

VARIOUS

NOTES AND QUERIES,
NUMBER 35, JUNE 29,
1850

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Various Notes and Queries, Number 35, June 29, 1850 / A Medium of Inter-communication for Literary Men, Artists, Antiquaries, Genealogists, etc

Notes

GEORGE GORING, EARL OF NORWICH, AND HIS SON GEORGE, LORD GORING

G.'s inquiry (Vol. i., p. 22.) about the two Gorings of the Civil War—a period of our history in which I am much interested—has led me to look into some of the sources of original information for that time, in the hope that I might be enabled to answer his Queries. I regret I cannot yet answer his precise questions, when Lord Goring the son was married, and when and where he died? but I think the following references to notices of the father and the son will be acceptable to him; and I venture to think that the working out in this way of neglected biographies, is one of the many uses to which your excellent periodical may be applied.

Confusion has undoubtedly been made between the father and son by careless compilers. But whoever carefully reads the passages of contemporary writers relating to the two Gorings, and keeps in mind that the title of Earl of Norwich, given by Charles I. in November, 1644, to the father, was not recognised by the parliamentary party, will have no difficulty in distinguishing between the two. Thus it will be seen in two of the passages which I subjoin from Carte's *Letters*, that in 1649 a parliamentarian calls the father Lord Goring, and Sir Edward Nicholas calls him Earl of Norwich.

Burke, in his *Dormant and Extinct Peerages*, vol. iii., makes the mistake of giving to the father the son's proceedings at Portsmouth at the beginning of the Civil War.

Lord Goring the son, then Colonel Goring, commanding a regiment in the Low Countries, was, at the siege of Breda, September, 1637, severely wounded in the leg, and had a narrow escape of losing it. Sir William Boswell, the English ambassador at the Hague, writes to Bramhall, then Bishop of Derry, and afterwards Archbishop of Armagh:—

"Colonel Goring having the guard of the English in the approaches, was shot so dangerously cross the shin of his leg, a little above his ankle, as the chirurgion at first resolved to cut off his leg to save his life; but upon second thoughts, and some opposition by one of them against four, they forebare; and now, thanks be to God, he is gotten out of danger of losing life or leg this bout: his excellent merits caused a great sorrow at his misfortune, and now as great comfort in the hope of his recovery"—(*Rawdon Papers*, p. 39.)

That the son was already married to Lady Letitia Boyle at Christmas, 1641, appears from a letter of the Earl of Cork, the lady's father, to the Earl of Norwich (at that time Lord Goring), in Lord Orrery's *State Letters* (vol. i. p. 5. Dublin edition):—

"I have scarce time to present my service to you and your lady, and to George and my poor Letitia, whom God bless."

In Carte's *Collection of Letters* (vol. i. p. 359.) is a letter from Lord Byron, dated "Beauvois, March 1-11, 1650," to the Marquis of Ormond, stating that Lord Goring the son has come to Beauvois, and is on his way to Spain, about the settlement of a pension which had been promised him there, and also to endeavour to get arms and money for the King's service in Ireland; and that, having settled his business in Spain, he desires nothing better than to serve as a volunteer under Ormond for King Charles. Lord Byron strongly recommends Ormond to avail himself of Goring's services:—

"I am confident my Lord Goring may be serviceable to your Excellence in many respects, and therefore have rather encouraged him in this his resolution, than any ways dehorted him from it; and especially because he is to pass by the Spanish Court, where he hath such habitudes, by reason of the service both his father and he hath done that crown."

In an intercepted letter of a parliamentarian, dated Jan. 8, 1649, which is in Carte's *Letters* (vol. i. p. 201.), is the following mention of the Earl of Norwich, then under sentence of death by the High Court of Justice:—

"Our great minds say, Thursday the King shall die, and two or three great Lords with him, Capel and Loughborough being two of them. Goring hath gotten Ireton to friend, who excuses him yet."

Sir E. Nicholas writes, April 8, 1649, to the Marquis of Ormond, that the Earl of Norwich (as he styles him) has been reprieved at the suit of the Spanish and Dutch ambassadors. (Carte's *Letters*, vol. i. p. 247.)

In the following passage of a speech, in the discussions about the House of Lords in Richard Cromwell's Parliament, there is no doubt that the Earl of Norwich is referred to as Lord Goring: and I should infer that George Lord Goring the son was then dead, as he had unquestionably done more than enough to forfeit his privileges in the view of Commonwealth men:—

"What hath the son of Lord Goring or Lord Capel done to forfeit their right?"—(Burton's *Diary*, iii. 421. Feb. 22. 1659.)

George Lord Goring the son is referred to in another speech preserved in Burton's *Diary*, and is there called "young Lord Goring." (iii. 206.)

Pepys mentions the return of "Lord Goring" from France, April 11, 1660 (vol. i. p. 54.). Lord Braybrooke's note says that this was "Charles, who succeeded his father as second Earl of Norwich." Is it certain that this was not the old Earl of Norwich himself?

The death of the old Earl of Norwich is thus chronicled in Peck's *Desiderata Curiosa*, p. 542.:—

"Jan. 6. 1662-3, died Lord Goring on his passage by land from Hampton Court to London, at Brainford, about eighty years of age: he was Earl of Norwich."

CH.

MSS. OF BISHOP RIDLEY: A "NOTE" AND A "QUERY."

A "Note" in the *Original Letters* relative to the English Reformation, published by the Parker Society, p. 91., mentions the existence of an important MS. treatise by Bishop Ridley, which had been unknown when the works of that prelate were collected and published by the Parker Society in 1841. It seems to be desirable that the fact should be placed on record in your most useful publication: the "Note" is as follows:—

"A copy of Bishop Ridley's 'Conference by writing with M. Hoper, exhibited up to the council in the time of King Edward the Sixth,' was in the possession of Archbishop Whitgift: see his *Defence of the Answer to the Admonition*, A.D. 1574, p. 25. But its existence was unknown (see *Ridley's Life of Bishop Ridley*, Lond. 1763, p. 315.) in later years, till a copy, slightly imperfect, was discovered in 1844, in the extensive collection of MSS. belonging to Sir Thomas Phillips, Bart."

There is another MS. treatise by Bishop Ridley, that has been missing for nearly three centuries, respecting which I should be glad to offer a "Query:" I allude to Ridley's *Treatise on Election and Predestination*. The evidence that such a piece ever existed is, that Ridley, in answer both to a communication from prison, signed by Bishop Ferrar, Rowland Taylor, John Bradford, and Archdeacon Philpot, and probably to other letters from Bradford, wrote,—

"Where you say that, if your request had been heard, things, you think, had been in better case than they be, know you that, concerning the matter you mean, I have in Latin drawn out the places of the Scriptures, and upon the same have noted what I can for the time. Sir, in those matters I am so fearful, that I dare not speak further, yea, almost none otherwise, than the very text doth, as it were, lead me by the hand."—*Works of Bishop Ridley*, Parker Soc., p. 368.

And to this statement Bishop Coverdale, in the *Letters of the Martyrs*, Day, 1564, p. 65., caused the following side-note to be printed:—

"He meaneth here the matter of God's election, whereof he afterward wrote a godly and comfortable treatise, remaining yet in the hands of some, and hereafter shall come to light, if God so will."

Glocester Ridley, in his *Life of Bishop Ridley*, 1763, p. 554, states:—

"I never heard that it was published, nor have I been able to meet with it in MS. The great learning and cool judgment of this prelate, and the entire subjection of his imagination to the revealed will of God, make the loss of this treatise much to be lamented."

Could any of your correspondents offer any suggestion, or supply any information, which might throw light on the subject, or might give a clue to the lost manuscript? The treatise referred to might possibly still exist, and, even if without Ridley's name, or in an imperfect state, might yet be identified, either from the handwriting or some other circumstance. Do any of your correspondents possess or know of any MS. on Election or Free-will, of the time of the Reformation, which might possibly be the missing treatise? Things turn up so curiously, in quarters where one would least expect it, and sometimes after more than three centuries, that one would willingly hope that this lost treatise might even yet be found or identified.

T.

Bath.

LINES WRITTEN DURING THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION

The accompanying is from the pen of one of the officers who bore a prominent position in one of the expeditions under Sir Edward Parry in search of a north-west passage. Not having been in print, except in private circulation, it may be deemed worthy of a place in your valuable journal.

Arcticus.

THOUGHTS ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

"The moments of chasten'd delight are gone by,
When we left our lov'd homes o'er new regions to rove,
When the firm manly grasp, and the soft female sigh,
Mark'd the mingled sensations of friendship and love.
That season of pleasure has hurried away,
When through far-stretching ice a safe passage we found¹,
That led us again to the dark rolling sea,
And the signal was seen, 'On for Lancaster's Sound.'²

"The joys that were felt when we pass'd by the shore
Where no footsteps of Man had e'er yet been imprest,
When rose in the distance no mountain-tops hoar
As the sun of the ev'ning bright gilded the west,
Full swiftly they fled—and that hour, too, is gone
When we gain'd the meridian, assign'd as a bound
To entitle our crews to their country's first boon,
Hail'd by all as an omen *the passage* was found.

"And pass'd with our pleasures are moments of pain,
Of anxious suspense, and of eager alarm.
Environ'd by ice, skill and ardour were vain
The swift moving mass of its force to disarm—
Yet, dash'd on the beach and our boats torn away,
No anchors could hold us, nor cables secure;
The dread and the peril expir'd with the day,
When none but High Heaven could our safety ensure.

"Involv'd with the ages existent before,
Is the year that has brought us thus far on our way,
And gratitude calls us our God to adore,
For the oft-renewed mercies its annals display.
The gloomy meridian of darkness is past,
And ere long shall gay spring bid the herbage revive;
On the wide waste of ice she'll re-echo the blast,
And the firm prison'd ocean its fetters shall rive.

¹ Alluding to the ships crossing the barrier of ice in Baffin's Bay, between Hope Sanderson and Possession Bay.

² Telegraph signal made by H.M.S. "Hecla," on getting into clear water in July, 1849, having succeeded in forcing through the barrier.

"W."

FOLK LORE

Legend of Sir Richard Baker, surnamed Bloody Baker.—I one day was looking over the different monuments in Cranbrook Church in Kent, when in the chancel my attention was arrested by one erected to the memory of Sir Richard Baker. The gauntlet, gloves, helmet, and spurs were (as is often the case in monumental erections of Elizabethan date) suspended over the tomb. What chiefly attracted my attention was the colour of the gloves, which was red. The old woman who acted as my cicerone, seeing me look at them, said, "Aye, miss, those are Bloody Baker's gloves; their red colour comes from the blood he shed." This speech awakened my curiosity to hear more, and with very little pressing I induced my old guide to tell me the following strange tale.

The Baker family had formerly large possessions in Cranbrook, but in the reign of Edward VI. great misfortunes fell on them; by extravagance and dissipation, they gradually lost all their lands, until an old house in the village (now used as the poor-house) was all that remained to them. The sole representative of the family remaining at the accession of Queen Mary, was Sir Richard Baker. He had spent some years abroad in consequence of a duel; but when, said my informant, Bloody Queen Mary reigned, he thought he might safely return, as he was a Papist. When he came to Cranbrook he took up his abode in his old house; he only brought one foreign servant with him, and these two lived alone. Very soon strange stories began to be whispered respecting unearthly shrieks having been heard frequently to issue at nightfall from his house. Many people of importance were stopped and robbed in the Glastonbury woods, and many unfortunate travellers were missed and never heard of more. Richard Baker still continued to live in seclusion, but he gradually repurchased his alienated property, although he was known to have spent all he possessed before he left England. But wickedness was not always to prosper. He formed an apparent attachment to a young lady in the neighbourhood, remarkable for always wearing a great many jewels. He often pressed her to come and see his old house, telling her he had many curious things he wished to show her. She had always resisted fixing a day for her visit, but happening to walk within a short distance of his house, she determined to surprise him with a visit; her companion, a lady older than herself, endeavoured to dissuade her from doing so, but she would not be turned from her purpose. They knocked at the door, but no one answered them; they, however, discovered it was not locked, and determined to enter. At the head of the stairs hung a parrot, which on their passing cried out,—

"Peepoh, pretty lady, be not too bold,
Or your red blood will soon run cold."

And cold did run the blood of the adventurous damsel when, on opening one of the room doors, she found it filled with the dead bodies of murdered persons, chiefly women. Just then they heard a noise, and on looking out of the window saw Bloody Baker and his servant bringing in the murdered body of a lady. Nearly dead with fear, they concealed themselves in a recess under the staircase.

As the murderers with their dead burden passed by them, the hand of the unfortunate murdered lady hung in the baluster of the stairs; with an oath Bloody Baker chopped it off, and it fell into the lap of one of the concealed ladies. As soon as the murderers had passed by, the ladies ran away, having the presence of mind to carry with them the dead hand, on one of the fingers of which was a ring. On reaching home they told their story, and in confirmation of it displayed the ring. All the families who had lost relatives mysteriously were then told of what had been found out; and they determined to ask Baker to a large party, apparently in a friendly manner, but to have constables concealed ready to take him into custody. He came, suspecting nothing, and then the lady told him all she had seen, pretending it was a dream. "Fair lady," said he, "dreams are nothing: they are but fables." "They may be fables," said she; "but is this a fable?" and she produced the hand and ring. Upon this the constables

rushed in and took him; and the tradition further says, he was burnt, notwithstanding Queen Mary tried to save him, on account of the religion he professed.

F. L.

Cure for Warts.—Steal a piece of meat from a butcher's stall or his basket, and after having well rubbed the parts affected with the stolen morsel, bury it under a gateway, at a four lane ends, or, in case of emergency, in any secluded place. All this must be done so secretly as to escape detection: and as the portion of meat decays the warts will disappear. This practice is very prevalent in Lancashire and some parts of Yorkshire; and two of my female acquaintances having *tried* the remedy, stoutly maintain its efficacy.

T. T. W.

Burnley.

Another Charm for Warts.—Referring to Emdee's charm for warts, which appeared in Vol. ii., p. 19., I may state that a very similar superstition prevails in the neighbourhood of Manchester:—Take a piece of twine, making upon it as many knots as there are warts to be removed; touch each wart with the corresponding knot; and bury the twine in a moist place, saying at the same time, "There is none to redeem it besides thee." As the process of decay goes on, the warts gradually disappear.

H.

Charm for the Cure of the King's Evil.—Acting on the advice of your able correspondent Emdee (Vol. i., p. 429.), I beg to forward the following curious and cruel charm for the cure of the king's evil, extracted from a very quaint old work by William Ellis, farmer of Little Gaddesden, near Hempstead, Herts, published at Salisbury in 1750:—

"A girl at Gaddesden, having the evil in her Feet from her Infancy, at eleven years old lost one of her toes by it, and was so bad that she could hardly walk, therefore was to be sent to a London Hospital in a little time. But a Beggar woman coming to the Door and hearing of it, said, that if they would cut off the hind leg, and the fore leg on the contrary side of that, of a toad, and she wear them in a silken bag about her neck, it would certainly cure her; but it was to be observed, that on the toad's losing its legs, it was to be turned loose abroad, and as it pined, wasted, and died, the distemper would likewise waste and die; which happened accordingly, for the girl was entirely cured by it, never having had the evil afterwards. Another Gaddesden girl having the evil in her eyes, her parents dried a toad in the sun, and put it in a silken bag, which they hung on the back part of her neck; and although it was thus dried, it drew so much as to raise little blisters, but did the girl a great deal of service, till she carelessly lost it."

David Stevens.

Godalming.

Fig-Sunday.—One of my Sunday-school boys, in reply to my question "What particular name was there for the Sunday before Easter?" answered "Fig-Sunday."

Can you give any authentic information as to the origin of this name? It most probably alludes to our Saviour's desire to eat fruit of the fig-tree on his way from Bethany on the *Monday* following.

Hone mentions that at a village in Hertfordshire, more figs are sold in that week than at any other period of the year; but assigns no reason for the custom. If you have met with any satisfactory explanation of this name, I shall feel obliged by your making it public.

B. D.

NOTE ON A PASSAGE IN HUDIBRAS

Butler, in his description of Hudibras, says (Part I. c. i. line 453.) that the knight

"—wore but one Spur,
As wisely knowing, cou'd he stir
To active Foot one side of 's Horse,
The other wou'd not hang an A—."

Gray, the most copious annotator on the poem, passes these lines in silence; and it is probable, therefore, that the description is taken by readers in general as an original sketch. I find, however, in a volume entitled *Gratiæ Ludentes: Jests from the Universitie*, by H. L., Oxen. [sic], London, 1638, the following, which may have been in Butler's mind:—

"One that wore but one Spurre.

"A scholler being jeer'd on the way for wearing but one Spurre, said, that if one side of his horse went on, it was not likely that the other would stay behinde."

As compilers of jest-books do nothing but copy from their predecessors, it is likely that this joke may be found elsewhere, though I have not met with it in any other collection. At all events, the date of the vol. from which I quote is in favour of Butler's intimacy with its contents; and as it is interesting, even in so trivial a matter, to trace the resources of our popular authors, you may perhaps think it worth while to include the above in a number of the "Notes."

Desconocido.

COFFEE, BLACK BROTH

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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