

# VARIOUS

NOTES AND QUERIES,  
NUMBER 179, APRIL 2,  
1853.

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# Various Notes and Queries, Number 179, April 2, 1853. / A Medium of Inter-communication for Literary Men, Artists, Antiquaries, Genealogists, etc

## Notes

### JACK

I wish to note, and to suggest to students in ethnology, the Query, how it comes to pass that John Bull has a peculiar propensity to call things by his own name, his familiar appellative of *Jack*?

Of all the long list of abbreviations and familiar names with which times past and present have supplied us, that which honest Falstaff found most pleasing to his ears, "*Jack* with my familiars!" is the household word with which ours are most conversant. Were not *Jack* the Giant-killer, *Jack* and the Bean-stalk, and Little *Jack*, the intimates of our earliest days? when we were lulled to sleep by ditties that told of *Jack Sprat* and his accommodating wife (an instance of the harmony in which those of opposite tastes may live in the bonds of wedlock); of *Jack*, the bachelor who lived harmoniously with his fiddle, and had a soul above the advice of his utilitarian friend; of *Jack* who, like Caliban, was to have a new master; of *Jack*<sup>1</sup> the brother of Gill; and of the *Jack* who was only remarkable for having a brother, whose name, as a younger son, is not thought worthy of mention. And were not our waking hours solaced by songs, celebrating the good *Jack*<sup>2</sup>, little *Jack* Horner, and holding up to obloquy the bad *Jack*, naughty *Jacky* Green, and his treachery to the innocent cat? Who does not remember the time when he played at *jack*-straws, fished for *jack*-sharps, and delighted in a skip-*jack*, or *jack*-a-jumper, when *jack*-in-a-box came back from the fair (where we had listened not unmoved to the temptations of that eloquent vagabond cheap-*Jack*) and popped up his nose before we could say *Jack* Robinson; and when *Jack*-in-the-green ushered in May-day? While a halo of charmed recollections encircles the memory of *Jack*-pudding, dear to the Englishman as *Jack* Pottage and *Jack* Sausage (*Jean Potage* and *Hans Wurst*) are to Frenchman and German.

Our childhood past, *Jack* still haunts us at every turn and phase of our existence. The smoke-*jack* and bottle-*jack*, those revolutionary instruments that threw the turnspit out of employment (and have well-nigh banished him from the face of the earth), cook the *Jack* hare, which we bring in in the pocket of our shooting-*jacket*. We wear *jack*-boots, and draw them off with boot-*jacks*; prop up our houses with *jack*-screws; wipe our hands on *jack*-towels; drink out of black-*jacks*, and wear them on our backs too, at least our ancestors did; while flap-*jacks*<sup>3</sup> gave a relish to their Lenten diet, *jack*-of-the-clock<sup>4</sup> told them the hour; *Jack* priests held rule over them; and gentle exercise at the *jack*, at bowls, helped them to digest their dinners. We ride upon *jack*-asses; *jacks* flourish in our fish-ponds;

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<sup>1</sup> Jack and Gill were measures. "Wherefore," says Grumio, "be the Jacks fair within and the Gills fair without," meaning the leathern jacks clean within, and the metal gills polished without.

<sup>2</sup> His character has suffered by antiquarian research, which tells us that the song was made on a Colonel Horner, intrusted by the last Abbot of Wells with a pie, containing the title-deeds of the abbey, which he was to deliver to Henry VIII., and that he abstracted one for his own purposes, whereupon the abbot was hanged.

<sup>3</sup> The old name for pancakes. Slap-*jacks* is their present name in America.

<sup>4</sup> The figure which struck the hour, as on the old clocks of St. Dunstan's, and of Carfax in Oxford.

*jack*-a-lanterns and *jack*-snipes flit over our bogs, the one scarcely less difficult to capture than the other; *jack*-daws multiply in our steeples, and *jack*-herons still linger about our baronial halls.

The four *jack* knaves, *jack*-a-lents, *jack*-a-dandies, *jack*-a-nasties, and *jacks*-in-office (*jack*-an-apeses every man *jack* of them), with that name fraught with mysterious terror, *Jack* Ketch, are the scape-graces of this numerous family; and, at every *Jack* who would be the gentleman, at a saucy *Jack* who attempts to play the *jack* with us, our indignation rises, like that of Juliet's nurse. But, on the whole, *Jack* is an honest fellow, who does his work in this life, though he has been reproached with Tom's helping him to do nothing; but let the house that Jack built vindicate him from this calumny. *Jack*, we repeat, is an honest fellow, and is so more especially, when as *Jack*-tar (Heaven protect him from *Jack*-sharks both on sea and shore!) he has old Ocean beneath, and the union-*jack* above him. Of black and yellow *jack*, who are foreigners, we make no mention; neither of *Jack*-Spaniards, nor of *Jacko* the monkey, whom we detest; but, go where we will, *Jack* meets us, and is master of all trades, for that we hold to be the right, though, we are aware, not the usual version of the saying. In short, with Merry *Andrews*, *Jerry Sneaks*, *Tom Noddies*, and *Silly Simons*, we may all have a casual acquaintance; but *Jack*, sweet *Jack*, kind *Jack*, honest *Jack*, *Jack* still is our familiar.

*John Jackson.*

## MYTHE VERSUS MYTH

When I first began to write on Mythology, I followed the Germans in using *mythus* for the Greek μῦθος. I afterwards thought it would be better to Anglicise it, and, strange to say, I actually found that there was a rule in the English language without an exception. It was this: Words formed from Greek disyllables in ος, whether the penultimate vowel be long or short, are monosyllables made long by *e* final. Thus, not only does βῶλος make *bole*, but πόλος *pole*, πόρος *pore*, σκόπος *scope*, τόνος *tone*, &c.; so also γῦρος, *gyre*; θύμος, *thyme*; στῦλος, *style*; κύβος, *cube*, &c.: I therefore, without hesitation, made an English word *mythe*. Mr. Grote, in his *History of Greece*, has done the very same thing, and probably on the same principles, quite independently of me; for, as I am informed, he has never condescended to read my *Mythology of Greece and Italy*, perhaps because it was not written in German. We have had no followers, as far as I am aware, but Miss Lynn, in her classical novels, and Mr. J. E. Taylor, in his translation of the *Pentamerone*, &c.

Meantime the English language had got another form of μῦθος, namely, *myth*, which I believe made its first appearance in Mr. Cooley's *Maritime and Inland Discovery*, and so has the claim of priority, if not of correctness. This form has been so generally adopted, that it seems likely ere long to become a mere slang term. It is used for every kind of fiction whatever; indeed, I have seen it employed where the proper word would be *hoax*. Nay, to make matters worse, it is actually used of persons. Mrs. Harris, for instance, has been termed a *myth*, as also was Robin Hood, not long since, even in "N. & Q."! I wonder how Apollodorus would have looked, if he had heard Orion or Polyphemus called a μῦθος!

Do I then expect the people of England to surrender their glorious privilege of going wrong without let or hindrance, in matters of grammar and etymology? Far from me be such folly and presumption. All I venture to expect is, that men of learning and good sense will, when they are speaking or writing about those venerable fictions which once commanded the assent of polished nations, use the more dignified term *mythe*, and the adjective *mythic*, instead of the hybrid *mythical*, leaving the poor unhappy little *myth* to be bandied about at the popular will and pleasure.

*Thos. Keightley.*

## WITCHCRAFT IN 1638

I inclose you an extract from an old document in my possession, which appears to be the examination of two witnesses against one Mary Shepherd for witchcraft. The nature of the offence is not specified. Perhaps it may be interesting to some of your readers.

*The Exam̄ of Jone Coward of Wareham, taken upon Oath the 28 March, 1638.*

Who sayth, y<sup>t</sup> about Midsomer last past one Mary Sheapheard of Wareham did pull of one of this Exn̄t's stockings, and within 2 howers after this Exn̄t was taken in all her limbs that she could not stur hand or foot, where upon this Exn̄t considered that the fors<sup>d</sup> Mary Sheapheard had done her that hurt, and forth w<sup>th</sup> cryed out upon the sayd Mary Shep. (though the sayd M. Shep. was not present), where upon this Exn̄t's mother went unto the house of M. Shep. to perswaed her to come downe to this Exn̄t; but the sayd M. Shep. would not. Whereupon this Exn̄t's mother went unto the Mayor of the Town, who comāded the s<sup>d</sup> M. Shep. to goe to this Exa<sup>n̄t</sup>. At length the s<sup>d</sup> Ma. Shep. accordingly did (and being coē), she did wring this Exn̄t by the hande, and p<sup>e</sup>sently this Exn̄t recouered. Ffurther, the Exn̄t sayth, y<sup>t</sup> about y<sup>e</sup> 24 of July *next followinge*, this Exn̄t was taken in y<sup>e</sup> like manner y<sup>e</sup> second time, w<sup>th</sup> her hands and feet wrested about, and so sent for the s<sup>d</sup> M. Shep., who instantly pulled the Exn̄t by the hands, and p<sup>e</sup>sently the Exn̄t recovered again.

*Jone Coward.*

Joane Coward de Warhā, spinster £xx,

To appear and give evidence at the next assizes agn̄t Ma. Sheapheard.

*The Exam̄ of Ann Trew, single woman, of Wareham, taken upon Oath as afors<sup>d</sup>.*

Who sayth, y<sup>t</sup> on y<sup>e</sup> 16th of March last past she saw Mary Shep. come into y<sup>e</sup> house of Joh. Gillingame, and likewise saw Ed. Gillingame come down bare-footed very well, without any lamnesse or sickness at all, and p<sup>e</sup>sently after y<sup>e</sup> sayd Mary Shep. had pulled on the legginge upon the legge of y<sup>e</sup> s<sup>d</sup> Ed. Gill., he fell instantly both lame and sick. Further, the Exn̄t asked the s<sup>d</sup> Ed. Gill. (in the time of his sickness) what Ma. Shep. did unto him, who answered, she did put her hand upon his thigh.

*Ann Trew.*

Anne Trew de Warhā, spinster £xx,

To appear and give evidence at next assizes agn̄t M. Shepheard.

I should like to know if the effect of her supposed sorcery could be attributed to mesmerism. The document in my possession appears to be original, as Jone Coward's signature is in a different hand to that of the examination.

*J. C. M.*

Spetisbury.

## ST. AUGUSTIN AND BAXTER

I am not aware that any author has pointed out a remarkable coincidence in the Confessions of St. Augustin and of Baxter:

"Divers sins I was addicted to, and oft committed against my conscience, which, for the warning of others, I will here confess to my shame. I was much addicted to the excessive and gluttonous eating of apples and pears, which, I think, laid the foundation of the imbecility and flatulency of my stomach.... To this end, and to concur with naughty boys that gloried in evil, I have oft gone into other men's orchards and stolen the fruit, when I had enough at home.... These were my sins in my childhood, as to which conscience troubled me for a great while before they were overcome."

Sir W. Scott cites the above passages in his *Life of Dryden*, with sharp comments on the rigid scruples of the Puritans:

"How is it possible," he says, "to forgive Baxter for the affectation with which he records the enormities of his childhood?... Can any one read this confession without thinking of Tartuffe, who subjected himself to penance for killing a flea with too much anger?..."

It probably did not occur to the biographer, that no less illustrious a saint than Augustin, to whom Puritanism can hardly be imputed, had made a parallel confession of like early depravity many centuries before. Enlarging on his own puerile delinquencies, and indeed on the wickedness of children in general, he confesses that, in company with other "naughty boys" ("nequissimi adolescentuli"), he not only stole apples, but stole them for the mere pleasure of the thing, and when he "had enough at home":

"Id furatus sum quod mihi abundabat, et multo melius. Nec eâ re volebam frui quam furto appetebam; sed ipso furto et peccato. Arbor erat pirus in viciniâ vineæ nostræ pomis onusta, nec formâ nec sapore illecebrosis. Ad hanc excutiendam atque asportandam, nequissimi adolescentuli perreximus nocte intempestâ; et abstulimus inde onera ingentia, non ad nostras epulas, sed vel projicienda porcis, etiamsi aliquid inde comedimus.... Ecce cor meum, Deus meus, ecce cor meum, quod miseratus es in imo abyssi!"—*Confessionum*, lib. ii. cap. iv.

In comparing the two cases, the balance of juvenile depravity is very much against the great Doctor of Grace. He does not seem to have had even a fondness for fruit to plead in extenuation of his larceny. He robbed orchards by wholesale of apples, which, by his own admission, had no attractions either of form or flavour to tempt him. Yet the two anecdotes are so much alike, that one would be inclined to suspect one story of being a mere recollection of the other if it were possible to doubt the veracity of Richard Baxter.

The incident, however, is one too familiar in schoolboy life to make the repetition of the story a matter of surprise. The property in an apple growing within the reach of a boy's hand has from time immemorial been in peril, and the law itself has not always regarded it as an object of scrupulous protection. The old laws of the Rheingau, and (if I mistake not) of some other states, warranted a wayfaring man in picking apples from any tree, provided he did not exceed the number of three.

*E. Smirke.*

## FOLK LORE

*Subterranean Bells* (Vol. vii., pp. 128. 200.).—In answer to J. J. S.'s inquiry, I beg to state, that at Cromere, near Ellesmere, Shropshire, where there is one of a number of pretty lakes scattered throughout that district, there is a tradition of a chapel having formerly stood on the banks of the lake. And it is said that the belief once was, that whenever the waters were ruffled by wind, the chapel bells might be heard as singing beneath the surface. This, though bearing on the subject of "submarine" or "subaqueous," rather than "subterranean" bells, illustrates, I think, the tradition to which J. J. S. refers.

J. W. M.

Hordley, Ellesmere.

*Welsh Legend of the Redbreast*.—According to my old nurse (a Carmarthenshire woman), the redbreast, like Prometheus, is the victim φιλανθρώπου τρόπου. Not only the babes in the wood, but mankind at large, are indebted to these deserving favourites. How could any child help regarding with grateful veneration the little bird with bosom red, when assured—

"That far, far, far away is a land of woe, darkness, spirits of evil, and *fire*. Day by day does the little bird bear in his bill a drop of water to quench the flame. So near to the burning stream does he fly, that his dear little feathers are *scorched*: and hence he is named *Bron-rhuddyn*.<sup>5</sup> To serve little children, the robin dares approach the Infernal Pit. No good child will hurt the devoted benefactor of man. The robin returns from the land of *fire*, and therefore he feels the *cold* of winter far more than his brother birds. He shivers in the brumal blast; hungry, he chirps before your door. Oh! my child, then, in gratitude throw a few crumbs to poor red-breast."

Why, a Pythagorean would have eaten a peacock sooner than one of us would have injured a robin.

R. P.

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<sup>5</sup> Bron-rhuddyn = "breast-burnt," or "breast-scorched."

## JOHNSONIANA

I inclose you a transcript of a letter of Boswell's which I think worthy of being permanently recorded, and am not aware of its having been before in print.

Edinburgh, 11th April, 1774.

Dear Sir,

When Mr. Johnson and I arrived at Inveraray after our expedition to the Hebrides, and there for the first time *after many days* renewed our enjoyment of the luxuries of civilised life, one of the most elegant that I could wish to find was lying for me, a letter from Mr. Garrick. It was a pineapple of the finest flavour, which had a high zest indeed amongst the heath-covered mountains of Scotia. That I have not thanked you for it long ere now is one of those strange facts for which it is so difficult to account, that I shall not attempt it. The *Idler* has strongly expressed many of the wonderful effects of the *vis inertiae* of the human mind. But it is hardly credible that a man should have the warmest regard for his friend, a constant desire to show it, and a keen ambition for a frequent epistolary intercourse with him, and yet should let months roll on without having resolution, or activity, or power, or whatever it be, to write a few lines. A man in such a situation is somewhat like Tantalus reversed. He recedes, he knows not how, from what he loves, which is full as provoking as when what he loves recedes from him. That my complaint is not a peculiar fancy, but deep in human nature, I appeal to the authority of St. Paul, who though he had not been exalted to the dignity of an apostle, would have stood high in fame as a philosopher and orator, "*What I would that do I not.*" You need be under no concern as to your debt to me for the book which I purchased for you. It was long ago discharged; for believe me, I intended the book as a present. Or if you rather chuse that it should be held as an exchange with the epitaphs which you sent me, I have no objection. Dr. Goldsmith's death would affect all the club much. I have not been so much affected with any event that has happened of a long time. I wish you would give me, who am at a distance, and who cannot get to London this spring, some particulars with regards to his last appearances. Dr. Young has a fine thought to this purpose, that every friend who goes before us to the other side of the river of death, makes the passage to us the easier. Were our club all removed to a future world but one or two, *they*, one should think, would incline to follow. By all means let me be on your list of subscribers to Mr. Morrell's *Prometheus*. You have enlivened the town, I see, with a musical piece. The prologue is admirably fancied *arripere populum tributim*; though, to be sure, Foote's remark applies to it, that your prologues have a culinary turn, and that therefore the motto to your collection of them should be, *Animus jamdudum in Patinis*. A player upon words might answer him, "Any Patinis rather than your Piety in Pattens." I wonder the wags have not been quoting upon you, "Whose erudition is a *Christmas tale*." But Mr. Johnson is ready to bruise any one who calls in question your classical knowledge and your happy application of it. I hope Mr. Johnson has given you an entertaining account of his Northern Tour. He is certainly to favour the world with some of his remarks. Pray do not fail to quicken him by word as I do by letter. Posterity will be the more obliged to his friends the more that they can prevail with him to write. With best compliments to Mrs. Garrick, and hoping that you will not punish me by being long silent, I remain faithfully yours,

*James Boswell.*

To David Garrick, Esq.,  
Adelphi, London.

*W. P.*

## Minor Notes

*White Roses.*—In an old newspaper, *The Weekly Journal, or British Gazetteer*, of Saturday, June 15, 1723, I find the following paragraph:

"Monday being the anniversary of the White Roses, some persons who had a mind to boast that they had bid defiance to the government, put them on early in the morning; but the mob not liking such doings, gathered about them, and demolished the wearers; which so terrified the crew, that not one of them afterwards would touch a white rose."

Can you, or any of your correspondents, explain this curious allusion? Is it to the emblem of the House of York, or the badge of the Pretender?

*E. G. B.*

*Fifeshire Pronunciation.*—I have observed, in various parts of Fifeshire, a singular peculiarity in the pronunciation of certain words, of which the following are specimens:

Wrong, Wright, Wretch, Write, <i>v. a.</i> Write, or writing, <i>s.</i>	} Pronounced {	Vrang Vricht ( <i>gut.</i> ) Vretch Vrite. Vreat.
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This strange mode is not altogether confined to the most illiterate portion of the people. My query is, Does this peculiarity obtain in any other portion of Scotland?

*A. R. X.*

Paisley.

*Original Letter.*—The following letter, written by the French general at Guadaloupe, when it was taken in 1810, to his conqueror, is an exquisite specimen of something more than that national politeness which does not desert a Frenchman even in misfortune. I possess the original:

*Au quartier général du Parc,  
le 6 Février, 1810.*

A son Excellence  
Le Général Beckwith, Commandant en chef les forces de sa Majesté  
Britannique aux isles du Vent.

Monsieur le Général,

J'ai été prévenu que Votre Excellence se proposait de venir au Parc demain dans la matinée. J'ose espérer qu'elle voudra bien me faire l'honneur d'accepter le diner que lui offre un Général malheureux et vaincu, mais qu'il présente de tout cœur.

Daignez, Monsieur le Général, agréer l'assurance de la haute considération  
avec laquelle  
*J'ai l'honneur d'être,*  
*de votre Excellence,*  
*Le très-obéissant serviteur,*  
*Emouf.*  
*Edward Foss.*

*Erroneous Forms of Speech.*—Since you allow your correspondents to correct such words as *teetotal*, I hope you will allow me to call the attention of your agricultural readers to the corruption in the word *mangold*, as they now write it. The word is in German *mangel wurzel*, root of scarcity. It is wrong to use even such a name as this, in my opinion, while we have the English name *beet*, which has the additional advantage of being derived from the botanical name *Beta*. But if a new name must be used, let it, at any rate, be the pure German *mangel*, and not the mongrel *mangold*. Indeed, those who spell the word in the latter way, ought in common consistency to write *reddishes*, *sparrowgrass*, and *cowcubers* for radishes, asparagus, and cucumbers.

*E. G. R.*

## QUERIES

### EUSTACHE DE SAINT PIERRE

(Vol. vii., p. 10.)

Mr. King's inquiry reminds me of two Queries on the same subject which I sent you as far back as the end of 1851, or beginning of 1852. Those Queries have not appeared in "N. & Q.," and I was led to suppose, either that you had laid them aside for some future occasion, or had found something objectionable in the form in which they were presented. The following is a literal copy.

"There are two circumstances connected with this event (the surrender of Calais), respecting which I am desirous of obtaining information. The first has reference to the individuals who offered themselves as victims to appease the exasperation of Edward III., after the obstinate siege of that town in 1347. They are represented as *six* of the principal citizens; Eustache de Saint Pierre was at their head, and the names of three others have come down to us, as Jean d'Aire, Jacques de Wissant, and Pierre de Wissant. Who were the other two?

"The second point relates to the character of that occurrence. Some historians are of opinion that the devotedness of Saint Pierre and his associates was prompted by the most exalted sentiments of patriotism; while others assert that it was all a 'sham,' that Saint-Pierre was secretly attached to the cause of the English monarch, and that he was subsequently employed by him in some confidential negotiations. To which of these opinions should the historical inquirer give his assent?"

I may add, in reply to Mr. King, that "the light thrown on the subject, through M. de Bréquigny's labours," has been noticed in the *Biographie Universelle*, sub voce *Saint-Pierre (Eustache de)*; and it was the remarks in that work that first drew my attention to it. The circumstances disclosed by Bréquigny are also commented upon by Lèvesque in his *La France sous les Valois*.

*Henry H. Breen.*

St. Lucia.

## PASSAGE IN COLERIDGE

De Quincy, in his "Suspiria de Profundis," Blackwood's *Magazine*, June, 1845, p. 748., speaking of the spectre of the Brocken, and of the conditions under which that striking phenomenon is manifested, observes that

"Coleridge ascended the Brocken on the Whitsunday of 1799 with a party of English students from Goettingen, but failed to see the phantom; afterwards in England (and under the same three conditions) he saw a much rarer phenomenon, which he described in the following eight lines. I give them from a corrected copy. The apostrophe in the beginning must be understood as addressed to an ideal conception:

"And art thou nothing? Such thou art as when  
The woodman winding westward up the glen  
At wintry dawn, when o'er the sheep-track's maze  
The viewless snow-mist weaves a glist'ning haze,  
Sees full before him, gliding without tread,  
An image with a glory round its head:  
This shade he worships for its golden hues,  
And makes (not knowing) that which he pursues."

These lines are from "Constancy to an ideal Object;" but in the usual editions of Coleridge's *Poems*, the last two lines are printed thus:

"The enamour'd rustic worships its fair hues,  
Nor knows he makes the shadow he pursues."

*Coleridge's Poetical Works, vol. ii. p. 91., 1840.*

Query: Which reading is the correct one? Coleridge refers to the *Manchester Philosophical Transactions* for a description of this phenomenon; but, as the earlier volumes of these are scarce, perhaps some of your correspondents would copy the description from the volume which contains it, or furnish one from some authentic source.

*J. M. B.*

## Minor Queries

*Cann Family.*—Can any of your correspondents enlighten me as to the origin of this family name; and if of foreign extraction, as I suspect, in what county of England they first settled? There is a village in Dorsetshire called Cann St. Rumbold. Possibly this may afford some clue. Burke informs us that William Cann, Esq., was Mayor of Bristol in 1648, and that his son, Sir Robert Cann, also Mayor, and afterwards M.P. for that city, was knighted by Charles II. in 1662, and created a Baronet, September 13th in the same year. The title became extinct in 1765, by the death of Sir Robert Cann, the sixth Baronet. The first Baronet had several brothers, some of whom most probably left issue, as I find a respectable family of that name now, and for many years past, located in Devonshire; but I am not aware if they are descended from the same stock.

*Domini-Cann.*

Canada.

*Landholders in Lonsdale South of the Sands.*—In his *History of Lancashire*, Baines states (vol. i. chap. iv.) that a return of the principal landholders in Lonsdale South of the Sands, in the time of James I., has been kept; but he does not state where the return is registered, nor whether it was in a private or public form. In fact, it is impossible to make any reference to the return, from the brief mention made of it by Baines.

Perhaps some one of your Lancashire correspondents may be acquainted with the sources of the learned historian's information. If so, it would much oblige your correspondent to be directed to them, as also to any of the Lancashire genealogical authorities referring to the district of Lonsdale South of the Sands.

*Observer.*

*Rotation of the Earth.*—Has the experiment which about two years ago was much talked of, for demonstrating the rotation of the earth by means of a pendulum, been satisfactorily carried out and proved? And if so, where is the best place for finding an account of it? The diagram by Mr. Little in the *Illustrated London News* does not seem to explain the matter very fully.

[?]

*Nelson and Wellington.*—The following statement has been going the round of the American newspapers since the death of the Duke of Wellington. Is it true?—"Lord Nelson was the eighteenth in descent from King Edward I., and the Duke of Wellington was descended from the same monarch."

*Uneda.*

*Are White Cats deaf?*—White cats are reputed to be "hard of hearing." I have known many instances, and in all stupidity seemed to accompany the deafness. Can any instances be given of white cats possessing the function of hearing in anything like perfection?

*Shirley Hibberd.*

*Arms in Dugdale's "Warwickshire," &c.*—In Dugdale's *Warwickshire* (1656), p. 733. fig. 21., is a coat of arms from the Prior's Lodgings at Maxstoke, viz. Or, fretty of ten pieces sa. with a canton gu. And in Shaw's *Hist. of Staffordshire*, vol. i. p. \*210., is the notice of a similar coat from Armitage Church, near Rugeley, extracted out of *Church Notes*, by Wyrley the herald, taken about 1597: viz. "Rugeley as before, impaling O. fretty of ... S. with a canton G. Query if ..."

Dugdale gives another coat, p. 111. fig. 12., from the windows of Trinity Church, Coventry; viz. Arg. on a chev. sa. three *stars* of the first. There is a mitre over this coat.

Can any of the correspondents of "N. & Q." assign the family names to these arms? Does the mitre necessarily imply a bishop or mitred abbot; and, if not, does it belong to John de Rugeley, who

was Abbot of Merevale (not far from Coventry) temp. Hen. VI., one branch of whose family bore—Arg. on a chev. sa. three *mullets* of the first. I may observe that this John was perhaps otherwise connected with Coventry; for Edith, widow of Nicholas de Ruggeley, his brother, left a legacy, says Dugd., p. 129., to an anchorite mured up at Stivichall Church, a member of St. Michael's Church, Coventry.

The same coat (*i. e.* with the *mullets*) is assigned by Dugd., p. 661. fig. 12., to the name of Knell.

J. W. S. R.

*Tombstone in Churchyard.*—Does any one know of a legible inscription older than 1601?

A. C.

*Argot and Slang.*—I shall be much obliged by learning from any correspondent the etymons of *argot* (French) and *slang*, as applied to language; and when did the latter term first come into use?

Thos. Lawrence.

Ashby-de-la-Zouch.

*Priests' Surplices.*—Will some of the readers of "N. & Q." favour me with a decision or authority on the following point? Does a priest's surplice differ from that worn by a lay vicar, or vicar choral? I have been an old choir-boy; and some few years since, as a boy, used to remark that the priests' surplices worn at St. Paul's, the Chapel Royal, and Westminster Abbey, were, as a sempstress would term it, *gaged*, or stitched down in rows over the shoulders some seven or eight times at the distance of about half an inch from each other. In the cathedral churches of Durham, York, Hereford, Worcester, Gloucester, and Oxford, I have remarked their almost universal adoption; but, to the best of my belief, I have never seen such a description of vestment in use among parochial clergymen, above half-a-dozen times, and I am desirous of knowing if the *gaged* surplice is peculiar to cathedrals and collegiate churches (I have even seen canons residentiary in them, habited in the lay vicar's surplice), or is the surplice used by choristers, undergraduates, and vicars choral, which, according to my early experience, is one without needlework, the correct officiating garment; the latter is almost universally used at funerals, where the officiating priest seldom wears either his scarf or hood, and presents anything but a dignified appearance when he crowns this *négligée* with one of our grotesque chimney-pot hats, to the exclusion of the more appropriate college cap.

*Amanuensis.*

*John, Brother German to David II.*—Can any of your readers solve the problem in Scotch history, who was John, brother german to King David II., son of Robert Bruce? David II., in a charter to the Priory of Rostinoth, uses these words: "Pro salute animæ nostræ, etc., ac ob benevolentiam et affectionem specialem quam erga dictum prioratum devote gerimus eo quod ossa celebris memoriæ Johannis fratris nostri germani ibidem (the Priory) humata quiescunt dedimus, etc., viginti marcas sterlingorum, etc." Dated at Scone, "in pleno parlamento nostro tento ibidem decimo die Junii anno regni sexto decimo."

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

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