

VARIOUS

NOTES AND QUERIES,
NUMBER 180, APRIL 9,
1853

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Notes and Queries, Number 180, April 9, 1853 /
A Medium of Inter-communication for Literary
Men, Artists, Antiquaries, Genealogists, etc

Notes

RIGBY CORRESPONDENCE

[We are enabled, by the kindness of their possessor, to lay before our readers copies of the following characteristic letters from the well-known Richard Rigby, Esq., who was for so many years the leader of the Bedford party in the House of Commons. They were addressed to Robert Fitzgerald, Esq., a member of the House of Commons in Ireland, and Judge of the Court of Admiralty in that country.]

Mr. Rigby to Mr. R. Fitzgerald

Woburn Abbey, Wednesday, 11th Dec., 1765.

Dear little Bob,

I am impatient to know if you had resolution enough to attend his Excellency last Sunday, as I advised, and if you had, what was the result of the audience....

I arrived here last night, and find the Duke and Duchess, Marquis and Marchioness, all in perfect health. With my love to the Provost¹, tell him the chancellorship answers the intention to the utmost of his desire: we are wonderfully pleased with it. Tell him also that I do not find the defalcation amongst our friends to be as was represented in Dublin. Stanley is not, but has refused to be, ambassador to Berlin; Lord North is not, but has refused to be, vice-treasurer. The parliament meets on Tuesday: the ministers of the House of Commons, who are to be rechose, can get nobody who is in Parliament to read the king's speech for them at the Cockpit the night before. They, I believe, are in a damned dilemma: how much that makes for us time must show. Cooper is bribed to be Secretary of the Treasury, by 500*l.* a-year for his life, upon the 4-1/2 per cents, in the Leeward Islands, the same that Pitt's pension is upon. He remains for the present, however, at Bath. Calcraft will run Cooper hard at Rochester, against both Admiralty and Treasury. Wish Col. Draper joy for me of his red riband: he will have it next week with Mitchell, who returns to the King of Prussia. The poor young prince cannot live. I have time for no more.

Adieu, yours ever,

R. R.

I expect to hear fully from you very shortly.

St. James's Place, 1st Feb., 1766.

¹ T. Andrews, Provost of Trin. Col., Dublin.

Dear little Bob,

Though you are a little villain for never sending me a word of news from Sir Lucius Pery, Flood, Lucas, and the rest of the friends to your enslaved country, yet I will inform you that yesterday, in the House of Commons, upon a question of no moment, only for fixing a day for the hearing a contested election, the ministry were run within 11: the numbers 137 and 148. Twenty rats in the Speaker's chamber, and in all the cupboards in the neighbourhood. Monday next is the day for deciding the American question; and do not be surprised if there is an end of the present ministry in less than a week. As soon as I know who are to be their successors, you shall hear from me again.

If you are in want of such another patriot to second Lucas, Pitt is at your service. He seems likely to want a place.

Yours ever,

R. R.

St. James's Place, 14th Nov., 1766.

Dear little Bob,

I have not wrote to you this age, nor have I anything very pleasant to say to you now. Our Parliament is met in a very acquiescing disposition. The Opposition is sickly, and my great friend, who would naturally give it most strength and energy, is tired of it as much as he is of the Court. Lord Chatham seems, by all that has yet appeared, to have adopted all Grenville's plan of pacific measures; and as he formerly told us he had borrowed a majority, he seems now to have borrowed a system. The world has it, that we are joined to the ministry, and, as matters stand, I wish there was more truth in that report than there is; but I have not the smallest expectation of a place, I assure you. Tell this or not, as you like. The Duke of Bedford says he sees no ground to oppose upon: he disapproves of mere factious opposition; that no good can arise from such conduct either to ourselves or the public.

I have been at the House only the first day, nor do I know when I shall go again. I cannot stomach giving my silent approbation to Conway's measures, be they good or bad. In this damned situation of affairs you will not expect I should write long letters; but I could not avoid giving you a hint to let you know the true state of things. Adieu, my dear friend.

Yours ever,

R. R.

St. James's Place, 2nd May, 1767.

Dear Bob,

The East India business is in a way of being settled,—400,000*l.* to be paid by the company for three years, and no addition of term to be given for their charter. It remains for the General Court of Proprietors to consent to this next Wednesday, which, if they do, the Parliament will confirm it on Friday. We had some good warm talk upon it yesterday in the House. Conway and Beckford and I sparred a good deal, and I am vain enough to think I did not come off with the worst of it. Conway said, *inter alia*, that Lord Chatham's health was too bad to have any communication of business. The world seems to agree that he is mad, and his resignation is talked of,—God knows with what truth. The American business is next Tuesday. I do not see much prospect of a junction taking place where I have been labouring for it. We remain upon civil terms with each other, and no more....

My heart's love to all friends in Dublin: tell them it is every day more and more my opinion that this Lieutenant never means to set his foot in that kingdom, and I have good reasons for what I say.

Adieu, my dear little fellow.

I am ever yours,

R. R.

St. James's Place, 30th May, 1767.

Dear Fitz,

I have received your several letters, and am much obliged to you for them. I wish I could send you something real in the political way, as you call it, in return; but there is as little reality as stability in our politics. Dyson has carried his persecuting bill against the East India Company through the House of Commons, in spite of the Secretary of State and Chancellor of the Exchequer, both of whom helped us to make up a miserable minority of 84 against 151. Charles went at one o'clock in the morning, when the House was up, to dinner with a set of our friends, at Sir Lau. Dundass's, and there talked a big language of resigning the seals the next day. The next day came, and we rallied the majority upon this state of independence with great success, both Charles himself, Wedderburn, and I; and he invited himself, Charles I mean, to dine with us again that day at Lord Gower's. Again the same language of resignation; but the spirit has subsided since, and we hear no more of it. If Conway and he will take such usage, the Court will certainly let them keep their places; for where can it find better tools? The East India Company pursue the bill, with the council and evidence, to the House of Lords, where matters run much nearer; for on the same day we were so beat in the House of Commons, Lord Gower's motions in the House of Lords, touching America, were rejected only by a majority of three, two of which were the king's brothers. The Duke of York was absent. If we should succeed in that House, so as to reject this bill, possibly the ministry may break to pieces; otherwise I rather think it will hobble lamely on, through the summer, with universal discontent attending it. Chatham is certainly as ill as ever; and, notwithstanding all reports to the contrary, Lord Holland has not been sent to by the Court. He is arrived at his house in Kent, and comes, but of his own accord, to town to the birthday. On that day, the clerks, Watts, and I go down to Lynch's for five or six days: I wish you was of the party. It would have been very kind indeed in Mr. Harvey, the six-clerk, to have tipped so soon. Your Lord Lieutenant says he is to go. God help the poor man if he does. I am sorry for your account of the disorders in the college. I do not like anything that may throw reflexion on Andrews, and I will press him to come homewards. Adieu, my dear Bob.

Most faithfully yours,

R. R.

Pay Office, 2nd May, 1769.

Dear Bob,

After I wrote to you last Saturday morning, I went to the House, where I found a petition presented from fifteen tailors or tinkers, freeholders of Middlesex, against Lutterell. The opposition wanted a call of the House for Wednesday fortnight. We insisted on hearing it next Monday, and divided 94 against 49. This business retards the prorogation till this day or to-morrow se'nnight: but we are adjourned till Monday; so nothing but hearing this nonsense remains. Wilkes' stock falls very fast every day, and upon this measure there was such difference of opinion amongst his friends, that Sawbridge and Townsend would not attend on Saturday. Serjeant Whitacre has desired to be Lutterell's counsel gratis, in order to deliver his opinion at the bar of the House on the legality of Lutterell's seat; and says he shall insist, if the House should be of opinion that Lutterell is not duly elected, that he himself is, as having been next upon the poll of those who were capable of receiving votes.

No news yet of your secretary. Some people are impatient to hear his report of the state of parties, and their several dispositions to support government, on your side the water. He must certainly be a most competent judge, after so long a residence there, and after such open and frank discourse as every man there would naturally hold with him upon critical matters. Some better judges than him,

lately arrived from Ireland, make no scruple in declaring there will be a majority of forty against the Castle at the opening the session. Adieu, my dear little Bob: my love to the Provost.

Yours ever,
R. R.

P.S.—I shall get the Journals of the House of Commons for you certainly.

Lawford, Saturday Evening, 4th Nov., 1769.

Dear little Bob,

It would be ungrateful in the present company here not to take some notice of you, just as they had finished the last bottle of an excellent hogshead of Burgundy, which you sent into my cellar, I believe, seven years ago. What has come since we will avoid mentioning. A few bottles, however, of the former were reserved for the divine Charlotte, and she, and Caswell, and I have this day finished them; and the last glass went off to your health. Sister Charlotte wishes you public and private happiness during this bustling winter, and hopes that you are not determined to forsake the English part of your family for ever. I received your letter of the 24th here two days ago, and should most undoubtedly desire you to send me your votes, if I had not already engaged my old friend at the Secretary's office to do it; but I beg early intelligence of your parliamentary proceedings, about which I am very anxious. I do not believe there is the smallest foundation for believing that Junius is Wedderburn. I had, a few days ago, great reason to guess at the real Junius: but my intelligence was certainly false; for sending to inquire in a more particular manner, I discovered the person hinted at to be dead. He was an obscure man; and so will the real Junius turn out to be, depend upon it. Are Shannon and Ponsonby and Lanesborough still stout against Augmentation? or must the friends to the measure form a plan that they like themselves? A letter from Colonel Hall, of the 20th regiment, this evening, informs me that General Harvey is come from Ireland, and is very impatient to see me: if his business is to consult me upon the utility of this military plan, I am already fully convinced of it: but nobody knows less than I do how to get it through your House of Commons,—I only hope by any means rather than a message from the king. Perhaps the measure is taken, and I am writing treason against the understanding of our own ministers. God forbid! but I do not approve of letting down the dignity and power of the chief governors of Ireland lower than they are already fallen, to quarrel with a mountebank at a custard feast. Adieu, my dear little fellow.

Yours ever, most sincerely,
R. R.

ISTHMUS OF DARIEN

As public attention is now much directed to the canal across the Isthmus of Darien, one end of which is proposed to communicate with the harbour which was the site of the ill-fated attempt at colonisation by the Scotch about 150 years ago, the subjoined extract, giving an account of that harbour, by (apparently) one of the Scotch colonists, may be interesting to your readers. It is taken from a paper printed in *Miscellanea Curiosa*, vol. iii. p. 413., 2nd edit., entitled "Part of a Journal kept from Scotland to New Caledonia in Darien, with a short Account of that Country, communicated [to the Royal Society] by Dr. Wallace, F.R.S.":

"The 4th [November] we came into the great harbour of Caledonia. It is a most excellent one; for it is about a league in length from N.W. to S.E. It is about half a mile broad at the mouth, and in some places a mile and more farther in. It is large enough to contain 500 sail of ships. The greatest part of it is landlocked, so that it is safe, and cannot be touched by any wind that can blow the harbour; and the sea makes the land that lies between them a peninsula. There is a point of the peninsula at the mouth of the harbour that may be fortified against a navy. This point secures the harbour, so that no ship can enter but must be within reach of their guns. It likewise defends half of the peninsula; for no guns from the other side of the harbour can touch it, and no ship carrying guns dare enter for the breastwork at the point. The other side of the peninsula is either a precipice, or defended against ships by shoals and breaches, so that there remains only the narrow neck that is naturally fortified; and if thirty leagues of a wilderness will not do that, it may be artificially fortified in twenty ways. In short, it may be made impregnable; and there are bounds enough within it, if it were all cultivated, to afford 10,000 hogsheads of sugar every year. The soil is rich, the air good and temperate; the water is sweet, and every thing contributes to make it healthful and convenient."

C. T. W.

NOTES ON SEVERAL MISUNDERSTOOD WORDS

Mechal is from the mint of Thomas Heywood; but, like many other words of the same stamp, it continued a private token of the party who issued it, and never, as far as I am aware, became current coin. Four times, at least, it occurs in his works; and always in that sense only which its etymon indicates, to wit, "adulterous." In his "Challenge for Beauty:"

"... her own tongue
Hath publish'd her a *mechall* prostitute."

Dilke's Old English Plays, vol. vi. p. 421.

In his "Rape of Lucrece:"

"... that done, straight murder
One of thy basest grooms, and lay you both
Grasp'd arm in arm in thy adulterate bed,
Men call in witness of that *mechall* sin."

Old English Drama, vol. i. p. 71.

—where the editor's note is—"probably derived from the French word *méchant*, wicked." In his "English Traveller:"

"... Yet whore you may;
And that's no breach of any vow to heaven:
Pollute the nuptial bed with *michall* sin."

Dilke's Old English Plays, vol. i. p. 161.

This misprint the editor corrects to *mickle*: professing, however, as he well might, distrust of his amendment. Nares discards Dilke's guess, and says, "If a right reading, it must be derived from *mich*, truant, adulterous." Whereby to correct one error he commits another, assigning to *mich* a sense that it never bears. If haply any doubt should remain as to what the true reading in the above passage is, a reference to Heywood's *Various History concerninge Women* will at once assoil it. In that part of his fourth book which treats of adulteresses (p. 195.), reciting the very story on which his play was founded, and calling it "a moderne historie lately happening, and in mine owne knowledge," he continues his narrative thus:

"With this purpose, stealing, softly vp the stayres, and listening at the doore, before hee would presume to knocke, hee might heare a soft whispering, which sometimes growing lowder, hee might plainly distinguish two voyces (hers, and that gentleman's his supposed friend, whom the maide had before nominated), where hee might euidently vnderstand more than protestations passe betwixt them, namely, the *mechall* sinne itselfe."

Mr. Halliwell, in his compilation of *Archaic and Provincial Words*, gives *Mechall*, wicked, adulterous, with a note of admiration at Dilke's conjecture; and a reference to Nares, in v. *Michall*. Mr. H. neither adduces any authority for his first sense, "wicked," nor can adduce one.

To lowt, to mock or contemn. A verb of very common occurrence, but, as might be expected, quite unknown to the commentators on Shakspeare, though its meaning was guessed from the context. As it would be tedious and unnecessary to write all the instances that occur, let the following suffice:

"To the holy bloud of Hayles,
With your fyngers and nayles,
All that ye may scratche and wyne;
Yet it woulde not be seen,
Except you were shryven,
And clene from all deadly synne.
There, were we flocked,
Lowted and mocked;
For, now, it is knownen to be
But the bloud of a ducke,
That long did sucke
The thrifte, from every degre."

"*The Fantassie of Idolatrie*," *Foxe's Acts and Monuments*, vol. v. p. 406.
(*Cattley's edition*.)

"Pride is it, to vaunt princely robes, not princely virtues. Pride is it to *lowte* men of lower sort or pore lasers, as is some men's guise."—*The Third Booke of Nobilitye*; writte in Latine by Laurence Humfrey, late Englished, 1563.

"Among serving men also, above all other, what wicked and detestable oaths are there heard! If there be any of that sort which fear God, and love his word, and therefore abstain from vain oaths, how doth his company *lout* him! Look what an ass is among a sort of apes, even the very same is he among his fellows."—*The Invective against Swearing*, p. 361.; Works of Thomas Becon (Parker Society).

Samson was accounted of the Philistines for a fool, but he would rather die than suffer that opprobry unrevenged (Judic. xvi.).

"David was *lowted* of Michol Saul's daughter, but she was made therefore barren all her life."—2 Reg. vi.

And same page, a little *above*:

"He that calleth his brother fool, that is to say, contemn him, mock him, or, as men call it now-a-days, *lowting* of a man, committeth such murder as is worthy hell-fire and eternal damnation."—*A Declaration of the Ten Commandments*, ch. ix. p. 373.; Early Writings of Bishop Hooper (Parker Society).

"Renowned Talbot doth expect my ayde,
And I am *lowted* by a traitor villaine
And cannot help the noble Cheualier."

*The First Part of Henry VI., Actus Quartus,
Scena Prima (First Folio Shakspeare).*

Where I would note, by the way, that in three copies of the folio 1632, now by me, it is printed "*at* traitor," although two of these folios have different title-pages; that which appears to be the later impression bears under the portrait these words: "London, printed by Thos. Cotes, for Robert Allot, and are to be sold *at his shop* at the signe of the Blacke Beare, in Paul's Church-yard, 1632." The other wants the words "*at his shop*," as described in Mr. Collier's edition.

The mention of Mr. Collier's name is a hint that reminds me to advertise him of a mistake he lies under, in supposing that the Duke of Devonshire's copy of the Play of *King Richard II.* in 4to.,

dated 1605, is unique (*vid.* Collier's *Shakspeare*, vol. iv. p. 105., Introduction); as there is another in the Philosophical Institute at Hereford, presented by the late Edward Evans, Esq., of Eyton Hall, in the same county.

But to return. Mr. Halliwell, in his work above quoted, furnishes another instance of the verb *lowt*, from Hall's *History of King Henry IV.*, which the reader may consult for himself. I will merely add, that the interpretation there propounded is plausible but unsound, the context only giving aim to his conjecture.

(To be continued.)

FOLK LORE

Drills presaging Death.—In Norfolk, agricultural labourers generally believe that if a drill go from one end of a field to the other without depositing any seed—an accident which may result from the tubes and coulter clogging with earth—some person connected with the farm will die before the year expires, or before the crop then sown is reaped. It is a useful superstition, as it causes much attention to be paid to make the drill perform its work correctly. Still it is remarkable that such a superstition should have arisen, considering the recent introduction of that machine into general use. I should be glad to learn from other readers of "N. & Q." whether this belief prevails in other parts of England where the drill is generally used.

E. G. R.

Beltane in Devonshire.—Seeing that the ancient superstition of the Beltane fire is still preserved in Scotland, and is lighted on the 1st of May, the origin of which is supposed to be an annual sacrifice to Baal, I am induced to state that a custom, evidently derived from the same source, is, or was a few years since, annually observed in the wild parts of Devonshire. At the village of Holne, situated on one of the Spurs of Dartmoor, is a field of about two acres, the property of the parish, and called the Ploy (*Play*) Field. In the centre of this stands a granite pillar (Menhir) six or seven feet high. On May morning, before daybreak, the young men of the village assemble there, and then proceed to the Moor, where they select a ram lamb (doubtless with the consent of the owner), and after running it down, bring it in triumph to the Ploy Field, fasten it to the pillar, cut its throat, and then roast it whole, skin, wool, &c. At midday a struggle takes place, at the risk of cut hands, for a slice, it being supposed to confer luck for the ensuing year on the fortunate devourer. As an act of gallantry, in high esteem among the females, the young men sometimes fight their way through the crowd to get a slice for their chosen amongst the young women, all of whom, in their best dresses, attend the *Ram Feast*, as it is called. Dancing, wrestling, and other games, assisted by copious libations of cider during the afternoon, prolong the festivity till nightfall.

The time, the place (looking east), the mystic pillar, and the ram, surely bear some evidence in favour of the Ram Feast being a sacrifice to Baal.

An old Holne Curate.

Touching for King's Evil.—The following passage bearing upon the custom of touching for the King's Evil, and its antiquity, is extracted from Laing's translation of Snorro Sturleson's *Heimskringla*. King Olaf the Rich, afterwards Saint, had fled to Russia on being driven out of his kingdom by Knut the Great. Ingigerd, Queen of Russia, desired a widow to take her son, who "had a sore boil upon his neck," to King Olaf, "the best physician here, and beg him to lay his hands on thy lad." The king was unwilling to do so, saying that he was not a physician; but at last consented:

"Then the king took the lad, laid his hands upon his neck, and felt the boil for a long time, until the boy made a very wry face. Then the king took a piece of bread, laid it in the figure of the cross upon the palm of his hand, and put it into the boy's mouth. He swallowed it down, and from that time all the soreness left his neck, and in a few days he was quite well.... Then first came Olaf into the repute of having as much healing power in his hands as is ascribed to men who have been gifted by nature with healing by the touch."

Laing asks in a note:

"Is the touching for the King's Evil ... connected with this royal saint's healing by the touch?"—*The Heimskringla*, vol. ii. p. 297., 8vo.: London, 1844.
De Camera.

GAFFER OR GAMMER, ETC

These two venerable words were used by our ancestors. Every one has heard of Gammer Gurton; Gaffer Gingerbread was also famous in, as well as I can remember, a portion of the literature which amused my childhood. In *Joseph Andrews*, Fielding styles the father of Pamela "Gaffer Andrews:" and, for aught I know, the word may be still in use in Wilts and Somerset.

Unde derivantur *Gaffer* and *Gammer*? Lye said they were *quasi* good-father and good-mother; Somner, that they were the Anglo-Saxon *Gefæder* and *Gemedes*, i. e. godfather and godmother; Webster derives the former from the Hebrew *geber*, man, the latter from the Scandinavian *gamel*, old. Having a fondness for simplicity, I go less learnedly to work. I have observed little children, when commencing to speak, to say "ganpa" and "gamma" for grandpapa and grandmamma: whence I conjecture that, in the olden time, ere we had Pa's and Ma's, the little aspirants used to say "ganfa'er" and "gamma'er," which easily became *Gaffer* and *Gammer*. I am confirmed in this view by a friend to whom I mentioned it, and who told me that his own children always called his father *gaffer*, a word entirely of their own formation.

There is a term now coming a little into use, which is I believe of pure Irish origin, namely, *old fogie*. Indeed, I have heard it used rather disrespectfully of those mature old warriors, whom it pleases the wisdom of our government to send out in the command of our fleets and armies. The word, as I said, is of Irish, or rather of Dublin birth. The *old fogies* are the inmates of the Royal or Old Men's Hospital, the Irish Chelsea. I think, then, that it must be plain to every one that the term is nothing more than a good-humoured corruption or diminutive of *old folks*.

This leads me to the simple origin of a word which seems to have posed all our etymologists—it has done so to Richardson at least—namely, "Pettifogger, a low, tricky attorney." According to my view, *pettifogger* is neither more nor less than *pettifolker*, i. e. one whose practice lies among the *petty folk*, small tradesmen, day-labourers, and such like. This derivation, too, has simplicity in its favour.

Thos. Keightley.

Minor Notes

Search for MSS.—A proposal was made some time ago in "N. & Q." by Mr. Mackenzie, that some systematic effort should be made for the recovery of ancient MSS. I have heard nothing more of it, but am sure that, if a beginning were made, it would receive warm support from the friends of literature. There is, however, a kindred search which can be prosecuted nearer home, with more certain success and more important results. I mean a continued search among the numerous MSS. in which so much of our unknown history is buried. Might not a systematic examination of these be instituted, with the help of the "division of labour" principle, so that important portions of the great mass should be accurately described and indexed, valuable papers abridged for publication, and thus given to the world entire? Much is being done, no doubt, here and there; but surely much more would be accomplished by united and systematised labour. How much light might be thrown on a given period of our history by such a study of all the records, correspondence, &c. relating to it. Is there none of our existing societies within whose scope such an undertaking would fall, or might not different societies unite for the purpose? The books, of course, should be sold to the public. I leave the hint to the judgment of your readers.

Elsno.

Clifton of Normanton.—Following the excellent example of Dr. Todd, of Trin. Coll. Dublin, I send you from the fly-leaves of an old English Bible (C. Barker, London, 1599, small 4to.), for the information of any one connected, some of the particulars inscribed on the leaves, relating to—

"Thomas Clifton of Normanton, in the county of Darby, who had issue by his first wife three sonnes and four daughters; and by his second wife, two sonnes and one daughter."

The names of his wives are not mentioned. The details of births, marriages, and deaths extend from 1586 to 1671, and some of the branches of the family went to Rotterdam and Amsterdam, and Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Zachary Clifton was at the Universities of Utrecht and Leyden (at which latter university "hee comēnt M^r of Arts, March 5, 1654"), and in 1659 was ordained minister of the gospel at Wisborough Green in Sussex. Many other particulars are given. The Bible is in the library of Sir Robert Taylor's Institution, Oxford, and is in excellent preservation, having been recently carefully repaired.

J. M.

Oxford.

The Three per Cent. Consols.—In Jerdan's *Autobiography*, vol. iii., published in 1852, we read this anecdote:

"At a City dinner, so political that the three Consuls of France were drunk, the toast-master, quite unacquainted with Bonaparte, Cambacères, and Lebrun, halloed out from behind the chair, 'Gentlemen, fill bumpers! The chairman gives the Three per Cent. Consols!'"

In *Merrie England in the Olden Time*, vol. ii. p. 70. (published ten years before), will be found the following note:

"This eminent professor (toast-master Toole), whose sobriquet is 'Lungs,' having to shout the health of the 'three present Consuls,' at my Lord Mayor's feast, proclaimed the health of the 'Three per Cent. Consols!'"

The *latter* version is the *correct* one. It was the three foreign Consuls who were present among this annual gathering of grandees that was given; not Bonaparte, Cambacères, and Lebrun. The after-dinner organ of Toole might easily, on hearing the toast, mistake "present" for "per cent.," and "Consuls" (in the City, too) for "Consols."

A Subscriber.

Queries

WOLVES NURSING CHILDREN

At the meeting of the Cambrian Archæological Society, Lord Cawdor in the chair, I read a letter on this subject from the resident at Lucknow, Colonel Sleeman, to whom India is indebted for the suppression of Thuggee, and other widely extended benefits. Though backed by such good authority, the letter in question was received with considerable incredulity, although Colonel Sleeman represents that he has with him one of these wolf-nurtured youths.

Since reading the letter, I have received from the Colonel's brother a more full account, printed in India, and containing additional cases, which I should have no objection to print in the pages of "N. & Q." In the meantime, further information from Indian experience, where mothers so often expose their children, would be thankfully received.

I appended my letter, for want of a better opportunity, and at the request of several members, to a paper on the doctrine of the Myth, read at the time; observing, that if the account is credible, perhaps Niebuhr may have been precipitate in treating the nurture of the founders of Rome as fabulous, and consigning to the Myth facts of infrequent occurrence. There is both danger and the want of philosophy in rejecting the marvellous, merely as such.

Nor is the invention of Lupa, for the name of the mother of the Roman twins, by any means satisfactory. May not the mysteries of Lycanthropy have had their origin in such a not infrequent fact, if Col. Sleeman may be trusted, as the rearing of infants by wolves?

Gilbert N. Smith.

The Rectory, Tregwynfrid, Tenby, S. W.

"THE LUNEBURG TABLE."—QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LOVE OF PEARLS

In the *Travels* of Hentzner, who resided some time in England in the reign of Elizabeth, as tutor to a young German nobleman, there is given (as most of your readers will doubtless remember) a very interesting account of the "Maiden Queen," and the court which she then maintained at "the royal palace of Greenwich." After noticing the appearance of the presence-chamber,— "the floor, after the English fashion, strewed with hay,"—the writer gives a descriptive portrait of her Majesty. He states,—

"Next came the Queen, in her sixty-fifth year, as we were told, very majestic; her face oblong, fair, but wrinkled; her eyes small, but black and pleasant; her nose a little hooked; her lips narrow, and her teeth black (a defect the English seem subject to, from their too great use of sugar). She had in her ears two *pearls*, with very rich drops.² She wore false hair, and that red."

² With respect to the rich pearl earrings above mentioned, it may not be uninteresting to remark, that Elizabeth seems to have been particularly fond of pearls, and to have possessed the same taste for them from youth to even a later period than "her sixty-fifth year." The now faded wax-work effigy preserved in Westminster Abbey (and which lay on her coffin, arrayed in royal robes, at her funeral, and caused, as Stowe states, "such a general sighing, groaning, and weeping, as the like hath not being seen or known in the memory of man") exhibits large round Roman *pearls* in the stomacher; a carcanet of large round *pearls*, &c. about her throat; her neck ornamented with long strings of *pearls*; her high-heeled shoe-bows having in the centre large *pearl* medallions. Her earrings are circular *pearl* and ruby medallions, with large pear-shaped *pearl* pendants. This, of course, represents her as she dressed towards the close of her life. In the Tollemache collection at Ham House is a miniature of her, however, when about twenty, which shows the same taste as existing at that age. She is here depicted in a black dress, trimmed with a double row of *pearls*. Her point-lace ruffles are looped with *pearls*, &c. Her head-dress is decorated in front with a jewel set with *pearls*, from which three pear-shaped *pearls* depend. And, finally, she has large *pearl*-tassel earrings. In the Henham Hall portrait (engraved in vol. vii. of Miss Strickland's *Lives of the Queens of England*), the ruff is confined by a collar of *pearls*, rubies, &c., set in a gold filagree pattern, with large pear shaped *pearls* depending from each lozenge. The sleeves are ornamented with rouleaus, wreathed with *pearls* and bullion. The lappets of her head-dress also are adorned at every "crossing" with a large round *pearl*. Her gloves, moreover, were always of white kid, richly embroidered with *pearls*, &c. on the backs of the hands. A poet of that day asserts even that, at the funeral procession, when the royal corpse was rowed from Richmond, to lie in state at Whitehall,— "Fish wept their eyes of pearl quite out, And swam blind after," doubtless intending, most loyally, to provide the departed sovereign with a fresh and posthumous supply of her favorite gems!

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