VARIOUS

NOTES AND QUERIES, NUMBER 44, AUGUST 31, 1850

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Содержание

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NOTES

GRAVESEND BOATS

While so much has been said of coaches, in the early numbers of "Notes and Queries" and elsewhere, very little notice has been taken of another mode of conveyance which has now become very important. I think it may amuse some of your readers to compare a modern Gravesend boat and passage with the account given by Daniel Defoe, in the year 1724: and as it is contained in what I believe to be one of his least known works, it may probably be new to most of them. In his *Great Law of Subordination*, after describing the malpractices of hackney coachmen, he proceeds:

> "The next are the watermen; and, indeed, the insolence of these, though they are under some limitations too, is yet such at this time, that it stands in greater need than any other, of severe laws, and those laws being put in speedy execution.
>
> "Some years ago, one of these very people being steersman of a passage-boat between London and Gravesend, drown'd three-and-fifty people at one time. The boat was bound from Gravesend to London, was very full of passengers and goods, and deep loaden. The wind blew very hard at south-west, which being against them, obliged them to turn to windward, so the seamen call it, when they tack from side to side, to make their voyage against the wind by the help of the tide.
>
> "The passengers were exceedingly frighted when, in one tack stretching over the stream, in a place call'd Long-Reach, where the river is very broad, the waves broke in upon the boat, and not only wetted them all, but threw a great deal of water into the boat, and they all begg'd of the steersman or master not to venture again. He, sawey and impudent, mock'd them, ask'd some of the poor frighted women if they were afraid of going to the Devil; bid them say their prayers and the like, and then stood over again, as it were, in a jest. The storm continuing, he shipp'd a great deal of water that time also. By this time the rest of the watermen begun to perswade him, and told him, in short, that if he stood over again the boat would founder, for that she was a great deal the deeper for the water she had taken in, and one of them begg'd of him not to venture; he swore at the fellow, call'd him fool, bade him let him alone to his business, and he would warrant him; then used a vulgar sea-proverb, which such fellows have in their mouths, 'Blow Devil, the more wind, the better boat.'
>
> "The fellow told him in so many words he would drown all the passengers, and before his face began to strip, and so did two more, that they might be in condition to swim for their lives. This extremely terrify'd the passengers, who, having a cloth or tilt over them, were in no condition to save their lives, so that there was a dreadful cry among them, and some of the men were making way to come at the steersman to make him by force let fly the sail and stand back for the shore; but before they could get to him the waves broke in upon the boat and carried them all to the bottom, none escaping but the three watermen that were prepar'd to swim.

"It was but poor satisfaction for the loss of so many lives, to say the steersman was drown'd with them, who ought, indeed, to have died at the gallows, or on the wheel, for he was certainly the murtherer of all the rest.

"I have many times pass'd between London and Gravesend with these fellows in their smaller boats, when I have seen them, in spite of the shrieks and cries of the women and the persuasions of the men passengers, and, indeed, as if they were the more bold by how much the passengers were the more afraid; I say, I have seen them run needless hazards, and go, as it were, within an inch of death, when they have been under no necessity of it, and, if not in contempt of the passengers, it has been in meer laziness to avoid their rowing; and I have been sometimes oblig'd, especially when there has been more men in the boat of the same mind, so that we have been strong enough for them, to threaten to cut their throats to make them hand their sails and keep under shore, not to fright as well as hazard the passengers when there was no need of it.

"One time, being in one of these boats all alone, coming from London to Gravesend, the wind freshen'd and it begun to blow very hard after I was come about three or four mile of the way; and as I said above, that I always thought those fellows were the more venturous when their passengers were the most fearful, I resolved I would let this fellow alone to himself; so I lay down in the boat as if I was asleep, as is usual.

"Just when I lay down, I called to the waterman, 'It blows hard, waterman,' said I; 'can you swim?' 'No, Sir,' says he. 'Nor can't your man swim neither?' said I. 'No, Sir,' says the servant. 'Well then,' says I, 'take care of yourselves, I shall shift as well as you, I suppose:' and so down I lay. However, I was not much disposed to sleep; I kept the tilt which they cover their passengers with open in one place, so that I could see how things went.

"The wind was fair, but over-blow'd so much, that in those reaches of the river which turn'd crossway, and where the wind by consequence was thwart the stream, the water went very high, and we took so much into the boat, that I began to feel the straw which lay under me at the bottom was wet, so I call'd to the waterman, and jesting told him, they must go all hands to the pump; he answered, he hoped I should not be wet; 'But it's bad weather, master,' says he, 'we can't help it.' 'No, no,' says I, "tis pretty well yet, go on.'

"By and by I heard him say to himself, 'It blows very hard,' and every now and then he repeated it, and sometimes thus: "Twill be a dirty night, 'twill be a terrible night,' and the like; still I lay still and said nothing.

"After some time, and his bringing out several such speeches as above, I rous'd as if I had but just wak'd; 'Well, waterman,' says I, 'how d'ye go on?' 'Very indifferently,' says he; 'it blows very hard.' 'Ay, so it does,' says I; 'where are we?' 'A little above Erith,' says he; so down I lay again, and said no more for that time.

"By and by he was at it again, 'It blows a frett of wind,' and 'It blows very hard,' and the like; but still I said nothing. At last we ship'd a dash of water over the boat's head, and the spry of it wetted me a little, and I started up again as if I had been asleep; 'Waterman,' says I, 'what are you doing? what, did you ship a sea?' 'Ay,' says the waterman, 'and a great one too; why it blows a frett of wind.' 'Well, well,' says I, 'come, have a good heart; where are we now?' 'Almost in Gallions,' says he, 'that's a reach below Woolwich.'

"Well, when we got into the Gallions reach, there the water was very rough, and I heard him say to his man, 'Jack, we'll keep the weather-shore aboard, for it

grows dark and it blows a storm.' Ay, thought I, had I desir'd you to stand in under shore, you would have kept off in meer bravado; but I said nothing. By and by his mast broke, and gave a great crack, and the fellow cry'd out, 'Lord have mercy upon us!' I started up again, but still spoke cheerfully; 'What's the matter now?' says I. 'L—d, Sir,' say's he, 'how can you sleep? why my mast is come by the board.' 'Well, well,' says I, 'then you must take a goose-wing.' 'A goose-wing! why,' says he, 'I can't carry a knot of sail, it blows a storm.' 'Well,' says I, 'if you can't carry any sail, you must drive up under shore then, you have the tide under foot:' and with that I lay down again. The man did as I said. A piece of his mast being yet standing, he made what they call a goose-wing sail, that is, a little piece of the sail out, just to keep the boat steddy, and with this we got up as high as Blackwall; the night being then come on and very dark, and the storm increasing, I suffer'd myself to be persuaded to put in there, though five or six mile short of London; whereas, indeed, I was resolv'd to venture no farther if the waterman would have done it.

"When I was on shore, the man said to me, 'Master, you have been us'd to the sea, I don't doubt; why you can sleep in a storm without any concern, as if you did not value your life; I never carry'd one in my life that did so; why, 'twas a wonder we had not founder'd.' 'Why,' says I, 'friend, for that you know I left it all to you; I did not doubt but you would take care of yourself;' but after that I told him my other reason for it, the fellow smil'd, but own'd the thing was true, and that he was the more cautious a great deal, for that I took no thought about it; and I am still of opinion, that the less frighted and timorous their passengers are, the more cautious and careful the watermen are, and the least apt to run into danger; whereas, if their passengers appear frighted, then the watermen grow sawcy and audacious, show themselves vent'rous, and contemn the dangers which they are really exposed to."—p. 130.

We are not bound to suppose that this is plain relation of matter of fact, any more than the *History of Robinson Crusoe*; but it is a graphic sketch of life and manners worth the notice of those who study such things. It forms at least a little contribution to the history of travelling in England. A passenger who had just landed from a Gravesend boat, to pursue his journey by land, might well be thankful to "be received in a coach" like that which had been started at York near half a century before.

Alpha.

NOTES ON THE SECOND EDITION OF MR. CUNNINGHAM'S HANDBOOK OF LONDON

Mr. Cunningham's work on London is a book of such general interest, that the additions and corrections, which I shall continue from time to time to offer to your readers, will not, I think, be deemed impertinent or trifling. Let it not be imagined, for one single instant, that I wish to depreciate Mr. Cunningham's labours. On the contrary, his book is one of the most delightful publications relative to our great city which we possess. And let me candidly say, if I were to select only half-a-dozen volumes for my own reading, *Cunningham's Handbook of London* would most assuredly be one of that number.

The quaint and learned old Fuller, in his address to the *Worthies of England*, says:

> "The bare skeleton of time, place, and person, must be fleshed with some pleasant passages; and to this intent I have purposely interlaced (not as meat but as condiment) many stories, so that the reader, if he do not arise *religiosior* or *doctior*, with more piety or learning, at least he may depart *jucundior*, with more pleasure and lawful delight."

This remark has been well understood by Mr. Cunningham, whose pleasant quotations, and literary and artistic recollections, have made his book a *readable* one to the many, and an instructive companion for the *initiated*.

The "bare skeleton" sometimes wants "fleshing," and hence the following list of additions and corrections:

1. *Dobney's*, or, more correctly, *D'Aubigney's Bowling Green*, was a celebrated place of amusement "more than sixty years since." It is now occupied by a group of houses called *Dobney's Place*, near the bottom of Penton street, and almost opposite to the Belvidere Tavern and Tea Gardens.

2. *Bridge Street, Westminster.* The Long Wool-staple was on the site of this street. Henry VIII., in 1548, founded, "in the Long Wool-staple," St. Stephen's Hospital, for eight maimed soldiers, who had each a convenient room, and received an allowance of 5*l.* a year from the exchequer. It was removed in 1735, and eight almshouses rebuilt in St. Anne's Lane, bearing the inscription "Wool-staple Pensioners, 1741." In 1628, in the Overseer's books of St. Margaret's is rated in the Wool-staple "Orlando Gibbons ij *d.*"

3. *Campden House, Kensington.* Built by Sir Baptist Hickes in 1612; pulled down about 1827. Nicholas Lechmere, the eminent lawyer, was residing here when he was created a peer.

> "Back in the dark, by Brompton Park,
> He turned up thro' the Gore,
> So slunk to *Campden House* so high,
> All in his coach and four."
>
> *Swift's Ballad of Duke and no Duke.*

4. *Finch's Grotto.* A place of amusement, similar to Vauxhall Gardens, much in vogue at the end of the last century. The "Grotto Gardens," as they were sometimes called, were situated partly in Winchester Park, or the Clink, and partly in the parish of St. George, Southwark.

5. *Leicester Square.* Mr. Cunningham does not mention the fine house of Sir George Savile, in this square. It was subsequently Miss Linwood's *Exhibition of Needlework*; and has latterly been used as a concert-room, casino, &c. The statue in the centre of the square is George I., not George II.

6. *Thavie's Inn.* A small brass plate fixed up against the first house on the west side, has the following inscription:

> "Thavie's Inn, founded by John Thavie, Esquire, in the reign of Edward the Third; Adjudged to be extra-parochial, in the Court of King's Bench, Guild-hall, in the causes Fraser against the Parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, on the 7th day of July, 1823, and Marsden against the same parish, on the 17th day of October, 1826. This memorial of the antiquity and privileges of this inn, was erected during the Treasurership of Francis Paget Watson, Esq., Anno Dom. MDCCCXXVII."

7. *Old Bailey.* Peter Bales, the celebrated writing master of Queen Elizabeth's reign, was master of a school "at the upper end of the *Old Bailey*" in 1590. It was here he published his first work, entitled, *The Writing School Master*.

8. *Islington.* During the reign of James I. and Charles I., Islington was a favourite resort, on account of its rich dairies. In that part of the manor of Highbury at the lower end of Islington, there were, in 1611, eight inns principally supported by summer visitors. See *Nelson's History of Islington*, p. 38, 4to., 1811.

> "—Hogsdone, *Islington*, and Tothnam Court,
> For cakes and creame had then no small resort."
>
> *Wither's Britain's Remembrancer, 12mo. 1628.*

9. *Seven Dials.* The Doric column with its "seven dials," which once marked this locality, now "ornaments" the pleasant little town of Walton-on-Thames.

10. *Mews (the King's).* The fore-court of the royal mews was used in 1829 for the exhibition of a "monstrous whale." The *building* (which stood upon the site of the National Gallery) was occupied, at the same time, by the *Museum of National Manufactures*. The "Museum" was removed, upon the pulling down of the mews, to Dr. Hunter's house in Leicester Square, and was finally closed upon the establishment of the *Royal Polytechnic Institution*.

Mr. Cunningham, in his *Chronology*, says the mews was taken down in 1827. In the body of the book he gives the date, perhaps more correctly, 1830.

11. *Brownlow Street, Holborn.* This should be "Brownlow Street, *Drury Lane*;" George Vertue the engraver was living here in 1748.

12. *White Conduit House.* The anonymous author of *The Sunday Ramble*, 1774, has left us the following description of this once popular tea-gardens:

> "The garden is formed into several pleasing walks, prettily disposed; at the end of the principal one is a painting, which serves to render it much larger in appearance than it really is; and in the middle of the garden is a round fish-pond, encompassed with a great number of very genteel boxes for company, curiously cut into the hedges, and adorned with a variety of Flemish and other painting; there are likewise two handsome tea-rooms, one over the other, as well as several inferior ones in the dwelling-house."

"White Conduit Loaves" were for a long time famous, and before the great augmentation in the price of bread, during the revolutionary war with France, they formed one of the regular "London cries."

13. *Vauxhall Gardens.* A curious and highly interesting description of this popular place of amusement, "a century ago," was printed in 1745, under the title of *A Sketch of the Spring-Gardens, Vaux-hall, in a letter to a Noble Lord*, 8vo. My copy is much at Mr. Cunningham's service for any future edition of his *Handbook*.

Edward F. Rimbault.

DEVOTIONAL TRACTS BELONGING TO QUEEN KATHERINE PARR

In your Number for August 10th, I observe an inquiry regarding a MS. book of prayers said to have belonged to Queen Katherine Parr. Of the book in question I know nothing, but there has lately come into my possession a volume of early English printed devotional works, which undoubtedly has belonged to this Queen. The volume is a small duodecimo, bound red velvet, with gilt leaves, and it has had ornamental borders and clasps of some metal, as the impressions of these are still distinctly visible upon the velvet covering. The contents of this volume are as follows:

1. "A sermon of Saint Chrysostome, wherein besyde that it is furnysshed with heuenly wisedome and teachinge, he wonderfully proueth that No man is hurted but of hym-selfe: translated into Englishe by the floure of lerned menne in his tyme, Thomas Lupsete, Londoner, 1534."

At the bottom of this title-page is written, in the well-known bold hand of Katherine Parr, —"Kateryn the Quene, K.P.," with the equally well-known flourish beneath.

2. "A svvete and devovte sermon of Holy Saynet Ciprian of mortalitie of man. The rules of a Christian life made by Picus, erle of Mirandula, both translated into Englyshe by Syr Thomas Elyot, Knyght. Londini, Anno verbi incarnati MDXXXIX.
3. "An exhortation to yonge men, &c., by Thomas Lupsete, Londener, 1534.
4. "A treatise of charitie, 1534.
5. "Here be the Gathered Counsales of Sainete Isidorie, &c., 1539.
6. "A compendious and a very fruitful treatise teaching the waye of dyenge well, written to a frende by the floure of lerned men of his tyme, Thomas Lupsete, Londoner, late deceassed, on whose sowle Jesu have mercy. 1541."

Almost all these treatises are printed by Thomas Berthelet. I know not if any of these treatises are now scarce. On the fly-leaf opposite the first page we find the following scriptural sentences, which are, in my opinion, and in that of others to whom I have shown the book, evidently written by the hand of the queen.

It will be only necessary to give the first and last of these sentences:

"Delyte not in Þe multytude of ungodly men, and haue no pleasure in Þem, for they feare not God.

"Refuse not Þe prayer of one yt is in trouble, and turne not away thy face from the nedye."

We need not quote more; but on the opposite side of the fly-leaf are some verses of a different character, and which I suspect to be from the royal pen of Henry VIII. The writing is uncommonly difficult to decypher, but it bears a strong resemblance to all that I have seen of Henry's handwriting. A portion of the verses, as far as I can make them out, are here subjoined:

Respect.

"Blush not, fayre nimphe, tho (nee?) of nobell blod,
I fain avoutch it, and of manners good,
Spottles in lyf, of mynd sencere and sound,
In whoam a world of vertues doth abowend,
And sith besyd yt ye lycens giv withall
Set doughts asyd and to some sporting fall,

Therefoor, suspysion, I do banyshe thee"

Then follows a line I cannot decypher, and at the bottom of the page is

"You will be clear of my suspysion."

Are these verses from some old poet, or are they composed as well as written by the royal tyrant? for no other would, I think, have addressed such lines to "Kateryn the Quene."

I have only to add that the volume was given me by the sister of the late President of the English college at Valladolid, and that he obtained it during his residence in Spain. It is not unlikely it may have been carried thither by some of the English Catholics, who resorted to that country for education. In 1625 it seems to have belonged to John Sherrott.

I should be glad of any information about the verses.

E. Charlton, M.D.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, August 18. 1850.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CHEAP BOOKS OF REFERENCE

Although your space is generally devoted to the higher and more curious inquiries respecting antiquities and literature, I am sure you will not grudge a little room for facilitating and improving the means of popular information and instruction.

For every man, almost in any station in society, I submit that the followings works for reference are indispensable, in the most convenient corner or shelf of his library:—1. A Biographical Dictionary. 2. A Gazetteer. 3. A Statistical or Commercial Dictionary. With works of that description the public have been very indifferently supplied during the last thirty years: at least, at the *moderate prices* calculated to bring them within the reach of students in humbler life, forming the great mass of readers. Mr. Constable, of Edinburgh, published in 1817 an abridged Gazetteer, price 18*s.*, but there has been no such work since. Mr. A.K. Johnston's *Geographical Dictionary*, at 36*s.*, lately published, supplies to a certain class of readers one of the works wanted.

I beg to suggest a few observations for the improvement of works of this description through your valuable channel.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.