VARIOUS

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Содержание

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LAVENHAM CHURCH

Lavenham, or *Lanham*, a small town north of Sudbury, was once eminent for its manufactures, when there were eight or nine cloth-halls in the place, inhabited by rich clothiers. The De Veres, Earls of Oxford, whose names are blazoned in our history, held the manor from the reign of Henry I. till that of Elizabeth, and one of the noble family obtained a charter from Edward III. authorizing his tenants at this place to pass toll-free throughout all England, which grant was confirmed by Elizabeth. But the manufacturing celebrity of Lavenham has dwindled to spinning woollen yarn, and making calimancoes and hempen cloth; the opulent clothiers have shuffled off their mortal coil, and proved that "the web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together."

The church of Lavenham is, however, a venerable wreck of antiquity, and is accounted the most beautiful fabric of the kind in Suffolk. It is chiefly built of freestone, the rest being of curious flintwork; its total length is 150 feet, and its breadth 68. From concurrent antiquarian authorities we learn that the church was built by the De Veres, in conjunction with the Springs, wealthy clothiers at Lavenham. This is attested by the different quarterings of their respective arms on the building. The porch is an elegant piece of architecture, very highly enriched with the shields, garters, &c. of many of the most noble families in the kingdom, among which are the letters I.O., probably intended for the initials of John, the 14th Earl of Oxford, who married the daughter of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk. He is conjectured to have erected this porch.

In the interior, the roof is admirably carved, and the pews belonging to the Earls of Oxford and the Springs, though now much decayed, were highly-finished pieces of Gothic work in wood. Some of the windows are still embellished with painted glass, representing the arms of the De Veres and others. Here also is a costly monument of alabaster and gold, erected to the memory of the Rev. Henry Copinger,[1] rector of Lavenham, with alto-relievo figures of the reverend divine and his wife.

In the north aisle is a small mural monument, upon which are represented a man and woman, engraved on brass, kneeling before a table, and three sons and daughters behind them. From the mouth of the man proceeds a label, on which are these words:—In manus tuas dne commendo spiritum meum. Underneath is this inscription, which, like that of the label, is in the old English character:—

Contynuall prayse these lynes in brasse,
Of Allaine Dister here,
A clothier, vertuous while he was
In Lavenham many a yeare.
For as in lyefe he loved best

[1] Dr. Fuller relates the following anecdote of this divine:—Dr. Reynolds, who held the living of Lavenham, having gone over to the Church of Rome, the Earl of Oxford, the patron, presented Mr. Copinger, but on condition that he should pay no tithes for his park, which comprehended almost half the land in the parish. Mr. Copinger told his lordship, that he would rather return the presentation, than by such a sinful gratitude betray the rights of the church. This answer so affected the earl, that he replied, "I scorn that my estate should swell with church goods." His heir, however, contested the rector's right to the tithes, and it cost Mr. Copinger £1,600. to recover that right, and leave the quiet possession of it to his successors.

The poore to clothe and feede,
So with the rich and all the rest
He neighbourlie agreed;
And did appoynte before he dyed,
A special yearlie rent,
Which should be every Whitsontide
Among the poorest spent.

Et obiit Anno Dni 1534.

Although this benefaction is written in *brass*, the good man's successors have found enough of the same metal to pervert it; for it is now lost, and no person can give any account of it. It needs not brass to outlive honesty; a mere breath will often destroy her. There are, however, several substantial charities belonging to Lavenham, the disposal of which has fallen into better hands.

In the churchyard is a very old gravestone, which formerly had a Saxon inscription. Kirby, in his account of the monasteries of Suffolk, says that here, on the tomb of one John Wiles, a bachelor, who died in 1694, is this odd jingling epitaph:—

Quod fuit esse quod est, quod non fuit esse quod esse
Esse quod est non esse, quod est non erit esse.

But as the point and oddity may not be directly evident to all, perhaps some of our readers will furnish us with a pithy translation for our next.

F.R. of Lavenham, to whom we are indebted for the drawing of Lavenham Church, informs us that this fine building will shortly undergo a thorough repair.

FIRE TOWERS AND BELFRIES

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In No. 333 of the MIRROR, there is an article on the ancient *round towers* in Scotland and Ireland, in which it is stated that the said towers "have puzzled all antiquarians," that they are now generally called *fire towers* and that "*they certainly were not belfries*."

I have often thought that antiquarians, and particularly our modern Irish antiquarians, have affected to be puzzled about what, to the rest of mankind, must appear to be evident enough; and this for the purpose of making a parade of their learning, and of astonishing the common reader by the ingenuity of their speculations.

I think I shall be able to show, that a motive of this kind must have operated in the case of these *round towers*, otherwise "all the antiquarians" could not have been so sadly puzzled about what to the rest of the world appears a very plain matter.

The fact is, that when St. Patrick planted the Christian faith in Ireland, in the middle of the fifth century, (he died A.D. 492,) the practice of hanging bells in church steeples had not begun; and we know from history, that they were first used to summon the people to worship in A.D. 551, by a bishop of Campania; the churches, therefore, that were erected by St. Patrick, (and he built many,) were originally without belfries; and when the use of bells became common, it was judged more expedient to erect *a belfry detached from the church*, than by sticking it up against the side or end walls, to mar the proportions of the original building.

This is the account of the matter given by the old Irish historians, not one of whom appears to have been aware what "puzzlers" these *round towers* were to become in after ages; and in a life of St. Kevin, of Glendaloch, (co. Wicklow,) who died A.D. 628, we are told that "the holy bishop did," a short time before his death, "erect a *bell-house* (cloig-theach) contiguous to the church *formerly* erected by him, in which he placed *a bell*, to the glory of God, and for the good of his own soul."

I am not unaware, in giving you the above quotation, that "all the antiquarians," and particularly those of Scotland, have long since decided, that in every matter connected with the ancient history of Ireland, her native historians (many of whom were eye-witnesses of the facts they relate) are on no account to be credited; and that the safest way of dealing with those chroniclers is, in every thing, to take for granted exactly the reverse of what they may at any time assert. In deference, therefore, to such high authorities, I shall waive any advantage which I might claim on account of a quotation from the works of a *native historian*, and proceed to show, from the reasonableness of the thing itself, that those towers which you state "were certainly never belfries," were in fact belfries, and were never any thing else.

First.—They are all situated within a few yards of *some ancient church*, and which church is invariably *without a steeple*.

Secondly.—It is impossible to conceive, from their slender shape, their great height, and their contiguity to the church, for what other purpose they could have been intended, having, to a spectator inside, who looks up to the top, exactly the appearance of an enormous gun-barrel.

Thirdly.—That in all of them now entire, the holes, for the purpose of receiving the beam to support the bell, remain; and that in one at least, that upon Tory Island, co. Donegal, the beam itself may be seen at this day.

Fourthly, and which appears to me *more conclusive than all the rest*, that these towers, in every part of Ireland, are, to this day, called in Irish by the name of *clogach*, (cloig-theach,) that is, *bell-house*, and that they are never called (in Irish at least) by any other name whatever.

H.S.

P.S. We have heard a good deal of late of a chimney or high tower erected at Bow, by the East London Water Company, on account of its having been erected *without any outside scaffolding*. It is remarkable, that the traditions of all the people in the neighbourhood of the *round towers* in Ireland, agree in stating that they were built *in the same manner*.

BELLE SAVAGE INN

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

Observing in the daily papers an extract from the MIRROR respecting the Belle Savage Inn, I copy you an advertisement out of the *London Gazette* for February, 1676, respecting that place, which appears to have been called "*ancient*" so long back as that period.

LEONARD WILSON.

"An antient inn, called the *Bell Savage Inn*, situate on *Ludgate Hill, London*, consisting of about 40 rooms, with good cellarage, stabling for 100 horses, and other good accommodations, is to be lett at a yearly rent, or the lease sold, with or without the goods in the house. Enquire at the said inn, or of *Mr. Francis Griffith*, a scrivener, in *Newgate-street*, near *Newgate*, and you may be fully informed."

THE FLOWER AND THE OAK. IMITATED FROM THE ITALIAN

(For the Mirror.)

A flower beheld a lofty oak,
And thus in mournful accents spoke;
“The verdure of that tree will last,
Till Autumn’s loveliest days are past,
Whilst I with brightest colours crown’d,
Shall soon lie withering on the ground.”
The lofty oak this answer made:
“The fairest flowers the soonest fade.”

FROM ZAPPI

Cries Phillis to her shepherd swain,
“Why is Love painted without eyes?”
The youth from flattery can’t refrain,
And to the fair one quick replies:
“Those lovely eyes which now are thine,
In young Love’s face were wont to shine.”

ANNA.

CROMLEHS

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

In No. 328 you have given an account of a cromleh in Anglesea. Perhaps it may not be amiss to inform you that the word *cromlech*, or *cromleh*, is derived from the Welsh words *crom*, feminine of *crwm*, crooked, and *lech*, a flat stone. There are some cromlehs in Carmarthenshire and Pembrokeshire, which are supposed to have been altars for sacrifices before the Christian era.

W.H.

THE ALPINE HORN

(For the Mirror.)

The Alpine Horn is an instrument made of the bark of the cherry-tree, and like a speaking-trumpet, is used to convey sounds to a great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of those mountains, takes his horn, and cries with a loud voice, “Praised be the Lord.” As soon as the neighbouring shepherds hear him they leave their huts and repeat these words. The sounds are prolonged many minutes, while the echoes of the mountains, and grottoes of the rocks, repeat the name of God. Imagination cannot picture any thing more solemn, or sublime, than this scene. During the silence that succeeds, the shepherds bend their knees, and pray in the open air, and then retire to their huts to rest. The sun-light gilding the tops of those stupendous mountains, upon which the blue vault of heaven seems to rest, the magnificent scenery around, and the voices of the shepherds sounding from rock to rock the praise of the Almighty, must fill the mind of every traveller with enthusiasm and awe.

INA.

SPIRIT OF DISCOVERY

ENGLISH GARDENING

Mr. Corbett has just published a useful little volume, entitled the *English Gardener*, which is, perhaps, one of the most practical books ever printed. At present we must confine our extracts to a few useful passages; but we purpose a more extended notice of this very interesting volume.

Laying out Gardens

In the work of laying-out, great care ought to be taken with regard to straightness and distances, and particularly as to the squareness of every part. To make lines perpendicular, and perfectly so, is, indeed, no difficult matter when one knows how to do it; but one must know how to do it, before one can do it at all. If the *gardener* understand this much of geometry, he will do it without any difficulty; but if he only pretend to understand the matter, and begin to walk backward and forward, stretching out lines and cocking his eye, make no bones with him; send for a bricklayer, and see the stumps driven into the ground yourself. The four outside lines being laid down with perfect truth, it must be a bungling fellow indeed that cannot do the rest; but if they be only a little *askew*, you have a botch in your eye for the rest of your life, and a botch of your own making too. Gardeners seldom want for confidence in their own abilities; but this affair of raising perpendiculars upon a given line is a thing settled in a moment: you have nothing to do but to say to the gardener, "Come, let us see how you do it." He has but one way in which he can do it; and, if he do not immediately begin to work in that way, pack him off to get a bricklayer, even a botch in which trade will perform the work to the truth of a hair.

Seeds

I incline to the opinion, that we should try seeds as our ancestors tried witches; not by fire, but by water; and that, following up their practice, we should reprobate and destroy all that do not *readily* sink.

Melons

It is a received opinion, a thing taken for granted, an axiom in horticulture, that *melon* seed is the *better* for being *old*. Mr. Marshall says, that it ought to be "*about four years old*, though some prefer it *much older*." And he afterwards observes, that "if new seed only *can be had*, it should be carried a week or two in the breeches-pocket, to dry away some of the more watery particles!" If *age* be a recommendation in rules as well as in melon-seed, this rule has it; for English authors published it, and French authors *laughed at it*, more than a *century past!*

Those who can afford to have melons raised in their gardens, can afford to keep a *conjuror* to raise them; and a conjuror will hardly condescend to follow *common sense* in his practice. This would be lowering the profession in the eyes of the vulgar, and, which would be very dangerous, in the eyes of his employer. However, a great deal of this *stuff* is traditionary; and how are we to find the conscience to blame a gardener for errors inculcated by gentlemen of erudition!

Sowing Seeds

I do hope that it is unnecessary for me to say, that sowing according to the *moon* is wholly absurd and ridiculous; and that it arose solely out of the circumstance, that our forefathers, who could not read, had neither almanack nor calendar to guide them, and who counted by moons and festivals, instead of by months, and days of months.

Brussels Sprouts

It is, most likely, owing to negligence that we hardly ever see such a thing as real Brussels sprouts in England; and it is said that it is pretty nearly the same in France, the proper care being taken nowhere, apparently, but in the neighbourhood of Brussels.

Horse-Radish

After horse-radish has borne seed once or twice, its root becomes hard, brown on the outside, not juicy when it is scraped, and eats more like little chips than like a garden vegetable; so that, at taverns and eating-houses, there frequently seems to be a rivalship on the point of toughness between the horse-radish and the beef-steak; and it would be well if this inconvenient rivalship never discovered itself any where else.

Eating Mushrooms

I once ate about three spoonsful at table at Mr. Timothy Brown's, at Peckham, which had been cooked, I suppose, in the usual way; but I had not long eaten them before my whole body, face, hands, and all, was covered with red spots or pimples, and to such a degree, and coming on so fast, that the doctor who attended the family was sent for. He thought nothing of it, gave me a little draught of some sort, and the pimples went away; but I attributed it then to the mushrooms. The next year, I had mushrooms in my own garden at Botley, and I determined to try the experiment whether they would have the same effect again; but, not liking to run any risk, I took only a teaspoonful, or, rather, a French coffee-spoonful, which is larger than a common teaspoon. They had just the same effect, both as to sensation and outward appearance! From that day to this, I have never touched mushrooms, for I conclude that there must be something poisonous in that which will so quickly produce the effects that I have described, and on a healthy and hale body like mine; and, therefore, I do not advise any one to cultivate these things.

Peas

The late king, George the Third, reigned so long, that his birthday formed a sort of season with gardeners; and, ever since I became a man, I can recollect that it was always deemed rather a sign of bad gardening if there were not green peas in the garden fit to gather on the fourth of June. It is curious that green peas are to be had as early in Long Island, and in the seaboard part of the state of New Jersey, as in England, though not sowed there, observe, until very late in April, while ours, to be very early, must be sowed in the month of December or January. It is still more curious, that, such is the effect of habit and tradition, that, even when I was last in America (1819), people talked just as familiarly as in England about having green peas on the *king's birth-day*, and were just as ambitious for accomplishing the object; and I remember a gentleman who had been a republican

officer during the revolutionary war, who told me that he always got in his garden green peas fit to eat on old *Uncle George's birth-day*.

Cider

Mr. Platt had a curious mode of making strong cider in America. In the month of January or February, he placed a number of hogsheads of cider upon stands out of doors. The frost turned to ice the upper part of the contents of the hogshead, and a tap drew off from the bottom the part which was not frozen. This was the spirituous part, and was as strong as the very strongest of beer that can be made. The frost had no power over this part; but the lighter part which was at the top it froze into ice. This, when thawed, was weak cider. This method of getting strong cider would not do in a country like this, where the frosts are never sufficiently severe.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.