

VARIOUS

NOTES AND QUERIES,
NUMBER 48,
SEPTEMBER 28, 1850

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Содержание

NOTES	4
RIOTS OF LONDON	4
SATIRICAL POEMS ON WILLIAM III	11
SHAKSPEARE'S GRIEF AND FRENZY	13
ETYMOLOGICAL NOTES	17
MISTAKES IN GIBBON	19
MINOR NOTES	22
Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.	23

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NOTES

RIOTS OF LONDON

Seventy years having passed away since the riots of London, there cannot be many living who remember them, and still fewer who were personally in contact with the tumultuous throng. Under such circumstances, I venture to offer for introduction into your useful and entertaining miscellany some incidents connected with that event in which I was either personally an actor or spectator—things not in themselves important, yet which may be to some of your readers acceptable and interesting as records of bygone days.

The events of 1780, in themselves so terrific, were well adapted to be written indelibly on the memory of a young, and ardent boy. At any age they would have been engraved as with an iron pen; but their occurrence at the first age of my early boyhood, when no previous event had claimed particular

attention, fixed them as a lasting memorial.

The awful conflagrations had not taken place when I arrived in London from a large school in one of the midland counties in England, for the Midsummer vacation. So many of my school-fellows resided in the metropolis, or in a part of the country requiring a passage through London, that three or four closely-packed post-chaises were necessary; and to accomplish the journey in good time for the youngsters to be met by their friends, the journey was begun as near to four o'clock A.M. as was possible.

The chaises, well crowned with boxes, and filled with joyous youth, were received at the Castle and Falcon, then kept by a Mr. Dupont, a celebrated wine merchant, and the friend of our estimable tutor. The whole of my schoolmates had been met by their respective friends, and my brother and I alone remained at the inn, when at length my mother arrived in a hackney-coach to fetch us, and from her we learned that the streets were so crowded that she could hardly make her way to us. No time was lost, and we were soon on our way homewards. We passed through Newgate Street and the Old Bailey without interruption or delay; but when we came into Ludgate Hill the case was far different; the street was full and the people noisy, permitting no carriage to pass unless the coachman took off his hat and acknowledged his respect for them and the object for which they had congregated. "Hat off, coachee!" was their cry. Our coachman would not obey their noisy calls, and there we were fixed. Long might

we have remained in that unpleasant predicament had not my foreseeing parent sagaciously provided herself with a piece of ribbon of the popular colour, which she used to good effect by making it up into a bow with a long, streamer and pinning it to a white handkerchief, which she courageously flourished out of the window of the hackney-coach. Huzzas and "Go on, coachee!" were shouted from the crowd and with no other obstruction than the full streets presented, we reached Beaufort Buildings, in the Strand, the street in which we resided.

There a new scene presented itself, which was very impressive to our young minds. The street was full of soldiers, and the coachman said to my mother, "I cannot go down." A soldier addressed my mother: "No one, ma'am, can go down this street:" to whom my mother replied, "I live here, and am going to my own home." An officer then gave permission for us, and the coachman with our box, to proceed, and we were soon at our own door. The coachman, ignorant of the passport which the handkerchief and ribbon had proved, said, on setting the box down, "You see, ma'am, we got on without my taking off my hat: for who would take off his hat to such a set of fellows? I would rather have sat there all the day long."

The assembling of the military in this street was to defend the dwellings of Mr. Kitchener and Mr. Heron, both these gentlemen being Roman Catholics. Mr. Kitchener (who was the father of Dr. Kitchener, the author of the *Cook's Oracle*) was an eminent coal merchant, whose wharf was by the river-side southward,

behind Beaufort Buildings, then called Worcester Grounds¹, as the lane leading to it was called Worcester Lane: but Mr. Kitchener, or his successor Mr. Cox, endeavoured to change it by having "Beaufort Wharf" painted on their wagons. Thus the name "Worcester Grounds" got lost; but the lane which bore the same name got no advantage by the change, for it received the appropriate title of "Dirty Lane," used only for carts and horses, foot passengers reaching the wharf by the steps at the bottom of Fountain Court and Beaufort Buildings.

But to return to my narrative. My parents soon removed us out of this scene of public confusion, to the house of a relative residing at St. Pancras: and well do I remember the painful interest with which, as soon as it got dark, the whole family of my uncle used to go on the roof of the house and count the number of fires, guessing the place of each. The alarm was so great, though at a distance, that it was always late before the family retired to rest. I remained at St. Pancras until the riots had been subdued and peace restored; and now, though very many matters crowd my mind, as report after report then reached us, I will leave them to record only what I personally saw and heard.

Before the vacation was ended, the trials of the prisoners had proceeded, and I went to a friend's house to see some condemned ones pass to execution. The house from which I had this painful

¹ Mr. Cunningham, vol. i. p. 69., gives an interesting quotation from Strype respecting Worcester House, which gave the name of "Worcester Grounds" to Mr. Kitchener's property.

view has been removed; the site is now the road to Waterloo Bridge. I believe it was because a lad was to be executed that I was allowed to go. The mournful procession passed up St. Catherine's Street, and from the distance I was, I could only see that the lad in height did not reach above the shoulders of the two men between whom he sat, who, with him, were to be executed in Russell Street. Universal and deep was the sympathy expressed towards the youth from the throng of people, which was considerable. As it was long before the street was sufficiently cleared to allow us to return home, the report came that the execution was over, and that the boy was so light that the executioner jumped on him to break his neck: and such was the effect of previous sympathy, that a feeling of horror was excited at the brutality (as they called it) of the action; but, viewing it calmly, it was wise, and intended kindly to shorten the time of suffering. While thus waiting, I heard an account of this boy's trial. A censure was expressed on the government for hanging one so young, when it was stated that this boy was the only one executed, though so many were guilty, as an example, as the proof of his guilt was unquestionable. A witness against him on the trial said, "I will swear that I have seen that boy actively engaged at several conflagrations." He was rebuked for thus positively speaking by the opposite counsel, when he said, "I am quite sure it is the active boy I have seen so often for I was so impressed with his flagrant conduct that I cut a piece out of his clothes:" and putting his hand into his pocket, he pulled out the piece which he had cut off, which exactly fitted to

the boy's jacket. This decided his execution: yet justice was not vindictive, for very few persons were executed.

I will trespass yet further on your pages to recite one other incident of the riots that occurred in connexion with the attack on the King's Bench prison, and the death of Allen, which made a great stir at the time. The incident I refer to happened thus:—At the gate of the prison two sentinels were placed. One of these was a fine-built young man, full six feet high: he had been servant to my father. On the day Allen was shot, or a day or two after, he came to my father for protection: my father having a high opinion of his veracity and moral goodness, took him in and sheltered him until quiet was restored. His name was M'Phin, or some such name; but as he was always called "Mac" by us, I do not remember his name perfectly. He stated that he and his fellow-soldier, while standing as sentries at the prison, were attacked by an uproarious mob, and were assailed with stones and brickbats;—that his companion called loudly to the mob, and said, "I will not fire until I see and mark a man that throws at us, and then he shall die. I don't want to kill the innocent, or any one; but he that flings at us shall surely die." Young Allen threw a brick-bat, and ran off; but Mac said, his fellow-soldier had seen it, and marked him. The crowd gave way; off went Allen and the soldier after him. Young Allen ran on, the soldier pursuing him, till he entered his father's premises, who was a cow-keeper, and *there* the soldier shot him. Popular fury turned upon poor Mac; and so completely was he thought to be the "murderer" of young

Allen that 500*l.* was offered by the mob for his discovery. But my good father was faithful to honest Mac, and he lay secure in one of our upper rooms until the excitement was over.

Allen's funeral was attended by myriads, and a monument was erected to his memory (which yet remains, I believe) in Newington churchyard, speaking lies in the face of the sun. If it were important enough, it deserves erasure as much as the false inscription on London's monument.

As soon as the public blood was cool, "Mac" surrendered himself, was tried at the Old Bailey, and acquitted.

Should it be in the power of any of the readers of your interesting miscellany, by reference to the Session Papers, to give me the actual name of poor "Mac," I shall feel obliged.

SENEX.

September 9. 1850.

SATIRICAL POEMS ON WILLIAM III

Some years since I copied from a MS. vol., compiled before 1708, the following effusions of a Jacobite poet, who seems to have been "a good hater" of King William. I have made ineffectual efforts to discover the witty author, or to ascertain if these compositions have ever been printed. My friend, in whose waste-book I found them,—a beneficed clergyman in Worcestershire, who has been several years dead,—obtained them from a college friend during the last century.

"UPON KING WILLIAM'S TWO FIRST CAMPAIGNES

"'Twill puzzle much the author's brains,
That is to write your story,
To know in which of these campaignes
You have acquired most glory:
For when you march'd the foe to fight,
Like Heroe, nothing fearing,
Namur was taken in your sight,
And Mons within your hearing."

**"ON THE OBSERVING THE
30TH OF JANUARY, 1691**

"Cease, Hippocrites, to trouble heaven
How can ye think to be forgiven
The dismall deed you've done?
When to the martyr's sacred blood,
This very moment, if you could,
You'd sacrifice his son."

**"ON KING WILLIAM'S
RETURN OUT OF FLANDERS**

"Rejoice, yee fops, yo'r idoll's come agen
To pick yo'r pocketts, and to slay yo'r men;
Give him yo'r millions, and his Dutch yo'r lands:
Don't ring yo'r bells, yee fools, but wring yo'r hands."

GRENDON.

SHAKSPEARE'S GRIEF AND FRENZY

I have looked into many an edition of Shakspeare, but I have not found one that traced the connexion that I fancy exists between the lines—

Cassius. "I did not think you could have been so angry."

Brutus. "O Cassius! I am sick of many griefs."

or between

Brutus. "No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead."

Cassius. "How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so!"

Julius Cæsar, Act iv. Sc. 3.

which will perhaps better suit the object that I have in view. The editors whose notes I have examined probably thought the connexion so self-evident or insignificant as not to require either notice or explanation. If so, I differ from them, and I therefore offer the following remarks for the *amusement* rather than for the *instruction* of those who, like myself, are not at all ashamed to confess that they cannot read Shakspeare's music "*at sight.*" I believe that both *Replies* contain an allusion to the fact that *Anger, grafted on sorrow, almost invariably assumes the form of frenzy;*

that it is in every sense of the word "Madness," when the mind is unhinged, and reason, as it were, totters from the effects of grief.

Cassius had but just mildly rebuked Brutus for making no better use of his philosophy, and now—startled by the sudden sight of his bleeding, mangled heart—"Portia is—Dead!" pays involuntary homage to the very philosophy he had so rashly underrated by the exclamation—

"How 'scaped I *killing* when I crossed you so!"

I wish, if possible, to support this view of the case by the following passages:—

I. Romeo's address to Balthasar.

"But if thou ... roaring sea."

II. His address to Paris.

"I beseech thee youth ... away!"

Romeo and Juliet, Act v. Sc. 3.

III. "The poor father was ready to fall down dead; but he grasped the broken oar which was before him, jumped up, and called in a faltering voice,—'Arrigozzo! Arrigozzo!' This was but for a moment. Receiving no answer, he ran to the top of the rock; looked at all around, ran his eye over all who were safe, one by one, but could not find his son among them. Then seeing the count, who had so lately been finding fault with his son's name, he roared out,—'Dog, are you here?' And, brandishing the broken oar, he

rushed forward to strike him on the head. Bice uttered a cry, Ottorino was quick in warding off the blow; in a minute, Lupo, the falconer, and the boatmen, disarmed the frantic man; who, striking his forehead with both hands, gave a spring, and threw himself into the lake.

"He was seen fighting with the angry waves, overcoming them with a strength and a courage which desperation alone can give."—*Marco Viconti*, vol. i. chap. 5.

IV. A passage that has probably already occurred to the mind of the reader, Mucklebackit mending the cable in which his son had been lost:

"'There is a curse either on me or on this auld black bitch of a boat, that I have hauled up high and dry, and pitched and clouted sae mony years, that she might drown my poor Steenie at the end of them, an' be d-d to her!' And he flung his hammer against the boat, as if she had been the intentional cause of his misfortune"—*Antiquary*, vol. ii. chap. 13. Cadell, 1829.

V. "Giton præcipuè, *ex dolore in rabiem efferatus*, tollit clamorem, me, utrâque manu impulsum, præcipitat super lectum."—*Petron. Arb. Sat. cap. 94.*

The classical reader will at once recognise the force of the words "rabiem," "efferatus," "præcipitat," in this passage. The expression "utrâque manu" may not at first sight arrest his attention. It seems always used to express the most intense eagerness; see

"Ijecit utramque laciniaë manum."—*Pet. Arb. Sat. 14.*

"Utrâque manu Deorum beneficia tractat."—*Ib.* 140.

"Upon which Menedemus, incensed at his insolence, answered,—'Nothing is more necessary than the preservation of Lucullus;' and thrust him back *with both hands*."—Plutarch, *Life of Lucullus*.

"Women have a sort of natural tendency to cross their husbands: they lay hold *with both hands* [à deux mains] on all occasions to contradict and oppose them, and the first excuse serves for a plenary justification."—Montaigne, *Essays*, book 2. chap. 8.

"Marmout, deceived by the seemingly careless winter attitude of the allies, left Ciudad Rodrigo unprotected within their reach and Wellington jumped *with both feet* upon the devoted fortress of Napier," *Pen. War*, vol. iv. p. 374.

Any apology for the unwarrantable length of this discursive despatch, would, of course, only make matters worse.

C. FORBES.

Temple.

ETYMOLOGICAL NOTES

1. *Gnatch*.—"The covetous man dares not gnatch" (Hammond's *Catechism*). From this, and the examples in Halliwell's *Dictionary*, the sense seems to be "to move." Is it related to "gnake?"

2. *Pert*.—I lately met with an instance of the use of this word in the etymological sense *peritus*: "I beant peart at making button-holes," said a needlewoman.

3. *Rococo*.—A far-fetched etymology suggests itself. A wealthy noble from the north might express his admiration for the luxuries of Paris by the Russian word [Cyrillic: *roskosha*], or Polish *roskosz*. A Frenchman, catching the sound, might apply it to anything extravagant enough to astonish a barbarian.

4. *Cad*.—The letters from Scotland ascribed to a Captain Burt, employed in surveying the forfeited estates, give an account of the "cawdies," or errand boys, of Edinburgh.

5. *Fun*, perhaps Irish, *fonamhad*, jeering, mockery (Lhuyd, *Archæologia Britannica*).

6. *Bumbailiff*.—The French have *pousse-cul*, for the follower or assistant to the sergeant.

7. *Epergne*, perhaps *épargne*, a save-all or hold-all. Here seems no more difficulty in the transfer of the name than in that of *chiffonier*, from a rag-basket to a piece of ornamental furniture.

8. *Doggrel*.—Has the word any connexion with *sdrucchiolo*?

9. *Derrick*.—A spar arranged to form an extempore crane. I think *Derrick* was the name of an executioner.

10. *Mece*, A.-S., a knife. The word is found in the Slavonic and Tartar dialects. I thinly I remember some years ago reading in a newspaper of rioters armed with "pea makes." I do not remember any other instance of its use in English.

F.Q.

MISTAKES IN GIBBON

The following references may be of use to a future editor of Gibbon; Mr. Milman has not, I believe, rectified any of the mistakes pointed out by the authors cited.

In the Netherlands ... 50,000 in less than fifty years were ... sacrificed to the intolerance of popery. (Fra Paolo, *Sarpi Conc. Trid.* 1. i. p. 422. ed. sec. Grotius, in his *Annal. Belq.* 1. v. pp. 1G, 17. duod., including *all* the persecutions of Charles V, makes the number 100,000. The supposed contradiction between these two historians supplied Mr. Gibbon with an argument by which he satisfied himself that he had completely demolished the whole credibility of Eusebius's history. See conclusion of his 16th book.) [Mendham's *Life of Pius V.*, p. 303. and note; compare p. 252., where Gibbon's attack on Eusebius is discussed.]

In Forster's *Mahometanism Unveiled*, several of Gibbon's statements are questioned. I have not the book at hand, and did not think the corrections very important when I read it some time back. The reader who has it may see pp. 339. 385. 461-2. 472. 483. 498. of the second volume.

In Dr. Maitland's *Dark Ages*, p. 229. seq. note, a gross blunder is pointed out.

See too the *Gentlemans Magazine*, July, 1839, p. 49.

Dr. Maitland, in his *Facts and Documents relating to the*

ancient Albigenes and Waldenses, p. 217. note, corrects an error respecting the *Book of Sentences*.

"Gibbon, speaking of this *Book of Sentences*, in a note on his 54th chapter, says, 'Of a list of criminals which fills nineteen folio pages, only *fifteen* men and *four* women were delivered to the secular arm.' Vol. v. p. 535. I believe he should have said *thirty-two* men and *eight* women; and imagine that he was misled by the fact that the index-maker most commonly (but by no means always) states the nature of the sentence passed on each person. From the book, however, it appears that forty persons were so delivered, viz., twenty-nine Albigenes, seven Waldenses, and four Beguins."

The following mistake was pointed out by the learned Cork correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, I think in 1838; it has misled the writer of the article "Anicius", in Smith's *Dictionary of Ancient Biography*, and is not corrected by Mr. Milman (Gibbon, chap. xxxi. note 14 and text):—

"During the first five ages, the name of the Anicians was unknown. The earliest date in the annals of Pighius is that of M. Anicius Gallus, Tr. Plebis A.U.C. 506. Another Tribune, Q. Anicius, A.U.C. 508, is distinguished by the epithet Prænestinus."

We learn from Pliny, *H.N.* xxxiii. 6., that Q. Anicius Prænestinus was the colleague as curule ædile of Flavius, the famous *scriba* of Appius Cæcus, B.C. 304, A.U.C. 450. (See

Fischer, *Röm. Zeittafeln*, p. 61-2.) Pliny's words are—

"[Flavius] tantam gratiam plebis adeptus est ... ut ædilis curulis crearetur cum Q. Anicio Prænestino."

Gibbon's chapter on Mahomet seems to be particularly superficial; it is to be hoped that a future editor will correct it by the aid of Von Hammer's labours.

J.E.B. MAYOR.

Marlborough College.

MINOR NOTES

"Ockley's History of the Saracens," and unauthentic Works.

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