November.

Engraved by Baizel Bros., from designs by W. Harvey.
Next was November; he full grosse and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might seeme;
For he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his browes with sweat did reek and steem,
And yet the season was full sharp and brem;
In planting eke he took no small delight:
Whereon he rode, not easie was to destune;
For it a dreadful Centaure was in sight,
The seed of Saturne and fair Nais, Chiron bright.

SPENSER.

(DESRIPTIVE.)

WHAT an uproar there is in the old forests and woods when the November winds lift up their mighty voices, and the huge trees clash together, like the fabled giants battling with knotted clubs against the invisible assailant, whose blows they feel but cannot see struck, so wage war on one another! On every hand we hear the crash and fall of mighty branches, and sometime a large tree torn up by the roots comes down, quick as an avalanche, levelling all it falls upon, where it lies with its blackening leaves above the crushed underwood like some huge mammoth that has perished. The sky is low and gloomy and leaden-coloured, and a disheartening shadow seems to fall on everything around. We see swine rooting in the desolate cornfields, among the black and rotten stubble, while the geese come draggled and dirty from the muddy pond, which is half-choked up with fallen leaves. On the cold naked hedge a few ears, which the birds have long since emptied, hang like funeral-wreaths over the departed harvest. The rain raineth every day on the heps and haws.
and autumn-berries, and beats the brown seed-vessels of the dead-flowers into the earth, while the decayed leaves come rolling up to make a covering for their graves. In some low-lying dank corner, a few blackened bean-sheaves, that never ripened, are left to rot; and if you walk near them, you see the white mould creeping along the gaping pods. There is a deathly smell from slimy water-flags and rotting sedge beside the stagnant mires, and at every step your footpowder is filled up with the black cozing of the saturated soil the moment it is made. You see deserted sheds in the fields where the cattle sheltered, rent and blown in; and if you enter one to avoid the down-pouring torrent, the dull gray November sky is seen through the gaping hatch, even in the puddle on the floor where the water has lodged. The morsel of hay in the corner you would vainly sit down upon is mouldy, and as you look at the beam which spans across, you fancy some one must have hanged himself on it, and hurry out again into the pouring rain.

November is the pioneer of Winter, who comes, with his sharp winds and keen frosts, to cut down every bladed and leafy bit of green that is standing up, so as to make more room for the coming snowflakes to fall on the level waste, and form a great bed for Winter to sleep upon. He blows all the decaying leaves into dreary hollows, to fill them up, so that when Winter is out on the long dark nights, or half-blinded with the great feathery flakes, he may not fall into them. If a living flower still stands above its dead companions, it bends its head like a mourner over a grave, and seems calling on our mother-earth to be let in. The swollen streams roar and hurry along, as if they were eager to bury themselves in the great river, for they have no flowers to mirror, no singing of birds to tempt them to linger among the pebbles and listen, no green bending sprays to toss to and fro, and play with on their way, and they seem to make a deep complaining as they rush along between the high brimming banks. The few cattle that are out, stand head to head, as if each tried to warn the other with its breath, or turned round to shut out the gloomy prospect that surrounds them, laying down their ears at every whittle of the wind through the naked hedges. Even the clouds, when they break up have a ragged and ragrant look, and appear to wander homeless about the sky, for there is no golden fire in the far west now for them to gather about, and sun themselves in its warmth: they seem to move along in doubt and fear, as if trying to find the blue sky they have lost. The woodman returns home at night with his head bent down, feeling there is nothing cheerful to look round upon, while his dog keeps close behind, seeming to avail himself of the little shelter his master affords from the wind, while they move on together. The pleasantest thing we see is the bundle of fagots he carries on his shoulders, as it reminds us of home—the crackling fire, the clean swept hearth, and the coxy-looking kettle, that sits 'singing a quiet tune,' on the hob. We pity the poor fellow with the bundle under his arm, who stands looking up at the guide-post where three roads meet, and hope he has not far to go on such a stormy and moonless night.

But amid all these images of desolation, which strike the eye more vividly through missing the richly-coloured foliage that threw such beauty over the two preceding months, November has still its berries which the early frosts have ripened to perfection. Turn the eye wheresoever we may during our walks, hepe and haws abound on the hawthorn-hedges, and where the wild-roses of summer hang swaying in the wind. The bramble-berries, which cottage-children love to gather, besmearing their pretty faces with the fruit, have now their choicest flavour, and melt in the mouth when eaten, looking like beautiful ornaments carved in jet as they rock in the autumn winds. Many a poor village-housewife brings a smile to the children's faces as she places her blackberry pie or pudding on the table, for it is a fruit that requires but little sugar, and is a cheap luxury added to the usual scanty meal. Then there are the sloes and bullaces, almost always to be found in old hedges, which at this season have a misty blue bloom on them, equal to any that we see on the grape. These the country-people gather and keep sound through all the long winter, and they are equal in flavour to the finest damsons our orchards can produce. Though many varieties of plum-trees have been brought to England at different times, yet it is to the sloe and bullace we are indebted for our serviceable plums, as these shrubs are indigenous, and have been brought to perfection by cultivation through many centuries. The dewberry bears so close a resemblance to the blackberry when ripe, that it is not easy to distinguish the difference. When in flower, it is as beautiful as the blossoms of the wild-rose, the fruit has also a blue bloom on it like the plum, which is never found on the blackberry; the divisions of the berry are also larger, and not so numerous. Often, is seen growing among the ling, the pretty cloudberry, only just overtopping the heather, for it is seldom more than a foot high, and its fruit is of a splendid orange colour when ripe, though rather too acid to please every taste. But of all the little berry-bearing beauties, none beat the bilberry when in bloom, for it is then covered with rosy-coloured wax-like flowers, which few of our choice green-house plants excel, and for which we marvel it has not been more cultivated. Birds are partial to this berry, which bears a grape-like bloom, and game fed upon it is said to be as superior in flavour as mutton on pastures abounding in wild-thyme, is to that fattened only on grass. But the fairy of our shrubs—which may rank with the harvest-mouse among animals, and the humming-birds among the feathered race—is the tiny cranberry, which you must bend the back to find, as it only grows three or four inches high. Whether our grandmother had some secret art of preserving these delicious berries, which is now lost—or the fruit has deteriorated in flavour—we cannot tell, but somehow we fancy that cranberries have not the delicious taste now which they had in our boyish days.

The most wonderful plant that bears berries, is the butcher's broom, which may be seen covered with fruit as large as cherries, in the very depth of winter. Both flower and berry grow out of the very middle of the leaf, and it would make a pleasant change in our Christmas decoration, as it is an evergreen, and quite as beautiful as the holly. The black berries of the phelippeas—the branches all winter long, and are found there when the sprays are covered with the fresh green leaves of
spring. These berries are much harder than our hops and haws, and retain their fulness when all the other hedge-fruits are withered and tasteless, though this berry generally allows them to leave them till the last, as if they only ate them when nothing else could be got. They make a grand show with their large clusters amid the nakedness of winter, though almost failing to attract the eye now if seen beside the wild-cornel or dogwood-berries. Autumn has nothing more beautiful than the wild-cornel, with its deep purple berries hanging on rich red-coloured branches, and surrounded with golden, green, and crimson foliage, as if all the richest hues of autumn were massed together to beautify it, and wreath the black purple of the berries. Another tree, which scarcely arrests the eye in summer, now makes a splendid show, for the seed-vessels appear like roses, the capsules separating like the petals of the Queen of Flowers; for such is the appearance of the spindle-tree. The woody nightshade, whose purple petals and deep golden anthers enriched the hedge-row a few weeks ago, is now covered with clusters of scarlet berries, not unlike our red garden currants, while both the foliage and berries of the guelder-rose seem kindled into a red blaze. But the bird-cherry is the chameleon of shrubs in autumn, its bunches of rich-looking fruit changing from a beautiful green to a rich red, and then to the colour of the darkest of black-heart cherries, and looking equally as luminous to the eye, though it would be dangerous to eat so many as we might of the real cherries without harm. Beside these, and many other beautiful berries, we have now the ferns all ablaze with beauty—vegetable relics of an old world—and many of them as pleasing to the eye as our choicest flowers. Where is there a grander sight than a long moorland covered with bracken at the close of autumn—the foliage of the trees is not to be compared with that outspread land of crimson and gold. And there is such a forest smell about it too—the real country aroma, which we get a snuff of in villages where they have only wood-fires—for there is nothing else to compare with the smell of fern where it covers long leagues of wild moorland.

Many little animals are busy, during the autumn, in laying up stores for winter; for though some of them sleep away the greater portion of the cold season, a change in the weather often causes them to awaken, when they were recourse to the provision they have saved; and as soon as the mild warm weather is again succeeded by cold, they coil themselves up, and sleep again. The hibernation of the squirrel is shorter than that of any of our winter-sleeping animals, for he is up and away as soon as he is awakened by a mild atmosphere, and as he has generally more than one larder, enjoys himself until slumber again overtakes him; for we can imagine, from his active habits, that he is not likely to remain in his nest while there is a glimpse of warm sunshine to play in. The hedgehog is a sound sleeper, and makes up no provision, though his hibernation is sometimes broken during a very mild winter, when it may at times be found in the night, searching for food under the sheltered hedges. The pretty dormouse coils itself up like a ball of twine in its winter-nest, curling the tail around the head to the other side of the nest, more than four, lying itself together before going to sleep. Should it awake, there is store of food at hand, which it holds in its forepaws like the squirrel, while sitting up munching an acorn, hop, or haw, or whatever is stowed up, and in the greatest heat of various kinds of weather. But few of these torpid animals store their granaries better than the long-tailed field-mouse; considering its smallness, the quantity of corn that has been found in a single nest is amazing. Even if we reckon it to have carried from the harvest-field a full ripe ear at a time, it must have made many journeys to accumulate so much food. Nothing seems to come amiss to it, for if there has been no cornfield at hand, its hoard has been found to consist of nuts, and acorns, gathered from the neighbouring wood, which has sometimes been five or six hundred yards from its nest. Above five hundred nuts and acorns have been taken out of its storehouse; and as it can hardly be supposed that so small an animal could carry more than one at a time, we have proof of its industry in the hoard it must have laboured so hard to get together. One might suppose that, early in autumn, when the weather is fine, these little animals would give themselves up to enjoyment, instead of carrying the many loads they do to their nests, did we not find proof to the contrary. The ant lays up no store at all, though it has so often supplied an image of industry in poetry. It is not only one of the sleepiest of insects in winter, but when applied as chlorella, soon steeps the senses in forgetfulness. The ancient Greeks were acquainted with its drowsy properties, and availed themselves of it. Some naturalists say that the hibernating animals we have glanced at, spread out their provisions in the sun to dry and ripen before carrying them into their nests. That this may be the case, we can hardly doubt, having seen ears of corn, nuts, acorns, and seeds, about the roots of trees, at a considerable distance from the spots where they were grown, and in such positions as they could not have fallen into, even had they been shaken down by the wind. The foresight of these hibernating mammals is proved through their laying up provision against the time they may awaken, long weeks before they retire to their winter-sleep. Nor is it less wonderful to note the going out and coming in of the migrating-birds in autumn; for though all our songsters that are migratory have long since gone, we now hear the screaming of coming flocks in the still night—the clamour of voices high overhead, which is sometimes startling in the star-lighted silence. Most of our aquatic birds land in the night, though long strings of wild-geese are often seen forming a V-like figure in the air, as they wing their way to our fenny and marshy lands in the daytime. If flying low enough, the leader of the van, forming the point of V or A, who seems to cleave the air, to make a passage for his followers, will be seen after a time to fall into the rear, when another bird takes his place, until he in time also falls back, as if through fatigue; nor can there be any doubt that the leader, who first pierces the air, through which the whole flock passes, has to exert himself more than his followers. Though the heron may now and then be seen, standing as motionless as if sculptured in marble, at some bend of a river or stream, it is now rather a scarce bird, for there are more than four, or heronries in England, in which they build and breed close together like rooks. The heron shifts
from place to place in search of food, but, like several other of our birds, is not migratory, though it may be seen in some parts of our island at this season, where it rarely appears during any other portion of the year. It flies very high, and in dull weather may often be heard, while on the wing far beyond the reach of the eye. At first there appears something strange and mysterious in birds coming over to winter with us, and migrating again at the first appearance of spring, and never, or very rarely, staying to breed with us. One of our celebrated naturalists argues that the sun is the great moving-power; that they are again forced northward in spring by the same impulse which brings back again our summer singing-birds; ‘all seeking again those spots where they first saw the light, there to rear their young;’ and that a failure of temperature and food causes them to follow the sun in autumn. Some think that from the time a bird remains with us, a calculation might be made as to the distance it goes after leaving our shores; that, because some remain a month or so longer with us than others, they do not fly so far away as those which migrate earlier. But the rapidity of the flight of a bird, and its power of remaining on the wing, are objects of consideration; and though the swallow is among the last to leave us, it would fly the distance in a few hours than many other birds that leave us earlier, and have neither its strength nor stretch of wing to carry it a great distance. As to the time of departure or arrival of our passenger-birds, that must always depend upon the state of the season at the point of departure; for, as we have before remarked, they can know nothing of the backwardness or forwardness of the autumn or spring in the countries they visit, no more than they can tell before they arrive here whether our April is green, or has had all its buds bitten off by a killing frost, such as we well remember to have seen. Take the dates of the departures and arrivals of our birds from the calendars of some of the most celebrated English naturalists, and they will be found to vary at times a month or more in different years, especially the arrivals. At this season abounding in insect food will cause birds to leave us earlier, after a forward spring, because their young were sooner hatched, and are stronger and better able to accompany their parents than they would have been had they left the shell later, and been pinched while fed by the parent-birds, through a scarcity of food. The sky-lark, which has long been silent, may now be heard in open sunny places; and we find, from a note made four years ago, that we heard it singing on the downs in Surrey in December.

The poetry of home, which we carry with us unconsciously whithersoever we go, was never more beautifully illustrated than in the poem of our emigrant’s sky-lark, which he carried with him when he left this country for America. Crowds of English settlers used to collect round his hut to hear it sing, and one of them offered all he had in the world—his horse and cart—for the bird, but the owner refused to part with it. We are indebted to the Rev. J. G. Wood for this anecdote, which shows how the hearts of the rudest class of men are touched at times by some tripe which brings back again home with all its old boughs rustling before the ‘inward eye.’ No matter in what form it appears, but anything which causes us to turn to nature with an affectionate feeling, elevates both mind and heart, inspires love, and makes us better, for we can hardly do so without catching some glimpse of the Great Creator, which carries the mind far beyond the objects that surround us, to the thoughts of those higher destinies which the soul is heir to, and may be ours if we do not sell our godlike birthright.

By the end of this month our gourmands look desolate. The few chrysanthemums that have survived have a drooped and dirty look after the frost and rain, and nothing out of doors, excepting the evergreens, remind us of the green flush of departed summer. There is the tapping of rain on our windows, and the roaring of the wind through the long dark nights. The country-roads are soft, and we stick in the mire at every step if we traverse those rutted lanes, which were so delightful to walk along only a few short weeks ago. Even the heart of a brave man beats quicker, who, after passing a treeless and houseless moor, hears the rattling of the bones and irons of the murderer on the gibbet-post, as he turns to enter the high dark wood, which, when he has groped through, still leaves him a long lane from the mighty toll-gate—the only habitable spot he will pass before reaching home. For now, in the solemn language of the Holy Bible, we have many a day of darkness and of gloominess, of clouds and of thick darkness, even very dark, and no brightness in it, for the land is darkened.

(HISTORICAL.)

November was styled by the ancient Saxons Wint-monat, or the wind-month, from the gales of wind which are so prevalent at this season of the year, obliging our Scandinavian ancestors to lay up their keels on shore, and refrain from exposing themselves on the ocean till the advent of more genial weather in the ensuing year. It bore also the name of Blot-monath, or the bloody-month, from the circumstance of its being customary then to slaughter great numbers of cattle, to be salted for winter use, the bloodstained spath being called also reference to the sacrificial rites practised at this time.

CHARACTERISTICS OF NOVEMBER.

On the 29th of this month, the sun enters the sign of Sagittarius or The Archer, an emblem said to express the growing predominance of cold which now shoots into the substance of the earth, and suspends the vegetative powers of nature. The average temperature of the British Islands for the middle of November is about 43°. On the 1st of the month, the sun rises in the latitude of London at 7.11, and sets at 4.49.

November is generally regarded as the gloomiest month of the year, and it is perhaps true that less enjoyment is derivable in it from external objects than in any other of the twelve divisions of the calendar. It is popularly regarded as the month of blue devils and suicides. Leaden skies, choking fogs—more especially in London—and torrents of rain, combined frequently with heavy gusts of wind, which shake down the last remaining leaves from the trees, are phenomena of normal occurrence in November, and certainly by no means
ALL-SAINTS-DAY.

conducive to buoyancy and cheerfulness of spirits. Summer and autumn, with their exhilarating influences, have fairly departed, and winter, in its gloomiest phases, is approaching, whilst the hollowness and joylessness of the Christmas-season are still far off. The negative character of November, as exemplified in a foggy day of that month in London, is very happily depicted in the following lines, by the prince of modern humorists, Thomas Hood—

‘No sun—no moon!-
No moon—no sun—
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—
No sky—no earthly view—
No distance looking blue—
No road—no street—no “other side the way” —

No end to any row—
No indications where the crescents go—
No top to any steeples—
No recognitions of familiar people—
No courtesies for showing ’em—
No knowing ’em—
No travelling at all—no locomotion,
No inking of the way—no notion—
“Go” by land or ocean—
No mail—no post—
No news from any foreign coast—
No park—no ring—no afternoon gentility—
No company—no nobility—
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease—
No comfortable feel in any member—
No shade—no shine—no butterflies—no bees—
No fruits—no flowers—no leaves—no birds—
November!"


All-Saints-Day.

This festival takes its origin from the conversion, in the seventh century, of the Pantheon at Rome, into a Christian place of worship, and its dedication by Pope Boniface IV. to the Virgin and all the martyrs. The anniversary of this event was at first celebrated on the 1st of May, but the day was subsequently altered to the 1st of November, which was thenceforth, under the designation of the Feast of All Saints, set apart as a general commemoration in their honour. The festival has been retained by the Anglican Church.

Born.—Benvenuto Cellini, celebrated silversmith and sculptor in metal, 1500, Florence; Denial Hollis, reforming patriot, 1597, Haughton, Northamptonshire; Sir Matthew Hale, eminent judge, 1609, Alderley, Gloucestershire; Nicolas Belican, poetical satirist, 1636, France; Bishop George Horne, biblical expositor, 1730, Otham, near Maidstone; Lydia Huntley Sigourney, American poet, 1791, Norwich, United States.

Died.—Charles II. of Spain, 1700; Dr. John Radcliffe, founder of the Radcliffe Library, Oxford, 1714; Dean Humphrey Prideaux, author of *Connection of the History of the Old and New Testament*, 1724, Norwich; Louis de Kersaintie, Duchess of Portsmouth, mistress of Charles II., 1754; Alexander Cruden, author of the Concordance, 1770, Inverness; Edward Shuter, comedian, 1776; Lord George Gordon, originator of the No-Popery Riots of 1730, 1793, Neapole, London.

SIR MATTHEW HALE: DRINKING OF HEALTHS.

The illustrious chief-justice left an injunction or advice for his grandchildren in the following terms: ‘I will not have you begin or pledge any health, for it is become one of the greatest artificial of drinking, and occasions of quarrelling in the kingdom. If you pledge one health, you oblige yourself to pledge another, and a third, and so on, and if you pledge as many as will be drunk, you must be debauched and drunk. If they will needs know the reason of your refusal, it is a fair answer: “That your grandfather that brought you up, from whom, under God, you have the estate you enjoy or expect, left this in command with you, that you should never begin or pledge a health.”

Sir Matthew might well condemn health-drinking, for in his days it was used, or rather abused, for the encouragement of excesses at which all virtuous people must have been appalled. The custom has, however, a foundation and a sanction in the social feelings, and consequently, though it has had many ups and downs, it has always hitherto, in one form or another, maintained its ground. As far back as we can go amongst our ancestors, we find it established. And, notwithstanding the frowns of refinement on the one hand and tee-totalism on the other, we undoubtedly see it occasionally practised.

Among the earliest instances of the custom may be cited the somewhat familiar one of the health, said to have been drunk by Rowena to Vortigern, and which is described by Verstegan after this fashion: ‘She came into the room where the king and his guests were sitting, and making a bow in reverence to him, she said, “Wass hat, hosford Cyning! Be of health, Lord King.” Then, having drunk, she presented it [the cup] on her knees at the King, who, being told the meaning of what she said, together with the custom, took the cup, saying: “Drink health!” [Drink health], and drank also.’

William of Malmesbury adverts to the custom thus: ‘It is said it first took its rise from the death of young King Edward (called the Martyr), son to Edgar, who was, by the contrivance of Elfrida, his step-mother, traitorously stabbed in the back as he was drinking. The following page..."
curious old delineation, from the Cotton Manuscript, seems to agree with the reported custom. The centre figure appears to be addressing himself to his companion, who tells him that he pledges him, holding up his knife in token of his readiness to assist and protect him:

PLEDGING HEALTHS—NO. 1.

In another illustration of the same period, the custom of individuals pledging each other on convivial occasions is more prominently represented:

The following account of a curious custom in connection with the drinking of healths, is from a contribution to Notes and Queries, by a Lichfield correspondent, who says, that in that ancient city, it has been observed from time immemorial, at dinners given by the mayor, or at any public feast of the corporation. The first two toasts given are 'The Queen,' and 'Weale and worship,' both of which are drunk out of a massive embossed silver cup, holding three or four quarts, presented to the corporation in 1666, by the celebrated Elias Ashmole, a native of the city. The ceremony itself is by the same writer thus more particularly described: 'The mayor drinks first, and on his rising, the persons on his right and left also rise. He then hands the cup to the person on his right side, when the one next to him rises, the one on the left of the mayor still standing. Then the cup is passed across the table to him, when his left-hand neighbour rises; so that there are always three standing at the same time—one next to the person who drinks, and one opposite to him.' From the curious old letter of thanks for this cup we quote the following lines: 'Now, sir, give us leave to conclude by informing you that, according to your desire (upon the first receipt of your Pocium Charitatis, at the sign of the George for England), we filled it with Catholic wine, and devoted it a sober health to our most gracious king, which (being of so large a continent) pass the hands of thirty to pledge; nor did we forget yourself in the next place, being our great Mecenas.' This letter of thanks is dated, 'Lichfield, 26th January 1666.' The whole of the original letter appears in Harwood's Lichfield.

The custom as practised in the passing of the
renowned ‘loving-cup,’ at the lord mayor’s feasts in London, is too well known to require further notice. Another writer in Notes and Queries says, that the same observance always had place at the parish meetings, and churchwardens’ meetings, at St. Michael’s, Westminster: the cover of the loving-cup being held over the head of the person drinking by his neighbours on his right and left hand. It appears from Barrington’s Observations on the Ancient Statutes (1766), that the custom prevailed at Queen’s College, Oxford, where the scholars who wait upon their fellows place their two thumbs on the table. The writer adds: ‘I have heard that the same ceremony is used in some parts of Germany, whilst the superior drinks the health of the inferior. The inferior, during this, places his two thumbs on the table, and therefore is incapacitated from making any attempt upon the life of the person who is drinking.’ The writer on the Lichfield custom also adverts to this, by the by, when he says that ‘he presumes that though the ceremony is different, the object is the same as that at Queen’s College—viz., to prevent injury to the person who drinks.’

The practice would appear to have had its origin at the time when the Danes bore sway in this country. Indeed, some authors deduce the expression, ‘I’ll pledge you,’ in drinking, from this period. It seems that the Northmen, in those days, would occasionally stab a person while in the act of drinking. In consequence, people would not drink in company, unless some one present would be their pledge, or surety, that they should come to no harm whilst thus engaged. Nay, at one time, the people became so intimidated that they would not dare to drink until the Danes had actually pledged their honour for their safety!

In Beaumont and Fletcher’s days, it was the custom for the young gallants to stab themselves in their arms, or elsewhere, in order to ‘drink the healths’ of their mistresses, or to write their names in their own blood! The following passage occurs in Pepys’s Diary relative to ‘health-drinking:’ ‘To the Elenish wine-house, where Mr. Moore showed us the French manner, which is to bow to him that drank to you, and then apply yourself to him, whose lady’s health is drunk, and then to the person that you drink to, which I never knew before: but it seems it is now the fashion.

The following remarkable and solemn passage is found in Warden’s Living Speeches of Dying Christians (in his Sermons): ‘My Saviour began to mee in a bitter cup; and shall I not pledge him? I.e., drink the same.’

Records of the custom in many countries, and in many ages, might be multiplied ad infinitum. It is beyond our present purpose, however, to give any further illustrations, beyond the following curious extract from Rich’s Irish Hoheven, or the English Hve and Crie (1617). After a long and wholesome, though severe, tirade against drunkenness, the quaint old writer says: ‘In former ages, they had no conceits whatsoeuer, nor days nor drinking, nor any of their best ways, I drink to you, and I pledge yee; till at length some shallow-witted drunkard found out the carouse, which shortly after was turned into a hearty draught: but now it is engin (enjoined) to the drinking of a health, an invention of that worth and worthinesse, as it is pitty the first founder was not hanged, that we might have found out his name in the ancient record of the Hangman’s Register! The institution in drinking of a health is full of ceremony, and observed by tradition, the purport being, that the person doth pray to the saints. The singular writer then adds this description of the performance of the custom: ‘He that begins the health, hath his prescribed orders; first vouchsavouring his head, he takes a full cup in his hand, and setting his countenance with a grave aspect, he cries for audience. Silence being once obtained, he begins to breath out the name, perambulation of some honorable personage that is worthy of a better regard than to have his name polluted at so vulgar a time, amongst a company of drunkenards; but his health is drunke to, and hee that pledgeth must likewise of [off] with his cup, raise his fingers, and bowing himselfe in signe of a reverent acceptance. When the leader sees his follower thus prepared, he soupes [supps] up his broath, turns the bottom of the cuppe vpward, and in ostentation of his dexteritie, gues the cup a phylip [flipp], to make it cry lympge [a sort of ringing sound, denoting that the vessel was emptied of its contents]. After this, the first scene is acted.—The cup being newly replenished to the breadth of a haire, he that is the pledge must now begin his part, and thus it goes rounde throughout the whole company, prouided alwayes by a canon set downe by the first founder; there must be three at the least still vouchsauere, till the health hath had the full passage; which is no sooner ended, but another begins again, and he drinks a health to his Lady of little worth, or peradventure, to his Light-heeld’d mistris.’

The canonic old writer just referred to, adds the following remarks in a marginal note: ‘He that first invented that vse of drinking healths, had his busines beat out with a potle-pot: a most just end for inventers of such notorious abuses. And many in pledging of healths haue ended their lives presently [early], as example lately in London.’

A few notices may be appended of the anathemas which have been hurled at the custom of drinking healths. The first of these is a single line in a MS., published in 1628, ‘by William Pyne, Gent., proving the drinking and pledging of Healths to be sinful, and utterly unlawful unto Christians.’ At the Restoration, this work had become scarce, and it was judged meet that Mr. William Pyne’s notable book should be reprinted, few of them being to be had for money.’ The loyalty of the English to Charles II., was shown by such a frequency of drinking his health, as to threaten to disturb the public peace, and occasion a royal proclamation, an extract from which is subjoined.

‘C. R.

Our dislike of those, who under pretence of affection to us, and our service, assume to themselves a Liberty of Reviling, Threatening, and Reproaching of others. There are likewise another sort of men, of whom we have heard much, and are sufficiently ashamed, who spend their time in Tavers, their best hours, in the company of debauchees, giving no other evidence of their affection to us, but in Drinking our Health.

The following is from a work published about this period:

‘Of Healtha drinking, and Heaven’s doom thereon:

Part of a Letter from Mr. Ab. Ramsbotham.'
Within four or five miles of my house, the first of July (as I take it), at a town called Gislingham, there were three or four persons in a shopkeeper's house, drinking of Strong waters, and of Healthes, as 'tis spoken. And all of a sudden there came a flame of fire down the chimney with a great crack, as by thunder, or of a cannon, or gunpowder; which for the present struck the men as dead.

But afterwards they recovered; and one of them was, as it were, shot in the knee, and so up his Breeches and Doublet to his shoulder; and there it brake out, and split and broke in pieces the window, and set the house on fire; the greater part of which burned down to the ground.

This hath filled the Country with wonder, and many speak their judgements both on it, and of the persons. ABR. RAMSBOTHAM.

John Radcliffe, whose name is perpetuated in so many memorials of his munificence, was born at Wakefield, in Yorkshire, February 7, 1630, and educated in the university of Oxford, where he studied medicine. His books were so few in number, that on being asked where was his library, he pointed to a few vials, a skeleton, and a herb, in one corner of his room, and exclaimed, with emphasis: 'There, sir, is Radcliffe's library!' In 1675, he took his degree of M.B., and began to practice in Oxford, where, by some happy cures (especially by his cooling treatment of the small-pox), he soon acquired a great reputation. In 1682, he took the degree of M.D., and went out a Grand Compendium; an imposing ceremony in those days, and for a century afterwards, all the members of the college walking in procession, with the candidate himself, bartered, to the Convocation House. Radcliffe now removed to London, and settled in Bow Street, Covent Garden, where he soon received daily, in fees, the sum of twenty guineas, through his vigorous and decisive method of practice, as well as his pleasantness and ready wit; many, it is said, even feigning themselves ill, for the pleasure of having a few minutes' conversation with the faqionate doctor. The garden in the rear of his house, in Bow Street, extended to the garden of Sir Godfrey Kneller, who resided in the Piazza, Covent Garden. Kneller was fond of flowers, and had a fine collection. As he was intimate with the physician, he permitted the latter to have a door into his garden; but Radcliffe's servants gathering and destroying the flowers, Kneller sent him notice that he must shut up the door. Radcliffe replied peevishly: 'Tell him he may do anything with it but paint it.' 'And I,' answered Sir Godfrey, 'can take anything from him but physic.'

Radcliffe showed great sagacity in resisting the enticements of the court-chaplains to change his religion and turn papist; and when the Prince of Orange was invited over, Radcliffe took care that no imputation of guilt could, by any possibility, attach to him afterwards, had the Revolution not succeeded. He had, two years previously, been appointed physician to the Princess Anne; and when King William came, Radcliffe got the start of his majesty's physicians, by curing two of his favourite foreign attendants; for which the king gave him five hundred guineas out of the privy-purse. But Radcliffe declined the appointment of one of his majesty's physicians, considering that the settlement of the crown was then but insecure. He nevertheless attended the king, and for the first eleven years of his reign, received more, than 600 guineas annually. In 1689, he succeeded in restoring William sufficiently to enable him to join his army in Ireland, and gain the victory of the Boyne. In 1691, when the young Prince William, Duke of Gloucester, was taken ill of painting fits, and his life was despaired of, Radcliffe was sent for, and restored the little patient, for which Queen Mary ordered her chamberlain to present him with a thousand guineas. He was now the great physician of the day; and his neighbour, Dr Gibbons, received £1000 per annum from the overflow of patients who were not able to get admission to Radcliffe.

In 1692, he sustained a severe pecuniary loss. He was persuaded by his friend, Betterton, the famous tragedian, to risk £5000 in a venture to the East Indies; the ship was captured by the enemy, with her cargo, worth £200,000. This ruined the poor player; but Radcliffe received the receipts from the Queen's Head Tavern in Clare Market (where he was enjoying himself with several persons of rank, with philosophic composure; desiring his companions not to interrupt the circulation of the glass, for that 'he had no more to do but go up so many pair of stairs, to make himself whole again.' Towards the end of 1694, Queen Mary was seized with small-pox, and the symptoms were most alarming; her majesty's physicians were at their wits' end, and the privy-council sent for Radcliffe. At the first sight of the prescriptions, he rudely exclaimed, that 'her majesty was a dead woman, for it was impossible to do any good in her case, where remedies were given that were so contrary to the nature of the distemper; yet he would endeavour to do all that lay in him to give her ease.' There were some faint hopes for a time, but the queen died. Some few months after, Radcliffe's attendance was requested by the Prince of Wales. He had been absent from court, and promised speedily to come to St James's; the princess grew worse, and a messenger was again despatched to Radcliffe, who, on hearing the symptoms detailed, swore by his Maker, 'that her highness' distemper was nothing but the vapours, and that she was as good a state of health as any woman breathing, could she but believe it.' No skill or reputation could excuse this rudeness and levity; and he was, in consequence, dismissed. But his credit remained with the king, who sent him abroad to attend the Earl of Albemarle, who had a considerable command in the army; Radcliffe remained in the camp only a week, succeeded in the treatment of his patient, and received from King William £1200, and from Lord Albemarle 400 guineas and a diamond ring. In 1697, after the king's return from Loo, being much indisposed at Kennington Palace, he sent for Radcliffe; the symptoms were dropping, when the physician, in his old way, promised to try to lengthen the king's days, if he would forbear making long visits to the Earl of Bradford, with whom the king was wont to drink very hard. Radcliffe left behind him a recipe, by following which the king was enabled to go abroad, to his palace at Loo, in Holland.
In 1699, the Duke of Gloucester, heir-presumptive to the crown, was taken ill, when his mother, Queen Anne, became alarmed. On hearing her antipathy, sent for Radcliffe, who pronounced the case hopeless, and abused the two other physicians, telling them that "it would have been happy for this nation had the first been bred up a basket-maker (which was his father's occupation), and the last continued making a havock of nouns and pronouns, in the quality of a country schoolmaster, rather than have ventured out of his reach, in the practice of an art which he was an utter stranger to, and for which he ought to have been whipped with one of his own rods."

At the close of this year, the king, on his return from Holland, where he had not been abstemious, being much out of health, again sent for Radcliffe to Kensington Palace; when his majesty, shewing his swollen ankles, exclaimed: 'Doctor, what think you of these?' 'Why, truly,' said Radcliffe, 'I would not have your majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms.' With this ill-tempered jest, though it passed unnoticed at the moment, his professional attendance at court terminated.

Anne sent again for Radcliffe in the dangerous illness of her husband, Prince George. His disease was dropsy, and the doctor, unused to flattery, declared that 'the prince had been so palpably attacked by his own malady that nothing in the arts of physic could keep him alive more than six days—and his prediction was verified.

When, in July 1714, Queen Anne was seized with the sickness which terminated her life, Radcliffe was sent for; but he was confounded by a fit of gout to his house at Carshalton. He was accused of refusing to give his professional advice to his sovereign, and in consequence of this report, durst scarcely venture out of doors, as he was threatened with being pulled to pieces if ever he came to London.

Radcliffe died November 1, 1714, 'a victor, to the ingratiation of a thankless world, and the fury of the gout.' By his will he left his Yorkshire estate to University College, Oxford, and £5000 for enlargement of the building; to St Bartholomew's Hospital, the yearly sum of £500 towards mending their diet, and £100 yearly for the buying of linen; and £4000 for the building of a library at Oxford, besides £150 a year for the librarian's salary, £100 a year for the purchase of books, and another £100 for repairs. The smallness of the annual sum provided for the purchase of books is remarkable, and gave occasion to the animadversion, that the main object of the testator was to erect a splendid monument to himself. The bulk of the remainder of his property he left in trust for charitable purposes. The Radcliffe Library is one of the noblest architectural adornments of Oxford. It was designed by Gibbs, and is built on a circular plan, with a spacious dome. It was originally called the Physic Library, and the books which it contained were principally confined to works on medicine and natural science.

ALEXANDER CRUDEN.

This persevering and painstaking compiler, who was appointed by Sir Robert Walpole bookseller to the ear of the queen of George II, died at his lodgings in Camden Street, Islington, November 1, 1770. The Concordance, which has conferred celebrity on his name, was published and dedicated to Queen Caroline in 1737. He presented a copy of it in person to her majesty, who, he said, smiled upon him, and assured him she was highly obliged to him. The expectations he formed of receiving a solid proof of the queen's appreciation of the work, were disappointed by her sudden death within sixteen days of his reception. Twenty-four years afterwards, he revised a second edition, and dedicated it to her grandson, George III. For this, and a third edition issued in 1769, his booksellers gave him £800.

He was often prominently before the public as a very eccentric enthusiast. Three times, during his life, he was placed in confinement by his friends. On the second of these occasions, he managed to escape from a private lunatic asylum in which he was chained to his bedstead; when he immediately brought actions against the proprietor and physician. Unfortunately for his case, he stated it himself, and lost it. On his third release, he brought an action against his sister, from whom he claimed damages to the amount of £10,000, for authorising his detention. In this suit also he was unsuccessful. In the course of his life, he met with many rebuffs in the prosecution of projects in which he restlessly embarked, as he considered, for the public good; for all of which he solaced himself with printing accounts of his motives, treatment, and disappointments.

One of his eccentricities consisted in the assumption of the title of Alexander the Corrector. In the capacity implied by this term, he stopped persons whom he met in public places on Sundays, and admonished them to go home and keep the Sabbath holy; and in many other ways addressed himself to the improvement of the public morals. He spent much of his earnings in the purchase of pamphlets, tracts and catechisms, which he distributed right and left; and gave away thousands of pamphlets, on which were printed the fourth commandment. To enlarge, as he thought, his sphere of usefulness, he signed for a recognition of his mission in high-places; and, to attain this end, succeeded, after considerable solicitation, in obtaining the signatures of several persons of rank to a testimonial of his zeal for the public good. Armed with this credential, he urged that the king in council, or an act of legislature, should formally constitute him Corrector of Morals. However, his chimerical application was not entertained.

Another eccentricity arose out of the decided part he took against Mr Wilkes, when that demagogue agitated the kingdom. He partly expressed his intense feeling in his usual mode—by pamphlet; but more especially evinced his aversion by effacing the offensive numeral No. 45, wherever he found it chalked up. For this purpose, he carried in his pockets a large piece of sponge. He subsequently included in this obliteration all the obscene inscriptions with which Idle persons were permitted at that time to disgrace blank walls in the metropolis. This occupation, says his biographer Blackburn, from his retrospective character, made his walks very tedious.

His erratic temperance prompted him to visit the prisons in Newgate daily, instruct them in the teachings of the gospel, and encourage them to pay attention, by gifts of money to the most
diligent. This good work he was, however, induced to relinquish, by finding that his hardened pupils, directly he had thrown off his gout and jiggles, were content to spend their sums in intoxicating liquors. While so engaged, he was able to prevail upon Lord Halifax to commute a sentence of death against Richard Potter, found guilty of uttering a forged will, to one of transportation.

Still animated with a desire to regenerate the manly morals, he besought the honour of knighthood—not, he declared, for the value of the title, but from a conviction that that dignity would give his voice more weight. In pursuit of the desired distinction, he seems to have given a great deal of trouble to the lords in waiting and secretaries of state, and probably exceeded the bounds of their patience. For, in a communication of Earl Paulet, he admits that less-afflicted noblemen got quit of his importunities by flight. This ear, he says, in an account of his attendance at court, 'being goutish in his feet, could not run away from the Corrector as others were apt to do.' In 1734, he offered himself as a candidate to represent the city of London in parliament. In this contest, he issued the most singular addresses, referring the sheriffs, candidates, and livermen to consider his letters and advertisements published for some time past, and especially the appendix to Alexander the Corrector’s Adventures. ‘If there is just ground to think that God will be pleased to make the Corrector an instrument to reform the nation, and particularly to promote the reformation, the peace, and prosperity of this great city, and to bring them into a more religious temper and conduct, no good man, in such an extraordinary case, will deny him his vote. And the Corrector’s election is believed to be the means of paving the way to his being a Joseph, and an useful and prosperous man.’ He also presented his possible election in the light of the fulfilment of a prophecy. But the be-wigged, and buttoned, and knee-breeched, and low-shoed electors only laughed at him. He consoled himself for the disappointment with which this new effort was attended, as in former ones, by issuing a pamphlet.

The most singular of Cruden’s pamphlets detailed his love adventures. He became enamoured of Miss Elizabeth Abney. The father of this lady, Sir Thomas Abney, was a successful merchant, who was successively sheriff, alderman, lord mayor of London, and one of the representatives of the city in parliament. He was a person of considerable consequence, having been one of the founders of the Bank of England, of which he was for many years a director; but his memory is especially honoured from the fact of its being interwoven with that of Dr Watts, who resided with him at Stoke-Newington. His daughter inherited a large fortune; and to become possessed of both, became the Corrector’s sanguine expectation. Miss Abney was deaf to his entreaties. For months he courted her by her calls, and persecuted her with letters, memorials, and remonstrances. When she left home, he caused ‘praying-bills’ to be distributed in various places of worship, requesting the prayers of the minister and congregation for her preservation and safe return; and when this took place, he issued further bills to the same congregations to return thanks. Finding these peculiar attentions did not produce the desired effect, he drew up a long paper, which he called a Declaration of War, in which he declared he should compass her surrender by fire, and not the sword. From his camp; namely, by earnest prayer to Heaven day and night, that her mind might be enlightened and her heart softened.’ His grotesque courtship ended in defeat: the lady never relented.

The precision and concentration of thought required in his literary labours, the compilation and several revisions of his Concordance, his verbal index of Milton’s works, his Dictionary of the Holy Scriptures, his Account of the History and Excellency of the Holy Scriptures, and his daily employment on the journal in which the letters of Junius appeared, as corrector of the press, render Cruden’s labours the more remarkable. And a still more curious circumstance, consists in the fact that his vagaries failed to efface the esteem in which he was regarded by all who knew him, more especially by his biographers, Blackburn and Chalmers; the latter of whom said of him, that he was a man to whom the religious world lies under great obligation, ‘who, whether by sympathy, notwithstanding his mental infirmities, we cannot but venetiate; whom neither infirmity nor neglect could debase; who sought consolation where only it could be found; whose sorrows served to instruct him in the distresses of others; and who employed his prosperity to relieve those who, in every sense, were ready to perish.’ Are there men more worthy of a column in the Book of Days?

**EXPULSION OF THE JEWS FROM ENGLAND.**

In the course of the year of grace, 1290, three daughters of Edward I. were married. The old chroniclers relate wondrous stories of the prodigal magnificence of those nuptials; nor are their recitals without corroboration. Mr Herbert, a late librarian of the city of London, discovered in the records of the Goldsmith’s Company, the actual list of valuables belonging to Queen Eleanor, and it reads more like an extract from the Arabian Nights, than an early English record. Gold chaldons, worth £292 each, an immense sum in those days, figure in it; small silver cups are valued at £118 each—what were the large ones worth, we wonder!—while diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, and rubies, sparkle among all kinds of gold and silver utensils. Modern historians refer to the old chroniclers, and this astounding catalogue of manufactured wealth, as a proof of the attainments in refinement and art which England had made at that early period. But there is a reverse to every medal, and it is much more probable that these records of valuables are silent witnesses to a great crime—the robbery and expulsion of the Jews, proving the general barbarity and want of civilization that then prevailed.

Not long before this year of royal marriages, Edward, mourning on a sick-bed, made a solemn vow, that if the Almighty should restore him to health, he would undertake another crusade against the infidels. The king recovered; but as the immediate pressure of sickness was removed, and Palestine far distant, he compromised his vow by driving the Jews out of his French province of Guiana, and seizing all their goods and possessions of the unfortunate Ismaelites.

It may be supposed, from the wondrous nature
of the Jewish race, that many members of it had been in England from a very early period; but their first regular establishment in any number dates from the Norman Conquest, William having promised them his protection. The great master of romance has, in Ivanhoes, given a general idea how the Jews were treated; but there were particular horrors perpetrated on a large scale, quite unfit for relation in a popular work. In short, it may be said that when the Jews were most favoured, their condition was to our ideas intolerable; and yet it should be recorded in favour of our ancestors, that even then the Jews were rather more mildly treated in England than in the other countries of Europe.

When Edward returned from despoiling and banishing the Jews of Guienne, his subjects received him with rapturous congratulations. The constant drain of the precious metals created by the Crusades, the almost utter deficiency of a currency for conducting the ordinary transactions of life, had caused the whole nation—clergy, nobility, gentry, and commoners—to become debtors to the Jews. If the king then, would graciously banish them from England as he had from Guienne, his subjects' debts would be sponged out, and he, of course, would be the most glorious, popular, and best of monarchs. Edward, however, did not see the affair exactly in that light. Though, in case of an enforced exodus, he would become entitled to the Jewish possessions, yet his subjects would be greater sufferers by the complete abolition of their debts. In fact, the king, besides his own part of the spoil, claimed a share in that of his subjects, but after considerable deliberation the matter was thus arranged. The clergy agreed to give the king a tenth of their chattels, and the laity a fifteenth of their lands; and so the bargain was concluded to the satisfaction and gain of all parties, save the miserable beings whom it most concerned.

On the 31st of August 1290, Edward issued a proclamation commanding all persons of the Jewish race, under penalty of death, to leave England before the 1st of November. As an act of gracious condescension on the part of the king, the Jews were permitted to take with them a small portion of their movable, and as much money as would pay their travelling expenses. Certain ports were appointed as places of embarkation, and safe-conduct passes to those ports were granted to all who chose to pay for them. The passes added more to the royal treasury than to the protection of the fugitives. The people—that is to say, the Christians—persecuted the Jews on all sides, without paying the slightest respect to the dearly-purchased protections. All the old historians relate a shocking instance of the treatment the Jews received when leaving England. Holinshed thus quaintly tells the story:

A sort of the richest of them being shipped with their treasure, in a mighty tall ship, which they had hired, when the same was under sail, and got down the Thames, towards the mouth of the river, the master-mariner betook himself of a wife,
and caused his men to cast anchor, and so rode at the same till the ship, by ebbing of the stream, reached on the dry land. The master therewith escorted the Jews to walk out with him on land, to recreation; and at length, when he understood the tide to be coming in, he got him back to the ship, whither he was drawn up by a cord. The Jews made not so much haste as he did, because they were not aware of the danger; but when they perceived how the matter stood, they cried to him for help, howbeit he told them that they ought to cry rather unto Moses, by whom their fathers passed through the Red Sea; and, therefore, if they would call to him for help, he was able to help them out of these raging floods, which now came in upon them. They cried, indeed, but no succour appeared, and so they were swallowed up in the water. The master returned with his ship, and told the king how he had used the matter, and told both thanks and rewards, as some have written.

Nearly all over the world this cruel history is traditionally known among the Jews, who add a myth to it; namely, that the Almighty, in execution of the deed, has ever since caused a continual turmoil among the waters over the fatal spot. The disturbance in the water caused by the fall, on ebb-tide, at old London Bridge, was said to be the place; and when foreign Jews visited London, it was always the first wonderful sight they were taken to see. The water at the present bridge is now as unruffled as at any other part of the river, yet Dr Morgan, writing in 1651, says that most of the old Jews still believe in the legend regarding the troubled waters.

There are few relics of the Jews thus driven out of England. The rolls of their estates, still among the public records, show that the king profited largely by their expulsion. Jewry, Jew's Mount, Jew's Corner, and other similarly named localities in some of our towns, denote their once Hebrew occupants. The Jew's House at Lincoln can be undoubtedly traced to the possession of one Belas, a Jewess, who was hanged for clipping coin, a short time previous to the expulsion. The house being forfeited to the crown by the felony, the king gave it to William de Foleteby, whose brother bequeathed it to the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln, the present possessors. Passing through so few hands, in the lapse of so many years, its history can be easier traced, perhaps, than any other of the few houses of the same age in England.

The head of the doorway of this remarkable edifice, as will be seen by the illustration on the preceding page, forms an arch to carry the fireplace and chimney of the upper room. There seems to have been no fireplace in the lower room, there being originally but two rooms—above, the other below.

The number of banished Jews comprised about 15,000 persons of all ages. English commerce, then in its infancy, received a severe shock by the impolitic measure; nor did learning escape without loss. One of the expelled was Nicolaus de Lyra, who, strange to say in those bigoted days, had been admitted a student at Oxford. He subsequently wrote a commentary on the Old and New Testament, a work that prepared the way for the Reformation. Both Wickliffe and Luther acknowledged the assistance they had received from it.

And though Pope, when describing the Temple of Dulness, says:

‘De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,’

both parties, at the period of the Reformation, agreed in saying:

‘Si Lyra non lyrasset,
Lutherus non saltasset’—

‘If Lyra had not piped, Luther would not have danced.’

From the expulsion down to the period of the Commonwealth, the presence of a few Jews was always tolerated in England, principally about the court, in the capacity of physicians, or foreign agents. Early in 1656, the wise and tolerant Protector summoned a council to deliberate on the policy of allowing Jews to settle once more in England. That all parties might be represented, Cromwell admitted several lawyers, clergymen, and merchants, to aid the council in its deliberation. The lawyers declared that there was no law to prevent Jews settling in England; the clergy asserted that Christianity would be endangered thereby; and the merchants alleged that they would be the ruin of trade. Many of the arguments employed on this discussion were again used in the late debates on the admission of Jews into parliament. The council sat four days without coming to any conclusion; at last Cromwell closed it by saying, that he had sent for them to consider a simple question, and they had made it an intricate one. That he would, therefore, be guided by Providence, and act on his own responsibility.

A few days afterwards, he announced to his parliament that he had determined to allow Jews to settle in England, and the affair was accomplished. In May and June 1656, a number of Jews arrived in London, and their first care was to build a synagogue, and lay out a burial ground. The first interment on their burial-register is that of one Isaac Britto, in 1657.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON in 1755.

One of the most awful earthquakes ever recorded in history, for the loss of life and property thereby occasioned, was that at Lisbon on the 1st of November, 1755. Although equalled, perhaps, in the New World, it has had no parallel in the Old. About nine o'clock in the morning, a hollow thunder-like sound was heard in the city, although the weather was clear and serene. Almost immediately afterwards, without any other warning, such an upheaval and overturning of the ground occurred as destroyed the greater part of the houses, and buried or crushed no less than 30,000 human beings. Some of the survivors declared that the shock scarcely exceeded three minutes in duration. Hundreds of persons lay half-killed under stones and ruined walls, shrieking in agony, and imploring aid which no one could render. Many of the churches were at the time filled with their congregations; and each church became one huge catacomb, entombing the hapless beings in its ruins. The first two or three shocks, in as many minutes, destroyed the number of lives above mentioned; but there were counted twenty-two shocks altogether, in Lisbon and its neighbourhoo short destruc very nearly 60,000
lives. In one house, 4 persons only survived out of 38. In the city-prison, 800 were killed, and 1200 in the general hospital.

The effects on the sea and the sea-shore were scarcely less terrible than those inland. The sea retired from the harbour, left the bar dry, and then rolled in again as a wave fifty or sixty feet high. Many of the inhabitants, at the first alarm, rushed to a new marble quay which had lately been constructed; but this proceeding only occasioned additional calamities. The quay sank down into an abyss which opened underneath it, drawing in along with it numerous boats and small vessels. There must have been some actual closing up of the abyss at this spot; for the poor creatures thus engulfed, as well as the timbers and other wreck, disappeared completely, as if a cavern had closed in upon them. The seaport of Setubal, twenty miles south of Lisbon, was engulfed and wholly disappeared. At Cadiz, the sea rose in a wave to a height of sixty feet, and swept away great part of the mole and fortifications. At Oporto, the river continued to rise and fall violently for several hours; and violent gusts of wind were actually forced up through the water from chasms which opened and shut in the bed beneath it. At Tetuan, Fez, Marocco, and other places on the African side of the Mediterranean, the earthquake was felt nearly at the same time as at Lisbon. Near Marocco, the earth opened and swallowed up a village or town with 8000 inhabitants, and then closed again. The comparisons which scientific men were afterwards able to institute, showed that the main centre of the disturbance was far out in the Atlantic, where the bed of the ocean was convulsed by up-and-down heaving, thereby creating enormous waves on all sides. Many of the vessels out at sea were affected as if they had struck suddenly on a sand-bank or a rock; and, in some instances, the shock was so violent as to overturn every person and everything on board. And yet there was deep water all round the ships.

Although the mid-ocean may have been the focus of one disturbance which made itself felt as far as Africa in one direction, England in another, and America in a third, Lisbon must unquestionably have been the seat of a special and most terrible movement, creating yawning gaps in various parts of the city, and swallowing up buildings and people in the way above described. Many mountains in the neighbourhood, of considerable elevation, were shaken to their foundations; some were rent from top to bottom, enormous masses of rock were hurled from their sides, and electric flashes issued from the fissures. To add to the horrors of such of the inhabitants as survived the shocks, the city was found to be on fire in several places. These fires were attributed to various causes—the domestic fires of the inhabitants igniting the furniture and timbers that were hurled promiscuously upon them; the large wax-tapers which on that day (being a religious festival) were lighted in the churches; and the incendiary mischief of a band of miscreants, who took advantage of the terror around them by setting fire to houses in order to sack and pillage. The wretched inhabitants were either paralysed with dismay, or were too much engaged in seeking for the mangled corpses of their friends, to attend to the fire; the flames continued for six days, and the
All-Hallow-Tide Customs

The Book of Days

November 2.

All Souls, or the Commemoration of the Faithful Deprayed. St Victorinus, bishop and martyr, about 304. St Marcian, apostle and confessor, about 387. St Vulgan, confessor, 7th century.

All-Souls-Day.

This is a festival celebrated by the Roman Catholic Church, on behalf of the souls in purgatory, for whose release the prayers of the faithful are this day offered up and masses performed. It is said to have been first introduced in the ninth century by Odilon, abbot of Cluny; but was not generally established till towards the end of the tenth century. Its observance was esteemed of such importance, that in the event of its falling on a Sunday, it was ordered not to be postponed till the Monday, as in the case of other celebrations, but to take place on the previous Saturday that the souls of the departed might suffer no detriment from the want of the prayers of the church. It was customary in former times, on this day, for persons dressed in black to traverse the streets, ringing a dismal-toned bell at every house, and calling on the inhabitants to remember the souls suffering penance in purgatory, and to join in prayer for their liberation and repose. At Naples, it used to be a custom on this day to throw open the charnel-houses, which were lighted up with torches and decked with flowers, while crowds thronged through the vaults to visit the bodies of their friends and relatives, the fleshless skeletons of which were dressed up in robes and arranged in niches along the walls. At Salerno, also, we are told, that a custom prevailed previous to the fifteenth century, of providing in every house on the eve of All-Souls-Day, a sumptuous entertainment for the souls in purgatory who were supposed then to revisit temporarily, and make merry in, the scene of their earthly pilgrimage. Every one quitted the habitation, and after spending the night at church, returned in the morning to find the whole feast consumed, it being deemed eminently unchristian if a morsel of victuals remained uneaten. The thieves who made a harvest of this pious custom, assembling, then, from all parts of the country, generally took good care to avert any such evil omen from the inmates of the house by carefully carrying off whatever they were unable themselves to consume. A resemblance may be traced in this observance, to an incident in the story of Bel and the Dragon, in the Apocalypse.

Born.—Dr William Vincent, scholar and miscellaneous writer, 1790; Marie Antoinette, queen of Louis XVI, 1755; Vienna; Field Marshal Radetzky, celebrated Austrian commander, 1766; Castle of Teplitz, Bohemia, Edward, Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, 1767.

Died.—Dr Richard Hooker, author of the Ecclesiastical Polity, 1600; Richard Bancroft, archbishop of Canterbury, 1610, Lambeth; Sophia Dorothea, consort of George I. of England, 1726; Castle of Ahlen, Hanover; Alexander Menzkoff, Russian statesman and general, 1729; Siberia; Princess Amelia, daughter of George III, 1810, Windsor; Sir Samuel Romilly, eminent lawyer and philanthropist, 1818; Sir Alexander Burns, diplomatist, murdered at Calcut, 1811; Ewias Tegner, Swedish poet, 1848; Wiess, Sweden; Dr Richard Mant, theological and miscellaneous writer, 1848, Ballymossy, Ayrshire.

*Erroneously written Brantes in the authority quoted. 538
SIR SAMUEL ROMILLY.

The revolution in 1688, by Louis XIV., of Henry IV.'s Edict of Nantes, by which for nearly a hundred years Protestants had enjoyed at least toleration, cost France dearly, but greatly enriched England by the immigration of a multitude of skilful artisans, who introduced to the land of their adoption many forms of useful and elegant industry. Nor did these noble exiles profit England only by their manual skill. The names of their descendants appear with distinction in almost every department of our national life, but few with a more radiant glory than encircles the head of Sir Samuel Romilly.

His grandfather came from Montpellier, and settled in the neighbourhood of London as a wax bleacher. His father was a jeweller, and in Frith Street, Soho, he was born on the 1st of March 1757. As a boy, he received an indifferent education at the French Protestant school, but as soon as he had left it, he diligently applied himself to self-culture. What business he should follow, he could not decide. A solicitor's was thought of, a merchant's office was tried, and then his father's shop, but none pleased him. Meanwhile, he studied hard and became a good Latin scholar. Eventually, he was articled for five years to one of the sworn clerks in Chancery. In his leisure, he read extensively, but with method, governing himself with a strict rein. At the expiration of the five years, it had been his intention to purchase a seat in the Six Clerks' Office, and there quietly settle for life; but his father needed the requisite funds in his business, and Romilly, deprived of this resource, determined to qualify himself for the bar. He contracted an application brought on ill health, and to recruit his strength he made a journey to Switzerland. In Paris, he formed the acquaintance of D'Alembert, Diderot, and other thinkers of their school, and their influence had considerable effect in moulding his opinions towards liberalism and reform.

In 1783, Romilly was called to the bar, but he had to wait long ere he was rewarded with any practice. When briefs did at last fall to his lot, it very soon became manifest that they were held by a master; he gave his conscience to all he undertook, and wrought out his business with efficiency. Solicitors who trusted him once were in haste to trust him again, and a start in prosperity being made, success came upon him like a flood. His income rose to between £8000 and £9000 a year, and in his diary, he congratulates himself that he did not press his father to buy him a seat in the Six Clerks' Office. Lord Brougham says: 'Romilly, by the force of his learning and talents, and the most exquisite industry, rose to the very heights of professional ambition. He was beyond question or pretence of rivalry the most eminent man in the courts of equity in this country.'

Mirabeau visited London in 1784, and introduced Romilly to the Marquis of Lansdowne, who was so impressed with the young man's genius, that he twice offered him a seat in parliament; but Romilly was too proud to sit under even such liberal patronage. Not until 1806 did he enter the House of Commons, and then as Solicitor General in the Whig government, styled 'All the Talents,' formed after the death of Pitt. That administration lasted little more than a year, but Romilly remained a member of the House for one borough or another to the end of his life. In parliament, he was felt as a great power, and his speeches and votes were invariably on the Whig and progressive side. His oratory, which some competent judges pronounced the finest of his age, was especially listened to with rapt attention; a passage in his speech in favour of the abolition of the slave-trade received the singular honour of three distinct rounds of applause from the House.

Romilly's grand claim to remembrance, however, rests on his humane efforts to mitigate the Draconian code of English law. Nearly three hundred crimes, varying from the most frightful atrocious to keeping company with gypsies, were indiscriminately punishable with death. As a consequence, vice flourished, for, as Lord Coke long ago observed, 'too severe laws are never executed.' He had long meditated over the matter, and after discussing various schemes of procedure, he cautiously ventured, in 1808, to bring in a bill to repeal the statute of Elizabeth, which made it a capital offence to steal privately from the person of another. This he succeeded in getting passed. He next, in 1810, tried a bolder stroke, and introduced three bills to repeal several statutes which punished with death the crimes of stealing privately in a shop goods to the value of 5s., and of stealing to the amount of 40s. in dwelling houses, or in vessels in navigable rivers. All three were lost! He did not despair, however, but kept agitating, and renewed his motions session after session. He did not like to reap success, but he cleared the way for success after him.

Romilly had married, in his forty-first year, Miss Garbett, a lady of rare intelligence, whom he first met at the Marquis of Lansdowne's, and whose union proved eminently happy. After twenty years of conjugal felicity, she fell into delicate health. In 1818 there was a dissolution of parliament, and as an evidence of the respect in which Romilly was held, the electors of Westminster placed his name at the head of the poll, although he declined to spend a shilling or solicit a vote. Never, alas! was he destined to sit for Westminster. His honours were vapid whilst his beloved partner lay sick unto death. On the 29th of October she died. The shock was dreadful to Romilly. In his agony he fell into a delirium, and in a moment, when unwatched, he sprang from his bed, cut his throat, and expired in a few minutes. The sad event took place in his house, Russell Square, London, 21 November 1818. When Lord Eldon, next morning, took his seat on the bench, and saw the vacant place within the bar where for years Romilly had pleaded before him, iron man though he was, his eyes filled with tears. 'I cannot stay here!' he exclaimed, and rising in great agitation, broke up his court.

In one grave the bodies of husband and wife were laid at Knill, in Herefordshire. It is a singular circumstance, that in the parish church of St Bride, Fleet Street, there is a tablet on the wall with an inscription to the memory of Isaac Romilly, F.R.S., who died in 1759 of a broken heart, seven days after the decease of a beloved wife.
FUNERAL OF A JEWISH RABBI.

There are not often opportunities, in England, of witnessing the funeral obsequies of the great priests or rabbis among the Jews; because that peculiar people do not form so large a ratio to the whole population here as in many continental countries, and consequently do not comprise so many ecclesiastical officers. One of the few instances that have occurred took place on the 31st of November 1842. Dr Herschel, who had been chief rabbi of England for forty-two years, was buried on this day. At ten o'clock in the morning, the body, in a plain deal-coffin covered with a black cloth, was removed from his residence in Burry Court, St Mary Axe, to the chief synagogue in Duke's Place, Houndsditch. It was supported and followed by twenty-four leading members of the Hebrew persuasion, including Sir Moses Montefiore. During the progress from the door of the synagogue to the ark, a special service was chanted by the Rev. Mr Asher, the principal reader; and after the bier had been placed before the ark, an impressive ceremonial took place. The ark was covered with black cloth; the whole of the windows were darkened; the synagogue was illuminated by wax-tapers; and the whole place assumed a sombre and imposing aspect. This portion of the religious ceremony having been concluded, a procession was formed to convey the remains of the venerable rabbi to their last resting-place, the Jews' burial-ground, at Mile End. In the procession were the boys and girls of the German, Spanish, and Portuguese Jewish schools; the youths training up for the priesthood; the readers of the various metropolitan synagogues; and the carriage of the principal Jewish lady. There were nearly a hundred carriages in all. In accordance with a wish expressed by the deceased, there were no mourning-coaches. On arriving at the burial-ground, at Heath Street, Mile End, the body was carried into a sort of hall, in the centre of which it was placed. The reader, then, taking his position at the head of the coffin, repeated a burial-service. At the conclusion of the prayers, the coffin was borne to the grave. Several brown-paper parcels, sealed with wax, containing papers and documents, were thrown into the grave, in obedience to instructions left by the deceased; and a large box, containing one of the laws of Moses, written by Rabbi Herschel himself on parchment, was also, at his special request, consigned to the grave with him. The shops of the Jewish tradesmen along the line of route were closed as the procession passed, the ceremony altogether occupying five hours.

ST RUMALD.

They who have read Foxe's Martyrology, will perhaps remember that several Lollards who, to save their bodies from the stake, renounced the new doctrine, were nevertheless required to walk to Buckingham, and present an offering at the shrine of St Rumald. Now this St Rumald, whose name is also written Rumdal, and Grumbald, was a very remarkable saint. According to Leland, who copies from a monkish life of him, he was the son of the king of Northumbria by a Christian daughter of Penda, king of Mercia. He was born at Sutton, in Northamptonshire, but not far from the town of Buckingham. Immediately he came into the world, he exclaimed: 'I am a Christian! I am a Christian!' He then made a full and explicit confession of his faith; desired to be forthwith baptized; appointed his own godfathers; and chose his own name. He next directed a certain large hollow stone to be fetched for his font; and when some of his father's servants attempted to obey his orders, but found the stone far too heavy to be removed, the two priests, whom he had appointed his godfathers, went for it, and bore it to him with the greatest ease. He was baptized by Bishop Widerin, assisted by a priest named Eadwold, and immediately after the ceremony he walked to a certain well near Brackley, which now bears his name, and there preached for three successive days; after which he made his will, bequeathing his body after death to remain at Sutton for ten years, at Brackley for two years, and at Buckingham ever after. This done, he instantly expired. After this three-days' existence, the miraculous infant was buried at Sutton by Eadwold the priest; the next year he was translated by Bishop Widerin to Brackley; and the third year after his death, his remains were carried to Buckingham, and deposited in a shrine, in an aisle of the church which afterwards bore his name. Shortly before the year 1477, Richard Fowler, Esq., chancellor to Edward IV., began to rebuild this aisle, but died before its completion. In his will, therefore, he made this bequest: 'Item, I will that the aforesaid Isle of St Rumold, in the aforesaid church prebendal of Bucks, where my body and other of my friends were buried, the which isle is begun of new to be made, be fully made and performed up perfectly in all things att my costs and charge; and in the same isle that there be made of nwe a tombe or shrine for the said saint where the old is now standing, and that it be made curiously with marble in length and breadth as shall be thought by my Executors most convenient, consideration had to the race, and upon the same tombe or shrine I will that there be set a coffyn or a chest

* See notices of St Winifred at p. 6 of this volume.
curiously wrought and gilded, as it appertained for to lay in the bones of the same saint, and this also to be done in all things at my cost and charge." This extreme care for the relics of the infant saint clearly shows that they were held in high veneration at this period, and they continued to be the object of pilgrimages till the middle of the sixteenth century.

There was also a famous image of St Rumald at Boxley, in Kent. This statue or image was very small and hollow, and light, so that a child of seven years old might easily lift it, but, for some reason or other, it occasionally appeared so heavy that persons of great strength were unable to move it. ‘The moving hereof,’ says Fuller, ‘was made the conditions of women's chastity. Such who paid the priest well, might easily remove it, whilst others might tug at it to no purpose. For this was the contrivance of the cheat—that it was fastened with a pin of wood by an invisible stander behind. Now, when such offered to take it who had been bountiful to the priest before, they bare it away with ease, which was impossible for their hands to remove who had been chaste, owing to their confessions. Thus it moved more laughter than devotion, and many chaste virgins and wives went away with blushing faces, leaving (without cause) the suspicion of their wantonness in the eyes of the beholders; whilst others came off with more credit (because with more coin) though with less chastity.’ Fuller concludes the Legend of St Rumald with this remark: ‘Reader, I partly guess by my own temper how thine is affected with the reading hereof, whose soul is much divided betwixt several actions at once:—1. To freeze at the impudence of the first inventors of such improbable untruths.—2. To smile at the simplicity of the believers of them.—3. To sigh at that well-intended devotion abused with them.—4. To thank God that we live in times of better and brighter knowledge.’

A memorial of the saint is still preserved at Buckingham in the names of Wilt Street, and St Rumald's Lane; and a well at Brackley bears his name.

It is not unworthy of observation, that Butler, in his Lives of the Saints, gives but a brief account of Rumald; and though acquainted with Leboud’s account of him, passes lightly over the miraculous story, only saying: ‘He died very young on the 3d of November, &c.’

**Born.**—Lucan, Latin poet, 39 a.d., Cordova.
**Died.**—Constantius, Roman emperor, 351, Mopsucrene, Cicia; Pope Leo the Great, 461; James II, king of Armagh, 1521, Dublin; Thomas de Montaigne, Earl of Salisbury, killed in France, 1428; Bishop Robert Lowth, biblical writer, 1757, Fulham; Theophilus Lindsey, Unitarian divine, 1688; Dr Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, musical composer, 1847, Leipzig.

**SPURS AND SPUR-MONEY.**

Among the privy-purse expenses of Henry VII., in the year 1495, appears the following item: ‘To the children for the King’s spurs, 4s.’ And between June 1530 and September 1532, no less than three payments of 6s. 6d. are recorded as made by his successor’s paymaster ‘to the Coristers of Wyndesor in rewarde for the king’s spures.’

* Lipscomb’s Buckinghamshire, ii. 578.

Apropos of these entries, Mr Markland quotes a note from Gifford’s edition of Ben Jonson, stating that from the disturbance of divine service in the cathedrals (more especially in St Paul’s) by the jingling of the spurs of persons walking in their precincts, a trifling fine was imposed upon offenders in this way, called ‘spur-money,’ the collection of which was left to the beadle and singing-boys. It seems to us that the connection between the text and note is rather doubtful—indeed, Mr Markland himself says, ‘it must first be shown that it prevailed at so early a period.’ Nicholas supposed that in the above cases the money was paid to redeem the royal spurs from the choristers, who claimed them as their perquisites at installations, or at the annual feast in honour of St George.

Spur-money, as a penalty to be paid for wearing spurs in a cathedral, seems to have been thoroughly established in the seventeenth century. In the Great Book, Decker, advising his readers how they should behave in St Paul’s, says: ‘Be sure your silver spurs clog your heels, and then the boys will swarm about you like so many white butterflies; when you in the morning, shall do anything in a perfumed embroidered purse—-the glorious sight of which will entice many countrymen from their devotion to wondering—and quoth silver into the boy’s hands, that it may be heard above the first lesson, although it be read in a voice as big as one of the great organs.’ That the custom was not confined to St Paul’s, is proved by a passage in Roy’s Second Itinerary—‘July 26, 1661. We began our journey northwards from Cambridge, and that day, passing through Huntingdon and Stilton, we rode as far as Peterborough, twenty-five miles. There I first heard the cathedral service. The choristers made us pay money for coming into the quire with our spurs on.’ Another old writer complains that the boys neglect their duties to run about after spur-money. Modern choristers are not so bad as that, but they look sharply after their rights. Some few years ago, a visitor to Hereford Cathedral declined to satisfy the demands of the boys, who thenupon seized his hat, and decamped with it. The indignant dealer in old customs, instead of redeeming his property, laid a complaint before the bench; but the magistrates astonished him by dismissing the case on the grounds that the choristers were justified in keeping the hat as a lien for the payment of the customary fine. There was one way of escaping the tax, the spur-wearer being held exempt if the youngest chorister present failed to repeat his gamut correctly upon being challenged to do so. This curious saving-clause is set forth officially in a notice issued by the dean of the chapel-royal in 1629:

‘If any knight or other person entitled to wear spurs, enter the chapel in that guise, he shall pay to the quiristers the accustomed fine; but if he command the youngest quirister to repeat his gamut, and he fail in so doing, the said knight or other shall not pay the fine.’

By enforcing this rule, the Iron Duke once baffled the young assailants of his purse. When a similar claim was made against the Duke of Cumberland (afterwards king of Hanover) in Westminster Abbey, he ingeniously evaded it by insisting that he was privileged to wear his spurs in the place in which he had been invested with them.

On the bell-yard-wall of All Saints Church,
Hastings, hangs a rhymed notice, declaring the belly free to ‘all those that civil be,’ with a proviso—

‘If you ring in spur or hat,
Sixpence you pay be sure of that.’

The debtors of Lancaster jail demand largess of any visitor wearing spurs within the castle-walls, and the doorkeeper of the Edinburgh Court of Session is privileged to demand five shillings from any one appearing in that court so attired.

Lord Colchester records in his diary (1776), that having inadvertently gone into the House of Commons booted and spurred, he was called to order by an old member for assuming a privilege only accorded to county members. This parliamentary rule is noticed by Sir James Lawrence in his Nobility of the British Gentry. Though the knights condescended to sit under the same roof with the citizens and burgesses, they were summoned to appear gladio cincti, and they always maintained the dignity of the equestrian order. The most trifling distinction sufficed to destroy the idea of equality, and the distinction of the spur is still observed. The military members appear no longer in armour, but they alone may wear spurs as a mark of knighthood. The citizen or burgess, who, after a morning’s ride, should inadvertently approach the chamber with his spurs on, is stopped by the usher, and must return to divest himself of this mark of knighthood. And to this humiliation any gentleman of the first quality, any Irish peer, nay, the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself, who, whatever might be his authority or dignity elsewhere, should sit in the House in the humble character of citizen or burgess, must submit.

The first spur worn was merely a sharp goad, afterwards improved by bending the shank to suit the ankle. In the reign of Henry III, the rowelled spur made its first appearance; the rowel was gradually lengthened till it reached its maximum of seven inches and a half, in the time of Henry VI. Then came a change of fashion, and only spurs with close star-shaped rowels were in favour. At this time Ripon, in Yorkshire, was especially famous for the manufacture of spurs: ‘As true steel as Ripon rowels,’ became a proverbial expression. It was said that Ripon rowels would strike through a shilling, and rather break than bend.

When James I passed through the town in 1617, he was presented with a pair of spurs valued at five pounds. The knight of old, proud of their spurs, were not content with simple steel. Brass and silver were pressed into service, and spurs were chased, gilt, decorated with jewels, and adorned with such mottoes as—

‘A true knight am I,
Anger me and try.’

Lady-equestrians adopted spurs at a very early period; Chaucer’s wife of Bath is described by him as having ‘on her feet a pair of spurs sharp.’

The toasts of Shakespeare’s day, delighted to hear their spurs jingle as they struttered through the streets:

‘If they have a tattering spur and bear,
Hence light as the gay feathers which they wear,
Think themselves are the only gentlemen.’

So, fastidious Brick in Every Man out of his 542

Humour, praises his horse as ‘a fiery little slave, he runs like a— Oh, excellent, excellent—with the very sound of the spur!’ And when an explanation of the latter phrase is demanded, replies: ‘Oh, it’s your only humour now extant, sir—a good jingle, a good jingle.’

NOVEMBER 4


ST EMERIC.

On this day was honoured St Emeric, the pious son of the pious St Stephen, king of Hungary in the eleventh century. Emeric was a very promising man, both as a prince and an apostle of Christianity; and he might have attained greater eminence if he had not been carried off by death in the lifetime of his father. As it is, this somewhat obscure Hungarian saint has been a person of some consequence in the world, for from his name has come that of one of the great divisions of the earth. Through his celebrity, his name became a popular one: it was conferred, in the fifteenth century, in the Italian form of Amerigo, upon an Italian named Vespuci. Vespuci did the world some service in extending the knowledge of the continent which Columbus had discovered; and by a strange current of circumstances, this continent came to be recognised by the name America, in honour of Signor Vespuci. When St Stephen was choosing a name for his first-born son, how little could he have imagined that the one he chose was to be the parent of the noted word America!

In an article on surnames derived from Christian names, which appeared in the Gentleman’s Magazine for July 1727, Emery and Emory are set down as derived from Emeric.


‘Old Benbow.’

Benbow occupies a place in the naval literature of England which is likely to be permanent. Not because he was a better admiral than many who have lived in later days, but because he had much of that personal daring which is so dear to popular notions. A coarse rough man he was, anything but a gentleman in external demeanour; and, as we shall see, this roughness had something to do with the disaster which cost him his life. Sea story-tellers and sea-song-writers, however, are never frightened by such characteristics. Benbow’s last fight figures in the Deeds of
Naval Daring. Dibdin, in his song of Jervis for Ever, begins—

"You've heard, I s'pose, the people talk
Of Benbow and Boscawen,
Of Anson, Pococke, Vernon, Hawke,
And many more then going."

The immediate object of the song is to praise Jervis, whose great victory in Dibdin's day earned for him the earldom of St Vincent; but the name of Benbow occurs in this and many other sea-songs as that of an unquestioned hero of old times. Born in 1650, he entered the naval service so early that almost his whole life was spent on ship-board; and he was known generally as a rough and ready officer to whom nothing came amiss. On one occasion, when a naval service of some peril was suggested for an aristocratic officer, whose friends expressed apprehension of the result, the king (William III) laughingly replied: 'Send for honest Benbow!'

The enterprise which is especially associated with Benbow's name was the following. During the war with France in 1702, Admiral Ducasse, with a French squadron of five large ships, threatened one of our West India Islands. Benbow sailed after him with seven ships, and overtook him on the 19th of August. On giving the signal for his ships to engage, there was soon evidence that something was wrong; the ships held back, and Benbow was unable to commence his fight with the enemy. It afterwards appeared that Benbow's offensive manners had led to a rupture between him and most of his captains; and that those officers took the indefensible course of shewing their hostility just when the honour of the country demanded their prompt obedience to orders. Next morning the admiral again put forth the signal to advance; but five out of the seven ships were three or four miles astern of him, as if the captains had agreed that they could not assist him. Vexed and irritated, but undaunted as usual, Benbow went into action, two ships against five, and maintained the contest during the whole day. His one caddyboat, the Ruby, becoming disabled, he sent that ship to Jamaica to rest. Again he signalled to the five captains, and received some equivocal excuse that the enemy were too strong, and that he had better not attack them. Left still more to his own resources, he renewed the fight on the 21st with one ship, the Breda, against five. Three different times did Benbow in person board the French admiral's ship, and three times was he driven back. He received a severe wound in the face, another in the arm, and his right leg was shattered by a chain-shot. Still the heroic man would not give in. He caused his cot to be brought up upon deck; and there he lay, giving orders while his shattered limbs were bleeding. When one of his lieutenants expressed regret at the leg being broken, Benbow replied: 'I am sorry for it too; but I had rather have lost them both than see the old Breda brought upon the English nation.' But—do you hear?—if another shot should take me off, behave like brave men, and fight it out.' At this time, all the other English ships being inactive and at a distance, most of the French ships concentrated their fire on the Breda; and Benbow was only just able to extricate her, and sail to Jamaica. Admiral Ducasse knew very well that his squadron had been saved through the disgraceful conduct of Benbow's captains, and he was too true a sailor to regard it in any but the proper light. He sent the following letter to Benbow:

'SIR—I had little hope on Monday last but to have sundered in your cabin;' but it pleased God otherwise, and I am thankful for it. As for those cowardly captains who deserted you, hang them up; for, by God, they deserve it! Yours, &c.,

Ducasse.'

When Benbow reached Jamaica, he ordered the captains into arrest, and caused a court-martial to be held on them, under the presidency of Rear-Admiral Whetstone. Captain Hudson, of the Penelope, died before the trial; Captains Kirby and Wade were convicted and shot; Captain Constable was cashiered and imprisoned. Two others had signed a paper engaging not to fight under the admiral; but there were extenuating circumstances which led to their acquittal. One of these two was Captain Walton of the Ruby; he had signed the paper when drunk (naval captains were often drunk in those days); but he repented when sober, and rendered good service to the admiral. He was the officer who, sixteen years afterwards, wrote a despatch that is regarded as the shortest and most fitting in which a naval victory was ever announced:

'Canterby, off St. Lucia,
16th August 1718.

SIR—I have taken and destroyed all the Spanish ships and vessels that were upon the coast; the number as per margin. Yours, &c.,

To Sir George Bryd, Commander-in-Chief.'

G. WALTON.

Poor Benbow sank under his mortification. The evidence elicited at the court-martial was sufficient to show that he was not to blame for the escape of the French squadron; but the rough sailor could not bear it; the disgrace to the nation fretted him, and increased the malignity of his wounds; he dragged on a few weeks, and died on November 4. No monument, we believe, records the fame of 'Old Benbow;' his deeds are left to the writers of naval song and story.

CHURCHILL.

A short life, a busy, and a notorious, was Churchill's. In a day he found himself famous; for less than four years, from 1761 to 1764, he was one of the most prominent figures in London, and then he died.

The son of a clergyman, he was born in Westminster in 1731, and was destined by his father for his own profession. Educated at Westminster school, he had for companions Warren Hastings; two poets, William Cowper and Robert Lloyd; and two dramatists, George Colman and Richard Cumberland. Early Churchill was out of his boyhood he married his life: at the age of seventeen, he married a girl within the rules of the Fleet. For the church he had no inclination, but in addition to pleasing his father, it was now necessary for him to earn a living for himself and family. As soon, therefore,
as he was of canonical age, he was ordained and entered on a country curacy; and, as he says, 'prayed and starved on forty pounds a year!' In 1758, his father died, and out of respect for his memory, his parishioners elected his son to succeed him. At the age of twenty-seven, Churchill returned to London, and was installed as curate and lecturer of St John the Evangelist, Westminster. There he had a better income, but in his duties he had no joy or even satisfaction. He wrote, and wrote truly:

'I kept those sheep,
Which, for my curse, I was ordain'd to keep,
Ordain'd, alas! to keep through need, not choice....
 Whilst sacred dulness ever in my view,
Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew.'

In London, Churchill met his school-fellow Robert Lloyd, who was serving as usher in Westminster school. Lloyd was a wild fellow, and was as sick of the drudgery of his calling as was Churchill of his. To literary tastes, they both united a passion for conviviality, and together committed many excesses. Mrs Churchill, it is said, was as imprudent as her husband. Their free style of life soon involved them in pecuniary difficulties, and Churchill had to settle with his creditors for 3s. in the pound. About the same time, Lloyd threw up his situation as usher, and resolved to seek his living in authorship, and Churchill determined to follow his example.

He first tried his fortune with two poems, with which no bookseller would have anything to do, but he was not to be beaten. For two months he closely attended the theatres, and made the leading actors the theme of a critical and satirical poem, entitled The Rosciad. No bookseller would buy it, even for five guineas; but not to be baffled this time, Churchill printed it at his own expense. In March 1761, the Rosciad appeared anonymously as a shilling pamphlet, and a few days sufficed to prove that 'a hit' had been made. Who was the author, became the problem of the town. The poor players ran about like so many stricken deer. The reviewers were busy with guesses as to the authorship, and, in self-defence, Colman disowned it, and Lloyd disowned it. Churchill soon put an end to the mystery. In an advertisement, he announced himself as the satirist, and promised a second poem, An Apology Addressed to the Critical Recivers. The Apology struck as great terror among the authors as the Rosciad among the actors. On every side he was assailed in Churchillians, Anti-Roscians, and such like. In a few months, it is asserted, he cleared a thousand pounds. The money he used well. To his wife, from whom he was nearly separated, he made a handsome allowance; every man from whom he had borrowed money he repaid with interest; and his creditors, to their glad surprise, received the remaining fifteen shillings in the pound.

His habits now became openly licentious. He doffed the clerical costume, and walked abroad in a blue coat with metal buttons, a gold-laced waistcoat, a gold-laced hat and ruffles. He seduced a young woman, and lived with her as his wife. His parishioners remonstrated, and he resigned his curacy. He published, as an apology for his nocturnal orgies, maintaining, as if any excuse could be entertained for his own misdemeanor, that open licentiousness was better than hypocrisy. Night was followed by The Ghost, a satire on the Cock-Lockings, in which Dr Johnson, who had called Churchill a shallow fellow, was ridiculed as Pomposo.

Satire is a dangerous business. Little Pope had a tall Irishman to attend him when he published the Dunciad, but Churchill was well able to take care of himself. Of himself he wrote:

' Broad were his shoulders,
Vast were his bones, his muscles twisted strong,
His face was short, but broader than 'twas long;
His arms were two thick oaks, his legs as stout,
That they might bear a mansion-house about,
Nor were they, look but at his body there,
Designed by fate a much less weight to bear.'

He talked about the streets with a bludgeon, and parties who had met to devise retaliation, and who were observed talking loud against the 'Satirical Parson' in the Bedford Coffee-house, quietly dispersed when a brawny figure appeared, and Churchill, wearing off his gloves with a particularly slow cuspidor, called a dish of coffee and the Rosciad.

John Wilkes was in those days at the outset of his career, when it was hard to tell whether he was a patriot or a knave. He sought Churchill's acquaintance, and they became fast friends. Lord Bute was ruler of England under the young king, George III, and a popular cry arose that the revenue had become the prey of Scotchmen. Under the inspiration of Wilkes, Churchill commenced a satire on Scotland, and as he advanced with the work, Wilkes praised it extolingly. 'It is personal, it is poetical, it is political!' cried the delighted demagogue. 'It must succeed!' In January 1763, the Prophecy of Famine appeared. It conveyed a thoroughly Cockney idea of Scotland, but in spite, or perhaps because, of its extravagance, it was immensely popular, and spread dismay among the ranks of Scottish place-hunters. It was a new seal of Churchill's power, and his exuberant delight took an odd form. 'I remember well,' says Dr Kippis, 'that Churchill dressed his younger son in a Scottish plaid, like a little Highlander, and carried him everywhere in that garb. The boy being asked by a gentleman with whom I was in company, why he had dressed his son in such a manner, answered with great vivacity: “Sir, my father hates the Scotch, and does it to plague them!”'

Churchill was associated with Wilkes in the publication of the North Briton, and when, in consequence of No. 45 charging the king with falseness, a general warrant was issued for the apprehension of its authors, printers, and publishers, Churchill was included. He chanced to call on Wilkes whilst he was debating with the officers who had come to arrest him. With much presence of mind, Wilkes addressed him as Mr Thomson, saying: 'Good-morning, Mr Thomson. How does Mrs Thomson do to-day? Does she dine in the country?' Churchill was sharp enough to take the hint. He thanked Wilkes, said Mrs Thomson then waited for him, that he had only come to ask how Mr Wilkes was, and took his leave. He hurried home, secured his papers, and retired to the country, whither no attendants were expected.

To Hogarth's pencil, Churchill owes somewhat of his fame. Hogarth had published a caricature of
MARRIAGE OF WILLIAM AND MARY.

Not the least important of the collateral causes, which led to the downfall of the Stuart dynasty in these kingdoms, was the marriage of William Prince of Orange to his fair cousin, the Princess Mary of York, on the 4th of November 1677. William arrived in England on the 19th of October previous, to seek the hand of the princess, and conclude a treaty with England, by which the war between France and Holland could be terminated, and peace restored to Europe. Charles II. was in favour of the marriage; his brother James, the bride's father, was not: both, however, were equally anxious to commit the princess to a treaty before the nuptials were solemnised. But the pride of the Dutch General Nassau would not speak of politics till he saw the princess, nor enter into any engagement until the marriage was finally settled. Such being his determination, little time was wasted in diplomacy. Whatever dark forebodings the Duke of York might have entertained, were overruled by the royal pair, whose marriage at St. James's Palace, then the residence of the duke, at

nine o'clock on a quiet Sunday evening; a passage leading from the bedroom of the princess being fitted up as a temporary chapel for the occasion. The royal etiquette of the day permitted few spectators; those present were the king and queen, the Duke of York and his young wife Mary of Modena, with their pages and personal attendants. Compton, bishop of London, performed the ceremony, the king giving away the bride. On the question being asked, 'Who giveth this woman?' Charles exclaimed, 'I do;' a reply not to be found in the matrimonial service of the church. At the words, 'With all thy worldly goods I thee endow,' William, in accordance with the Dutch custom, placed a handful of gold coin on the prayer-book, at which the king cried out to the bride: 'Pick it up—pick it up! it is all clear gain.' Immediately after the ceremony, the royal party received the congratulations of the chief officers of state and foreign ambassadors; and at eleven o'clock the bride and bridegroom retired to rest. All the absurd and indecent wedding-customs of the olden time were observed on this occasion: the cake was eaten, the bride-posest drunk, the stockings thrown, and the curtain drawn, the last by the king himself, who, as he did it, shouted, 'St. George for England!' Indeed, the marriage of the Third George with Queen Charlotte, was the first royal wedding in this country at which these customs, 'more honoured in the breach than in the observance,' were finally dispensed with.

This 'Protestant Alliance,' as it was termed, diffusing a general satisfaction over the land, was celebrated with great rejoicing. At Edinburgh, the Duke of Lauderdale announced the welcome intelligence from the Cross, which was hung with tapestry, and decorated with arbours formed of many hundreds of oranges. Then the duke, several of the nobility, the lord provost and civic magistrates, drank the healths of the royal family; the conduits ran with wine, and sweetmeats were thrown among the crowd; while the guns of the castle thundered in unison with the huzzas of the populace.

William was afterwards to return to Holland immediately after his marriage, the more so because small-pox had broken out in St. James's Palace, and his wife's beloved sister, the Princess Anne, lying dangerously ill of it. But the queen's birthday falling on the 15th of November, he was induced to wait for the festivities of that occasion, intended to be celebrated with extra pomp on account of the wedding. On the evening of that day, the following Epithalamium, composed by Waller, was sung by the royal musicians before the assembled company at Whitehall.

As once the lion honey gave,
   Out of the strong such sweetness came
A royal hero, no less brave,
Produced this sweet, this lovely dame.
To her, the prince that did oppose
Such mighty armies in the field,
And Holland from prevailing foes
Could so well free himself, does yield.
Not Belgas's fleet (his high command),
Which triumphs where the sun does rise;
Not all the force he leads by land,
Could guard him from her conquering eyes.
Orange with youth experience has;
In action young, in council old;
Orange is what Augustus was—
Brave, wary, provident, and bold.

87
On that fair tree, which bears his name,
Blossoms and fruit at once are found;
In him we all admire the same,
His flowing youth with wisdom crowned.

An easterly wind, much against his inclination,
Detained William in London four days longer. On
The morning of the 19th November, the wind veer-
ing to the westward, immediate advantage was
taken of the change. At the last moment, previ-
to her departure, the Princess of Orange took leave
Of Queen Catherine. Seeing her niece in tears, the
Queen, by way of consolation, said: 'When I came
hither from Portugal, I had not even seen King
Charles.' To which the princess replied: 'Remember,
however, you came to England, but I am going
out of it.' The king, Duke of York, and a large
party, taking boats at Whitehall, accompanied the
newly-married couple to Erith, where they all
dined; then travelling by land to Gravesend, the
Prince and princess went on board the yacht
provided to convey them to Holland. Nat Lee,
the more than half-crazy dramatist, saw the embar-
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the design. He was the procured co-adjutourship of the celebrated Guido or Guy Fawkes, who was not, as has sometimes been represented, a low mercenary ruffian, but a gentleman of good family, actuated by a spirit of ferocious fanaticism. Other confederates were gradually assumed, and in a secluded house in Lambeth, oaths of secrecy were taken, and the communion administered to the conspirators by Father Gerard, a Jesuit, who, however, it is said, was kept in ignorance of the plot. One of the party, named Thomas Percy, a distant relation of the Earl of Northumberland, and one of the gentleman-pensioners at the court of King James, agreed to hire a house adjoining the building where the parliament met, and it was resolved to effect the purpose of blowing the legislature into the air by carrying a mine through the wall. This was in the spring of 1604, but various circumstances prevented the commencement of operations till the month of December of that year.


THE GUNPOWDER CONSPIRATORS—FROM A PRINT PUBLISHED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE DISCOVERY.

In attempting to pierce the wall of the Parliament House, the conspirators found that they had engaged in a task beyond their strength, owing to the immense thickness of the barrier. With an energy, however, befitting a better cause, they continued their toilsome labours; labours the more toilsome to them, that the whole of the confederates were, without exception, gentlemen by birth and education, and totally unused to severe manual exertion. To aver suspicion while they occupied the house hired by Percy, they had laid in a store of provisions, so that all necessity for going out to buy these was obviated. Whilst in silence and anxiety they plied their task, they were startled one day by hearing, or fancying they heard, the tolling of a bell deep in the ground below the Parliament House. This cause of perturbation, originating perhaps in a guilty conscience, was removed by an appliance of superstition. Holy-water was sprinkled on the spot, and the tolling ceased. Then a rumbling noise was heard directly over their heads, and the fear seized them that they had been discovered. They were specially, however, reassured by Fawkes, who, on going out to learn the cause of the uproar, ascertained that it had been occasioned by a dealer in coal, who rented a cellar below the House of Lords, and who was engaged in removing his stock from that place of deposit to another. Here was a golden opportunity for the conspirators. The cellar was forthwith hired from the coal merchant, and the working of the mine abandoned. Thirty-six barrels of gunpowder, which had previously been deposited in a house on the opposite side of the river, were then secretly conveyed into this vault. Large stones and bars of iron were thrown in, to increase the destructive effects of the explosion, and the whole was carefully covered up with flagots of wood.

These preparations were completed about the month of May 1605, and the confederates then separated till the final blow could be struck. The time fixed for this was at first the 3d of October, the day on which the legislature should meet; but the opening of parliament having been prorogued by the king to the 5th of November, the latter date was finally resolved on. Extensive preparations had been made during the summer months, both towards carrying the design into execution, and arranging the course to be followed after the
destruction of the king and legislative bodies had been accomplished. New confederates were assumed as participants in the plot, and one of these, Sir Everard Digby, agreed to assemble his Catholic friends on Dunsmore Heath, in Warwickshire, as if for a hunting-party, on the 5th of November. On receiving intelligence of the execution of the scheme, they would be in full readiness to complete the revolution thus inaugurated, and settle a new sovereign on the throne. The proposed successor to James was Prince Charles, afterwards Charles L, seeing that his elder brother, the Prince of Wales, would, it was expected, accompany him to the House of Lords, and perish along with him. The event of his being found impossible to gain possession of the person of Prince Charles, then it was arranged that his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, should be seized, and carried off to a place of security. Guy Fawkes was to ignite the gunpowder by means of a slow-burning match, which would allow him time to escape before the explosion, and he was then to embark on board a ship waiting in the river for him, and proceed to Flanders. The fatal day was now close at hand, but by this time several dissensions had arisen among the conspirators on the question of giving warning to some special friends to absent themselves from the next meeting of parliament. Catesby, the prime mover in the plot, protested against any such communications being made, asserting that few Catholic members would be present, and that, at all events, 'rather than the project should not take effect, if they were as dear unto me as mine own son, they also must be blown up.' A similar solicitude was not, however, shared by the majority of the confederates, and one of them at least made a communication, by which the plot was discovered to the government, and its execution prevented. Great mystery attaches to the celebrated anonymous letter received on the evening of 26th October by Lord Mountague, a Roman Catholic nobleman, and brother-in-law of Francis Tresham, one of the conspirators. Its authorship is ascribed, with great probability, to the latter, but strong presumptions exist that it was not the only channel by which the king's ministers received intelligence of the schemes under preparation. It has even been surmised that the letter was merely a blind, concerted by a previous understanding with Lord Mountague, to conceal the real mode in which the conspiracy was unveiled. Be this as it may, the communication in question was the only avowed or ascertained method by which the king's ministers were guided in detecting the plot. It seems also now to be agreed, that the common story related of King James's sagacity in deciphering the meaning of the writer of the letter, was merely a courtly fable, invented to flatter the monarch and procure for him with the public the credit of a subtle and far-seeing perspicacity. The enigma, if enigma it really was, had been read by the ministers Cecil and Suffolk, and communicated to them, to various lords of the council, several days before the subject was mentioned to the king, who at the time of the letter to Lord Mountague being received was absent on a hunting-expedition at Royston. Though the conspirators were made aware, through a servant of Lord Mountague, of the discovery which had been made, they nevertheless, by a singular infatuation, continued their preparations, in the hope that the true nature of their scheme had not been unfolded. In this delusion it seems to have been the policy of the government to maintain them to the last. Even after Suffolk, the lord chamberlain, and Lord Mountague had

VAULT BENEATH THE OLD HOUSE OF LORDS—FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING.
actually, on the afternoon of Monday the 4th November, visited the cellar beneath the House of Lords, and there discovered in a corner Guy Fawkes, who pretended to be a servant of Mr Percy, the tenant of the vault, it was still determined to persist in the undertaking. At two o'clock the following morning, a party of soldiers under the command of Sir Thomas Knevet, a Westminster magistrate, visited the cellar, seized Fawkes at the door, and carried him off to Whitehall, where, in the royal bedchamber, he was interrogated by the king and council, and from thence was conveyed to the Tower.

It is needless to pursue further in detail the history of the Gunpowder Plot. On hearing of Fawkes’s arrest, the remaining conspirators, with the exception of Tresham, fled from London to the place of rendezvous in Warwickshire, in the desperate hope of organising an insurrection. But such an expectation was vain. Pursued by the civil and military authorities, they were overtaken at the mansion of Holbeach, on the borders of Staffordshire, where Catesby and three others, refusing to surrender, were slain. The remainder, taken prisoners in different places, were carried up to London, tried, and condemned with their associate Guy Fawkes, who from having undertaken the office of firing the train of gunpowder, came to be popularly regarded as the leading actor in the conspiracy. Leniency could not be expected in the circumstances, and all the horrid ceremonies attending the deaths of traitors were observed to the fullest extent. The executions took place on the 30th and 31st of January, at the west end of St Paul’s Churchyard.

Some Catholic writers have maintained the whole Gunpowder Plot to be fictitious, and to have been concocted for state purposes by Cecil. But such a supposition is entirely contrary to all historical evidence. There cannot be a shadow of a doubt, that a real and dangerous conspiracy was formed; that it was very nearly successful; and that the parties who suffered death as participants in it, received the due punishment of their crimes. At the same time, it cannot be denied that a certain amount of mystery envelops the revelation of the plot, which in all probability will never be dispelled.

Guy Fawkes’s Day.

Till lately, a special service for the 5th of November formed part of the ritual of the English Book of Common Prayer; but by a recent ordinance of the Queen in Council, this service, along with those for the Martyrdom of Charles I, and the Restoration of Charles II, has been abolished. The appointment of this day, as a holiday, dates from an enactment of the British parliament passed in January 1606, shortly after the narrow escape made by the legislature from the machinations of Guy Fawkes and his confederates.

That the gunpowder treason, however, should pass into oblivion is not likely, as long as the well-known festival of Guy Fawkes’s Day is observed by English juveniles, who still regard the 5th of November as one of the most joyous days of the year. The universal mode of observance through all parts of England, is the dressing up of a scarecrow figure, in such costumblaments as can be procured the head-piece, generally a paper-cap, painted and knotted with paper strips in imitation
of ribbons, parading it in a chair through the streets, and at nightfall burning it with great solemnity in a huge bonfire. The image is supposed to represent Guy Fawkes, in accordance with which idea, it always carries a dark lantern in one hand, and a bunch of matches in the other. The procession visits the different houses in the neighbourhood in succession, repeating the time-honoured rhyme—

*Remember, remember!*
*The fifth of November,*
*The Gunpowder treason and plot;*
*There is no reason*
*Why the Gunpowder treason*
*Should ever be forgot!*

Numerous variations and additions are made in different parts of the country. Thus in Islip, Oxfordshire, the following lines, as quoted by Sir Henry Ellis in his edition of Brand's Popular Antiquities, are chanted.

*The fifth of November,*
*Since I can remember,*
*Gunpowder treason and plot:*
*This is the day God did prevent,*
*To blow up his king and parliament,*
*A stick and a stake,*
*For Victoria's sake,*
*If you won't give me one,*
*I'll take two,*
*I'll be better for me,*
*And the worse for you.*

One invariable custom is always maintained on these occasions—that of soliciting money from the passers-by, in the formula, 'Pray remember Guy!' or 'Please to remember Gunpowder!'

In former times, in London, the burning of the effigy of Guy Fawkes on the 5th of November was a most important and portentous ceremony. The bonfire in Lincoln's Inn Fields was conducted on an exceptionally magnificent scale. Two hundred cart-loads of fuel would sometimes be consumed in feeding this single fire, while upwards of thirty 'Guys' would be suspended on gibbets and committed to the flames. Another tremendous pile was heaped up by the butchers in Clare Market, who on the same evening paraded through the streets in great force, serenading the citizens with the famed 'marrow-bone-and-cleaver' music. The uproar throughout the town from the shouts of the mob, the ringing of the bells in the churches, and the general confusion which prevailed, can but faintly be imagined by an individual of the present day.

The ferments occasioned throughout the country by the 'Papal Aggression' in 1830, gave a new direction to the genius of 5th of November revelers. Instead of Guy Fawkes, a figure of Cardinal Wiseman, then recently created Archbishop of Westminster, by the pope, was solemnly burned in effigy in London, amid demonstrations which certainly gave little evidence of any revolution in the feelings of the English people towards the Roman see. In 1857, a similar honour was accorded to Nana Sahibs, whose atrocities at Cawnpore in the previous month of July, had excited such a cry of horror throughout the civilised world.

The opportunity also is frequently seized by many of that numerous class in London, who get their living no one exactly knows how, to earn a few

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688: POLITICAL SERVILITY.

On 5th November 1688, William, Prince of Orange, landed in Torbay, an event which, if we consider the important results by which it was followed, may perhaps be regarded as the most critical of any recorded in English history. It forms the boundary, as it were, between two great epochs—those of arbitrary and constitutional government—for the great Civil War, in the middle of the seventeenth century, can scarcely be regarded as more than a spasmodic effort which, carried to excess, overshot the mark, and ended by the re-establishment, for a time, of a way more odious and intolerable, in many respects, than that whose overthrow had cost so much destruction and bloodshed.

We hear much of the folly of King James, and of all the other causes of his dethronement, but nothing of the culpable conduct of large official bodies, and of many individual subjects, who made it their business to encourage him in his sad error. The course of his course, and to foster him into the conviction that he might go any lengths with impunity. About a month before the landing of the Prince of Orange, the lord mayor, aldermen, sheriffs, &c., of the city of London sent the infatuated monarch an address, containing these words: 'We beg leave to assure your majesty that we shall, with all duty and faithfulness, cheerfully and readily, to the utmost hazard of our lives and fortunes, discharge the trust reposed in us by your majesty, according to the avowed principles of the Church of England, in defence of your majesty and the established government.'

The lieutenant of London followed in the same strain: 'We must confess our lives and fortunes are but a mean sacrifice to such transcendent good-ness; but we do assure your majesty of our cheerful offering of both against all your majesty's enemies, who shall disturb your peace upon any pretence whatever.'

The justices of peace for the county of Cumberland said: 'The unexpected news of the intended invasion of the Dutch fills us with horror and amazement, that any nation should be so transcendently wicked as groundlessly to interrupt the peace and happiness we have enjoyed; therefore, we highly think it our duty, chiefly at this juncture, to offer our lives and fortunes to your majesty's service, not doubting but a happy success will attend your majesty's arms. And if your majesty shall think fit to display your royal standard, which we heartily wish and hope you'll never have occasion to do, we faithfully do promise to repair to it with our persons and interest.'

The privy-council of Scotland expressed themselves thus: 'We shall on this, as on all other occasions, show all possible alacrity and diligence in obeying your majesty's commands, and be ready to expose our lives and fortunes in the defence of your sacred majesty, your royal consort, his Royal Highness the Prince of Scotland, &c.' Nor were the Scottish peers, spiritual and temporal, behindhand on this occasion,
was very enigmatical to Englishmen, particularly when expressed by the following initials, S.R.I.A.T.

Nur even when it was extended to his subjects, and the necks of your enemies.

To the like effect, there were addresses from Portsmouth, Carlisle, Exeter, &c. Nay, so fond was James of this sort of support to his government, that he was content to receive an address from the common people, in which they expressed his 'Declaration of Indulgence' to the skies: declaring that it 'resembled the Almighty's munia, which suited every man's palate, and that men's different gusts might as well be forced as their different apprehensions about religion.'

A very short period elapsed before James was made to comprehend, by fatal experience, the value of such addresses, and to discriminate between the voice of the majority of a nation and the debasing servility of a few trimmers and time-servers.

ABANDONMENT OF ONE OF THE ROYAL-TITLES

On the 5th of November 1800, it was settled by the privy-council, that in consequence of the Irish Union, the royal style and title should be changed on the 1st of January following—namely, from 'George III, by the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith; to 'George III, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith.' And thus the title of king of France, which had been borne by the monarchs of this country for four hundred and thirty-two years—since the forty-third year of the reign of the Third Edward—was ultimately abandoned. It was the Salic law which excluded Edward from the inheritance of France; but Queen Elizabeth claimed the title, nevertheless, asserting, as it is said, that if she could not be queen, she would be king of France. And it is the move singular that Elizabeth should have retained the title, for, in the second year of her reign, it was agreed, in a treaty made between France and England, that the king and queen of France [Francis II, and his consort Mary of Scotland] should not, for the future, assume the title of king or queen of England or Ireland.

The abandonment of the title of 'King of France' led to our foreign officials being carried on in the English language instead of in French, as previously had been the custom. A droll story, in connection with this official regulation, is told by an old writer. During the war between England and Spain, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, commissioners were appointed on both sides to treat of peace. The Spanish commissioners proposed that the negotiations should be carried on in the French tongue, observing sarcastically, that the gentlemen of England could not be ignorant of the language of their fellow-subjects, their queen being queen of France as well as of England. Nay, in faith, gentlemen,' drily replied Dr Dale, one of the English commissioners, 'the French is too vulgar for a business of this importance; we will therefore, if you please, rather treat in Hebrew, the language of Jerusalem, of which your master calls himself king, and in which you must, of course, be as well skilled as the Hebrew in French.'

One of the minor titles held by the kings of England, who were also Electors of Hanover,
Livonia, and the town of Riga. In these conflicts he acquired a rare stock of experience, and trained an army of veterans to his hand. Meanwhile, his life was a perilous one. His government was visited by abnormalities—these events were conducted by the chancellor or prime minister, the sage Oxenstierna—who wrote to his son when perplexed in some diplomatic entanglement: 'You do not know yet, my son, with how little wisdom mankind is governed.' Gustavus once said to his minister: 'You are too plenipotentiary; and if somewhat of my heat did not mingle with your plenitude, my affairs would not succeed so well as they do;' to which Oxenstierna answered: 'Sure, if my plenitude did not mingle some coolness with your heat, your affairs would not be so prosperous as they are;' whereon both laughed heartily. A temper, which on provocation rose to fury, was one of the characteristics of Gustavus. In his wrath against pillage by his followers, it is related that he dragged forth a delinquent soldier by the hair of his head, exclaiming: 'It is better that I should punish thee, than that God should punish thee, and me, and all of us on our account;' and ordered him off to instant execution. His proneness to anger he confessed. All commanders, he said, had their weaknesses; such a one his drunkenness; such a one his avarice; his own was choleric, and he prayed men to forgive him.

That most dreadful war, which lasted for thirty years, from 1618 to 1648, and devastated and depopulated Germany, was raging. Tilly, and the imperial troops, were committing frightful atrocities on the Protestants of Bohemia. Austria, moreover, had menaced and insulted Sweden. Gustavus was not only a Protestant, but a zealous one, and, naturally, the eyes of suffering Protestantism turned to him for help, whose fame as a warrior filled Europe. After fair consideration he determined to intervene, and on the 29th of May 1630, when all his measures were arranged, he appeared in the Diet at Stockholm, to bid its members farewell. Taking his daughter, Christina, in his arms, he presented her as their future queen, amidst the sobs and tears of the assembly. 'Not lightly, or wantonly,' he said, 'am I about to involve myself and you in this new and dangerous war; God is my witness that I do not fight for glory or my ambition. The emperor has wronged me most shamefully in the person of my ambassador; he has supported my enemies, persecuted my friends and brethren, trampled my religion in the dust, and even stretched his revengeful arm against my crown. The oppressed states of Germany call loudly for aid, which, by God's help, we will give them. I am fully sensible of the dangers to which my life will be exposed. I have never shrank from dangers, nor is it likely that I shall escape them all. Hitherto, Providence has wonderfully protected me, but I shall at last fall in defence of my country. Then adjoining all to do their duties in his absence, he bade them 'a sincere —it may be—an eternal farewell.'

Gustavus led over to Germany an army of 15,000 men, in which were many volunteers from Scotland, and among them David Leslie, one of his ablest officers—he whom Cromwell, in after-years, ungraciously defeated at Dunbar. As soon as Gustavus got to work, the fortunes of the cause he had espoused began to mend. The courtiers of Vienna conspired themselves in saying, he was a snow-man, and would surely melt as he advanced southwards! Tilly, his antagonist—the ugly, little, Jesuit-turned-soldier, and esteemed the first general of his age and the last of the moderns— not to be beaten by Gustavus, he said, was as creditable as to be victorious over other commanders. Tilly soon furnished evidence of the truth of his estimate. Gustavus carried all before him in north Germany, and on the 7th of September 1631, he met Tilly's army before Leipzig, and in a hard-fought field utterly defeated him. A second time, in April 1632, he encountered Tilly on the borders of Bavaria, and again defeated him. In this battle Tilly lost his life by a cannon-ball, which broke his thigh.

The Germans were astonished at the strict discipline which distinguished the Swedish army. All disorders were punished with the utmost severity, particularly impiety, theft, gambling, and duelling. Every regiment assembled round its chapel for morning and evening prayer. The hardships of the war he shared with his soldiers.

The peasants of Bavaria would long tell the tale, how, as he forced them to drag his arms to the battle, he would come among them with kind words, and instructions how to place the lever, accompanied by occasional flurries. His attention to trifles, his free intercourse with his men, he used to defend in saying: 'Cities are not taken by keeping tents; as boys, in the absence of the schoolmaster, shut their books; so my troops, without my presence, would slacken their blows.' In all his actions, he moved under profound religious feeling. 'Pray constantly; praying hard is fighting hard,' was his favourite appeal to his soldiers. You may win salvation under my command, but hardly riches,' was his encouragement to his officers. He was often wounded, for he exposed himself freely in battle, and by no entreaty could he be persuaded to be more careful. 'My hour,' he would say, 'is written in heaven, and cannot be reversed on earth.'

Tilly being gone, Wallenstein was appointed to command the Imperialists. The opposing armies met on the field of Lützen, and on the 6th of November 1632, Gustavus opened the battle. In the morning, he knelt in front of his lines and offered up a prayer. Then he gave out Luther's Hymn, and a well-known hymn, said to be his own, beginning—

Fare not, thou little chosen band.'

'God with us!' was the battle-word. All being ready, he cried aloud: 'Now, in God's name, let us at them! Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, let us fight for the honour of thy holy name!' and dashed at the enemy. A pistol-shot broke his arm. 'It is nothing; follow me!' he exclaimed; but his strength failing, he turned his horse's head, and muttered to the Duke of Lauenburg by his side: 'Cousin, take me hence, for I am wounded.' As he turned, an Austrian trooper shouted: 'Art thou here! I have long sought for thee!' and discharged his carbine into the king's shoulder. Gustavus fell from his horse, with the last words, 'My God!' The tidings flew through the army that the king was slain; that he was taken prisoner; and in revenge and in despair of his men fought, as Schiller says, with the grim fury of lions, until the day's last ray.
feet of horses, the body of Gustavus was drawn from beneath a heap of slain, and laid, amid weeping, with his fathers in Sweden. The neighbourhood of the place where he fell is marked to this day by a porphyritic boulder, with the simple inscription, 'G. A.—1632.'

Thus died Gustavus Adolphus, in his thirty-eighth year, and in the third of his championship of Protestantism. His success had begun to awaken alarm among his allies, who feared in him a possible Protestant emperor; yet of this ambition he gave no signs. 'The devil,' he told his chaplain, who found him reading his Bible—'the devil is very near at hand to those who are accountable to none but God for their actions.' What might be his dreams we can never know, but he has left one of the noblest and purest memories in history. Had he lived, it is likely he would have ended quickly that awful war which afflicted Germany for sixteen years after him. Oxenstiern lived to look after the interests of Sweden, and at the peace succeeded in annexing the Baltic province of Pomerania, held by Sweden until 1815, when it was ceded to Prussia.

DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

The sensation excited throughout the country by this melancholy event was of no ordinary description, and even at the present day it is still vividly remembered. It was indeed a most unexpected blow, the shining virtues, as well as the youth and beauty of the deceased, exciting an amount of affectionate commiseration, such as probably had never before attended the death of any royal personage in England. A parallel to the feeling thus excited has only appeared in recent years on the occasion of the demise of the consort of our beloved sovereign—the good Prince Albert.

In the Princess Charlotte, the whole hopes of the nation were centered. The only child of the Prince Regent and Caroline of Brunswick, she was regarded as the sole security for the lineal transmission to posterity of the British sceptre, her uncles, the Dukes of Clarence, Kent, Cumberland, and Cambridge being then all unmarried. Well-grounded fears were entertained that through her death the inheritance of the crown might pass from the reigning family, and devolve on a foreign and despotic dynasty. These apprehensions were dispelled by the subsequent marriage of the Duke of Kent, and the birth of the Princess Victoria, who, in her actual occupancy of the throne, has realized all the expectations which the nation had been led to entertain from the anticipated accession of her cousin.
In May 1816, the Princess Charlotte was married to Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. Their union had been the result of mutual attachment, not of political expediency, and in the calm tranquillity of domestic life, they enjoyed a degree of happiness such as has not often been the lot of royal personages. The princess’s approaching confinement was looked forward to by the nation with affectionate interest, but without the least apprehensions as to the result. Early in the morning of Tuesday the 4th of November, she was taken ill, and expresses were sent off to the great officers of state, including the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chancellor, who immediately attended. Everything seemed to go on favourably till the evening of the following day (Wednesday), when at nine o’clock the princess was delivered of a stillborn child. This melancholy circumstance, however, did not appear to affect the princess so seriously as to give any cause for alarm, and about midnight it was deemed expedient to leave her to repose, and the attentions of the nurse, Mrs Griffiths. Ere half an hour elapsed, the latter observed such an alarming change in her patient, that she at once summoned Prince Leopold and the medical attendants, who hurried to the chamber. The princess became rapidly worse, and in about two hours expired.

After the grief of the nation had somewhat subsided, the feeling of sorrow was succeeded by one of anger. It was said that the medical attendants of the princess had mismanaged the case, and a careless and neglectful, it was affirmed, had been shown which would have been scandalous had the fate of the humblest peasant-woman been concerned. Extreme caution must be observed in dealing with these popular reports, considering the general propensity in human nature to slander, and the tendency to find in the deaths of eminent personages food for excitement and marvel. There really appears to have been some blundering in the case, but that this was the occasion of the princess’s death, we have no warrant for believing. It is a curious circumstance, that Sir Richard Croft, the physician against whom the public odium was chiefly directed, committed suicide ere many months had elapsed.

A SAILOR’S LETTER.

When Louis XVIII, under the title of the Count de Lille, was obliged to quit the continent after the peace of Tilsit, and take refuge in England, he landed at Yarmouth from the Swedish frigate, Freya, and was rowed ashore by a boat’s crew from H.M.S. Minotaur. Pleased with the attention shown him, the royal exile left fifteen guineas as a guerdon to the men to drink his health. The honest tars, in obedience to an order which had formerly been issued on the subject of taking money from strangers, refused to avail themselves of this munificence. The present case, however, being rather an exceptional one, the men held a talk on the matter, when they resolved to transmit to Admiral Russell the letter, of which the following is a literal copy:

MAREIGE, 6th day of November 1817.

To please your honour.

We hold a talk about that there £15 that was sent us, and hope no offence, your

honour. We don’t like to take it, because, as how, we knows fast enuff, that it was the true king of France that went with your honour in the boat, and that he and our own noble king, God bless ’em both, and give every one his right, is good friends now; and besides that, your honour gave it order, long ago, not to take any money from no body, and we never did take none; and Mr Leneve, that steered your honour and that there king, says he won’t have no hand in it, and so does Andrew Young, the proper cozen; and we hopes no offence.

From your honour’s dutiful servants.

(Signed) Andrew Young, Cozen; James Mann; Lewis Bryan; James Lord; James Hood; W. Edwards; Jan. Holshaw; Thomas Laurie; Thomas Simmers; Thomas Kesale; Simon Duff; W. Fairlough; John Cherhul; Thomas Lawrence; Jacob Gabriel; William Muzzy.

How the admiral responded to this communication, we are not informed, but it is to be hoped that the worthy tars were eventually rewarded for their honesty, and that the king among them the gift from Louis. As a specimen of blunt and unadorned honesty, the above composition is perhaps unrivalled.

THE LITTLECOTE LEGEND.

Aubrey appears to have been the first to put into circulation a romantic story of Elizabeth’s time regarding Littlecote Hall, in Wiltshire, which at that period was acquired by the Lord Chief-Justice Popham, in the possession of whose family it has since remained. The account given by Aubrey states that Dayrell, the former proctor, called a midwife, blindfolded, to his house one night, by whom one of his serving-women was delivered of a child, which she saw him immediately after throw upon the fire; that the poor woman was afterwards able to discover and identify the house where this horrid act had been committed; and that Dayrell, being tried for murder before Chief-Justice Popham, only saved his life by giving Littlecote, and money beaksies, to the judge as a bribe.

When Lord Webb Seymour was living in Edinburgh, in the early years of the present century, he communicated a traditioaary version of this story to Sir Walter Scott, who wrought up a sketch of it as a ballad in his romance of Bokely, and printed it in full in the notes to that poem. Though Lord Webb’s story has thus been brought well into notice, we are induced to have it repeated here.

It was on a dark rainy night in November, that an old midwife sat musing by her cottage-fireside, when on a sudden she was startled by a loud knocking at the door. On opening it, she found a horseman, who told her that her assistance was required at Littlecote Hall, which Lord Macaulay speaks of as ‘renowned down to our own times, not more on account of its venerable architecture and furniture, than on account of a horrible and mysterious crime which was perpetrated there in the days of the Tudors.’ William entertained King James’ commissioners in the old hall of the mansion, ‘hung,’ says Lord Macaulay, ‘with coats of mail which had been the wars of the Reformation, and with portraits of gallants who had adorned the court of Philip and Mary’
was required immediately by a person of rank, and that she should be handsomely rewarded; but that there were reasons for keeping the affair a strict secret, and, therefore, she must submit to be blindfolded, and to be conducted in that condition to the bedchamber of the lady. With some hesitation the midwife consented; the horseman bound her eyes, and placed her on a pillion behind him. After proceeding in silence nearly a mile through rough and dirty lanes, they stopped, and the midwife was led into a house, which, from the length of her walk through the apartments, as well as the sounds about her, she discovered to be the seat of wealth and power. When the bandage was removed from her eyes, she found herself in a bedchamber, in which were the lady on whose account she had been sent for, and a man of a haughty and ferocious aspect. The lady was delivered of a fine boy. Immediately the man commanded the midwife to give him the child, and, catching it from her, he hurried across the room, and threw it on the floor, that was blazing in the chimney. The child, however, was strong, and by its struggles rolled itself upon the hearth, when the ruffian again seized it with fury, and, in spite of the intercession of the midwife, and the more pitiable entreaties of the mother, thrust it under the grate, and, taking the live coals upon it, soon put an end to its life. The midwife, after spending some time in affording all the relief in her power to the wretched mother, was told that she must be gone. Her former conductor appeared, who again bound her eyes, and conveyed her behind him to her own house; he then paid her handsomely, and departed. The midwife was strongly agitated by the horrors of the preceding night, and she immediately made a deposition of the facts before a magistrate. Two circumstances afforded hopes of detecting the house in which the crime had been committed: one was, that the midwife, as she sat by the bedside, had, with a view to discover the place, cut out a piece of the bedcurtain, and sewn it in again; the other was, that she had descended the staircase, she had counted the steps. Some suspicions fell upon one Darrell, at that time the proprietor of Littlecote House and the domain around it. The house was examined, and identified by the midwife, and Darrell was tried at Salisbury for the murder. By corrupting his judge, he escaped the sentence of the law; but broke his neck by a fall from his horse while hunting, in a few months after. The place where this happened is still known by the name of Darrell's Stile—a spot to be dreaded by the peasant whom the shades of evening have overtaken on his way.'

Scott further added a legend to the same purport, which was current in Edinburgh in his childhood. In this case, however, it was a clergyman who was brought blindfolded to the house, the object being to have spiritual consolation administered to a lady newly delivered of an infant. Having performed his part, he was rewarded, enjoined secrecy on pain of death, and hurried off, but in descending the stair, heard the report of a pistol, and the tragedy is presumed to have been completed when he learned that the house was a factory of condign, at the head of the Canongate, had been totally consumed by fire during the night, involving the death of the daughter of the proprietor, 'a young lady eminent for beauty and accomplishments.' After many years, feeling uneasy about the secret, he imparted it to some of his brethren, and it thus acquired a certain degree of publicity. 'The divine, however,' says Scott, 'had been long dead, and the story in some degree forgotten, when a fire broke out again on the very same spot where the house of **** had formerly stood, and which was now occupied by buildings of an inferior description. When the flames were at their height, the tumult, which usually attends such a scene, was suddenly suspended by an unexpected apparition. A beautiful female, in a night-dress extremely rich, but at least half a century old, appeared in the very midst of the fire, and uttered these tremendous words in her varicous idiom: "Aes burned, twice burned, the third time I'll scare ye all!" The narrator adds: 'The belief in this story was formerly so strong, that, on a fire breaking out, and seeming to approach the fatal spot, there was a good deal of anxiety lest lest the apparition should make good her denunciation."

A correspondent of Notes and Queries (April 10, 1855), affirms that this story was current in Edinburgh before the childhood of Sir Walter Scott, and was generally credited, at least as regards the murder part of it. He mentions a person acquainted with Edinburgh from 1743, who used to tell the tale, and point out the site of the house. The present writer knew a lady older than Scott, who had heard the story as a nursery one in her young days, and she offered to point out to him the site of the burned house—which, however, death unexpectedly prevented her from doing. Keeping in view Scott's narration, which assigns the head of the Canongate as the place, it is remarkable that a great fire did happen there at the end of the seventeenth century, and the lofty buildings now on the spot date from that time.

It is not calculated to support the credit of the Littlecote legend, that there is another of the same kind localised in Edinburgh. Nor is this all. A similar tale is told by Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, in which an Irish physician, named Ogilvie, resident at Rome about 1743, is represented as taken with eyes bandaged over his eyes to the house, where he was called upon to bleed to death a young lady who had dishonoured her family—the family proving afterwards to be that of the Duke de Bracciano. This story was communicated to Wraxall by the celebrated Lady Hamilton, and to support its credibility he relates another incident, of the verity of which he had been assured at Vienna and other German cities. About the year 1774, some persons came to the house of the Strasburg executioner, and engaged him to accompany them on a private professional excursion across the frontier, the object being to put to death a person of high rank. They particularly enjoined him to bring the sword with which he was accustomed, in the discharge of his ordinary functions, to beheld malefactors. Being placed in a carriage with his conductors, he passed the bridge over the river, to Keil, the first town on the eastern bank of the Rhine; where they acquitted him that he had a considerable journey to perform, the object of which must be carefully concealed, as the person intended to be put to death was an individual of great distinction. They added that he must not
oppose their taking the proper precautions to prevent his knowing the place to which he was conveyed. He acquiesced, and allowed them to hoodwink him. On the second day, they arrived at a woollen carpet, the draw-bridge of which being lowered, they drove into the court. After waiting a considerable time, he was then conducted into a spacious hall, where stood a scaffold hung with black cloth, and in the centre was placed a stool or chair. A female shortly made her appearance, habited in deep mourning, her face wholly concealed by a veil. She was led by two persons, who, when she was seated, having first tied her hands, next fastened her legs with cords. As far as he could form any judgment from her general figure, he considered her to have passed the period of youth. Not a word was uttered; neither did she utter any complaints, or attempt any resistance. When all the preparations for her execution were completed, on a signal given he unshackled the instrument of punishment; and her head being forcibly held up by the hair, he severed it at a single stroke from her body. Without allowing him to remain more than a few minutes, he was then handsomely rewarded, conducted back to Kehl by the same persons who had brought him to the place, and set down at the end of the bridge leading to Strasburg.

'I have heard the question frequently agitated, during my residence in Germany, and many different opinions stated, relative to the lady thus asserted to have been put to death. The most generally adopted belief rested on the Princess of Tour and Taxis, Augusta Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Alexander, Prince of Wirtemberg. She had been married, at a very early period of life, to Charles Anselm, Prince of Tour and Taxis. Whether it proceeded from mutual incompatibility of character, or, as was commonly pretended, from the princess's intractable and furious disposition, the marriage proved eminently unfortunate in its results. She was accused of having repeatedly attempted to take away her husband's life, particularly while they were walking together near the castle of Donau-Stauf, on the high bank overlooking the Danube, when she endeavoured to precipitate him into the river. It is certain, that about the year 1773 or 1774, a final separation took place between them, at the prince's solicitation. The reigning Duke of Wirtemberg, her brother, to whose custody she was consigned, caused her to be closely immured in a castle within his own dominions, where she was strictly guarded, no access being allowed to her. Of the last-mentioned fact, there is little doubt; but it may be considered as much more problematical, whether she was the person put to death by the executioner of Strasburg. I dined in the autumn of the year 1778 with the Prince of Tour and Taxis, at his castle or seat of Donau-Stauf, near the northern bank of the Danube, a few miles from the city of Ratisbon. He was then about forty-five years of age, and his wife was understood to be in confinement. I believe that her decease was not formally announced as having taken place, till many years subsequent to 1778; but this circumstance by no means nullitates against the possibility of her having suffered by a more summary process, if her conduct had exposed her to merit it; and if it was thought proper to inflict upon her capital punishment. The private annals of the great houses and sovereigns of the Germanic empire, if they were divulged, would furnish numerous instances of similar severity exercised in their own families during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.'

NOVEMBER 7.

St Procestimus, first bishop of Paula, confessor. 2d century. St Werenfrid, priest and confessor. St Willebrod, confessor, first bishop of Utrecht, 728.

Born.—William Stakeley, antiquarian, 1657, Hidheath, Lincolnshire; Leopold Frederick, Count Stolberg, miscellaneous writer, 1750, Brunswick, Holstein.

Died.—Caius Culinaeus, patron of literature and art, 8 A.D.; Sir Martin Frobisher, naval explorer, 1594 A.D.; Plymouth; Gaspar Tagliacozzi, celebrated surgeon, 1599, Bologna; John Kyre, 'The Man of Ross,' 1724; Jean Andre Dufe, geologist and natural philosopher, 1817; Windsor; Karl Gottlieb Beissiger, composer (Weber's Last Waltz), 1859, Dresden.

JOHN KYRE, 'THE MAN OF ROSS'

John Kyre, an active and benevolent man, whose good deeds ought to win the admiration of all, irrespective of fame derived from other sources, has become notable because Pope called him 'The Man of Ross,' and wrote a poem in his praise. Few who visit the pleasant town of Ross, in Herefordshire, fail to inquire about John Kyre; and their interest in his kind doings mingle with the delight which that beautiful neighbourhood always imparts to strangers. The picturesque church, with the pew in which the good man sat for so many years; the bust and the monumental inscription within the church; the beautiful avenue of trees, called the Prospect, or the Man of Ross's Walk; in the rear of the church; the house which he built for himself; his armchair in the club-room of the little inn—all remain objects of interest to the present day.

John Kyre was a gentleman of limited means, possessing a small estate in and near Ross, in the latter half of the seventeenth century. A friend from another county once called him 'The Man of Ross,' and Kyre liked the name, because it 'conveyed a notion of plain, honest dealing and unaffected hospitality.' He formed a terrace, or pleasant walk between a field of his and the river Wye, and planted it with trees. He was always ready to plan walks and improvements for his friends, who were glad to avail themselves of his skill in such matters. Expensive undertakings he could not indulge in, for his income was limited to £500 a year. The town being insufficiently supplied with water, Kyre dug an oval basin of considerable extent in his field, lined it with brick, paved it with stone, and caused the water from the river to be forced into it by an engine, and conveyed by underground pipes to fountains in

* Wraxall's Historical Memoirs, 1. 262.
the streets. This was the work noticed by Pope in the lines:

'From the dry rock, who bade the waters flow? Not to the skies, in useless columns tost, Or in proud falls magnificently lost; But clear and artless, pouring through the plain, Health to the sick, and solace to the swarm.'

Kyrle next headed a subscription for making a causeway along the low ground between the town and the bridge. It was so well planned that the county authorities afterwards adopted and extended it as part of the high-road to Hereford and Monmouth. The beautiful spire of the church being in an insecure state, Kyrle devised a mode of strengthening it, procured an assessment to pay for the repairs, contributed himself beyond his share of the assessment, and superintended the execution of the work. Pope was wrong in attributing to him the actual building of the spire:

'Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise,'

and even of the church itself:

'Who builds a church to God, and not to fame.'

To the renovated church Kyrle presented a great bell, which was cast in his presence at Gloucester; he threw into the crucible his own large silver tankard, having first drunk his favourite toast of 'Church and King!' There was at Ross a grant, renewed by successive lords of the manor, of certain tills on all corn brought to market; the grant was bestowed as a weekly donation of bread to the poor. Kyrle acted as almoner to the lords of the manor, and won golden opinions by his manner of fulfilling the duties of that office:

'Bethold the market-house, with poor o'erspread, The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread.'

A multitude of other kindly actions endeared him to his townsmen; and when he died (November 7, 1724), the inhabitants felt that they had indeed lost a friend. It is wonderful what he did with his £5000 a year, a sum not more than the means of developing in other persons.

Many pleasant anecdotes are told of the Man of Ross. When he was planting the elm-walk, it was his wont to sally forth with a spade on one shoulder, and a wooden bottle of liquor for a labourer and himself. On one occasion, this labourer, drinking out of the bottle, did not cease till he had emptied it. Kyrle said to him: 'John, why did not you stop when I called to you?' 'Why, sir,' said the man, 'don't you know that people can never hear when they are drinking?' The next time Mr Kyrle applied himself to the bottle, the man placed himself opposite to him, and opened his mouth as if bawling aloud, till Kyrle had finished. The draught ended, Kyrle asked: 'Well, John, what did you say?' 'Ah, you see, sir,' said the man, 'I was right: nobody can hear when he is drinking.' The Man of Ross lived and died a bachelor, under the housekeeping care of a maiden cousin—Miss Bubb. He disliked crowds and assemblies; but was very fond of snug social parties, and of entertaining his friends on market-days and fair-days. His dishes were plain and according to the season. He liked a goose on his table, liked to carve it, and liked to repeat the well-worn old joke about 'cooking one's goose,' and so forth. Roast-beef he always reserved for Christmas-day. Malt liquor and Herefordshire cider were his only beverages. His 'invitation dinners' comprised nine, eleven, or thirteen persons, including Miss Bubb and himself; and he did not seem satisfied unless the guests mustered one of these aggregates. At his kitchen-fire there was a large block of wood, in lieu of a bench, for poor people to sit upon; and a piece of boiled beef, with three pecks of flour made into loaves, was given to the poor every Sunday. He loved a long evening, enjoyed a merry tale, and always appeared disposed when it was time to separate. At his death, at the age of eighty-four, he had neither debts nor money, so closely did his income and his expenditure always agree. He left £40 to the Bluecoat School of Ross, and small legacies to the old workmen who had assisted him in his numerous useful works. About a year after John Kyrle's death, a tradesman of the town came to his executor, and said privately to him: 'Sir, I am come to pay you some money that I owed to the late Mr Kyrle.' The executor declared that he could find no entry of it in the accounts. 'Well, sir,' said the tradesman, 'that I am aware of. Mr Kyrle said to me, when he lent me the money, that he did not think I should be able to repay it in his lifetime, and that it was likely you might want it before I could make it up; and so, said he, I wont have any memorandum of it, besides what I write and give you with it; and do you pay my kinsman when you can; and when you show him this paper, he will see that the money is right, and that he is not to take interest.'

TYBURN.

This celebrated place of execution, which figures so prominently in the records of crime, is said to have been first established in the reign of Henry IV, previous to which 'The Elms' at Smithfield seems to have been the favourite locality for the punishment of malefactors. The name is derived from a brook called Tyburn, which flows down from Hampstead into the Thames, supplying in its way a large pond in the Green Park, and also the celebrated Rosamond's Pond in St James's Park. Oxford Street was, at an earlier period, known as Tyburn Road, and the now aristocratic locality of Park Lane, bore formerly the name of Tyburn Lane, whilst an iron tablet attached to the railings of Hyde Park, opposite the entrance of the Edgeware Road, informs the passer-by that here stood Tyburn turnpike-gate, so well known in old times as a landmark by travellers to and from London.

The gallows at Tyburn was of a triangular form, resting on three supports, and hence is often spoken of as 'Tyburn's triple tree.' It appears to have been a permanent erection, and there also stood near it wooden galleries for the accommodation of parties who came to witness the infliction of the last penalty of the law, such exhibitions, it is needless to state, being generally regarded by the public with as much interest as instructive spectacles. Considerable disputation has prevailed as to the real site of the gallows, but it now appears to be pretty satisfactorily ascertained that it stood at the east end of Connaught Place, where the latter joins the Edgeware Road, and is only opposite the entrance to Upper Seymour Street. A lane led from the Uxbridge Road to the place of execution, in the
vicinity of which, whilst excavating the ground for buildings, numerous remains were discovered of the criminals who had been buried there after undergoing their sentence.

Among remarkable individuals who suffered death at Tyburn were the Holy Maid of Kent, in Henry VIII's reign; Mrs Turner, notorious as a poisoner, and celebrated as the inventor of yeast starch; John Felton, the assassin of the Duke of Buckingham; the renowned burglar Jack Sheppard; and the thief-taker Jonathan Wild; Mrs Browning, rendered proverbial by her cruel usage of apprentices; and the elegant and courtly Dr Dodd, whom pecuniary embarrassments—the result of a life of extravagance and immorality—hurried into crime.

The last malefactor executed here was John Austin, on 7th November 1783, for robbery with violence. At that period the place of execution for criminals convicted in the county of Middlesex, was transferred from Tyburn to Newgate, where, on the 9th of December following the date just mentioned, the first capital sentence, under the new arrangements, was carried into effect. We are informed that some opposition was made by persons residing around the Old Bailey to this abandonment of the old locality at Tyburn, but the answer returned by the authorities to their petition was, that 'the plan had been well considered; and would be persevered in.' Our readers do not require to be informed that the place thus appointed is still the scene of public executions, now happily of much less frequent occurrence than formerly.

Those curious documents, called Tyburn Tickets, were certificates conferred under an act passed in the reign of William III, on the prosecutors who had succeeded in obtaining the capital conviction of a criminal. The object of the enactment was to stimulate individuals in the bringing of offenders to justice; and in virtue of the privilege thus bestowed, the holder of such a document was exempted from all manner of parish and ward offices within the parish wherein such felony was committed; which certificate shall be enrolled with the clerk of the peace of the county on payment of 1s. and no more. These tickets were transferable, and sold like other descriptions of property. The act by which they were established was repealed in 1818, but an instance is related by a contributor to Notes and Queries of a claim for exemption from serving on a jury being made as late as 1836 by the holder of a Tyburn ticket.

The conveyance of the criminals from Newgate to Tyburn by Holborn Hill and the Oxford Road, afforded, by the distance of space traversed, an ample opportunity to all lovers of such sights for obtaining a view of the ghastly procession. A corner on the south side of the High Street, St Giles's, is said to derive its name of Bowl Yard, from the circumstance of criminals in ancient times on their way to execution at Tyburn, being presented at the hospital of St Giles's with a large bowl of ale, as the last refreshment which they were to partake of on the show of the grave, but that by recent regulations they were enjoined not to let prisoners drink when going to execution, as great indecencies had been frequently committed in these cases, through the criminals becoming intoxicated.

One of the most vigorous drawings by Hogarth represents the execution of the ill-fated Apparition at Tyburn—a fitting termination to his disreputable career. Referring to this print, and the remarkable change which has taken place in a locality formerly associated only with the most repulsive ideas, Mr Thackeray makes the following observation in his English Humorists:—'How the times have changed! ... On the spot where Tom Foll (for whom I have an unaccustomed pity) made his exit from this wicked world, and where you see the hangman smoking his pipe as he reclines on the gibbet, and views the hills of Harrow or Hampstead beyond—a splendid marble arch, a vast and modern city—clean, airy, painted drapery, populous with nurserymaids and children, the abodes of wealth and comfort, the elegant, the prosperous, the polite Tyburnia rises, the most respectable district in the habitable globe.'

NOVEMBER 8.


Born.—Edward Pocock, oriental scholar, 1604, Oxford; Captain John Byrom, celebrated navigator, 1723, Newstead Abbey.

Died.—Pope Boniface III, 532; Louis VII, king of France, 1226; Montesquieu; Duns Scotus, theologian and scholar, 1308, Cologne; Cardinal Ximenes, governor of Spain during minority of Charles V, 1517; John Milton, great English poet and prose writer, 1674, London; Madame Roland, revolutionist, guillotined at Paris, 1793; Thomas Bewick, wood-engraver, 1828, Gateshead; George Peacock, dean of Ely, mathematician, 1838, Ely.

MADAME ROLAND.

The terrible French Revolution brought many women as well as men into prominence—some for their genius, some for their crimes, and some for their misfortunes. Among the number was Madame Roland. She was born at Paris in 1756; her maiden name being Manon Philippin. Her father was an artist of moderate talent; her mother a woman of superior understanding and great sweetness of disposition. Manon made rapid progress in painting, music, and general literature, and became an accomplished girl. She was very religious at first, but afterwards adopted the views then so prevalent in France, and allowed her imagination to get the better of her religion. Plutarch's Lives gave her an almost passionate longing for the fame of the great men of past ages; and at the age of fourteen she is said to have written she was not a Roman or Spartan woman. In 1781, she married M. Roland, a man twenty years her senior, and much respected for his ability and integrity. During several years, she divided her time between the education of her young daughter, and assisting her husband in his duties as inspector of manufactures. Together they visited England, Switzerland, and other countries, and imbued a taste for
many liberal institutions and usages which were denied to France under the old Bourbon régime.

At length the outburst came—the French struggle for liberty degenerated into ruthless anarchy. The Rolands accepted the new order of things with great avidity. M. Roland was elected representative of Lyon to the National Assembly; and he and his wife soon formed at Paris an intimacy with Mirabeau and other leading spirits, at a time when the Revolution was still in its best days. There was a party among the Revolutionists, called the Girondists, less violent and sanguinary than the Jacobins; and to this moderate party the Rolands attached themselves. When a Girondist ministry was formed, Roland became Minister of the Interior, or what we should call Home Secretary. He appeared at the court of the unfortunate Louis XVI in a round hat, and with strings instead of buckles in his shoes—a departure from court-costume which was interpreted by many as symbolic of the fall of the monarchy; while his plain uncompromising language gave farther offence to the court. Madame Roland assisted her husband in drawing up his official papers; and to her pen is attributed the famous warning-letter to the king, published in May 1792. It occasioned the dismissal of M. Roland from the ministry, but the dreadful doings on the 10th of August terrified the court, and Roland was again recalled to office. By this time, however, the Revolution had passed into its hideous phase; the populace had tasted blood, and, urged on by the Jacobins, had entered upon a course distasteful to the Rolands and the Girondists generally. When the massacres of the 21st of September took place, Roland boldly denounced them in the National Convention; but Robespierre, Marat, Danton, and the other Jacobins, were now becoming too powerful for him. Especially bitter was the wrath of these men towards Madame Roland, whose boldness, sagacity, and sarcasm had often thwarted them. The lives of herself and her husband were not considered safe; and arrangements were made for them to sleep away from their regular home, the Hotel of the Interior, without making the change publicly known. But this deception was little suited to the high spirit of Madame Roland. She said on one occasion: 'I am ashamed of the part I am made to play. I will neith

which she was subjected by her brutal judges, she maintained unruffled a dignity of demeanour which might have suited a Roman matron of old; but her death was a predetermined matter, and she was remorselessly condemned. On the fatal day, and at the same hour and place with herself, a man was to be guillotined. To die first on such an occasion had become a sort of privilege among the wretched victims, as a means of avoiding the agony of seeing others die. Madame Roland vaunted this privilege in favour of her less courageous companion. The executioner had orders to guillotine her before the man; but she entreated him not to shew the impoliteness of refusing a woman's last request. As she passed to the scaffold, she gazed on a gigantic statue of Liberty erected near it, and exclaimed: 'O Liberty! how many crimes are
committed in thy name!" The guillotine then took the life of one who was, perhaps, the most remarkable woman of the French Revolution.

The fate of M. Robespierre was locally leave, poetically tragic. He had lain concealed for some time in Rouen, but on hearing of his wife's death, he set out on the road to Paris, and walked as far as Baudouin. Here he quitted the highway, entered an avenue leading to a private mansion, and sitting down at the foot of a tree, passed a cane-sword through his body. A paper was found beside him, with the following inscription: "Whoever you are who find me lying here, respect my remains; they are those of a man who devoted his whole life to being useful, and who died as he had lived, virtuous and honest."

BEWICK, THE ENGRAVER.

Thomas Bewick owes his celebrity to his knowledge of animals, and the admirable manner in which he applied this knowledge to the production of illustrated works on natural history. Born at Cherryburn, in Northumberland, in 1753, he has left us in his autobiography an interesting account of his introduction to the world of art. Exhibiting some indications of taste in this direction, he was, in 1767, apprenticed to Mr Ralph Beilby, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, an engraver of door-plates and clock-faces, and occasionally of copper-plates for illustrating books. "For some time after I entered the business," he says, "I was employed in copying Copeland's Ornaments; and this was the only kind of drawing upon which I ever had a lesson given me from any one. I was never a pupil to any drawing-master, and had not even a lesson from William Beilby, or his brother Thomas, who, along with their other profession, were also drawing-masters. In the later years of my apprenticeship, my master kept me so fully employed that I never had any opportunity for such a purpose, at which I felt much grieved and disappointed. The first jobs I was put to do was blanking out the wood about the lines on the diagrams (which my master finished) for the Lady's Diary, on which he was employed by Charles (afterwards the celebrated Dr) Hutton; and etching sword-blades for William and Nicholas O'ley, sword manufacturers, &c., at Shottle Bridge. It was not long till the diagrams were wholly put into my hands to finish. After these, I was kept closely employed upon a variety of other jobs; for such was the industry of my master that he refused nothing, coarse or fine. He undertook everything, which he did in the best way he could. He fitted up and tempered his own tools, and adapted them to every purpose; and taught me to do the same. This readiness brought him in an overflow of work; and the workplace was filled with the coarsest kinds of steel stamps, pipe moulds, bottle moulds, brass-clock faces, door-plates, coffin-plates, bookbinders' letters and stamps, steel, silver, and gold seals, mourning-rings, &c. He also undertook the engraving of urns, crusades, and cyphers on silver; and every kind of job from the silversmiths; also engraving bills of exchange, book-notes, invoices, account-heads, and cards. These last he executed as well as did most of the engravers of the time; but what he excelled in was ornamental silver engraving. This, of course, was a strange way of introduction to the higher departments of art; but it was not a bad one for such a person as Bewick, who had the germ of a true artist within him. "While we were going on in this way," he says, "the business was occasionally applied to by printers to execute woodcuts for them. In this branch my master was very defective. What he did was wretched. He did not like such jobs. On this account they were given to me; and the opportunity afforded of drawing the designs on the wood was highly gratifying to me. It happened that one of these, a cut of the 'George and Dragon' for a barbill, attracted so much notice, and had so many praises bestowed upon it, that this kind of work greatly increased. Orders were received for cuts for children's books; chiefly for Thomas Saint, printer, Newcastle, and successor of John White, who had rendered himself famous for his numerous publications of histories and old ballads. ... My time now became greatly taken up with designing and cutting a set of wood-blocks for the Story Teller, Gay's Fables, and Select Fables: together with cuts of a similar kind for printers. Some of the Fable cuts were very successful. The name of my master, and even of his name, sent impressions of a few of them to be laid before the Society for the Encouragement of Arts; and I obtained a premium. This I received shortly after I was out of my apprenticeship, and it was left to my choice, whether I would have it in a gold medal or money (seven guineas). I preferred the latter; and I never in my life felt greater pleasure than in presenting it to my mother."

Once favoured with the good opportunity thus afforded to him, Bewick did not fail to make use of it. Authors and publishers found him to be useful in wood-engraving generally, and he earned a living at this while preparing for higher labours in art. In 1773, he engraved cuts for Dr Hutton's Mathematics, and for Dr Horsley's edition of Sir Isaac Newton's works. Coming to London in 1778, he executed work for various persons; but he did not like the place nor the people. "Wherever I went," he says in the work audiences, "was the ignorant part of the Cockneys called me Scotchman." At this I was not offended; but when they added other impudent remarks, I could not endure them; and this often led me into quarrels of a kind I wished to avoid, and had not been used to engage in. It is not worth while noticing these quarrels, but only as they served to help out my dislike to London.

Having returned to the north, Bewick applied himself to his favourite pursuit of designing and engraving wood-cuts in natural history, and eked out his income meanwhile by what may be termed commercial engraving. "My Fables, History of Quadrupeds, History of Birds, Hutchinson's History of Durham, Parnell's Hermit, Goldsmith's Deserted Village, Liddell's Tour in Lapland—all engaged his attention by turn, whilst at the same time he employed himself in a totally different department of the engraver's art—that of executing copper-plates for bank-notes.

It may be worth mentioning here, that cottages, in Bewick's early days, seem to have been adorned with large wood-cuts, as they are now with cheap coloured lithographs. "I cannot help lamenting," he observes; "that, in all the vicissitudes..."
which the art of wood engraving has undergone, some species of it is lost and done away. I mean the large blocks with the prints from them, so common to be seen when I was a boy, in every cottage and farmhouse throughout the country. These blocks, I suppose, from their appearance, must have been cut on the plank way on beech, or some other kind of close-grained wood; and from the immense number of impressions from them, so cheaply and extensively spread over the whole country, must have given employment to a great number of artists in this inferior department of wood-cutting; and must also have formed to them an important article of traffic. These prints, which were sold at a very low price, were commonly illustrative of some memorably exploits; or were, perhaps, the portraits of eminent men who had distinguished themselves in the service of their country, or in their patriotic exertions to serve mankind.

Bewick has acquired a deserved reputation as well for the lifelike correctness of his drawing, as the allegorical and imaginative charm with which he has invested all his labours. His sense of humor was also remarkably strong, and manifests itself very prominently in the vignettes and tail-pieces with which his History of Quadrupeds is embellished, though it is to be regretted that he has not unfrequently allowed this propensity to conduct him beyond the limits of decorum. The amiability and domesticity of his temper is very pleasingly shewn in a letter, addressed to a friend in 1826, of which the following is an extract: 'I might fill you a sheet in dwelling on the merits of my young folks, without being a bit afraid of any remarks that might be made upon me, such as, 'Look at the old fool, he thinks there is nobody has sic bairns as he has!' In short, my son and three daughters do everything in their power to make their parents happy.'

A visitor to the South Kensington Museum will find a series of Bewick’s designs, illustrative of the progress of wood engraving. This revival of the art in modern times, died in 1826, at the age of seventy-six.

NOVEMBER 9.

The Lord Mayor's Show.

The Dedication of the Church of Our Saviour, or St John Lateran. St Mathurin, priest and confessor, 3d century. St Theodora, a native of Tyre, martyr, 306. St Agnes or Men, bishop, 463. St Yvan or Vironius, bishop of Verdun, confessor, about 525.

Born.—Mark Akenside, poet (Pleasures of Imagination), 1721, Newcastle-on-Tyne; William Sotherby, poetical translator, 1757, London.

Died.—William Camden, celebrated scholar, and author of Britannia, 1623, Chislehurst; Archbishop Gilbert Sheldon, founder of the Sheldon Theatres, Oxford, 1677, Oxford; Paul Sandby, founder of English school of water-colour painting, 1809; Marshal Count de Bourmont, distinguished French commander, 1848.

The Lord Mayor’s Show.

Shorn of its antique pageantry, and bereft of its ancient significance, the procession that passes through London in the streets through which the 9th November, when the mayor of London is ‘sworn into’ office, becomes in the eyes of many simply ludicrous. It is so, if we do not cast a retrospective glance at the olden glories of the mayoralty, the original importance of the mayor, and the feasts of the civic companies, when the law of trading was little understood and ill defined. These companies guarded and enforced the best interests of the traders who composed their fraternities. The Guildhall was their grand rendezvous. The mayor was king of the city, and poets and songs resound to celebrate his election, and invented pageantry for exhibition in the streets and halls, rivaling the court masques in costly splendour. Of all this nothing remains but a few men in armour, and a few banners of the civic companies, to appeal for respect in an age of utilitarianism, already too much inclined to sneer at ‘old institutions’ and the ‘wisdom of our ancestors.’ Yet such displays are not without their use in a national as well as historical point of view. The history of trade is the true history of civilisation.

In the great struggle that overthrew feudalism, the most important combats were the mercantile, whose lives and fortunes were the most endangered in the course of the difficult conduct of trade between the great continental cities. The poor nobility, and their proud and impoverished descendants, were continually obliged to pay toll in passing the castles, then literally dens of thieves; and the robber knights of Germany were the terror of all travellers by land. The law was then powerless to punish these nobles, for they held sovereign power in their petty territories, and kings and emperors cared little to quarrel with them in favour of mere traders. The pages of Froissart narrate the contempt and hatred felt by the nobles for the mercantile, and the jealousy which they entertained of the wealth brought by trade. It became, therefore, necessary for merchants to band together, and pay for armed escorts, as they still do in the east; this ultimately led to trading leagues between large towns, ending in the famed Hansatic League of the North German cities, which first established trade on a secure basis, and gave to the people wealth and municipal institutions, leading to the establishment of Hotels de Ville and Mayoralities, rivaling the chateaux and stately pomp of the old nobility.

The magistrates, chosen by popular voice to protect the municipality, were inaugurated with popular ceremonies; and these public celebrations occupied the same place in the estimation of the people, that the court ceremonies and tournaments did in that of the aristocracy. Ultimately, the wealthy townspeople became as proud as the nobles, and rivalled and outdid them upon all occasions where public display was considered needful. When sovereigns entered the cities, they were received by persons habitated in classic or mythological costumes, who welcomed them in set speeches, the invention of the best poets procurable. Elaborately decorated triumphal arches spanned the streets through which the parades passed, and the streets, arranged on prepared stages, awaited their approach.
at street-corners; and on the arrival of the august guests, the characters embodied in these poured forth complimentary speeches, or sang choruses with music in their honour.

The trading companies of London imitated their continental brethren in observances of the same kind. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, they rode forth in great state to meet and welcome kings or their consorts, when they came to the 'camera regis,' as they termed the city of London. Foreign potentates and ambassadors received similar honours, in order that the dignity of the city might be properly upheld. When the day came to honour their own chief magistrate, of course they were still more pleased to make public displays. Hence the mayor was inaugurated with much pomp. He went to Westminster in his gilded barge, after a noble fashion; and as he returned, he was greeted by mythological and emblematic personages stationed in pageants by the way, their speeches being prepared by civic poets-laureate, who numbered among them such men as the dramatists Peele, Dekker, Webster, Munday, and Middleton.

Giants seem to have been the most general, as they were always the most popular adjuncts, to these civic displays, at home and abroad. They were intimately connected with the old mystic

THEGIANTS IN GUILDHALL.

histories of the foundation of cities, and still appear in continental pageantry; the London giants being two ponderous figures of wood, stationary in the Guildhall. The giants of Antwerp, Donai, Ath, Lille, and other cities of the Low Countries, are from twenty to thirty feet in height, and still march in great public processions. They occasionally unite to swell the cortège in some town, on very great occasions, except the giant of Antwerp, and he is too large to pass through any gate of the city. In English records, we read of giants stationed on London Bridge, or marching in mayorality processions; the same thing occurring in our large provincial towns, such as Chester, York, and Norwich. In 1415, when Henry V. made his triumphant entry to London, after the victory of Azincourt, a male and a female giant stood at the Southwark gate of entry to London Bridge; the male bearing the city keys, as if porter of London. In 1432, when Henry VI. entered London the same way, 'a mighty giant' awaited him, at the same place, as his champion. He carried a drawn sword, and by his side was an inscription, beginning:

'All those that be enemies to the king,
I shall them clothe with confusion.'

In 1554, when Philip and Mary made their public entry into London, two images, representing two giants, the one named Corineus and the other Gogmagog, holding between them certain Latin verses, were exhibited on London Bridge. When Elizabeth passed through the city, January 12, 1558—the day before her coronation—the final exhibition was at Temple Bar, which was "finely dressed" with the two giants, who held
between them a poetic recapitulation of the pageantry exhibited.*

The earliest printed description of the shows on Lord Mayor's Day, is that by George Peele, 1585; when Sir Wolstan Dixie was installed.† The pageants were then occupied by children, appropriately dressed, to personate London, the Thames, Magnanimity, Loyalty, &c.; who complimented the mayor as he passed. One 'apparelled like a Moor,' at the conclusion of his speech, very sensibly reminded him of his duties in these words:

'This now remains, right honourable lord,
That carefully you do attend and keep
This lovely lady, rich and beautiful,
The jewel whereof your sovereign queen
Hath put your honour lovingly in trust,
That you may add to London's dignity,
And London's dignity may add to yours.'

A very good general idea of these annual pageants may be obtained from that concocted by Anthony Munday in 1616, for the mayorality of Sir John Leom, of the Fishmongers' Company. The first pageant was a fishing-boat, with fishermen 'seriously at labour, drawing up their nets, laden with living fish, and restoring them bountifully upon the peopling.' These moving pageants were placed on stages, provided with wheels, which were concealed by drapery, the latter being painted to resemble the waves of the sea. This ship was followed by a crowned dolphin, in allusion to the mayor's arms, and those of the company, in which dolphins appear; and 'because it is a fish inclined much by nature to music, Arian, a famous musician and poet, rideth on his back.' Then followed the king of the Moors, attended by six tributary kings on horseback. They were succeeded by 'a lemon-tree richly laden with fruit and flowers,' in punning allusion to the name of the mayor; a fashion observed whenever the name allowed it to become practicable. Then came a bower adorned with the names and arms of all members of the Fishmongers' Company who had served the office of mayor; with their great hero, Sir William Walworth, inside; an armed officer, with the head of Wat Tyler, on one side, and the Genius of London, 'a crowned angel with golden wings,' on the other. Lastly, came the grand pageant drawn by mermen and mermaids, 'mournfully observing London's great day of deliverance,' when Tyler was slain; on the top sat a victorious Angel, and King Richard was represen
ted beneath, surrounded by impersonations of royal and kingly virtues.*

There is still preserved, in Fishmongers' Hall, a very curious contemporary drawing of this show; a portion of it is here copied, depicting the lemon-tree; it will be perceived that the pelican (emblematical of self-sacrificing piety) is in front. 'At the foot of the tree sit five children, resembling the five senses,' according to the words written upon the original, which is added to the information, that this pageant 'remained in the Fishmongers' Hall for an ornament' during the mayorality.

Throughout the reign of James I. the inventive faculty of the city poet continued to be thus taxed for the yearly production of pageantry. When the great civil war broke out, men's minds became too seriously occupied to favour such displays; and the gloomy puritanism of the Cromwellian era put a stop to them entirely. For sixteen years no record is given of them; in 1655, the mayor, Sir John Dethick, attempted a restoration of the old shows, by introducing the crowned Virgin on horseback; in allusion to the arms of the Mercers' Company, of which he was a member. In 1657, Sir R. Chiverton restored the gallery, two leopards led by Moors, a giant who walked on stilts; and a pageant, with Orpheus, Pan, and the satyrs.

With the Restoration came back the old city shows in all their splendour. In 1660, the Royal Oak was the principal feature in compliment to Charles II., and no expense was spared to make a good display of other innovations; 'there being twice

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* Abridged from Fairholt's History of Lord Mayor's Pageants, privately printed by the Percy Society, 1843.

† It may be curious to many readers if we here note the rarity and consequent value of these old pamphlets. The copy bought for the Guildhall library of Peck's pageant cost £20.; it consists of four leaves only, thus valued at £5 each!
as many pageants and speeches as have formerly
shown," says the author, John Tatham, who was
for many years afterwards employed in this
capacity. He was succeeded by Thomas Jordan,
who enlarged his pageantry with humorous songs
and merry interludes, suited to Cavalier tastes.
The king often came to the mayor's feast, and
when Sir Robert Clayton (the "prodigiously rich
screwen," as Evelyn terms him) entertained the
king in 1674, both got so merry at the feast, that
the mayor lost all notion of rank; followed the
king, who was about to depart, and insisted on his
returning "to take oth'er bottle." Charles good-
humouredly allowed himself to be half-dragged
back to the banquetting hall, humming the words
of the old song:

"The man that is drunk is as great as a king!"

A loose familiarity was indulged in by the
citizens, rather startling to modern ideas. Thus,
while the mayor went in his barge, accompanied
by all the civic companies in their barges, as far as
Chelsea, in 1662, to welcome and accompany the
king in his progress down the river from Hampton
Court to Whitehall, their majesties were thus
addressed by the speaker in the watermen's barge:

"God bless thee, King Charles, and thy good
woman there; and blest creature she is, I warrant
thee, and a true. Go thy ways for a wag! thou
hast had a merry time on't in the west; I need say
no more! But dost hear me, don't take it in
dudgeon that I am so familiar with thee; thou
may'st rather take it kindly, for I am not always
in this good humour; though I thee thee and thou
thee, I am no Quaker, take notice of that."

The Plague, and the Great Fire, were the only
causes of interruption to the glories of the lord
mayor's show during the reign of Charles, until
the quarrel broke out between court and city,
which ended in the abrogation of the city charter,
and the nomination of mayor and aldermen by the
king. When Charles was morally and magis-
terially at his worst, a song was composed for the
inauguration of one of his creatures (Sir W.
Pritchard, 1652), declaring him to be a sovereign—

"In whom all the graces are jointly combined,
Whom God as a pattern has set to mankind."

The citizens were insulted in their own hall
when the king was "pleased to appoint" Sir H.
Tulse the following year, and a new Irish song
was composed for the occasion, one verse running thus:

"Visions, seditions, and railing petitions,
The rabble believe and are wondrous merry;
All can remember the fifth of November,
But no man the thirtieth of January.
Taking of treason, without any reason,
Hath lost the poor city its bountiful charter;
The Commons haranguing will bring them to
hanging,
And each puppy hopes to be Knight of the
Garter!"

In 1687, James II. dined with the lord mayor,
and introduced the pope's nun, at the feast and
ministered to her. The pageants for the day were
got up, as the city poet declares, to express "the
many advantages with which his majesty has been
pleased so graciously to indulge all his subjects,
though of different persuasions." The value of

* Hearne's Reliques, I. 118.
procession until 1719, when a coach was provided for his use. In 1767, the gorgeous fabric which is still used on these occasions was constructed at a cost of £1065, 3s.; the panels were painted by Cipriani. Royalty generally viewed the show from a balcony at the corner of Paternoster Row, as depicted in the concluding plate of Hogarth’s ‘Industry and Idleness,’ which gives a vivid picture of this ‘gaudy day’ in the city. Afterwards Mr Barclay’s house, opposite Bow Church, was chosen for the same purpose.

Some few modern attempts have been made to resuscitate the old pageants. In 1837, two colossal figures of the Guildhall Giants walked in the procession. In 1841, a ship fully rigged and manned was drawn through the streets on wheels;

the sailors were personated by boys from the naval school at Greenwich. But the most ambitious, and the last of these attempts, was made in 1853, when Mr Penton, the scenic artist of Sadler’s Wells Theatre, and Mr Cooke of Astley’s, under the superintendence of Mr Bunning, the city architect, reproduced the old allegorical cars, with modern improvements. First came a ‘Chariot of Justice,’ drawn by six horses; followed by standard-bearers of all nations on horseback; an Australian cart drawn by oxen, and containing a gold-digger employed in washing quartz; then came attendants carrying implements of industry; succeeded by an enormous car drawn by nine horses, upon which was placed a terrestrial globe, with a throne upon its summit, on which sat Peace and Prosperity, represented by two young ladies from Astley’s. Good as was the intention and execution of this pageant, it was felt to be out of place in this modern age of utilitarianism; and this ‘turning of Astley’s into the streets,’ will probably never be again attempted. Soon after this the city barge were sold, and the water-pageant abolished. The yearly procession to Westminster is now shorn of all dignity or significance.

The banquet in Guildhall is now the great feature of the day. The whole of the cabinet ministers are invited, and their speeches after dinner are expected to explain the policy of their government. The cost of this feast is estimated at £2500. Half of this sum is paid by the mayor, the other half is divided between the two sheriffs. The annual expense connected with the office of mayor is over £25,000. To meet this there is an income of about £8000; other sums accrue from fines and taxes; but it is expected, and is indeed necessary, that the mayor and sheriffs expend considerable sums from their own purses during their year of office; the mayor seldom parting with less than £10,000.

NOVEMBER 10.

Saints Trypho and Baresius, martyrs, and Nymphe, virgin, 3d and 5th centuries. Saints Miles, bishop of Susa; Arbrosimus, priest, and Sina, deacon, martyrs in Persia, 341. St Justin, archbishop of Canterbury, confessor, 627. St Andrew Avellino, confessor, 1609.

Born.—Mahomet, or Mohammed, Arabian prophet, founder of Islamism, 570; Mecca; Martin Luther, German reformer, 1483; Etienne, ‘azeru; Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, favorite of Queen Elizabeth, 1587; Netherwood, Herefordshire; Oliver Goldsmith, poet and dramatist, 1728; Palliser, Ireland; Granville Sharp, ‘lavery abolitionist and miscellaneous writer, 1734; Durham; Friedrich Schiller, poet and dramatist, 1759; Marbach, Württemberg.
Died—Ludolphus VI. of Hungary, killed at Varna, 1444; Pope Paul III. (Alexander Farnese), 1549; Marshal Anne de Montmorency, killed at St Denis, 1567; President William III. of France, 1707; Linné Mantell, geologist, 1852; Londres; Isidore Geoffroy St Hilaire, zoologist, 1861.

RALPH ALLEN: FIELDING'S 'ALLWORTHY.'

For his public usefulness in improving the national means of epistolary correspondence, the name of Ralph Allen is entitled to rank with those of John Palmer and Sir Rowland Hill; yet we may in vain search for his name in the biographical dictionaries. But for the notice which Pope has taken of him in his verses, it almost appears as if we should have known nothing whatever of one of the noblest characters of any age or country.

To give the reader an idea of the services which Allen rendered to the postal institutions of the country, it will only be necessary to state that in the reign of Queen Anne (1710), all previous acts relating to the post-office were abrogated, and the entire establishment was remodelled under what is officially spoken of as 'the act of settlement.' Under this new statute, increased powers were given to the post-office authorities, and the entire service rapidly improved; while each year saw considerable sums added to the available revenue of the country. This progress, however, arose from improvements which had been effected on post-roads alone; and although the new act gave facilities for the establishment of 'cross-posts,' they were not attempted until the year 1720, when a private individual undertook to supply those parts of the country, not on the line of the great post-roads, with equal postal facilities. That individual was Mr Ralph Allen, who, at the time, filled the office of deputy-postmaster of Bath. Mr Allen, who, from his position, must have been well aware of the defects of the existing system, proposed to the government to establish cross-posts between Exeter and Chester, going by way of Bristol, Gloucester, and Worcester, connecting, in this way, the west of England with the Lancashire districts and the mail route to Ireland, and giving independent postal inter-communication to all the important towns lying in the direction to be taken. Previous to this proposal, letters passing between neighbouring towns were conveyed by strangely circuitous routes; for instance, letters from Cheltenham or Bath for Worcester or Birmingham, required to go first to the metropolis, and then to be sent back again by another post-road. This manner of procedure, in those days of slow locomotion, caused serious delays, and frequently great inconvenience. Mr Allen's proposition necessitated a complete reconstruction of the mail-routes; but he proved to the Lords of the Treasury that this was a desideratum—tht it would be productive to the revenue and beneficial to the country. By his representations, he succeeded in inducing the executive to grant him a lease for the establishment of cross-posts that should be established. His engagements bound him to pay a fixed rental of £6000 a year, and to bear all the costs of the new service. In return, the surplus revenue was to belong to him. The enterprise was remunerative from the first. From time to time, the contract was renewed, always at the same rental; each time, however, the government required Allen to include other branches of road in his engagement (the new districts were never burdens to him for more than a few weeks), till at his death the cross-posts had extended to all parts of the country. Towards the last, this private project had become so gigantic as to be nearly unmanageable, and the time was anxiously awaited when it should become merged in the general establishment. Mr Allen died in 1764, when the post-office authorities absorbed his department, and managed it so as to quadruple the amount of proceeds in two years.

Mr Allen had reaped golden harvests. In an account which he left at his death, he estimated the net profits of his contract at £10,000 annually—a sum which, during his term of office, amounted, on his own showing, to nearly half a million sterling! Whilst in official quarters his success was greatly envied, he commanded, in his private capacity, universal respect. In the only short account of this estimable man which we have seen, a contemporary writer states, that he 'was not more remarkable for the ingenuity and industry with which he managed his fortune, than for the charity, generosity, and kindness with which he spent it.' It is certain that he bestowed a considerable part of his income in works of charity, and in supporting needy men of letters. He was a great friend and benefactor of Fielding; and in Tom Jones, the novelist has gratefully drawn Mr Allen's character in the person of Allworthy. He enjoyed the friendship of Chatham; and Pope, Warburton, and other men of literary distinction, were his familiar companions. Pope has celebrated one of his principal virtues, unassuming benevolence, in the well-known lines:

'Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.'

Mr Allen divided his time between the literary society of London and his native city of Bath, near which city stood his elegant villa of Prior Park. A codicil to his will, dated November 10, a short time before his death, contains the following bequest: 'For the last instance of my friendly and grateful regard for the best of friends, as well as for the most upright and ablest of ministers that has adorned our country, I give to the Right Honourable William Pitt the sum of one thousand pounds, to be disposed of by him to any of his children that he may be pleased to appoint.'

THE TIMES TESTIMONIAL.

A remarkable instance was afforded, a few years ago, of the power of an English newspaper, and its appreciation by the commercial men of Europe. It is known to most readers at the present day, that the proprietors and editors of the daily papers make strenuous efforts to obtain the first possible information of events likely to interest the public, and take pride in insuring for this information all available accuracy and fulness; but it is not equally well known how large is the cost incurred by so doing. None but wealthy proprietors could have been in a position to do much, for an object, whose importance and interest may be limited to a single day's issue of the paper.
In 1841, Mr O'Reilly, the Times correspondent at Paris, received secret information of an enormous fraud that was said to be in course of perpetration on the continent. There were fourteen persons—English, French, and Italian—concerned, headed by a French baron, who possessed great talent, great knowledge of the continental world, and a most polished exterior. His plan was one by which European bankers would have been robbed of at least a million sterling; the conspirators having raped about £10,000, when they were discovered. The grand coup was to have been this—to prepare a number of forged letters of credit, to present them simultaneously at the houses of all the chief bankers in Europe, and to divide the plunder at once. How Mr O'Reilly obtained his information, is one of the secrets of newspaper management; but as he knew that the chief conspirator was a man who would not scruple to send a pistol-shot into any one who frustrated him, he wisely determined to date his letter to the Times from Brussels instead of Paris, to give a false scent. This precaution, it is believed, saved his life. The letter appeared in the Times on 26th May. It produced a profound sensation, for it revealed to the commercial world a conspiracy of startling magnitude. One of the parties implicated, a partner in an English house at Florence, applied to the Times for the name of its informant; but the proprietors resolved to bear all the consequences. Hence the famous action, Boyle v. Lawson, brought against the printer of the Times for libel, the proprietors, of course, being the parties who bore the brunt of the matter. As the article appeared on 26th May, and as the trial did not come on till 16th August, there was ample time to collect evidence. The Times made immense exertions, and spent a large sum of money, in unravelling the conspiracy throughout. The verdict was virtually an acquittal, but under such circumstances that each party had to pay his own costs.

The signal service thus rendered to the commercial world, the undaunted manner in which the Times had carried through the whole matter from beginning to end, and the liberal way in which many thousands of pounds had been spent in so doing, attracted much public attention. A meeting was called, and a subscription commenced, to defray the cost of the trial, as a testimonial to the proprietors. This money was nobly declined in a few dignified and grateful words; and then the committee determined to perpetuate the memory of the transaction in another way. They had in their hands £2700, which had been subscribed by 38 public companies, 64 members of the city corporation, 58 London bankers, 120 London merchants and manufacturers, 116 county bankers and merchants, and 21 foreign bankers and merchants. In November, the committee made public their mode of appropriating this sum: namely, £1000 for a 'Times Scholarship' at Oxford, for boys in Christ's Hospital; £1000 for a similar scholarship at Cambridge, for boys of the city of London School; and the remainder of the money for four tablets, to bear suitable inscriptions—one to be put up at the Royal Exchange, one at Christ's Hospital, one at the City of London School, and one at the Times printing-office.

St Martin, the son of a Roman military tribune, was born at Sabaria, in Hungary, about 316. From his earliest infancy, he was remarkable for mildness of disposition; yet he was obliged to become a soldier, a profession most uncongenial to his natural character. After several years' service, he retired into solitude, from whence he was withdrawn, by being elected bishop of Tours, in the year 374. The zeal and piety he displayed in this office were most exemplary. He converted the whole of his diocese to Christianity, overthrowing the ancient pagan temples, and erecting churches in their stead. From the great success of his pious endeavours, Martin has been styled the Apostle of the Gauls; and, being the first confessor to whom the Latin Church offered public prayers, he is distinguished as the father of that church. In remembrance of his original profession, he is also frequently denounced the Soldier Saint.

The principal legend, connected with St Martin, forms the subject of our illustration, which represents the saint, when a soldier, dividing his cloak with a poor naked beggar, whom he found perishing with cold at the gate of Armina. This cloak, being most miraculously preserved, long
formed one of the holiest and most valued relics of France; when war was declared, it was carried before the French monarchs, as a sacred banner, and never failed to assure a certain victory. The oratory in which this cloak or cape—in French, chape—was preserved, acquired, in consequence the name of chapelle, the person intrusted with its care being termed chaplain: and thus, according to Collin de Plancy, our English words chapel and chaplain are derived. The canons of St Martin of Tours and St Gratian had a lawsuit, for sixty years, about a sleeve of this cloak, each claiming it as their property. The Count Larchesfoucault, at last, put an end to the proceedings, by sacrilegiously committing the contested relic to the flames.

Another legend of St Martin is connected with one of those literary curiosities termed a palindrom. Martin, having occasion to visit Rome, set out to perform the journey thither on foot. Satan, meeting him on the way, taunted the holy man for not using a conveyance more suitable to a bishop. In an instant the saint changed the Old Serpent into a mule, and jumping on its back, trotted comfortably along. Whenever the transformed demon slackened pace, Martin, by making the sign of the cross, urged it to full speed. At last, Satan utterly defeated, exclaimed:

'Signa te Signa: temere me tangis et angis: Roma tibi subito motibus ipse amor.'

In English—Cross, cross thyself; thou plaguest and vexest me without necessity; for, owing to my exhortions, thou wilt soon reach Rome, the object of thy wishes. The singularity of this distich, consists in its being palindromical—that is, the same, whether read backwards or forwards. Angis, the last word of the first line, when read backwards, forms sigma, and the other words admitting of being reversed, in a similar manner.

The festival of St Martin, happening at that season when the new wines of the year are drawn from the lees and tasted, when cattle are killed for winter food, and fat geese are in their prime, is held as a feast-day over most parts of Christendom. On the ancient clog almanacs, the day is marked by the figure of a goose; our bird of Michaelmas being, on the continent, sacrificed at Martinmas. In Scotland and the north of England, a fat ox is called a mart, clearly from Martinmas, the usual time when beehives are killed for winter use. In Tussor's Husbandry, we read:

'When Eater comes, who knows not then,
That veal and bacon is the man?
And Martlmas beef doth bear good tack,
When country folk do dainties lack.'

Barnaby Googe's translation of Neogorgus, shows us how Martinmas was kept in Germany, towards the latter part of the fifteenth century—

'To belly clear, yet once again,
Doth Martin more incline,
Whom all the people worshippeth
With roasted geese and wine.
Both all the day long, and the night,
Now each man open makes
His vessels all, and of the must,*
Oft times, the last he takes,

* New wine not fully fermented.

Which holy Martin afterwards
Alloweth to be wine,
Therefore they him, unto the skies,
Extol with praise divine.'

A genial saint, like Martin, might naturally be expected to become popular in England; and there are no less than seven churches in London and Westminster, alone, dedicated to him. There is certainly more than a resemblance between the Vinalia of the Romans, and the Martinalia of the medieval period. Indeed, an old ecclesiastical calendar, quoted by Brand, expressly states under 11th November: 'The Vinalia, a feast of the ancients, removed to this day. Bacchus in the figure of Martin.' And thus, probably, it happened, that the beggars were taken from St Martin, and placed under the protection of St Giles; while the former became the patron saint of publicans, tavern-keepers, and other dispensers of good eating and drinking. In the hall of the Vintners' Company of London, paintings and statues of St Martin and Bacchus reign amicably together side by side. On the inauguration, as lord mayor, of Sir Samuel Dashwood, an honoured vintner, in 1702, the company had a grand procession pageant, the most conspicuous figure in which was their patron saint, Martin, arrayed, cap-a-pie, in a magnificent suit of polished armour; wearing a costly scarlet cloak, and mounted on a richly plumed and caparisoned white charger; two esquires, in rich liveries, walking at each side. Twenty satyrs danced before him, beating tambours, and preceded by ten halberdiers, with rural music. Ten Roman lictors, wearing silver helmets, and carrying axes and fasces, gave an air of classical dignity to the procession; and, with the satyrs, sustained the bacchanalian idea of the affair. A multitude of beggars, 'howling most lamentably,' followed the warlike saint, till the procession stopped in St Paul's Churchyard. Then Martin, or his representative at least, drawing his sword, cut his rich scarlet cloak in many pieces, which he distributed among the beggars. Then Martin, being duly and gravely performed, the lamentable howlings ceased, and the procession resumed its course to Guildhall, where Queen Anne graciously condescended to dine with the new lord mayor.

Born.—John Albert Fabricius, scholar and editor, 1668, Leipzig; Firmin Abaute, celebrated man of learning, 1679, Uzès, in Languedoc; Earl of Bridgewater, founder of the Bridgewater Treatise Bequest, 1756; Marie François Xavier Bichat, eminent French anatomist, 1771, Thoiriot; Dr John Abercrombie, physician and author, 1781, Aberdeen.

Died.—Canute the Dane, king of England, 1055, St Mary's Church, Westminster; Thomas, Lord Fairfax, Parliamentary general, 1671; Jean Sylvain Bailly, eminent astronomer, guillotined at Paris, 1793; Joshua Brookes, eccentric clergyman, 1821, Manchester.

A FATHER AND SON: SINGULAR SPECIMEN OF A MANCHESTER CLERGYMAN.

On 11th November 1821, died the Rev. Joshua Brookes, M.A., chaplain of the Collegiate Church, Manchester. He was of humble parentage, being the son of a shoemaker or cobler, of Cheadle Hulme, near Stockport, and he was baptized, May 10, 1764, at Stockport. His father, Thomas
Brookes, was a cripple, of uncouth mien, eccentric manners, and great violence of temper, peculiarities which gained him the sobriquet of 'Pontius Pilate.' Many stories are told of his rude manners and impetuous temper. He moved to Manchester while Joshua was yet a child, and, in his later years, occupied a house in a passage in Long Millgate, opposite the house of Mr. Lawson, then high-master of the Manchester Grammar School. At that school Joshua received his education, and, being a boy of quick parts, was much noticed by the Rev. Thomas Ayscough, one of the Fellows of the Collegiate Church, by whose assistance, and that of some of the wealthiest residents of Manchester, his father was enabled to send him to Oxford, where he was entered at Brasenose College. The father went round personally to the houses of various rich inhabitants, soliciting pecuniary aid to send his son to college. Joshua took his degree of M.A. in 1771. In 1789, he was nominated by the warden and fellows of Manchester to the perpetual curacy of the chapelry of Chorlton-cum-Hardy, which he resigned in December 1790, on being appointed to a chaplaincy in the Collegiate Church, which he held till his death. During his chaplaincy of thirty-one years, he is supposed to have baptized, married, and buried more persons than any other clergyman in the kingdom. He inherited much of his father's mental constitution, especially his rough manners and extreme asceticism; but the influence of education, and a sense of what his position demanded, tended somewhat to temper his eccentricities. It is curious to mark the reflection of the illiterate father's temperament and disposition in the educated son. The father was fond of angling, and having once obtained permission to fish in the pond of Strangeways' Hall, he had an empty hogshead placed in the field, near the brink of the pond, and in this cask—a sort of vulgar Diogenes in his tub—he frequently spent whole nights in his favourite pursuit. In his later years, while sitting at his door, as was his custom, his strange appearance and figure, with a red night-cap on his head, attracted the notice of a market-woman, who, in passing, made some rude remark. Eager for revenge, and yet unable to follow her by reason of his lameness, old Brookes despatched his servant for a sedan-chair, wherein he was conveyed to the market-place; and, having singled out the object of his indignation, he belaboured her with his crutch with such fury, that she had to be rescued by a constable. He was of interminable habits and extreme coarseness in speech, and was always getting involved in disputes and scraps. Joshua, to his honour, always treated the old man with respect and forbearance; and, after getting the chaplaincy, he maintained his father for many years till the latter's death. Such was the father. A few traits of the son will complete this strange picture of a pair of Manchester originals in the last century. Young Brookes was at one time an assistant-master at the Grammar School, where he made himself very unpopular with the boys, especially the senior classes, being constantly involved in warfare with them, physical and literary. Sometimes he would singly defy the whole school, and be forcibly ejected from the school-room, fighting with hand and foot against his numerous assailants, and hurling reproaches at them as 'blockheads.' On one occasion, the arrival on the spot of the head-master alone saved him from being pitched over the school-yard parapet-wall, into the river Irk, many feet below. The upper-school boys bewailed his fate with lampoons, but fathered verses upon him, as that celebrated wit, Bishop Mansel, did upon old Viner. He was sadly vexed by a mischievous rascal writing on his door: 'Odd profanum Brucis' [the Lancashire pronunciation of his name] 'et aresco.' Nor was he left the prey of Bonaparte. An effusion occasioned by his inviting a friend to dine with him, and entertaining him only with a black-pudding. The lampoon in question commenced with—

'O Jotty, you dog!
Your house, we well know,
Is head-quarters of prog.'

'Jotty Bruks,' as he was usually called, may be regarded as a perpetual cracker, always ready to go off when touched or jostled in the slightest degree. He was no respecter of persons, but warred equally and indifferently against passing children, chimney-sweepers, or the luxuriates, the mother of whom came too late to be churched, and with his superiors, the warden and fellows. The last-mentioned parties, on one occasion, for some trivial misbehaviour, expelled him from the chapter-house, until he should make an apology. This he sternly refused to do; but would put on his surplice in an adjoining chapel, and then, standing close outside the chapter-house door, in the south aisle of the choir, would exclaim to those who were passing on to attend divine service: 'They won't let me in. They say I can't behave myself. At another time, he was seen, in the middle of the service, to box the ears of a chorister-boy, for coming late. Sometimes, while officiating, he would leave the choir during the musical portion of the service, go down to the side-aisles, and chat with any lourner till the time came for his clerical functions being required in person. Once, when surprise was expressed at this unseemly procedure, he only replied: 'Oh! I frequently come out while they're singing Ta Daum.' Talking in this strain to a very aged gentleman, and often making use of the expression, 'We old men,' Mr. Johnson (in the dialect then almost universal in Manchester) turned upon him with the question: 'Why, how owd art ta?' 'I'm sixty-five,' says Jotty. 'Sixty-five!' rejoined his aged interlocutor; 'why t'as a lad; here's a penny for thee. Goo, buy thyself a penny-poye [pie].' So Jotty returned to the reading-desk, to read the morning-lesson, a penny richer. A child was once brought to him to be christened, whose parents desired to give it the name of Bonaparte. This designation he not only refused to bestow, but entered his refusal to do so in the register of baptisms. In the matter of marriages his conduct was peremptory and arbitrary. He so frightened a young wife, a parishioner of his, who had been married at Eccles, by telling her of consequent danger to the rights of her children, that, to make all right and sure, she was re-married by Joshua himself at the Collegiate Church. Once, when marrying a number of couples, it was found, on joining hands, that there was one woman without any bridegroom. In this dilemma, instead of declining to marry this luckless bride, Joshua...
THE DAY OF DUDES:

TRiumph of Cardinal Richelieu.

This whimsical title has been given to the 11th of November 1630, on the occasion of the triumph of Cardinal Richelieu over his enemies, who imagined that they had succeeded in casting him to the ground, never again to rise. The intriguing and ambitious Marie de Medici had prevailed on her son, the fickle and weak-minded Louis XIII., to dismiss Richelieu from the office of prime minister, and that is the daily morning-service [the boiled hominy-water] will be in directly, thou must go and find him after. After the ceremony, the defaulter was found drunk in the Ring of Bells public-house, adjoining the church. The churchyard was surrounded by a low parapet-wall, with a sharp-ridged coping, to walk along which required nice balancing of the body, and was one of the favourite 'cuddies' [beasts] of the neighbouring boys. The practice greatly annoyed Joshua; and one day, whilst reading the burial-service at the grave-side, his eye caught a chimney-sweep walking on the wall. This caused the eccentrc chaplain, by abruptly giving an order to the beetle, to make the following interpolation in the solemn words of the funeral-service: 'And I heard a voice from heaven, saying——' — 'Knock that black rascal off the wall!' This contretemps was made the subject of a caricature by a well-known character of the day, 'Jack Batty,' who, on a prosecution for libel, brought the chapel, left Manchester. After a long absence he returned, and on his entreaties Joshua to pardon him, he was readily forgiven. Another freak of this queer person was to leave a funeral in which he was officiating, cross the churchyard to the adjacent Half Street, and enter a confectioner's shop, kept by a widow, named Bowes, where he demanded a supply of horehound-lozenges for his throat. Having obtained these, which were never refused, though he never paid for them, he would composurely return to the grave, and resume the interrupted service. In his verbal encounters, he sometimes met with his match. One day, 'Jemmy Watson,' better known by his sobriquet of 'Doctor,' having provoked Joshua by a pun at his expense, the chaplain exclaimed: 'Thou're a blackguard, Jemmy!' The Doctor retorted: 'If I be not a blackguard, Josse, I'm next to one.' On another occasion, he said to Watson: 'This churchyard and the cemetery of the Collegiate Church, must be enclosed; and we shall want a lot of railing!' The Doctor archly replied: 'That can't be, Josse; there's railing enough in the church daily.' In his last illness, the parish-clerk came to see him. Joshua had lost the sight of one eye, and the clerk venturing to say that he thought the other eye was also gone, the dying man (who had remained silent and motionless for hours), with a flash of the old fire, shouted twice: 'Thou're a liar, Bob!' A few days afterwards, both eyes were closed in death. He died unmarried, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, and was buried at the south-west end of the Collegiate Church. Poor Joshua! a very 'Ishmael' all his life, he found rest and peace at last. A man of many foibles and failings, he was free from the grosser vices, and in all the private relations of life he was exemplary.

BURNING OF THE 'SARAH SANDS.'

One of the finest examples on record, of the saving of human life by the maintenance of high discipline, during trying difficulties, was afforded during the burning of the Sarah Sands, a transport steamer employed by the government in 1857. She was on her passage from England to India, with a great part of the 54th Regiment of Foot on board, intended to assist in the suppression of the Indian mutiny; the number of persons was about 400, besides the ship's crew. The vessel, an iron steamer of 2000 tons burthen, arrived at a spot about 400 miles from Mauritius; when, at three in the afternoon on the 11th of November, the cargo in the hold was found to be on fire. Captain Castle, commanding the ship, and Lieutenant-Colonel Moffat, commanding the troops, at once concerted plans for maintaining discipline under this terrible trial. Some of the men hauled up bales after bale of government stores from the hold; some took in sail, and brought the ship before the wind; some ran out lengths of hose from the fire-engine, and poured down torrents of water below. It soon became evident, however, that this water would not quench the flames, and that the smoke in the hold would prevent the men from longer continuing below. The colonel then ordered his men to throw overboard all the ammunition in the starboard magazine. But the foreboard or port magazine was so surrounded with smoke that he hesitated to command the men to risk their lives there; and he therefore called for volunteers. A number of brave fellows at once stepped forward, rushed to the magazine, and cleared out all its contents, except a barrel or two of powder; several of them, overpowered with heat and smoke, fell by the way, and were hauled up senseless. The fire burst up through the decks and cabins, and was intensified by a fierce gale which happened to blow at the time. Captain Castle then resolved to lower the boats, and to pick up as many as he could. This was with difficulty. The boats
were launched without accident, the troops were mustered on deck, there was no rush to the boats, and the men obeyed the word of command with as much order as if on parade. A greater number of them embarking in the boats. A small number of women and children were on board, were lowered into the life-boat. All these filled boats were ordered to remain within reach of the ship till further orders. The sailors then set about constructing rafts of spare spars, to be ready in case of emergency. Meanwhile the flames had made terrible progress; the whole of the cabins and saloons were one body of fire; and at nine in the evening the flames burst through the upper deck and ignited the mizen rigging. During this fearful suspense, the barrel or two of powder left in one of the magazines exploded, and blew out the port-quarter of the ship—showing what would have been the awful result had not the heroic men previously removed the greater part of the ammunition. As the iron bulk-head of the after-part of the vessel continued to resist the flames, Captain Castle resolved to avail himself of this serviceable aid as long as possible; to which end the men were employed for hours in dashing water against the bulk-head, to keep it cool. When fire seized the upper-rigging, soldiers as well as sailors rushed up with wet blankets, and alloyed its fearful progress. This struggle between human perseverance and devastating flames continued until two o'clock in the morning, when, to the inexpressible delight of all, the fire was found to be lessening; and by daylight it was extinguished. The horrors of the situation were, however, not yet over. The after-part of the ship was a mere hollow burned shell; and as the gale still continued, the waves poured in tremendously. Some of the men were set to the pumps, some bailed out water from the flooded hold with buckets; while others sought to prevent the stern of the ship from falling out by passing hawser around and under it, and others tried to stop the leak in the port-quarter with spars and blocks. The blankets in the hold, having got loose, were dashed from side to side by the violence of the gale, and battered the poor ship still further. At two in the afternoon (twenty-three hours after the fire had been discovered), the life-boat was hauled alongside, and the women and children taken on board again. All the other boats, except the gig, were in like manner brought alongside, and the soldiers re-embarked; the gig had been swamped, but all the men in her were saved. During thirty-six hours more, nearly all the soldiers were assisting the sailors in working the pumps, and clearing the ship of water; while the captain succeeded at length in getting the ill-fated ship into such trim as to be manageable. He then steered towards the Mauritius, which he reached in eight days. The achievement was almost unparalleled, for the vessel was little else than a burned and battered wreck. Not a single person was lost; the loss was the material source of safety; but this would have been of little avail had not discipline and intrepidity been shewn by those on board.

The sense of the 'honour of the flag' came out strikingly during the peril. When the ship was all in a blaze, it was suddenly recollected that the colours of the 54th were in the after-part of the vessel. Quartermaster Richmond rushed down, snatched the Queen's colours, brought them on deck, and fainted with the heat and smoke; when recovered, he made another descent, accompanied by Private Wills, brought up the regimental colours, and again fainted, with a result which proved nearly fatal.

CUSTOM OF KNIGHTLOW CROSS.

To the philosophical student of history, and all who feel an interest in the progress and prosperity of our country, and the often slow and painful steps by which that prosperity has been reached, any custom, however insignificant in itself, which tends to throw light upon the doings of our ancestors, is of great interest.

But in our search after such landmarks, as it were, of our country's history, we are too apt to overlook what is most patent to us all, and so it is that a custom which, in all probability, obtained in the days of our Saxon forefathers, long before William of Normandy set foot upon our land, is at the present day carried on, close to us, uneheeded and unknown to the great majority of our nation; to custom which we refer is the payment to the Lord of the Hundred of Knightlow of Wroth or Ward money for protection, and probably also in lieu of military service.

The scene of these payments is Knightlow Cross, Stretton-on-Dunsmore, near Rugby, Warwickshire. Here, at the northern extremity of the village, in a field by what used to be the Great Holyhead Road, stands a stone, the remains of Knightlow Cross. The stone now to be seen is the mortice-stone of the ancient cross, and is similar to the stone still in existence at St Thomas's Cross, between Clifton-upon-Dunsmore and Newton. The stone stands on a knoll or tumulus, having a fir-tree at either corner, and from it a fine view of the surrounding country is obtained; the spires of the ancient city of Coventry being plainly visible in the distance.

It is a singular circumstance, that the field in which it stands is a freehold belonging to a Mr. Robinson of Stretton, but the monument upon which the stone stands belongs to the Lord of the Hundred, his Grace the Duke of Buccleuch and Queensberry. The mound is an ancient British tumulus, one of a chain (still or very lately) to be traced from High Cross—the ancient Roman station Benonis—southward down the Pits Road. The intermediate links are at Wolston Brinklow, near Wittingham and Cloudlecly Bush, but the latter, we regret to say, has been removed.

Monday morning, the 11th of November 1862, was the day for the payment of this Wroth Silver, as it is called, and a drive in the gray light of a November morning, took us to the spot half an hour before sunrise, but not before groups of villagers and others had begun to collect to witness or take part in this curious old custom. The land-agent of the lord of the hundred arrived soon after, and proceeded at once to read the notice requiring the payment to be made; presenting that in default of payment, the forfeit would be 'twenty shillings for every penny, and a white bull with red ears and a red nose.' The names of the parishes and persons liable were then read out, and the stones were duly thrown into the large basin-like cavity in the stone, and to be taken by the attendant bailiff. After the ceremony, the
actors in the scene—that is, those persons, numbering about forty, who paid the money into the stone—proceeded to the Frog Hall, where a substantial breakfast was provided for them at the expense of the Duke of Buccleuch. There is a tradition in the neighbourhood of the forfeit of a white bull having been demanded and actually made. Of this, however, there is no record, and it is certain that, of late years, the pecuniary part of the forfeit only has been insisted upon.

Respecting this custom, Dugdale, in his history of Warwickshire, gives the following account:—

‘There is also a certain rent due unto the Lord of this Hundred, called Wroth-money, or Wart-money, or Waorvy-senny, probably the same with Ward-senny. Denarii vicecomitii vel alius castellanos persolui ob castrorum praesidium vel excubias agendos, says Sir H. Spelman in his Glossary, (fol. 565—566). This rent must be paid every Martinmas-day, in the morning, at Knightlow Cross, before the sun riseth: the party paying it must go thence about the cross, and say, “The Wraith Money,” and then lay it in the hole of the said cross before good witness, for if it be not duly performed, the forfeit is 30s., and a white bull.’

Altogether, this custom forms a singular and interesting instance of a usage or rite surviving for centuries amidst revolutions and civil wars, and changes of rulers and circumstances. Though its real origin has been lost, it still remains as a relic of feudal government, and may possibly be handed down to generations yet to come, as a memorial of a state of chronic warfare and depredation.

NOVEMBER 12.

St Nilia, anchor, father of the church, and confessor, 5th century.
St Martin, pope and martyr, 655.
St Livin, bishop and martyr, 7th century.
St Leobin, patron of Davenport, confessor, end of 8th century.


The Order of Fools.

On 12th November 1381, the above association is said to have been founded by Adolphus, Count of Cleves, under the title of ‘D’Order van’t Gekem Geeselschap.’ Though bearing a designation savouring so strongly of absurdity and contempt, the members of which this order was composed were noblemen and gentlemen of the highest rank and renown, who thus formed themselves into a body for humane and charitable purposes. We should be doing these gallant knights a grievous injustice were we to connect them with the Feast of Fools, and similar absurdities of medieval times. They were, in fact, not greatly dissimilar to the ‘Odd Fellows,’ ‘Foresters,’ and similar associations of the present day, which include within their sphere of operations benevolent and useful as much as convivial and social objects.

The insignia by which the knights of this order consisted of the figure of a fool or jester, embroidered on the left side of their mantles, and depicted dressed in a red and silver vest, with a cap and bells on his head, yellow stockings, a cup filled with fruits in his right hand, and in his left a gold key, as symbol of the affection which ought to subsist between the members of the society.

A yearly meeting of the brotherhood of Fools took place at Cleves on the first Sunday after Michaelmas-day, when a grand court was held, extending over seven days, and all matters relating to the welfare and future conduct of the order were revolved and discussed. Each member had some special character assigned to him, which he was obliged to support, and the most cordial equality everywhere prevailed, all distinctions of rank being laid aside.

The Order of Fools appears to have existed down to the commencement of the sixteenth century, but the objects for which it was originally founded seem, as in the case of the Knights Templars, to have gradually been lost sight of, and ultimately became almost wholly forgotten. The latest allusion to it occurs in some verses prefixed to a German translation of Sebastian Brand’s celebrated Neve Wettin, or Ship of Fools, published at Strasburg in 1550.

Akin to the Order of Fools was the ‘Respublica Binepis,’ which was founded by some Polish noblemen about the middle of the fourteenth century, and derived its name from the estate of its principal originator. Its constitution was modelled after that of Poland, and, like that kingdom, it too had its sovereign, its council, its chamberlain, its master of the chase, and various other offices. Any member who made himself conspicuous by some absurd or singular propensity, received a recognition of this quality from his fellows by having assigned to him a corresponding position in the constitution of the society. Thus the dignity of master of the hunt was conferred on some individual who carried to an absurd extreme his passion for the chase, whilst another person given to gossipping and boasting of his valorous exploits, was elevated to the post of field-marshal. No member could decline acceptance of any of these functions, unless he wished to make himself an object of still greater ridicule and animadversion. At the same time, all persons given to lampooning or personal satire, were excluded from admission to the association.

The order rapidly increased in numbers from the period of its formation, and at one time comprised nearly all the individuals attached to the Polish court. Like the German association, its objects were the promotion of charity and good-feeling, and the repression of immoral and absurd habits and practices.

PLAYING-HOURS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

By a police regulation of the city of Paris, dated 12th November 1609, it is ordered that the players at the theatres of the Hôtel de Bourgogne and the Marais shall open their doors at one o’clock in the
afternoon, and at two o'clock precisely shall commence the performance, whether there are sufficient spectators or not, so that the play may be over before half-past four. This ordinance, it was expected, should be in force from the Feast of St. Martin to the 15th of the ensuing month of February. Such hours for visiting the playhouse seem peculiarly strange at the present day, when the doors of theatres are seldom opened before half-past six in the evening, or shut before midnight. But our ancestors both closed and opened the day much earlier than we do now, and observed much more punctually the old recipe for health and strength, 'to rise with the lark and lie down with the lamb.' The same early hours for theatrical representations that seem thus to have prevailed in Paris were, during the seventeenth century, no less common in England, where, as we learn from the first playbill issued from the Drury Lane Theatre in 1663, the hour for the commencement of the representation was three o'clock in the afternoon. The darkness of the streets, and the danger of traversing them in dark nights from the defective mode of lighting, combined with the absence of an efficient police and the dangers from robbery and violence, all had their influence in rendering it very undesirable to protract public amusements beyond nightfall in those times.

ANCIENT FORKS.

From a passage in that curious work, Coryate's Crudities, it has been imagined that its author, the strange traveller of that name, was the first to introduce the use of the fork into England, in the beginning of the seventeenth century. He says that he observed its use in Italy only 'because the Italian cannot by any means endure to have his dish touched with fingers, seeing all men's fingers are not alike clean.' These 'little forks' were usually made of iron or steel, but occasionally also of silver. Coryate says he 'thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meat, and that hence a humorous English friend, in his merry humour, doubted not to call me furioso, only for using a fork at feasting.' This passage is often quoted as fixing the earliest date of the use of forks; but they were, in reality, used by our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, and throughout the middle ages. In 1334, some labourers found, when cutting a deep drain at Sevington, North Wilts, a deposit of seventy Saxo-Saxon pennies, of sovereigns ranging from Conwil, king of Mercia (796 A.D.), to Ethelstan (878-900 A.D.); they had been packed in a box of which there were some decayed remains, and which also held some articles of personal ornament, a spoon, and the fork, which is first in the group here engraved. The fabric and ornamentation of this fork and spoon would, to the practised eye, be quite sufficient evidence of the approximate era of their manufacture, but their juxtaposition with the coins confirms it. In Akerman's Posthumous Saxon Remains, another example of a fork, from a Saxon tumulus, is given: it has a bone-handle, like those still manufactured for common use. It must not, however, be imagined that they were frequently used; indeed, throughout the middle ages, they seemed to have been kept as articles of luxury, to be used only by the great and noble in eating fruits and preserves on state occasions. A German fork, believed to be a work of the close of the sixteenth century, is the second of our examples. It is surmounted by the figure of a fool or jester, who holds a saw. This figure is jointed like a child's doll, and tumbles about as the fork is used, while the saw slips up and down the handle. It proves that the fork was treated merely as a luxurious toy. Indeed, as late as 1652, Heylin, in his Cosmography, treats them as a rarity: 'the use of silver forks, which is by some of our spruce gallants taken up of late,' are the words he uses. A fork of this period is the third of our selected examples; it is entirely of silver, the handle elaborately engraved with subjects from the New Testament. It is one of a series so decorated, the whole of our engraved examples being at present in the collection of Lord Lansdowne. In conclusion, we may observe that the use of the fork became general by the close of the seventeenth century.

NOVEMBER 13.

From time immemorial down to a late period, the 13th of November was annually celebrated, at the town of Stamford, in Lincolnshire, by a public amusement termed a Bull-running. The sport was latterly conducted in the following manner: About a quarter to eleven o’clock, on the fastal-day, the bell of St Mary’s commenced to toll as a warning for the thoroughfares to be cleared of infirm persons and children; and precisely at eleven, the bull was turned into a street, blocked up at each end by a barricade of carts and wagons. At this moment, every post, pump, and ‘object of vantage’ was occupied, and those happy enough to have such protections, could grin at their less fortunate friends, who were compelled to have recourse to flight; the barricades, windows, and house-tops being crowded with spectators. The bull, irritated by hats being thrown at him, and other means of annoyance, soon became ready to run; and then, the barricades being removed, the whole crowd, bull, men, boys, and dogs, rushed helter-skelter through the streets. One great object being to ‘bridge the bull,’ the animal was, if possible, compelled to run upon the bridge that spans the Welland. The crowd then closing in, with audacious courage surrounded and seized the animal; and, in spite of its size and strength, by main force tumbled it over the parapet into the river. The bull then swimming ashore, would land in the meadows, where the run was continued; the marshy state of the fields at that season of the year, and the falls and other disasters consequent thereon, adding greatly to the amusements of the mob. The sport was carried on till all were tired; the animal was then killed, and its flesh sold at a low rate to the people, who finished the day’s amusement with a supper of bull-bread.

A local historian thus informs us how the sport was conducted in the seventeenth century. ‘The butchers provide the bull, and place him overnight in a stable belonging to the alderman; the next morning, proclamation is made by the bell-man that each one shut up his shop-door and gate, and none, under pain of imprisonment, do any violence to strangers; for the preventing whereof (the town being a great thoroughfare), a guard is appointed for the passage of travellers through the same without hurt. None to have any iron upon the bull-cubs, or other staves, which they pursue the bull with; which proclamation being made, and the gates all shut up, the bull is turned out of the alderman’s house, and then hivie-skivy, tag-rag, men, women, and children of all sorts and sizes, with all the dogs in the town, running after him, spattering dirt in each others’ faces, that one would think them to be so many furies started out of the infernal regions for the punishment of Cerberus, as when Thesaus and Perillus conquered the place, as Ovid describes it:

‘A ragged troop of boys and girls
Do follow him with stones,
With clubs, with whips, and many nips,
They part his skin from bones.’

According to tradition, the origin of the custom dates from the time of King John; when, one day, William, Earl of Warren, standing on the battlements of the castle, saw two bulls fighting in the meadow beneath. Some butchers coming to part the combatants, one of the bulls ran into the town, causing a great uproar. The earl, mounting his horse, rode after the animal, and enjoyed the sport so much, that he gave the meadow, in which the fight began, to the butchers of Stamford, on condition that they should provide a bull, to be run in that town annually, on the 13th of November, for ever after. There is no documentary evidence on the subject, but the town of Stamford undoubtedly holds certain common rights in the meadow specified, which is still termed the Bull-meadow.

Bull-running was, for a long period, a recognized institution at Stamford. A mayor of the town, who died in 1756, left a sum of money to encourage the practice; and, as appears by the vestry accounts, the churchwardens annually gave money to aid the bull-running. In 1788, the first attempt was made by the local authorities to stop the custom, but this was not successful. In 1795, the mayor issuing a curious proclamation, stating that bull-running was contrary to religion, law, and nature, and punishable with the penalty of death. The Earl of Exeter, who lived

At Burleigh House, by Stamford town,
lent his personal influence to the mayor on this occasion; but the bull was run, and both the earl and mayor were insulted by the mob. In 1799, the mayor having obtained the aid of a troop of dragoons, met the bull at St George’s Gate, as it was being driven into the town, but by a virago dressed in blue ribbons, who officiated on these occasions, and followed by the bullards, a name given to the admirers and supporters of bull-running. On the mayor appealing to the officer of dragoons to stop the procession, the latter refused to interfere, alleging that the people were peacefully walking on the highway. ‘In that case,’ replied the mayor, ‘your men are of no use here,’ ‘Very well,’ said the officer, ‘I shall dismiss them.’ The dismissed dragoons, to their great glee, joined the bullards, and the bull was run as usual. For a long time afterwards, the bullards received no opposition. The towns-people delighted with the sport, subscribed for a second annual bull-running, which took place on the Monday after Christmas Day; and there were several occasional bull-runnings every year, the candidates for representing Stamford in parliament being always found willing to give a bull for the purpose.

In 1831, the Conservative party canvassed the borough under a flag bearing the representation of a bull. Several clergyman and others demonstrated against this mode of obtaining popular support, distinctly declaring they would not vote, if the
In 1833, the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals made its first public appearance as an opponent of the practice. One of its officers was sent to Stamford on bull-running day, and, being more bold than prudent, was roughly hustled by the crowd. This interference of the society, however well-meant, had a very different effect to that desired; instead of discouraging the practice, the people of Stamford were thereby stimulated to support it. 'Who or what is this London Society?' they asked, 'that, usurping the place of constituted authorities, presume to interfere with our ancient custom?'

In 1836, the society sent several of its officers and agents to Stamford. The 13th falling that year on Sunday, the bull was run on the following day; in the evening, the populace resented the interference of the society's officers, by assaulting them, and breaking some windows. At the following Lent Assizes for Lincolnshire, the society preferred bills of indictment before the Grand Jury, against eight persons, for 'conspiring to disturb the peace by riotously assembling to run and torment a bull' at Stamford, on the 14th of November previous. True bills being found against the men, bench-warrants were obtained, and they were arrested to take their trials at the ensuing midsummer Assizes. As is well known, this mode of proceeding behind a man's back, as it was, which deprived the accused of the fair advantage allowed by law, in giving him a copy of the depositions of the witnesses against him, is looked upon with deserved disfavour by both the judges and people of England. Moreover, the conduct of the society in putting the expensive machinery of the higher courts of law in operation against poor labouring men, for a trumpery street squabble, created a strong feeling in Stamford and its neighbourhood. A subscription was immediately opened, to raise a defence-fund for the prisoners, many subscribing who utterly detested bull-running, but considered the society's proceedings to be over-officious, unjust, and arbitrary. The manager of Stamford theatre, to his immense popularity, gave a benefit in aid of the defence-fund, the piece selected being Colman's comedy of John Bull; and altogether, a considerable sum was collected. At the trial, Sergeant Goulbourn, and the leading baristers on the circuit, were retained for the prosecution. The conduct of the defence could not deny the riot, but pleaded use and custom, and the ignorance of the prisoners, who believed that valuable common rights were preserved to the town by the act of bull-running. Judge Park, when summing up, told the jury that no treason was proved in the riot. Five of the prisoners were acquitted, three only being found guilty; these last were discharged on giving bail to appear to receive judgment, at the Court of Queen's Bench, when called upon.

Influence, however, had been brought to bear on the Home Secretary, who wrote to the mayor of Stamford, impressing upon him the necessity of taking active measures to prevent a proceeding so illegal and disgraceful as bull-running. The mayor, accordingly, swore an information against two special constables to his assistance; but their opposition being lukewarm, the bull was run with greater eclat than ever. In 1838, the Home Secretary determined to put down the custom. Several days before the 13th, a troop of the 14th Dragoons, and a strong force of metropolitan police, were sent to Stamford, and a considerable body of special constables were sworn in. The commanders of the military and police, having viewed the field of action, consulted with the mayor. As prevention was better than cure, and there could be no bull-run without a bull, measures were taken accordingly. The town was strictly searched, and two bulls being found, the animals were taken and confined in an inn-yard, under a picket of dragoons. Sentries were then placed on all the outlets of the town, and parties patrolled the roads night and day, to prevent a bull from being brought in. The eventful 13th arrived, and though the streets were crowded with bullards, the authorities were perfectly at their ease. They even heard with complacency the bell of St Mary's toll the time-honoured bull-warning. But at the last stroke of the bell, the fancied security was rudely dissipated by the well-known shouts of 'Ho! bull! ho! from a thousand voices; a noble bull having appeared, as if by magic, in the principal street. There never was such a run! The wild excitement of the scene was enhanced by the bewildered dragoons galloping this and other, in vain attempts to secure the animal. The metropolitan police, with greater valour than discretion, forced in a compact phalanx on the bridge; but the bull, followed by the bullards, dashed through them as an eagle might through a cobweb. After a run of some hours, the bull came to bay in the river, and was then captured by the authorities. An attempt was then made to rescue one of the bulls confined in the inn-yard, and to the collision between the military and the people, stones and brickbats were thrown, and sabre cuts returned in exchange; but, on the dragoons being ordered to load with ball-cartridge, the mob dispersed. Where did the strange bull, a very valuable animal, so miraculously spring from? This enigma was soon solved by its being claimed by a certain noble lord. He had been sending it, in a covered wagon, from one of his estates to another, and, by a 'curious coincidence,' it happened to pass through Stamford on the very day and hour its presence was required by the bullards, who, seizing the wagon, released the animal. Whether the coincidence were accidental or designed, the preceding explanation, if not quite satisfactory, produced a great deal of good-humoured laughter.

In 1839, a stronger force of military and police was sent to Stamford; every precaution was taken, yet some treacherous spirit of constables smuggled a bull into the town, and the bullards had their last run. The animal, however, being young and docile, did not afford much sport, being soon captured by the authorities. In the following year, as bull-running day drew near, the people of Stamford began to count the cost of their amusement. The
THE STAMFORD BULL-RUNNING.

The book of days.

Shooting-stars.

Military, metropolitan police, and special constables of the two previous years, had cost them more than £600 a sum which might, with greater fitness, have been laid out on certain town improvements, than much wanted. So the townsmen forwarded a memorial to the mayor, to be laid before the House Committee, pledging themselves that, if no extraneous force of military or police were brought into the town, nor expense incurred by appointing special constables, they, the subscribers, would prevent bull-running from taking place in Stamford during that year. The subscription was wisely taken at their word, and there never has been a bull-run in Stamford since that time.

The highly-exciting nature of the amusement gave bull-running a charm to vulgar minds, that can scarcely now be understood or appreciated. For weeks before and after the 30th of November, the bullard's song might be heard re-echoing through all parts of Stamford. As a curious and almost forgotten relic of an ancient sport, it cannot be entirely unworthy of a place in these columns.

The Bullard's Song.

*Come all you bonny boys,
Who love to bait the bonny bull,
With take delight in noise,
And you shall have your bellyful.

On Stamford's town Bull-running Day,
We'll shew you such right gallant play,
You never saw the like, you'll say,
As you shall see at Stamford.

Earl Warren was the man,
That first began this gallant sport;
In the castle he did stand,
And saw the bonny bulls that fought.

The butchers with their bull-dogs came,
These sturdy stubborn bulls to tame,
But more with madness did inflame,
Enraged, they ran through Stamford.

Delighted with the sport,
The meadows there so freely gave,
Where these bonny bulls had fought,
The butchers now do hold and have;
By charter they are strictly bound,
That every year a bull be found;
Come, sight your face, you dirty clown,
And stamp away to Stamford!

Come, take him by the tail, boys—
Bridge, bridge him if you can;
Frog him with a stick, boys;
Never let him quiet stand;
Through every street and lane in town,
We'll Chevy-chase him up and down,
You sturdy bung-straws ten miles round,
Come, stamp away to Stamford!

The old bullards are now nearly all dead; but the song, with various additions and variations, may still be occasionally heard. Mr Burton, writing in 1846, says: 'Every incident that calls to the mind of the lower classes their ancient holiday, is seized with enthusiasm, and the old bull-tune is invariably demanded, when anything in the shape of music attracts the attention. At the theatre, whenever there is a full house, "Bull! bull!" is invariably pealed from some corner of the gallery. The magic word immediately fills the mouth of every occupant of that part of the building; it is echoed from the pit, and order and quiet is out of the question till the favourite tune has been played.'

Shooting-stars.

During three successive years, from 1831 to 1833, the 13th of November was marked by a magnificent display of shooting or falling stars, those mysterious visitants to our globe respecting whose real nature and origin science is still so perplexed. The first of these brilliant exhibitions was witnessed off the coasts of Spain, and in the country bordering on the Ohio. The second is thus described by Captain Hamond of H.M.S. Resolvent, who beheld it in the Red Sea, off Mocha. 'From one o'clock a.m. till after daylight, there was a very unusual phenomenon in the heavens. It appeared like meteors bursting in every direction. The sky at the time was clear, the stars and moon bright, with streaks of light, and thin white clouds interspersed in the sky. On looking in the morning, I perceived the Arabs if they had noticed the above. They said they had been observing it most of the night. I asked them if ever the like had appeared before. The oldest of them replied that it had not.' The area over which this phenomenon was seen extended from the Red Sea westward to the Atlantic, and from Switzerland to the Mauritius.

But the most imposing display of shooting-stars on record occurred on the third of these occasions —that is, on 13th November 1833. It extended chiefly over the limits comprised between longitude 61° in the Atlantic, and 100° in Central Mexico, and from the latitude of the great lakes of North America, to the West Indies. From the appearance presented, it might be regarded as a grand and portentous display of nature's fireworks. Seldom has a scene of greater or more awful sublimity been exhibited than at the Falls of Niagara on this memorable occasion, the two leading powers in nature, water and fire, engaging, as it were, in an emulative display of their grandeur. The awful roar of the cataract filled the mind of the spectator with an infinitely heightened sense of sublimity, when its waters were lighted up by the glare of the meteoric torrent in the sky. In many parts of the country, the people were terror-struck, imagining that the end of the world was come; whilst those whose education and vigour of mind prevented them from yielding to such terrors, were, nevertheless, vividly reminded of the grand description in the Apocalypse: 'The stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her unseasonable figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind.'

The most probable theory as to the nature of shooting-stars is, that they form part of the solar system, revolving round the sun in the same manner as the planetoids, but both infinitely smaller in size, and subject to great and irregular perturbations. The latter cause brings them not unfrequently within the limits of the earth's atmosphere, on entering which they become luminous from the great heat produced by the sudden and violent compression which their transit occasions. Having thus approached the earth with great

*Thresher*
velocity, they are as rapidly again withdrawn from it into the realms of space. It is very possible, moreover, that the fiery showers which we have just described, may be the result of a multitude of these meteors encountering each other, whilst the aerolites, or actual meteoric substances, which occasionally fall to the surface of the earth, may be such of those bodies as have been brought so far within the influence of terrestrial gravity as to be rendered subject to its effects.

**NOVEMBER 14.**

St. Dubridius, bishop and confessor, 6th century. St. Lawrence, confessor; archbishop of Dublin, 1190.

**Born.**—Benjamin Hoadly, bishop of Bangor, eminent Whig prelate, 1678, Westerham, Kent; Adam Gottlob Oehlenschläger, Danish poet, 1779, Copenhagen; Sir Charles Lyell, geologist, 1807, Kinross, Fife, Scotland.

**Died.**—Gottfried Wilhelm Leibnitz, mathematician and moral philosopher, 1716, Hanover; George William Frederick Hegel, German philosopher, 1831, Berlin; Dr. John Abercombie, physician and moral writer, 1844, Edinburgh.

**LEIBNITZ.**

Leibnitz is one of the great names of literature:

"A man so various that he seemed to be Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

Nevertheless, though his title to fame is everywhere confessed, few at this day, with the exception of some arduous students, are practically conversant with his grounds. Leibnitz was one of the chief intellectual forces of his age, but as a force he was more remarkable for quantity than intensity. He busied himself in a multitude of pursuits and he excelled in all, but he produced no masterpiece—nothing of which it could be said, It is the best of its kind. He was a universal genius; his intellect was as capacious as harmonious, and a storehouse for all knowledge; but his mind was lost by reason of its universal sympathies. To be remembered for ever by some work requires that the whole energy, at least for a time, be given to one work. 'Even great parts,' says Locke, writing of Leibnitz in 1697, 'will not master any subject without great thinking.'

Leibnitz was the son of a professor of jurisprudence in the university of Leipzig, in which city he was born in 1646. He was a precocious child, and from his boyhood displayed that love of learning and speculation which distinguished him through life. He gives an amusing account of his efforts when a youth of fifteen, during long solitary walks in the wood of Rosenthal, near Leipzig, to adjust the claims of the Ancients and Moderns—of Aristotle and Descartes, and the reluctance with which, when conciliation was impossible, he was compelled to make an election. His talents, as manifested at the university, and his publications, early brought him into notice, and found him patrons among the princes of Germany. He travelled over the continent, visited England, and everywhere made the acquaintance of men of science and letters. An amusing anecdote is told of him when at sea in a tempest off the Italian coast. The sage captain attributed the storm to the presence of the heretical German, and presuming him ignorant of the Italian language, began to deliberate with the crew on the propriety of throwing the Lutheran Jonah overboard. Leibnitz, with much presence of mind, got hold of a rosary and began to tell his beads with vehement devotion. The ruse saved him. At Nürnberg he heard of a society of alchemists who were persecuting a search for the philosopher's stone. He wished to join them, and compiled a letter from the writings of the most celebrated alchemists and sent it to them. The latter consisted of the most obscure terms he could find, and of which, he says, he did not understand.
a syllable. The illuminati, afraid to be thought ignorant, invited him to their meetings and made him their secretary. Though Leibnitz could thus quicken the alchemists, he believed, to the end of his life, in the reality of the object of their labours.

In the leisure which various pensions secured him, he followed his versatile inclinations with incessant assiduity. Metaphysics, physics, mathematics, jurisprudence, theology, philosophy, history, antiquities, the classics, all shared his attention, and in all of these branches of knowledge the world heard his voice with respect. The ancient languages he knew well, and was tolerably acquainted with more than half-a-dozen of the modern. He had notions about calculating machines, about improved watches, about a universal alphabet, about hydraulic engines, about swift carriages, by which the journey of one hundred and fifty miles between Amsterdam and Hanover, might be done in twenty-four hours; and about a hundred other things. He dabbled in medicine, in everything; there was nothing, in fact, in which he could not be interested.

In his Précis, he threw out thoughts, which, Dean Buckland observes, contain the germ of some of the most enlightened speculations in geology. His memory was quick and tenacious; he made notes as he read, but he had seldom to refer to them, for he seemed to forget nothing. George I. used to call him his living dictionary. At the age of seventy, he could recite hundreds of lines of Virgil without an error.

In mathematics, if anywhere, his genius shewed itself supreme, and between him and Sir Isaac Newton a bitter controversy broke out as to the credit of the invention of the differential calculus. The question has been thoroughly and censurably debated, but the following points are now considered as tolerably clear: 1st, That the system of fluxions invented by Newton is essentially the same as the differential calculus invented by Leibnitz, differing only in notation; 2d, That Newton possessed the secret of fluxions as early as 1670, nineteen years before Leibnitz published his method, and eleven years before he communicated it to Newton; 3d, That both Leibnitz and Newton discovered their methods independently of each other, but that Newton had priority; and 4th, That although the honour belongs to both, yet, as in every other great invention, they were but the individuals who combined the scattered rays of their predecessors, and gave a method, a notation, and a name to the doctrine of infinitesimal quantities.

As a theologian and metaphysician, Leibnitz was eclectic rather than original. His temper was truly catholic; he differed from others with reluctance; and it seemed to be one of his keenest delights to reconcile apparent contraries. Hence one of his schemes was the incorporation of the various sects of Protestantism, preparatory, if possible, to the inclusion of Rome, with concessions, in one grand Christian community. In a dissertation called Pre-established Harmony, by which he professed to explain the relations between Deity, the Human Mind, and Nature. It met with wide discussion, and some acceptance in the lifetime of Leibnitz, but Pre-established Harmony has long passed out of memory except in histories of philosophy.

One of the warmest admirers of Leibnitz was Sophia Charlotte, wife of Frederick, the first king of Prussia, a great lover of show and ceremony, for which his consort had a great contempt. Leibnitz called her 'one of the most accomplished princesses of earth,' and by the word she was known as the republican and philosophic queen. To Leibnitz, "le grand Leibnitz," as she styled him, she resorted for counsel in all her theological and philosophical difficulties, and not seldom to his perplexity, wanting to know 'l'esthetique d'une poupée que je pourrais de quoi (the why of the why)." Weared with the emptiness of courtiers, she wrote on one occasion: "Leibnitz talked to me about the infinitely little; mon Dieu, as if I did not know enough of that!" This bright soul died at thirty-six, to the great grief of Leibnitz. On her deathbed she said she was very happy; that the king would have a fine opportunity for display at her funeral; and, above all, that now she was going to satisfy her curiosity about a great many things of which Leibnitz could tell her nothing. With many other crowned heads Leibnitz held intercourse more or less intimate. Peter the Great consulted him as to the best means for the civilization of Russia, and rewarded his suggestions with the title of Councillor of State, and a pension of a thousand roubles.

Leibnitz was only able to get through his multifarious business by persistent assiduity. He carried on a most extensive correspondence, and wrote his letters with great care, sometimes three or four times over, and made them the repositories of his most valued ideas and conjectures. His life was sedentary almost beyond example. Sometimes for weeks together he would not go to bed, but sit at his desk till a late hour; then took two or three hours of sleep in his chair, and resumed work at early dawn. He was a bachelor, and had no fixed hours for his meals; but sent to a tavern for food, when hungry and at leisure. His head was large and bald, his hair fine and brown, his face pale, his sight short, his shoulders broad, and his legs crooked and unguely. He was spare and of middle height, but in walking, he threw his head so far forward as to look from behind like a hunchback. His neglect of exercise told severely on him as he advanced in life. He became plagued with rheumatic gout, his legs ulcerated, and he aggravated his ailment by compressing afflicted parts with wooden vices to stop the circulation of the blood, and dull the sense of pain. He died in Hanover in 1716, in his seventieth year, from the effects, it is said, of an untried medicine of his own concoction. He was buried on the esplanade of his native city of Leipzig, where a monument, in the form of a temple, with the simple inscription, "Ossa Leibnitii," marks the spot.

**DISCOVERY OF THE SOURCES OF THE NILE**

It is curious to look back to the days when Bruce the traveller published his celebrated work on Africa, and claimed to have discovered the true sources of the mysterious river which flows so many hundreds of miles through that continent. Comparing that narrative with one which has appeared in 1863, we see that Bruce was in the wrong; that he may have discovered a source but not the source; and that a long series of intermediate investigations was needed to arrive at a true solution of the interesting problem. No blame to James Bruce...
for all this. He was really a sagacious and enterprising man; and although some doubt was thrown upon his truthfulness during his life, he is now believed to have been versed to the extent of his knowledge. His error concerning the sources of the Nile may well be excused, considering the harrowing difficulties of the problem.

Glancing at a map of Africa, we see that the Nile is formed by several branches, which meet at Luxor and flow northward through Egypt into the Mediterranean. The puzzle has been to determine which of the branches ought to be considered as the true Nile, and which are affluents or tributaries. The easternmost of the chief or important branches, the Atbara, rises in about 12° N. lat., 40° E. long.; and joins the main river near 18° N. lat., 34° E. long. It was visited by Sult and by Pearce, and has been often noticed by travellers in Abyssinia. The middle, or second of the three branches, known as the Bahre-El-Asrek, or Blue Nile, is, par excellence, the river of Abyssinia, winding through and about that country in a very remarkable way. Bruce traced it upwards until it became a mere streamlet in 11° N. lat., 37° E. long., near the village of Geesh, whence it flows by Sennar to its junction with the greater Nile at Khartoum. The westernmost, and largest branch, the Bahre-El-Abiad, or White Nile, is extremely circuitous in its route, winding through the countries of Darfur and Kordofan in a very intricate way.

Now it is the Bahre-El-Asrek, or Blue Nile, which Bruce considered to be the true or original river, and which, on the 14th of November 1770, he believed himself to have traced up to its source. In the preface to his Travels (written in 1790, and, as is supposed, not so accurately as if he had allowed less than twenty years to elapse) he said: 'I hope that what I have said will be thought sufficient to convince all impartial readers that these celebrated sources have, by a fatality, remained to our days as unknown as they were to antiquity; no good or genuine voucher having yet been produced capable of proving that they were before discovered, or seen by the curious eye of any traveller, from the earliest ages to this day. And it is with confidence I propose to my reader, that he will consider me as still standing at the fountain, and patiently hear me the recital of the origin, course, nature, and circumstances of this the most famous river in the world, which he will in vain seek from books, or from any other human authority whatever, and which by the care and attention I have paid to the subject, will, I hope, be found satisfactory here.'

Bruce was all the more proud of his achievement, because the ancients had believed that the Bahre-El-Abiad was the true Nile, an opinion which he claimed to have shewn fallacious. The ancients were right, however, and Bruce wrong. Step by step the White Nile has been traced to points nearer to the equator, and therefore nearer to its source. Linant, in 1897, ascended far as Aleg, in 15° N. lat. In 1842, Verner, heading an expedition sent out by the pacha of Egypt, reached to 5° N. lat., and was told by the natives that the source was still far distant. In 1846, M. D'Abbadie thought he had reached the true Nile, but Beka afterwards showed that the stream traced by D'Abbadie was only an affluent of the Bahre-El-Abiad, and expressed an opinion that the real source is even beyond the equator. M. Knoblocher, who had a missionary establishment at Khartoum, went up the White Nile as far as 4° N. lat., and saw that river still far away to the south-west.

The grand discovery of all, that the Nile really rises in south latitude, and crosses the equator, was made by Captains Grant and Speke, whose names have become thereby renowned throughout Europe. In 1856, Captain Speke reached a very beautiful lake, the Victoria Nyanza, while journeying westward from Zanzibar. The head of this lake is three degrees south of the equator. He found the lake to be a large sheet of fresh water, lying on a plateau or table-land, from 3000 to 4000 feet above the level of the sea. The lake, to use the language of Captain Speke, 'looked for all the world like the source of some great river; so much so, indeed, that I at once felt certain in my own mind it was the source of the Nile, and noted it accordingly.' It was the bold guess of a sagacious and experienced man. The Victoria Nyanza, so far as we can now tell, is really the head-water of the Nile; but Grant, being led immediately by a range of lofty mountains in the interior. Strictly speaking, perhaps, we ought not even yet to speak of the actual source of the Nile, which is still further south than the lake; but it is at any rate shown that the Nile flows unimpeded from the lake to the Mediterranean, through no less than thirty-four degrees of latitude, and along a course exceeding 3000 miles in length, in a straight line, and perhaps 3000, allowing for windings. Captain Speke was prevented from putting his speculation to the test in 1860 or 1861; but in 1861 and 1862, accompanied by Captain Grant, he traced the course of the grand river down from the lake to the ocean—not actually keeping the stream in view the whole of the way, but touching it repeatedly here and there, in such a way as to leave no doubt that it is the Nile.

Thus the somewhat magnificent terms in which Bruce announced his discoveries are not to be justified. The post of honour is to be given, not to the Blue Nile, but to the White Nile, and at a point nearly a thousand miles further south than was reached by Bruce.

**NOVEMBER 15.**

St Eugenia, martyr, 275. St Malo or Maclou, first bishop of Alet in Brittany, 565. St Leopold, Marquis of Austria, confessor, 1136. St Gertrude, virgin and abbess, 1292.

**Born.**—Andrew Marvell, poet and politician, 1620; Kingston-upon-Hull; William Pitt, great Earl of Chatham, 1708, Exeter; Cousin, Cornwall; William Cowper, poet, 1731, Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire; Sir William Herschel, astronomer, 1738, Hanover; John Caspar Lavater, physiognomist, 1741, Zurich; Rev. James Schoefeld, scholar and classic editor, 1739, Henley on Thames.

**Dies.**—Albany Magnus, celebrated schoolman, 1280, Cologne; Mrs Anne Turner, executed as an accomplice in murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, 1615, London; John Kepler, great astronomer, 1630, Ratafia; Henry Ireton, son-in-law of Cromwell, 1640, Limerick; James, Duke of Hamilton, killed in a duel in Hyde Park, 1719; Christopher Gluck, composer, 1787, Vienna; Bishop Tomline, author of Refutation of Catholicism, 1827; Count Rossi, minister of interior, Papal States, assassinated, 1848, Rome; Johanna Kinkel, German novelist and musician, 1858.
ANDREW MARVELL.

It is pleasant to observe how the respect for honest Andrew Marvell, though all the political changes which succeed each other at fitful intervals in England; it is a homage to manliness and probity. During his life, from 1620 to 1678, he was mixed up with many of the exciting controversies of the times; but it was in the last eighteen years of his life, when Charles II. was king, that Marvell attained his highest reputation. He acted as member of parliament for Kingston-upon-Hull; he trusted the electors, and they trusted him; and there has never been known in the history of our parliament a connection more honourable than that between him and his constituents. He used to write constantly to them about the state of public affairs; and his letters have considerable historical value, inasmuch as they supply contemporary evidence of the proceedings in high places. The court-party could not be very much pleased at the publication of such a letter, as the following, from Andrew Marvell to his constituents at Hull:

'The king having, upon pretence of the great preparations of his neighbours, demanded £300,000 for his navy (though, in conclusion, he hath not sent out any), that the parliament should pay his debts, which the ministers would never particularise to the House of Commons, our house gave several bills. You see how far things were stretched beyond reason, there being no satisfaction how those debts were contracted; and all men foreseeing that what was given would not be applied to discharge the debts, which I hear are, at this day, risen to four millions, but diverted as formerly. Nevertheless, such was the number of the constant courtiers, increased by the apostate patriots, who were bought off for that term, some at six, others at ten, one at fifteen thousand pounds in money; besides what offices, lands, and reversions to others, that it is a mercy they gave not away the whole land and liberty of England. The Duke of Buckingham is again £140,000 in debt; and by this prorogation, his creditors have time to tear all his lands to pieces. The House of Commons have run almost to the end of their line, and are grown extremely chargeable to the king and odious to the people. They have signed and sealed ten thousand a year more to the Duchess of Cleveland, who has likewise near ten thousand a year out of the new farm of the country excise of beer and ale; five thousand a year out of the post-office; and, they say, the reversion of all the king's leases, the reversion of all places in the custom-house, the green wax, and indeed, what not. All promotions, spiritual and temporal, pass under her cognizance.'

The particular incident which has stamped the name of Andrew Marvell with the impress of honesty, but has been narrated under different forms; but the following is its substance, as given by one writer: 'The borough of Hull chose Andrew Marvell, a gentleman of little or no fortune, and maintained him in London for the service of the public. His understanding, integrity, and spirit were dreadful to the then infamous administration. Persuaded that he would be theirs for properly asking, the ministers sent his old school-fellow, the Lord, to renew acquaintance with him in his garret. At parting, the lord treasurer, out of pure affection, slipped into his hand an order upon the treasury for one thousand pounds, and then went into his chamber. Marvell, looking at the paper, calls after the treasurer, and I request another moment.' They went up again to the garret, and Jack, the servant-boy, was called. 'Jack, child, what had I for dinner yesterday?' 'Don't you remember, sir? You had the little shoulder of mutton that you ordered me to bring from a woman in the market.' 'Very right, child. What have I for dinner to-day?' 'Don't you know, sir, that you bade me lay by the blade-bone to broil?' 'Tis so; very right, child; go away. My lord, do you hear that? Andrew Marvell's dinner is provided. There's your piece of paper; I want it not. I know the sort of kindness you intended. I live here to serve my constituents; the ministry may seek men for their purpose; I am not one.'

The MRS. TURNER.

The beauty of this woman, and her connection with the mysterious death of Sir Thomas Overbury, who was poisoned in the Tower through her agency, have invested her name with a species of romance in the annals of crime. Though she undoubtedly merited her fate, both she and her accomplices were merely the minor parties in this nefarious transaction, the principal criminals being the Earl and Countess of Somerset, who, though tried and condemned, received the king's pardon, and after undergoing an imprisonment of some years, were allowed to retire into the country and obscurity. The whole affair forms a singular episode in the reign of James I., and by no means reflects credit on that weak monarch.

When Robert Carr or Ker, a young Scottish adventurer of the border-family of Fernihurst, established himself so rapidly in the good graces of his sovereign, rising suddenly to the most influential posts in the kingdom, Sir Thomas Overbury acted as his bosom-friend and counsellor, and furnished him with most useful and judicious advice as to the mode of comporting himself in the new and untried sphere in which he was thus placed. Carr unfortunately, however, cast his eyes on the Countess of Essex, the beautiful and fascinating daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, who had been married when a girl of thirteen to the Earl of Essex, son of the unfortunate favourite of Queen Elizabeth, and who himself afterwards became so noted in the reign of Charles I., as the commander of the parliamentary army. This object of illicit love was but too ready to respond to the addresses of Carr, now created Viscount Overbury, having it is believed, owed much of the depravity of her disposition to the pernicious lessons of Mrs Turner, who lived as a dependant and companion to his daughter in the house of the Earl of Suffolk. This abandoned Mentor afterwards became the wife of a physician, at whose death, owing to the extravagant manner in which both she and her husband had lived, she was left in very straitened circumstances,
and was only too glad to become again the confidante and adviser of the Countess of Essex in her amour with Rochester. Not content with the gratification of their unlawful passion, the guilty pair sought to legitimate their connection by a marriage, to effect which it was of course necessary that the countess should, in the first place, obtain a divorce from her husband. Sir Thomas Overbury, who had hitherto concurred with and aided Rochester in his amour, now opposed the marriage-scheme, knowing the odium his pupil would excite by contracting such a union, and dreading also the influence which the countess's relations, the Howards, would thereby obtain. He counselled Rochester strongly against thus committing himself, and enlarged, in rather emphatic terms, on the depraved character of his proposed wife. These speeches were reported by the infatuated favourite to the countess, who thereupon vowed the destruction of Overbury. First, she offered £1000 to Sir John Wood to murder the object of her resentment in a duel. Then Rochester and she concocted a scheme by which, on the favourite's representation to King James, Overbury, on the ground of having committed forgery for the royal authority, was committed to the Tower, where he was detained a close prisoner under the guardianship of a new lieutenant, wholly in the interest of his enemies, who had procured the removal of the former governor of the fortress.

Meantime a divorce had been instituted by the Countess of Essex against her husband, and a majority of the commission of divines and lawyers, appointed by the king to try the cause, was found servile enough to pronounce sentence of dissolution. The day before this deliverance was given, Sir Thomas Overbury died in the Tower, from an infectious disease, as was alleged, and was hasty and clandestinely buried. No doubt was entertained by the public that he had been poisoned; but the matter was passed over without investigation, and for some months Rochester, now Earl of Somerset, basked with the partner of his guilt in all the sunshine of fashion and royal favour. But the kindly Pickle simmered in his downfall. The presentation at court of a new minion, George Villiers, afterwards the celebrated Duke of Buckingham, effected such a change in the affections of the king as completely to supplant the old favourite.

So was accordingly exposed unsheltered to the machinations of his enemies, and the just indignation of the people. On a warrant from the Lord Chief-justice Coke, he and his wife were arrested for having occasioned the death of Sir Thomas Overbury, and along with them the parties of inferior rank who had acted as their accomplices. These were Mrs Turner; Elvses, the Lieutenant of the Tower; Weston, the warden who had been intrusted with the immediate custody of the prisoner; and Franklin, an apothecary. The proofs adduced against them were sufficiently strong to insure their condemnation, and their own confessions left subsequently no doubt of their guilt. It appeared that Mrs Turner, and the Countess of Somerset had had frequent consultations with a certain Dr Forman, a celebrated conjurer in Lambeth, who enjoyed a high reputation as a co-"mound of love-philtres, and was consulted in that capacity by many of the most fashionable ladies of the day. He died before the proceedings under notice were instituted, and it does not appear that he had any active concern in the murder of Overbury; but the fact of two of the accused parties having had dealings with a sati-disant wizard increased immensely the popular horror. As regards the perpetration of the murder it was shown that Mrs Turner procured the poison from Franklin the apothecary, and handing it to the warden, Weston, the latter, under her instructions, and with the complicity of Elvses, the lieutenant of the Tower, administered it to the prisoner in small doses, in various kinds of food, and at different times, extending over a period of some months.

The criminals were all executed at Tyburn. The enduring of the last penalty of the law by Mrs Turner, which took place on 15th November 1615, excited an immense interest. She made herself famous in the fashionable world as the inventor of a yellow starch, and, in allusion to this circumstance, Lord Chief-justice Coke, who had already addressed her in sufficiently contumelious terms, telling her, categorically, that she had been guilty of the seven deadly sins, declared that as she was the inventor of yellow-starched ruffles and cuffs, so he hoped that she would be the last by whom they would be worn. He, accordingly, gave strict orders that she should be hanged in that attire, which she had rendered so fashionable. This addition to the sentence was fully carried out; and the fair demon, Mrs Turner, on the day of her execution, came to the scaffold arrayed as if for some festivity, with her face rouged, and a ruff stiffened with yellow starch round her neck. Numerous persons of quality, ladies as well as gentlemen, went in their coaches to Tyburn to see the last of Mrs Turner. She made a very penitent end, and the object contemplated by the Lord Chief-justice was fully attained, as the yellow ruff was never more worn from that day.

As already mentioned, the principal criminals, the Earl and Countess of Somerset, experienced no further penalty than an imprisonment of some years in the Tower. The partial pardon thus accorded to Carr, seems to have been granted by fear from the king, who dreaded the revelation, by his former favourite, of some discreditable secret.

Though several sceptical individuals, denying the possibility of the life of man being protracted beyond the period of a hundred years, have maintained that no such instance of longevity can be produced, there is abundant and satisfactory evidence to confute this statement, and establish indisputably the fact of the existence of numerous centenarians both in ancient and modern times. One of these instances, that of 'Old Parr,' whose extreme and almost antediluvian age has become proverbial, rests on such well-authenticated grounds, that no reasonable doubt can be entertained as to its truth.

The Christian name of this venerable patriarch was Thomas, and he was born at Winniters, in the parish of Alberbury, Shropshire, in 1483. His father, John Parr, was an agricultural labourer, and Thomas throughout his long life followed the same occupation. Till the age of eighty, he continued a bachelor, and then married his first
wife, with whom he lived for thirty-two years. About eight years after her death, when he himself was a hundred and twenty years old, he married for the second time. Having, in 1633, attained the wonderful age of a hundred and fifty-two years and upwards, he was visited in that year by the Earl of Arundel, who, having gone down to see some estates of his in Shropshire, was attracted by the reports which reached him of so remarkable an old man. His lordship was greatly struck by the intelligence and venerable demeanour of Thomas Parr, who was thereupon induced to pay a visit to London; the Earl, as we are informed, commanding a litter and two horses (for the more easy carriage of a man so enfeebled and worn with age) to be provided for him; also that a daughter-in-law of his (named Lucy), should likewise attend him, and have a horse for her own riding with him; and to cheer up the old man, and make him merry, there was an antique-faced fellow, called Jacke, or John the Foulke, with a high and mighty no beard, that had also a horse for his carriage. These all were to be brought out of the country to London, by easy journeys, the charges being allowed by his lordship; and likewise one of his honour's own servants, named Brian Kelly, to ride on horseback with them, and to attend and defray all manner of reckonings and expenses; all which was done accordingly.

It would have been better, however, had Lord Arundel left the old man undisturbed in his native parish. Partly owing to the fatigues of the journey, partly to the crowds of visitors who thronged to see him, and above all to the unwonted mode of life which he led, Parr, ere many months were over, fell ill and died. He was buried on 15th November 1633, in Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to his memory. After death his body was examined by the celebrated Dr Harvey, who found it remarkably stout and healthy, without any trace of decay or organic disease, so that had it not been for the abnormal influences to which he had been subjected for a few months previous to his death, there seems little doubt that Parr might have attained even a much greater age.

The principal authority for the history of Old Parr is John Taylor, the 'Water Poet,' who, while the patriarch was residing in London, about a month before he died, published a pamphlet, entitled The Olde, Olde, very Olde Man; or The Age and Long Life of Thomas Parr. From the period at which this work was issued, we are warranted in placing considerable reliance on its statements, which appear never to have been controverted. In addition to those above quoted, we are informed by Taylor that, at the age of a hundred and five, Parr was obliged, in consequence of an intrigue with Catharine Mitley, who he afterwards married as his second wife, to do penance in a white sheet at the door of the parish church of Alberbury. When presented to Charles I. at court, that monarch observed to him: 'You have lived longer than other men, what have you done more than other
OLD PARR. NOVEMBER 15.

HALLÉY’S COMET OF 1682.

men?" Parr’s reply was: ‘I did penance when I was a hundred years old.’ In the meeting of the venerable patriarchy with the British sovereign, a parallel is almost suggested with the grand simplicity in which the presentation of Jacob to Pharaoh is recorded in the Book of Genesis.

Thomas Parr seems, through life, to have been of temperate and industrious habits, of which the following metrical account is given by Taylor:

Good wholesome labour was his exercise,
Down with the lamb, and with the lark would rise:
In mine and toiling sweat he spent the day
And to his team he whistled time away:
The cock in his right-foot, and till day was done,
Hiss watch and chief sun-dial was the sun.
He was of old Pythagoras’ opinion.

That green cheese was most wholesome with an onion;
Coarse mead in bread,* and for his daily swig,
Milk, butter-milk, and water, whey and whey:
Sometimes methilgin, and by fortune happy,
He sometimes sipped a cup of ale most nappy,
Cyder or perry, when he did repair.
T’ Whitson ale, wake, wedding, or a fair;
Or when in Christmas time he was a guest
At his good landlord’s house amongst the rest:
Else he had little leisure time to waste,
Or at the ale house huff cap ale to taste;
His physic was good butter, which the soil
Of Salop yields, more sweet than candy oil;
And garlic he esteemed above the rate.
Of Venice treacle, or best mithridate.

He entertained no guest, no he who he felt.
The air was good and temperate where he dwelt;
While mavisies and sweet tongue nightsales
Did shant him roundelay and mairginals.

Thus living within bounds of nature’s laws,
Of his long-lasting life may be some cause.

There was doubtless something peculiar in Parr’s constitution which enabled him to resist so long the effects of age and natural decay. As a corroboration of the theory of the hereditary transmission of qualities, it is a curious circumstance that Robert Parr, a grandson of this wonderful old man, who was born at Kinver in 1633, died in 1757, at the age of a hundred and twenty-four. Perhaps one of the most ingenious devices in the art of quackery is that by which a well-known tradesman bearing Parr’s name, is vaunted to the public as the mysterious preparation by which he was enabled to attain the extraordinary age of a hundred and fifty-two. The portrait which is frequently attached to the puffing placard advertising these drugs, is derived from a likeness of Old Parr, drawn by the celebrated painter Rubens.

In the Gentleman’s Magazine for March 1814, a view, which we have copied (see the preceding page), is given of Old Parr’s cottage, in the parish of Alberbury; Rodney’s Pillar, on the Breidden Hill, appears in the distance. It is also stated in the work referred to, that the cottage has undergone very little alteration since the period when Parr himself occupied it, and that a corner beside the huge misshapen chimney is shewn as the place where the Nestor of Shropshire used to sit.

* Mead bread, bread made of a mixture of several kinds of flour. The word is derived from the French melier to mix, and possibly also from the German mischen. Other forms of the term are maslin, maslin, and masklin, the last of which is well known in Scotland as an epithet for a certain description of bannocks or cakes, made of a mixture of bear or barley and peas meal, and styled from this circumstance masulium bannocks.

DEUEL BETWEEN THE DUKE OF HAMILTON AND LORD MOUNH.

On 16th November 1719, a singularly ferocious and sanguinary duel was fought in Kensington Gardens. The keepers of Hyde Park, on the morning of that day, were alarmed by the clashing of swords, and rushing to the spot whence the sound proceeded, found two noblemens waltering in their blood. These were Lord Mohun, who was already dead, and the Duke of Hamilton, who expired in the course of a few minutes. Nor had the combat been limited to the principals alone. The seconds, Colonel Hamilton on the part of the duke, and General Macartney on that of Lord Mohun, had also crossed swords, and fought with desperate rancour. The former of these remained on the field, and was taken prisoner; but Macartney fled to the continent, from which, however, he afterwards returned, and submitted to a trial.

A prodigious ferment was occasioned by this duel, owing to the circumstance of the Duke of Hamilton being regarded as the head of the Jacobite party both in North and South Britain, whilst Lord Mohun was a zealous champion in the Whig interest. Neither of the men could lay claim to great admittance on the score of integrity or principle, and it is difficult, at the present day, to pronounce any decisive verdict in their case. What, however, seems to have originated merely in personal animosity was represented by the Tory party as a dastardly attempt on the part of their political opponents to inflict a vital wound on the Jacobite cause, then in the ascendant, by removing its great prop, who had just been appointed ambassador to the court of France, and was expected to leave London for Paris in the course of a few days. It was maintained that the duke had met foul play at the hands of Macartney, by whose sword, and not that of Lord Mohun, he had been slain. But this allegation was never established by sufficient evidence, and the truth of the matter seems to be that both sets of antagonists, principals as well as seconds, were so transported by the virulence of personal enmity as to neglect all the laws both of the gladiatorial art and the duelling code, and engage each other with the fury of savages or wild beasts.

HALLEY’S COMET OF 1682.

Halley’s Comet, so called, has been the means of dispelling many popular illusions concerning the influence of those mysterious bodies on worldly affairs. Before it had been ascertained that comets are periodic in their appearance, there was an unbounded scope for speculation on the nature of this influence. The excellence of the celebrated vintage of 1811 was attributed to the great comet which appeared in that year; as was also the abundance of the crops. Nay, the number of twins born in the same year, and the fact that a shoemaker’s wife in Whitechapel had four children at a birth, were in like manner laid to the charge of the comet; as likewise were the facts that wasps were few, and that flies became blind that year. The Great Plague of London was attributed by some to a comet which appeared in the spring of that year. As there was a comet in 1668, and in the same year a remarkable epidemic among cats in West-
phalia, some of the wiscarees of that day connected the two phenomena together as probable cause and effect. When Linnaeus and Dalllas were about to destroy Halley’s comet in the absence of any more probable delinquent. A church clock, destroyed by a meteoric stone; an unusually large flock of wild pigeons in America; the disasters which were occasioned by the Christians at the hands of the Turks in 1456; a fit of anoxia that became very prevalent in some parts of Germany; the deaths of eminent persons in various countries—all were believed to have been either produced or presaged by comets which appeared in certain years. That of two things which occurred nearly at the same time, one is the cause of the other, is a very popular and easy mode of philosophising. M. Arago adduces, in illustration of this point, the anecdote told by Bayle, of a lady who never looked out of the window of her apartment, situated in the greatest thoroughfare of Paris, and saw the street filled with carriages, without imagining that her appearance at the window was the cause of the crowd!

The reason why Halley’s comet, or rather Halley’s remarkable prediction concerning the comet, has had some influence in lessening these vague speculations, is because it is a regular and periodical occurrence of any event that is a little way from it much of a capricious or uncertain character. After Flamsteed written down his careful observations on the comet of 1680, Sir Isaac Newton was able to determine what kind of curve it marked out in the heavens; and then Dr Halley proceeded to investigate, in a very elaborate way, whether any two recorded comets were really two successive appearances of the same celestial body. He found reason to believe that the comets of 1531, 1607, and 1858 were in fact one and the same comet, which takes about seventy-six years to perform its remarkable journey round the sun. After making corrections for a few disturbing causes, he boldly declared his belief that that comet would appear again late in 1759 or early in 1758; and, with a pardonable self-respect, he appealed to posterity not to lose sight of the fact, that if the comet should really return about that period, the prediction of such a result was due to an Englishman. As the period approached, the great French mathematicians Clairaut, d’Alembert, and Lalande calculated the probable disturbance which the planets would produce on such a comet; and they agreed that the month of April 1759 would be the probable time of re-appearance, or rather, of the perihelion of the comet—that is, its nearest approach to the sun. The comet was espied on the 26th December 1758, and passed its perihelion on March 13, 1759. This would have been a great triumph to Halley, if he could have lived to see it. All Europe agreed that this particular comet should be called Halley’s Comet, in honour to the man who had so boldly and successfully predicted its periodicity. Then, as time passed on, arose the question—“Will this comet re-appear after another interval of about seventy-six years, say in 1835?” In 1812, Damoiseau calculated that the comet ought to re-appear at perihelion on 4th November in that year. In 1829, Pontécoulant, another great mathematician, explained the reasons for selecting the 14th of November as a more probable date.

Two learned Germans, Rosenberger and Lehmann, also investigated the same intricate problem; the one named the 11th of November, the other the 26th, as the day of perihelion. At last, when the year 1835 arrived, all the astronomers in Europe were pointing their telescopes towards the heavens, under the belief that the comet would begin to be visible some time in August. They were right.

On the 5th of August M. Dumoncel and De Vico, at the observatory of Rome, detected the comet; it became visible to the naked eye towards the end of September, attained its greatest brilliancy about the middle of October, and passed its perihelion on 10th November—within one single day of the time calculated by Pontécoulant! All this is very wonderful to persons unskilled in astronomical mathematics; but so certain do savans now feel about it, that they decide that the recorded comets of 1378, 1456, 1531, 1607, 1682, 1758, and 1835 were only so many successive appearances of Halley’s comet, at intervals of about seventy-six years apart. There is not the slightest doubt among them that Halley’s comet will appear again in or about the year 1911, although possibly not one of our present astronomers will be alive in that year.

By thus substituting regularity for uncertainty, Halley’s labours on the subject of comets have effectually reformed popular notions concerning those wondrous visitants.

NOVEMBER 16.


Born—Tiberius, Roman Emperor, 42 B.C.; John Freinshinemius, scholar and critic, 1608, Ulm; Jean le Rond d’Alembert, encyclopedist, 1717, Paris; Francis Darby, artist, 1739, Wexford.

Died—Aelfric, eminent Saxon poet, 1005, Canterbury; Margaret, queen of Malcolm Canmore of Scotland, 1053; Henry III. of England, 1272, Westminster; Perkin Warbeck, pretender to English crown, executed, 1499; Pierre Nicole, logician, of Port Royal, 1701; James Ferguson, astronomer, 1776, London; Jean Lambert Tallien, Terrorist leader, 1820; George Wombwell, celebrated menagerie proprietor, 1850, Northallerton, Yorkshire; James Ward, animal painter, 1809, Cheshunt, Herts.

ST MARGARET, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND.

Many of the saints in the Roman calendar rest their claims to the title on grounds either wholly or partially fabulous, or which at best display a merit of a very dubious order. It is, however, satisfactory to recognise in the queen of Malcolm Canmore many of those traits which contribute to form a character of sterling virtue, to whose memory persons of all creeds and predilections must pay a respectful homage. It is true that much of our information regarding her is derived from the report of her confessor Turgot, whom clerical prejudices, as well as the inducements of personal friendship and courtly policy, may have led to delude her with a flattering pencil. Enough, however, remains after making all due deductions on this score, to confirm the idea
popularly entertained in Scotland of the excellence of Queen Margaret. The niece of King Edward the Confessor, and the daughter of Edmund Ironside, the colleague of Canute, her youth was spent in exile, and under the proverbially salutary discipline of adversity. Her father and uncle narrowly escaped destruction at the hands of Canute, who, on the murder of their father, Edmund, sent the two young princes to the court of the king of Sweden, with instructions to put them to death privately. The chivalrous monarch refused to imbrue his hands in innocent blood, and sent the royal youths to Solomon, king of Hungary, by whom they were hospitably received and educated. Edmund the elder brother died, but Edward the younger married Agatha, a German princess, by whom he became the father of Edgar Atheling, Christina, and Margaret. On the death of Harold, at the battle of Hastings, Edgar Atheling made an attempt to vindicate his right to the English crown against William the Conqueror; but his ungovernable character was quite unable to cope with the vigour and resources of the latter, and Edgar and his sister Margaret were consequently obliged to fly the kingdom. They were shipwrecked on the coast of Scotland, and courteously received by King Malcolm Canmore, who was speedily captivated by the beauty and amiable character of Margaret. Her marriage to him took place in the year 1070, at the castle of Dunfermline, a place described by Fordun as surrounded with woods, rocks, and rivers, almost inaccessible to men or beasts by its situation, and strongly fortified by art. Margaret was at this time about twenty-four years of age. On her journey northwards to Dunfermline, she crossed the Firth of Forth at the well-known point where it narrows above Inverkeithing, and which since that event has been known by the designation of the Quensferry. A stone is also still shewn on the road, a little below Dunfermline, called Queen Margaret's Stone, on which is traditionally said to have rested. Of the palace or castle where she resided at Dunfermline, a small fragment still remains enclosed within the romantic grounds of Pittencrieff, and known as Malcolm Canmore's Tower.

The union thus consummated was followed by a numerous offspring—six sons and two daughters. Three of the sons, Edgar, Alexander, and David ascended successively the throne of Scotland, and the elder daughter Maud or Mathildes married Henry I, king of England. To the education of her children Margaret seems to have devoted herself with the most sedulous attention. She procured for them the best preceptors and teachers that the times afforded, and is said to have been particular in inculcating on them the necessity of restraining and correcting the frowardness of youth, by a proper exercise of discipline. Her own temper, her approach to have been the most placid kind, and she was beloved among her servants and dependents for her innumerable acts of generosity and complaisance. To the poor also her charity was unbounded. Whenever she walked out, she was besieged by crowds of distressed persons, widows, orphans, and others, to whom she administered relief with a liberality which often exceeded the bounds of prudence. During the various incursions made by Malcolm into England, large numbers of the inhabitants of the country were taken prisoners, and to them the beneficence of Margaret was readily extended. She inquired into, and endeavoured to redress, the wrongs of Edmond and Edmund the younger, and the people of Edinburgh, and of the castle of Edinburgh. At the instance of the unhappy condition, and in many instances secretly paid their ransom out of her own funds, to enable them to return to their homes. She also erected hospitals in various places. With her husband, she seems to have lived on the most affectionate terms. Some marks of that spirit of asceticism and ostentatious humility so highly esteemed in that age. Every morning, she prepared a breakfast for nine little orphans, whom she fed on her bended knees; and in the evening, she washed the feet of six poor persons, besides entertaining a crowd of mendicants each day at dinner. The season of Lent was observed by her with more than the wonted austerities of the Roman Catholic Church, allowing herself no food but a scanty meal of the simplest description, before retiring to rest, after a day spent in the closest exercises of devotion. One special act of hers in relation to religious ordinances deserves to be recorded. The observance of the Sabbath, which, previous to her marriage with Malcolm, had fallen greatly into desuetude, was revived and maintained by her influence and example. It is not probable, however, that the strict and decorous observance of Sunday, so characteristic of Scotland, was derived from this incident, as a relapse appears to have taken place in succeeding reigns, and the strictly devotional character of the Sabbath to have been only again established at the Reformation.

Notwithstanding the religious tendencies of Margaret, her court was distinguished by a splendour and elegance hitherto unknown in Scotland. Her own apparel was magnificent, and the feasts at the royal table were served up on gold and silver plate. Her acquaintance with the Scriptures and the writings of the fathers was extensive, and she is reported to have held numerous disputations with doctors of divinity on theological matters. An epitome of her moral excellence is presented in what is related of her, that *in her presence nothing unseemly was ever done or uttered.*

The last days of this amiable queen were clouded by adversity and distress. The religious practices prematurely undermined her health, and she was attacked by a tedious and painful illness, which she bore with exemplary resignation. She listened assiduously to the spiritual consolations of her faithful confessor Turgot, who thus relates her concluding words to him as quoted by Lord Hailes, 'Farewell; my life draws to a close, but you may survive me long. To you I commit the charge of my children, teach them all good, love and fear God; and whenever you see any of them attain to the height of earthly grandeur, oh! then, in an especial manner, be to them as a father and a guide. Admonish and, if need be, reprove them, lest they be swollen with the pride of momentary glory, through avarice offend God, or by reason of the prosperity of this world, become careless of eternal life. This in the presence of Him, who is now our only witness, I beseech you to promise and to perform.' Her death at the last was accelerated by the news which she received of the death of her husband and eldest son before the castle of Alnwick, in Northumberland, an expedition in which she had vainly
endevoured to dissuade Malcolm from taking part in the action. While lying on her couch one day, after having offered up some fervent supplications to the Almighty, she was surprised by the sudden entrance of her third son Edgar, from the army in England. Divining at once that some disaster had happened, she exclaimed: 'How fares it with the king and my Edward?' and then, on no answer being returned: 'I know all, I know all: by this holy cross, by your filial affection, I adjure you, tell me the truth.' Her son then replied: 'Your husband and your son are both slain.' The dying queen raised her eyes to heaven and murmured: 'Praise and blessing be to thee, Almighty God, that thou hast been pleased to make me endure so bitter anguish in the hour of my departure, thereby, as I trust, to purify me in some measure from the corruption of my sins; and thou, Lord Jesus Christ, who through the will of the Father, hast enlivened the world by thy death, oh! deliver me.' In pronouncing the last words, she expired on the 16th of November 1093, at the comparatively early age of forty-seven. She was canonized by Pope Innocent IV. in 1251, but in the end of the fourteenth century, her festival was removed by the orders of Innocent XII., from the day of her death to the 10th of June. She was interred in the church of the Holy Trinity, at Dunfermline, which she had founded, and which, upwards of two hundred years afterwards, received the corpse of the great King Robert. At the Reformation, the remains of Queen Margaret and her husband were conveyed privately by some adherents of the old religion to Spain, and deposited in a chapel in the Faubourg St. Germain, under the inscription: 'St. Malcolm, King, and St. Margaret, Queen.' The head of Queen Margaret, however, is stated to be now deposited in the church of the Scots Jesuits, at Douay.

**MR WOMBWELL.**

As a celebrity of his kind, George Wombwell deserves notice both for his own untiring industry and skill, and the prominence with which, for a long series of years, his name was familiar to the public, and more especially to the juvenile branches of the community. When a boy, he shewed great fondness for keeping birds, rabbits, dogs, and other animals, but the circumstance which led to his becoming the proprietor of a menagerie was for the most part accidental. A shoemaker by trade, and keeping a shop in Soho, he happened one day to pay a visit to the London Docks, where he saw some of the first box containing Reptiles which had been imported into England. These reptiles had then no great favour with showmen, as much from fear as ignorance of the art of managing them, and their marketable value was consequently less than it afterwards became. Wombwell purchased a pair for £75, and in the course of three weeks realised considerably more than that sum by their exhibition. He used afterwards to declare, that he entertained rather a partiality for the serpent tribe, as they had been the means of first opening his path to fame and fortune. Stimulated by the success thus achieved, he commenced his celebrated caravan peregrinations through the United Kingdom, visiting all the great fairs, such as those of Nottingham, Birmingham, Glasgow, and Donnybrook. In time, he amassed a handsome independence, but could never be prevailed on to retire to the enjoyment of ease and affluence, and he died, as he had lived, in harness. Neither did he ever abandon the closest attention to all matters connected with the menagerie, and might often be seen scrubbing and working away, as indefatigably as the humblest servant attached to the establishment.

At the time of his death, Wombwell was possessed of three huge menageries, which travelled through different parts of the country, and comprised a magnificent collection of animals, many of them bred and reared by the proprietor himself. The cost of maintaining these establishments averaged at least £35 a day. The losses accruing from mortality and disease form a serious risk in the conduct of a menagerie, and Wombwell used to estimate that from this cause he had lost, from first to last, from £12,000 to £15,000. A fine ostrich, valued at £200, one day pushed his bill through the bars of his cage, and in attempting to withdraw it, broke his neck. Monkeys, likewise, frequently entailed great loss from their susceptibility to cold, which frequently, as in the case of human beings, cut them off by terminating in consumption. As regards the commercial value of wild beasts, we are informed that tigers have sometimes been sold as high as £300, and at other times might be had for £100. A good panther is worth £100, whilst hyenas range from £20 to £40 each, and zebras from £150 to £200. We suspect that the profits of menagerie proprietors are at the present day considerably curtailed, when the establishment of zoological gardens, and the general declension of fairs and shows in the popular estimation, must have sensibly diminished the numbers of persons who used to flock to these exhibitions.
one or two other sources, we learn that he was born at St Albans, in Hertfordshire, about 1300; devoted himself to mathematics, theology, and medicine (rather a heterogeneous assemblage of studies), and for some time followed the profession of a physician. This last occupation he abandoned after pursuing it for a very short time, and in 1322, he started on an eastern tour, the motives for which seem to have been principally the love of adventure, and desire of seeing strange countries, and above all others, the Holy Land, regarding which the recent fervour of the Crusades had excited an ardent interest in Western Europe. On Michaelmas-day, 1322, he quitted England on his travels, proceeding in the first instance to Egypt, into the service of whose sultan he entered, and fought for him in various campaigns against the Bedouin Arabs. He succeeded in ingratiating himself considerably with his employer, who, according to Manville’s account, thus testified his sense of the Englishman’s merits.

‘And he wolde have marryd me fulle highly to a grete princes daughte, giff that I wolde have forsaken my lawe and my belewe. But, I thank God, I had no will to do it, for nothing that he behigent me.’

From Egypt Sir John proceeded to the Holy Land, and from thence continued his peregrinations till he reached the dominions of the great Khan of Tartary, a descendant of the celebrated Genghis, whose sovereignty extended over the greater part of Central and Eastern Asia, including the northern provinces of China or Cathay, as it was then termed by Europeans. Under his banners Manville took service, and fought in his wars with the king of Manci, whose territories seem to have corresponded to the southern division of the Celestial Empire. He appears subsequently to have travelled over the greater part of the continent of Asia, and also to have visited some of the East Indian Islands. The kingdom of Persia is described by him, and also the dominions of that celebrated medieval, and semi-mythical potentate, Prester John, whom from Manville’s account we would infer to have been one of the princes of India, whilst other chroniclers seem to point to the sovereign of Abyssinia. After an absence of nearly thirty-four years, Sir John returned to his native country, and published an account of the regions visited by him in the East, which he dedicated to Edward III. It is to be regretted that in this there is so little personal narrative given, all reference to his own adventures being nearly comprised in the meagre and unsatisfactory statements which we have above furnished. Subsequently to its publication, Sir John seems to have gone again abroad on his travels, but the history of his latter days is very obscure. All that can be definitely ascertained is, that he died at Liège, in Belgium, and was buried in a convent in that town.

A manuscript of Sir John Manville’s travels, belonging to the fourteenth century, is preserved in the Cottonian collection in the British Museum. The first printed English edition was issued from the Westminster press in 1499, by Winkyn de Worde. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the work enjoyed a great reputation, second only to Marco Polo’s, as an authority on all questions of oriental geography, and was translated into several languages.
QUEEN ELIZABETH'S DAY.

THE BOOK OF DAYS.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S DAY.

Violent political and religious excitement characterized the close of the reign of King Charles II. The unconstitutional acts of that sovereign, and the avowed tendency of his brother toward the Church of Rome, made thoughtful men uneasy for the future peace of the country, and excited the population to the utmost degree. It had been usual to observe the anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth with rejoicings; and hence the 17th of November was popularly known as 'Queen Elizabeth's Day'; but after the great fire, these rejoicings were converted into a satirical Saturnalia of the most turbulent kind. The Popish Plot, the Meal-tub Plot, and the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, had excited the populace to anti-papistical demonstrations, which were fostered by many men of the higher class, who were members of political and Protestant clubs. Roger North, who lived in these turbulent times, says that the Earl of Shaftesbury was the prime mover in all that opposed the court-party, and the head of the Green Ribbon Club, who held their meetings at the 'King's Head Tavern,' at the corner of Chancery Lane. They obtained their name from the green ribbon worn in their hats, to distinguish them in any street-engagement from club-bests of an opposite party. North says, that 'this copious society were a sort of executive power in and about London; and by correspondence, all over England. They organised and paid for the great ceremonial processions and pop-burnings that characterised the years 1679-1681, and which were well calculated to keep up popular excitements, and inflame the minds of the most peaceable citizens.'

From the rare pamphlet, London's Defiance to Rome, which describes the magnificent procession and solemn burning of the pope at Temple Bar, November 17, 1679; we learn that 'the bells generally about the town began to ring about three o'clock in the morning,' but the great procession was deferred till night, when 'the whole was attended with one hundred and fifty flamebeas and lights, by order; but so many more came in volunteers, as made up some thousands. . . . At the approach of evening (all things being in readiness), the solemn procession began, setting forth from Moorgate, and so passing first to Aldgate, and thence through Leadenhall Street, by the Royal Exchange through Cheapeide, and so to Temple Bar. 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 continued shouts and exclamations, so that 'tis modestly computed that, in the whole progress, there could not be fewer than two hundred thousand spectators.' The way was cleared by six pioneers in caps and red waistcoats, followed by a belman bearing his lantern and staff, and ringing his bell, crying out 'the way in a loud but dolesome voice: 'Remember Justice Godfrey!' He was followed by a man on horseback, dressed like a Jesuit, carrying a dead body before him, 'representing Justice Godfrey, in like manner as he was carried by the assassins to Primmrose Hill.' We copy from a very rare print of the period, this, the most exciting part of the evening's display. Godfrey was a London magis-

swords run through his body, to make it appear that by falling upon it intentionally, he had committed suicide; but wounds in other parts of his person, and undeniable marks of strangulation, testified the truth. There was little need for a bellman to recall this dark deed to the remembrance of the Londoners. The excitement was increased by another performer in the procession, habitad as a priest, 'giving pardons very plentifully to all those that should murder Protestants, and proclaiming it meritorious.' He was followed by a train of other priests, and six Jesuits with bloody daggers.' Then, by way of relief, came 'a consort of wind-musick.' This was succeeded by a long array of Catholic church dignitaries, ending with '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 were two boys with censers, 'at his back his holiness's privy-councillor (the degraded seraphim, Anglicus, 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.' When the procession reached the foot of Chancery Lane, in Fleet Street, it came to a stop; '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 reluctance, was decently toppled from all his grandeur into the flames.' This concluding fest was greased by 'a prodigious shout, that might be heard far beyond Somerset House,' where the Queen Catharine was lodged at that time, but the ultra-Protestant author of this pamphlet, anxious to make the most of the public lang, declares 'twas believed the echo, by continued reverberations before it ceased, reached Scotland, France, and even Rome itself, damping them all with a dreadful astonishment.'

This show proved so immensely popular, that it was reproduced the next year, with additional political pageantry. Justice Godfrey, of course, was there, but Mrs. Colliers and the Meal-tub figured also.
accompanied by four Protestants, 'in bipartite garments of black and white,' to indicate their trimming conviction; followed by a man bearing a banner, on which was inscribed, 'We Protestants in Masquerade usher in Popery.' Then came a large display of priests and clerical dignitaries, winding up with the pope, represented with his foot on the neck of the Emperor Frederick of Germany. After him came Dona Olimpia, and nun of questionable character; the procession concluding with a scene of the trial, and execution by burning, of a heretic. This procession was also 'lively represented to the eye on a copper-plate,' and we copy as much of it as depicts the doings in Fleet Street, from Temple Bar to Chancery Lane.

At the corner of the lane is the King's Head Tavern, the rendezvous of the Green Ribbon Club, agreeing exactly with North's description: 'This house was doubly balcony'd in the front for the clubsters to issue forth in fresco, with hats and no perukes; pipes in their mouths, merry faces, and diluted throats for vocal encouragement of the canapies below, at the bonfires.' From this house to the Temple Gate, lines cross the street for fireworks to pass. The scene is depicted at the moment when the effigy of the pope is pushed from his chair of state into the huge bonfire below, as if in judgment for the fate of the Protestant who is condemned to the stake in the pageant behind him. North speaks of 'the numerous plateaux and volleys of squibs discharged amid shouts that 'might have been a cure of deafness itself.' Dryden alludes to the popularity of the show in the epilogue to his Edipus; when, after declaring he has done his best to entertain the public, he adds:

'We know not what you can desire or hope.
To please you more, but burning of a pope!'

In the Letters of and from the Earl of Derby, he recounts his visit to this pope-burning, in company with a French gentleman who had a curiosity to see it. The earl says: 'I carried him within Temple Bar to a friend's house of mine, where he saw the show and the great concourse of people, which was very great at that time, to his great amazement. At my return, he seemed frighted that somebody that had been in the room had known him, for then he might have been in some danger, for had the mob had the least intimidation of him, they had torn him to pieces. He wondered when I told him no manner of mischief was done, not so much as a head broke; but in three or four hours were all quiet as at other times.' In 1692, the court professed great alarm lest some serious riots should result from these celebrations, and required the mayor to suppress them; but the civic magistrates declined to interfere, and the show took place as usual. The following year it was announced that the pageantry should be grander than ever, but the mayor was now the nominee of the king, and effectually suppressed the display, patrolling all the streets with officers till midnight, and having the City trained-bands in reserve in the Exchange, and a company of Horse Guards on the other side of Temple Bar. 'Thus ended these Didotarias,' says Roger North.

Under somewhat similar excitement, an attempt was made in the reign of Queen Anne to reproduce these inflammatory processions and pageants. The strong feeling engendered by the claims of the High-church party under Dr. Sacheverell, and the fears entertained of the Pretender, led their opponents to this course. The pageants were constructed, and the procession arranged; but the secretary of state interfered, seized the stuffed figures, and prevented the display. It was intended to open the procession with twenty watchmen, and as many more link-boys; to be followed by bag-pipers playing Liltibulero, drummers with the pope's arms in mourning, a figure representing Cardinal Guaiteri, lately made by the Pretender Protector of the English nation, looking down on the ground in a sorrowful posture.' Then came burlesque representatives of the Romish officials; standard-bearers 'with the pictures of the seven bishops who were sent to the Tower; twelve monks representing the Fellows who were put into Magdalen College, Oxford, on the expulsion of the Protestants by James II.' These were succeeded by a number of friars, Jesuits, and cardinals; lastly came 'the pope under a magnificent canopy, with

* Charles had suspended the City charter, and the mayor—Sir John Moore—was a mere tool of the court, not elected by the citizens, but placed in office by the king.
a silver fringe, accompanied by the Chevalier St George on the left, and his counsellor the Devil on the right. The whole procession closed by twenty men bearing streamers, on each of which was wrote these words:

"God bless Queen Anne, the nation's great defender!
Keep out the French, the Pope, and the Pretender."

'After the proper ditties were sung, the Pretender was to have been committed to the flames, being first absolved by the Cardinal Guaiteri. After that, the said cardinal was to have been absolved by the Pope, and burned. And then the devil was to jump into the flames with his holiness in his arms.' The very proper suppression of all this absurd profanity was construed into a ministerial plot against the Hanoverian succession. The accession of George I., a few years afterwards, quieted the fears of the nation, and 'Queen Elizabeth's Day' ceased to be made a riotous political anniversary.

SIR HENRY LEE

At a tournament held on the 17th November 1559, the first anniversary of the accession of

Queen Elizabeth to the throne, Sir Henry Lee, of Quarrendon, made a vow of chivalry, that he would, annually, on the return of that auspicious day, present himself in the tilt-yard, in honour of the queen; to maintain her beauty, worth, and dignity, against all-comers, unless prevented by age, infirmity, or other accident. Elizabeth having graciously accepted Sir Henry as her knight and champion, the nobility and gentry of the court, incited by so worthy an example, formed themselves into an honourable society of Knights Tilts, which, yearly assembling in arms, held a grand tournay on each successive 17th of November. In 1590, Sir Henry, feeling himself overtaken by age, resigned his assumed office of Queen's Knight, having previously received her majesty's permission to appoint the famous Earl of Cumberland as his successor. The resignation was conducted with all due ceremony. The queen being seated in the gallery, with Viscount Turenne, the French ambassador, the Knights Tilts rode slowly into the tilt-yard, to the sound of sweet music. Then, as if sprung out from the earth, appeared a pavilion of white silk, representing the sacred temple of Vesta. In this temple was an altar, covered with a cloth of gold, on which burned wax candles, in rich candlesticks. Certain princely presents were also on the altar, which were handed to the queen by three young ladies, in the character of vestal Virgins. Then the royal choir, under the leadership of Mr Hales, sang the following verses, as Sir Henry Lee's farewell to the court:

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My golden locks, time hath to silver turned.
(Oh time too swift, and swiftest never ceasing,
My youth against age, and age at youth has spurned;
But spurned in vain, youth was thine by increasing Beauty, strength, and youth, flowers fading been,
Duty, faith, and love, are roots and ever green.
SIR HENRY LEE.

My helmet, now, shall make a hive for bees;
And lover's songs shall turn to holy psalms;
A man-at-arms must now sit on his knees,
And feed on prayers, that are old age's alms.
And so, from court to cottage, I depart,
My saint is sure of mine unspected heart.

And when I sadly sit in homely cell,
I'll teach my swains this carol for a song,
Blest be the hearts, that think my sovereign well,
Curse be the souls, that think in doing her wrong.
Goddesse, vouchsafe this aged man his right,
To be your beasman, now, that was your knight.'

After this had been sung, Sir Henry took off his armour, placing it at the foot of a crowned pillar, bearing the initials E. R. Then kneeling, he presented the Earl of Cumberland to the queen, beseeching that she would accept that nobleman for her knight. Her majesty consenting, Sir Henry armed the earl and mounted him on horseback; he then arrayed himself in a peaceful garb of blue and white, covering his head with a common buttoned cap of country fashion.

At Ditchley, a former seat of the Lees, Earls of Litchfield, collateral descendants of Queen Elizabeth's knight, there was a curious painting of Sir Henry and his dog, with the motto, 'More Faithful than Favoured.' The traditional account of this picture, a copy of which is here engraved, is that Sir Henry, on retiring to rest one night, was followed to his bedroom by his dog. The animal, being deemed an intruder, was at once turned out of the room; but howled and scratched at the door so piteously that Sir Henry, for the sake of peace, gave it readmission, when it crept underneath the bed. At nightfall, a treacherous servant, making his way into the room, was seized and pinned to the ground by the watchful dog. An alarm being given, and lights brought, the terrified wretch confessed that his object was to kill Sir Henry and rob the house. In commemoration of the event, Sir Henry had the portrait painted, as a monument of the gratitude of the master, the ingratitude of the servant, and the fidelity of the dog. It is very possible that this anecdote and picture may have given rise to the well-known story of a gentleman rescued from murder, at a lonely inn, by the fidelity and intelligence of his dog, who, by preventing him from getting into bed, induced him to suspect some treacherous design on the part of his landlord, who at midnight, with his accomplices, ascended through a trap-door in the floor of the apartment, but were discovered and slain by the gentleman, with the aid of the faithful animal.

Sir Henry died at the age of eighty, in the year 1611. About fifty years ago, his epitaph could still be deciphered in the then ruined chapel of Quarendon, in Buckinghamshire.

BORN.—Pierre Boyle, celebrated critic and controversial writer, author of Dictionnaire Historique et Critique, 1647; Carlaux-Comte, Poix; Sir David Wilkie, painter, 1785. Manoe of Culte, Pifhshire.

DIED.—Cardinal Reginald Pole, eminent ecclesiastic, 1569; Gathert Tunstill, bishop of Durham, 1559; Jacob Bohme, or Bomm, celebrated mystical writer, 1624; Alseidenberg, Upper Lusitania; Dr T. F. Dibdin, author of numerous bibliographical works, 1847; Charles Heath, line engraver, 1849; Captain George William Manby, inventor of apparatus for saving life in shipwrecks, 1854, near Yarmouth; Professor Edward Forbes, eminent naturalist, 1854, Edinburgh; Frank Stone, artist, 1859.

CARDINAL POLE.

Cardinal Pole was, among many such, the most remarkable man of his time. The unyielding uprightness with which he preserved his conduct true to his convictions, made him many enemies among those he opposed. By his faithful and energetic adherence, during the reigns of Henry and Edward, to the papal see, even as it must have seemed to many, at the expense of the liberty of his country, as well as by the active share which he took in the retrogressive measures of Mary, he rendered himself unpopular with the English people. But even adorning the nobility of his birth, with the additional lustre of nobility of mind, he merited respect by his singular learning, his purity of conscience, his uniform consistency, his genuine piety, and the most refined and amiable manners.

Reginald Pole was the son of Richard Pole, Lord Montague, cousin-german to Henry VII.; his mother was Margaret, daughter of George, Duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV. Born in 1500, he was educated for the church from his earliest years, first by the Carthusians, at Sheen, in Surrey, and afterwards by the Carmelites of Whitefriars. He entered Magdalen College, Oxford, as a nobleman, at the age of twelve. He early obtained various preferments, among others the Deanery of Exeter. He resided abroad several years, under Henry VIII.'s patronage; after which, returning to England, he retired into seclusion to prosecute, uninterrupted, his devotional studies.

Pole's first great trial was his rupture with Henry. After fruitless endeavors, often renewed on the king's part, to induce the churchman to acquiesce in Catharine's divorce, and the rejection of the papal supremacy, and equally vain attempts, and as often reiterated on the side of Pole, to avoid coming to any decision, he was finally induced to declare his opinion, and as he expressed it fully, with the utmost honesty, and with considerable eloquence, he was duly placed under ban, and a price set on his head. Pole kept clear of the danger, and Henry had to content himself with depriving him of all his preferments, and his two brothers and aged mother of their lives.

In the same proportion as the affections of Henry were alienated from the uncompromising counsellor, the Roman see took him into favour. He was created a cardinal, and employed on several important trusts. He actively exerted himself in the formation of a league which should have for its object the restoration of England to the Catholic faith; and, in 1546, along with two other cardinals, he represented the pope at the Council of Trent. In 1549, Pole was elected to the popeedom; but as...
the election was tumultuous, he refused to accept its decision. Upon this the conclave proceeded to elect him again, and this decision also, somewhat arrogantly, he set aside, saying: 'God was a God of light and not of darkness,' and bidding them wait for the morning. The Italians, disconcerted, proceeded once more to an election, and this time the friends of the cardinal were outvoted.

Soon after this, Pole obtained leave to retire from all public offices; but Mary succeeding to the English throne, he accepted the appointment of legate to her court; and being at once freed by parliament from the charge of treason, on which he had been banished, took his seat in the House of Peers. He applied himself with zeal to the furtherance of that cause to which he had always firmly clung, and saw his efforts successful. How far he was instrumental in promoting the cruel persecutions which have invested the reign of Mary with such horror, cannot now be very clearly ascertained, but the general mildness and rectitude of his character warrant us in forming the belief that these atrocities met, at least, on his part, with no zealous encouragement.

Gardiner, ambitious to succeed Cranmer as archbishop of Canterbury, endeavoured to hinder Pole from obtaining the vacant office; but dying in the midst of his schemes, the cardinal was consecrated soon afterwards, in February 1556. The reigning pope opposed Pole's promotion, but the queen's support rendered the opposition futile. Brighter times seemed to await him. But falling sick, he only survived to receive the, to him, fatal news of the death of Mary, and followed his mistress in the short space of sixteen hours.

Pole was buried at Canterbury. His funeral was magnificent, but his epitaph was humble, being only: Deportium Cardinalis Poli.

Jacob Böhme, or, as commonly written in English, Behmen, is one of the many notable men bred under the tutelage of St Crispin, and in various particulars he resembles his brother-craftsmen, George Fox, the first of the Quakers. Böhme was born near Görlitz, in Upper Lusatia, in 1575. His parents being poor, and unable to give him much education, he was employed when a child to herd cattle, and in his twelfth year was apprenticed to a shoemaker. It chanced one day, he relates, when his master and mistress were from home, that a stranger in mean apparel, but with a grave and reverent countenance, came into the shop, and taking up a pair of shoes, desired to give them. Jacob had never been trusted as a salesman, and knew not what money to ask; but as the stranger was importunate, he named a price which he felt sure would bear him harmless on the return of his master. The stranger took the shoes, and going out of the shop a little way, stood still, and with a loud and earnest voice called: 'Jacob, Jacob, come forth!' Surprised and fascinated, the boy obeyed, and the old man, taking him by his right hand, and fixing his bright and piercing eyes upon him, said: 'Jacob, thou art little, but shall be great, and become another man, such as one as the world will wonder at; therefore be pious, fear God, and reverence His Word. Read diligently the Holy Scriptures, wherein thou hast comfort and instruction; for thou must endure much poverty, and suffer persecution: but be courageous, and joyful, for God loves and is gracious unto thee!'-whereon he departed, and was by Jacob seen no more. The strange messenger and his prediction made a deep impression on the boy's mind. He grew serious beyond his years, and at one time was 'for seven days surrounded with a divine light, and stood in the highest contemplation, and in the kingdom of joys.' He was raised above all frivolity, and in his sacred zeal rebuked his master for light and profane speech. At nineteen he married, and set up as shoemaker in Görlitz on his own account.

Years passed away, four sons were born to Böhme, and he was known only in Görlitz as a pious cobbler, with a taste for reading. Meanwhile he was the subject of remarkable experiences. On one occasion, in his twenty-fifth year, when gazing on a dazzling light produced by the sun's rays breaking on a tin vessel, he fell into a trance, in which he again felt himself encompassed with celestial light, and filled with more than mortal joy. Thereafter when he walked abroad in the fields, there was opened in him a new sense whereby he discerned the essences and uses of plants. He commenced writing, but merely for his own satisfaction, living in peace and silence, and speaking to few persons of the mysteries which were opened to him. A volume, called The Aurora, which he had in this manner privately composed, he sent to a friend, who made a copy of the work. The treatise found its way to Richter, primate of Görlitz, who denounced it from his pulpit, and had Böhme summoned before the senate, which advised him to leave off scribbling and stick to his last. Strange to say, he took the advice, and for seven years let his pen lie idle. At the mature age of forty-two, however, the prophetic impulse came irresistibly upon him; not from any desire to speak, he says, but because the spirit was strong upon him he resumed his writing, printed The Aurora, and followed it up with thirty other publications, great and small. Richter again exerted his influence to silence the unlicensed shoemaker, and the magistrates begged him, for the sake of peace, to leave Görlitz, which, with much good-nature, he did. He had now many friends who recognised his genius, who encouraged him to write, and who read all he produced with avidity. Amongst these admirers was Baltasar Walter, a physician of Dresden, who had travelled through Syria, Egypt, and Arabia in search of magical lore, and after six years of fruitless wandering, had returned home to find more than he sought in the humble shoemaker's booth. He and others would bring Böhme plants, and Böhme would handle them, and instantly reveal their properties. Then they would try him with a Greek or an oriental word, and from the sound he would pronounce its signification. Once when Walter uttered the word idea, Jacob sprang up in transport, and declared that the sound presented to him the image of a heavenly virgin of surpassing beauty. He was cited before the Elector of Saxony, who had six doctors of divinity and professors of mathematics to examine the poor shoemaker. They pried him with many and hard questions,
but Böhme had an answer for them all. The elector was so pleased with his demeanour, that he led Böhme aside, and sought from him some information for himself. One of the examiners, Dr. Meissner, is reported to have said: 'Who knows but God may have designed him for some extraordinary work? And how can we, with justice, pass judgment against what we understand not? Certainly he seems to be a man of wonderful gifts in the Spirit, though we cannot at present, from any sure ground, approve or disapprove of many things he holds.' After this trial and charitable acquitall, Böhme returned to Göttingen, where he died on Sunday, 14th November 1624. Early in the morning of that day, he called his son Tobias, and asked him whether he did not hear sweet music. Tobias said, 'No.' Then said Böhme: 'Open the door, that you may hear it.' In the afternoon he asked the time, and was told three o'clock. 'My time,' he said, 'is not yet; three hours hence is my time.' When it was near six, he took leave of his wife and son, blessed them, and said: 'Now I go hence into paradise!' and bidding his son turn him, he heaved a sigh, and departed.

Böhme was a little man, withered, and with almost a mean aspect. His forehead was low, and his temples prominent; his nose was large and hooked, his eyes blue and quick, his beard short and scanty, his voice thin and gentle, and his speech and manners modest and pleasing. His writings are voluminous, but they were nearly all composed in the last seven years of his life. They form a wonderful melange of alchemy, astrology, soothsaying, theology, and mystical conceptions concerning things supernatural and infernal. He wrote slowly, but steadily, and without revision, and his style is diffuse, immethodical, and obscure. The verdict of a cursory reader of Böhme is commonly one of perplexity or disgust, yet he has never lacked patient students, who have professed to find in his pages a wisdom as profound as unique. Amongst these have been many Germans, and in latter days, Schelling, Hegel, Frederick Schlegel, Novalis, and Tieck. In England, William Law, the author of A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life, was an ardent disciple of Böhme's; and Henry More, the Platonist, and Sir Isaac Newton, were his reverent admirers. Böhme's works have been translated from the German into Dutch, French, and English, but have long ago ceased to be printed; nevertheless, there exists a demand for them, and second-hand booksellers have seldom one of his volumes long in stock.

Sir David Brewster, in his Life of Sir Isaac Newton, observes that Newton, at one period of his life, was a believer in alchemy, and devoted much time to the study and practice of its processes. The Rev. William Law has stated that there were found among Sir Isaac's papers large extracts from Jacob Böhme's works, written with his own hand; and that he had learned, from undoubted authority, that Newton, in the early part of his life, had been led into a search for the Philosopher's Tincture, treated of by Böhme. It would appear that Sir Isaac actually set up furnaces, and spent several months in quest of tincture.*


NOVEMBER 19.


Born.—Charles I. of England, 1600, Dunfermline; Albert Thorwaldsen; great Danish sculptor, 1770.

Died.—Caspar Scipio, scholar and polemical writer, 1649, Padua; Nicolas Poussin, painter, 1665, Rome; John Wilkins, bishop of Chester, philosopher and writer, 1672, Chancery Lane, London; 'The Man in the Iron Mask,'* 1703, Brutaille; Abraham John Valpy, editor of classics, 1854, London.

PATCHING AND PAINTING.

The beauties of the court of Louis-Quinze thought they had made a notable discovery, when they gummed pieces of black taffeta on their cheeks to heighten the brilliancy of their complexion; but the fops of Elizabethan England had long before anticipated them, by decorating their faces with black stars, crescents, and lozenges:

'To draw an arrant pop from top to toe,
Whose very looks at first dash shew him so;
Give him a mean, proud garb, a dapper grace,
A pert dull grin, a black patch cross his face.'

And the fashion prevailed through succeeding reigns, for Glapthorne writes in 1640: 'If it be a lover's part you are to act, take a black spot or two; 'twill make your face more amorous, and appear more gracious in your mistress's eyes.'†

The earliest mention of the adoption of patching by the ladies of England, occurs in Bulwer's Artificial Changing (1653). 'Our ladies,' he complains, 'have lately entertained a vain custom of spotting their faces, out of an affection of a mole, to set off their beauty, such as Venus had; and it

A LADY'S FACE ADORNED WITH PATCHES (TEMP. CHARLES I.)

From Fairholt's 'Costume in England.'

is well if one black patch will serve to make their faces remarkable, for some fill their visages full of them, varied into all manner of shapes.' He gives a cut (which we copy) of a lady's face patched.

* See notice of 'The Man in the Iron Mask' at page 60 of this volume.
† The fashion was common with the Roman dames in the latter days of the Empire.
in the then fashionable style, of which it might well be sung—

* Her patches are of every cut,
  For pimples and for scars;
* Here's all the wearers' signs,
  And some of the fixed stars.*

The coach-and-horses patch was an especial favourite. The author of *England's Vanity* (1658) is goaded thereby into a kind of grim humour: *Methinks the mourning-coach and horses all in black, and plying on their foreheads, stand ready harnessed to whirn them to Acheron, though I pity poor Charon for the darkness of the night, since the moon on the cheek is all in eclipse, and the poor stars on the temples are clouded in sables, and no comfort left him but the lozenges on the chin, which, if he please, he may pick off for his cold.*

Mr Pepys has duly recorded his wife's first appearance in patches, which seems to have taken place without his concurrence, as three months afterwards he makes an entry in his Diary: *My wife seemed very pretty to-day, it being the first time I had given her leave to wear a black patch.* And a week or two later, he declares that his wife, with two or three patches, looked far handsomer than the Princess Henrietta. Lady Castlemaine, whose word was law, decreed that patches could not be worn with mourning; but they seem to have been held proper on all other occasions, being worn in the afternoon at the theatre, in the parks in the evening; and in the drawing-room at night. Puritanical satirists, of course, did not leave the fair patchers unmolested. One Smith printed *An Inverse against Black Spotted Faces,* in which he warned them—

`Hellgate is open day and night.
To such as in black spots delight.
If pride their faces spotted make,
For pride then hell their souls will take.
If folly be the cause of it,
Let simple folks then learn more wit.
Black spots and patches on the face
To sober women bring disgrace.
Lewd harlots by such spots are known,
Let harlots then enjoy their own.'

Fashion, however, as usual, was proof against the assaults of rhyme or reason, and spite of both, the ladies continued to cover their faces with black spots. When party-feeling ran high in the days of Anne, we have it on the Spectator's authority, that politically-minded dames used their patches as party symbols: the Whigs patching on the right, and the Tories on the left side of their faces, while those who were neutral, decorated both cheeks. *The censorious say that the men whose hearts are aimed at, are very often the occasion that one part of the face is thus dis honoured and lies under a kind of disgrace, while the other is so much set-off and adored by the owner; and that the patches turn to the right or to the left according to the principles of the man who is most in favour. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantastic coquettes, who do not patch for the public good so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain that there are several women of honour who patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interests of their country. Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so steadfastly to their patches and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the public to their passion for any particular person, that in a late draught of marriage-articles, a lady has stipulated with her husband that whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on whichever side she pleases.*

This was written in 1711, and in 1754 the patch was not only still in existence, but threatening to overwhelm the female face altogether. A writer in the *World* for that year says: *Though I have seen with patience the cap diminishing to the size of a patch, I have not with the same unconcern observed the patch enlarging itself to the size of a cap. It is with great sorrow that I already see it in possession of that beautiful mass of blue which borders upon the eye. Should it increase on the side of that exquisite feature, what an eclipse have we to dread! but surely it is to be hoped the ladies will not give up that place to a platter, which the brightest jewel in the universe would want lustre to supply. . . . All young ladies, who find it difficult to wean themselves from patches all at once, shall be allowed to wear them in whatever number, size, or figure they please, on such parts of the body as are, or should be, most covered from sight. And any lady who prefers the simplicity of such ornaments to the glare of her jewels, shall, upon disposing of the said jewels for the benefit of the foundling or any other hospital, be permitted to wear as many patches on her face as she has contributed hundreds of pounds to so laudable a benefaction, and so the public be compensated, and patches, though not ornamental, be honourable to see.*

This valuable suggestion was lost upon the sex, for Anstey enumerates

`Velvet patches à la grecque,'
among a fine lady's necessities in 1766; they seem, however, to have fallen from their high estate towards the beginning of the present century, the books of fashion of that period make no allusion to them whatever, but they did not become utterly extinct even then. A writer in 1826, describing the toilet-table of a Roman lady, says: *It looks nearly like that of our modern belles, all loaded with jewels, bodkins, false hair, pelts, ribbons, wigs, and patches, and the present generation may possibly witness a revival of the fashion, as it has witnessed the reappearance of the ridiculous, ungraceful, intrusive hoop-petticoat.*

Long as patching lasted, it was but a thing of a day compared with the more reprehensible custom of painting—a custom common to all ages, and pretty nearly all countries, since Jezebel *paint her face and tired her head and looked out at a window,* as the avenging Jehu entered in at the gate. There is evidence of Englishwomen using paint as early as the fourteenth century, and the practice seems to have been common when Shakespeare tried his *prentice hand on the drama.* In his *Love's Labour's Lost,* he makes the witty Biron ingeniously defend his dark lady-love—

`If in black my lady's brow be decked,
It morns that painting and usurping hair,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect.
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now;
And therefore red that would avoid displeasure,
Paints itself black to imitate her brow.'
And when bitter Philip Stubbs complains that his countrywomen are not contented with a face of heaven's making, but must 'adulterate the Lord's workmanship' with far-fetched, dear-bought ligatures, ungents, and cosmetics, the worthy Puritan only echoes Hamlet's reproach: 'I have heard of your paintings too, well enough. God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another.' When Sir John Harrington declared he would rather salute a lady's glove than her lip or her cheek, he justified his seeming bad taste with the rhymes—

'If with my reason you would be acquainted,
Your gloves perfumed, your lip and cheek are painted.'

Overbury describes a lady of the period as reading her face in the glass every morning, while her maid stood by ready to write 'red' here, and blot out 'pale' there, till art had done its best or worst. No wonder the Stedfast Shepherd exclaims:

'Show me not a painted beauty,
Such impostures I defy!' Court-ladies, nevertheless, continued to wear artificial red and white, till the court itself was banished from England. As long as the Commonwealth existed, no respectable woman dared to paint her cheeks; but Charles II. had not been a year at Whitehall, before the practice was revived, to the disgust of Evelyn and the discontent of Pepys. The latter vows he loathed Nelly Gwyn and Mrs Knipp (two of his especial favourites), and hates his relative, pretty Mrs Pierce, for putting red on their faces. Bulwer says:

'Sometimes they think they have too much colour, then use art to make them pale and fair; now they have too little colour, then Spanish paper, red-leather, or othercosmetic rubrics must be had.' A little further on he accuses the gallants of beginning 'to vie patches and beauty spots, nay, painting, with the tender and fantastical ladies.' Among these fantastical dames, we are sorry to say, Waller's Saccharissa must be numbered. The poet complains—

'Pygmalion's fate reversed is mine;
His marble took both flesh and blood;
All that I worshipped as divine,
That beauty—now I understoold,
Appears to have no more of life
Than that whereof he framed his wife.'

Saccharissa deserved the reproaches of her lover more than Mary of Modena did the rebukes of her confessor, for she rouged, contrary to her own inclination, merely to please her husband.

Painting flourished under Anne. An unfortunate husband writes to the Spectator in 1711, asking, if it be the law that a man marrying a woman, and finding her not to be the woman he intended to marry, can have a separation, and whether his case does not come within the meaning of the statute. 'Not to keep you in suspense,' he says; 'as for my fear, never man was so enamoured as I was of her fair forehead, neck, and arms, as well as the bright jet of her hair; but to my great astonishment, I find they were all the effect of art. Her skin is as tarnished with this practice, that when she first wakes in a morning, she scarce seems young enough to be the mother of whom I carried to bed the night before. I shall take the liberty to part with her by the first opportunity, unless her father will make her portion suitable to her real, not her assumed countenance.' The Spectator enters upon into a description of the Picts, as he calls the painted ladies. 'The Picts, though never so beautiful, have dead, uninformed countenances. The muscles of a real face sometimes work with soft passions, sudden surprises, and are flushed with agreeable confusions, according as the object before them, or the ideas presented to them, affect their imaginations. But the Picts behold all things with the same air, whether they are joyful or sad; the same fixed insensibility appears on all occasions. A Pict, though she takes all that pains to invite the approach of lovers, is obliged to keep them at a certain distance; a sigh in a languishing lover, if fetched too near, would dissolve a feature; and a kiss snatched by a forward one, might transform the complexion of the mistress to the admirer. It is hard to speak of these false fair ones, without saying something uncomplaisant, but it would only recommend them to consider how they like coming into a room newly painted; they may assure themselves the near approach of a lady who uses this practice is much more offensive.'

If Walpole is to be believed, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu not only used the cheapest white paint she could get, but left it on her skin so long, that it was obliged to be scraped off her. More than one belle of his time killed herself with painting, like beautiful Lady Coventry, whose husband used to chase her round the dinner-table, that he might remove the obnoxious colour with a napkin! Would that we could say that rouge, pearl-powder, and the whole tribe of cosmetics were strangers to the toilet-tables of our own day—a glance at the shop-window of a fashionable perfumer forbids us laying the flattering notion to our soul, that ladies no longer strive to

'With curious arts dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of fifty-five;'

and tempts us, in the words of an old author, to exclaim: 'From beef without mustard, from a servant who overvalues himself, and from a woman who painteth herself, good Lord, deliver us!'

NOVEMBER 20.


Born.—Jean Francois de la Harpe, miscellaneous writer (Lyceé ou Cours de la Littérature); Thomas Chatterton, poet, 1752, Bristol; Louis Alexandre Berthier, Prince of Wagram, general of Napoleon, 1753, Versailles.

Died.—Sir Christopher Hatton, statesman and chamberlain of Queen Elizabeth, 1641; Caroline, queen of George II. of England, 1757; Cardinal de Polignac, statesman and man of letters, 1741, France; Abraham Tucker, author of The Light of Nature Pursued, 1774, Bothworth Castle, near Dunking; Roger Payne, celebrated bookbinder, 1797; Mountstuart Elphinstone, Indian diplomatist, &c., 1859, Hookward Park, Surrey.
THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE DOUBLED.  
THE BOOK OF DAYS.  
ROGER PAYNE

THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE DOUBLED BYVASCO DA GAMA.

The doubling of the Cape of Good Hope by Vasco da Gama, on the 20th of November 1497, was a notable event in the world's history—not on account of the actual discovery of that cape, which had been made some years earlier, but from the solution of an important question, whether or not India could be reached from Europe by sea. Columbus, we know, sought to reach that far-famed land of gold and diamonds, perfumes and spices, by a western route across the Atlantic. He discovered America instead, and those islands, which we now call the West Indies, owe their name to the geographical error which formerly prevailed regarding their position. The Spanish monarchs, who first fostered and then neglected Columbus, countenanced those projects which led to the discovery, conquest, and settlement of various parts of America; but the kings of Portugal were the great promoters of the enterprises by which South Africa and India were laid open to Europeans.

With the assistance of a map of Africa, the reader can easily trace the steps by which these discoveries were effected. In the year 1412, Prince Henry of Portugal, a man gifted far beyond the average intelligence of his age, determined to send out a ship to explore the west coast of Africa, by sailing southward from the Straits of Gibraltar. The first voyage was not attended with much success; but the prince pursued the scheme at intervals for many years. In 1415, one of the exploring vessels thus sent out reached as far as Cape Non. In 1418, John Gonzalez Zano and Tristan Vaz Teixeira, two gentlemen of Prince Henry's court, made a voyage which enabled them to discover the island of Madeira. After a period of several years, marked by discoveries of a minor character, Gillianez doubled Cape Bojador in 1433—an event which led Pope Martin V., in the plenitude of liberality and inadvertence, to bestow on the king of Portugal all that might be afterwards discovered in Africa and India; a papal concession that gave rise to serious international disputes in after-years. In 1441, Antiocho Gonzales and Nuno Tristam advanced as far south as Cape Blanco; a progress which was followed up by Vicente de Lagos and Aloiso de Cada Mosto, who, in 1445, advanced to the river Gambia, and by Cada Mosto, who, in 1446, reached Senegal and Cape Verde. A long interval now ensued, unmarked by any discoveries of importance on the west African coast. In 1470, the Portuguese discoveries recommenced with a voyage by Fernando Gonaz nearly as far south as the equator. Some years after this, the northern limit of the kingdom of Congo was reached; and in 1484 the river of the same name was attained by Diego Cao. Then came discoveries of a far more important description. King John of Portugal, in 1486, sent out two expeditions to discover an eastern route to India, and likewise the whereabouts of the mysterious potenate known as Prester John. The latter eluded all search, but India did not. One of the expeditions proceeded through Egypt and down the Red Sea, and, amid many difficulties, crossed the Arabian Sea or Indian Ocean to Calicut, in India. The other, under Bartholomew Diaz, comprising two caravels and a small store-ship, proceeded southward beyond the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope; and Diaz doubled it, or went round it from west to east without knowing it. He coasted a thousand miles of the African shores never before seen by Europeans; and though difficulties prevented him from crossing over to India, he had the joy of finding, on his return, that he had really reached and passed the cape which forms the southern extremity of Africa. He called it Cabo Tormentoso, the Cape of Turmoil, or Tempests, on account of the rough weather which he experienced there; but the king said: 'No, it shall be the Cape of Good Hope, for the discovery is one of great promise.' At last came the expedition of Vasco da Gama, to which all the above were preliminary. King Emanuel of Portugal (King John's son) sent him out in 1497, in command of three vessels, with 160 men. He doubled the cape on 20th November, sailed northward, and discovered Sofala, Mozambique, and Melinda; and then, guided by an Indian pilot, he crossed the ocean from Melinda to Calicut in twenty-three days. All that followed was a mere finishing of the great problem: Vasco da Gama was the first who made the entire voyage from Western Europe to India, so far as records enable us to judge.

ROGER PAYNE.

In the last century, when the pursuit of book-collecting was almost approaching to the nature of a mania, a great want was felt of an artist capable of providing suitable habiliments for the treasures of literature—of constructing caskets worthy of the jewels which they enshrined. When the demand comes to be made, the means of supply are seldom far distant; so, at this eventful crisis, Dr Dibdin informs us, 'Roger Payne rose like a star, diffusing luster on all sides, and rejoicing the hearts of all true sons of bibliomania.' The individual who could excite such lively enthusiasm was simply a bookbinder, but of such eminence in his art, as to render all his works exceedingly valuable. For taste, judicious choice of ornament, and soundness of workmanship, Payne was unrivalled in his day, and some maintain that he has never been equalled in subsequent times. Whether, however, Roger Payne may have diffused it, was by his handiwork alone; in person he was a filthy, ragged, ale-sodden creature, with a foolish, and even fierce indifference to the common decencies of life. His workshop was a deplorable filthy den, unapproachable by his patrons; yet, when he waited on his distinguished employers, he made no alteration in his dress. The Countess of Spencer's French maid fainted when she saw such a specimen of humanity in conversation with her mistress. Payne, like others of this kind of temper, thought he thus shewed his manliness, for a Quixotic spirit of independence was one of his failings, though in speech and writing he ever displayed the greatest possible humility.

In spite of his eccentric habits, Payne might have made a fortune by his business, and ridden in a carriage, as finely decorated as the books he bound. The expeditions which he supplied with the exquisitely ardent devotion which he cherished for strong ale. In one of his account-books, still preserved, we find one day's expenditure thus recorded: 'For bacon, one halfpenny; for liquor,
one shilling,' reminding us of a snatch of a song in the old comedy of 'Gammer Gurton's Needle':

"When I saw it boot, not,
Out of doors, I leaped me,
And caught a slip of bacon,
When I thought that no one spied me,
Which I intended not far hence,
Unless my purpose fail,
Shall serve for a shoeing-horn,
To draw on two pots of ale.'"

Ale may be said to have been meat, drink, washing, and lodging for the wretched Roger. When remonstrated with by his friends and patrons, and told that sobriety, like honesty, was the best policy, and the only road that led to health and wealth, he would reply by chanting a verse of an old song in praise of his favourite beverage, thus:

"All history gathers
From ancient forefathers,
That ale's the true liquor of life;
Men lived long in health,
And preserved their wealth,
Whilst barley-broth only was vice.'"

Payne could rhyme on his darling theme; his trade-bills are preserved as great curiosities, for they mostly contain unbusiness-like remarks by this eccentric original. On one, delivered for binding a copy of Barry's work on the Wines of the Ancients, he wrote:

"Homer the bard, who sung in highest strains,
Had, festive gift, a goblet for his pains;
Palmyran gave Horace, Virgill fire,
And barley-wine my British muse inspire,
Barley-wine first from Egypt's learned shore,
Be this the gift to me from Calvert's store.'"

Payne's chef-d'œuvre is a large paper copy of the famous folio 'Aeschylus', known to collectors as the Glasgow 'Aeschylus', being printed, with the same types as the equally famous Glasgow 'Homer', by Foulis, in that city in 1795. This book, bound for Lord Spencer, contains the original drawings executed by Flaxman, and subsequently engraved and dedicated to the mother of the late, Mr. Dibdin, in the 'Ades Althorpianes,' describes it as the most splendid and interesting work in Europe. Payne's bill for binding it is 'verebiam, literatim, and punctationem,' as follows:

'Aeschylus. Glasgow. MDCCXCV. Flaxman Illustrat. Bound in very best manner, sewed with strong Silk, every Sheet round every Band, not false Bands, The Back lined with Russia Leather, Cuts Exceeding Large; Finished in the most Magnificent Manner, En-borderd with Ermine expressive of The High Rank of The Noble Patroness of the Designs, The other Parts Finished in the most elegant Taste with small Tool Gold Borders Studded with Gold. and small Tool Plates of the most exact Work, Measured with the Compasses. It takes a great deal of Time, marking out the different Measure-ments; preparing the Tools, and making out New Patterns. The Book finished in compartments with parts of Gold Studded Work. All the Tools except Studded points are obliged to be worked off plain first—and afterwards the Gold laid on and worked off again. And this Gold Work requires Double Gold, being on Rough Grained Morocco, The Impressions of the Tools must be fitted and covered at the bottom with Gold to prevent flaws and cracks.

Fine drawing paper for Inlaying the Designs 6s. 6d. Finest Pickt Lawn paper for Interleaving the Designs 1s. 8d. One yard and a half of Silk 10s. 6d. Inlaying the Designs at 8d. each 32 Designs £1. 1s. 6d., Mr. Morton adding borders to the Drawings, £16 10 6.'

Another bill, delivered to Dr. Mosely, Payne's medical attendant, runs thus:

'Harmony of the World, by Haydon: London 1842. Bound in the very best manner; the book sewed in the very best manner with white silk, very strong, and will open easy; very neat and strong boards; fine drawing-paper inside stained to suit the colour of the book. The outside finished in the Rose-Crucian taste—very correct measured work. The inside finished in the Druid taste with Azoria and S. S. studded with Stars, &c., in the most magnificent manner. So neat, strong, and elegant as this book is bound, the binding is well worth 1s., and the inlaying the frontispiece, cleaning and mending, is worth 2s. To Dr. Mosely's great kindness, I am so much indebted, that my gratitude sets the price for binding, inlaying, cleaning, and mending at only £16 7 0.'

Payne, for a long time, lived and worked alone in his filthy den; but towards the close of his career, he took in, as a fellow-labourer, an excellent workman named Weir. This man was a regularly 'dubbed ale-knight,' loved barley-wine to the full as much as his partner, and used to sing:

'Ala is not so costly,
Although that the most lie,
Too long by the oil of the barley,
Yet may they part late,
At a reasonable rate.
Though they come in the morning early,
Sack is but single broth,
Ale is meat, drink, and cloth.'

Sobriety may not be always a bond of union, but inebriation is a certain source of discord, and not only words, but frequently blows were exchanged between the two artists. Weir's wife was a famous cleaner of old books, and she went with her husband to Toulouse, where they exercised their skill and art, for several years, in binding and repairing the valuable library of Count MacCarthy. Payne ended his wretched existence on the 20th of November 1797, and was soon followed by Weir to the bourne whence no man returneth. After their deaths, Mrs. Weir was employed to clean and repair the books, parchments, vellums, &c., in the Register Office at Edinburgh. Lord Frederick Campbell was so much pleased with her good- conduct, and marvellously successful labours in this capacity, that he had her portrait drawn and engraved. Her chef-d'œuvre was a copy of the 'Pilate of Arms and Chivalry,' printed by Caxton, and bound by Payne. At the Roxburghe sale, this book was brought to the hammer. As a work printed by Caxton, bound by Payne, and cleaned by Weir does not occur every day, the excitement and sensation when Mr. Evans put it up was immense; nor was it finally knocked down till the biddings reached the high figure of three hundred and thirty-six pounds.
THE BRITISH NIMROD.

THE BOOK OF DAYS.

THE BRITISH NIMROD.

In a letter, dated 20th November 1611, from John Chamberlain, a gentleman and scholar, in the reign of James I., to his friend Sir Dudley Carleton, we find, amid other items of news, the following passage regarding the king and queen:—

'The king is hunting at Newmarket, and the queen at Greenwich, practising for a new masque. This brief sentence exhibits very comprehensively the ruling passions of those two royal personages. Queen Anne was no less fond of court masques and balls, than her consort was of the chase. His flatterers bestowed on him the title of the British Solomon, and extolled him as the most profoundly wise sovereign that had ever sat on a throne, but with much greater appropriateness, as far at least as regarded enthusiasm for, and devoteness to, sport, they might have dubbed him the British Nimrod. From his early youth in Scotland, the love of the chase was with him an overpowering and absorbing passion, and he gave so much time to it, that the extent of his studies and his knowledge becomes the more a wonder. It took him much away from state business, and proved a serious annoyance to his counsellors—who would be required to accompany him after the stag for six hours in order to get five minutes' conversation with him; but he was never at a loss for something to say in excuse of this misusing of time. 'My health,' he would say, 'is necessary for the state; the chase is necessary for my health: ergo, it is doing the public a service if I hunt.' This logic, from royal lips, was irresistible. The king's sports were chiefly pursued in his own parks; but he was not less willing to let his haggle waken the echoes in those of his chief nobles, who were but too happy to contribute to his gratification that they might establish themselves in his favour.

Now and then, some one of the favoured few permitted to ride with him, has, luckily for us, sought to enliven his letters to absent friends with little sketches of the adventures that fell out on these merry hunting-mornings; and in the State Papers we meet with a series of detached photographs, which, brought together, form a not uninteresting picture. Bravely responding to the sharp sting of 'Ripon rows', we seem to witness the pure-bred, blood-gray that carried England's fortunes, dash onwards, to be again at the head of the field, which he had momentarily lost. Down the steep, along the valley, through the centre of its shallow river's bed, sweep onwards the gallant cavalcade, scattering the shinge with their horses' hoofs, and throwing up the water in broad glistering sheets. A bugle-note from some distant forester falls on the ears. The game's 'at soil.' Another five minutes' sweep round that elbow of the stream, and there stands our 'hart of grease,' knee-deep in the amber pool, his broad dun hachetts firm against the lichen-covered rock; his lean hunters, lowering from side to side, as the clumping hounds struggle and swim around him, straining their blood-shot eyes. The king, pleased, yet flushed and pale with excitement, his hunting-garb soiled with mire and bog-water from spur to socket plume, ruins up just in time to witness this, for Brudenell and Basar, Ringwood and Jewell (a prior leader of the royal pack), have fastened upon the quarry's throat. And when the deer has been broken up, and whilst the foresters, all unbonneted, wind the customarily most upon their bugles, our royal woodsman is plunging his unbooted limbs in the beast's warm, reeking entrails:* an extraordinary panacea, recommended by the court-physician, Sir Theodore Mayerne, as the 'sovereignest thing on earth,' for those gouty and rheumatic twinges, which too emphatically reminded the Stuart in the autumn of his days, how 'every inordinate cup is unbest and the ingredient thereof a devil,' though the warning produced no practical result.

It is amusing enough to note how cheaply and contemptuously James held the judgment of such as presumed to differ from him in their estimation of his favourite sports and his style of indulging in them. Great was his disgust when he heard that his brother-in-law, Christian, king of Denmark, who visited England in 1606, had spoken slightingly of English hunting in general, saying it was an amusement in which more horses were killed in jest, than in the Low-Country wars were consumed in earnest.† James, after indulging in a few expletives, which it is as well to omit, sarcastically growled forth the reply: 'That he knew not what sport the old Danish gods, Thor and Woden, might partake of in their Scandinavian heaven, but flesh and blood could shew no better than he had done.'

A prince thus enamoured of the pleasures of a sportsman's life, could hardly be expected to endure otherwise than impatiently the sedentary duties of his council-chamber. They were, indeed, utterly distasteful to him; and so, likewise, by association, were those assembled there—Egerton, Buckhurst, Dorset, Naunton, Winwood, Nottingham, &c.; lord-keepers, lord-treasurers, lord-admirals, and lord-chamberlains. Debates about the most signal means of curbing Gondomar's haughty insolence, which but reflected the arrogance of his master, or upon the policy of the 'Spanish match,' were often abruptly terminated by the monarch rising from his chair with a yawning remark, that he had worked long enough; so he was off towards Royston, to have a flight with the new Spanish falcon. 'His majesty,' writes Sir Dudley Carleton, already referred to, having broken up the council, rides straight to Royston, 'with all his hunting-crow, a small train of forty persons;' and again: 'the king is at the inn at Ware, with his hawks.' Unfortunately, he neglects to satisfy inquisitive curiosity who read his pleasant letters more than two centuries afterwards, whether James, and his small hunting-crow of forty persons, passed their nights, one and all, in the great bed which is so inseparably associated in our ideas with that town.

Cecil, styled by his master—who had a characteristic nickname for every one about him—'my little beagle,'† because, like that diminutive hound, he was small of stature, and indefatigable in hunting

* James's practice invariably, whenever the deer was run down and killed.
† State Papers, 1606.
‡ There is extant a paper in James's handwriting, indorsed, 'A memorial for Sondraye—being the king's notes of various points of business to be dispatched with his Council—the little Beagle—and the Bishops of Canterbury.'
The probability of being assassinated in his solitary galleys through the lonely forest, was ever present to the royal mind; and his preservation he attributed wholly to the unerring vigilance of his astute state-secretary. Nor were his fears at all unfounded. Among the State Papers is a declaration of one Captain Newell, that a soldier named FitzJames had said: There would soon be a puff, that may send some high enough and low enough to hell ere long; and that he would shoot the king in the woods of Royston, with many similar affidavits.

Our modern English sovereigns are satisfied with the modest parade of a single master-huntsman and one pack of buck-hounds. But the first English king of the Stuart race maintained at least seven establishments at the same number of roynets—at Royston, Hitchinbrooke, Theobalds, Windsor, Newmarket, Nonsuch, Hampton Court—with hounds for the chase in St John's Wood, and the great woods stretching around Newington. Possibly the reader may be rather astonished to hear of great stag and false-deer roving wild in the two last-named suburbs of London, and that James maintained a large staff of foresters and keepers to preserve the pheasants, hares, conies, &c., swarming in their leafy covert.

The one, he now sees covered with pleasant villas, rising from the midst of grounds adorned with all the cunning of horticulture—elegant retirements for the refined and wealthy; the other, chiefly a squalid, densely-populated quarter—possessed by the sons of poverty and toil, and little suggestive of the amenities to sylvan sport. Our old friend, Sir Dudley Carleton, viewed them under a different aspect. 'The king,' he says, 'went this evening to lie at Lord Arundel's, in Highgate, that he may be nearer and ready to hunt the stag on the morrow, in St John's Wood.' His son, Charles L, one Monday morning unharboured a buck from a great seceded dingle at Newington, where, twenty-four hours previously, a knot of poor trembling Puritans had sheltered themselves and their worship from the persecution of Archbishop Laud. 'We took,' says that zealous churchman in a letter to Windesbank, dated Fulham, June 1638—another convention of separatists in Newington Woods, in the very brake where the king's stag was to be lodged, for his hunting next morning.'

But, revenons à nos chiens. James had distinct packs of hounds for the several kinds of chase in which he indulged—stag, red deer, roebuck, fox, wolf, hare, and otter—beside ban, bear, and bull, each, with a nobleman for their keeper; and teams of spaniels, indispensable to his superb hawking establishments. These necessarily demanded a large suite of attendants, whose names sound strange in the ears of modern sportmen. There were masters of the game, sergeants of the stag-hounds, 'lumbermen' of the buckhounds, yeomen and children of the leash, tents and toils (the latter being small pages who held relays of fresh dogs at openings of the forest), keepers of the royal fishing-cormorants, of the elephants, camels, and other tame beasts, located in St James's Park. His majesty, we are told, once experienced some inconvenience at his hunting-seats, from the crowding about him of certain over-zealous country gentlemen, eager to gaze upon his sovereign taking says, or to assist at the ceremony of cutting up a fat stag.

One day when the court was at Rufford, says one of Lord Stafford's letters, 'the loss of a stag, and the hounds hunting foxes instead of deer—put the king into a marvellous chafe, accompanied by those ordinary symptoms (oaths), better known to you courtiers than to our rural swains. In the height whereof comes a clown galloping in, and staring full in his face. "Mass!" quoth the intruder, "am I come forty miles to see a fellow?" and presently turns about his horse, and away he goes faster than he came; the oddness whereof caused his majesty and all the company to burst out into a vehement laugh, and so the fume was for that time happily dispersed.' Yet was his majesty 'merry against the hair,' however genuine might be the glee of his courtiers. 'He that very day,' says John Chamberlain, 'erected a new office, and made Sir Richard Wigmore a marshal of the field.' He is to take order that the king be not attended by any but his own followers; nor interrupted nor hindered in his sports by idle spectators. During one season, the king hunted in the Fen country, where the deer not unfrequently sought safety in the mere, surrounded by dreary marshes, impassable to sportsmen and dogs. Theermen, like the Bretons dwelling in the Landes of France, traversed their boggy soil on stilts; and a party of them being hired on one occasion to drive out the game, and doing their work off-hand and cleverly, James was so gratified therewith, and so amused by their singular appearance when walking through the water, like a flight of fishing-cremes, that he signified his gracious pleasure to erect a new office. Accordingly, one day after a jovial hunting-dinner, he chose Sir George Carew as leader of the stilemen—who was to be ready with his squad in uniform, whenever the royal hounds hunted that district.

Although passing a considerable portion of his life in the saddle, James was not a very skilful horseman, as is testified by the many and dangerous falls recorded of him, through which he was sometimes at the point of death. Every precaution was therefore resorted to, to lessen or avert the perils incident to the headlong pace which the king fearlessly maintained in order to be well up at the finish. The high-sheriff of Herts, Thomas Wilson, writing to the constables of Sandon, Kellshall, and other towns of the county, informs them of the king's express command that they go not to occupiers of arable land, not to plough their fields in narrow ridges, nor to suffer swine to go abroad unringed, and root holes, &c., to the endangering
of his majesty and the prince in hunting; they are also to take down the high bounds between lands which hinder his majesty's ready passage.*

Although his various kennels contained, at a moderate calculation, little short of two hundred couple of hounds, and the cost of their maintenance and equipages was a serious draught upon his privy purse; James never deemed himself properly furnished, while a single hound of reputation remained in possession of his subjects. The writer has seen a score or two of docquets, empowering his officers everywhere to seize hounds, beagles, spaniels, and 'morgrels' for his majesty's sport; and his chief huntsman had a similar warrant to take by force every canine celebrity known to exist in three counties. On the occurrence of any of those hunting casualties, where his dogs got maimed by horse-kicks, or being ridden over, &c., he vented his indignation in the most outrageous language; yet there, as in almost every transaction of his life, he showed himself as placable as he was momentarly irate. There is a pleasant instance of this feeling mentioned in one of the letters already quoted. 'The king,' says the writer, 'is at Tilbalds, and the queen gone or going after him. At their last meeting being at Tilbalds, which was about a fortnight since, the queen, shooting at a deer with her crossbow, mistook her mark, and killed Jewell, the king's most special and principal hound, at which he stormed exceedingly awhile, swearing many and great oaths. None would undertake to break unto him the news, so they were fain to send Archie the fool on that errand. But after he knew who did it, he was soon pacified, and with much kindness wished her not to be troubled with it, for he should love her never the worse, and the next day sent her a jewell worth £200, 'as a legacy from his dead dog.' Love and kindness increase daily between them, and it is thought they were never on better terms.' Doubtless this opportunity of perpetrating a practical joke upon the name of his 'most principal hound,' went a great way in reconciling the royal punster to his loss and to the queen.

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**STATE PAPERS.**

+ Wages due to the servants of the royal establishment in this and the following reign, were constantly in arrear. Peter Pett, one of the king's master-shipwrights, memorialised the Lords of the Admiralty, 'that unseemly abuses are committed in Shotover and Stow woods (Surrey), by cutting off tops for browse for the deer as is yearly allowed; and lopping young wood set for knots for gas- ships, for firewood. The head-keeper, Sir Thomas Wyrrell's answer was: "How should the keepers live, having but £20. 6s. a year, and that unpaid these ten years?" - *State Papers.*
time, occupied by milliners and haberdashers (who sold mouse-traps, bird-cages, shoe-horns, lanterns, and the like heterogeneous medley) armourers, apothecaries, booksellers, goldsmiths, and dealers in glass. The open court below must have presented a curious scene when it was filled by the merchants of different nations, in the picturesque dresses of their respective countries.*

On the 4th July 1675, Sir Thomas Gresham made will whereby he bequeathed legacies to his nieces and other relations, and to several of his prenticeses. He also directed black gowns of 6s. 8d. the yard, to be given to a hundred poor men and a hundred poor women, to bring him to his grave in his parish church of St Helen's. By another will, made on the following day, he showed most memorably that he had never forgotten what he learned at the university, and that it was the wish of his heart to extend to others through all time the aids to learning which he had himself enjoyed. Accordingly, he bequeathed one moiety of his interest in the Royal Exchange to the Corporation of London, and the other moiety to the Mercers' Company, and charged the corporation with the nomination and appointment of four persons to lecture in divinity, astronomy, music, and geometry. To each of these lecturers he directed an annual payment to be made of £60, and another yearly payment of £13, 1s. 6d. each, to eight 'alme-folkes,' to be appointed by the corporation, and who should inhabit his almshouses at the back of his mansion. For the prisoners in each of five London prisons, he provided the annual sum of ten pounds. The warden and commonalty of the Mercers' Company were charged to nominate three persons to read in law, physic, and rhetoric, within Gresham's dwelling-house; and out of the moiety vested in the company, to pay each lecturer £50 a year; to pay to 'Christ Church Hospital lately the Grevyrians,' to St Bartholomew's Hospital, to 'the Spital at Bedlam were Bishopsgate Street,' to the hospital for the poor in Southwark, and for the prisoners in 'the Counter in the Powlittrye,' £10 each, annually, and to apply £100 a year, for four quarterly 'feasts or dymnars,' for the whole company of the corporation in the Mercers' Hall. The mansion-house itself, with the garden, stables, and appurtenances, were vested in the mayor, commonalty, and citizens, and in the warden and commonalty of mercers, in trust to allow the lecturers to occupy the same, and there to inhabit and study, and daily to read the several lectures. He appointed his wife executrix, 'in wyche behalfe' (adds the testator) 'I doe holie put my trust in her, and have no doowght but she will accomplishe the same accordingly,' and all other things as shall be requisite or expedient for both our honeysties, fames, and good reportes in this transitory world, and to the profit of the common well, and relife of the carfull and trewe poore, according to the pleasurers and will of Allmightig God, to whom be all honoure and glory, for ever and ever!' This will was in the handwriting of Sir Thomas Gresham himself, and was proved on the 26th November 1679, five days after the testator's death. He was honourably interred in the church of St Helen's, and there his sculptured* alm-corpse remains.

* See notice and engraving of the old Royal Exchange, in vol. 1. pp. 152, 153.

In June 1597, the year after the death of Lady Anne, Sir Thomas's widow, the daily lectures commenced according to his will; and thenceforth, for a long course of years, his mansion house, commonly known as 'Gresham College,' and the chief part of the buildings were appropriated as the lodgings of the various professors. The house escaped the Great Fire of London; and when the Mansion House of London, and Gresham's Exchange, and the houses of great city companies lay in ruins for that event, Gresham College was for a time employed as the Exchange of the merchants, and afforded an asylum to the lord mayor, and the authorities of the Mercers' Company. But Gresham College acquired a more illustrious association, for it may be regarded as the cradle of the Royal Society, which, in the early part of its history, viz. from 1660 to 1710, held its meetings here, when it numbered among its associates the names of Newton, Locke, Petty, Boyle, Hooke, and Evelyn. In 1768, however, a legislative act of Vandalism put an end to the collegiate character of Gresham's foundation, and the mansion and buildings were sold to government, to form a site for the Excise Office. As compensation to the lecturers for the loss of their condolences, their salaries were raised to £100 a year. The lectures were afterwards read for some time at the Royal Exchange, but a new college was erected and opened on the 2d November 1843.

Gresham's Royal Exchange was destroyed, as we all know, in the Great Fire. It was rebuilt on a larger scale, but similar plan. This building was accidentally destroyed by fire on the 10th January 1838, and replaced by the present stately structure which visibly perpetuates the memory of the renowned Sir Thomas Gresham.

JOHN HILL.

Biography, combining instruction with amusement, not unfrequently exhibits, in one and the same character, examples of excellence to be fearlessly followed, and of weakness to be as sedulously shunned. As an instance of the advantages to be achieved by unwearied industry and rigid economy of time, the career of John Hill may be adduced as one well worthy of praise and emulation; while it also warningly shews the baleful and inevitable results of an unbridled vanity acting on a weak, malvolent, and contentious disposition. If Ishmael has his hand against every man, he must expect, as a natural consequence, that every man's hand will be against him. One of the various nicknames given to Hill by his contemporaries, was Dr Atall, sufficiently illustrative of his character. For players, poets, philosophers, physicians, antiquaries, critics, commentators, free-thinkers, and divines, were alternately selected by him as objects of satire or invective. And thus it happens, that while Hill's voluminous, and in many instances, useful works, are almost forgotten, and his valuable services to the infant science of botany scarcely recognised at the present day, his name is principally preserved in the countless satirical squibs and epigrams launched at him by those whom he had wantonly provoked and insulted. Hill was the son of a worthy Lincolnshire clergyman, and having been educated as an apothecary, he opened a shop in St Martin's Lane, London. Marrying before he had established a
business, the res angusta domi obliged him to look for other means of support. The fame of Linnaeus, and the novelty of his sexual system of botany, then producing a great sensation throughout Europe, Hill determined to turn his attention to that science, for which he undoubtedly had a strong natural taste. Patronised by the Duke of Richmond and Lord Petre, he was employed by them to arrange their gardens and collections of dried plants. He then conceived a scheme of travelling over England to collect rare plants, a select number of which, prepared in a peculiar manner, and accompanied by descriptive letterpress, he proposed to publish by subscription. This plan failing, he tried the stage as an actor, but without success, failing even in the appropriate character of the half-starved apothecary in Romeo and Juliet. Relinquishing the sock and buskin, he returned to the mortar and pestle, and while struggling for a living in his original profession, he turned his attention to literature. His first work was a translation of Theophrastus On Genes, which, being well and carefully executed, established his reputation as a scholar, and procured him fame, friends, and money. Having at last found the tide that leads to fortune, Hill was not slow to take advantage of it. He wrote travels, novels, plays; he compiled and translated with marvellous activity and industry; works on botany, natural history, and gardening—in short, on every popular subject—flowed, as it were, from his ready pen. From these sources he derived for several years an annual income of £1500.

Obtaining a diploma in medicine from the College of St Andrews, Hill, with this passport to society, set up his carriage, and entered on the gay career of a man of fashion. He commenced the British Magazine, and, in addition to his other labours, published a daily essay in the Advertiser, under the title of the 'Inspector.' Notwithstanding all this employment, he combined business with pleasure, by being a constant attendant at all places of public amusement, and thus procured the scandalous anecdotes which he so freely dispensed in his periodical writings. About this time he came into collision with Garrick, Hill having composed a farce called the Route, and presented it to a charitable institution as ‘a piece written by a person of quality.’ The play was acted under Garrick’s management, for the benefit of the charity, but received little favour; and, on the second night of its representation, it was hissed and hooted through every scene. Wild with rage and disappointment, the doctor disdained his spite in venomous paragraphs against the manager. To which Garrick simply replied:

For physic and farces,
His equal there scarce is;
His farces are physic,
His physic a farce is!

Hill returned to the attack with a paper, entitled A Petition from the Letters I and U to David Garrick. In this, these letters are made to complain bitterly of the grievances inflicted on them by the actor, through his invidious habit of banishing them from their proper places, as in the words virtue, and ungrateful, which he pronounced vurtue and ingrataful. Garrick again replied with an epigram, in which he had decidedly the best of it:

If ‘tis true, as you say, that I’ve injured a letter,
I’ll change my note soon, and I hope for the better.
May the right use of letters, as well as of men,
Hereafter be fixed by the tongue and the pen.
Most devoutly I wish, that they both have their due.
And that I may be never mistaken for U.

When all London was galled by the story of Elizabeth Canning, Hill’s natural shrewdness saw through the imposture. In a pamphlet he successfully opposed the current of popular opinion, and was applauded by the discerning few, who had escaped that strange infatuation. One of his opponents in that and other controversies, was Henry Fielding, the goodness of whose heart made him, in this instance, the dupe of female artifice and cunning.

When writing under the character of the ‘Inspector,’ Hill adopted a whimsically dishonest stratagem, to lash, without manifest inconsistency, some persons whom a little before he had eulogised. He published anonymously the first number of a periodical, entitled the Impertinent, in which he violently attacked the poet Smart; but took care, in the next ‘Inspector,’ to extol with faint praise, and rebuke the cruel treatment of him by the Impertinent. When Smart discovered this treacherous trick, he published a keen satire, entitled The Hilliad, in which he represents as follows a gipsy fortune-teller inducing Hill to abandon the pestle for the pen:

In these three lines asthwart thy palm I see
Either a tripod or a single-tree,
For oh! I ken by mysteries profound,
Too light to sink, thou never canst be drowned—
Whate’er thy end, the Fates are now at strife,
Yet strange variety shall check thy life—
Thou grand dictator of each public show,
Wit, moralist, quack, harlequin, and beau,
Survey man’s vice, self-praised and self-preferred,
And be th’ inspector of the infected herd;
By any means aspire at any ends,
Baseness exalts, and cowardice defends,
The chequered world’s before thee—go—farewell,
Beware of Irishmen—and learn to spell.

The allusion in the last line refers to an Irish gentleman, named Brown, who, having been libelled in the ‘Inspector,’ retorted by publicly beating the doctor in the rotunda at Ranelagh Gardens (see cut on the following page). Hill received the buffeting with humility, but to shew that such meekness of conduct was attributable rather to stoicism than to a want of personal courage, he immediately afterwards published an account of himself having once given a beating to a person, whom he named Mario. A wag, doubting this story, wrote—

‘To beat one man, great Hill was fated.’

‘What man?’ ‘A man whom he created!’

Indeed, Hill did not claim for himself a high standard of truthfulness; he sometimes acknowledged in the ‘Inspector’ that he had told falsehoods, thus giving occasion for another epigram:

What Hill one day says, he, the next, does deny,
And candidly tells us it is all a lie.
Dear doctor, this candour from you is not wanted;
For why should you own it? ‘tis taken for granted.

Hill, however, considered himself a moralist, a friend and supporter of piety and religion.
published a ponderous guinea quarto on God and Nature, written professedly against the philosophy of Lord Bolingbroke; and every Saturday's 'Inspector' was devoted to what he termed 'a lay sermon,' written somewhat in the Orator-Henley style, and affording subject-matter for the following epigrammatic parody:

'Three great wise men, in the same era born,
Britannia's happy island did adorn:
Henley in care of souls, displayed his skill,
Rock shone in physic, and in both John Hill;
The force of nature could no further go,
To make a third, she joined the former two.'

Rock was a notorious quack of the period. Being one day in a coffee-house on Ludgate Hill, a gentleman expressed his surprise that a certain physician of great abilities had but little practice, while such a fellow as Rock was making a fortune. 'Oh!' said the quack, 'that Rock was, and I shall soon explain the matter to you. How many wise men, think you, are in the multitude that pass along this street?' 'About one in twenty,' replied the other. 'Well, then,' said Rock, 'the nineteen come to me when they are sick, and the physician is welcome to the twentieth.'

And to the complexion of quackery did Hill come at last. His mind, from over-production, became sterile; his slovenliness of compilation, and disregard for truth, sank his literary reputation as fast as it had risen. When his works found no purchasers, the publishers ceased to be his bankers. He had lived in good style on the malice and fear of the community, he now found

resources in its credulity. He brought out certain tinctures and essences of simple plants, sage, valerian, bardana, or water-dock, asserting that they were infallible panaceas for all the ills that flesh is heir to. Their sale was rapid and extensive, and whatever virtues they may have possessed, no one can deny that they were peculiarly beneficial to their author, enabling him to have a town-house in St James' Street, a country-house and garden at Bayswater, and a carriage to ride in from one to the other. The quivers of the epigram-writers were once more filled by these medicines, and thus some of their arrows flew—

'Thou essence of dock, of valerian, and sage,
At once the disgrace and the pest of this age;
The worst that we wish thee, for all of thy crimes,
...to take thy own physic, and read thy own rhymes.'

To this another wit added:

'The wish must be in form reversed,
To suit the doctor's crimes,
For, if he takes his physic first,
He'll never read his rhymes.'

Hill, or some one in his name, replied:

'Ye desperate junio, ye great, or ye small,
Who combat dukes, doctors, the devil, and all!
Whether gentlemen-scribblers or poets in jail,
Your impertinent wishes shall never prevail;
I'll take neither sage, dock, nor balsam of honey;
Do you take the physic, and I'll take the money.'

The latter end of Hill's life was better than the beginning. Though his first wife was the daughter of a domestic servant, he succeeded in obtaining, as a second helpmate, a sister of Lord Ranelagh. At the parties of the Duchess of Northumberland, he was a frequent guest, and he acquired the patronage of the Earl of Bute. His last and most valuable work, a monument of industry and enterprise, was
a complete Vegetable System, in twenty-four folio volumes, illustrated by 1600 copper-plates, representing 26,000 plants, all drawn from nature. This work was in every respect far in advance of its time, and entailed a heavy pecuniary loss on its author. A copy of it, however, which he presented to the king of Sweden, was rewarded with the order of the Polar Star, and from thenceforth the quondam apothecary styled himself Sir John Hill. Lord Bute appointed him to the direction of the royal gardens, with a handsome salary, but it does not seem that the grant was ever confirmed. In spite of the efficacy of his Tincture of Bardana, which Hill warranted as a specific for gout, he died of that disease on the 21st of November 1775. The following is the last letter which the epigrammatists had at him:—

"Poor Doctor Hill is dead! Good luck!"

"What disorder?" said Agnes. "An attack of gout." "Indeed! I thought that he had found a wondrous remedy." "Why, so he had, and when he tried, he found it true—the doctor died!"

MARY BERRY.

This lady, who died in Curzon Street, Mayfair, on 21st November 1822, at the age of ninety, formed one of the last remaining links which connected the life and characters of the latter half of the last century with the present. Both she and her younger sister Agnes enjoyed the acquaintance and friendship of the celebrated Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, who, after succeeding to that title, made a proffer, though an unacceptable one, of his hand and coronet to Mary Berry. These two ladies were the daughters of Mr Robert Berry, a gentleman of Yorkshire origin, but resident in South Audley Street, London. Walpole first met them, it is said, at Lord Strafford's, at Wentworth Castle, in Yorkshire, and the friendship thus formed was a lasting one. The Misses Berry afterwards took up their abode at Twickenham, in the immediate neighbourhood of Strawberry Hill, with whose master a constant interchange of visits and other friendly offices was maintained. Horace used to call them his two wives, corresponded frequently with them, told them many stories of his early life, and what he had seen and heard, and was induced by these friends, who used to take notes of his communications, to give to the world his *Reminiscences of the Courts of George I. and II.*

On Walpole's death, the Misses Berry and their father were left his literary executors, with the charge of collecting and publishing his writings. This task was accomplished by Mr Berry, under whose superintendence an edition of the works of Lord Orford was published in five volumes quarto. He died a very old man at Genoa, in 1817, and his daughters, for nearly forty years afterwards, continued to assemble around them all the literary and fashionable celebrities of London. Agnes, the younger Miss Berry, predeceased her sister by about a year and a half.

Miss Berry was an authoress, and published a collection of Miscellanies, in two volumes, in 1844. She also edited sixty Letters, addressed to herself and sister by Horace Walpole; and came chivalrously forward to vindicate his character against the sarcasm and aspersions of Lord Macaulay in the *Edinburgh Review.*

NOVEMBER 22.

Saints Philomen and Appius. St Cecilia, virgin and martyr, 239. St Theodorus the Studite, abbot, 9th century.

ST CECILIA.

This saint was a Roman lady of good family, and having been educated as a Christian, was desirous of devoting herself to heaven by a life of celibacy. Compelled, however, by her parents to wed a young nobleman named Valerian, she succeeded in converting both her husband and his brother to Christianity, and afterwards shared with them the honours of martyrdom. Accounts differ as to the death which she suffered, some asserting that she was boiled in a caldron, and others that she was left for days to expire gradually after being half decapitated. The legend states that the executioner, after striking one blow, found himself unable to complete his task.

St Cecilia is generally regarded as the patroness of church-music, and, indeed, of music generally; but the reason for her holding this office is not very satisfactorily explained. Butler says that it was from her assiduity in singing the divine praises, the effect of which she often heightened by the aid of an instrument. She is generally represented singing, and playing on some musical instrument, or listening to the performance of an angelic visitant. This last circumstance is derived from an ancient legend, which relates that an angel was so enraptured with her harmonious strains as to quit the abodes of bliss to visit the saint. Dryden thus alludes to the incident in his *Ode for St Cecilia's Day*:

At last 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 price,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.'

About the end of the seventeenth century, the practice was introduced of having concerts on St Cecilia's Day, the 22d of November. These were highly fashionable for a time; the words of the pieces performed being frequently from the pen of writers like Dryden, Addison, and Pope, and the music composed by artists like Purcell and Blow.

*Born.—* Professor Duppa Stewart, celebrated metaphysician, 1755, Edinburgh.

*Died.—* Pope John XXIII., 1419, Florence; Robert, Lord Oliva, founder of the British empire in India, 1774, Morten Bay, near Dragten; John Stackhouse, botanist, 1819, Bath; François Le Vaillant, African traveller, 1824, La Née, near Lacom; Sir Henry Havelock, Indian general, 1857, Lucknow; Professor George Wilson, author of various scientific works, 1859, Edinburgh; Father Lavoisier, eminent French preých 1861, Lorne.
FATHER LACORDAIRE.

The Frenchman has an inborn aptitude for oratory, and seldom, for any period, are the pulpit and tribune of his nation deprived of the illumination of genius. Among the greatest of modern French orators was the Abbé Lacordaire. Paris is not a city in which priests are popular, but for years, the delivery of a discourse by him had only to be announced to assemble a crowded audience, waiting with breathless interest for the words from his mouth.

He was the son of a country physician, and was born in 1802. Educated for the law, he went to Paris in 1822, for the purpose of being called to the bar. He evinced remarkable abilities, and his success as an advocate was regarded as certain. Professing deistical opinions, he suddenly, to the amazement of his acquaintance, proclaimed his intention of becoming a priest, and straightway, on his twenty-third birthday, he entered the ecclesiastical seminary of St Sulpice. In after-life, he frequently repeated that neither man nor book was the instrument of his conversion, but that a sudden and secret stroke of grace opened his eyes to the nothingness of irreligion. In a single day he became a believer; and once a believer, he wished to become a priest.

For some years, life passed smoothly with Lacordaire in the fulfilment of a variety of ecclesiastical duties. The only singularity about him was his political liberalism, which he retained as firmly as in the days when a student and barrister. This liberalism drew him into association with Lamennais and Montalambert, and together they started a newspaper, L'Avenir, in 1830. Its device was, 'God and Liberty'; that is to say, the pope and the people, ultramontanism in religion and radicalism in politics. L'Avenir quickly brought its conductors into a blaze of notoriety, into law-suits with the government, and into controversy with bishops; but what they gained in fame they lost in money, and they were compelled to stop their newspaper. Prompted by Lamennais, they carried their ecclesiastical controversy to Rome, and resisted on October 15, pronouncing a decision. To their intense chagrin, the pope issued an encyclical letter condemning the politicians of L'Avenir, Lacordaire and Montalambert bowed to the papal authority, but Lamennais, after a fierce struggle with himself, passed into open rebellion, in which he continued to the end of his life.

At this time, Lacordaire made the acquaintance of Madame Swetchine, a Russian lady of rank, who, having become a Roman Catholic, resided in Paris, where her house, for more than forty years, was the resort of the most brilliant society of the faithful. To Lacordaire she became more than a mother. 'Her soul,' he wrote, 'was to mine what the shore is to the plank shattered by the waves; and I still remember, after twenty-five years, all the light and strength she afforded to a young man unknown to her. Her counsel preserved me alike from despondency and the opposite extreme. As long as her health permitted, she was always among Lacordaire's hearers. 'Should you like to see the preacher's mother?' was asked of two persons who were listening to him in Notre-Dame. 'Why, she died ten years ago!' was the answer. 'No, there she is, look at her;' and the speaker pointed to Madame Swetchine, hidden behind a pillar, whose constant attention to, and manifest happiness in, the discourse of the preacher, gave rise to this very natural mistake.

Lacordaire made his first essay as a preacher in 1833, and failed completely. Montalambert and others who heard him unanimously agreed, 'He is a talented man, but will never make a preacher,' and Lacordaire was of the same opinion. Nevertheless, he tried again in the following year, and was instantly successful. By some means his tongue had got loosed, and passion, tenderness, irony, and wit burst freely from his lips. One day, for the benefit of certain scoffers, he exclaimed: 'Gentlemen, God has made you witty, very witty indeed, to show you how little he cares for the wit of man.' His fame grew daily. The archbishop of Paris called him to mount the pulpit of Notre-Dame; and on one occasion, rising from his throne, in the presence of an immense audience, he greeted the orator with the title of 'our new prophet.'

From this excess of glory he retired for seclusion, for two or three years, to Rome, and, whilst wandering and praying in the basilicas of the Eternal City, he became convinced that it was his mission to revive the order of the Dominican friars in France. Having secured the requisite authority, he reappeared in Notre-Dame, clothed in the white woolen habit of the order, with shaven head and black scapular. The novelty lent fresh piquancy to his oratory, and Lacordaire, in Notre-Dame, became one of the lions of Paris, whom everybody, who could possibly do so, felt bound to see and hear. In his zeal, he assumed the name of Dominic, wrote a life of the saint, and defended the Inquisition. At the same time he contended, with all the vigour of a reformer, for freedom of opinion. 'Public conscience,' he said in one of his sermons, 'will always repel the man who asks for exclusive liberty, or forgets the rights of others; for exclusive liberty is but a privilege, and a liberty forgetful of others' rights is nothing better than treason. Yes, Catholics, know this well: if you want liberty for yourselves, you must will it for all men under heaven. If you ask it for yourselves simply, it will never be granted; yea, it may be granted you in order that it may be given you wherever you are slaves.' Strange words these, the world thought, from a Dominican monk! Among his last public sayings uttered in Paris was: 'I hope to live and die a penitent Catholic, and an impenitent liberal.'

Such being Lacordaire's sentiments, it was no surprise that, in the Revolution of 1848, he was selected as member of the Constituent Assembly for the department of Bouches du Rhône. He entered that tumultuous parliament in the garb of St Dominic, and took his seat near the summit of the Mountain, not far from the side of his long-lost friend, Lamennais. His appearance attracted the greatest curiosity, but he was out of his proper sphere. He made several speeches, but they fell flat on his audience, and he had the good sense to perceive his error, and retire after a few weeks' trial. Louis Napoleon's coup d'état was felt by him and his friends as always among Lacordaire's hearers. 'Should you like to see the preacher's mother?' was asked of two persons who were listening to him in Notre-Dame. 'Why, she died ten years ago!' was the answer. 'No, there
relief, that in 1854 he was appointed to the direction of the free college of Sorèze, and preached his last sermon in Paris. Once only was he recalled from his provincial solitude. In 1860, he was elected to fill the chair in the French Academy, left vacant by M. de Toqueville. He was introduced by M. Guizot, and his installation had all the significance of a political demonstration. Montalembert prayed him to remain in Paris for a day or two, but after some little hesitation he answered: 'No, I cannot; it would perhaps prevent some of my children, who are preparing for the coming festival, from going to confession.' No one can say what the loss of one communion may be in the life of a Christian.' With such zeal did he give himself to his new duties, that Sorèze, under his care, took rank as the first school in the south of France.

His observance of monastic rule was rigorous in the extreme, and his health suffered by his austerities. 'The great men of antiquity were poor,' he used to say. 'Luxury is the rock on which every one splits to-day. People no longer know how to live on little. A great heart in a little house is of all things here below that has ever touched me most.' Despite the simplicity and poverty of his habits, he was in him a passion for precision, neatness, and good order, which altogether redeemed them from meanness. During the last two years of his life, he was the subject of a cruel disease, against the influence of which he battled resolutely. Finally, he had to give up, saying: 'This is the first time that my body has submitted my will.' He died on the 22d of November 1861; his last words were: 'My God! open to me—open to me!'

To Protestants and Catholics, Lacordaire was a paradox, and in this lay one reason for the interest he excited. The faithful child of Rome and the democrats were hard to reconcile, yet in them they seemed to be united in all sincerity. In theology, he was no innovator; whatever might be his vehemence, he never lapsed from orthodoxy. He was a sentimentalist, not a philosopher; a patriot, not a statesman. It was his fervour, his fluency, his brilliancy, not depth nor originality of idea, which drew crowds to hear him. He was, what is a very rare thing, a real extempore speaker. He had a wonderful power of improvisation. He prepared his discourses by short out intense labour, and made no notes. Reporters took down what he said, and, with slight revision, he sent their copy to the press. Readers usually feel them tame and abounding in platitudes, but no orator can be judged truly in print. Like an actor, he must be seen to be appreciated. One day, in the pulpit, Lacordaire said: 'By the grace of God, I have a horror for what is commonplace;' whereon, observes his friend and admirer Montalembert, 'He was never more mistaken in his life;' but it demands no ordinary genius to bewitch the world with commonplace.

ROBIN HOOD.

Much controversy has prevailed with respect to this celebrated outlaw, and the difficulty, or rather impossibility, of now obtaining any information regarding his history, makes it impossible that can be relied on as authentic, will, in all likelihood, render him ever a subject for debate and discussion among antiquaries. The utmost attainment that can reasonably be expected in such a matter, is the being enabled, through a judicious consideration and sifting of collateral evidence, to draw some credible inference, or establish some well-grounded probability.

The commonly-received belief regarding Robin Hood is, that he was the captain of a band of robbers or outlaws, who inhabited the forest of Sherwood, in Nottinghamshire, and also the woodlands of Barnsdale, in the adjoining West Riding of Yorkshire. They supported themselves by levying toll on wealthy travellers, more especially ecclesiastics, and also by hunting the deer and wild animals of the forest. Great generosity is ascribed to Robin, who is represented as preying only on the wealthy and avaricious, whilst he carefully eschewed all attacks on poor people or women, and was ever ready to succour depressed innocence and worth by his purse as well as his sword and bow. He is recorded to have cherished a special enmity towards the sheriff of Nottinghamshire, whom, on one occasion, under the guise of a butcher, and pretending that he had some horned cattle to dispose of, he entrapped into the forest of Sherwood, and only released on the payment of a swinging ransom. Bishops and rich ecclesiastics were the object of his especial dislike and execrations, but he was, nevertheless, a religiously-disposed man, and never failed regularly to hear mass or perform his orisons. He even retained in his band a domestic chaplain, who has descended to posterity by the appellation of Friar Tuck, and been immortalised in Robin Hood. The lieutenant of this renowned captain was a tall stalwart fellow called John Little, but whose name, for the sake of the ludicrous contrast it presented, was transposed into Little John. Other noted members of the band were William Scadlock, George-a-Green, and Much the miller's son. A mistress has also been assigned to Robin Hood, under the epithet of 'Maid Marian,' who followed him to the greenwood, and shared his dangers and toils.

The same popular accounts represent this gay outlaw as living in the period extending from the reign of Henry II., through those of Richard I. and John, to that of Henry III. We are informed that he was born at or near Nottingham, in the reign of Richard I., about 1160 A.D.; that from having dissipated his inheritance through carelessness and extravagance, he was induced to adopt the life of an outlaw in the forests; and that after having, with the band which he had collected around him, successfully conducted his predatory operations for a long course of years, and set all law and magistrates at defiance, he at last, in his eighty-seventh year, felt the infirmities of age coming upon him, and was induced to enter the convent of Kirkless, in Yorkshire, to procure medical assistance. The prioress, who is described as a relation—by some, an aunt—of his own, was led, either through personal enmity or the instigation of another, to cause the death of Robin Hood, an object which she accomplished by opening a vein or artery, and allowing him to bleed to death. The date assigned to this event is November 1247. It is stated that when Robin perceived the treachery which was about to befall him, he summoned all his remaining strength, and blew a loud blast on his bugle-horn. The well-known call reached the ears of his trusty lieutenant, Little John, who forthwith hastened from the adjoining forest, and arriving at the
priory, forced his way into the chamber where his
dying chieftain lay. The latter, according to the
story in the ballad, makes the following request:

'Give me my best bow in my hand,
And an arrow I'll let free,
And where that arrow is taken up,
There let my grave digged be.'

The bow being then put into his hands by Little
John, Robin discharged it through the open cas-
sement, and the arrow alighted on a spot where,
according to popular tradition, he was shortly
afterwards buried. A stone, carved with a florid
cross and an obliterated inscription, marks the
place of sepulture, and the
whole has been in recent times
surrounded by an enclosure, as
shown in the accompanying
engraving. This probably genu-
ine memorial of Robin Hood,
is situated on the extreme edge
of Kirklees Park, not far from
Huddersfield. The site which it
occupies is bold and picturesque,
commanding an extensive view
of what was formerly forest-
land, and which still displays
dumps of gnarled oaks, scat-
tered up and down, mingled
with heath and scrub.

Finally, we
are informed by several old bal-
lads, and also by some writers of a later age, that
this prince of robbers was no other than the Earl
of Huntingdon, who, from misfortunes or his own
mismanagement, had been compelled to adopt a
predatory life.

The above statements, with many additions and
variations by way of embellishment, are all set
forth in the numerous ballads which profess to
record the exploits of Robin Hood and his 'merry
men.' A collection of these, under the title of
A Lytell Geste [history] of Robyn Hood, from a
manuscript apparently of the latter end of the
fourteenth century, was printed by Winkyn de
Words, one of the earliest English printers, about
1495. It forms the most satisfactory and reliable
evidence that we possess of the life and deeds of
the sylvan hero, and comprises one or two circum-
stances which, as we shall shortly see, go far to
substantiate the fact of the actual existence of
Robin Hood.

The Lytell Geste is divided into eight parts or
fytes, as they are called; the seventh of which, and
part of the eighth, narrate an adventure of Robin
with 'King Edward,' who, at the end of the sixth
fyte, is styled 'Edwarde our comely kynge.' The
only monarch of that name whom we can consist-
ently believe to be here referred to is the light-
hearted and unfortunate Edward II., who is des-
cribed as having immediately before made a
progress through Lancashire. His father, Edward I.,
ever was in Lancashire after he became king; and
Edward III., if he was ever in that county at all,
was certainly never there during the earlier years
of his reign, whilst, as regards the subsequent years
of his government, we have indisputable evidence
that Robin Hood
had by that
time become a
historical per-
sonage, or at all
events an existence
of the past.

But with respect
to Edward II.,
contemporary
proof is furn-
ished that in
the autumn of
the year 1323,
and not long
after the death
and death of his
great enemy and
kinsman, the
Earl of Lanca-
ter, he made a
progress through
the counties of
Lancashire,
Yorkshire, and
Nottingham.

Here a coinci-
dence occurs be-
tween a histori-
cal fact and the
incidents related
in the ballad.

According to
these last, King
Edward having
arrived at Nottingham, resolves forthwith on the
extermination of Robin Hood and his band, to
whose depredations he imputes the great diminu-
tion that had lately taken place in the numbers
of the deer in the royal forests. A forester under-
takes to guide him to the haunts of the outlaw,
and Edward and his train, disguised like monks—
certainly rather an unkingly masquerade; but
Edward II. had little kindness about him to cut
for the place, and on the way thither are suddenly
encountered by Robin and his men, to whom the
pseudo-abbot represents that he has only with him
£40. The half of this he is obliged to give up, but
is courteously permitted to retain the remaining
moiety. After transacting this little matter of
business, Robin invites the abbot to hunt sport
and dine with him—an invitation doubtless not to be
resisted in the circumstances. After dinner, a
shooting-match commences, and in course of this
the real rank of the pretended abbot is discovered,
and Robin, falling down on his knees, craves
forgiveness for himself and retainers. The king grants it, but on condition that the outlaw chief shall quit his present mode of life, and accompany his sovereign to court, where he is promised a place in the royal household. To this he readily consents, and accompanies the king first to Nottingham, and afterwards to London, where, for nearly a year, he dwelled in the king's court.

Now it is at least a singular coincidence, that in the records of the household expenses of Edward II, preserved in Exchequer, the name of 'Robyn Hode' occurs several times as a 'vadlet' or porter of the chamber in the period from the 25th of April to the 22d of November 1324, but no mention of him occurs either previous to the former or subsequent to the latter of these dates. This was the very time during which, according to the ballad, Robin Hood lived at court. The following is the entry on the 22d of November above referred to, which, on the assumption of the ballad-hero and the person there named being the same individual, may be regarded as the latest historical record which we have of that personage. 'Robyn Hode jadys un des porleurs pour cas qil ne poat plus travailler, de don par comandement — v.s. [To Robin Hood, by command, owing to his being unable any longer to work, the sum of 6s.] It is unnecessary to remind the reader, that such a sum represented in those days a much greater value than at the present time.

In the ballad under notice, we are informed that Robert, after having remained in the king's service for about a twelvemonth, became weary of the court, and longed for the free and joyous life of Sherwood Forest. The king consents to let him go, but only for a short period—a condition which Robin thoroughly disregards after regaining his liberty. Rapturously welcomed by his old associates, and reinstated as their leader, he continues for twenty-two years to lead the life of a robber-chief, and dies at last through treachery in Kirklees Priory, as already mentioned.

For the coincidences above related, between historical facts and the poetical narrative detailed by the compiler of the Lytell Geste, we are indebted to the researches of the late Rev. Joseph Hunter, whose ingenuous tract, entitled The Ballad-Heads of Robin Hood, has endeavoured, and we think not unsuccessfully, to vindicate the real existence of this renowned outlaw against the arguments of those who would represent him as a mere poetical abstraction or myth. To the latter view of his character, we shall now advert.

There is no tendency which has been more characteristic of the present century, than that of investigating the foundations by which historical records are supported, sifting the evidence adduced, and endeavouring by an analysis of the materials in the crucible of research, to eliminate what has been intermingled of fable or romance. Ruthless and unsparing has been the process, sweeping and stupendous, in many instances, the demolition thereby occasioned, but the results have in the main been beneficial, and the cause of truth, as well as the progress of human knowledge, been signally benefited. In some instances, however, it cannot be denied that this sceptical and overturning tendency has been carried to an extreme. With a rush, equivalent to the unhesitating faith which made our fathers accept as undoubted fact whatever they found recorded in ancient annals, our critical archæologists of the present day seem not unreasonably to ignore, superciliously, all popular traditions or belief, and transfer, indiscriminately, to the region of myth or fable, the individuals whose actions form the subject of these popular histories. Such a fate has, with other heroes of folk-lore, been shared by the chief of Sherwood Forest. It has been maintained by many distinguished antiquaries, including Mr. T. Wright, in our own country, and Grimm in Germany, that Robin Hood is a mere fanciful abstraction, a poetical myth, or 'one amongst the personages of the early mythology of the Teutonic people.' It has been gravely conjectured that his name, 'Robin Hood,' is a corruption for 'Robin of the Wood,' and that he is to be only regarded as a mythical embodiment of the spirit of unrestrained freedom and sylvan sport. The principal grounds on which this argument is maintained are the absence of any direct historical evidence regarding him; the numbers of places in widely-separated parts of the country, which are associated with him and bear his name; and a supposed resemblance between many of the circumstances related of him, and those recorded of various legendary personages throughout Europe.

Where parties have been led to form such views as those above indicated, it requires irrefragable evidence to convert them to an opposite way of thinking. And, doubtless, as far as regards Robin Hood, it is almost hopeless to expect that any more light than what we have hitherto obtained, will be procured to elucidate his history. But the whole weight of inferential evidence seems to be on the side of those who would retain the notion of his having been a real personage. There is nothing, as Mr. Hunter remarks, supernatural in the attributes or incidents recorded of him. These are nothing more than what can be supposed to have belonged, or happened to an English yeoman, skilled in all manly sports, more especially in the use of the bow, and naturally endowed with a generous and genial disposition. Much embellishment and romantic fiction has, doubtless, been added to his history; but that the leading features of it, as popularly detailed, rest at all events on a basis of fact, is, in our opinion, satisfactorily established.

It will be observed that Mr. Hunter, in fixing the reign of Edward II as the period in which Robin Hood flourished, departs from the commonly-received notion, which represents him as living in the time of Richard I and John. In this view he is supported by all the evidence that can be gathered from actual documents, and also by the statements in the poem of the Lytell Geste; whilst the other notion has no ground to rest on beyond the vague and uncertain authority of tradition, or of chroniclers who wrote long after the events which they profess to record. And it may here also be mentioned, that in the period immediately following Robin Hood's supposed withdrawal from court, Mr. Hunter discovered, in the court-rolls of the Manor of Wakefield, the name of "Robyn Hode," resident in that town, and a suitor in the manorial court. The adjoining district of Bursdale, in the West Riding, was no less a haunt of Robin Hood and his followers, than Sherwood Forest, in Nottinghamshire. And another singular
circumstance is, that the wife of this Robertus Hoo is named under the name of Matilda, the title given to the hero of the old ballads to Robin Hood; the wife of whom, however, exchanged it for Marian when she follows him to the forest.

The statement that Robin Hood was the Earl of Huntingdon, seems to rest mainly on an epitaph manufactured in after-times, and on one or two obscure expressions found in ancient writers. Upon a fleeting foundation of this kind, Dr. Stukeley has built a regular genealogy of Robin Hood, representing his real name as Robert Fitzooth, Earl of Huntingdon. No reliance whatever can be placed on this view of the question, and it is certainly wholly opposed to the few items of historical evidence which have already been adduced.

The earliest demonstrable allusion to Robin Hood in English literature, occurs in Longland's Vision of Piers Ploughman, a poem belonging to the middle of the fourteenth century. A character, allegorising Sloth, is represented as saying:

‘I can not perfitly my patronster as the prest it sayth,
But I can rynmes of Robyn Hode and Randolf, Earl of Chester.’

By thus coupling his name with that of the Earl of Chester, a real personage, this passage affords a presumption that Robin Hood was likewise no creation of the imagination. That the fact of his being mentioned at this date, discredit the argument of his having lived only a few years previously, cannot warrantably be maintained, seeing it was a perfectly common practice in the days of minstrelsy to celebrate the deeds of personages, actually living at the time, as well as of those who belonged to a former age.

Assuming Robin Hood and his band to have had a real existence, it becomes a matter of interesting speculation, to conjecture whether any peculiar circumstance in the history of the time can have given rise to this singular society in the forests of Nottinghamshire and the West Riding. M. Thierry, in his History of the Norman Conquest, has represented Robin Hood as the chief of a small body of Saxons, who, in these remote fastnesses, defied successfully the authority of the Norman sovereigns. Another writer has imagined them to be a remnant of the followers of the celebrated Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, who was slain at the battle of Evesham. But Mr Hunter's conjecture is at least as plausible as any—that they were persons who had taken part in the rebellion against Edward II., of his cousin, Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, which had been suppressed by the battle of Boroughbridge, in March 1322. A summary vengeance was taken on the earl, who, with a number of his most distinguished followers, was beheaded at his own castle of Pontefract. Many other chiefs were executed in different places. It is reasonable, however, to conjecture that numerous individuals who had taken part in the insurrection, would contrive to evade pursuit by retreating to remote fastnesses. In this way, a band like Robin Hood's might be formed under the leadership of a bold and energetic captain. The popularity which the Earl of Lancaster enjoyed in the West Riding, will tend still further to explain the favour and good-will

with which Robin Hood and his followers seem to have been generally regarded by the peasantry.

And a coincidence is thus established between the date of the battle and the progress of Edward II., already mentioned, in the autumn of the following year, through the northern counties of England.

The circumstance of so many places throughout the country bearing the name of Robin Hood—such as Robin Hood's Hill, Robin Hood's Chair, Robin Hood's Bay, &c.—is derived, with great probability, from the practice which prevailed both in England and Scotland, of celebrating on May-day certain sports under the designation of Robin Hood Games.

These consisted of a personation of the various characters, which, according to the popular ballads, made up the court or retinue of the king of Sherwood Forest. The reader will find a notice of them at p. 590 of the first volume of this work.

From certain places being selected for the observance of these festivities, and also, it may be, from some renowned performer in the games having been connected with a particular locality, the name of Robin Hood has frequently, in all likelihood, been associated with places which he never once visited. Doubtless, however, one or two of these spots are of a more genuine character; such as the grave at Kirklees Priory, and, as Mr Hunter is inclined to believe, the well, known as 'Robin Hood's Well,' a little to the north of Doncaster, on the Great North Road, leading from that town to Ferrybridge.

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NOVEMBER 23.


BORN.—John Wallis, mathematician, 1616, Ashford, Kent; Dr. Thomas Birch, historical and biographical writer, 1705, London.


ARDEN OF FAYERSHAM.

One of the most terrible tragedies in private life—afterwards dramatised as a tragedy for the stage by George Lillo—was that known in connection with the name of Arden of Faversham. In 1539, Henry VIII., having ordered the principal part of the monastic buildings at Faversham, in Kent, to be pulled down, granted the site of the abbey, with some adjoining lands, to Sir Thomas Chaloner, who alienated them five years afterwards to Mr Thomas Arden, or Arlden, a gentleman of Faversham. It was this Arden whose atrocious murder, while mayor of the town in 1580, became lastingly impressed on the history of Kent. From Holinshed's Chronicle are derived all the later narratives of the event which we now proceed to relate. Arden's wife, 'Mistress Alice, young, tall,
and well-favoured of shape and countenance, formed a criminal connection with a paramour, named Mosby, a black, sweep in the house. Mosby had been servant to Sir Edward North, Alice's father-in-law; and then settled as a tailor in London. The infatuated wife, lost to all sense of duty and morality, conspired with Mosby to put an end to her husband's existence, in order that she might marry the profligate 'black, sallow man.' How the employed as their confederate one John Green, a Faversham tailor; George Brashaw, a goldsmith of the same town; and 'one Black Will, of Calyce (Calais), a murderer, which murderer was privily sent for to Calyce by the earnest sute, appoinyment, and confederacy of Alice Arden and Thomas Mosby! The conspirators watched Master Arden, 'walking in Poule's' (St Paul's Cathedral, the nave of which was a public promenade in those days), but could not find an opportunity to murder him; they then lay in wait for him on Rainham Down, and a second time in the Broomy Close (two places near Faversham), but on all these occasions failed in obtaining an opportunity. The wicked wife then laid a plot for murdering her husband in his own house. She procured the services of Mosby's sister, Cicely Pounder, and of two of Arden's domestic servants, Michael Saunderson and Elizabeth Stafford. On a particular day selected—Sunday, too—Black Will was hidden in a closet at the end of Arden's parlour. After supper, Arden sat down to play some kind of game with Mosby; Green stood at Arden's back, holding a candle in his hand, 'to shadowe Black Will when he should come out; and the other conspirators had their eye. At a given signal in the game, 'Black Will came with a napkin in his hand, and sodenly came behind Arden's back, threw the said napkin over his head and face, and strangled him; and forthwith Mosby stept to him, and strake him with a taylor's great pressing-iron upon the scull to the brains, and immediately drew out his dagger, which was great and broad, and therewith cut the said Arden's throat.' It is added that 'Mistress Alice herself, with a knife, gave him seven or eight pricks into the breast.' When Black Will had helped to drag the dead body into the closet, he went to Cicely Pounder's house, received eight pounds for his nefarious services, and left Faversham. Cicely then went to Arden's habitation, and assisted in bearing the corpse out into a meadow, called the Almery Croft, behind the house; 'where they laid him on his back in his nightgown, with his slippers on.' We are told by the chronicler, that the doubly-wicked Alice and her companions 'danced, and played on the virginals, and were merrie.' It would appear to have been their intention to make the towns-people aware of an entertainment, with dancing and music, having been given by Arden to his friends on that evening; and to induce them to believe, from the dead body being arrayed in night-clothes, that the unfortunate man had been murdered by some one during the night. On the following morning, Alice seems to have alarmed the town with an announcement of her husband's absence from the house, and her fears for his safety. A search was made by the townspeople, and the dead body was found in the Croft. But here occurred one of those trifling incidents which generally tend to the discovery of a murder. Some of the people 'saw a long bruise or two from the parlor-floor (there were no carpets in the day); a foot stuck between one of his slippers and his foot.' Suspicions being aroused, the house was searched, and it was soon found that Arden had been murdered in his own parlour. Very likely Alice's conduct as a wife had already attracted public attention; for she was once accused of the murder. Her confounds gave way, and she cried out: 'Oh the bloud of God help! for this bloud have I shed!' One by one, as evidence came home to them, the guilty confederates suffered the punishment due to their crimes. Mistress Alice was burned at Canterbury; Mosby was taken in bed, and was afterwards hung at Smithfield; Green was hung at Faversham; Black Will escaped for many years, but was at length taken, and bent on a scaffold at Flushing; Brashaw was hanged in chains at Canterbury; Cicely Pounder was hanged at Smithfield; Saunderson was hanged at Faversham; and Elizabeth Stafford was burned at the same place. It was, in truth, a time when hanging and burning, drawing and quartering, were fearily rife as punishments for criminals. It was long said that no grass would grow on the spot where Arden's dead body was found; some, in accordance with the superstitions of the times, attributed this to the murder; while others declared that 'the field he had cruelly taken from a widow woman, who had curst him most bitterly, even to his face, wishing that all the world might wonder on him.'

A tragedy, entitled Arden of Faversham, was printed in 1592, and was at first attributed to Shakespeare. In after-times, the subject was made the groundwork of a play by Lillo, author of George Barnwell and Fatal Curiosity. It is believed that an old house, still standing at Faversham, near the Abbey Gateway, is that in which the terrible crime was committed; and a low-arched door, near the corner of the Abbey wall, is pointed out as that through which the murdered Arden was carried out to the Croft.

There is a curious practice followed by dealers in lobsters, arising out of the action of the wonderful claws with which these crustacea are provided. We do not refer here to the retail-fishmongers of London and other towns, but to the boilers and wholesale-dealers. Concerning the mode of obtaining the supplies of this favourite delicacy, a writer in the Quarterly Review (No. 159) says: 'Where do all the lobsters come from? The lovers of this most delicious of all the crustaceous tribe will probably be astonished to learn that they are mainly brought from Norway, France and the Channel Islands, the Orkneys and the Shetlands, do, it is true, contribute a few to the metropolitan market; but fully two-thirds are relentlessly, and with much pinching and twisting, dragged out of the thousand rock-bound inlets which indent the Norwegian coast. They are conveyed alive in a screw steamer, and by snags, in baskets, sometimes to the extent of twenty thousand in a night, to Great Grimsby, and are then forwarded to town by the Great Northern Railway: another ten thousand arriving perhaps from points on our own and the
French coasts. The fighting, twisting, blue-black masses are taken, as soon as purchased, to what are termed the "bolling-houses," of which there are four, situated in Dark and Love Lanes, near Billinge's gate.

In 1830, particulars were made public respecting the manner in which these 'fighting, twisting, blue-black masses' are, or were at that time, occasionally treated. Mr. Saunders, the leading salesman in the lobster-trade, and Mr. Comports, secretary to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, waited on the lord mayor on 23d November, to solicit the interference of his lordship with a practice by which needless pain was inflicted on the animals. 'It has been the practice, when lobsters are caught, to tie up the claws with cords, in order to prevent them from doing each other injury; as it is known that shell-fish of this kind will, if some precaution be not taken, tear each other to pieces. The fish are fretted by being thus prevented from grasping whatever they approach; but they sustain no damage in quality as food. To save trouble, however, the persons who deal in shell-fish substitute another mode of preventing the lobsters from fighting, and stick a plug in the spot where the claw is divided. This practice is the cause of great agony to the poor animal; for the moment the shell is removed, the substance appears to have lost its firmness, and the place where the plug has been stuck is completely mortified. Lobsters are very often to be found in fishmongers' shops with the bodies injured materially; and the claws, which are considered the most delicate parts of the fish, absolutely rotten. It was ascertained beyond doubt, that the mortified condition of the fish was attributable to the cruel method of plugging.' The lord mayor might not, perhaps, have been able to check the practice merely because it was unnecessarily cruel; but as it was proved to injure the lobster as an article of food, he had magisterial power to interfere on this ground.

Crabs seem to be more sensitive than lobsters. When the lobsters are taken to the bolling-houses (the Quarterly Review informs us), they are plunged into a boiling caldron, basket and all, for twenty minutes. Crabs are boiled in the same way; but their nervous systems are so acute, that they would dash off their claws, in convulsive agony, if plunged in hot water. To prevent this mutilation, they are first killed by the dextrous insertion of a needle through the head.

NOVEMBER 24.

St. Chrysogonus, martyr, beginning of 5th century. St. Cianan or Kenan, bishop of Duleek, in Ireland, 486.

Saints Flora and Mary, virgins and martyrs, 851. St. John of the Cross, confessor, 1591.

Born.—Laurence Sterne, sentimental writer and novelist, 1713, Clermel; John Bacon, sculptor, 1740, Southwark; Grace Darling, Northumbrian heroine, 1815, Bamborough.


THE CIRCLE OF CARLISLE HOUSE, SOHO SQUARE.

In the bankrupt list of the London Gazette for November 1772, the attention of the public was called, somewhat significantly, to 'Teresa Cornelys, Carlisle House, St. Ann, Soho, dealer.' It will not be uninteresting to the reader to have some account of the nature of Teresa Cornelys's dealings.

This lady, by birth a German, and during many years a public singer in Italy and Germany, settled in London somewhere about the year 1736 or 1737, and for twenty years after that time she entertained the public, 'the votaries of fashion of both sexes,' with a series of entertainments, masked balls, and the like, at once 'fascinating and elegant.' These entertainments were held in the suitable mansion of Carlisle House, Soho Square, and figure largely in contemporary papers.

The first printed document referring to Mrs. Cornelys, convinces us at once that she must have been a woman of tact. The date of it is, February 18, 1765: 'On Saturday last, Mrs. Cornelys gave a ball at Carlisle House, to the upper-servants of persons of fashion, as a token of the esteem she has [did not Circ itself insert this little notice?] of her obligations to the nobility and gentry, for their generous subscription to her assembly. The company consisted of 280 persons, who made up foursome couple in country-dances; and as scarce anybody was idle on this occasion, the rest sat down to cards.'

The nobility and gentry who patronised Carlisle House, did so by paying an annual subscription, in consideration of which they received a ticket, which gave them the run of all that was there, whether it were a ball, or a masked ball, or 'a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music.' Also, it appears, they had the privilege of lending these tickets to friends—a great convenience—provided they wrote 'the name of the person upon the back of the said ticket, to whom they have lent it.' [Here the English is again a little Germanized.] 'To prevent any mistake.' No doubt single tickets for particular evenings, and the special benefit of non-subscribers, were to be had.

Notwithstanding her great success, for it seems to have been by no means inconsiderable, Mrs. Cornelys had her troubles. It was natural that competition should originate opposition establishments. But on her part the best of feeling is always to be premised. 'Whereas it has been industriously reported, to the disadvantage of Mrs. Cornelys, that she has expressed herself dissatisfied with a subscription now on foot, to build a large room in opposition to hers; she esteems it her duty, in this public manner, to declare that she never once entertained a thought so unjust and unreasonable.' Nay, so satisfied is she with matters in general, that her longing for 'fatherland' is perceptibly on the decline. 'She humbly hopes she has not been wanting in duty and gratitude to her protectors, and cannot sufficiently be thankful for the comfort she enjoys in this happy country, which she hopes never to leave.'

Mrs. Cornelys seems to have spared no money or pains to have everything in keeping with the tastes of her illustrious friends. The expense of the alterations and additions to Carlisle House in Soho Square, and of the 'new embellishments and
furniture,' amounted for the year 1765, alone to ‘little less than £2000,' and made that house, in the news-writer's opinion, 'the most magnificent place of public entertainment in Europe.' To one of the rooms we find added, 'the most curious, singular, and superb ceiling that ever was executed or even thought of:' and to obviate certain 'complaints of excessive heat,' she arranged to have 'tea below stairs and ventilators above,' and succeeded so admirably, that subscribers were no longer subjected to 'the least danger of catching cold.'

To relieve the press of the distinguished crowd, in its entrance and exit, she provided an additional door, and also 'a new gallery for the dancing of cotillons and allemandes, and a suite of new rooms adjoining,' in consequence of which she was most reluctantly compelled to charge subscribers an additional guinea.

On February 27, 1770, Mrs Cornelys's continued efforts were rewarded with a most magnificent masquerade.

First, as to the numbers who attended, 'Monday night the principal nobility and gentility of this kingdom, to the number of eight hundred, were present at the masked ball, at Mrs Cornelys's, in Soho Square.'

Next, as to the stir it made in the neighbourhood. 'Soho Square and the adjacent streets were lined with thousands of people, whose curiosity led them to get a sight of the persons going to the masquerade; nor was any coach or chair suffered to pass unreviewed, the windows being obliged to be let down, and lights held up to display the figures to more advantage.'

One does not wonder at the anxiety of the rabble to see all that was to be seen, for 'the richness and brilliancy of the dresses,' we are told, 'were almost beyond imagination; nor did any assembly ever exhibit a collection of more elegant and beautiful female figures.'

And now for the company. The reader may form a faint idea: 'Among them were Lady Waldegrave, Lady Pembroke, the Duchess of Hamilton, Mrs Crewe, Mrs Hodges, Lady Almeria Carpenter, &c.'

The characters assumed by the company were extremely various. Sir R. Phillips appeared as 'a double man, half-miller, half-chimney-sweeper.' There was also 'a figure of Adam in flesh-coloured silk, with an apron of fig-leaves,' who, in spite of the fig-leaves, must have seemed rather out of keeping. The Earl of Carlisle figured as a running footman; Mr James, the painter, as Midas. The Duke of Devonshire was 'very fine, but in no particular character.' And 'Lord Edg—b, in the character of an old woman, was full as lovely as his lady.'

But the ladies were not to be outdone on this festive occasion. The Countess-Dowager of Waldegrave wore a dress richly trimmed with beads and pearls, in the character of — we are sorry to observe it—Jane Shore.' Many indulged a classical fancy. 'The Duchess of Bolton, in the character of Diana, was captivating.' 'Lady Stanhope, as Melpomene, was a striking figure.' 'Lady Augustus Stuart, as a Vestal, and Lady Caroline, as a Fille de Patmos, showed that true elegance may be expressed without gold and diamonds.' Others took a more modern turn. 'The Countess of Pomfret, in the character of a Greek sultana, and the two Misses Fredericks, who accompanied her, as Greek slaves, made a complete group;' and to eclipse all, 'Miss Monkton, daughter to Lord Galway, appeared in the character of an Indian sultana, in a robe of cloth of gold, and a rich veil. The seams of her habit were embroidered with precious stones, and she had a magnificent cluster of diamonds on her head; the jewels she wore were valued at £20,000.'

But all these brilliant achievements, it seems, were to have an end. The opening of the Pantheon shattered Mrs Cornelys to some extent. Then, unfortunately, there were certain 'Bills of Indictment preferred to the Grand Jury.' These indictments were insinuated of Mrs Cornelys, 'that she does keep and maintain a common disorderly house, and did permit and suffer divers loose, idle, and disorderly persons, as well men as women, to be and remain during the whole night, rioting and other-wise misbehaving themselves.'

Upon this the nobility and gentry, we presume, to be on the safe side of rumour, transferred their patronage mostly to the Pantheon. For in July 1779, 'the creditors of Mrs Cornelys, of Carlisle House, Soho Square,' were 'most earnestly requested to deliver forthwith a particular account of their several and respective demands on the said Mrs Cornelys, to Mr Hickey, in St Alban's Street.' And at last our little register, from the London Gazette, of Teresa Cornelys, Carlisle House, St Ann, Soho, dealer,' closes the scene.

We hear a great deal more of Carlisle House, and the desperate struggle which it made, apparently with not much success, to regain its position; but it is enough. Mrs Cornelys ultimately retired into private life, and died at a very advanced age, August 19, 1797, in the Fleet Prison.

MERMAIDS.

Mermaids have had a legendary existence from very early ages; for the Syrens of the ancients evidently belonged to the same remarkable family. Mermen and mermaids-men of the sea, and women of the sea-have been as stoutly believed in as the great sea-serpent, and on very much the same kind of evil. Sometimes, as expressed in Haynes's Mermaid's Song, there is a delightful bit of romance connected with the matter: as where the mermaid offers the tempting invitation:

'Come with me, and we will go Where the rocks of coral grow.'

But the romance is somewhat damped when the decidedly fishy tail is described. The orthodox mermaid is half-woman, half-fish; and the fishy half is sometimes depicted as being doubly-tailed. The heraldry of France and Germany often exhibits mermaids with two tails among the devices; and in the Basle edition of Ptolemy's Geography, dated 1540, a double-tailed mermaid figure on one of the plates. Shakespeare makes many of his characters talk about mermaids. Thus, in the Comedy of Errors, Antipholus of Syracuse says:

'Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid, with the note!' And in another place:

'I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.'

In the Midsummer-Night's Dream, Oberon says

'I heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back.'
In *Hamlet*, the queen, speaking of Ophelia’s death, says:

‘Her clothes spread wide; and mermaid-like, Awhile they bare her up.’

In two other passages, he makes his characters say:

‘I'll drown more sailors than the mermaids shall.’

And:

‘At the helm a seeming-mermaid steers.’

But in all these cases Shakespeare, as was his wont, made his characters say what they were likely to think, in their several positions and periods of life.

Notices of mermaids are scattered abundantly in books of bygone times; sometimes in much detail, sometimes in a vaguer sort. In Merriam’s *Voyage to Georgia*, in 1662, mermaids are said to be very plentiful all along the river Zaire. A writer in *Notes and Queries*, in November 1858, lighted upon an old Scotch almanac, called the *Aberdeen Almanac*, or *New Prophecies* for the Year 1668; in which the following curious passage occurs: ‘To conclude for this year 1668. Near the place where the famous Dee payeth his tribute to the German Ocean, if curious observers of wonderful things in nature will be pleased thither to resort the 1, 13, and 29 of May, and in divers other times in the ensuing summer, as also in the harvest-time, to the 7 and 14 October, they will undoubtedly see a pretty company of mermaids, creatures of admirable beauty, and likewise hear their charming sweet melodious voices:

“In well-tun’d measures and harmonious lays, Extol their Maker and his bounty praise; That godly honest men, in everything, In quiet peace may live, GOD SAVE THE KING!”

The piety and loyalty of these predicted mermaids are certainly remarkable characteristics. In another part of Scotland, about the same period, a real mermaid was seen, if we are to believe *Brand’s Description of Orkney and Shetland*, published in 1701. Two fishermen drew up with a hook a mermaid, ‘having face, arms, breast, shoulders, &c., of a woman, and long hair hanging down the neck; but the nether-part from below the waist hidden in the water.’ One of the fishermen, in his surprise, drew a knife and thrust it into her heart; whereupon she cried, as they judged, ‘Alas!’ and the hook giving way, she fell backwards, and was seen no more. In this case the evidence went thus—Brand was told by a lady and gentleman, who were told by a bailie to whom the fishing-boat belonged, who was told by the fishers; and thus we may infer as we please concerning the growth of the story as it travelled.

In 1775, there was a very circumstantial account given of a mermaid, which was captured in the Grecian Archipelago, in the preceding year, and exhibited in London. ‘It has,’ as the *Annual Register* of that day said, ‘the features and complexion of a European. Its face is like that of a young female; its eyes of a fine light blue; its nose small and handsome; its mouth small; its lips thin, and the edges of them round like those of a sodish; its teeth small, regular, and white; its chin well shaped; its neck full; its ears like those of the sea; but placed like those of the human species; and behind them are the gills for respiration, which appear like curls. Some (mermaids) are said to have hair upon the head; but this has none, only rolls instead of hair, that at a distance may be mistaken for curls. But its chief ornament is a beautiful membrane or fin, rising from the temoepos, and gradually diminishing till it ends pyramidically, forming a foretop like that of a lady’s head-dress. It has no fin on the back, but a bone like that of the human species. Its breasts are fair and full, but without nipples; its arms and hands are well proportioned, but without nails on its fingers; its belly is round and swelling, but no navel. From the waist downwards, the body is in all respects like a codfish. It has three sets of fins, one above another, below the waist, which enables it to swim out upon the sea; and it is said to have an enchanting voice, which it never utters except before a storm.’ Here there is no great intricacy of evidence, for a writer in the *Gentleman’s Magazine* also said he saw this particular mermaid—which, however, he described as being only three feet long; tail and all. But a sad blow was afterwards given to its reputation, by a statement that it was crafted made up out of the skin of the angle-shark.

In Mrs Morgan’s *Tour to Milford Haven in the Year 1795*, there is an equally circumstantial account of a mermaid observed by one Henry Reynolds, in 1753. Reynolds was a farmer of Pen-y-hold, in the parish of Castlemartin. One morning, just outside the cliff, he saw what seemed to him a person bathing, with the upper part of the body out of the water. Going a little nearer, to see who was bathing in so unusual a place, it seemed to him like a person sitting in a tub. Going nearer still, he found it to resemble a youth of sixteen or eighteen years of age, with a very white skin. The continuation of the body below the water, seemed to be a brownish substance, ending with a tail, which seemed capable of waving to and fro. ‘The form of its body and arms was entirely human; but its arms and hands seemed rather thick and short in proportion to its body. The form of the head and all the features of the face were human also; but the nose rose high between the eyes, was pretty long, and seemed to terminate very sharp.’ Some peculiarities about the neck and back are then noticed, as also its way of washing its body. ‘It looked attentive at him and the cliffs, and seemed to take great notice of the birds flying over its head. Its looks were wild and fierce; but it made no noise, nor did it grin, or in any way distort its face. When he left it, it was about a hundred yards from him; and when he returned with some others to look at it, it was gone.’ We hear nothing further of this merman or merboy; but on looking at the roundabout evidence of the story, we find it to be thus—A paper containing the account was lent to Mrs Morgan; the paper had been written by a young lady, pupil of Mrs Moore, from an oral account given to her by that lady; Mrs Morgan had it from Dr George Phillips; and he had heard it from Henry Reynolds himself—from all of which statements we may infer that there were abundant means for converting some peculiar kind of fish into a merman without imputing intentional dishonesty to any one. Something akin to this kind of evidence is observable in the account of a mermaid seen in Caithness, the account of which attracted much attention in
England as well as in Scotland, and induced the Philosophical Society of Glasgow to investigate the matter. The editor of a newspaper who inserted the statement had been told by a gentleman, who had been shown a letter by Sir John Sinclair, who had obtained it from Mrs Innes, to whom it had been written by Miss Mackay, who had heard the story from the persons (two servant girls and a boy) who had seen the strange animal in the water.

So it is with all these stories of mermaids when investigated. There is always a fish at the bottom of it—either a living fish of peculiar kind, which an ignorant person thinks bears some resemblance to a human being; or a fish which becomes marvellous in the progress of its description from mouth to mouth; or a dead fish’s skin manufactured into something that may accord with the popular notions regarding these beings. Mr George Cruikshank, in 1822, made a drawing of a mermaid,* which was exhibited in St James’s Street, and afterwards at Bartholomew Fair; it drew crowds by its ugliness, and showed what wretched things will suffice to gull the public—although, of course, outside the booth at the fair there was a picture of the orthodox mermaid, with beautiful features and hair, comb in one hand, mirror in the other, and so forth. This was probably the identical mermaid, respecting which the lord chancellor was called upon to adjudicate, towards the close of November 1822. There was a disputed ownership, and his lordship expressed his satisfaction that he was not called upon to decide whether the animal was ‘man, woman, or mermaid,’ but only to say to whom it rightly belonged.

Thanksgiving-Day in America.

The great social and religious festival of New England, from which it has spread to most of the states of the American republic, is a legacy of the Puritans. They abolished Christmas as a relic of popery, or of prelacy, which they held in nearly equal detestation, and passed laws to punish its observance; but, wanting some day to replace it, the colonial assemblies, and, later, the governors of the states, appointed every year some day in autumn, generally toward the end of November, as a day of solemn prayer and thanksgiving for the blessings of the year, and especially the bounties of the harvest.

Thanksgiving-day is always celebrated on Thursday, and the same day is chosen in most of the states. The governor’s proclamation appointing the day, is read in all the churches, and there are appropriate sermons and religious exercises. Families, widely scattered, meet at the bountiful thanksgiving-dinners of roast turkeys, plum-pudding, and mince and pumpkin pies. The evenings are devoted by the young people to rustic games and amusements.

The subjects of the thanksgiving-sermons are not unfrequently of a political character, and in the chief towns of the union, those of the most popular preachers are generally published in the newspapers. Even the thanksgiving-festival, though widely celebrated, is not so universally respected as formerly, as the influx of Roman Catholics and Episcopalians has brought Christmas again into vogue, which is also kept by the Unitarians with considerable solemnity. As a peculiar American festival it will, however, long be cherished by the descendants of the Puritans.

NOVEMBER 25.

St Catharine, virgin and martyr, 4th century. St Erasmus or Elmo, bishop and martyr, 4th century.

ST CATHARINE.

Among the earlier saints of the Romish calendar, St Catharine holds an exalted position, both from rank and intellectual abilities. She is said to have been of royal birth, and was one of the most distinguished ladies of Alexandria, in the beginning of the fourth century. From a child she was noted for her acquirements in learning and philosophy, and while still very young she became a convert to the Christian faith. During the persecution instituted by the Emperor Maximinus II., St Catharine, assuming the office of an advocate of Christianity, displayed such cogency of argument and powers of eloquence, as thoroughly silenced her pagan adversaries. Maximinus, troubled with this success, assembled together the most learned philosophers in Alexandria to confute the saint; but they were both vanquished in debate, and converted to a belief in the Christian doctrines. The enraged tyrant thereupon commanded them to be put to death by burning, but for St Catharine he reserved a more cruel punishment. She was placed in a machine, composed of four wheels, connected together and armed with sharp spikes, so that as they revolved the victim might be torn to pieces.

A miracle prevented the completion of this project. When the executioners were binding Catharine to the wheels, a flash of lightning descended from the sky, severed the cords with which she was tied, and shattered the engine to pieces, causing the death both of the executioners and numbers of the bystanders. Maximinus, however, still bent on her destruction, ordered her to be carried beyond the walls of the city, where she was first scourged and then beheaded. The legend proceeds to say, that after her death her body was carried by angels over the Red Sea to the summit of Mount Sinai. The celebrated convent of St Catharine, situated in a valley on the slope of that mountain, and founded by the Emperor Justinian, in the sixth century, contains in its church a marble sarcophagus, in which the relics of St Catharine are deposited. Of these the skeleton of the hand, covered with rings and jewels, is exhibited to pilgrims and visitors.

A well-known concomitant of St Catharine, is the wheel on which she was attempted to be tortured, and which figures in all pictured representations of the saint. From this circumstance are derived the well-known circular window in ecclesiastical architecture, termed a Catharine-wheel window, and also a firework of a similar form. This St Catharine must not be confounded with the equally celebrated St Catharine of Siena, who lived in the fourteenth century.

* See p. 366 of this volume.
THE FOUNDER OF DULWICH COLLEGE.

Edward Alleyn, the son of an innkeeper, was born at the sign of the 'Pye,' in Bishopsgate, London. In the days before theatres were specially erected for the purpose, the yards of old inns, surrounded by racks of wooden galleries, were particularly eligible for representation of plays. Young Alleyn must, therefore, have been early accustomed to witness stage performances. His father dying, and his mother marrying again one Browne, an actor and haberdasher, Alleyn was bred a stage-player, and soon became the Roscius of his day. Ben Jonson thus bears testimony to his merit:

"If Rome so great, and in her wisest age,
Fared not to boast the glorious of her stage,
As skilful Roscius and grave Zoson men,
Yet crowned with honours as with riches then;
Who had no less a trumpet of their name
Than Cicero, whose every breath was fame;
How can such great example die in me,
That Alleyn, I should pause to publish thee?
Who both their graces in thy self hast more
Outstripped, than they did all that went before:
And present worth in all dost so contract,
As others speak, but only thou dost act.
Wear this renown: 'tis just, that who did give
So many poetae life, by one should live.'

Exactly so, the poor player struts and frets his hour upon the stage, then dies, and is heard no more of, or at least the poet lives for all time; and it was a brave thing for a rare old Ben to acknowledge this, in the last two of the preceding lines:

"'Tis just that who did give
So many poetae life, by one should live.'

Alleyn has been termed the Garrick of Shakespear's era, and was no doubt intimate with the bard of Avon, as well as with Ben Jonson. A story is told of this grand trio spending their evening, as was their wont, at the Globe, in Blackfriars. On this occasion, Alleyn jocularly accused Shakespeare of having been indebted to him for Hamlet's speech, on the qualities of an actor's excellence. And Shakespeare, seemingly not relishing the immuno, Jonson said: 'This affair needeth no contention, you stole it from Ned, no doubt; do not marvel: have you not seen him act, times out of number?'

Alleyn's first wife was Joan Woodward, the step-daughter of one Henalowe, a theatrical speculates and pawnbroker; a thristy man, wild, well calculated to foster and develop the acquisative spirit, so characteristic of the future life of his stepson-in-law. Soon after his marriage, Alleyn commenced to speculate in messuages and lands, buying and selling—and his excursions seem always to have been attended with profit. Amongst his other purchases, are inns of various signs—as the 'Barge,' the 'Bell and Cock,' at the Bankside; the 'Boar's Head,' probably the very house immortalised by his friend and fellow-actor Shakspeare, in Eastcheap; the parsonage of Purlie, in Sussex, and the manor of Kennington in Surrey, may be adduced as instances of the curious variety of Alleyn's property. Being appointed to the office of royal bearward, he became keeper and proprietor of the bear-garden, which, besides bringing him an income of £500 per annum, led him to speculate in bulbs, bears, lions, and animals of various kinds. One of the papers in Dulwich College, is a letter from one Fawne, a trainer of fighting-bulls, who writes as follows:

'Mr Alleyn, my love remembered, I understood by a man, who came with two bears from the garden, that you have a desire to buy one of my bulls. I have three western bulls at this time, but I have had very ill-luck with them, for one has lost his horn to the quick, that I think he will never be able to fight again; that is my old Star of the West, he was a very easy bull; and my bull Bevis, he has lost one of his eyes, but I think if you had him, he would do you more hurt than good, for I protest he would either throw up your dogs into the lofts, or else dig out their brains against the grates, so that I think he is not for your turn. Besides, I esteem him very high, for my Lord of Rutland's man bad me for him twenty marks. I have a bull, which came out of the west, which stands me in twenty nobles. If you should like him, you shall have him of me. Faith he is a marvellous good bull, and such a one as I think you have had but few such, for I assure you that I hold him as good a double bull as that you had of me last is a single, and one that I have played thirty or forty courses, before he bad been taken from the stake, with the best dogs.'

Though Alleyn had, without doubt, a keen eye for a bargain, a ready hand to turn a penny, and an active foot for the main chance, he was, unlike many men of that description, of a true, affectionate, and kindly nature; ever anxious for the welfare and happiness of his home and its inmates. In his letters, when from home, he playfully styles his wife 'meech, mousin, and mouse'; speaks of her father as 'Daddy Henalowe;' and her sister, as ' Sister Bess;' or 'Bess Diodopell,' the latter allusion probably derived from some theatrical character. When the plague was raging, in his absence from London, he thoughtfully and playfully writes to his wife:

'My good, sweet mouse, keep your house fair and clean, which I know you will, and every evening throw water before your door; and have in your windows good hope of grace, and with all the grace of God, which must be obtained by prayers; and, so doing, no doubt but the Lord will mercifully defend you.'

His interest in home matters, among all his more money-making transactions, never seems to flag. On another occasion he writes:

'Mouse, you send me no news of any things;
THE FOUNDER OF DULWICH COLLEGE.

THE BOOK OF DAYS.

you should send me of your domestical matters, such things as happen at home, as how your distilled water proves, or this or that.'

It is with wonder to us, that such a man, when finding himself advanced in years, without an heir, should devote his property to the benefit of the poor. But the bad repute, that anciently attached to an actor's profession, made the circumstance appear in his own day a miracle, which, of course, was explained by its consequent myth. According to the latter, Alleyne, when acting the part of a demon on the stage, was so terrified by the appari- tion of a real devil, that he forswore to make any vow to bestow his substance on the poor, and subsequently fulfilled this engagement by building Dulwich College.

The bad odour in which an actor was formerly held, is clearly exhibited by Fuller, who, speaking of Alleyne, quaintly says: 'In his old age, he made friends of his unrighteous mammon, building therewith a fair college at Dulwich, for the relief of poor people. Some, I confess, count it built on a foundered foundation, seeing, in a spiritual sense, nothing good and lasting money, save what is honestly and industriously gotten; but, perchance, such who condemn Master Alleyne herein, have as bad shillings in the bottom of their own bags, if search were made therein. Thus he, who outlived others, outdid himself before his death.'

In further evidence of the disrepute attaching to actors in these days, it may be mentioned here, probably for the first time in print, that Isaac Walton, in his life of Dr Donne, has unworthily suppressed the fact, that Donne's daughter, Constance, was Alleyne's second wife. There were other reasons, however, for maintaining a prudent silence on this point; by a letter preserved at Dulwich, it would appear that Donne attempted to cheat Alleyne out of his wife's dowry.

Exercising his practical genius, Alleyne had his college built during his lifetime. In 1619, it was opened with a sermon and an anthem; then the founder read the Act of creation; and the mayor, consisting of the Lord Chancellor, the Earl of Arundel, Inigo Jones, and others of similar position and consequence, went to dinner. Each item of the feast, and its price, is carefully recorded in Alleyne's diary. Suffice it to say here, that they had beef, mutton, venison, pigeons, godwits, oysters, anchovies, grapes, oranges, &c., the whole washed down by eight gallons of claret, three quarters of sherry, three quarts of white wine, and two hogsheads of beer.

Alleyne then took upon himself the management of his college of God's Gift; living in it among the twelve poor men and twelve poor children, whom his bounty maintained, clothed, and educated. Here he was visited by the wealthy and noble of the land; and here he lost his faithful partner, Joan Woodward, and soon after married Constance, daughter of Dr Donne. Alleyne administered the affairs of his college till his death, which took place in the sixty-first year of his age on the 25th of November 1636. With a pardonable wish to preserve his name in connection with the charity he founded, Alleyne appointed that the master and governor thereof should always be of the blood and surname of Alleyne. So strictly was this kept, that one Anthony Alleyne, having applied for the mastership, was rejected in 1670, for want of a letter y in his name; but that objection has since been overruled.

Alleyne did not forget the people among whom he was born, nor those among whom he made his money. By his last will and testament Edward Alleyne, Esquire, Lord of the Manor of Dulwich, founded ten almshouses, for ten poor people of the parish of St Botolph's, Bishopsgate; and ten almshouses for ten poor people of the parish of St Saviour's, Southwark, whose sons had so splendidly flourished. And, forgetting the ill-treatment he received from his father-in-law, he amply provided for his widow with a legacy of £1600; no mean fortune according to the value of money in those days.

DR KITTO.

Per ardua was the motto graven on John Kitto's seal, and a more apt one he could scarcely have chosen. He was born in Plymouth in 1804, and as an infant was so puny, that he was hardly expected to live. He was carried in arms long after the age at which other children have the free use of their limbs, and one of his earliest recollections was a headache, which afflicted him with various intermissions to the end of his days. His father was a master-builder, but was daily sinking in the world through intemperate habits. Happily the poor child had a grandmother, who took a fancy for him, and had him to live with her. She was a simple and kindly old woman, and entertained her 'little Johnny' for hours with stories about ghosts, wizards, witches, and hobgoblins, of which she seemed to have an exhaustless store. She taught him to sew, to make kettle-holders, and do patchwork, and in fine weather, she led him delightful strolls through meadows and country lanes. As he grew older, a taste for reading shewed itself, which grew into a consuming passion, and the business of his existence became, how to borrow books, and how to find pence to buy them. He had little schooling, and that between his eighth and eleventh years, frequently interrupted by seasons of illness. When he was ten, his affectionate grandmother became paralysed, and he had to return to his parents, who found him a situation in a barber's shop. One morning a woman called, and told Kitto she wished to see his master. The guileless boy went to call him from the public-house, and in his absence she made off with the razors. In his rage at the loss, the barber accused Kitto of being a confederate in the theft, and instantly discharged him.

His next employment was as assistant to his father, and in this service occurred the great misfortune of his life. They were repairing a house in Butter Street, Plymouth, in 1817, and John had just reached the highest round of a ladder, with a load of slates, and was in the act of stepping on the roof, when his foot slipped, and he fell from a height of five-and-thirty feet on a stone pavement. He bled profusely at the mouth and nostrils, but not at the ears, and neither legs nor arms were broken. For a fortnight he lay unconscious. When he recovered, he wandered at the silence around him, and asking for a book, was answered by signs, and then by writing on a slate. 'Why do you not speak? Speak! speak!'
There was an interchange of looks and seeming whispers; the fatal truth could not be concealed; again the scribe took his pencil, and wrote: 'You are dead.' Deaf he was, and deaf he remained until the end of his life.

If the prospect of poor Kitto's life was dark before, it was now tenfold darker. His parents were unable to assist him, and left him in idleness to pursue his reading. He wasted and grooped in the mud of Plymouth harbor for bits of old rope and iron, which he sold for a few pence wherewith to buy books. He drew and coloured pictures, and sold them to children for their half-pence. He wrote books, to replace those in windows, announcing 'Logins for singel men,' and hawked them about town with slight success. By none of these means could he keep himself in bed and nianment, and in 1819, much against his will, he was lodged in the workhouse, and set to learn shoemaking. There his gentle nature and studious habits attracted the attention and sympathy of the master, and procured him a number of indulgences. He commenced to practise literary composition, and quickly attained remarkable facility and elegance of style. He began to keep a diary, and was prompted by the master to write lectures, which were read to the other workhouse-boys. At the end of 1821, he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, who abused and struck him, and made him so miserable, that the idea of suicide not unfrequently arose to tempt him. Here, however, Kitto's pen came to his effectual help, and his well-written complaints were the means of the dissolution of his apprenticeship and readmission to the workhouse after six months of intolerable wretchedness. Meanwhile the literary ability of the deaf pauper-boy began to be known; he was allowed to read in the Public Library; and some of his essays were printed in the Plymouth Journal. In the end there was written in the admission-book of the workhouse—'John Kitto discharged, 1823, July 17th. Taken out under the patronage of the literati of the town.'

Kitto's first book appeared in 1825, consisting of Essays and Letters, with a short Memoir of the Author. It brought him little profit, but served to widen his circle of friends. One of these, Mr. Grove, an Exeter dentist, invited him to his house, and liberally undertook to teach him his own art; but after a while, hoping to turn his talents to better account, he had him introduced to the Missionary College at Islington, to learn printing. From thence he was sent to Malta, to work at a press there; but Kitto was much more inclined to private study than to mechanical occupation, and his habits not giving satisfaction to the missionaries, he returned to England in 1829, and set out with Mr. Grove on a religious mission to the east. For four years he travelled in Russia, the Caucasus, Armenia, and Persia. Whilst living at Bagdad in 1831, the plague broke out, in which about fifty thousand perished, or nearly three-fourths of the inhabitants of the city. In this dreadful visitation, Mr. Grove lost his wife. Kitto was restored to his native land in safety in 1833, with a mind enriched and enlarged with a rare harvest of experience.

Anxious, because with no certain means of livelihood, he fortunately procured an introduction to the secretary of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and was employed by Mr. Charles Knight as a contributor to the Penny Magazine. Proving a capable and steady workman, he obtained the promise of constant occupation, on the strength of which he married, and in his wife found a heartmate literary and domestic. Mr. Knight, in 1835, projected a Pictorial Bible, with notes, and intrusted the editorship to Kitto. It was published in numbers, it was praised everywhere, it sold well, and its execution clearly indicated the line in which Kitto was destined to excel. He was next engaged on a Pictorial History of Palestine, then on a Cyclopaedia of Biblical Literature, and finally on eight volumes of Daily Bible Illustrations. Besides these, he produced a number of minor works in illustration of the Scriptures, and started and edited a quarterly Journal of Sacred Literature. These writings made the name of Kitto a familiar word in every religious household in the land, and in 1850 he was placed for a pension of £100 a year on her Majesty's civil list, in consideration of his services.

Kitto was a ready writer, but at the same time painstaking and correct; and the production of such a mass of literature as his under his signature, within a period of less than twenty years, entailed the necessity of perpetual labour. 'The workingday of the British Museum,' he wrote to Mr. Knight, 'is six hours—nine is sixteen hours.' His deafness, as well as habits of incessant industry, cut him off from society, and he seldom saw any visitors except such as had actual business to transact. He confessed to a friend, in the summer of 1851, that he had not crossed his threshold for six weeks. His work was his joy, he loved nothing better; but the strain he put upon his fragile constitution was too great. Congestion of the brain set in; he was told his only chance for life lay in perfect rest and
DOUBLE-CONSCIOUSNESS:

THE BOOK OF DAYS.

ALTERNATE SANITY AND INSANITY.

Abstinence from work for a year or two; but he insisted on completing his literary engagements, and alleged, truly, that he had a wife and ten children to provide for. A number of his admirers subscribed ample funds to justify some years of repose, and in the August of 1834 he retired to Cannstadt, in Württemberg, but it was too late. On the 29th of November he died at Cannstadt, and was there buried.

In his seventeenth year, Kito wrote this description of himself, which, making allowance for age, might serve for his picture at fifty, with the addition perhaps of an inch or two to his stature:

'Am four feet eight inches high; my hair is stiff and coarse, of a dark-brown colour, almost black; my head is very large, and, I believe, has a tolerable good lining of brain within. My eyes are brown and large, and are the least unexceptionable part of my person; my forehead is high, eyebrows bushy; my nose is large; my mouth very big; teeth well enough; my limbs are not ill-shaped; my legs are well-shaped.'

DOUBLE-CONSCIOUSNESS: ALTERNATE SANITY AND INSANITY.

An inquest, held in London on the 29th of November 1835, afforded illustrative testimony to that remarkable duality, double-action, or alternate action of the mind, which physiologists and medical men have so frequently noticed, and which has formed the basis for so many theories. Mr Mackerell, a gentleman connected with the East India Company, and resident in London, committed suicide by taking prussic acid, while labouring under an extraordinary paroxysm of delusions.

During a period of four years, he had had these delusions every alternate day. Dr James Johnson, his physician, had bound himself by a solemn promise to the unhappy man, never to divulge to any human being the exact nature of the delusions in question. Fulfilling this promise, he avoided giving to the jury any detailed account. The doctor stated that the delusions under which his patient laboured, while accompanied by most dreadful horrors and depression of mind, had not the remotest reference to any act of moral guilt, or to any circumstances in which the community could have an interest, but turned on an idle circumstance equally unimportant to himself and to others, but still were capable of producing a most extraordinary horror of mind.' Mr Mackerell called his two sets of days his 'good days' and 'bad days.' On his bad days he would, if possible, see no one, not even his physician. On his good days he talked earnestly with Dr Johnson concerning his malady; and said that although what he suffered on his bad days in body and mind might induce many men to rush madly upon suicide for relief, yet he himself had too high a moral and religious sense ever to be guilty of such an act.

The delusion, Dr Johnson declared, was not of a kind that would have justified any restraint, or any imputation of what is usually called insanity. It was on one subject only, a true monomania, that a hallucination prevailed. Whether in London or the country, travelling by road or by sea, this monomania regularly returned every alternate day, beginning when he woke in the morning, and lasting all the day through. The miserable victim

*The Duality of the Mind.* By A.L. Wigan, M.D. 1844.
which she had previously possessed, but has no
remembrance of what I will call her child state,
and does not even recognise the persons or things
with which she then became acquainted. She is
exactly as she was before the first attack, and as
if the disorder she had never formed a portion
of her existence. After the lapse of some weeks, she
is again seized as before with intense somnolency,
and after a long and deep sleep wakes up in the
child state. She has now a perfect recollection of
all that previously occurred in that state, resumes
her tasks at the point where she had left off, and
continues to make progress as a person would do who
was of that age and under those circumstances;
but has once more entirely lost all remembrance of
the persons and things connected with her healthy
[or adult] state. This alternation recurs many
times, and at last becomes the established habit of
the individual—like an incurable age. There
are numerous recorded cases in which a person
knows that he or she is subject to alternate mental
states, and can reason concerning the one state
while under the influence of the other. Humboldt’s
servant, a German girl, who had charge of a child,
endeavored to be sent away; for whenever she
undressed it, noticed the whiteness of its skin,
she felt an almost irresistible desire to tear it in
pieces. A young lady in a Paris asylum had, at
regular intervals, a propensity to murder some one;
and when the paroxysm was coming on, she
would request to be put in a strait-waistcoat, as
a measure of precaution. A country-woman was
seized with a desire to murder her child whenever
she put it into her cradle, and she used to pray
earnestly when she felt this desire coming on.
A butcher’s wife often requested her husband to keep
his knives out of her sight when her children were
nigh; she was afraid of herself. A gentleman of
good family, and estimable disposition, had a
craving desire, when at church, to run up into the
organ-loft and play some popular tune, especially
one with jocular words attached to it. All these
cases, and many others of a kind more or less
analogous, Dr. Wigan attributes to a duality of
the mind, connected with a duality of the brain. He
maintains that the right and left halves of the
brain are virtually two distinct brains, dividing
between them the organism of the mental power.
Both may be sound, both may be unsound in equal
degree, both may be unsound in unequal degree,
or one may be sound and the other unsound.
The mental phenomena may exhibit, consequently, varying
degrees of sanity and insanity. This view has
not met with much acceptance among physicians
and psychologists; but, nevertheless, it is worthy of
attention.

NOVEMBER 26.

St Peter, martyr, bishop of Alexandria, 311. St Conrad,
bishop of Constance, confessor, 976. St Nicon, surnamed
Metacrite, confessor, 999. St Sylvester Gozzolini, abbot
of Osimo, inquisitor of the Sylvester monks, 1297.

Born.—Sir James Ware, antiquary, 1594, Dublin; Dr
William Derham, natural philosopher, 1657, Stratton, near
Wrexham.

Died.—Prince William, son of Henry I. of England,
drowned in the White Ship, 1120; John Spotswood or
Spotiswood, archbishop of St Andrews, Scottish ecclesi-
astical historian, 1639; Philippe Quinault, tragic dra-
matic, 1689, Paris; John Elwes, noted miser, 1789,
Moreton, Berkshire; Dr. Joseph Black, eminent chemist,
1799, Edinburgh; Lord Louis, 1st Marquis of Londonderry,
1836; George, Lord Nugent (poetry, biography,
&c.), Littles, Bucks; Marshal Soult, Duke of Dalmatia,
1850, Soultsberg; Vincent Plessaut, founder of hydro-
pathy, 1851, Grauffenberg.

JOHN ELWES.

On the 26th November 1789, died John Elwes.
Esquire, a striking example of the impotent pov-
erty of wealth when it does not enlarge the
understanding, or awaken the social affections,
and, consequently, cannot purchase common con-
forts for its wretched possessor. Elwes was the
son of a successful brewer in Southwark, named
Meggot. Evil tendencies of mind are as hereditary
as diseases of the body. Elwes’s mother had
herself to death, and his paternal uncle, Sir Harvey
Elwes, was a notorious miser, from whom, by one of
those fortuitous turns of events that sometimes
throws great wealth into the power of those who
have least occasion for it, John Elwes derived his
name and a vast fortune. If Elwes had been a mere
miser, his name might well have been omitted from
this collection; but the extraordinary man possessed qualities which,
if they had not been suppressed by the all-absorbing
passion of avarice, entitled him to the love and
esteem of his friends, and might have advanced him
to the respect and admiration of his country-
men. In spite of his penurious disposition, he had
an unshaken gentleness of manner, and a pliancy
of temper not generally found in a miserable money
accumulator. One day he was out shooting with
a gentleman who exhibited constant proofs of unskil-
fulness; so much so, that at last, in firing through a
hedge, he lodged several shot in the miser’s cheek.
The awkward sportsman, with great embarrassment
and concern, approached to apologise, but Elwes
anticipated apology by holding out his hand, and
saying: ‘My dear sir, I congratulate you on
improving; I thought you would hit something in
time!’

Those afflicted by a habitual love of money are
seldom scrupulous respecting the means of increas-
ing their stores; yet Elwes abstained from usury
on principle, considering it an unjustifiable method
of augmenting his fortune. And contrary to an
ostentatious meanness, too generally prevalent at
the present day, by which many indulge in luxuries at
the expense of others, Elwes’s whole system of life
and saving was founded on pure self-denial. He
would walk miles in the rain, rather than hire a
conveyance; and sit hours in wet clothes, rather
than incur the expense of a fire. He would
advocate a large sum to oblige a friend, and on the
same day risk his life to save paying a penny at a
turnpike. He would eat meat in the last stage
of putrefaction, ‘the charnel-house of sustenance,’
rather than allow a small profit to a butcher.

Like most of his class, Elwes was penny-wise
and pound-foolish; not unfrequently losing the sheep
for the half-penny worth of tar. He suffered
his spacious country mansion to become unin-
habitable, rather than be at the cost of a few
necessary repairs. A near relative once slept at
his seat in the country, but the bedchamber was
open to wind and weather, and the gentleman was awakened in the night by rain pouring in upon him. After searching in vain for a bell, he was necessitated to move his bed several times, till a place was at last found, where rain did not reach. On remarking the circumstance to Elwes in the morning, the latter said: 'Ay! I don't mind it myself; but to those who do, that is a nice corner in the rain!'

Elwes had an extensive property in houses in London, and as some of his houses were frequently without a tenant, he saved the price of lodgings by occupying any premises that might happen to be vacant. Two beds, two chairs, a table, and an old woman, were all his furniture, and with these, whenever a tenant offered, he was ready to remove at a moment's warning. It was then not easy to find him, or to know what part of the town might be his residence. Colonel Timms, his nephew, and heir to his entailed estates, was on one occasion anxious to see Elwes. After some inquiries, he learned accidentally that his uncle had been seen going into an uninhabited house in Great Marlborough Street. No inquiries, however, had been made about it, but a pot-boy recollected observing an old beggar go into a stable and lock the door after him. Colonel Timms knocked at the door, but no one answering, sent for a blacksmith, and had the door forced. The lower part of the building was all closed and silent; but, on ascending the staircase, noises were heard, apparently proceeding from a person in great distress. Entering a room, the intruders found, stretched out on an old pallet-bed, seemingly in death, the wretched figure of Elwes. For some time he remained insensible, till some cordials were administered by a neighbourhood apothecary; then he sufficiently recovered to be able to say that he had, he believed, been ill for two or three days, and that there was an old woman in the house, but for some reason or other, she had not been near him; that she had been ill herself, but that she had recovered, he supposed, and gone away. On Colonel Timms and the apothecary repairing to the garret, they found the woman stretched lifeless on the floor, having apparently been dead for two days.

When his inordinate passion for gambling did not interfere, Elwes would willingly exert himself to the utmost to serve a friend. He once extricated two old ladies from a long and troublesome ecclesiastical suit, by riding sixty miles at night, and at a moment's warning. Such wonderful efforts would he make with alacrity, and at an advanced age, to serve a person for whom no motives or entreaties could have prevailed on him to part with a shilling. In this, and all his long journeys, a few hard-boiled eggs, a dry crust carried in his pocket, the next stream of water, and a spot of fresh grass for his horse, while he reposed beneath a hedge, were the whole of the travelling expenses of both man and beast. The ladies asked a neighbour, if they had not been too great to bestow their thanks for such a service. 'Send him sixpence,' was the reply, 'for then he will be delighted by gaining twopenny by his journey.'

So lived John Elwes, encouraging no art, advancing no science, working no material improvement, in his estates or country, diffusing no blessings around him, bestowing no benevolence upon the poor and needy, and shewing few signs of parental care or affection. He never was married, but was the father of two natural children, to whom he bequeathed the greater part of his dispensable property. Education he despised, and would lay out no money upon it. 'The surest way,' he constantly affirmed, 'of taking money out of people's pockets, is by putting things into their heads.' And no doubt he felt it so, for this strange man was a prey to every sharper who could plot a scheme into his head by which he imagined that money might be got. Elwes has been compared to a great pike in a fishpool, which, ever voracious and unsatisfied, clutches at everything, until it is at last caught itself. With a mind incapable of taking comprehensive ideas of money-matters, and a constant anxiety to grasp the tangible results of his speculations, Elwes either disdained or was too indolent to keep regular accounts, and the consequence was that £150,000 of bad debts were owing to him at his death.

As we approach the last scene of all, the cruel tyranny of avarice, over its wretched slave, becomes more and more evident. Comfortably domiciled in his son's house, Elwes fears that he shall die in poverty. In the night he is heard struggling with imaginary robbers, and crying: 'I will keep my money! I will! Don't rob me! Oh, don't!' A visitor hears a footstep entering his room at night, and naturally asks, 'Who is there?' On which a tremendous voice replies: 'Sir, I beg your pardon, my name is Elwes; I have been unfortunate enough to be robbed in this house, which I believe is mine, of all the money I have in the world—of five guineas and a half, and half-a-crown.' A few days after, the money is found, where he had hidden it, behind a window-shutter. And a few days more, Elwes is found in bed, his clothes and hat on, his staff in his hand. His son comes to the bedside, and the father whispers John: 'I hope I have left you as much as you wished.' The family doctor is sent for, and, looking at the dying miser, says: 'That man, with his original strength of constitution, and life-long habits of temperance, might have lived twenty years longer, but for his continual anxiety about money.'

This notice of Elwes cannot be better concluded than in the following summary of his character, by his friend and acquaintance of many years, Mr Topham. 'In one word, his public character lives after him pure and without stain. In private life, he was chiefly an enemy to himself. To others, he lent much to himself, he denied everything. But in the pursuit of his property, and in the recovery of it, I have it not in my remembrance one unkind thing that ever was done by him.'

THOUGH NEITHER A SOLDIER NOR A STATESMAN, AND LAYING NO CLAIM TO DISTINCTION ON THE SCORE EITHER OF LITERARY OR ARTIFICIAL MERIT, THE ABILITIES OF MACADAM HAVE, NEVERTHELESS, ADDED A WORD TO THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, AND EARNED FOR HIM THE TRIBUTE OF A GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE AS ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT OF OUR PUBLIC BENEFICENTORS. THE TRAVELLER AS HE BOWLS SMOOTHLY ALONG THE EVEN ROAD, AND IS WELL-KEPT TILL HE PASSES THE GATE, SHALL THINK OF HIS NAME, OR SEE HIS COACH, OR CHAISE, MAY BELIEVE FAVORITELY THE MEMORY.
of the great road-reformer of the nineteenth century, whose macadamised highways have tended so much to increase the comfort as well as diminish the dangers of vehicular locomotion. The means employed of the most economical kind, and with an improvement on the original idea, have rendered the public roads throughout the British islands, if not superior, at least second to none in the world.

John Loudoun Macadam was born at Ayr on the 21st September, 1756. His father was a laird and proprietor, who died when John was about fourteen, and the young man was thereupon sent to the office of an uncle, a merchant in New York. Here he remained for a number of years, and on the war of independence breaking out, established for himself a lucrative business as an agent for the sale of prize goods. The termination of hostilities, however, in favour of the colonists, found him nearly penniless, and he returned to his native country. For some time after this he resided in the neighbourhood of Moffat, and subsequently removed to Sauchrie, in Ayrshire, where for thirteen years he acted as deputy-lieutenant of the county, and was a member of the commission of the peace. Being here engaged in the capacity of trustee on certain roads, his mind was first led to revolve some scheme for a general amelioration of the system of highways throughout the kingdom, and he continued for many years to study and experiment on the subject. Having been appointed, in 1798, agent for victualling the navy in the western ports of Great Britain, he took up his abode at Falmouth, but afterwards removed to Bristol. In 1815, he was appointed surveyor of the Bristol roads, and here he first seriously set himself to work to carry into actual operation the improvements which he had been pondering over for so many years. The main feature of his plan was to form a bed of fragments of stone—granite, whinstone, or basalt—none of which should be too large to pass through an iron ring two and a half inches in diameter. The stratum or bed of such materials was to be from twelve inches in thickness, and it was left to be brought into compactness and smoothness by the action of the vehicles passing over it. Though now approaching sixty years of age, Mr Macadam set himself with all energy to carry out this scheme, and before he died, he had the satisfaction of seeing his system of roadmaking generally adopted, though the only reward he reaped for his labours was a grant of £2000 from parliament, and the repayment of a large sum, amounting to several thousands more, which he proved before a committee of the House of Commons to have been expended by him from his own resources in perfecting his plan. He died at Moffat on 29th November 1836, in the eighty-first year of his age, leaving behind him the reputation of one of the most honourable and disinterested of men.

The great drawback from the virtues of Mr Macadam's plan, lies in the difficulty of obtaining a smooth surface. Without a firm subsoil, or, the subjacent materials are apt to work up amongst those of the macadam bed. It is also found that carriages encounter a prodigious friction from these materials, until they have been somewhat beaten down; and that, even then, the wheels will be found to have left great longitudinal indentations or hollows, with rough ridges between, altogether at issue with true smoothness. The first objection was overcome by the great engineer Telford, who suggested a causewayed substructure as a basis for the bed of small stones. The second difficulty can be to a large extent overcome, by causing a heavy roller to pass in the first place over the bed of macadamised fragments, so as to jam them down into a compact cake, on which the carriages may then pass with comparative facility. But though this plan commends itself to the simplest common sense, and is very generally practised in France, the idea of its advantages seems never yet to have dawned upon the British intellect. Accordingly, the macadamised road is still, with us, a martyrdom to horses; and it is not too much to say, that the thoroughfares of London present, during a third part of all time, frictional difficulties ten times more than there is any just occasion for, and require four times the amount of renewal and expense which is strictly necessary.

THE HOTTENTOT VENUS.

Early in the present century, a poor wretched woman was exhibited in England under the appellation of the Hottentot Venus. With an intensely ugly figure, distorted beyond all European notions of beauty, she was said by those to whom she belonged to possess precisely that kind of shape which is most admired among her countrymen, the Hottentots. Mr Bullock, proprietor of a 'Museum' in which many exhibitions were held in those days, was applied to in 1810 by a Mr Dunlop, surgeon of an African ship, to purchase a beautiful camelopard skin. On account of the high price asked, the negotiation broke off; but at a second interview, Dunlop informed Mr Bullock that he had brought a Hottentot woman home with him from the Cape, whom he had engaged to take back again in two years; that she was an object of great curiosity; and that a person might make a fortune in two years by exhibiting her. Mr Bullock, however, did not close with the offer made to him, and the black woman was sold—for it appears to have been virtually a sale—by the surgeon to another person. Then came forth the advertisements and placards concerning the Hottentot Venus. She was exhibited on a stage two feet high, along which she was led by her keeper, and exhibited like a wild beast; being obliged to walk, stand, or sit, as he ordered her. The exhibition was so offensive and disgraceful, that the attorney-general called for the interference of the lord chancellor on the subject. He grounded his application on the fact, that the poor creature did not appear to be a free agent, and that she was little other than a slave or chattel. She and her keeper being a kind of low Dutch, such as is known on the Hottentot borders of Cape Colony. It was observed, on one occasion, while being exhibited, that on her not coming forward immediately when called, the keeper went to her, and holding up his hand menacingly, said something in Dutch which induced her to come forward. She was often heard, also, to heave deep sighs in the course of the exhibition, and displayed great sullenness of temper. A Dutch gentleman, on one occasion, interrogated her how far she was a willing participant in the exhibition; but her keeper would not allow her to answer the questions. The publicity
given to the matter in the Court of Chancery, soon caused the disappearance of the Hottentot Venus from the public gaze, but of the subsequent history of the poor woman herself we have no information.

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

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William of Wykeham, probably one of the most popular characters in English history, was born of humble parents in the obscure Hampshire village from which he derives his surname. Nicholas Uvedale, the lord of the manor, attracted by the child's intelligence, sent him to school at Winchester. When still a youth, William became his patron's secretary, and being lodged in a lofty tower of Winchester Castle, there acquired the enthusiastic admiration of Gothic architecture, which laid the foundation of his future fortune. The young secretary visited the neighbouring churches, cathedrals, and castles; he measured, studied, and compared their various beauties and defects; then considered how such stately edifices had been erected; and figured in his own imagination others of still finer and grander proportions.

So, when introduced by his patron to King Edward III., he was qualified to assist that monarch in planning and directing the building of his palatial castle at Windsor. Wykeham thus became the king's favourite and secretary; and subsequently applying himself to politics, he was made keeper of the Privy Seal; then entering the church, he became Bishop of Winchester, and soon afterwards lord chancellor of England.

William, however, had nearly lost the favour of the king. When Windsor Castle was completed, the architect caused to be placed over the great gate, the words, THIS MADE WYKEHAM. The inscription was considered to be an arrogant assumption to himself, of all the honour and glory resulting from the great undertaking. The king, at first, was displeased, but William soon satisfied the monarch by the following explanation.

In the inscription, the word Wykeham was, according to the idiom of the English language, in the accusative case, and, accordingly, the inscription did not mean that Wykeham made this building, but that the construction of the building made Wykeham, raising him from a poor lad to be the king's favourite architect. And when the heralds were busying themselves to find suitable arms for Wykeham, he gave them as his motto, MANNERS MAKE MAN; thereby meaning that a man's real worth is to be estimated, not from the outward and accidental circumstances of birth and fortune, but from the acquirements of his mind and his moral qualifications.

The biography of William of Wykeham, being perhaps the history of England, is rather beyond our scope. Ever sensible that the education and manners which he acquired at Winchester had made him a man of his type, he founded Winchester school, for the benefit of future generations. As a necessary adjunct and accessory to the school, he founded New College at Oxford. The publication of the charter of foundation of the latter establishment, bears date the 26th of November 1379. During his long term of fourscore years,

William devoted himself to acts of benevolence and charity. The immense fortune he acquired was expended with equal munificence. He contributed greatly to the promotion of sound education in England, while his skill as an architect was matched by an extraordinary aptitude for civil and ecclesiastical business. His talents and benevolence were not confined to scholastic and ecclesiastical edifices alone; he constructed roads and bridges, and regulated traffic on highways. He was buried in his own oratory in Winchester Cathedral, and whether the result of care or accident, it is pleasing to have to relate that Wykeham's tomb, of white marble, has never been desecrated. Many other tombs have suffered dilapidation in that cathedral, and other places, during the many political and religious changes that have occurred since Wykeham was interred; but his revered effigy, in pontifical robes, seems as if scarcely a few days had elapsed since it left the hand of the sculptor.

NOVEMBER 27.

St James, surnamed Internus, martyr, 421. St Marcellus, martyr, 421. St Secundus or Sechmal, bishop of Dusseldorf or Dussaghkip, in Meath, 447. St Maximus, bishop of Riez, consecrated about 469. St Virgil, bishop of Salzburg, confessor, 754.

Advent Sunday.

The four weeks immediately preceding Christmas are collectively styled Advent, a term denoting approach or arrival, and are so called in reference to the coming celebration of the birth of our Saviour. With this period, the ecclesiastical or Christmas year is held to commence, and the first Sunday of these four weeks is termed Advent Sunday, or the first Sunday in Advent. It is always the nearest Sunday to the feast of St Andrew, whether before or after that day; so that in all cases the season of Advent shall contain the uniform number of four Sundays. In 1864, Advent Sunday falls on the 27th of November, the earliest possible date on which it can occur.


DIED—Horace, lyric and satirical poet, B.C. Closius, first king of France, 511. Paris; Maurice, Roman emperor, beheaded at Chalcedon, 602; Louis, Chevalier de Rohan, executed at Paris for conspiracy, 1674; Basil Montagu, Q.C. (writings on philosophical and social questions, &c.), 1831, Boulton.

THE GREAT STORM.

Early on the morning of Saturday, the 27th November 1703, occurred one of the most terrific storms recorded in our national history. It was not merely, as usually happens, a short and sudden burst of tempest, lasting a few hours, but a fierce and tremendous hurricane of a week's duration, which attained its utmost violence on
the day above mentioned. The preceding Wednesday was a peculiarly calm, fine day for the season of the year, but at four o'clock in the afternoon a brisk gale commenced, and increased so strongly during the night, that it would have been termed a great storm, if a greater had not immediately followed. On Thursday, the wind slightly abated; but on Friday it blew with redoubled force till midnight, from which time till daybreak on Saturday morning, the tempest was at its extreme height. Consequently, though in some collections of dates the Great Storm is placed under the 26th of November, it actually took place on the following day. Immediately after midnight, on the morning of Saturday, numbers of the affrighted inhabitants of London left their beds, and took refuge in the cellars and lower apartments of their houses. Many thought the end of the world had arrived. Defoe, who experienced the terrors of that dreadful night, says: ‘Horror and confusion seized upon all; no pen can describe it; no tongue can express it, no thought conceive it, unless some of those who were in the extremity of it.’ It was not till eight o'clock on the Saturday morning, when the storm had slightly lulled, that the boldest could venture forth from the shelter of their dwellings, to seek assistance or hire for the safety of friends. The streets were then thickly strewn with bricks, tiles, stones, lead, timber, and all kinds of building materials. The storm continued to rage through the day, with very little diminution in violence, but at four in the afternoon heavy torrents of rain fell, and had the effect of considerably reducing the force of the gale. By long, however, the hurricane recommenced with greater fury, and in the course of the Sunday and Monday attained such a height, that on Tuesday night few persons dared go to bed. Continuing till noon on Wednesday, the storm then gradually decreased till four in the afternoon, when it terminated in a dead calm, at the very hour of its commencement on the same day of the preceding week.

The old and dangerously absurd practice of building chimneys in stacks, containing as many bricks as a modern ordinary-sized house, was immediately followed by all its fatal consequences on the occasion. The bills of mortality for the week recorded twenty-one deaths in London alone, from the fall of chimneys. After the tempest, houses bore a resemblance to skeletons. Fortunately, three weeks of dry weather followed, permitting the inhabitants to patch up their dwellings with boards, tar-paulins, old sails, and straw; regular repairs being in many instances, at the time, wholly impossible. Plain tiles rose in price from one guinea to six pounds per thousand; and pan-tiles from fifty shillings to ten pounds, for the same number. Bricklayers’ wages rose in proportion, so that even in the case of large public edifices, the trustees or managers bestowed on them merely a temporary repair, till prices should fall. During 1704, the Temple, Christ’s Hospital, and other buildings in the city of London, presented a remarkable appearance, patched with straw, reeds, and other temporary materials.

At Wells, the bishop of that diocese and his wife were killed, when in bed, by a stack of chimneys falling upon them. Defoe, from personal observation, relates that, in the county of Kent alone, 1107 dwelling-houses and barns were levelled by the tremendous force of the hurricane. Five hundred grand old trees were prostrated in Penshurst, the ancient park of the Sidneys, and numerous orchards of fruit-trees were totally destroyed.

The same storm did great damage in Holland and France, but did not extend far to the northward; the border counties and Scotland receiving little injury from it. The loss sustained by the city of London was estimated at one million, and that of Bristol at two hundred thousand pounds. Great destruction of property and loss of life occurred on the river Thames. The worst period of the storm there, was from midnight to daybreak, the night being unusually dark, and the tide extraordinarily high. Five hundred watermen’s wherries, 300 ship-boats, and 120 barges were destroyed; the number of persons drowned could never be exactly ascertained, but 22 dead bodies were found and interred.

The greatest destruction of shipping, however, took place off the coast, where the fleet, under the command of Sir Cloudsley Shovel, had just returned from the Mediterranean. The admiral, and part of his ships anchored near the Gunfleet, rode out the gale with little damage; but of the vessels lying in the Downs few escaped. Three ships of 70 guns, one of 64, two of 56, one of 46, and several other smaller vessels, were totally destroyed, with a loss of 1500 officers and men, among whom was Rear-admiral Beaumont.

It may surprise many to learn that the elaborate contrivances for saving life from shipwreck date from no distant period. Even late in the last century, the dwellers on the English coasts considered themselves the lawful heirs of all drowned persons, and held that their first duty in the case of a wreck was to secure, for their own behoof, the property which Providence had thus cast on their shores. That they should exert themselves to save the lives of their fellow-creatures, thus imperilled, was an idea that never presented itself. Nay, superstition, which ever has had a close connection with self-interest, declared it was unlucky to rescue a drowning man from his fate. In the humane endeavour to put an end to this horrible state of matters, Burke, in 1776, brought a bill into parliament, enacting that the value of any shipwrecks should be levied from the inhabitants of the district where the wreck occurred. The country gentlemen, resenting the bill as an attack on their vested interests, vehemently opposed it. The government of the day also, requiring the votes of the county members to grant supplies for carrying on the war against the revolted American colonies, joined in the opposition, and threw out the bill, as Will Whitehead expresses it:

‘To make Squire Boobies willing,
To grant supplies at every check.
Give them the plunder of a wreck,
They’ll vote another shilling.’

This allusion to the change which has taken place in public feeling on the subject of wrecks, was rendered necessary to explain the following incident in connection with the Great Storm. At low water, on the morning after the terrible hurricane, more than two hundred men were discovered on the treacherous footing of the Goodwin Sands, crying and gesticulating for aid, well knowing
that in a very short time, when the tide rose, they would inevitably perish. The boatmen were too busy, labouring in their vocation of picking up portable property, to think of saving life. The mayor of Deal, an humble slopseller, but a man of extraordinary humanity for the period, went to the custom-house, and begged that the boats belonging to that establishment might be sent out to save some, at least, of the poor men. The custom-house officers refused, on the ground that this was not the service for which their boats were provided. The mayor then collected a few fellow-tradesmen, and in a short speech so inspired them with his generous emotions, that they seized the custom-house boats by force, and, going off to the sands, rescued as many persons as they could from certain death. The shipwrecked men being brought to land, naked, cold, and hungry, what was to be done with them? The navy agent at Deal refused to assist them, his duties being, he said, to aid seamen wounded in battle, not shipwrecked men.

The worthy mayor, whose name was Powell, had therefore to clothe and feed these poor fellows, provide them with lodgings, and bury at his own expense some that died. Subsequently, after a long course of petitioning, he was reimbursed for his outlay by government; and this concession was followed by parliament requesting the queen to place shipwrecked seamen in the same category as men killed or wounded in action. The widows and children of men who had perished in the Great Storm, were thus placed on the pension list.

The most remarkable of the many edifices destroyed during that dreadful night was the first Eddystone light-house, erected four years previously by an enterprising but incompetent individual, named Winstanley. He had been a mercer in London, and, having acquired wealth, retired to Littlebury, in Essex, where he amused himself with the curious but useless mechanical toys that preceded our modern machinery and engineering, as

alchemy and astrology preceded chemistry and astronomy. As a specimen of these, it is related that, in one room of his house, there lay an old dipper, which, if a kick were given it, immediately raised a ghost from the floor; in another room, if a visitor sat down in a seemingly comfortable armchair, the arms would fly round his body, and detain him a close prisoner, till released by the ingenious inventor. The light-house was just such a specimen of misapplied ingenuity as might have been expected from such an intellect. It was built of wood, and deficient in every element of stability. Its polygonal form rendered it peculiarly liable to be swept away by the waves. It was no less exposed to the action of the wind, from the upper part being ornamented with large wooden candlesticks, and supplied with useless vanes, cranes, and other 'top-humper,' as a sailor would say. It is probable that the design of this singular edifice had been suggested to Winstanley by a drawing of a Chinese pagoda. And this light-house, placed on a desolate rock in the sea, was painted with representations of suns and compasses, and mottoes of various kinds; such as Post Tenebras Lux, GLORY BE TO GOD, Pax in Bello. The last was probably in allusion to the building's fancied security, amidst the wild war of waters. And that such peace might be properly enjoyed, the light-house contained, besides a kitchen and accommodation for the keepers, a state-room, finely carved.
and painted, with a chimney, two closets, and two windows. There was also a splendid bedchamber, richly gilded and painted. This is Winstanley's own description, accompanying an engraving of the light-house, in which he complacently represents himself fishing from the state-room window. One would suppose he had designed the building for an eccentric ornament to a garden or a park, were it not that, in his whimsical ingenuity, he had contrived a kind of movable shoot on the top, by which stormy seas could be showered down on any side, on an approaching enemy. Men, who knew by experience the aggressive powers of sea-waves, renounced with Winstanley, but he declared that he was so well assured of the strength of the building, that he would like to be in it during the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of heaven. The confident architect had, a short time previous to the Great Storm, gone to the light-house to superintend some repairs. When the fatal tempest came, it swept the flimsy structure into the ocean, and with it the unfortunate Winstanley, and five other persons who were along with him in the building. There is a curious bit of literary history indirectly connected with the Great Storm. Addison, "distressed by indigence," wrote a poem on the victory of Blenheim, in which he thus compares the Duke of Marlborough, directing the current of the great fight, to the Spirit of the Storm—

"So when an angel, by divine command,
Wields in his squadron the tempest's chain,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene, he drives the furious blast.
And pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm."

Lord Godelphine was so pleased with this simile, that he immediately appointed Addison to the Commission of Appeals, the first public employment conferred on the essayist.

CIRCUMSTANCES AT THE DEATH OF THOMAS, LORD LYTTELTON.

Thomas, second Lord Lyttelton, who died November 27, 1779, at the age of thirty-five, was as noted for his reckless and dissipated life, not to speak of impious habits of thought—as his father had been for the reverse. One of the wicked actions attributed to him, was the seduction of three Misses Amphlett, who resided near his country residence in Shropshire. He had just returned from India—where he left one of these ladies—when, residing at his house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square, he was attacked with suffocating fits of a threatening character. According to one account, he dreamed one night that a fluttering bird came to his window, and that presently after a woman appeared to him in white apparel, who told him to prepare for death, as he would not outlive three days. He was much alarmed, and called for his servant, who found him in a profuse perspiration, and to whom he related the circumstance which had occurred.* According to another account, from a relative of his lordship, he was still awake when the noise of a bird fluttering at the window called his attention; his room seemed filled with light, and he saw in the recess of the window a female figure, being that of a lady whom he had injured, who, pointing to the clock on the mantel-piece, then indicating twelve o'clock, said in a severe tone that, at that hour on the third day after, his life would be concluded, after which she vanished and left the room in darkness.

That some such circumstance, in one or other of these forms, was believed by Lord Lyttelton to have occurred, there can be no reasonable doubt, for it left him in a depression of spirits which caused him to speak of the matter to his friends. On the third day, he had a party with him at breakfast, including Lord Fortescue, Lady Flood, and two Misses Amphlett, to whom he remarked: "If I live over to-night, I shall have jockeyed the ghost, for this is the third day." The whole party set out in the forenoon for his lordship's country-house, Pit Place, near Epsom, where he had not long arrived when he had one of his suffocating fits. Nevertheless, he was able to dine with his friends at five o'clock. By five o'clock the clocks throughout the house, and the watches of the whole party, including his lordship's, were put forward half an hour. The evening passed agreeably; the ghostly warning was never alluded to; and Lord Lyttelton seemed to have recovered his usual gaiety. At half-past eleven, he retired to his bedroom, and soon after got into bed, where he was to take a dose of rhubarb and mint-water. According to the report afterwards given by his valet,* he kept every now and then looking at his watch. He ordered his curtains to be closed at the foot. It was now within a minute or two of twelve by his watch; he asked to look at mine, and seemed pleased to find it nearly keep time with his own. His lordship then put both to his ear, to satisfy himself that they went. When it was more than a quarter after twelve by our watches, he said:

"This mysterious lady is not a true prophetess, I find." When it was near the real hour of twelve, he said: "Come, I'll wait no longer; get me my medicine; I'll take it, and try to sleep." Receiving the man stirring the medicine with a toothpick, Lord Lyttelton scolded him, and sent him away for a tea-spoon, with which he soon after returned. He found his master in a fit, with his chin, owing to the elevation of the pillow, resting hard upon his neck. Instead of trying to relieve him, he ran for assistance, and when he came back with the alarmed party of guests, Lord Lyttelton was dead.

Amongst the company at Pit Place that day, was Mr Miles Peter Andrews, a companion of Lord Lyttelton. Having business at the Dartford powder-mills, in which he was a partner, he left the house early, but not before he had been pleasingly assured that his noble friend was restored to his usual good spirits. So little did the ghost-adventure rest in Mr Andrews' mind that he did not even recollect the time when it was predicted the event would take place. He had been half an hour in bed at his partner, Mr Pigot's house at the mill, when suddenly his curtains were pulled open, and Lord Lyttelton

* T. J., the subsequent proprietor of Lord Lyttelton's house, Pit Place, gives this (Gent. Mag. 1816, i. 421), as from a narrative in writing, left in the house as an heirloom, and "which may be depended on."

* Gentleman's Magazine, 1815, i. 397.
+ J. W. Croker (Notes on Bowdler's Life of Johnson).
appeared before him at his bedside, in his robe-de-chambre and night-cap. Mr Andreas looked at him some time, and thought it so odd a freak of his friend, that he began to reproach him for his folly; coming down to Dordor Mill without notice, as he could find no accommodation. "However," said he, "I'll get up, and see what can be done." He turned to the other side of the bed, and rang the bell, when Lord Lyttelton disappeared. His servant soon after coming in, he inquired: "Whether Lord Lyttelton the servant, all astonishment, declared he had not seen anything of his lordship since they left Pit Place. "Tislaw! you fool, he was here this moment at my bedside." The servant persisted that it was not possible. Mr Andreas dressed himself, and with the assistance of the servants, searched every part of the house and garden; but no Lord Lyttelton was to be found. Still Mr Andreas could not help believing that Lord Lyttelton had played him this trick, till, about four o'clock the same day, an express arrived to inform him of his lordship's death, and the manner of it.

An attempt has been made to invalidate the truth of this recital, but on grounds more than usually weak. It has been surmised that Lord Lyttelton meant to take poison, and imposed the story of the warning on his friends; as if he would have chosen for a concealment of his design, a kind of imposture which, as the opinions of mankind go, is just the most hard of belief. This supposition, moreover, overlooks, and is inconsistent with, the fact that Lord Lyttelton was deceived as to the hour by the tampering with the watches; if he meant to destroy himself, he ought to have done it half an hour sooner. It is further affirmed—and the explanation is said to come from Lord Fortescue, who was of the party at Pit Place—that the story of the vision took its rise in a recent chase for a lady's pet-bird, which Lord Lyttelton declared had been haraupingly reproduced to him in his dreams; Lord Fortescue may have been induced, by the usual desire of escaping from a supernatual-vision, to surmise that the story had some such foundation; but it coheres with no other facts in the case, and fails to account for the impression on Lord Lyttelton's mind, that he had been warned of his coming death—a fact of which all his friends bore witness. On the other hand, we have the Lyttelton family fully of belief that the circumstances were as here related. Dr Johnson tells us, that he heard it from Lord Lyttelton's uncle, Lord Westcote, and he was therefore willing to believe it. There was, in the Dowager Lady Lyttelton's house, in Portugal Street, Gracehor Square, a picture which she herself executed in 1780, expressly to commemorate the event; it hung in a conspicuous part of her drawing-room. 'The dove appears at the window, with a female figure, habited in white, stands at the foot of the bed, announcing to Lord Lyttelton his dissolution. Every part of the picture was faithfully designed, after the description given to her by the valet-de-chambre who attended him, to whom his master related all the circumstances. ' The evidence of Mr Andreas is also highly important. Mr J. W. Croker, in his notes on Boswell, attests that he had more than once heard Mr Andreas relate the story, with details substantially agreed to the recital which we have quoted from the Gentleman's Magazine. He was unquestionably good evidence for what occurred to himself, and he may be considered as not a bad reporter of the story of the ghost of the lady which he had heard from Lord Lyttelton's own mouth.

Mr Croker adds, that Mr Andreas always told the tale 'reluctantly, and with an evidently solemn conviction of its truth.' On the whole, then, the Lyttelton ghost-story may be considered as not only one of the most remarkable from its compound character—one spiritual occurrence supporting another—but also one of the best authenticated, and which it is most difficult to explain away, if we are to allow human testimony to be of the least value.

**PITT AND HIS TAXES**

The great increase in taxation consequent to the conclusion of the first American war, is a well-known circumstance in modern British history. The national debt, which, previous to the commencement of the Seven Years' War in 1756, fell short of £275,000,000, was, through the expenses entailed by that conflict, increased to nearly £129,000,000 at the peace of Paris in 1763, while twenty years subsequently, at the peace of Versailles, in 1783, the latter amount had risen to upwards of £244,000,000, in consequence of the ill-judged and futile hostilities with the North American colonies. When William Pitt, the youngest premier and chancellor of exchequer that England had ever seen, and at the time only twenty-four years of age, came into office in December 1783, on the dismissal of the Coalition cabinet, he found the finances in such a condition as to necessitate the imposition of various new taxes, including, among others, the levying of an additional rate on windows, and also of duties or game-certificates, hackney-coaches, and saddle and race horses. This may be regarded as the commencement of a train of additional burdens on the British nation, which afterwards, during the French war, mounted to such a height, that at the present day it seems impossible to comprehend how our fathers could have supported so crushing a load on their resources. Opposite views prevail as to the expediency of the measures followed by England in 1790, when the country, under the leadership of such champions as Pitt and Burke, drifted into a war with the French republic; a war, however, which, in the conjunction of circumstances attending the relations between the two countries, must have almost inevitably taken place, sooner or later. At the present day, indeed, when more who attested the fact. 'This stone,' says Howel, 'is to be sent to a town hard-by Exeter, where this happened.'


* Wrawall's Memoirs, i, 113.
liberal and enlightened ideas prevail on international questions, and we have also had the benefit of our fathers' experience, such a consummation might possibly have been avoided. Of the straightforwardness and vigorous ability of Pitt throughout his career, there can be no doubt, however one-sided he may have been in his political sympathies; and a tribute of respect, though opinions will differ as to its grounds, is undoubtedly due to 'the pilot that weathered the storm.'

The taxes imposed by Pitt, as might have been anticipated, caused no inconsiderable amount of grumbling among the nation at large. This grumbling, in many instances, resolved itself into waggon jests and caricatures. The story of the Edinburgh wit, who wrote 'Pitt's Works, vol. i., vol. ii., &c., on the walls of the houses where windows had been blocked up by the proprietors in consequence of the imposition of an additional duty, is a well-known and threadbare joke. Another jest, which

A DEFIANCE TO PITT'S HORSE-TAX—A FARMER RIDING HIS COW TO STOCKPORT MARKET.

took a practical form, was that concocted by a certain Jonathan Thatcher, who, on 27th November 1784, in defiance of the horse-tax, imposed a few months previously by Pitt, rode his cow to and from the market of Stockport. A contemporary caricature, representing that scene, is hereewith presented to our readers as a historical curiosity.

NOVEMBER 28.

St Stephen, the Younger, martyr, 764. St James of La Marca of Acre, confessor, 1476.

Born.—Captain George William Manby, inventor of life-saving apparatus for shipwrecks, 1765, Hingham, Norfolk; Victor Cousin, moral philosopher, 1792.

Died.—Pope Gregory III., 741; Dunois, the Bastard of Orleans, 1465; Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, beheaded, 1499; Cartouche, celebrated robber, executed at Paris, 1721; Charles Buller, statesman and writer, 1848, London; Washington Irving, eminent popular writer, 1859, Irvington, New York; Baron C. C. J. Hessen, Prussian statesman, philosophical writer, 1850, Rome.

THE REV. LANGTON FREEMAN AND HIS SINGULAR MAUSOLEUM.

Among the numerous individuals who have rendered themselves conspicuous by eccentricities of character, few, perhaps, are more noteworthy than an English clergyman who died about eighty years ago.

The Rev. Langton Freeman, whose baptism is registered on 28th November 1710, was rector of Bilton, in Warwickshire. He resided at the retired and somewhat secluded village of Whilton, in Northamptonshire, some ten or twelve miles distant, from which he rode on Sundays to Bilton, to perform his ministerial duties. He was a bachelor, which may, in some measure, account for the oddities which have rendered his name famous in the neighbourhood where he dwelt. Living, as he did, in an old manor-house, and occupying so honoured a position in society, few persons would suppose that a clergyman and gentleman could be guilty of such meanness as to beg his Sunday-dinner from a labouring-man, and occasionally also help himself from the larder of a richer friend. But, to do him justice, the reverend sower remembered all these petty thefts, and in his will bequeathed a recompense to those whom, in his lifetime, he had robbed.

His will is dated 10th September 1783, and his death took place the 9th of October in 1784. That portion of the testament relating to his burial is very curious, and runs thus:

"In the name of God, amen. I, the Reverend Langton Freeman, of Whilton, in the county of Northampton, clerk, being in a tolerable good state of bodily health, and of a perfect sound and disposing mind, memory, and understanding (praised be God for the same), and being mindful of my death, do therefore make and ordain this my last Will and Testament, as follows: And principally I commend my soul to the mercy of God through the merits of my Redeemer. And first, for four or five days after my decease, and until my body grows offensive, I would not be removed out of the place or bed I shall die on. And then I would be carried or laid in the same bed, decently and privately, in the summer-house now erected in the garden belonging to the dwelling-house, where I now inhabit in Whilton aforesaid, and to be laid in the same bed there, with all the appurtenances thereto belonging; and to be wrapped in a strong, double winding-sheet, and in all other respects to be interred as near as may be to the description we receive in Holy Scripture of our Saviour's burial.

The doors and windows to be locked up and bolted, and to be kept as near in the same manner and state they shall be in at the time of my decease. And I desire that the building, or summer-house, shall be planted around with evergreen-plants, and fenced off with iron or oak pales, and painted of a dark-blue colour; and for the due performance of this, in manner aforesaid, and for keeping the building over the same, with the evergreen-plants and nails in proper and decent repair, I give to my nephew, Thomas Freeman, the mariner of Whilton, &c.

All these instructions appear to have been faithfully carried out, and Mr. Freeman was duly deposited in the singular mausoleum which he had chosen. Till within the last few years, the summer-house was surrounded with evergreens; but now the palings are gone, the trees have been cut down, and the structure itself looks like a ruined hovel.

There is a large hole in the roof, through which, about two years ago, some men effected an entrance. With the aid of a candle they made a survey of the burial-place and its tenant; the latter, a dried up, skinny figure, having apparently the consistency of leather, with one arm laid across the chest, and the other hanging down the body, which, though never embalmed, seems to have remained perfectly incorrupted.

It is rather singular that there is nothing whatever in the parish register respecting the burial of the Rev. Langton Freeman. This may be accounted for, however, by the circumstance of his having been buried in unconsecrated ground.

Washington Irving.

Were the fact not familiar to every one, most English readers of the Sketch-Book, Bracebridge Hall, and the lives of Goldsmith and Columbus, would be surprised to learn that they were written by an American; though, indeed, an American to whom England gave success and fame.

Washington Irving's father was a Scotchman, and his mother an Englishwoman. William Irving went to New York about 1763, and was a merchant of that city during the revolution. His son, Washington, was born April 3, 1783, just as the War of Independence had been brought to a successful termination; and he received the name of its hero, of whom he was destined to be the, so far, most voluminous biographer. His best means of education was his father's excellent library, and his elder brothers were men of literary tastes and pursuits. At sixteen, he began to study law, but he never followed out the profession. He was too modest ever to address a jury, and in the height of his fame, he could never summon the resolution to make a speech, even when toasted at a public dinner. Irving was early a traveller. At the age of twenty-one, he visited the south of Europe on a tour of health and pleasure. On his return to New York, he wrote for his brother's newspaper; joined with Paulding, Halleck, and Bryant in the Salmagundi—papers in the fashion of the Spectator; and wrote a comic history of the early settlement of New York, purporting to be the production of a venerable Dutchman, Diedrich Knickerbocker. This work had a great success, and so delighted Sir Walter Scott, that when the author visited him in 1829, he wrote to thank Campbell, who had given him a letter of introduction, for "one of the best and most pleasant anecdotes he had met in many a day." Sir Walter did not stop with compliments. Irving could not find a publisher for his Sketch-Book, being perhaps too modest to push with his work. He got it printed on his own account by a person named Miller, who failed shortly after. Sir Walter introduced the author to John Murray, who gave him £200 for the copyright, but afterwards increased the sum to £400. Irving then went to Paris, where he wrote Bracebridge Hall, and made the acquaintance of Thomas Moore and other literary celebrities. From thence
he proceeded to Dresden, and wrote the "Tales of a Traveller"; but he found his richest mine in Spain, where, for three months, he resided in the palace of the Alhambra, and employed himself in ransacking its ancient records. Here he wrote his "Life and Voyages of Columbus" (for which Murray paid him £500), "The Conquest of Granada, Voyages of the Companions of Columbus," &c.

By this time America, finding that Irving had become famous abroad—as American authors and artists mostly do, if at all, according to an old proverb—begged him to accept the post of secretary of legation at London; a highly honourable office indeed, but, in point of emolument, worth only £500 a year. The Oxford University having conferred on him the honorary degree of D.C.L., and one of George IV.'s gold medals, the Americans, a modest people, always proud of European recognition, made him minister at the court of Spain. On his return to America, he retired to a beautiful country-seat, 'Sunny-side,' built in his own 'Sleepy Hollow,' on the banks of the Hudson, where he lived with his brother and nieces, and wrote "Asteria, Captain Bonneville, Goldsmith, Mahomet," and his last work, the life of his great namesake, Washington. He was never married. In his youth he loved one who died of consumption, and he was faithful to her memory. He died, November 28, 1859, sincerely mourned by the whole world of literature, and by his own countrymen, who have placed his name at the head of the list of authors whom they delight to honour.

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**NOVEMBER 29.**

St Saturninus, bishop of Toulouse, martyr, 257. St Radbod, bishop of Utrecht, confessor, 916.

Born—Margaret, daughter of Henry VII. and queen of James IV. of Scotland, 1459; Sir Philip Sidney, poet, 1554; Elizabeth, wife of Dr. Peter Heylin, theological and historical writer, 1600; Stamford, Oxfordshire; John Ray, eminent naturalist, 1627; Black Notley, Essex.

Died—Pope Clement IV., 1268; Victor II.; Philippe le Bel, king of France, 1314; Fontainebleau; Roger Mortimer, paramour of Isabella, Edward II.'s queen, executed at Smithfield, 1330; Charles IV., Emperor of Germany, 1379; Prague; Cardinal Thomas Wolsey, minister of Henry VII., 1530; St Mary's Abbey, Leicester; Frederick, Elector Palatine, son-in-law of James I. of England, 1532; Mts; Brian Walton, bishop of Chester, editor of the Polyglot Bible, 1661; London; Prince Rupert, of Bavaria, cavalier-general, 1652, London; Marcello Maffi, eminent anatomist, 1694, Rome; Anthony Wood, or A Wood, antiquarian writer, 1695, Oxford; Maria Theresa, queen of Hungary, 1780, Vienna.

**THE EARL OF MARCH: ‘MORTIMER’S HOLE.’**

To the traveller approaching Nottingham by rail from the Derby side, the commanding position of its ruined castle cannot but be an object of interest. Though commerce has completely surrounded the rock it stands upon with workshops, wharves, and modern dwelling-houses, the castle seems literally 'to dwell alone.' Associations of a character peculiar to itself cluster round it. It has a distinctive existence—claims a distinct parentage from the puny, grovelling creations beneath it—and soars as much beyond them by the events it calls to mind, as by its proud and lofty position. Its history, in fact, is interwoven in the history of the nation; and part of the glory and shame of its country's deeds rests upon it.

The old castle must have frowned with unusual gloominess when Isabella, queen of Edward II., and her unprincipled paramour, Mortimer, took up their abode in it. The queen had rebelled against and deposed her husband. Mortimer had accomplished his death. And with the young king, Edward III., in their tutelage, they tyrannised over the country, and squandered its treasures as they pleased.

As a fresh instance of her favour, the frail princess had recently elevated Mortimer to the earldom of March. But the encroaching arrogance of the haughty minion was awakening in the minds of the barons a determination to repel the insolence and overgrown power. This spirit of revenge was still further excited by the execution of the king's uncle, the Earl of Kent, who appears to have been slain merely to shew that there was none too high to be smitten down if he dared to make himself obnoxious to the profligate rulers. The bow, however, was this time strained beyond its strength. The blow that was intended to quell the rising storm of indignation, rebounced, with increased force, on the guilty Mortimer, and proved his own destruction. For all parties, weary of his insolence and oppression, were forgetting their former feuds in the common anxiety to work his overthrow, and this last savage act of his government aroused them to a full sense of their danger, and gave increased intensity to their hatred and desire of vengeance. Besides which, they saw in the young king, now in his eighteenth year, signs of growing impatience of the yoke which Mortimer, as regent, had imposed on his authority. Daily they poured complaints into the royal ear of the profligacy, the exactions, and the illegal practices of the paramour, and found in Edward a willing listener. At length he was brought to see his own danger—to look upon Mortimer as the murderer of his father and uncle, the usurper of power which ought to be in his own hands, the spoiler of his people, and the man who was bringing daily dishonour to himself and the nation by an illicit connection with his royal mother. He determined, accordingly, to humble the pride of the arrogant chief, and redress the public grievances. A parliament was summoned to meet at Nottingham, about Michaelmas 1330. The castle was occupied by the dowager-queen and the Earl of March, attended by a guard of a hundred and eighty knights, with their followers; while the king, with his queen Philippa, and a small retinue, took up his abode in the town. The number of their attendants, and the jealous care with which the castle was guarded, implied suspicion in the minds of the guilty pair. Every night the gates of the fortresses were locked, and the keys delivered to the queen, who slept with them under her pillow. But with all their precautions, justice was more than a match for their villainy. Sir William Montacute, under the sanction of his sovereign, summoned to his aid several nobles, on whose loyalty and good faith he could depend, and obtained
the king's warrant for the apprehension of the Earl of March and others. The plot was now ripe for execution. For a time, however, the inaccessible nature of the castle-rock, and the vigilance with which the passes were guarded, appeared to present an insuperable obstacle to the accomplishment of their designs. Could Sir William Eland, the constable of the castle, be won over and induced to betray the fortress into their hands? The experiment was worth a trial, and Montacute undertook the delicate task. Sir William joyfully fell in with a proposition which enabled him at once to testify his loyalty to his sovereign and his detestation of the haughty tyrant. The result of the interview is thus quaintly described by one of the old chroniclers, whose manuscript is quoted by Deering:

‘Thou saidst Sir William Montagu to the constable in heryng of all them that were helping to the quarrel. “Now certis dere frendes us behoveth for to worche and done by your Queenyse to take the Mortimer, sith ye be the keeper of the castell and have the kayes in your warde.” “Sir,” quod the constable, “wol ye understande that the yats of the castell beth lokyn with lokys, and Queen Isabell sent hidde by night for the kayes thereof, and they be layde under the cheeselle of her beddes heide unto the mowre, and so I may not come into the castell by the yats no manner of wyse; but yet I know another wyse by an aley that stretchith oute of the warde under the earthe into the castell that goeth into the west, which aley Queen Isabell, ne none of her meynye, ne the Mortimer, ne none of his companye knoweth it not, and so I shall lead you through the aley, and so ye shall come into the castell without spyes of any man that beth your enemies.”

Everything being now arranged, on the night of Friday, October 18, 1330, Edward and his loyal associates were conducted by Sir William Eland through a secret passage in the rock to the interior of the castle. Proceeding at once to a chamber adjoining the queen’s apartment, they found the object of their search in close consultation with the bishop of Lincoln and others of his party. The Earl of March was seized; Sir Hugh Turpington and Sir John Mummouth, two of the state-guards, were slain in attempting to rescue him from the king’s associates; and the queen, hearing the tumult, and suspecting the cause, rushed into the room in an agony of terror, exclaiming: ‘Fair son, fair son, have pity on the gentle Mortimer!’ Notwithstanding the cries and entreaties of the weeping Isabella, her beloved earl was torn from her presence, and hurried down the secret passage by which his captors entered, and which has ever since been designated Mortimer’s Hole. With so much secrecy and despatch was this stratagem executed, that the guards on the ramparts of the castle were not disturbed, and the good people of Nottingham knew nothing of the enterprise till the following day, when the arrest of Mortimer’s sons and several of his adherents by the royalists, gave a significant and acceptable indication that the luxurious and profligate usurpation of the Earl of March had at length been terminated by kingy authority.

Mortimer was conveyed by a strong guard to the Tower of London. Edward repaired to Leicester, whence he issued writs for the assembling of a new parliament at Westminster, for the purpose of hearing charges against the late administration, and redressing the grievances under which the kingdom had laboured. At this parliament Mortimer was impeached and convicted in a most summary manner of high treason, and other crimes. No proof in evidence of his guilt was heard, and he was condemned to die as a traitor, by being drawn and hanged on the common gallows; a sentence which was executed at ‘The Elms,’ in Smithfield, on the 29th of November 1330. His body was
allowed to hang two days on the gallows, and was then interred in the church of the Greyfriars.

THE FALL OF WOLSEY.

Any new information regarding the history of Cardinal Wolsey must ever be welcome. A few items of this description have recently been obtained from a state manuscript of the reign of Henry VIII., now in the possession of Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Bart., F.S.A., a junior member of whose family was one of the chaplains to King Henry. Through him it may have found its way to the venerable seat of Nettlecombe, in the county of Somerset, where this manuscript, relating to domestic expenses and payments, has, for some centuries, been deposited.

Mr. Payne Collier, in describing this document to the Society of Antiquaries, says: 'We pass over the manner in which Wolsey appears, without check or control, to have issued his writs warrants or verbal commandments for payments of money for nearly all purposes, and upon all occasions, even for the despatch of his own letters to Rome; and in this kind is the first month to which the manuscript applies. Neither is it necessary to dwell upon the items which relate to the known part he took upon the trial of Queen Katherine, since upon this portion of the subject nearly all the authorities, from Hall to Lord Herbert of Cherbury, concur. It is to be observed, with reference to the transactions in which Wolsey was concerned, that no warrant was issued by him for the payment of any sum of money after the 19th of June 1529, when Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, the Irish knight, had a present made to him of £66 13s. 4d., the order for which was given by Wolsey. After this date, the warrants were those of the king, or of particular officers, and it does not seem that the cardinal was allowed to interfere; for his disgrace had then commenced, in consequence of the vexatious postponements in the trial of the divorce. Neither does his name occur again in the entries until we come upon it, as it were, by surprise, where he is spoken of by his double title of Cardinal of York and Bishop of Winchester, in connection with a payment to him of one thousand marks out of the revenues of Winchester. The terms are remarkable. 'Item, paid to the Lord Cardinall of Yorke and Bishoppe of Wincestre, xvij die Martii, by the kynges wyll, to the executioun of his hole yerse pension of M. mrs. by the yeere, out of the bishoprick of Winchester, which yere shall fully ende and ronne at Michilmas next cuminge—bckv[e]xij' iiiij.'

This quotation is valuable, both biographically and historically, since it settles the question, whether the sum granted to Wolsey were 1000 marks, as Stow, in his Annals, asserts; or 4000 marks, as it stands in some manuscripts of Cavendish's life of the cardinal. By the above entry, confirmed by a subsequent passage in Cavendish, it is clear that, in consideration of the necessities of the cardinal, it was to be allowed him beforehand. After all his pomp and prosperity—after all his vast accumulations of wealth—after all his piles of plate, and heaps of cloth of gold, and costly apparel—Wolsey, in March 1530 (judging from this entry), was reduced to the necessity of obtaining a loan of a thousand marks; this, too, to carry him to his exile at York, whither his enemies had, by this date, induced the fickle, selfish, and luxurious king to banish his former favourite.

Of Wolsey's subsequent residence at Cawood, we find in this manuscript, an 'Item to David Vincent, by the king's warrant, for his charge, being sent to Cawood, in the north contrie, at suche time as the cardenall was sicke.' As the sum charged was considerable—namely, £55, 6s. 8d. (more than £200 present money)—we may infer, perhaps, that the messenger, whom Cavendish styles his 'fellow Vincent,' made some stay there, watching the progress of Wolsey's illness, and sending intelligence to the king, who was more anxious for the death than for the life of his victim, in order that he might seize upon the remains of his movables. It is quite evident that the cardinal was not, at this period, so destitute as many have supposed, and that he had carried with him a very large quantity of plate, of which the king possessed himself the moment the breath was out of the body of its owner. Among the payments for January, 1533, Henry VIII., we read, in the Trevelyan manuscript, that two persons were employed three entire days in London, weighing the plate from Cawood, late the Cardinal's.' Such are the unceremonious terms used in the original memorandum, communicating a striking fact, of which we now hear for the first time.

From Cawood, as is well known, Wolsey was brought to the Earl of Shrewsbury's seat, at Sheffield Park; and thither messengers were unexpectedly sent to convey the cardinal to the Tower. This state manuscript shews that Sir William Kingston, captain of the guard, was sent to arrest the cardinal; and that forty pounds were paid to Kingston in November 1530, for the expenses of his journey, as follows: 'Item, to Sir William Kingston, knight-captain of the kings gard, sent to Thorle of Shrewesbury with divers of the kings gard, for the conveyance of the Cardinal of Yorke to the Tower of Lonon, in prest for their charges—xli.'

The cardinal was taken ill on the road: the Earl of Shrewsbury encouraged him to hope for recovery, but the cardinal replied that he could not live, and discoursed learnedly about his ailment, dysentery, which he said, within eight days, if there were no change, would necessarily produce 'excroition of the entrails, or delirium, or death.' This was on the eighth day, when he confidently expected his death; and he expired after the clock had struck eight, according to his own prediction; 'the very hour,' says Shakespeare, 'himself had foretold would be his last.' He had reached Leicester three days previously: as he entered the gate of the monastery, he said: 'Father abbot, I am come to lay my bones among you,' and so the event proved: the monks carried him to his bed, on which he expired on the 29th of November 1530. Shakspeare has little altered the words he used on his death-bed, though they were spoken to Kingston, and not, as in the play, to Cromwell:

'But had I served my God with half the zeal I served my king, he would not in this age Have left me naked to mine enemies.'

Henry VIII., Act iii. sc. 2.

It is a curious and novel circumstance, brought to light in the document before us, that, exactly
two months before the day of Wolsey's death, the dean and canons of Cardinal's (now Christ-church) College, Oxford, had so completely separated themselves from Wolsey, and from all the friends he had taken in their establishment, that, instead of resorting to him for the comparatively small sum of £184, for the purpose of carrying on the architectural works, they applied to the king for the loan of the money. The entry of this loan is made in the state document under consideration, upon an account to be repaid, agayne, on the time of Christmas next comming; so that even this trifling advance could not be made out of the royal purse, filled to replenishment by the sacrifice of Wolsey, without an express stipulation that the money was to be returned before Christmas.

Everything in Wolsey (says Mr Collier), his vices and his virtues—were great. He seemed incapable of mediocrity in anything; voluptuous and profuse, rapacious and of insatiable ambition, but too magnanimous to be either cruel or revengeful; he was an excellent master and patron, and a fair and open enemy. If we despise the abjectness which he exhibited in his first fall, let it be remembered from and what to him fell—a degree of wealth and grandeur which no subject on earth now enjoys, to a condition of ignominy and want, with all the terrible and unknown consequences to which he might be exposed from the merciless and unscrupulous temper of the king.

A picturesque tower or gate-house, the only remains of Wolsey's palace, exists, to this day, at Esher. Its erection has been commonly attributed to the cardinal; he is, however, thought to have had little time for building at Esher; and the architecture of the towers is of an earlier period than Wolsey's. With better authority, the erection of this building is attributed to Bishop Wainfleet, who preceded the cardinal in the possession of the see of Winchester by about eighty years, and is known to have erected 'a stately brick mansion and gate-house' in Esher Park. It is now luxuriantly mantled with ivy; the interior has a very skillfully-wrought novel staircase, of brick; and in the roof is introduced the principle of the oblique arch, a supposed invention of much later date.

In estimating the abjectness of Wolsey, we should also take into account the abject submission which he had long been taught to exhibit before the tyrant—

'Whose smile was transport, and whose frown was fate.'

Of this arbitrary sovereign, one circumstance is disclosed by Cavendish, utterly surpassing all the measures of common iniquity. When Wolsey was sued in a prenomry by Henry's order, and all his movables were seized, the chest which contained a dispensation under the king's sign-manual for the very facts on which he was proceeded against, was withheld, and he was prevented from adducing a document, which, if law and reason had any scope, would have preserved him. His misfortunes and the conversation of some devout and mortified Carthusians, appear to have awakened the first sense of genuine religion in his mind. During his retreat at Cawood, while the king was persecuting him with one refinement of ingenious cruelty after another, he was calm and composed; and, for the first time, he seems to have exercised, or even comprehended, the character of a Christian bishop. He reconciled enemies, he preached, he visited—nay, he was humble. But this character he was not long permitted to sustain. He had talents for popularity, which, in his delicate and difficult circumstances, he was, perhaps, not sufficiently reserved in displaying. He was preparing to be enthroned at York, with a degree of magnificence which, though far inferior to that which had been practised by his predecessors, was yet sufficient to awaken on the side of Her Majesty's government the suspicion that he was popular, and in consequence of Her Majesty's express orders, his arrest at Cawood ensued. It is unnecessary, as well as uncharitable, to suppose what there is no proof of—that he died of poison, either administered by himself or others. The obvious and proximate cause of his death was affliction. A great heart, oppressed with indignities, and beset with dangers, at length gave way; and Wolsey, under circumstances affecting him so dully by Cavendish, received, in Leicester Abbey, the two last charities of a death-bed and a grave.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER PRINTED BY STEAM.

The 29th of November 1814 forms an important date in the history of printing, and consequently in that of civilisation. It was the day on which a newspaper was for the first time printed by steam, instead of manual power. It seems appropriate that the Times, the newspaper which of all others throughout the world is now regarded as the most influential, should have been the one that inaugurated this vast improvement. The common printing-press, though much improved during the second half of the last century, could seldom strike off more than two or three hundred impressions per hour, with one man to ink the type, and another to work the press. To set forth the importance of machine-printing, it is only necessary to remark that, without such an invention, the production of a large impression of a newspaper was mechanically impossible, as the news would have been stale before the end of the impression was accomplished. In 1790, Mr W. Nicholson obtained letters-patent for a machine similar in many respects to those which have been adopted in later years; but it does not appear that he brought his invention into practice. Steam-power, it was known, would effect movements in machinery of almost every imaginable kind; but it was the enterprise of the proprietors of the Times that enabled inventors to surmount the difficulties of applying such power to printing-presses.

It was the second Mr John Walter (the son of the first and the father of the present proprietor), whose management of the Times began in 1803, that gave so immense an impulse to rapid printing. It took many hours to strike off the 3000 or 4000 copies of which the daily issue of the Times then consisted; and Mr Walter was dissatisfied with that slow process. In 1804, Thomas Martyn, a compositor in his employment, produced a model of a self-acting press. It was made by two of the press; and Walter supplied him with money to continue his ingenious labours. The pressmen, however, were so bitterly hostile to any such innovation, that Martyn was placed almost in fear of his life; and as Walter did not at that time possess a very large capital, the scheme fell to the ground. John Walter, however, was not a man to be beaten by
difficulties; he bore in mind Martyn's invention, and bid his time. He encouraged inventors from all quarters; and as his pecuniary means increased, it became his aim to pay them well for their services. In 1814, he gave notice that König's patent for a printing-machine should be tried—not in the actual printing-office of the Times, but in adjoining premises, for fear of the hostility of the pressmen. König and his assistant, Bauer, worked quietly in these premises for many months, gradually perfecting the machine. The proceedings on the momentous 29th of November were highly characteristic of Mr Walter. 'The night on which this curious machine was first brought into use in its new abode,' says his biographer, 'was one of great anxiety, and even alarm. The suspicious pressmen had threatened destruction to any one whose inventions might suspend their employment—"destruction to him and his traps." They were directed to wait for expected news from the continent. It was about six o'clock in the morning, when Mr Walter went into the press-room, and astonished its occupants by telling them that the Times was already printed by steam; that if they attempted violence, there was a force ready to suppress it; but that if they were peaceable, their wages should be continued to every one of them till similar employment could be procured. The promise was no doubt faithfully performed; and, having so said, he distributed several copies among them. It was this most hazardous enterprise undertaken and successfully carried through; and printing by steam, on an almost gigantic scale, given to the world.

The leading article of the Times, on the 29th of November 1814, adverted to the great event in the following terms: '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 hands 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 may inform the public that, after the letters are placed by the compositors, and enclosed in what is called the "form," little more remains for the 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, links it, adjusts the paper to the newly-inked type, 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 1100 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 obstacles and much delay, may be readily admitted. Our share in the event has, indeed, only been the application of the discovery, under an agreement with the patentees, to our own particular business; but a few can conceive even with this light how 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 description, which we have feebly sketched, of the powers and utility of the invention. It must suffice to say further, that he is a Saxon by birth; that his name is König; and that the invention has been executed under the direction of his friend and countryman, Bauer. We have now before us two consecutive numbers of the Times—the last that was printed at the hand-press (November 28, 1814), and the first that was printed by machinery (November 29); the latter is far cleaner and more legible than the former, possibly because a new font of type was used. König's machine was, however, very complicated, and was soon afterwards superseded by one invented by Messrs Applethorpe and Cowper. Four thousand, six thousand, eight thousand impressions per hour were printed, as gradual improvements were made in the apparatus; until at length Hoe's machine now as much exceeds Applethorpe and Cowper's in efficacy and rapidity as that did König's.

REMARKABLE WAGERS.

On Monday, 29th November 1773, Mr Foster Powell, an attorney's clerk, commenced a journey from London to York and back again, on foot; a feat which he accomplished in the space of six days, reaching York on the Wednesday evening, and starting again the following morning for London, where he arrived on the evening of Saturday, the 4th December. By this extraordinary effort of pedestrianism, he netted the sum of a hundred guineas, which had been staked on his success.

It has been remarked that a collection of curious or foolish wagers would make an interesting volume. After much ransacking, we have succeeded in unearthing a few of the most remarkable instances, which we now present to our readers.

A wager is said to have been won by Sir Walter Raleigh from the Virgin Queen, on the question of how much smoke is contained in a pound of tobacco. A pound of the article in question was weighed, burned, and then weighed again in ashes. The question was held to be satisfactorily settled by determining the weight of the smoke, as exactly that of the tobacco, before being burned, minus the residuum of ashes. The fact of the ashes having received an additional weight by combination with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and also the circumstance of numerous imperceptible gases being evolved by the process of combustion, were alike unthought of by Elizabeth and her knight.

Sir John Pakington, called 'Lusty Pakington,' and by Queen Elizabeth, 'My Temperance,' laid a wager of £3000 to swim against three noble couriers from Westminster to Greenwich, but her majesty interposed to prevent any further
procedure on the bet. A gentleman of the name of Corbet, a distinguished family near Shrewsbury, betted that his leg was the handsomest in the county or kingdom; and staked immense estates on the point. He won the wager, and a picture is still preserved in the family mansion, representing the process of measuring the legs of the various disputants. A dispute of a similar kind, between two celebrated beauties in the Scottish metropolis, occasioned a considerable amount both of amusement and scandal in the Modern Athens, about half a century ago. It is recorded of Lord Spencer, that he cut off his coat-tails, and laid a successful wager that such a mutilated style of garment would become fashionable. And an amusing bet, though for the very trifling amount of five shillings, is related to have been decided in 1806, in the Castlevard, York, between Thomas Hodgson and Samuel Whitehead, as to which should succeed in assuming the most singular and original character. Hodgson appeared decorated with ten guineas, five guineas, and guinea notes on his coat and waistcoat, a row of five guinea notes and a purse of gold round his hat, whilst his back a paper was attached, with the words, 'John Bull.' Whitehead appeared dressed like a woman on one side, with a silk stocking and slipper, and a half of his face painted. The other half of his body resembled a negro in a man's dress, with a boot and spur. One would have thought, that so far as presenting a ridiculous spectacle and making a fool of himself, he ought to have won the wager, but it was decided in favour of his companion. How far the latter owed his success to the prevailing weakness of humanity towards wealth or the display of it, is a question which we think might be fairly mooted.

A gentleman laid a wager to a considerable amount, that he would stand for a whole day on London Bridge with a trayful of sovereigns, fresh from the Mint, and be unable to find a purchaser for them at a penny apiece. Not one was disposed of.

In the roaring, hard-drinking days of the last century, wagers of all kinds were plentiful. Something similar to the case of Hodgson and Whitehead above related was the bet made in relation to Heidegger, Master of the Revels to George II., whose ugliness it was alleged impossible to surpass. The sum of £1000 was tossed as the amount which, if the bet was won, would be paid over to the other, and at last, in St. Giles's an old woman was found, who it was thought would bear away the palm. On being confronted with Heidegger, the judges maintained that the latter, who made himself a party to the dispute with the greatest good-humour, had now fairly met with his match, when it was suggested that he should put on the old woman's bonnet. The additional hideousness thus imparted was such, that Heidegger was unanimously declared as the undoubted holder of the championship of ugliness. A wager of a more intellectual description was laid for a thousand guineas in 1765 between two noblemen, one of whom had constructed a machine which he maintained would propel a boat at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. A canal was prepared for the experiment near the banks of the Thames; but the tackle broke, and the wager was lost, before the apparatus had an opportunity of being tested. In the Annual Register for 1785, we find it stated in the chronicle of occurrences, that a young Irish gentleman, on 21st September of that year, started for Constantinople, having engaged to walk from London to Constantinople and back again within a year. Twenty thousand pounds were stated as being dependent on the issue of the wager, but we have no further accounts of the affair.

The subject-matter of wagers has sometimes taken rather a grim form. A well-known story is related of a member of a party of revellers who engaged, in a fit of bravado, to enter the vaults of a church at midnight, and in proof of his having done so, to stick a fork into a coffin which had been recently deposited there. He accomplished his object, and was returning triumphantly, when he felt himself suddenly caught, and was so overpowered by terror that he fell into a swoon, and was found in this condition shortly afterwards on the floor of the vault by his companions, who, alarmed at his long absence, had come out to look for him. The fork which he had stuck into the coffin had caught hold of his long cloak, and thus occasioned a fit of terror which had nearly proved fatal. An incident of this nature is credibly recorded to have taken place in London in the last century, the scene being one of the vaults beneath Westminster Abbey.

It is only consistent with the British propensity for sport and athletic effort, that so many wagers were to be recorded in connection with feats of pedestrianism. Thus we are told that on the 24th July 1750, a man upwards of forty years of age, for a wager of fifty guineas, ran from Shoreditch to the eigh mile-stone beyond Edmonton in fifty minutes, having been allowed an hour for performing the exploit. In 1763, one of the Gloucestershire militia undertook, for a wager of £200, to walk from London to Bristol in twenty hours. This he accomplished in nineteen hours and thirty-five minutes, having quitted London at midnight, and arrived at Bristol the following evening. In the same year, a shepherd ran on Moulsey Hurst, fifteen miles in one hour and twenty-eight minutes, having engaged to do so in an hour and a half. And in July 1580, was completed the 3 complete pedestrian feat of Captain Barclay, who won £3000 on a wager that he would walk a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours. The captain's entry into Newmarket after the accomplishment of his undertaking, was heralded by a peal of bells. Numerous other pedestrian bets of a similar character to Barclay's have subsequently been made, and are familiar to all readers of sporting literature.

Till recently, the fulfilment of an obligation constituted by wager, contrary to what has all along prevailed in Scotland, could be enforced in English courts of law. Latterly, indeed, they were looked upon with great disfavour; but the judges, nevertheless, still found themselves bound to take cognizance of them, however contrary such matters might seem to legal seriousness and dignity. A few of the cases recorded are curious enough. Perhaps one of the most noted is the action tried before Lord Mansfield in July 1777, in which had been laid regarding the sex of the celebrated Chevalier D'Eon. A great deal of evidence, much more curious than edifying, was brought forward; and it was maintained by the defendant, that the action ought to be dismissed as
a gambling, indecent, and unnecessary proceeding. The lord chief-justice, however, took a different view; and after expressing a strong disapprobation of such cases, laid down that actions proceeding on wagers were not contrary to the law of England, and that therefore the jury should find a verdict for the wager. The plaintiff was accordingly returned. In a case by Lord Mansfield, in the Court of King's Bench, the sum of £700 was found for the plaintiff. A verdict for £700 was accordingly returned. In another case by Lord March, the plaintiff had laid with all the defence as to whether Sir William Codrington or old Mr Pigot should first die. The latter died suddenly on the 17th previous to the laying of the wager. Owing to this circumstance, the defendant maintained that there was no bet; but the court and jury ruled otherwise, and a verdict was returned for the full amount claimed, and costs. An amusing case is related to have been tried at the Court of Common Pleas, where a Mr Courtenay was sued for the payment of £100 on a wager which had been laid that the plaintiff should furnish three horses which should go ninety miles in three hours. This he performed to the letter, but it was by starting all the three horses together, so that they had only thirty miles each to run within the three hours, an undertaking which they accomplished with the utmost ease. The court supported the defendant's view of the transaction, that it was an unfair bet, and a verdict in his favour was consequently given. In another action, tried before the Court of Common Pleas, the plaintiff sought to enforce a claim on a wager for 'a rump and dozen,' which Sir James Mansfield was inclined to dismiss, because he did not judiciously know the meaning of 'a rump and dozen,' but he was overruled by Mr Justice Heath, who remarked that they knew quite well privately that 'a rump and dozen' meant a dinner and wine, an agreement, as his lordship observed, in which he could discover no illegality.

Many similar cases might be related, but we shall restrict ourselves to two more. One of these was an action brought at the York assizes in 1812, by Mr. Robert Bannister, against Mr. Sykes, Bart. At a dinner-party in his own house, the latter, in the course of a conversation on the hazard to which the life of Bonaparte was exposed, had offered, on receiving a hundred guineas, to pay a guinea a day as long as Napoleon should remain alive. Mr. Bannister suddenly closed with the proposal, sent the hundred guineas to the baronet, and the latter continued to pay the clergyman a guinea a day for nearly three years. At last he declined to pay any longer, and an action was brought to enforce the fulfillment of the obligation. It was contended by the defendant's counsel, that he had been surprised into the bet by the clergyman's hasty acceptance of it, and also that the transaction was an illegal one, seeing that Mr. Bannister, having a beneficial interest in the life of Bonaparte, might, in the event of invasion, be tempted to use all means for the preservation of the life of an enemy. The jury returned a verdict for the defendant; but on the case being brought before the Court of King's Bench, a rule was granted by Lord Ellenborough, to show cause why the verdict should not be set aside and a new trial granted, as in his lordship's opinion the fact of a contract was clearly established, and unless anything of an immoral or impolitic tendency could be proved, the agreement must be supported. On the ground last mentioned, the rule was ultimately discharged and a new trial refused; the judges finding that such a wager was illegal, from its tendency to produce public mischief, as, on the one hand, an undoubted instance was created in the preservation of the life of a public enemy, and on the other, a temptation might be induced to plot the assassination of Bonaparte, any suspicion of which ought to be carefully guarded against by the nation at large. —The other case to which we have referred, was an action brought on a wager, that the celebrated Johann Southcott would be delivered of a son, on or before the 1st of November 1814. As the party in question was a single woman, it was held that no claim of action could be sustained, as the wager involved the perpetuation of an immoral. On similar grounds, it has been ruled that no action was maintainable on a bet respecting the issue of a boxing-match, such a proceeding being a breach of the peace.

BY THE GAMBLING ACT PASSED IN 1845, ALL AGREEMENTS WHATSOEVER FOUND ON ANY GAMING OR BETTING TRANSACTION, ARE DECLARED ABSOLUTELY NULL AND VOID, AND NO ACTION FOR THEIR ENFORCEMENT CAN BE SUSTAINED. THE COURTS OF LAW HAVE THEREFORE BEEN SAVED THE EXPENDITURE OF MUCH VALUABLE TIME, TO THE POSTPONEMENT OF IMPORTANT BUSINESS, ON THE DISCUSSION OF FRIVOLOUS AND UNDEFINING QUESTIONS.

NOVEMBER 30.

St Andrew, apostle. Saints Sapor and Isaac, bishops; Mahanes, Abraham, and Simeon, martyrs, 339. St Nares, bishop, and companions, martyrs, 343.

ST ANDREW.

St Andrew was the son of Jonas, a fisherman of Bethsaida, in Galilee, and was the brother of Simon Peter, but whether elder or younger we are not informed in St Mark 6. It was one of the two disciples of John the Baptist, to whom the latter exclaimed, as he saw Jesus pass by: 'Behold the Lamb of God!' On hearing these words, we are informed that the two individuals in question followed Jesus, and having accosted him, were invited by the Saviour to remain with him for that day. Thereafter, Andrew went in quest of his brother Simon Peter, and brought him to Christ, a circumstance which has invested the former apostle with a special pre-eminence.

After the Ascension, the name of St Andrew is not mentioned in the New Testament, but he is believed to have travelled as a missionary through Asiatic and European Scythia; and after these travels, passed through Thrace, Macedonia, and Epirus into Achaia; and at the city of Patra, in the last-named region, to have suffered martyrdom about 70 A.D. The Roman proconsul, it is said, caused him to be first scourged and then crucified. The latter punishment he underwent in a peculiar manner, being fastened by cords instead of nails to the cross, to produce a lingering death by hunger and thirst; whilst the instrument of punishment itself, instead of being T-shaped, was in the form of an X, or what is termed a cross decussate. We are further
informed that a Christian lady of rank, named Maximilia, caused the body of St Andrew to be embalmed and honourably interred; and that in the earlier part of the fourth century, it was removed by the Emperor Constantine to Byzantium, or Constantinople, where it was deposited in a church erected in honour of the Twelve Apostles. The history of the relics does not end here, for we are informed that, about thirty years after the death of Constantine, in 368 A.D., a pious Greek monk, named Regulus or Rule, conveyed the remains of St Andrew to Scotland, and there deposited them on the eastern coast of Fife, where he built a church, and where afterwards arose the renowned city and cathedral of St. Andrews.

Whatever credit may be given to this legend, it is certain that St Andrew has been regarded, from time immemorial, as the patron saint of Scotland; and his day, the 30th of November, is a favourite occasion of social and national reunion, amid Scotchmen residing in England and other places abroad.

The commencement of the ecclesiastical year is regulated by the feast of St Andrew, the nearest Sunday to which, whether before or after, constitutes the first Sunday in Advent, or the period of four weeks which heralds the approach of Christmas. St Andrew’s Day is thus sometimes the first, and sometimes the last festival in the Christian year.

Born.—Sir Henry Saville, eminent scholar and mathematician, 1549, Over Bradley, Yorkshire; Jonathan Swift, humorist and political writer, 1667, Dublin; John Toland, sceptical writer, 1690, Ireland; Mark Lemon, dramatist and miscellaneous writer, 1809, London; Dionysius Barrow, tragic dramatist, 406 A.C.; Edmund Ironside, colleague of King Canute, assassinated 1016; William Gilbert, celebrated writer on magnetism, 1603, Colchester; John Selden, jurist, poet, and legal writer, author of Table-talk, 1654, London; Maurice, Marshal Saxe, 1750, Castle of Chambord; James Sheridan Knowles, dramatist, 1862, Torquay.

Selden.

The seventeenth century was rich in great lawyers, but few could take precedence of John Selden. In the contests between the Stuarts and their parliaments he was constantly referred to for advice, and his advice he gave without fear or favour. James I., in 1621, cast him into prison for counselling the Commons to resist his will, and in 1629 Charles I. committed him to the Tower for a similar offence; yet neither the tyranny of the crown nor the arrogance of the people could make him swerve from his persistent integrity. He was not a cold-blooded reasoner, but a patriot, whose motto was ‘Liberty above all!’ nevertheless his proudest distinction was, that in the tumults and excitement of a stormy age he preserved his reason and independence unimpaired. A mediator is usually an unpopular character, but Selden commanded the respect alike of Royalist and Roundhead. Clarendon writes of him, ‘Mr Selden was a person whom no character can better, or transmit in any expressions equal to his virtue. He was of so stupendous learning in all kinds, and in all languages, that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant among books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing; yet his humanity, courtesy, and affability was such, that he would have been thought to have been bred in the best courts, but that his good-nature, charity, and delight in doing good, in communicating all he knew, exceeded that breeding.’ Selden’s learning was indeed prodigious. From his youth he was a hard student, and having a rare memory, he seldom forgot what he had read. While quite a young man, he had earned a high reputation as a jurist. He was no orator, but men resorted to him for his opinion rather than his rhetoric, and his practice lay rather in his chamber than in the law-courts. He wrote many books; and a History of Tithes, published in 1618, provoked much excitement in consequence of his denying the divine, while admitting the legal right of the clergy to tithes. He was summoned in consequence before the High Commission Court, but without further result than the excitation from him of an expression of sorrow for creating disturbance, no retraction being made of the opinion which he had expressed. Few except antiquaries at this day disturb Selden’s works, but his memory is kept green in literature by means of a collection of his Table-talk made by Milward, his secretary for twenty years. Of this choice volume Coleridge in a somewhat extravagant vein says: ‘There is more weighty bullion sense in Selden’s Table-talk than I ever found in the same number of pages in any uninspired writer.’ The Table-talk affords a fine idea of Selden, and confirms Clarendon’s eulogy when he says: ‘In his conversation Selden was the most clear discoursor, and had the best faculty of making hard things easy, and of presenting them to the understanding of any man that hath been known.’ Not unfrequently also, over some bright saying, will the reader be ready to exclaim with Coleridge: ‘Excellent! Oh! to have been with Selden over his glass of wine, making every accident an outlet and a vehicle for wisdom.’ Throughout the Table-talk there are evidences of his independent and impartial temper; High Churchmen and Puritans suffer equally from his blows. Of women his opinion is generally contemptuous. For instance, he says:

‘Of Marriage.—Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs in Egypt were extreme wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.’

The experience of his times would suggest this bit of wisdom about

‘Religion.—Alteration of religion is dangerous, because we know not where it will stay; it is like a milestone that lies upon the top of a pair of stairs; it is hard to remove it, but if once its thrust off the first stair, it never stays till it comes to the bottom.’

Thus would Selden have justified the execution of a witch:

‘Witches.—The law against witches does not prove there be any; but it punishes the malice of those people that use such means to take away men’s lives. It once should profess that by turning his hat thrice, and crying “Buz,” he could take away a man’s life, though in truth he could do no such thing, yet this was a just law made by the state, that whatsoever should turn his hat thrice, and cry “Buz,” with the intention to take away a man’s life, shall be put to death.’

* See p. 622 of this volume.
Here is an anecdote about King James:

'Judgments.—We cannot tell what is a judgment of God; 'tis presumption to take upon us to know. Commonly we say a judgment falls upon a man for something we cannot abide. An example we have in King James, concerning the death of Henry IV, of France. One said he was killed for his wenching; another said he was killed for turning his religion. 'No,' says King James (who could not abide fighting), 'he was killed for permitting duels in his kingdom.'

The following have their application to the scruples and secticism of the Puritans:

'Conscience.—A knowing man [a wise man] will do that which a tender conscience man dares not do, by reason of his ignorance; the other knows there is no hurt; as a child is afraid of going into the dark, when a man is not, because he knows there is no danger.

'Pleasure.—'Tis a wrong way to proportion other men's pleasure to ourselves; 'tis like the child's using a little bird, "O poor bird! thou shalt sleep with me!" so lays it in his bosom, and stiles it with his hot breath: the bird had rather be in the cold air. And yet, to it, it is the most pleasing flattery, to like what other men like.

After a banishment of nearly four centuries, Cromwell allowed the Jews to settle in England. Selden no doubt approved his liberality, for said he:

'Jews.—Talk what you will of the Jews, that they are cursed, they thrive where ere 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.'

In the following, he gives his judgment against those who hold that genius is an acquirement of education or industry:

'Learning and Wisdom.—No man is wiser for his learning; it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon; but wit and wisdom are born with a man.'

These morsels may give some notion of the flavour of the Table-talk; there is no better book to have at hand and dip into at an odd half-hour.

Selden was born at Salisbury, on the Sussex coast, near Worthing, in 1584. In the house where he spent his boyhood, on the lintel of the door withinside, is a Latin distich, rudely cut in capitals intermixed with small letters, reputed to have been written by Selden when ten years old. The inscription runs:

'Gratias, honeste, mili; non claudas, initio, sedequo; Faci abea, non sum facta soluta tibi.'

Which may be rendered:

'Thou'rt welcome, honest friend, walk in, make free; Thief, get thee hence, my doors are closed to thee!'

His father was a musician, or as he is called in the parish register, a minstrel. Young Selden was educated at Oxford, and from thence removed to London, and entered the Inner Temple in 1604. His early rise in life he owed simply to his own diligence and ability. When aged, in his old age, to whom he should leave his fortune, he said he had no relation but a milkmaid, and she would not know what to do with it. He died on the last day of November 1654, within sixteen days of the completion of his seventieth year. He was buried in the Temple Church, and Archbishop Usher preached his funeral sermon, in the course of which he observed, that he 'looked upon the deceased as so great a scholar, that he was scarce worthy to carry his books after him.' In person Selden was tall, being in height about six feet; his face was thin and oval, his nose long and inclining to one side; and his eyes gray, and full, and prominent.

MARSHAL Saxe.

Though not a general of the highest order, Marshal Saxe is still the most distinguished commander that appeared in France during the greater part of the last century. The victory of Fontenoy, in which he repulsed the combined forces of England and Holland under the Duke of Cumberland and Prince Waldeck, was followed by a series of successes which compelled the allies to enter into negotiations with France for peace, resulting in the treaty of Aix-Chapelle in 1748. Honours of all sorts were showered on him by Louis XV.; and among other rewards, the magnificent castle of Chambord, twelve miles from Blois, with an annual revenue of 100,000 francs, was bestowed on the hero of so many achievements.

Marshal Saxe was the natural son of Augustus II, king of Poland, and was born at Dresden on 19th October 1696. From boyhood he was inured to arms, having, when only twelve years of age, served under Count Schulembourg before Lisle. He first entered the French army about 1720, when the Duke of Orleans appointed him to the command of a regiment. Subsequently to this he succeeded in getting himself elected Duke of Courland; but through the influence of the Czarina Catharine I., in the Polish Diet, he was deprived of his sovereignty, and compelled to retreat to France. After some vicissitudes of fortune, he took service, in 1733, again with France, under whose banners, with the exception of an interval spent in vainly prosecuting his claim to the duchy of Courland, he continued for the remainder of his days.

A foreigner by birth, Marshal Saxe was, in religious belief, a Lutheran; and as he died in the Protestant faith, it was impossible to bury him with all the rites and ceremonies due to his distinguished position and services. A lady of rank remarked on hearing of his death: 'How vexatious that we cannot say a De profundiis for him who made us so often sing Te Deum!' Louis XV., however, caused his corpse to be conveyed with great pomp from Chambord to Strasburg, where it was interred in the Lutheran church in that town.

THE GREAT RAILWAY MANIA-DAY.

Never had there occurred, in the history of joint-stock enterprises, such another day as the 30th of November 1845. It was the day on which a madness for speculation arrived at its height, to be followed by a collapse terrible to many thousands of families. Railways had been gradually becoming successful; and the old companies had, in many cases, bought off, on very high terms, rival lines which threatened to interfere with their profits. Both of these circumstances tended to encourage the concoction of new schemes. There is always floating capital in England waiting for profitable employment; there are always professional men looking out for employment in great engineering
works; and there are always scheming moneyless men ready to trade on the folly of others. Thus the bankers and capitalists were willing to supply the capital; the engineers, surveyors, architects, contractors, builders, solicitors, barristers, and parliamentary agents, were willing to supply the brains and fingers; while, too often, cunning schemers pulled the strings. This was especially the case in 1845, when plans for new railways were brought forward literally by hundreds, and with a recklessness perfectly marvellous.

By an enactment in force at that time, it was necessary for the prosecution of any railway scheme in parliament, that a mass of documents should be deposited with the Board of Trade or before the 30th of November in the preceding year. The multitude of these schemes, in 1845, was so great, that there could not be found surveyors enough to prepare the plans and sections in time. Advertisements were inserted in the newspapers, offering enormous pay for even a smattering of this kind of skill. Surveyors and architects from abroad were attracted to England; young men at home were tempted to break away from their masters; and others were seduced from various professions into that of railway engineers. Sixty persons in the employment of the Ordnance Department left their situations to gain enormous earnings in this way. There were desperate fights in various parts of England between property-owners who were determined that their lands should not be entered upon for the purpose of railway-surveying, and surveyors who knew that the schemes of their companies would be frustrated unless the surveys were made and the plans deposited by the 30th of November. To attain this end, force, fraud, and bribery were freely made use of. The 30th November 1845 fell on a Sunday; but it was no Sunday near the office of the Board of Trade. Vehicles were driving up during the whole of the day, with agents and clerks bringing plans and sections. In country districts, as that day approached, and on the morning of the day, coaches-and-four were found to be in greater request than even at race-time, galloping at full speed to the nearest railway-station. On the Great Western Railway an express train was hired by the agents of one new scheme; the engine broke down; the train came to a stand-still at Maidenhead, and in this state, was run into by another express train hired by the agents of a rival project; the opposite parties barely escaped with their lives, but contrived to reach London at the last moment.

On this eventful Sunday, there were no fewer than ten of these express trains on the Great Western Railway, and eighteen on the Eastern Counties! One railway company was unable to deposit its plans, because another company surreptitiously bought, for a high sum, twenty of the necessary sheets from the lithographic printer; and horses were killed in madly running about in search of the missing documents before the fraud was discovered. In some cases the plans were stolen; and in one instance the printer was bribed by a large sum not to finish, in proper time, the plans for a rival line. One eminent house brought over four hundred lithographic printers from Belgium, and even then, and with these, all the work could not be executed. Some of the plans were only two-thirds lithographed, the rest being filled up by hand. However executed, the problem was to get these documents to Whitehall before midnight on the 30th of November. Two trains were engaged—one instance for post horses. One express train steamed up to London 118 miles in an hour and a half, nearly 80 miles an hour. An established company having refused an express train to the promoters of a rival scheme, the latter employed persons to get up a mock funeral cortège, and engage an express train to convey it to London, so that it arrived before the night train did, and the plans and sections came in the hearse, with solicitors and surveyors as mourners!

Copies of many of the documents had to be deposited with the clerks of the peace of the counties to which the schemes severally related, as well as with the Board of Trade; and at some of the offices of these clerks, strange scenes occurred on the Sunday. At Preston, the doors of the office were not opened, as the officials considered the orders which had been issued to keep open on that particular Sunday, to apply only to the Board of Trade; but a crowd of law-agents and surveyors assembled, broke the windows, and threw their plans and sections into the office. At the Board of Trade, extra clerks were employed on that day, and all went pretty smoothly until nine o'clock in the evening. A rule was laid down for receiving the plans and sections, hearing a few words of explanation from the agents, and making certain entries in the books. But as length the work accumulated more rapidly than the clerks could attend to it, and the agents arrived in greater number than the entrance-hall could hold. The anxiety was somewhat allayed by an announcement, that whoever was inside the building before the clock struck twelve should be deemed in good time. Many of the agents bore the familiar name of Smith; and when Mr Smith was summoned by the messenger to enter and speak concerning some scheme, the name of which was not announced, in rushed several persons, of whom, of course, only one could be the right Mr Smith at that particular moment.

One agent arrived while the clock was not yet twelve, and was admitted. Soon afterwards, a carriage with reeking horses drove up; three agents rushed out, and finding the door closed, raged furiously at the bell; no sooner did a policeman open the door to say that the time was past, than the agents threw their bundles of plans and sections through the half-opened door into the hall; but this was not permitted, and the policeman threw the documents out into the street. The baffled agents were nearly maddened with vexation; for they had arrived in London from Harwich in good time, but had been driven about from Pinmill, hither and thither, by a post-boy who did not, or would not, know the way to the office of the Board of Trade.

The Times newspaper, in the same month, devoted three whole pages to an elaborate analysis, by Mr Spackman, of the various railway schemes brought forward in 1845. They were no less than 620 in number, involving an (hypothetical) expenditure of 580 millions sterling; besides 643 other schemes which had not gone further than issuing prospectuses. More than 500 of the schemes went through all the stages necessary for being brought before parliament; and 272 of these became acts of parliament in 1846—to the ruin of thousands who had advanced the money to build the engagements into which they had so rashly entered.