VARIOUS

NOTES AND QUERIES, NUMBER 45, SEPTEMBER 7, 1850

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Содержание

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NOTES

FOLK LORE

The First Mole in Cornwall; a Morality from the Stowe of Morwenna, in the Rocky Land.—A lonely life for the dark and silent mole! She glides along her narrow vaults, unconscious of the glad and glorious scenes of earth, and air, and sea! She was born, as it were, in a grave, and in one long living sepulchre she dwells and dies! Is not existence to her a kind of doom? Wherefore is she thus a dark, sad exile from the blessed light of day? Hearken! Here, in our own dear Cornwall, the first mole was a lady of the land! Her abode was in the far west, among the hills of Morwenna, beside the Severn sea. She was the daughter of a lordly race, the only child of her mother, and the father of the house was dead. Her name was Alice of the Lea. Fair was she and comely, tender and tall; and she stood upon the threshold of her youth. But most of all did men wonder at the glory of her

large blue eyes. They were, to look upon, like the summer waters, when the sea is soft with light! They were to her mother a joy, and to the maiden herself—ah! benedicite—a pride. She trusted in the loveliness of those eyes, and in her face, and features, and form: and so it was that the damsel was wont to pass the summer's day, in the choice of rich apparel, and precious stones, and gold. Howbeit this was one of the ancient and common customs of those old departed days. Now, in the fashion of her stateliness, and in the hue and texture of her garments, there was none among the maidens of old Cornwall like Alice of the Lea. Men sought her far and nigh, but she was to them all, like a form of graven stone, careless and cold. Her soul was set upon a Granville's love, fair Sir Bevil of Stowe, the flower of the Cornish chivalry—that noble gentleman! that valorous knight! He was her star. And well might she wait upon his eyes; for he was the garland of the west —the loyal soldier of a sainted king. He was that stately Granville who lived a hero-life, and died a warrior's death!

Now there was signal made of banquet in the halls of Stowe, of wassail, and the dance. The messengers had sped, and Alice of the Lea would be there. Robes, precious and many, were unfolded from their rest, and the casket poured forth jewel and gem, that the maiden might stand before the knight victorious! It was the day—the hour—the time. Her mother sate by her wheel at the hearth. The page waited in the hall. She came down in her loveliness into the old oak room, and stood before the mirrored glass. Her robe was of woven velvet, rich, and glossy, and soft;

jewels shone like stars in the midnight of her raven hair, and on her hand there gleamed, afar off, a bright and glorious ring! She stood—she gazed upon her own countenance and form, and worshipped! "Now all good angels succour thee, dear Alice, and bend Sir Bevil's soul! Fain am I to see thee a wedded wife, before I die! I yearn to hold thy children on my knee! Often shall I pray to-night that the Granville heart may yield! Thy victory shall be my prayer!"

"Prayer!" was the haughty answer; "with the eyes that I see in that glass, and this vesture meet for a queen, I lack no doubting prayer!"

Saint Mary shield us! Ah words of evil soul! There was a shriek—a sob—a cry: and where was Alice of the Lea? Vanished—gone. They had heard wild tones of sudden music in the air. There was a rush—a beam of light—and she was gone, and that for ever! East sought they her, and west, in northern paths and south; but she was never more seen in the lands. Her mother wept till she had not a tear left; none sought to comfort her, for it was vain. Moons waxed and waned, and the crones by the cottage-hearth had whiled away many a shadowy night with tales of Alice of the Lea.

But, at the last, as the gardener in the Pleasance leaned one day on his spade, he saw among the roses a small round hillock of earth, such as he had never seen before, and upon it something which shone. It was her ring! It was the very jewel she had worn the day she vanished out of sight! They looked earnestly upon

it, and they saw within the border (for it was wide) the tracery of certain small fine letters in the ancient Cornish tongue, which said,—

"Beryan Erde,
Oyn und Perde!"

Then came the priest of the Place of Morwenna, a gray and silent man! He had served long years at a lonely altar, a bent and solitary form. But he had been wise in the language of his youth, and he read the legend thus—

"The earth must hide
Both eyes and pride!"

Now, as he uttered these words, they stood in the Pleasance by the mound; and on a sudden there was a low faint cry! They beheld, and O wondrous and strange! there was a small dark creature, clothed in a soft velvet skin, in texture and in hue like the Lady Alice her robe; and they saw, as it went into the earth, that it moved along without eyes, in everlasting night. Then the ancient priest wept, for he called to mind all these things, and saw what they meant; and he showed them how this was the maiden, who had been visited with doom for her pride. Therefore her rich array had been changed into the skin of a creeping thing and her large proud eyes were sealed up; and she herself had become

The first mole!
Of the hillocks of Cornwall!

Ah! woe is me! and well-a-day! that damsel so stately and fair, sweet Lady Alice of the Lea, should be made for a judgement—the dark mother of the moles!

Now take ye good heed, Cornish maidens, how ye put on vain apparel, to win love. And cast down your eyes, all ye damsels of the west, and look ye meekly on the ground! Be ye good and gentle, tender and true; and when ye see your image in the glass, and begin to be lifted up with the beauty of that shadowy thing, call to mind the maiden of Morwenna, her noble eyes and comely countenance, the vesture of price and the glittering ring. Sit ye by the wheel, as of old they sate and as ye draw the lengthening wool, sing ye ever-more and say,

"Beryan Erde,
Oyn and Perde!"

"A whistling Wife" &c.—I can supply another version of the couplet quoted in "Folk Lore" (Vol. ii., p. 164.), which has the merit of being more rhymical and mysterious. In what district it was current I know not.

"A whistling wife and a crowing hen
Will call the old gentleman out of his den."

G.L.B.

A Charm for Warts.—In some parts of Ireland, especially towards the south, they place great faith in the following charm:—When a funeral is passing by, they rub the warts and say three times, "May these warts and this corpse pass away and never more return;" sometimes adding, "in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

JARLTZBERG.

"Hanging out the Broom".—Besides the instance given by Mr. R.F. Johnson (Vol. i., p. 384.), perhaps some of your readers can inform me of the origin of a somewhat similar custom, applicable to all ships and vessels for sale or hire, by the broom (all old one being generally used) being attached to the mast-head: if of two masts, to the foretop-mast head.

WP.

LORD PLUNKET AND SAINT AGOBARD

Some of your readers may remember a speech in parliament by, as I think, Lord Plunket, in which his lordship argued with great eloquence in behalf of the Bill for the Emancipation of the Roman Catholics. Among many passages therein of equal truth and rhetorical power, there was one long afterwards much quoted, paraphrased, and praised. It was that in which he reminded the House, that those for whom he pleaded were fellow-subjects of the same race, offspring of the same Creator, alike believers in the One true God, the equal recipients of His mercies, appealing for His blessings though the medium of the same faith, and looking forward for salvation to the One Intercessor, Mediator, and Sacrifice for all,—men, who, as they did, addressed the Eternal in the form of that "Universal prayer"—Our Father—the authority and the privilege of one common parentage, offered by the all in the union of the same spirit, in the conviction of the same wants, in the aspiration of the same hope. I say, I think Lord Plunket so spoke, for I write from memory dating from the period when George the Third was king. Now be this so: according to the dogmas of some critics, Lord Plunket may be convicted of an eloquent plagiary. Read the following extract from a missive by S. Agobard, to be found in the *Bibl. Vet. Patrum*, tome xiii, page 429., by Galland, addressed

"Ad præfatum Imperatorem, adversus legem Gundobadi et impia certamina quæ per eam geruntur," and say whether, in spite of the separation of centuries, there does not appear a family likeness, though there were no family acquaintance between them; Saint Agobard being Bishop of Lyons in the ninth century, and Lord Plunket Attorney-General for Ireland in the nineteenth.

The Saint is pleading against the judical ordeal:

> "Illi autem profecti, prædicaverunt ubique Domino cooperante; annuntiataque est ab eis omni creaturæ; id est, cunetis nationibus mundi; una fides indita per Deum, una spes diffusa per Spiritum Sanctum in cordibus credentium, una caritas nata in omnibus, una voluntas, accensum unum desiderium, tradita una oratio; ut omnes omnino ex diversis gentibus, diversis conditionibus, diverso sexu, nobilitate, honestate, servitute diversa, simul dicant uni Deo, et Patri omnium; Pater Noster qui es, &c., sicut unum Patrem invocantes, ita unam santificationem quærentes, unum regnum postulantes, unam adimpletionem voluntatis ejus, sicut fit in coelo optantes; unum sibi panem quotidianum dari precantes et omnibus dimitti debita."

To which other passages might be added, as, in fact, S. Agobard pursues the one idea until he hunts it down to the one effect of sameness and common antithesis. Should we say Lord Plunket had read these passages, and is thereby convicted of eloquent plagiary? I say, No! Lauder then equally convicted Milton of trespassing on the thoughts of others, by somewhat apposite quotations from the classics. We are, in truth, too much

inclined to this. The little, who cannot raise themselves to the stature of the great, are apt to strive after a socialist level, by reducing all to one same standard—their own. Truth is common to all ages, and will obtain utterance by the truthful and the eloquent throughout all time.

S.H.

Athenæum, August 12.

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

14. *Long Acre.* Mr. Cunningham, upon the authority of Parton's *History of St. Giles's*, says:

> "First known as the Elms, then called Seven Acres, and since 1612, from the length of a certain slip of ground, then first used as a public pathway, as Long Acre."

The latter part of this statement is incorrect. The Seven Acres were known as *Long Acre* as early as 1552, when they were granted to the Earl of Bedford. See *Strype*, B. vi. p. 88.

Machyn, in his *Diary*, printed by the Camden Society, p. 21., under the date A.D. 1556, has the following allusion to the *Acre*:

> "The vj day of December the Abbot of Westminster went a procession with his convent. Before him went all the Santuary men with crosse keys upon their garments, and after went iij for murder: on was the Lord Dacre's sone of the North, was wypyd with a shett abowt him for kyllyng of on Master West, squyre, dwellyng besyd … and anodur theyff that dyd long to one of Master Comtroller … dyd kylle Recherd Eggylston the Comtroller's tayller, and kylled him in the *Long Acurs*, the bak-syd Charyng Crosse."

15. *Norfolk House, St. James's Square.* The present Norfolk

House was built from a design by R. Brettingham, in 1742, by Thomas Duke of Norfolk, and finished by his brother Edward in 1762. Mr. Cunningham speaks as if the old house, in which George III. was born, was still standing.

16. *Soho Square.* Mr. Cunningham has not corrected his mistake about Mrs. Cornelys's house in this square, (see "Notes and Queries," vol. i., pp. 244, 450.). *D'Almaine's*, which Mr. Cunningham confounds with Mrs. Cornelys's, was at a former period tenanted by the Duke of Argyll; then by the Earl of Bradford; and, at a later time, by the celebrated Onslow, who held his parliamentary levees in the principal drawing-room. The ceilings of the best rooms are adorned with paintings by Rebecca and Angelica Kauffman.

Mr. Cunningham has taken some pains to destroy the *Pennant* tradition concerning the name of this square, but he has not given us one important piece of information, *i.e.* that between the years 1674 and 1681, the ground was surveyed by *Gregory King*, an eminent architect of those days, who projected the square with the adjacent streets. Query, Did it not take the name of *King's* Square from the architect? This seems very probable; more especially as the statue of Charles I. was not placed in the square until the beginning of the next century. The centre space was originally occupied by a splendid fountain, (the work of Colley Cibber's father), an estimate of the "cost and charges" of which is now before me.

Among the eminent inhabitants of this square, not noticed

by Mr. Cunningham, were the following:—Lord Berkely, Lord Byron, Lord Grimstone, Lord Howard, Lord Leicester, Sir Thomas Mansel, Lord Morpeth, Lord Nottingham, Lord Peterborough, Lord Pierrepoint, Lord Pigot, Dudley North, the Earl of Dartmouth, the Duchess of Cleveland, the Duchess of Wharton, &c. These names appear in the books of the parish of St. Anne, between the years of 1708 and 1772.

17. *Surrey Institution.* At one period (about 1825), this building was known as the *Blackfriars Rotundo*. Here that execrable character, Robert Taylor, who styled himself "the Devil's Chaplain," delivered his blasphemous discourses.

18. *Opera House.* Mr. Cunningham, speaking of the translation of *Arsinoe*, the first Anglo-Italian opera performed in this country, says: "The translation was made by Thomas Clayton." This is an error, for Clayton himself says, in his preface: "I was obliged to have an Italian opera translated." Clayton was the composer of the music.

19. *James's (St.) Chapel, St. James's Palace.* Mr. Cunningham says, "The service is chanted by the boys of the Chapel Royal." This ought to read, "The service is chaunted by the boys *and gentlemen* of the Chapel Royal" The musical service of our cathedrals and collegiate establishments cannot be performed without four kinds of voices, treble, alto, tenor, and bass.

20. *Bagnigge Wells.* Mr. Cunningham makes a strange mistake concerning this once popular place of amusement when he says, "first opened to the public in the year 1767." A stone, still to

be seen, let into the wall over what was formerly the garden entrance, has the following inscription:

"S + T
This is Bagnigge
Hovse neare
The Pinder a
Wakefeilde
1680."

The gardens were first opened for the accommodation of persons who partook of the mineral springs; subsequently, amusements were added; and in Bickham's curious work, *The Musical Entertainer* (circa 1738), is an engraving of Tom Hippersley mounted in the "singing rostrum," regaling the company with a song. About half a century after this date, a regular orchestra was erected, and the entertainments resembled Marylebone Gardens and Vauxhall. The old house and gardens were demolished in 1842, to make room for several new streets.

Edward F. Rimbault.

NOTES ON COLERIDGE'S AIDS TO REFLECTION

(2nd Edition, 1831)

Introductory Aphorisms, No. xii., p. 7.:

> "Tertullian had good reason for his assertation, that the simplest Christian (if indeed a Christian) knows more than the most accomplished irreligious philosopher."

The passage referred to is in the Apology, c. 46:

> "Deum quilibet opifex Christianus et invenit et ostendit et exinde totum, quod in Deo quæritur, re quoque assignat; licet Plato affirmet factitatorem universitatis neque inveniri facilem et inventum enarrari in omnes difficilem."

Note to Aphorism xxxi., p. 30.:

> "To which he [Plato] may possibly have referred in his phrase [Greek: theoparadotos sophia]."

Possibly Coleridge may have borrowed this from Berkeley's *Siris*, § 301., where [Greek: theoparadotos philosophia] is cited from "a heathen writer." The word [Greek: theoparadotos] occurs in Proclus and Marinus (see Valpy's *Stephani Thesaurus*), but not in Plato.

The motto from Seneca, prefixed to the Aphorisms on Spiritual Religion, is from the fourty-first Epistle of that writer.

The question from Tertullian in the Comment on the eight of those Aphorisms,

> "Certum est quia impossibile est."—p. 199.

is from the *De Carne Christi*, cap. v.

Aphorism iv., p. 227.:

> "In wonder all philosophy began."

See Plato's *Theætetus* § 32., p. 155. Gataker on Antonin, i. 15. Plutarch *de EI Delph*. cap. 2. p. 385 B. Sympos, v. 7., p. 680 C. Aristot. *Metaph*. 1. 2. 9.

In the "Sequelæ" annexed to this Aphorism, it is said of Simonides (p. 230.), that

> "*In the fortieth day* of his mediation the sage and philosophic poet abandoned the problem [of the nature of God] in despair."

Cicero (*de nat. Deor.* i. 22. § 60.) and Minucius Felix (*Octav.* 13.) do not specify the number of days during which Simonides deferred his answer to Hiero.

Aphorism x. On Original Sin. (note, p. 252.) [Greek: sunetois phonun], &c., from Pindar, *Olymp.* ii. 85. (152.)

Conclusion, p. 399.:

"*Evidences* of Christianity! I am weary of this word," &c.

See the remarks on this passage in Archbishop Whately's *Logic*, Appendix III., near the end.

The quotation from Apuleius, at the end of the book (p. 403.), is from the *Metamorphos.*, i. 3.

J.E.B. Mayor

Marlborough College.

MINOR NOTES

Capture of Henry VI. (Vol. ii., p. 181.).—There are several errors in this historical note. The name of the Dean of Windsor was Manning, not "Manting;" "Brungerly" should be Bungerley. One of the Talbots, of Bashall Hall, could never be "High Sheriff for the West Riding," as the Ridings of Yorkshire never had distinct sheriffs; neither was he sheriff of the county. The particulars of the king's capture are thus related in the chronicle called Warksworth's *Chronicle*, which has been printed by the Camden Society:—

> "Also, the same yere, kynge Henry was takene byside a howse of religione [i.e. Whalley] in Lancashyre, by the mene of a blacke monke of Abyngtone [Abingdon] in a wode called Cletherwode [the wood of Clitheroe], besyde Bungerly hyppyngstones, by Thomas Talbott, sonne and heyre to sere Edmunde Talbot of Basshalle, and Jhon Talbott, his cosyne, of Colebry [i.e. Salebury, in Blackburn], withe other moo; which discryvide [him] beynge at his dynere at Wadyngton halle: and [he was] carryed to London on horsebake, and his leges bownde to the styropes."

I have substituted the word "discryvide" for "disseyvide," as it is printed in the Camden Society's book, where the editor, Mr. Halliwell, understood the passage as meaning that the king

was deceived or betrayed. I take the meaning to be that the black monk of Abingdon had descried, or discovered, the king as he was eating his dinner at Waddington Hall; whereupon the Talbots, and some other parties in the neighbourhood, formed plans for his apprehension, and arrested him on the first convenient opportunity, as he was crossing the ford across the river Ribble, formed by the hyppyngstones at Bungerley. Waddington belonged to Sir John Tempest, of Bracewell, who was the father-in-law of Thomas Talbot. Both Sir John Tempest and Sir James Harrington of Brierley, near Barnsley, were concerned in the king's capture, and each received one hundred marks reward; but the fact of Sir Thomas Talbot being the chief actor, is shown by his having received the larger reward of 100£. Further particulars respecting these and other parties concerned, will be found in the notes to Warksworth's *Chronicle*. The chief residence of the unhappy monarch during his retreat was at Bolton Hall, where his boots, his gloves, and a spoon, are still preserved, and are engraved in Whitaker's *Craven*. An interior view of the ancient hall at Bolton, which is still remaining, is engraved in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1841. Sir Ralph Pudsay, of Bolton, had married Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Tunstal, who attended the king as esquire of the body.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.