VARIOUS

NOTES AND QUERIES, NUMBER 65, JANUARY 25, 1851

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NOTES

TRADITIONAL ENGLISH BALLADS

The task of gathering old traditionary song is surely a pleasant and a lightsome one. Albeit the harvest has been plentiful and the gleaners many, still a stray sheaf may occasionally be found worth the having. But we must be careful not to "pick up a straw."

One of your corespondents recommends, as an addition to the value of your pages, the careful getting together of those numerous traditional ballads that are still sometimes to be met with, floating about various parts of the country. This advice is by no means to be disregarded, but I wish to point out the necessity of the contributors to the undertaking knowing something about ballad literature. An acquaintance with the ordinary *published* collections, at least, cannot be dispensed with. Without this knowledge we should be only multiplying copies of worthless trifles, or reprinting ballads that had already appeared in print.

The traditional copies of old *black-letter* ballads are, in almost all cases (as may easily be seen by comparison), much the worse for wear. As a proof of this I refer the curious in these matters to a volume of *Traditional Versions of Old Ballads*, collected by Mr. Peter Buchan, and edited by Mr. Dixon for the Percy Society. The Rev. Mr. Dyce pronounces this "a volume of *forgeries*;" but, acquitting poor Buchan (of whom more anon) of any intention to deceive, it is, to say the least of it, a volume of *rubbish*; inasmuch as the ballads are all worthless modern versions of what had appeared "centuries ago" in their *genuine* shape. Had these ballads *not existed in print*, we should have been glad of them in any form; but, in the present case, the publication of such a book (more especially by a learned society) is a positive nuisance.

Another work which I cannot refrain from noticing, called by one of the reviewers "A valuable contribution to our stock of ballad literature"? is Mr. Frederick Sheldon's *Minstrelsy of the English Border*. The preface to this volume promises much, as may be seen by the following passage:—

> "It is now upwards of forty years since Sir Walter Scott published his *Border Minstrelsy*, and during his 'raids,' as he facetiously termed his excursions of discovery in Liddesdale, Teviotdale, Tyndale, and the Merse, very few ballads of any note or originality could possibly escape his enthusiastic inquiry; for, to his love of ballad literature, he added the patience and research of a genuine antiquary. Yet, no doubt many ballads *did* escape, and still remain scattered up and down the country side, existing probably

> in the recollection of many a sun-browned shepherd, or the weather-beaten brains of ancient hinds, or 'eldern' women: or in the well-thumbed and nearly illegible leaves of some old book or pamphlet of songs, snugly resting on the 'pot-head,' or sharing their rest with the 'Great Ha' Bible,' *Scott's Worthies*, or Blind Harry's lines. The parish dominie or pastor of some obscure village, amid the many nooks and corners of the Borders, possesses, no doubt, treasures in the ballad-ware that would have gladdened the heart of a Ritson, a Percy, or a Surtees; in the libraries, too, of many an ancient descendant of a Border family, some black-lettered volume of ballads, doubtlessly slumbers in hallowed and unbroken dust."

This reads invitingly; the writer then proceeds:—

> "From such sources I have obtained may of the ballads in the present collection. Those to which I have stood godfather, and so baptized and remodelled, I have mostly met with in the 'broad-side' ballads, as they are called."

Although the writer here speaks of Ritson and Percy as if he were acquainted with their works, it is very evident that he had not looked into their contents. The name of Evans' *Collection* had probably never reached him. Alas! we look in vain for the tantalising "pamphlet of songs,"—still, perhaps, snugly resting on the "pot-head," where our author in his "poetical dream" first saw it. The "black-lettered volume of ballads" too, in the library of the "ancient descendant of a Border family," still remains in its dusty repository, untouched by the hand of Frederick Sheldon.

In support of the object of this paper I shall now point out "a few" of the errors of *The Minstrelsy of the English Border*.

P. 201. *The Fair Flower of Northumberland*:—

> "It was a knight in Scotland born,
> Follow my love, come over the Strand;
> Was taken prisoner, and left forlorn
> Even by the good Erle Northumberland."

This is a corrupt version of Thomas Deloney's celebrated ballad of "The Ungrateful Knight," printed in the *History of Jack of Newbery*, 1596, and in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, 1790. A Scottish version may be found in Kinloch's *Ballads*, under the title of the "The Provost's Daughter." Mr. Sheldon knows nothing of this, but says,—

> "This ballad has been known about the English Border for many years, and I can remember a version of it being sung by my grandmother!"

He also informs us that he has added the last verse but one, in order to make the "ends of justice" more complete!

P. 232. *The Laird of Roslin's Daughter*:—

> "The Laird of Roslin's daughter
> Walk'd through the wood her lane;
> And by her came Captain Wedderburn,
> A servant to the Queen."

This is a wretched version (about half the original length) of a well-known ballad, entitled "Captain Wedderburn's Courtship." It first appeared *in print* in *The New British Songster*, a collection published at Falkirk, in 1785. It was afterwards inserted in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads and Songs*, 1806; Kinloch's *Ancient Ballads*, 1826; Chambers' *Scottish Ballads*, 1829, &c. But hear what Mr. Sheldon has to say, in 1847:—

> "This is a fragment of an apparently ancient ballad, related to me by a lady of Berwick-on-Tweed, who used to sing it in her childhood. I have given all that she was able to furnish me with. The same lady assures me that she never remembers having seen it in print [!!], and that she had learnt if from her nurse, together with the ballad of 'Sir Patrick Spens,' and several Irish legends, since forgotten."

P. 274. *The Merchant's Garland*:—

"Syr Carnegie's gane owre the sea,
And's plowing thro' the main,
And now must make a lang voyage,
The red gold for to gain."

This is evidently one of those ballads which calls Mr. Sheldon "godfather." The original ballad, which has been "baptized and remodelled," is called "The Factor's Garland." It begins in the following homely manner:—

"Behold here's a ditty, 'tis true and no jest

Concerning a young gentleman in the East,
Who by his great gaming came to poverty,
And afterwards went many voyages to sea."

P. 329. *The rare Ballad of Johnnie Faa*:—

"There were seven gipsies in a gang,
They were both brisk and bonny O;
They rode till they came to the Earl of Castle's house,
And here they sang so sweetly O."

This is a very *hobbling* version (from the recitation of a "gipsy vagabond") of a ballad frequently reprinted. It first appeared in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*; afterwards in Finlay's and Chambers' Collections. None of these versions were known to Mr. Sheldon.

I have now extracted enough from the *Minstrelsy of the English Border* to show the mode of "ballad editing" as pursued by Mr. Sheldon. The instances are sufficient to strengthen my position.

One of the most popular traditional ballads still floating about the country, is "King Henrie the Fifth's Conquest:"—

"As our King lay musing on his bed,
He bethought himself upon a time,
Of a tribute that was due from France,
Had not been paid for so long a time."

It was first printed from "oral communication," by Sir Harris

Nicolas, who inserted two versions in the Appendix to his *History of the Battle of Agincourt*, 2d edition, 8vo. 1832. It again appeared (not from either of Sir Harris Nicolas's copies) in the Rev. J.C. Tyler's *Henry of Monmouth*, 8vo. vol. ii. p. 197. And, lastly, in Mr. Dixon's *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, printed by the Percy Society in 1846. These copies vary considerably from each other, which cannot be wondered at, when we find that they were obtained from independent sources. Mr. Tyler does not allude to Sir Harris Nicolas's copies, nor does Mr. Dixon seem aware that any *printed* version of the traditional ballad had preceded his. The ballad, however, existed in a printed "broad-side" long before the publications alluded to, and a copy, "Printed and sold in Aldermary Church Yard," is now before me. It is called "King Henry V., his Conquest of France in Revenge for the Affront offered by the French King in sending him (instead of the Tribute) a ton of Tennis Balls."

An instance of the various changes and mutations to which, in the course of ages, a popular ballad is subject, exists in the "Frog's Wedding." The pages of the "NOTES AND QUERIES" testify to this in a remarkable degree. But no one has yet hit upon the *original* ballad; unless, indeed, the following be it, and I think it has every appearance of being the identical ballad licensed to Edward White in 1580-1. It is taken from a rare musical volume in my library, entitled *Melismata; Musicall Phansies, fitting the Court, Citie, and Countrey Humours. Printed by William Stansby*

for Thomas Adams, 1611. 4to.

"THE MARRIAGE OF THE FROGGE AND THE MOUSE

"It was the Frogge in the well,
Humble-dum, humble dum;
And the merrie Mouse in the mill,
Tweedle, tweedle twino.

"The Frogge would a-wooing ride,
Humble-dum, &c.
Sword and buckler by his side,
Tweedle, &c.

"When he was upon his high horse set,
Humble-dum, &c.
His boots they shone as blacke as jet.
Tweedle, &c.

"When he came to the merry mill pin,
Humble-dum, &c.
Lady Mouse, beene you within?
Tweedle, &c.

"Then came out the dusty Mouse,
Humble-dum, &c.

I am Lady of this house,
Tweedle, &c.

"Hast thou any minde of me?
Humble-dum, &c.
I have e'ne great minde of thee,
Tweedle, &c.

"Who shall this marriage make?
Humble-dum, &c.
Our Lord, which is the Rat,
Tweedle, &c.

"What shall we have to our supper?
Humble-dum, &c.
Three beanes in a pound of butter,
Tweedle, &c.

"When supper they were at,
Humble-dum, &c.
The frogge, the Mouse, and even the Rat,
Tweedle, &c.

"Then came in Gib our Cat,
Humble-dum, &c.
And catcht the Mouse even by the backe,
Tweedle, &c.

"Then did they separate,

Humble-dum, &c.
And the Frogge leapt on the floore so flat,
Tweedle, &c.

"Then came in Dicke our Drake,
Humble-dum, &c.
And drew the Frogge even to the lake,
Tweedle, &c.

"The Rat ran up the wall,
Humble-dum, &c
A goodly company, the Divell goe with all,
Tweedle, &c."

From what I have shown, the reader will agree with me, that a collector of ballads from oral tradition should possess some acquaintance with the labours of his predecessors. This knowledge is surely the smallest part of the duties of an editor.

I remember reading, some years ago, in the writings of old Zarlino (an Italian author of the sixteenth century), an amusing chapter on the necessary qualifications for a "complete musician." The recollection of this forcibly returns to me after perusing the following extract from the preface to a *Collection of Ballads* (2 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1828), by our "simple" but well-meaning friend, "Mr. Peter Buchan of Peterhead."

> "No one has yet conceived, nor has it entered the mind of man, what patience, perseverance, and general

knowledge are necessary for an editor of a Collection of Ancient Ballads; nor what mountains of difficulties he has to overcome; what hosts of enemies he has to encounter; and what myriads of little-minded quibblers he has to silence. The writing of explanatory notes is like no other species of literature. History throws little light upon their origin [the ballads, I suppose?], or the cause which gave rise to their composition. He has to grope his way in the dark: like Bunyan's pilgrim, on crossing the Valley of the Shadow of Death, he hears sounds and noises, but cannot, to a certainty, tell from whence they come, nor to what place they proceed. The one time, he has to treat of fabulous ballads in the most romantic shape; the next, legendary, with all its exploded, obsolete, and forgotten superstitions; also history, tragedy, comedy, love, war, and so on; all, perhaps, within the narrow compass of a few hours,—so varied must his genius and talents be."

After this we ought surely to rejoice, that any one hardy enough to become an Editor of Old Ballads is left amongst us.

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.

THE FATHER OF PHILIP MASSINGER

Gifford was quite right in stating that the name of the father of Massinger, the dramatist, was Arthur, according to Oldys, and not Philip, according to Wood and Davies. Arthur Massinger (as he himself spelt the name, although others have spelt it Messenger, from its supposed etymology) was in the service of the Earl of Pembroke, who married the sister of Sir Philip Sidney, in whose family the poet Daniel was at one time tutor. I have before me several letters from him to persons of note and consequence, all signed "Arthur Massinger;" and to show his importance in the family to which he was attached, I need only mention, that in 1597, when a match was proposed between the son of Lord Pembroke and the daughter of Lord Burghley, Massinger, the poet's father, was the confidential agent employed between the parties. My purpose at present is to advert to a matter which occurred ten years earlier, and to which the note I am about to transcribe relates. It appears that in March, 1587, Arthur Massinger was a suitor for the reversion of the office of Examiner in the Court of the Marches toward South Wales, for which also a person of the name of Fox was a candidate; and, in order to forward the wishes of his dependent, the Earl of Pembroke wrote to Lord Burghley as follows:—

"My servant Massinger hathe besought me to ayde him in obteyning a reversion from her Majestie of the Examiner's office in this courte; whereunto, as I willingly have yielded, soe I resolved to leave the craving of your Lordship's furtheraunce to his owne humble sute; but because I heare a sonn of Mr. Fox (her Majestie's Secretary here) doth make sute for the same, and for the Mr. Sherar, who now enjoyethe it, is sicklie, I am boulde to desier your Lordship's honorable favour to my servaunte, which I shall most kindlie accepte, and he for the same ever rest bounde to praye for your Lordship. And thus, leaving further to trouble you, &c. 28. March, 1587. H. PEMBROKE."

The whole body of this communication, it is worth remark, is in the handwriting of Arthur Massinger (whose penmanship was not unlike that of his son), and the signature only that of the Earl, in whose family he was entertained. I have not been able to ascertain whether the application was successful; and it is possible that some of the records of the court may exist, showing either the death of Sherar, and by whom he was succeeded about that date, or that Sherar recovered from his illness. As I have before said, it is quite clear that Arthur Massinger was high in the confidence and service of Lord Pembroke ten years after the date of the preceding note.

I have a good deal more to say about Arthur Massinger, but I must take another time for the purpose.

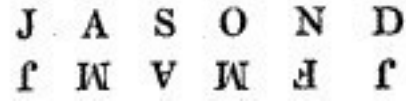
THE HERMIT OF HOLYPORT.

TOUCHSTONE'S DIAL

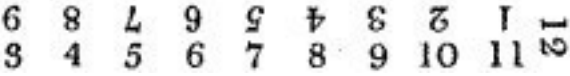
(Vol. ii., p. 405.)

The conjecture of Mr. Knight, in his note to *As You Like It*, and to which your correspondent J.M.B. has so instructively drawn our attention, is undoubtedly correct. The "sun-ring" or ring-dial, was probably the watch of our forefathers some thousand years previous to the invention of the modern chronometer, and its history is deserving of more attention than has hitherto been paid to it. Its immense antiquity in Europe is proved by its still existing in the *remotest* and *least civilised* districts of North England, Scotland, and the Western Isles, Ireland, and in Scandinavia. I have in my possession *two* such rings, both of brass. The one, nearly half an inch broad, and two inches in diameter, is from the Swedish island of Gothland, and is of more modern make. It is held by the finger and thumb clasping a small brass ear or handle, to the right of which a slit in the ring extends nearly one-third of the whole length. A small narrow band of brass (about one-fifth of the width) runs along the centre of the ring, and of course covers the slit. This narrow band is movable, and has a hole in one part through which the rays of the sun can fall. On each side of the band (to the right of the handle) letters, which stand for the names of the months, are inscribed on the ring as

follows:—

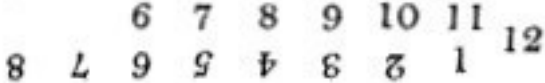


Inside the ring, opposite to these letters, are the following figures for the hours:—



The small brass band was made movable that the ring-click might be properly *set by the sun* at stated periods, perhaps once a month.

The second sun-ring, which I bought in Stockholm in 1847, also "out of a deal of old iron," is smaller and much broader than the first, and is perhaps a hundred years older; it is also more ornamented. Otherwise its fashion is the same, the only difference being in the arrangement of the inside figures, which are as follows:—



The ring recovered by Mr. Knight evidently agrees with the above. I hope Mr. K. will, sooner or later, present the curiosity to our national museum,—which will be driven at last, if not by higher motives, by the mere force of public opinion and public indignation, to form a regularly arranged and grand collection of our own British antiquities in every branch, secular and religious, from the earliest times, down through the middle ages, to nearly our own days. Such an archæological department could count not only upon the assistance of the state, but upon rich and generous contributions from British sources, individuals and private societies, at home and abroad, as well as foreign help, at least in the way of exchange. But any such plan must be *speedily* and *well* organised and *well announced*!

I give the above details, not only because they relate to a passage in our immortal bard, who has ennobled and perpetuated every word and fact in his writings, but because they illustrate the astronomical antiquities of our own country and our kindred tribes during many centuries. These sun-dials are now very scarce, even in the high Scandinavian North, driven out as they have been by the watch, in the same manner as the ancient clog[1] or Rune-staff (the carved wooden perpetual almanac) has been extirpated by the printed calendar, and now only exists in

[1] The Scandinavian Rune-staff is well known. An engraving of an ancient English clog (but with Roman characters, instead of Runic) is in Hone's *Every-Day Book*, vol. ii.

the cabinets of the curious. In fifty years more sun-rings will probably be quite extinct throughout Europe. I hope this will cause you to excuse my prolixity. Will no *astronomer* among your readers direct his attention to this subject? Does anything of the kind still linger in the East?

GEORGE STEPHENS.

Stockholm.

DISCREPANCIES IN DUGDALE'S ACCOUNT OF SIR RALPH DE COBHAM

There are some difficulties in Dugdale's account of the Cobham family which it may be well to bring before your readers; especially as several other historians and genealogists have repeated Dugdale's account without remarking on its inconsistencies. In speaking of a junior branch of the family, he says, in vol. ii. p. 69., "There was also Ralphe de Cobham, brother of the first-mentioned Stephen." He only mentions one Stephen but names him twice, first at page 66., and again at 69. Perhaps he meant the *above*-mentioned Stephen. He continues: —

> "This Ralphe took to wife Mary Countess of Norfolk, widdow of Thomas of Brotherton. Which Mary was Daughter to William Lord Ros, and first married to William Lord Braose of Brembre; and by her had Issue John, who 20 E. III., making proof of his age, and doing his Fealty, had Livery of his lands."

At page 64. of the same volume he states that Thomas de Brotherton died in 12 Edward III., which would be only eight years before his widow's son, by a subsequent husband, is said to have become of age. That he did become of age in this year we

have unquestionable evidence. In *Cal. Ing. P. Mortem*, vol. iv. p. 444., we find this entry:—

> "Anno 20 Edw. III. Johannes de Cobham, Filius et Hæres Radulphi de Cobeham defuncti. Probatio ætatis."

There is also abundant proof that Thomas de Brotherton died in 12 Edward III. The most natural way of removing this difficulty would be to conclude that John de Cobham was the son of Ralph by a previous marriage. But here we have another difficulty to encounter. He is not only called the son of Mary, Countess of Norfolk, or Marishall, by Dugdale, but in all contemporaneous records. See Rymer's *Foed.*, vol. vi. p. 136.; *Rot. Orig.*, vol. ii. p. 277.; *Cal. Rot. Pat.*, p. 178., again at p. 179.; *Cal. Ing. P. Mortem*, vol. iii. pp. 7. 10. Being the son-in-law of the Countess, he was probably called her son to distinguish him from a kinsman of the same name, or because of her superior rank. She is frequently styled the widow, and sometimes the wife of Thomas de Brotherton, even after the death of her subsequent husband, Sir Ralph de Cobham. In the escheat at her death she is thus described:—

> "Maria Comitissa Norfolc', uxor Thome de Brotherton, Comitis Norfolc', Relicta Radi de Cobeham, Militis."

It is remarkable that this discrepancy in Sir John Cobham's age, and the time of his supposed mother's marriage with his father, has never before, as far as my knowledge extends, been noticed by any of the numerous writers who have repeated

Dugdale's account of this family.

Before concluding I will mention another mistake respecting the Countess which runs through most of our county histories where she is named. For a short period she became an inmate of the Abbey of Langley, and is generally stated to have entered it previously to her marriage with Sir Ralph de Cobham. Clutterbuck, in his *History of Hertfordshire* (vol. ii. p. 512.), for instance, relates the circumstance in these words:—

> "In the 19th year of the reign of Edward III., she became a nun in the Abbey of Langley, in the country of Norfolk; but quitting that religious establishment, she married Sir Ralph Cobham, Knt., and died anno 36 Edward III."

By *Cal. Ing. P. Mortem*, vol. i. p. 328., we find that Ralph Cobham died 19th Edward III.[2], that is, the same year in which the Countess entered the Abbey, from whence we may conclude that she retired there to pass in seclusion the period of mourning.

W. HASTINGS KELKE.

[2] If my copy be correct, it is 19 Edw. II. in the printed calendar: but it must have been Edw. III., for, from the possessions described, it must have been Sir Ralph Cobham who married the widow of Thomas de Brotherton.

HENRY CHETTLE

Dr. Rimbault, in the introduction to his edition of *Kind-Hearts' Dream*, for the Percy Society, says, "Of the author, Henry Chettle, very little is known: … we are ignorant of the time and place of his birth or death, and of the manner in which he obtained his living." (Pp. vii. viii.) I trouble you with this note in the hope that it may furnish him with a clue to further particulars of Henry Chettle.

Hutchins (*Hist. of Dorset.*, vol. i. p. 53. ed. 1774) mentions a family named Chettle, which was seated at Blandford St. Mary from 1547 to about 1690, and gives the following names as lineal successors to property in that parish: Henry Chettle, ob. 1553. John, s. and h., ob. 1590. Edward, s. and h., ob. 1609, "leaving Henry, his son and heir, eleven years nine months old." Among the burials for the same parish (p. 57.) occurs "Henry Chettle, Esq., 1616;" and at pp. 119. 208. the marriage of "Henry Chettle, Gent., and Susan Chaldecot, 1610." This last extract is from the register of the parish of Steple, in the Isle of Purbeck, which also contains, says Hutchins, many notices of the Chettle family; but all, I should infer, *subsequent* to the year 1610.

I have ascertained that the statement in Hutchins corresponds with the entry in the register of Blandford St. Mary, of the burial of Henry Chettle in 1616; and that there is *no* entry of the baptism of any one of that name. In fact, the registers only begin

in 1581. Now it is clear that there were two persons of this name living at the same time, viz. H.C., aged eleven years in 1609; and H.C., who marries in 1610. And if the conjecture of the learned editor be correct, as probably it is, that the poet, Henry Chettle, "died in or before the year 1607," it is equally clear that he was a *third* of the same name, and that he could not be the person whose name occurs as buried in 1616. But the name is not a common one, and there seems sufficient to warrant further research into this subject. I venture, therefore, to make these two suggestions in the form of Queries:

I. Can any *internal* evidence be gathered from the writings of Henry Chettle, as to his family, origin, and birthplace? *Kind-Heart's Dream*, the only one of his works which I have either seen or have the means of consulting, contains nothing specific enough to connect him with Dorset, or the West. It would seem, indeed, as if he were acquainted with the New Forest, but not better than with Essex, and other parts adjacent to London.

II. Would it not be worth while to search the Heralds' Visitations for the county of Dorset, the Will-office, and the Inquisitions "post mortem?" The family was of some consequence, and is mentioned even in Domesday-book as holding lands in the county. Hutchins blazons their arms—Az. 3 spiders, or; but gives no pedigree of the family.

E.A.D.

COVERDALE'S BIBLE

We are told by Mr. Granville Penn, in the Preface to the *Annotations to the Book of the New Covenant*, that "in 1535 Coverdale printed an English translation of the Old Testament, to which he annexed Tyndale's revision of the New, probably revised by himself. These last constitute what is called *Coverdale's Bible*. Now, the title-page of Coverdale's Bible expressly states that it was faithfully and truly translated out of Douche and Latyn into Englishe;" and that this is literally true may be seen by comparing any portion of it with the common German version of Luther. The following portion is taken quite at hazard from the original edition; and I have added Tyndale's version of 1526, as edited by Mr. Offor:

1535

JOHN, VI. 41

Thē murmured the Iewes ther ouer, that he sayde: I am y^{t} bred which is come downe from heauē, and they sayde: Is not this Iesus, Iosephs sonne, whose father and mother we knowe? How sayeth be then, I am come downe from

heauē? Iesus answered, and sayde vnto them: Murmur not amonge youre selues. No man can come vnto me, excepte the father which hath sent me, drawe him. And I shal rayse him vp at the last daye. It is wrytten in the prophetes: They shal all be taughte of God. Who so euer now heareth it of the father and lerneth it, commeth vnto me. Not that eny man hath sene the father, saue he which is of the father, the same hath sene the father.

Luther

41 Da murreten die Juden daruber, das er sagte: Ich bin das brodt, das vom himmel gekommen ist.

42 Und sprachen; Ist dieser nicht Jesus, Joseph's sohn, dess vater und mutter wir kennen? Wie spricht er denn: Ich bin vom himmel gekommen?

43 Jesus antwortete, und sprach zu ihnen: Murret nicht unter einander.

44 Es kann niemand zu mir kommen, es sey denn, das ihn ziche der Vater, der mich gesandt hat; und Ich werde ihn auferwecken am jungsten tage.

45 Es stehet geschrieben in den propheten: Sie werden alle von Gott gelehret seyn. Wer es nun höret vom Vater, und lernet es, der kommt zu mir.

46 Nicht das jemand den Vater habe gesehen ohne der vom Vater ist, der hat den Vater gesehen.

Tyndale, 1526

The iewes murmured att itt, be cause he sayde: I am thatt breed which is come doune from heven. And they sayde: Is nott this Jesus the sonne of Joseph, whose father, and mother we knowe? How ys yt then thatt he sayeth, I came doune from heven? Jesus answered and sayde vnto them: Murmur not betwene youre selves. No man can come to me except my father which hath sent me, drawe hym. And y will rayse hym vp at the last daye. Hit is written in the prophetes: And they shall all be taught of God. Every man which hath herde, and lerned of the father, commeth unto me, not that eny man hath sene the father, save he which is off God. The same hath sene the father.

Authorized Version

41 The Jews then murmured at him, because he said, I am the bread which came down from heaven.

42 And they said, Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? how is it then that he saith, I came down from heaven?

43 Jesus therefore answered and said unto them, Murmur not among yourselves.

44 No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him: and I will raise him up at the last

day.

45 It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God. Every man therefore that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me.

46 Not that any man hath seen the Father, save he which is of God, he hath seen the Father.

ECHO.

ANSWER TO COWLEY

On the fly-leaf of a copy of Cowley's Works (London, 1668), I find the following lines:—

AN ANSWER TO DRINKING (PAGE 32.)

"The thirsty earth, when one would think
Her dusty throat required more drink,
Wets but her lips, and parts the showers
Among her thousand plants and flowers:
Those take their small and stinted size,
Not drunkard-like, to fall, but rise.
The sober sea observes her tide
Even by the drunken sailor's side;
The roaring rivers pressing high
Seek to get in her company;
She, rising, seems to take the cup,
But other rivers drink all up.
The sun, and who dare him disgrace
With drink, that keeps his steady pace,
Baits at the sea, and keeps good hours.
The moon and stars, and mighty powers,
Drink not, but spill that on the floor
The sun drew up the day before,
And charitable dews bestow

On herbs that die for thirst below.
Then drink no more, then let that die
That would the drunkard kill, for why
Shall all things live by rule but I,
Thou man of morals, tell me why?"

On the title-page, in the same hand-writing as the "Answer," is the name of the Rev. Archibald Foyer, with the date 1700.

Y.

FOLK LORE OF LANCASHIRE. NO. 1

Lancashire, like all other counties, has its own peculiar superstitions, manners, and customs, which find no parallels in those of other localities. It has also, no doubt, many local observances, current opinions, old proverbs, and vulgar ditties, which are held and known in common with the inhabitants of a greater extent of county, and differ merely in minor particulars; —the necessary result of imperfect oral transmission. In former numbers of this work a few isolated specimens of the folk-lore of this district have been noticed, and the present attempt is to give permanency to a few others.

1. If a person's hair, when thrown into the fire, burns brightly, it is a sure sign that the individual will live long. The brighter the flame the longer life, and *vice versâ*.

2. A young person frequently stirs the fire with the poker to test the humour of a lover. If the fire blaze brightly, the lover is *good-humoured*; and *vice versâ*.

3. A crooked sixpence, or a copper coin with a hole through, are accounted *lucky* coins.

4. Cutting or paring the nails of the hands or feet on a Friday or Sunday, is very unlucky.

5. If a person's *left* ear burn, or feel hot, somebody is *praising* the party; if the *right* ear burn, then it is a sure sign that some one is speaking evil of the person.

6. Children are frequently cautioned by their parents not to walk *backwards* when going an errand; it is a sure sign that they will be unfortunate in their objects.

7. Witchcraft, and the belief in its reality, is not yet exploded in many of the rural districts. The writer is acquainted with parties who place full credence in persons possessing the power to bewitch cows, sheep, horses, and even those persons to whom the witch has an antipathy. One respectable farmer assured me that his horse was *bewitched into the stable through a loophole twelve inches by three*; the *fact* he said was beyond doubt, for he had locked the stable-door himself when the horse was in the field, and had kept the key in his pocket. Soon after this, however, a party of farmers went through a process known by the name of "*burning the witch out*," or "*killing the witch*," as some express it; the person suspected soon died, and the neighbourhood became free from his evil doings.

8. A horse-shoe is still nailed behind many doors to counteract the effects of witchcraft: a *hagstone* with a hole through, tied to the key of the stable-door, protects the horses, and, if hung up at the bed's head, the farmer also.

9. A hot iron put into the cream during the process of churning, expels the witch from the churn; and dough in preparation for the baker is protected by being marked with the figure of a cross.

10. Warts are cured by being rubbed over with a black snail, but the snail must afterwards be impaled upon a hawthorn. If a

bag containing as many small pebbles as a person has warts, be tossed over the *left* shoulder, it will transfer the warts to whoever is unfortunate enough to pick up the bag.

11. If black snails are seized by the horn and tossed over the *left* shoulder, the process will insure *good luck* to the person who performs it.

12. Profuse bleeding is said to be instantly stopped by certain persons who pretend to possess the secret of a certain form of words which immediately act as a charm.

13. The power of bewitching, producing evil to parties by *wishing* it, &c., is supposed to be transmitted from one possessor to another when one of the parties is about to die. The writer is in possession of full particulars respecting this supposed transfer.

14. Cramp is effectually prevented by placing the shoes with the *toes* just peeping from beneath the coverlet; the same is also prevented by tying the garter round the *left* leg *below* the knee.

15. Charmed rings are worn by many for the cure of dyspepsia; and so also are charmed belts for the cure of rheumatism.

16. A *red-haired* person is supposed to bring in ill-luck if he be the first to enter a house on New Year's Day. *Black-haired* persons are rewarded with liquor and small gratuities for "taking in the new year" to the principal houses in their respective neighbourhoods.

17. If any householder's fire does not burn *through* the night of New Year's Eve, it betokens bad luck during the ensuing year;

and if any party allow another a live coal, or even a lighted candle, on such an occasion, the bad luck is extended to the other part for commiserating with the former in his misfortunes.

Many other specimens of the folk lore of this district might be enumerated; but since many here have implicit faith in Lover's expression,—

"There is luck in *odd* numbers;"

I will reserve them for a future opportunity, considering that *seventeen* paragraphs are sufficient to satisfy all except the most thorough-paced *folklorians*.

T.T. WILKINSON.

Burnley, Lancashire.

MINOR NOTES

Proclamation of Langholme Fair.—In an old paper I find the following proclamation of a fair, to be held in a town in Scotland; it may, perhaps, amuse some of your numerous readers:—

> "O yes! and that's a time. O yes! and that's twa times. O yes! and that's the third and last time: All manner of pearson or pearsons whatsoever let 'em draw near, and I shall let you ken that there is a fair to be held at the muckle town of Langholme, for the space of aught days; wherein if any hustrin, custrin, land-louper, dukes-couper, or gang-y-gate swinger, shall breed any urdam, durdam, brabblement, or squabblement, he shall have his lugs tacked to the muckle trone, with a nail of twal-a-penny, until he down of his hobshanks and up with his mucle doubs, and pray to heaven neen times, Gold bles the king, and thrice the muckle Lord of Relton, pay a groat to me Jammey Ferguson, bailiff of the aforesaid manor. So ye heard my proclamation, and I'll haam to dinner."

Perhaps some of your correspondents north of the Tweed can give the meaning (if there be any) of a few of the choice expressions contained in this document.

MONKBARNS.

Seats in Churches.—The following curious notice of seats in churches occurs in Thompson's *History of Swine*; which is quoted

by him from *Whitaker's Whalley*, 2nd edit. 4to. p. 228.:—

> "My man Shuttleworth, of Harking, made this form and here will I sit when I come; and any cousin Nowell may make one behind me, if he please, and my son Sherburne shall make one on the other side; and Mr. Catteral another behind him; and for the residue the use shall be, *first come first speed; and that will make the proud wives of Whalley rise betimes to come to church*."

Which seems to convey the idea, that it was at that time customary for persons to make their seats in the churches. Query, When did pews come into general use?

R.W.E.

Hull.

> [The earliest notice of pews occurs in the *Vision of Piers Plouman*, p. 95., edit. 1813:—
>
> "Among wyves and wodewes ich am ywoned sute
> Yparroked *in puwes*. The person hit knoweth."
>
> See also *The History of Pews*, a paper read before the Cambridge Camden Society, 1841.]

Flemish Account.—T.B.M. (Vol. i., p. 8.) requests references to early instances of the use of this expression. In the *History of Edward II.*, by E.F., written A.D. 1627 (see "NOTES AND QUERIES" Vol. i., pp. 91. 220.), folio edition, p. 113., I find

"The Queen (Isabella) who had already a French and an Italian trick, was jealous lest she should here taste a Flemish one;" because she feared lest the Earl of Henault should abandon her cause. This instance is, I think, earlier than any yet referred to.

S.G.

Use of Monosyllables.—The most remarkable instance of the use of monosyllables that I remember to have met with in our poets, occurs in the Fire-worshippers in *Lalla Rookh*. It is as follows:—

"I knew, I knew it could not last—
'Twas bright, 'twas heav'nly, but 'tis past!
Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never lov'd a tree or flow'r
But 'twas the first to fade away.
I never nurs'd a dear gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die!
Now, too—the joy most like divine
Of all I ever dreamt or knew,
To see thee, hear thee, call thee mine,—
Oh misery! must I lose *that* too?
Yet go! On peril's brink we meet;—
Those frightful rocks—that treach'rous sea—
No, never come again—tho' sweet,

Tho' Heav'n, it may be death to thee!"

This passage contains 126 words, 110 of which are monosyllables, and the remainder words of only two syllables. The sentiment embodied throughout is that of violent mental emotion; and it affords a further illustration of the correctness of MR. C. FORBES'S theory (Vol. i., p. 228.) that "the language of passion is almost invariably broken and abrupt."

HENRY H. BREEN.

St. Lucia, W.I., Nov. 1850.

Specimen of Foreign English.—

"RESTORATIVE HOTEL, FINE HOK.
KEPT BY FRANK PROSPERI,
FACING THE MILITARY QUARTER
AT POMPEII.

That hotel open since a very few days, is renowned for the cleanness of the apartments and linen; for the exactness of the service, and for the eccelence of the true french cookery. Being situated at proximity of that regeneration, it will be propitius to receive families, whatever, which will desire to reside alternatively into that town, to visit the monuments new found, and to breathe thither the salubrity of the air.

That establishment will avoid to all the travellers, visitors, of that sepult city, and to the artists, (willing draw

the antiquities) a great disorder, occasioned by the tardy and expensive contour of the iron-whay. People will find equally thither, a complete sortment of stranger wines, and of the kingdom, hot and cold baths, stables and coach houses, the whole with very moderated prices. Now, all the applications and endeavours of the hoste, will tend always to correspond to the tastes and desires, of their customers, which will acquire without doubt, to him, in to that town, the reputation whome, he is ambitious."

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.