42.
 Sparrows, their use, 495.
 Spectator, by whom published, 283.
 Spectral appearances to the editor, 123; why they were illusions, 125.
 Spencer, sir John, account of, 639.
 Spice-bread massacre, 54.
 Spiced-bowl, 10, 42.
 Spiders, 384; barometers, 931; fly in summer, 1284; save a saint, 102.
 Spines, Jack, a racket-player, 868.
 Spinsters, their patroness, 1508.
 Spirits, watching them in the church-porch, 523.
 Spital sermon, 443; an inflammatory one, 577.
 Sportsman, account of one, by himself, 290.
 Spring quarter, and festival, 335, 374; dress, 337; complete, 536; mornings, 530, 674.
 Sprout-kele, 196.
 Spry, Dr., preaches on Trinity Monday, 725.
 Squires of the Lord Mayor, 1371.
 Squirrels, habits and instincts, 1365, 1383; squirrel hunting, 1539.
 Stafford, its patron saint, 1278.
 ———shire customs, 423.
 Stage, the old, described, 757.
 Staines, sir W., anecdotes of, 972.
 Stamford bull running described, 1482.
 Standish, Dr., his inflammatory sermon, 577.
 Stang, a cowl-staff, 12.
 Starkey, capt. Ben., memoirs of, 922, 965, 1510.
 Star, feast of the, 45.
 Stars in winter, 22, 1582; observed by Flamsteed, 1091; fall to discover a buried image, 194.
 Steamboat visit to Richmond, 601.
 Stebbings, Isaac, swam for a wizard, 942
 Steel-boots, worn by Charles II., 17.
 Steeple-climbing, 766.
 Steevens, George, account of, 152.
 STEPHEN, St., *December* 26; customs on his festival, 1641
 Stepney Wood, a maying place, 552.
 Stilts, 256.
 Stock, Eliz., a giantess, 1197.
 Stocks, the, carl Camden put into, 481.
 Stockwell ghost, narrative, 62; solution, 68.

- Stone, old, at North Ronaldshay, 10.
 Stoning Jews, a Lent custom, 295.
 Stool ball, 430; see Ball-play.
 Storm, the great, in 1703, described, 1512.
 ——— cock, 535.
 Stourbridge fair, account of, 1300, 1487.
 Stow, John, antiquary died, 421.
 Strand, maypole, 556.
 Strathdown, new-year's celebration, 11.
 Straw in the shoe, the perjurer's sign, 157.
 Strong woman, 574.
 Stroud, Kent, entailment of its natives, 704.
 Struence and Brandt executed, 529.
 Stuart holydays, 188.
 ——— line, its termination, 33.
 Sudley, entertainment to queen Elizabeth, 55.
 Suett, the comedian, his legs, 1029.
 Suffocation, receipt for, 209.
 Suffolk customs, 430; witchcraft, 942.
 ———, countess of, her hair, 1263.
 ———, lady, her present to Pope, 1081.
 Suicides, how buried, 451.
 Summer, dress, 819; evening, 933; mid-night, 812; morning and evening, 815; morning, 962; solstice, 823; zephyr, 920; last rose, 1389; holydays, 1011.
 Sun, the, dancing, 421; symbolized, 491; sunset, 1355; sunshining on St. Vincent's-day, 151.
 Sunday schools founded, 421.
 ———s, five in February, 310.
 Superstitions, vulgar, 515, 523.
 Swallow-day, 465; account of swallows, their migration, &c., 506, 644, 647, 1098.
 Swash-bucklers and washers, 1234.
 Sweetheart customs, and superstitions, 136, 260.
 SWITHIN, *July* 15; account of him, 953; establishes tithes in England *ib.*; superstitions on his festival, 954.
 Swordbearer, and swords of the city, 1331
 Sword and buckler, how carried, 1234.
 Sylvester, St.; see Silvester.
 Symes, Mr., of Canonbury tower, 638.
 Systrum, of the Egyptians, 1110.
 Tail-sticking, on St. Sebastian's day, 135; at Stroud, 704.
 Tailors, why they should require a reference, 120.
 Tansy pudding, 429.
 Tantony pig, 119.
 Tasks for a saint, 341.
 Tasso, died, 519.
 Tavistock monastery founded, 29.
 Tawdry, its derivation, 1383.
 Taylor, Jeremy, on card-playing, 89.
 ———, Joseph, bookseller, his endowment for an annual sermon on the great storm, 1517.
 Teddington church, Middlesex, mistletoe proscribed, 1637.
 Tee, the, described, 1523, 1528.
 Tell, William, arms his countrymen, 16.
 Temperature of winter, 1563.
 Temple, the, fountain, 1043.
 ——— gate, the popc burnt at, 1488.
 ———, Inner, customs at Christmas, 1618.
 Temptations of St. Antony, 109.
 Tenebræ, a Romish church service, 405.
 Term, first day of, customs, &c. 99, 155, 1436.
 Terminus, the god of boundaries, 99.
 Tewkesbury, battle of, 613.
 Thames, the, the king's bear washed in it, 1005; its nuisances, 1042.
 Theatres at fair time, 442.
 Theatrical notice, 1296.
 Thimble and pea, 768.
 THOMAS, ST., *December* 21; customs on the day, 1586.
 Thompson, Memory Corner, 81.
 Thornton, Dr., exhibition to, 1459.
 Thread-my-needle, 692.
 Three Dons, the, a mystery, 747.
 ——— kings of Cologne, 45.
 ——— knocks on a saint's head, 286.
 Threshing the hen, 245.
 Throne, Burmese, described, 1526.
 Thuanus's history, English edition, 293.
 Tid, mid, miscra, 379.
 Fiddy Doll and his song, 577.
 Tigress, and her whelps, by a lion, 1176, 1180.
 Tillotson, abp., the first prelate that wore a wig, 1262.
 Time, what it is, and its use, 310; time enough, 1377; measured, 1425; flies, 1426.
 Times, *The*, the first newspaper printed by steam, 1535.
 Tinder-boxes, when not in use, 99.
 Tinnors, their patron saint, 334.
 Toast thrown to fruit trees, 42, 44.
 Tobacco, prohibited at Cambridge, 1264; a pipe in the morning, 1378.
 Tom, a cod-fish, 83.
 Tombuctoo, &c. described by Leo Africanus, 1582.
 Top, whipped in the Romish church, 199.
 Torches, at a royal wedding, 1551.
 Tottenham High-Cross fountain, 1041.
 Tower, the, lions, 1004.
 ———, Great Bell, of St. John's Church, Clerkenwell, described, 1479.
 Town, out of, 491.
 ——— v. Country, 645.
 Townsend, police officer, his wig, 1263.
 Towton, battle of, 398.
 Trades, the, complaint against sir John Barleycorn, 73.
 TRANSLATION, EDWARD, K. W. S., *June* 20; origin of translations of saints' bodies, 813.
 Travelling, old mode of, 876.
 Tree, a wicked one destroyed, 26.
 ——— of common law, 233.

- Fresham, sir T., prior of St. John's, Clerkenwell, 1480.
- Trial, of a title to land in India, 240.
- Trimilki, 538.
- Tring, Herts, superstition, 1045.
- Trinity symbolized, 371.
- house brethren, 724.
- Sunday customs, 722.
- Monday customs, *ib.*
- Triumphs of London, 1446.
- Trumpet-blowers licensed, 1244.
- Tulips, and tulippomania, 607.
- Tunstall, bishop, befriends B. Gilpin, 330.
- Turkeys, Christmas, 1606.
- Turner, Anne, on her trial for murder, 1437.
- , Mr., pump-maker, 1042.
- Turnspits, anecdotes of, 1573.
- Tusser, Thomas, his epitaph and burial place, 285.
- Twelfth-cake, how to draw, 51; how made anciently, 56.
- day eve, 41; twelfth-day customs, 47; characters, 52; derived from the Greeks, 57; and the Druids, 58; observed at court, 59.
- Twickenham ball-play, 245.
- Tye, John, watchman of Bungay, 1628.
- Tyson's, rev. Michael, portrait of Butler, 1303.
- Tythes, penance after death for nonpayment, 704; established in England, 953.
- Vader-land, anglicised by lord Byron, 810.
- VALENTINE, *February* 14; derivation and customs of the day, 215.
- Vauxhall, accident, 1070; adventures at, 1457.
- VENERABLE BEDE, *May* 27; see Bede.
- Verard, Ant., his vellum edition of the *Mystery of the Passion*, 747.
- Vernon, adm., celebration of his birth-day, 1473.
- VINCENT, *January* 22; notice of him, 151.
- , T., his account of the fire of London, 1152.
- Viper, the, and her young, 1113.
- Virgil, Polydore, on church ceremonies, 202.
- Virgin, the, street music to her in Advent, 1595.
- Virgo, zodiacal sign, 1059.
- Visions, see *Saints*, Index II.
- Voelker's gymnastics, 1316.
- Vos, Martin de, engraving from, 1495.
- Votive offerings at Isernia, 1324.
- Union with Ireland, 17.
- Upcott, Mr. William, 1056, 1600, 1160
- Uptide Cross, 395.
- Urbine, servant to M. Angelo, 277.
- Uriel, archangel, 1326.
- Utrecht, peace of, concluded, 453.
- Waggon-driving at shrove-tide, 258.
- Waggoner in love, 227.
- Waits of London, 829; their ancient services, 1625.
- Wales, St. Patrick of, 371; superstitious customs, 523, 562, 849, 1413; adventure in, 797; see *Welsh*.
- Walks, pleasant, disappearing, 872.
- Wallis, Mr., astronomical lectures, 60.
- Walnut tree, miraculous, 772.
- Walpole, Lydia, a dwarf, 1173.
- Wanyford, Henry, large man, died 1565.
- Wanstead, Strand maypole carried to, 560.
- Want, Hannah, a long liver, account of, 1351.
- War, peaceful triumph in, 741.
- cry, ancient English, 501; Irish, 502.
- Warburton, bp., what he said to the lord mayor, 446; his character of the month of November, 1409; notice of him, 768.
- Ward, Ned, his visit to Bartholomew fair, 1237.
- , Samuci, his sermons cited, 831.
- Wareham, translation of King Edward's body, 813.
- Warwickshire customs, 423, 431; lion and dog bait at Warwick, 978; Warwickshire carol-singer, 1599.
- Wassail-bowl customs, 42, 43, 53, 55.
- Watch, setting the, anciently in London, 826; Nottingham, 833; Chester, 834.
- Watchmen's verses, 1622.
- Water of the dead and living ford, 11.
- , boring for, 1041.
- bailiff's office, 1333.
- Waterloo, battle of, 804.
- Waters, Billy, in a puppet show, 1116.
- Watts, Joseph, of Peerless-pool, 973.
- Wax, blessed, 201.
- work at Bartholomew fair, 1187.
- Way-goose, a printers' feast, 1133.
- Weasel, died, for mealing on a saint's robe, 44.
- Weather prognosticated, by bats, bees, beetles, birds, 535, 1548; blackbirds, 102; bulls, 506; buzzards, 535; cassia, 678; cerea, 679; chairs and tables, 101; chickweed, 677; church clocks, 1548; clouds, 101; convolvulus, 677; corns, 101; cows, 506, 535; crickets, 101; cuckoo, 670; dandelion, 679; dew, 536; dogs, 101, 102, 535; dog-rose, 677; ducks, 101, 534; evening primrose, 678; feverfew, 677; fieldfares, 536; fish, 102; flies, 101, 535; four o'clock flower, 678; frogs, 102, 535; geese, 534; glow-worms, 102; goatsbeard, 678; gossamer, 535; hedge fruits, 535; hens, 534, 670; honeydew, 535; horses, 102; lettuce, 678; limbs, 101; marigold, 677, 678; moles, 535; moon, 101, 1015, 1345; mountain ebony, 678; nipplewort, *ib.*; peacocks, 536; peterel, 535; pigeons, *ib.*,

- pigs, 534, 535; pimpernel, 101, 677; princesses' leaf, 678; rainbow, 101, 670; ravens, 534; rooks, 102, 534, 669; sca fowl, 101; sea gulls, 535; serpentine aloe, 678; sheep, 535; sky, 102; sloe-tree, 670; smoke, 101; snipes, 536; snow, 670; soot, 101; sounds, 1547; sowthistle, 677; spiders, 535, 931; sun, 102; swallows, 101, 506, 533; swans, 505; swine-pipes, 536; tamarind, 677; thermometer, 101; missel thrush, 535; toads, 102; trefoil, 677; voices, 1548; water fowl, 534; water lily, 678; white thorns, 677; whitlow grass, 677; wild-geese, 535; wind, 101, 102, 505, 670; woodcocks, 536; woodseare, 535; wood-sorrel, 677.
- Weathercock of St. Clement's church, Strand, 1498.
- Welsh charity-school anniversary, 322; valuation of cats, 1110; triplets, 1422; carols for the seasons, 1602.
- Welshman, sir T. Overbury's, 320.
- Well-roped winds into a saint's body, 37.
- Wenceslaus of Olmutz, engraving by, 1119.
- Werington, Christmas-eve custom, 1606.
- Wesley, Charles, senior and junior, musicians, account of, 1038.
- , Samuel, musician, notice of, 1040.
- West, Benjamin, painter, account of, 346.
- Western custom on Valentine's day, 227.
- Literary Institution, 1404.
- Westmeath twelfth-night, 58.
- Westminster-hall, with shops in it, 153.
- school, Shrove Tuesday custom, 259.
- Weston, sir W., prior of St. John's Clerkenwell, 1480.
- Weyd-monat, 737.
- Whiffers, 1444, 1488.
- Whist-playing, 91.
- WHIT SUNDAY, *movable*; Whitsuntide, 685; holydays in 1825 at Greenwich fair, 687; censor at St. Paul's, 1246.
- Whitby, Daniel, divine, died 386.
- White, Mr. H., engraver on wood, noticed 907, 1113, 1320.
- , Jem, his doings and character, 589.
- negress, 1189.
- Whitehead, W. W., gigantic boy, 1194.
- Whoo-he to horses, its antiquity, 1643.
- Wickham, East, Kent, 1388.
- , West, Kent, painted glass window of St. Catherine in the church, 1506; delightful site of the village, 1507.
- Wife of two husbands, 1122; husband's address to his wife, 1454.
- Wigs, 1259.
- Wild fowl shooting in France, 1575.
- street chapel, annual sermon, 1512.
- Wilkie, the publisher, anecdote of, 91.
- WILLIAM, KING, LANDED, *November 4*; error of the almanacs, 1428.
- Williams, Mr. Samuel, artist, noticed, 892, 1059, 1189, 1345.
- Willow tree, 1080.
- Wilson, Richard, painter, notice of him, 651.
- , sir Thomas and lady, of Charlton, 1388.
- Wiltshire customs, 723.
- Winchester, mystery performed there, 755.
- Wind superstitions, 11; effects of east and north-east winds, 620, 802.
- Winstanley killed in the Eddystone, 1515.
- Wint-monat, 1419.
- Winter, 110, 134, 198; its approach described, 1461; the quarter, 1562; the season described, 1652.
- Winter-fulleth, 1345.
- monat, 1543.
- , Death of, a sport, 359.
- , rainbow in Ireland, 107.
- , Dr. Robert, his storm sermon, 1517.
- Wishart, Geo., burned at St. Andrew's, 709.
- Witchcraft, charm against, 55.
- and cat-craft, 1106.
- , in Herefordshire, 1045.
- , in Suffolk, 942.
- Witney, Oxfordshire, old church, show at, 1246.
- Wives' feast-day, 206.
- Wood-monath, 737, 1059.
- Wolf-monat, 2.
- Wolves' club, 603.
- Woman, why one wept at her husband's burial, 504.
- Wombwell, the showman's lion fight, 997; his menagerie, 1197; and himself, 1198.
- Women formerly, 904; women barbers, 1272; angelical women, 1351.
- 's work, 1375.
- 's blacks, 905; fate of a dealer in, 908.
- Wood, Lucky, an ale wife, 1639.
- Woodcocks, 1390.
- Woodward, a fives-player, 867.
- Wool-trade feasts, 209.
- Woolwich dock-yard, St. Clement's day at, 1501.
- arsenal, its St. Catharine, 1508.
- Worcester, marquis of, his curious fountain, 1044.
- Worde, Wynkyn de, his carols, 1600, 1620.
- Worms, their utility, 70.
- Wreathock, an attorney transported, 157.
- Wren, sir Christopher, on the size of churches, 920.
- Wrestling at Bartholomew-tide, 1235.
- Wright, Mr., bees swarm on, 963.
- Writing-masters' trial of skill, 1085.
- Wycliffe, John, 752.
- Wynne's "Eunomus" recommended 232

Wyn-monath, 1345.

Yates and Shuter's booth at Bartholomew fair, 1245.

Yeasty ale, its virtue, 23.

York, cardinal, account of, 33.

— Corpus Christi play, 754.

Yorkshire custom, 1379.

Yorkshire goose pies, 1645.

Young, Dr. Edward, poet died, 459.

Yule derived, 1544.

—dough and cakes, whence derived 1638.

Zinzendorff, count, notice of, 771.

II. INDEX TO ROMISH SAINTS,

OF WHOM THERE ARE MEMOIRS OR ACCOUNTS, WITH THE DAYS WHEREON THEIR FESTIVALS ARE KEPT.

The Names in ITALICS, are of Saints, &c. retained in the Calendar of the Church of England.

The Names in CAPITALS are derived from Scripture; and are also in the Calendar of the Church of England.

- Abachum, January 19.
 Adalard, January 2.
Agatha, February 5.
Agnes, January 21.
 Aidan, August 31.
Alban, June 17.
 Aldhelm, May 25.
 Alexander, February 26.
All Saints, November 1.
All Souls, November 2.
 Alnoth, February 27.
 Andifax, January 19.
 ANDREW, November 30.
 Anianus. April 25.
Anne, July 26.
Annunciation, B. V. M. Mar. 25.
 Anselm, April 21.
 Antony, January 17.
Assumption, B. V. M. Aug. 15.
 Athanasius, May 2.
 Audry, October 17.
Augustine, May 26.
 —, August 28.
- Baldrede, March 6.
 Baradat, February 22.
 Barbatas, February 19.
 BARNABAS, June 11.
 BARTHOLOMEW, August 24.
Bede, May 27.
Benedict, or Bennet, Mar. 21.
 Benediet, bp., January 12.
 Bettelin, or Beccelin, Sept. 9.
 Blase, February 3.
Boniface, June 5.
 Bruce, November 13.
- Bride, or Bridget, February 1.
 Bruno, October 6.
Candlemas, February 2.
 Casimir, March 4.
Catharine, November 25.
 Catherine, April 30.
Cecilia, November 22.
Chad, March 2.
 Chilidonius, March 3.
Clement, November 23.
 Climacus, March 30.
 Constantine, Sleeper, July 27.
 Cosmas & Damian, Sept. 27.
Crispin, October 25.
 Crispinian, October 25
 Cuthbert, March 20.
Cyprian, September 26.
- David*, March 1.
Denys, October 9.
 Dionysius, Sleeper, July 27.
Dunstan, May 19.
- Edelwald, March 23.
Edmund, November 20.
Edward, K., March 18.
 — June 20.
 — Confessor, Trans.
 October 13.
 Elphege, April 19.
 Eleutherius, September 6.
 Emetrius, March 3.
Enurachus, September 7.
Epiphany, January 6.
 Ethelburge, or Edilburge,
 October 11.
- Etheldreda*, October 17.
Fabian, January 20.
 Faine, see Fanchia
Faith, October 6.
 Fanchia, January 1.
 Felix of Nola, January 14
 Ferreol, September 18.
 Fidelis, April 24.
 Finian, March 16.
 Francis, April 2.
 Fulgentius, January 1.
- Galmier, February 27.
 Genevieve, January 3.
George, April 23.
Giles, September 1.
Gregory, G., March 12.
 Guardian Angels, October 2.
 Gudula, January 8.
- Hilary, January 13.
Holy Cross, September 14.
- Ignatius Loyola, July 31.
Innocents, December 28.
Invention of the Cross, May 3.
- JAMES, May 1.
 James, July 25.
Jerome, September 30.
 JOHN BAPTIST, June 24.
 JOHN, December 27.
 John, March 27.
 JOHN POPE LATIN, May 6.
 —, Pope, May 27.

John of Beverley, May 7.
 —, Sleeper, July 27.
 Joseph, March 19.
 JUDE, October 28.

Kentigern, January 13.

Lambert, September 17.
 Lamma, August 1.
 Lawrence, August 10.
 Limneus, February 22.
 Lucian, January 7.
 Lucy, December 13.
 LUKE, October 18.
 Lupicinus, February 28.

Macarius, January 2.
 Machutus, November 15.
 Malchus, Sleeper, July 27
 Marcellus, January 16.
 Margaret of Cortona, Feb. 22.
 Maris, January 19.
 MARK, April 25.
 Mark, October 22.
 Martha, January 19.
 Martin, November 11.
 Martina, January 30.
 Martinian, Sleeper, July 27.
 MATTHEW, September 21.
 Maximian, Sleeper, July 27.
 Michael, September 29.
 Michael, May 8.

Milburg, February 23.
 Mildred, February 20.
 Mochua, January 1.
 Monica, May 4.

Nativity, B. V. M., Septem. 8.
Nativity, December 25.
Nicholas, December 6.
Nicomede, June 2.

Owen, August 24.

Patrick, March 17.
Pau., January 25.
 Paul, March 7.
 —, June 30.
 —, hermit, January 15.
Perpetua, March 7.
 PETER, June 29.
 —, 7th cent., January 6.
 —'s chair, January 18.
 — ad Vincula, August 1.
 — Nolasco, January 31.
 Petronilla, May 31.
 PHILIP, May 1.
 Philip Neri, May 26.
 Piran, March 5.
Prisca, January 18.
 Proclus, October 24.
Remigius, October 1.
Richard de Wiche, April 3.

Roche, August 16.
 Romanus, February 28.
 Rumon, January 4.

Serapion, Sleeper, July 27.
 Seven Sleepers, July 27.
 Severin, October 23.
 Simeon Stylites, January 5.
 Simon, October 28.
 Simon, March 24.
Stephen, December 26.
Swithin, July 15.
Sylvester, December 31.

Thalasia, February 22.
 Thalilæus, February 27.
 Theodosius, January 11.
 THOMAS, December 21.
 Thyrsus, January 28.
 Transfiguration, August 6.
Valentine, February 14.
 Veronica, January 13.
Vincent, January 22.
Visitation, B. V. M., July 2.
 Vitus, June 15.

Uldrick, February 20.
 Ulric, July 4.

William, January 10.
 William, March 24.

III. POETICAL INDEX.

I. ORIGINAL EFFUSIONS BY CONTRIBUTORS AND THE EDITOR.

II. QUOTATIONS FROM STANDARD POETS AND ANONYMOUS AUTHORS.

ORIGINAL

By

A friend, 217.
 D G., 467.
 Δ 293, 658.
 E. C., 707.
 H., 1454.
 J. S., 802.
 Lector, 727.
 Mayer's song, 567.
 Prior, J. R., 144
 T. N., 646.

ORIGINAL

By *

The Editor,

Lady Jane Grey, 31.
 Twelfth-day, 47.
 North-east wind, 136.
 Valentine's day, 216.
 Spring, 335.
 Angling, 344
 Nature and art, 406.
 April fools, 412.
 Holyday song, 439.

Milkmaids, 570.

Richmond steamer, 602.
 Departed pleasures, 634.
 To Canonbury Tower, 642.
 Lady among flowers, 649.
 Hornsey sluice-house, 695.
 Izaak Walton, 697.
 Hornsey Wood house, 759.
 London-bridge, 775.
 Broom girls, 807.
 Summer, 818.
 Copenhagen-house, 858.

Hagbush-lane, 875
 Barrow-woman's dress, 905
 Captain Starkey, 992.
 To Mr. Charles Lamb, 930.
 Bathing "in hyghe sommer,"
 972.
 Trees and water, 974.
 Tea-garden visitors, 975.
 Princess Amelia, 1071.
 Autumn, 1282.
 St. Denys, 1370.
 Seasonable, 1415.
 Winter, 1562.
 The piper, 1626.
 Italian minstrels, 1630.
 The Flight, 1650.

AUTHORS CITED.

Atherstone, 675.
 Barbauld, 78, 796.
 Bartou, B., 80, 1112, 1126.
 Baynes, J., 158.
 Blackstone, sir W., 232.
 Bowring, 22, 328, 468, 920,
 1348, 1426.
 Browne, W., 548.
 Buchanaa, 542.
 Bull, J., 300.
 Burns, 1391.
 Byron, lord, 492, 528, 805,
 1583.
 Chamberlayne, 1294.
 Chatterton, 1082.
 Chaucer, 224, 1084, 1620, 1643.
 Churchill, 1082.
 Clare, 962.
 Coleridge, 540, 739.
 Cotton, 1, 1654.
 Cowley, 132.
 Cowper, 16, 184, 941, 1082,
 1399.
 Craven, lady, 543.
 Darwin, 539, 683.
 Douce, 1595.
 Douglas, Gavin, 598.
 Dryden, 1495.
 Dunno, 931.
 Evans, T., 1602.
 Fletcher, G., 1083.
 ———, R., 1639.
 Gay, 175, 226, 851, 955,
 1227, 1409, 1636.
 Gent., 932.

Googe, *see* Naogeorgus.
 Goëthe, 680.
 Graydon, 1410.
 Hall, 1471.
 Hastings, Warren, 1128, 1130.
 Herrick, 10, 52, 56, 61, 204,
 205, 546, 621, 1606, 1639.
 Holland, J., 1534.
 Huddesford, 1106, 1108.
 Hunt, Leigh, 98, 644.
 Hurdis, 228.
 Jago, 223.
 Jonson, Ben, 136, 1206, 1210.
 Jordan, T., 1452.
 Jortin, 1111
 Keats, 137, 892.
 Kleist, 675.
 Lamb, C., 106.
 Llywarch Hen., 1422.
 Lloyd, 1378.
 Logan, 330.
 Lucretius, 674.
 Lydgate, 224, 552.
 M'Creery, 1425.
 Martial, 1083.
 Marvell, 883
 Milton, 242, 540, 608, 653,
 675, 1098, 1547, 1616.
 Moore, T., 490, 1389, 1546.
 Morris, Hugh, 1602.
 Naogeorgus, 1, 55, 200, 208,
 256, 394, 395, 651, 742,
 845, 902, 1507, 1539, 1552,
 1611, 1643, 1647.
 Ovid, 195.
 Philips, 133.
 Planché, 241.
 Poole, Joshua, 4.
 Pope, 338, 561, 1439, 1468.
 Proctor, 534.
 Pughe, O., 1421.
 Rickman, 1356.
 Sannazarius, 791.
 Scott, sir W., 1554, 1624.
 Shelley, 963, 1150, 1422.
 Shenstone, 903.
 Shakspeare, 8, 28, 226, 261,
 502, 606, 1082, 1442, 1455,
 1606, 1641.
 Sheppard, 1639.
 Shipman, 179.
 Smith, baron, 289.
 ———, Charlotte, 78, 103, 679

Somerville, 1379.
 Southey, 270, 316, 935, 1019,
 1031, 1052, 1362, 1599.
 Spenser, 3, 195, 311, 407,
 537, 544, 738, 890, 1058,
 1146, 1346, 1418, 1543.
 Steevens, G. A., 1250.
 Thomson, 282, 616, 620, 684,
 979, 1575.
 Thorn, R J., 1635.
 Tusser, 54, 212, 246, 1471,
 1643.
 White, H. K., 303, 687, 697
 Wilde, R. H., 1570.
 Willsford, 175.
 Wither, G., 1631.
 Wolcott, 1311.
 Wordsworth, 279, 706.

BOOKS CITED.

Aikin's Athenæum, 108, 338
 Coll. Old Ballads, 502, 1238.
 Country Almanac, 207.
 Der Freischutz Travestie,
 1296.
 Dodsley's Coll., 218, 338.
 Dunton's Athen. Oracle, 422
 ——— Brit. Apollo, 224.
 Gentleman's Mag., 229.
 German Almanac, 854.
 Leeds Mercury, 211.
 Literary Pocket-book, 110
 963, 1374, 1564.
 New Monthly Mag., 174.
 Oxford Sausage, 1638.
 Pasquil's Palinodia, 246
 557.
 Poor Robin's Almanac, 225,
 321, 430, 954, 1436, 1603
 Sixty-five Poems, &c., 230.
 Times' Telescope, 1342, 1473

ANONYMOUS.

40, 158, 180, 218, 228,
 229, 284, 294, 309, 384, 413
 466, 475, 492, 525, 530, 644
 646, 667, 674, 720, 816, 888
 891, 894, 901, 909, 920, 931
 933, 934, 1060, 1142, 1314,
 1392, 1438, 1555, 1571, 1572,
 1598, 1628, 1635.

IV. FLORAL INDEX.

THE PLANTS IN THE "FLORAL DIRECTORY" WITH THE DAYS
WHEREON THEY ARE USUALLY IN FLOWER.

Achania, hairy	} Dec. 7.	Barberry	} June 9.	Chamomile, field	} July 26
<i>Achania pilosa.</i>		<i>Berberis vulgaris.</i>		<i>Chamomilla matrica.</i>	
Agaric, floccose	} Oct. 18.	Basil, sweet	} June 14	Charlock	} May 2.
<i>Agaricus floccosus.</i>		<i>Ocimum basilicum.</i>		<i>Raphanus raphan.</i>	
Agaric, mixen	} Oct. 30.	Bay	} Feb. 1.	Chickweed	} Mar. 4.
<i>Agaricus fimetarius.</i>		<i>Laurus nobilis.</i>		<i>Alsine media.</i>	
Agaric, milky	} Oct. 9.	Bay	} Nov. 13	Chickweed, upright	} Mar. 10
<i>Agaricus lactifluus.</i>		<i>Laurus poetica.</i>		<i>Veronica triphyllos.</i>	
Agrimony	} July 1.	Bay, Indian	} Feb. 4.	China aster	} Aug. 11
<i>Agrimonia eupatoria</i>		<i>Laurus Indica.</i>		<i>Aster Chinensis.</i>	
Aletris, Cape	} Oct. 10.	Bear's-foot	} Jan. 5.	Chironia, red	} July 29
<i>Veltheimia viridifolia</i>		<i>Helleborus foetidus.</i>		<i>Chironia centaurium</i>	
Alkanet, evergreen	} Apr. 3.	Blackthorn	} Apr. 24	Christopher, herb	} July 25
<i>Anchusa semperv.</i>		<i>Prunus spinosa.</i>		<i>Actæa spicata.</i>	
Aloe, grape	} Nov. 12	Blue bells	} Aug. 4.	Chrysanthemum, I.	} Oct. 7.
<i>Veltheimia unaria.</i>		<i>Campanula rotund.</i>		<i>Chrysanthemum Ind.</i>	
Amaranth, common	} Aug. 7.	Blue bottle	} May 29	Chrysanthemum, la.	} Oct. 28.
<i>Amaranthus hypoch.</i>		<i>Centaurea montana.</i>		<i>Chrysanthemum scr.</i>	
Amaryllis, golden	} Sep. 30	Boletus, great	} Sep. 25	Cistus, yellow	} June 30
<i>Amaryllis aurea.</i>		<i>Boletus bovinus.</i>		<i>Cistus helianthemum</i>	
Amaryllis, lowly	} Oct. 1.	Boletus tree	} Sep. 22.	Cloth of Gold	} Feb. 15
<i>Amaryllis humilis.</i>		<i>Boletus arboreus.</i>		<i>Crocus sulphureus.</i>	
Amaryllis, banded	} Aug. 26	Borage	} Apr. 14	Colt's-foot	} Mar. 15
<i>Amaryllis vittata.</i>		<i>Borago officinalis.</i>		<i>Tussilago farfara.</i>	
Amellus	} Sep. 8.	Butter-bur, sweet	} Nov. 25	Coltsfoot, sweet	} Nov. 15
<i>Aster amellus.</i>		<i>Tussilago fragrans.</i>		<i>Tussilago fragrans.</i>	
Anemone, garden	} Jan. 17	Butter-bur, white	} Jan. 26	Comfrey, common	} May 13
<i>Anemone hortensis.</i>		<i>Tussilago alba.</i>		<i>Symphytum officin.</i>	
Anemone, wood	} Apr. 7.	Buttercups	} May 27	Convolvulus, gt. gar.	} July 16
<i>Anemone nemorosa.</i>		<i>Ranunculus acris.</i>		<i>Convolvulus purpur.</i>	
Apricot	} Feb. 23	Camomile, starlike	} Oct. 5.	Cornflower, blue	} June 28
<i>Armeniaca vulgaris.</i>		<i>Boltonia asteroides.</i>		<i>Centaurea cyanus.</i>	
Apple tree	} May 5.	Canterbury bells	} June 22	Cowslip	} Apr. 30
<i>Pyrus malus.</i>		<i>Campanula medium.</i>		<i>Primula veris.</i>	
Arbor vitæ	} Dec. 8.	Cape aletris	} Nov. 8.	Crocus, autumnal	} Sep. 10.
<i>Thuja occidentalis.</i>		<i>Veltheimia glauca.</i>		<i>Crocus autumnalis.</i>	
Arbor vitæ, Chinese	} Dec. 16	Cardamine, rough	} Mar. 30	Crocus, officinal	} Sep. 13.
<i>Thuja orientalis.</i>		<i>Cardamine hirsuta.</i>		<i>Crocus sativus.</i>	
Asphodel yellow.	} May 11	Cedar of Lebanon	} Dec. 23	Crocus, purple	} Feb. 28
<i>Asphodelus luteus</i>		<i>Pinus cedrus.</i>		<i>Crocus vernus.</i>	
Avens, common	} May 25	Cedar, white	} Dec. 17	Crocus, Scotch	} Feb. 17
<i>Geum urbanum.</i>		<i>Cupressus thyoides.</i>		<i>Crocus Sestianus.</i>	
Azalea, yellow	} May 26	Centaury, red	} June 7.	Crocus, white	} Feb. 21
<i>Azalea pontica.</i>		<i>Chironia centaurium</i>		<i>Crocus versicolor</i>	
Balsani, common	} Aug. 10	Cerastium, dwarf	} Mar. 2.	Crocus, yellow	} Feb. 14
<i>Balsama impatiens.</i>		<i>Cerastium pumilum.</i>		<i>Crocus Masiacus.</i>	

Crow-foot, wood <i>Ranunculus auricom.</i>	Apr. 22	Fleur-de-lis, Pers. <i>Iris Persica.</i>	Jan. 3.	Heath, Cornish <i>Erica vagans.</i>	Mar. 11
Crown Imperial, red <i>Fritillaria Imp. r.</i>	Apr. 4.	Fleur-de-lis, yellow <i>Iris pseudacorus.</i>	June 10	Heath, crowded <i>Erica conferta.</i>	Dec. 12
Crown Imper. yell. <i>Fritillaria Imp. lut.</i>	Apr. 5.	Frankincense <i>Pinus tæda.</i>	Dec. 24	Heath, flame <i>Erica flammæa.</i>	Dec. 27
Cuckoo pint <i>Arum maculatum.</i>	Apr. 28	Friar's cowl <i>Arum arisarum.</i>	Apr. 17	Heath, nest flowered <i>Erica nidiflora.</i>	Dec. 6.
Cyclamen, rd-leavd. <i>Cyclamen coum.</i>	Feb. 7.	Fumitory, bulbous <i>Fumaria bulbosa.</i>	Mar. 21	Heath, pellucid <i>Erica pellucida.</i>	Dec. 22
Cypress, arbor vitæ <i>Thuja cupressioides.</i>	Dec. 13	Fumitory <i>Fumaria officinalis.</i>	Mar. 29	Heath, purple <i>Erica purpurea.</i>	Dec. 26
Cypress narcissæ <i>Narcissus orient. alb.</i>	Apr. 21	Furercæa, large <i>Furercæa gigantea.</i>	Nov. 7.	Heath, senista <i>Erica genistoph.</i>	Dec. 29
Cypress, N. Holland <i>Cupressus Australis.</i>	Dec. 18	Fungus, dung <i>Agaricus fimetarius.</i>	Sep. 24	Heath, two coloured <i>Erica bicolor.</i>	Dec. 19
Cypress, Portugal <i>Cupressus Lusitanica</i>	Dec. 10	Garlick, ursine <i>Allium ursinum.</i>	Apr. 19	Hearts-ease <i>Viola tricolor.</i>	Mar. 13
Daffodil, early <i>Narcis. pseud. simp.</i>	Mar. 7.	Geodorum, lemon <i>Geodorum, citrinum</i>	Dec. 2.	Helenium, downy <i>Helenium pubescens.</i>	Oct. 3.
Daffodil, great <i>Narcissus major.</i>	Apr. 27	Gilly flower stock <i>Mathiola incana.</i>	May 4.	Helenium, smooth <i>Helenium autumnale.</i>	Oct. 13
Daffodil, lesser <i>Narcissus minor.</i>	Mar. 30	Glaucus, aletris <i>Veltheimia glauca.</i>	Nov. 9.	Hellebore, green <i>Helleborus viridis.</i>	Mar. 5.
Daffodil, nodding <i>Narcissus nutans.</i>	Mar. 16	Globe flower, Asiatic <i>Trollius Asiatic.</i>	May 7.	Hellebore, winter <i>Helleborus hyemalis.</i>	Jan. 25
Daffodil, peerless <i>Narcissus incompar.</i>	Mar. 23	Golden rod <i>Solidago virga aurea</i>	Aug. 28	Hemp, African <i>Sansevieria Guineam</i>	Nov. 16
Daffodil, petticoat <i>Narcissus bulbocod.</i>	Mar. 9.	Golden rod, Canad. <i>Solidago canadensis.</i>	Sep. 9.	Henbane, lurid <i>Hyoscyamus scopolia</i>	Mar. 26
Daisy, double <i>Bellis perennis plen.</i>	Jan. 28.	Golden rod, evergr. <i>Solidago sempervir.</i>	Sep. 28	Herb, Robert <i>Geranium Robertian.</i>	Apr. 29
Daisy, michaelmas <i>Aster tradescanti.</i>	Sep. 29	Golden rod, gigant. <i>Solidago gigantea.</i>	Sep. 26	Hibiscus, long stalk. <i>Hibiscus pedunculat.</i>	Dec. 5.
Daisy, midsummer <i>Chrysanthemum l.</i>	June 11	Golden rod, late <i>Solidago petiolaris.</i>	Oct. 26	Holly <i>Ilex aquifolium.</i>	Oct. 11
Dandelion <i>Leontodon taraxac.</i>	Apr. 11	Goldilocks <i>Polytrichum comm.</i>	Feb. 4.	Holly <i>Ilex bacciflora.</i>	Dec. 25
Dandelion, autumn. <i>Apargia autumnalis.</i>	Aug. 20	Gorse <i>Ulex Europæa.</i>	Jan. 10.	Hollyhock <i>Althea rosea.</i>	Aug. 3.
Devil's bit scabious <i>Scabiosa succissa.</i>	Sep. 19	Gooseberry, Barbado. <i>Cactus Pereskia.</i>	Dec. 4.	Hollyhock, yellow <i>Althea flava.</i>	Aug. 29
Dragon's head, Virg. <i>Dracocephalus Virg.</i>	July 20	Ground ivy <i>Glechoma hederacea.</i>	Apr. 8.	Horse chestnut <i>Æschylus hippocast.</i>	May 20
Erysimum, yellow <i>Erysimum barbara.</i>	Apr. 26	Groundsel <i>Senecio vulgaris.</i>	Jan. 2.	Hyacinth, starch <i>Hyacinthus racemos.</i>	Apr. 6.
Fern, flowering <i>Osmunda regalis.</i>	July 29	Groundsel, marsh <i>Senecio paludosus.</i>	Aug. 13	Hyacinth, blue <i>Hyac. orient. cærul.</i>	Feb. 6.
Fern, great <i>Osmunda regalis.</i>	Feb. 24	Groundsel, mount. <i>Senecio montanus.</i>	July 28	Indian tree <i>Euphorbia Tirucalli.</i>	Dec. 3.
Feverfew, late flow. <i>Pyræthrum scrotin.</i>	Oct. 6.	Harebell <i>Hyacinthus non scrip.</i>	Apr. 23	Ixia, channelled <i>Ixia bulbocodium.</i>	Mar. 12
Fir, Scotch <i>Pinus silvestris.</i>	Nov. 10	Hart's-tongue <i>Asplenium scolopen</i>	Jan. 31	Ivy <i>Hedera helix.</i>	Jan. 15
Fleabane <i>Inula dysenterica.</i>	Sept. 3.	Hawk's eyes, garden <i>Crepis barbata.</i>	July 6.	Jonquil, great <i>Narcissus lætus.</i>	Mar. 8.
Fleabane, Indian <i>Inula Indica.</i>	Oct. 14	Hawkweed, golden <i>Hieracium aurant.</i>	July 19	Jonquil, sweet scent. <i>Narcissus odorus.</i>	Mar. 27
Fleabane, wavy <i>Inula undulata.</i>	Oct. 12	Hawkweed, hedge <i>Hieracium umbellat.</i>	Aug. 27	Julienne de nuit <i>Hesperis tristis</i>	June 15
Fleur-de-lis, Germ. <i>Iris Germanica.</i>	May 12	Hazel <i>Corylus avellana.</i>	Jan. 4.	Laurastinus <i>Laurastinus semperve</i>	Nov. 1
Fleur-de-lis, lurid <i>Iris luvida.</i>	May 28	Heath, bloody <i>Erica cruenta.</i>	Dec. 28	Laurel, common <i>Prunus lauro-cerasus</i>	Jan. 9

Laurel, Portugal <i>Prunus Lusitanica.</i>	Jan. 7.	Marigold, autumn <i>Chrysanthemum cor.</i>	July 18	Navelwort <i>Cynoglossum ompha.</i>	Feb.20.
Laurel, Portugal <i>Cerasus Lusitanica.</i>	Nov.14	Marigold, French <i>Tagetes patula.</i>	Aug.21	Nettle, comm. dead <i>Lamium purpureum</i>	Jan. 6.
Leek <i>Porrum album.</i>	Mar. 1.	Marigold, golden fig <i>Mesembrianthem.au.</i>	Mar. 3.	Nettle, large dead <i>Lanium garganic.</i>	Jan. 20
Leopard's bane, grt. <i>Doronicum pardalia.</i>	Mar.18	Marigold, sm. Cape <i>Calendula pluvialis.</i>	July 15	Nettle, white dead <i>Lanium album.</i>	Jan.19.
Leopard's bane, less. <i>Doronicum plantag.</i>	Mar.28	Maudlin, sweet <i>Actillea ageratum.</i>	Oct. 8.	Our lady's slipper <i>Cypripedium calceo.</i>	June23
Lilac <i>Syringa vulgaris.</i>	May 23	Mercury, annual <i>Mercurialis annua.</i>	April 1	Oxlip <i>Primula elatior.</i>	Mar.29
Lily, African <i>Agapanthus umbell.</i>	July 22	Mercury, lasting <i>Mercurialis perennis.</i>	Mar.15	Passion flower <i>Passiflora cœrulea.</i>	Sep.14.
Lily, belladonna <i>Amaryllis belladonn.</i>	Aug.16	Mezereon <i>Daphne Mezereon.</i>	Feb. 10	Passion flow. ap. fr. <i>Passiflora maliform.</i>	Nov.19
Day lily, copper <i>Hemerocallis fulva.</i>	July 4.	Moneywort <i>Lysimachia nummu.</i>	June 8.	Passion flow. cilcat. <i>Passiflora cilcata.</i>	Sep. 21.
Lily, Egyptian wat. <i>Neimbo Nilotica.</i>	Aug. 5.	Monk's hood <i>Aconitum Napellus.</i>	May 19	Passion flow. curly <i>Passiflora serrata.</i>	Nov.18
Lily, Guernsey <i>Amaryllis Sarniensis</i>	Aug 30	Monkey flower <i>Mimulus luteus.</i>	June17	Passion flow. semi. <i>Passiflora peltata.</i>	Sep.12
Lily, Lent <i>Narcissus pseu. mul.</i>	Mar. 6.	Moss, early <i>Bryum horæum.</i>	Jan. 11.	Pea, sweet <i>Lathyrus odoratus.</i>	July 17
Lily, Philadelphia <i>Lilium Philadelphic.</i>	July 21	Moss, earth <i>Phascum cuspidat.</i>	Jan.27.	Peach <i>Amygdalus Persica.</i>	Feb. 25
Lily of the valley <i>Convallaria majalis</i>	May 8.	Moss, four-toothed <i>Bryum pellucidum.</i>	Jan.18.	Periwinkle, lesser <i>Vinca minor.</i>	Feb. 26
Lily, tiger <i>Lilium tigrinum.</i>	Aug. 2.	Moss, great water <i>Fontinalis antepyret.</i>	Feb. 3.	Peziza <i>Peziza acetabulum.</i>	Jan.23.
Lily, white <i>Lilium candidum.</i>	July 2.	Moss, hygrometric <i>Funaria hygromet.</i>	Jan.12.	Pheasant's eye, aut. <i>Adonis autumnalis.</i>	Aug.31
Lily, yel. Turkscap <i>Lilium pompon. flav</i>	May 31	Moss, lesser water <i>Fontinalis minor.</i>	Feb. 1.	Physalis, angular <i>Physalis alkakenegi.</i>	Nov. 5.
Liverwort, noble <i>Anemone hepatica.</i>	Feb.12.	Moss, screw <i>Tortula rigida.</i>	Jan. 6.	Filewort <i>Ficaria verna.</i>	Mar.22
Loosestrife, purple <i>Lythrum salicaria.</i>	July 27	Moss, silky fork <i>Mnium heteromallum</i>	Feb. 10	Pimpernal <i>Anagallis arvensis.</i>	June 2.
Love lies bleeding <i>Amaranthus procum.</i>	Aug. 8.	Moss, stalkless <i>Phascum muticum.</i>	Jan.24.	Pine, Aleppo <i>Pinus Halepensis.</i>	Dec. 11
Globe flower <i>Trollius Europæus.</i>	May 6.	Moss, narrow spring <i>Mnium androgynum</i>	Feb 8.	Pine, stone <i>Pinus pinea.</i>	Dec.20
Lungwort <i>Pulmonaria officina.</i>	Feb.27	Mouse ear <i>Hieracium pilosella.</i>	May 18	Pine, swamp <i>Pinus palustris.</i>	Dec.14
Lupin, blue <i>Lupinus cœruleus.</i>	July 13	Mullen, great <i>Verbascum virgatum</i>	July31.	Pine, Weymouth <i>Pinus Strobus.</i>	Nov.11
Lupin, red <i>Lupinus perennis.</i>	July 14	Mullen, white <i>Verbascum lychnitis.</i>	July 30	Pine, pitch <i>Pinus resinosa.</i>	Dec.15
Lupin, tree <i>Lupinus arboreus.</i>	July 24	Mushroom <i>Agaricus campestris</i>	Scp. 5.	Pink, common <i>Dianthus deltoides.</i>	June 6.
Lupin, yellow <i>Lupinus flavus.</i>	July 11	Musk flower <i>Scabiosa atropurpur.</i>	July 23	Pink, Indian <i>Dianthus Chinensis.</i>	June 4.
Maidenhair, comm. <i>Asplenium tricho.</i>	Jan.30.	Narcissus, green <i>Narcissus viridiflor.</i>	Apr.13	Æony, common <i>Pœonia officinalis.</i>	May 14
Mallow, narrow-lea. <i>Malva angustifolia.</i>	Scp.17.	Narcissus, gr. autu <i>Narcissus viridiflor.</i>	Oct.29.	Æony, coralline <i>Pœonia corallina.</i>	May 14
Mallow, trid <i>Malva sylvestris</i>	July 3.	Narcissus, musk <i>Narcissus moschat.</i>	Apr.18	Æony, slend.leaved <i>Pœonia tenuifolia.</i>	May 10
Common daisy <i>Bellis perennis.</i>	Feb 22	Narcissus, poetic <i>Narcissus poeticus.</i>	May 3.	Polyanthus <i>Primula polyanthus.</i>	Feb.13.
Marigold <i>Calendula officinalis.</i>	Mar 25	Narcissus, Roman <i>Narcissus Romanus.</i>	Feb. 9.	Polyanthus, red <i>Primula poly. rubra.</i>	April 9
Marigold, African <i>Tagetes erecta.</i>	Aug.18	Nasturtium <i>Tropæolum inojus.</i>	July 7.	Pontieva <i>Pontieva glan lal.</i>	Dec 30

Poppy, doubtful <i>Papaver dubium.</i>	June 20	Saxifrage, golden <i>Chrysosplenum oppo.</i>	Mar. 24	Starwort, golden <i>Aster solidaginoides.</i>	Sep. 7.
Poppy, early red <i>Papaver argemone.</i>	May 17	Saxifrage, great <i>Saxifraga crassifol.</i>	Apr. 12	Starwort, manyflow. <i>Aster multiflorus.</i>	Sep. 27.
Poppy, horned <i>Chelidonium glauc.</i>	June 18	Sensitive plant <i>Mimosa sensitiva.</i>	June 15	Starwort, meagre <i>Aster miser.</i>	Oct. 25
Poppy, monkey <i>Papaver orientale.</i>	May 24	Shamrock <i>Trifolium repens.</i>	Mar. 17	Starwort, pendulous <i>Aster pendulus.</i>	Sep. 18.
Poppy, Welsh <i>Papaver, Cambric.</i>	May 15	Silphium, three-lea. <i>Silphium trifoliatum</i>	Oct. 22.	Starwort, rushy <i>Aster junicus.</i>	Oct. 23
Primrose <i>Primula vulgaris.</i>	Nov. 3.	Silphium, hairy <i>Silphium asteriscus.</i>	Oct. 21.	Starwort, scattered <i>Aster passiflorus.</i>	Oct. 28
Primrose, common <i>Primula vulgaris.</i>	Feb. 5.	Snapdragon, great <i>Antirrhinum purpu.</i>	July 12	Starwort, sea <i>Aster tripolium.</i>	Sep. 16.
Primrose, evening <i>Oenothera biennis.</i>	July 8.	Snapdragon, speck. <i>Antirrhinum triphyl.</i>	July 10	Starwort, white <i>Aster dumotus.</i>	Scp. 23.
Primrose, lilac <i>Primula acaulis pl.</i>	Feb. 16	Snowdrop <i>Galanthus nivalis.</i>	Feb. 2.	Starwort, zigzag <i>Aster flexuosus.</i>	Oct. 24
Primrose, red <i>Primula aculis.</i>	Feb. 5.	Snowflake, spring <i>Leucorum vernum.</i>	Apr 20	Stitchwort, green <i>Stellaria holostea</i>	Apr. 15.
Primrose, red <i>Primula verna rub.</i>	Feb. 11.	Soldanel, mountain <i>Soldanella Alpina.</i>	Mar. 14	Stramony <i>Datura stramonium.</i>	Aug. 1.
Ragged Robin <i>Lychnis flos cuculi.</i>	May 21	Solomon's seal <i>Convallaria multift.</i>	May 9.	Stramony, tree <i>Datura arborea.</i>	Nov. 17
Ragwort <i>Senecio Jacobea.</i>	Aug. 9.	Sedum, great <i>Sedum telephium.</i>	Sep. 1.	Strawberry tree <i>Arbutus.</i>	Nov. 4.
Ranunculus, garden <i>Ranunculus Asiatic.</i>	June 13	Southernwood, <i>Artemisia abrotan.</i>	Oct. 4.	Strawberry, barren <i>Fragaria sterilis.</i>	Jan. 14.
Rattle, yellow <i>Rhinanthus galli.</i>	June 29	Sowthistle, blue <i>Sonchus oeruleus.</i>	June 26	Sultan, sweet <i>Centaurea moschi.</i>	Oct. 15.
Rhododendron <i>Rhododen lrum Pont.</i>	May 2	Sowthistle, great <i>Sonchus palustris.</i>	Aug. 12	Sultan, yellow <i>Centaurea suavcolens</i>	Oct. 20.
Rosa de meaux <i>Rosa provincialis.</i>	June 3.	Sowthistle, marsh <i>Sonchus palustris.</i>	July 9.	Sunflower <i>Helianthus annuus.</i>	Aug 24
Rose, Christmas <i>Hellebor. rig. flor. alb.</i>	Jan. 21.	Sparrowwort, <i>Erica passerina.</i>	Dec. 21	Sunflower, perennial <i>Helianthus multift.</i>	Aug. 25
Rose, everblowing <i>Rosa semperflorens.</i>	Mar. 8.	Sparrow, lesser <i>Ranunculus flammu.</i>	May 30	Sunflower, ten-leav. <i>Helianthus decapet.</i>	Oct. 17.
Rose, moss Proven. <i>Rosa muscosa.</i>	June 16	Speedwell, field <i>Veronica agrestis.</i>	Feb. 19	Sweet William <i>Dianthus barbatus.</i>	June 25
Rose, three-leaved <i>Rosa Sinica.</i>	June 5.	Speedwell, wall <i>Veronica arvensis.</i>	Feb. 18	Tanzeny <i>Tanacetum vulgare.</i>	Aug. 23
Rose, yellow <i>Rosa lutea.</i>	June 1.	Sphenogyne <i>Sphenogyne piliflora</i>	Nov. 29	Tickseed, fennel le. <i>Coreopsis serulefolia</i>	Oct. 31.
Rose, double yell. <i>Rosa sulphurea.</i>	July 5.	Spruce, Corsican <i>Pinus Laricio.</i>	Dec. 9.	Tickseed, tall <i>Coreopsis procosa.</i>	Oct. 19.
Rose, white dog <i>Rosa xvensis.</i>	Jun. 12	Stapelia, dark <i>Stapelia pulchr.</i>	Dec. 1.	Timothy, herb <i>Phleum pratense.</i>	Aug. 22
Saffron, Byzantine <i>Colchicum Byzantic.</i>	Sep. 15.	Stapelia, red <i>Stapelia rufa.</i>	Nov. 20	Timothy, bran. herb <i>Phleum paniculat.</i>	Aug. 19
Saffron, meadow <i>Colchicum autumn.</i>	Aug. 6.	Stapelia, starry <i>Stapelia radiata.</i>	Nov. 24	Toadflax, snapdrag. <i>Antirrhinum linaria</i>	Aug. 17
Saffron, com. n. cad. <i>Colchicum autumn.</i>	Sep. 20.	Stapelia, variegatcd <i>Stapelia variegata.</i>	Nov. 28	Tremella, yellow <i>Tremella deliques.</i>	Jan. 8
Saffron, varieg. mead <i>Colchicum variegat.</i>	Sep. 11.	Star, Bethlehem, gr. <i>Ornithogalum umbel</i>	May 16	Tulip <i>Tulipa gesneri.</i>	May 1
St. John's wort <i>Hypericum pulchr.</i>	June 24	Star, Bethlehem, yel. <i>Ornithogalum lut.</i>	Mar. 19	Tulip, clarimond <i>Tulipa præcox.</i>	Apr. 25
St. John's wort, per. <i>Hypericum perforat.</i>	June 27	Star, Bethlehem, yel. <i>Tragopogon pratens.</i>	May 22	Tulip, yellow <i>Tulipa sylvestris.</i>	Apr. 16
Soapwort <i>Saponaria officinalis</i>	Sep. 4.	Starwort, fleabane <i>Aster comizoides.</i>	Oct. 25.	Violet, dog's <i>Viola canina.</i>	Mar. 25
Soapwort, common <i>Saponaria officinal.</i>	Oct. 2.	Starwort, floribund <i>Aster floribundus.</i>	Oct. 27.	Violet, pale <i>Viola tondrigensis.</i>	Apr. 10

Violct, sweet <i>Viola odorata.</i>	} Mat. 17	Wood sorrel,convex <i>Oxalis convexula.</i>	} Nov.23	Wood sor.,trump.f. <i>Oxalis ubiflora.</i>	} Nov.22
Violet, white <i>Viola alba.</i>	} April 2	Wood sor., la. flow. <i>Oxalis grandiflora.</i>	} Nov.21	Yarrow <i>Achillea millefolium.</i>	} Oct.16
Viper's buglos <i>Echium vulgare.</i>	} June 21	Wood sorrel, lin. <i>Oxalis linearis.</i>	} Nov.26	Yew <i>Taxus baccata.</i>	} Nov. 6.
Virgin's bower <i>Clematis vitalba.</i>	} Aug. 15	Wood sor,lupin-lea. <i>Oxalis lupinifolia.</i>	} Nov.27	Yew tree <i>Taxus baccata.</i>	} Jan.13.
Winter cherry <i>Physalis.</i>	} Nov. 2.	Wood sor.,three-col <i>Oxalis tricolor.</i>	} Nov.30	Zinnia, elegant <i>Zinnia elegans.</i>	} Aug.14
Witlow grass, early <i>Draba verna.</i>	} Jan.22				

V. CORRESPONDENTS' INDEX.

Amicus, 718.
Bees and birds, 647.
Cantab, 697.
Constant Reader, 518, 1356.
Causidicus, 517.
C. L., 965, 1358, 1385.
C. R. H., 1331.
Δ, 658.
D., 1063, 1122.
D. G., 466.
Dorsetshire gentleman, 206.
Easter articles, 416, 519.
E. J. C., 717, 944, 1337.
Foster, John, 1573.
Friend, a, "Item," &c. 238.
G. *, 1320.
Gertrude Grizenhoofe, 1375.
Gwilym Sais, 1421.
H., 1454.
H. C. G., 719.
Hertfordshire letter, 565.

H. H., 1566.
H. M., 1343.
H. T. B., 562.
Jack Larking, 289.
J. B., 244, 426, 799, 1077.
J. H. H., 1575.
Jibb, Joseph, 1482.
Johnson, John, 1498.
J. N., 1487.
J. S., 802.
Lector, 382, 727, 1124.
Leeming, Joseph, 1467.
Licensed Victualler, 1253.
L. S., 425, 431.
May-day Cow, 571.
Native of Penzance, 561.
— of St. Catharine's, 1405.
Naturalist, 614.
Nicolas, Mr. N. H., 416.
North Briton, 1518.
O. F. S., 1015.

P., Mr., 244.
Pompey, 944.
Prior, J. R., 144.
R. N. B., 242.
R. R., 1501, 1508.
S. G., 1436.
S. G. *, 1439.
Sheffield letter, 591.
Sigma, 841.
S. R., 430, 101, 1287.
S. W., 253.
T. A., 421.
Tim Tims, 1308.
T. N., 645, 898, 1080, 1606.
T. O., 1580.
Twelfth of August, 1099.
Twenty-ninth of February,
597.
Wentana Civis, 1379.
W. G. T., 1510.
¶ ¶, 525.

VI. INDEX

TO THE ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY ENGRAVINGS CONTAINED
IN THE VOLUME.

-
1. Ærial, the, 1455.
 2. Amelia, princess, her autograph, 1076.
 3. Apostle spoons, 178.
 4. April, 407.
 5. — Fool, 410.
 6. Aquarius, 141.
 7. Aries, 375.
 8. August, 1058.
 9. Autumn, 1282.
10. Barber, 1254.
 11. — ancient, 1266.
 12. —'s basin, 1256.
 13. — candlestick, 1255.
 14. — chafar, 1256.
 15. — chafing-dish, 1257.
 16. — crising-irons, 1257.
 17. Barrow-woman, 903.
 18. Bartholomew fair, 1223.
 19. — 1226.
 20. Bastile destroyed, 935.
 21. Bear taking in Russia, 182.
 22. Beard, cathedral, 1258.
 23. — Pick-a-devant, 1258.
 24. Beaton's, cardinal, house, Edinburgh, 711.
 25. Boar's head at Christmas, 1619.
 26. Bona Dea, *Frontispiece*, 1655.
 27. Boo's head, 1622.
 28. Boy bishop, 1559.
 29. Bungay Watchman, 1627.
 30. Burmese state carriage, 1522.
 31. — Tee, 1528.
 32. Butler, Jacob, 1303.
 33. Buy a broom, 807.
34. Calabrian minstrels, 1594.
 35. Canonbury tower, 634.
 . Card-playing, by children, 90.
 . Cats' concert, 1106.
 . Chad's well, inscription, 323.
 . Church of St. John, Clerkenwell, 1475.
 . Copenhagen-house, 858.
 . Cowper's summer-house, 522.
42. Cressets, *four*
 43. Curfew, 244.
44. December, 1543.
 45. Fantoccini, 1114.
 46. February, 195.
 47. Flamsteed's horoscope, 1093.
 48. — autograph, 1097.
 49. Flight of the Holy Family, 1650.
 50. Flowers with symbols, 195.
 51. Fountain at Tottenham, 1041.
52. Garrick's autograph, 327.
 53. — signature, 339
 54. Gordon, Jemmy, 698.
 55. Grose, Francis, sleeping, 655.
 56. — standing, 656.
 57. Guy Fawkes day, 1432.
 58. Gymnastics for youth, 19.
 59. —, Voelker's, 1322
60. Hagbush-lane cottage, 374.
 61. Hair-dress, ladies', 1261.
 62. — bull-head, 1261.
 63. — curls on wires, 1261.
 64. Halifax gibbet, 147.
 65. Hare and tabor, 1210.
 66. Heading-block and maul, 149.
 67. Heart breaker, 217.
 68. Hen threshing, 247.
 69. — speaking, 250.
 70. Henry IX., K. of England, 33.
 71. — reverse of his medal, 34.
 72. Hipson, Miss, a dwarf and a Malay, 1174.
 73. Hornsey Wood house, 759.
 74. — lake, 762.
 75. Huxter, 1214.
 76. Hyde Park gate, sale, 1358.
77. Italian minstrels in London, 1630.
 78. January, 1.
 79. Joan of Arc's fountain, 730.
 80. John, St., at Patmos, 618
 81. July, 890
 82. June, 738.
83. King's arms, a showman's wood-cut 1176.

84. Labre, B. J., 472.
 85. Lamp, old, 833.
 86. Lifting at Easter, 423.
 87. Lion bait at Warwick, 986.
 88. Little man, 1190.
 89. Living skeleton, front, 1018.
 90. ———, profile, 1033.
 91. ———, back, 1034.
 92. London insignia, 1442.
93. March, 311.
 94. May, 538.
 95. May-day at Hitchin, 567.
 96. ——— chimney sweepers, 583.
 97. ——— milkmaid's garland, 570.
 98. Mermaid, a showman's wood-cut, 1193.
 99. Michael Angelo Buonarroti, 271.
 100. Mid-Lent sport, 358.
 101. Midsummer-eve bonfire, 823.
102. Nativity, the, 1610.
 103. Nero and his senate, 458.
 104. New London Bridge, 775.
 105. November, 1418.
106. Octavia's triumph, 458.
 107. October, 1346.
108. Palm Sunday procession, 392.
 109. Passion flower, 770.
 110. Peerless-pool, 970.
 111. ——— fish pond, 975.
 112. Piper, the, 1626.
 113. Pisces, 282.
 114. Plough Monday sports, 71.
 115. Porter, 1215.
 116. ———'s part, 1216.
 117. Printing office, 1134.
 118. Pulpit, 839.
119. Richmond, Surry, 602.
120. Sadler's Wells' angling, 343.
 121. St. Anne and St. Joachim, 1010.
 122. St. Bride's Church, Fleet-street, 87.
 123. St. Catharine, 1506.
124. St. Cecilia, 1495.
 125. St. Crispin and St. Crispinian, 1395.
 126. St. Denys, 1370.
 127. St. Dunstan and the Devil, 671.
 128. St. George, 498.
 129. St. Ignatius Loyola, 1050.
 130. St. Michael and other archangels 1328.
 131. St. Nicholas, 1556.
 132. St. Roche, 1120.
 133. Sandal, ancient, 514.
 134. September, 1146.
 135. Shoe, ladies, 516.
 136. Silenus, 450.
 137. Simeon, St., Stylites, 35.
 138. Sirius, 897.
 139. Sluice-house, Hornsey, 695.
 140. Somers' Town miracle, 474.
 141. Spring, 335.
 142. ——— dress, 14th cent., 33.
 143. Squirrel, musical notes, *two*, 1366.
 144. Starkey, capt., 922.
 145. Stoning Jews in Lent, 295.
 146. Summer, 818.
 147. Summer dress, 14th cent., 819.
 148. Sun and Earth at Midsummer, 378.
 149. ——— at Midwinter, 59.
 150. Swallow, *hirundo rustica*, 506.
151. Temptation of St. Antony, 114.
 152. Tiddy Doll, 575.
 153. ———'s musical notes, 578.
 154. Tree of Common Law, 234.
 155. Twelfth-day in London, 47.
156. Valentine, postman, 215.
 157. Virgin, *Mater Dei*, 1273.
158. Want, Hannah, 1352.
 159. Westminster-hall with its shops, 154.
 160. Whitehead, a giant boy, 1195.
 161. Wigs, travelling, 1260.
 162. ——— long perriwig, 1260.
 163. ——— peruke, 1259.
 164. Wild-fowl shooting in France, 1575.
 165. ——— shooter's hut, 1578.
 166. Winter, 1560.

END OF VOL. I.



