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**MEDICUS-MAGUS,**

A POEM,  
IN THREE CANTOS;

WITH A  
**GLOSSARY.**

BY RICHARD FURNESS

“Visions and magic spells, can you despise,  
And laugh at witches, ghosts, and prodigies ?”

HOR. EP. ii. 208.

SHEFFIELD:  
WHITAKER, 13, FARGATE; LIMBIRD, LONDON,  
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1836.

[NP]

**ADVERTISEMENT.**

To those Ladies and Gentlemen who so kindly favoured the Author, as Subscribers to his first public effort: — to those literary gentlemen who so highly honoured him, by charitably noticing the contents of his "Rag-Bag," —and in particular to that *mind* of thought and melody, "*The Corn Law Rhymers*:" —to the talented editor of our great political luminary "*The Sun*:" —and to the author of "*Peak Scenery*:" —a Native of *nature's wild and romantic*, (so tastefully described in that beautiful work,) presents

His most heartfelt,

most grateful

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.**

Eyam, August, 1836.

[v]

**PREFACE DEDICATORY**

**TO THE**

**MINERS OF THE PEAK OF DERBYSHIRE.**

GENTLEMEN,—Proud of my origin—being of the same stock as yourselves—with the greatest veneration for your ancient customs, in connection with your mines—the romantic scenery—abrupt precipices, barren mountains and shrub-clad dells of the Peak, I once more venture out of the obscurity of humble life, to place under your guardianship and protection, an illegitimate and wayward child of the muse.

If the genius of antiquity confer any honour upon his descendants, you will undoubtedly occupy a very elevated niche in his temple; but the time is not far distant, when your subterranean

labours must terminate— when the general exhaustion of nature's wealth will produce great and important changes in your customs and manners; and will

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finally bring about the extinction of such Celtic, Roman, Anglo-Saxon, and Anglo-Norman terms, as are employed by you, in the working of mines and minerals: to rescue which, from the wreck contemplated, many of them are incorporated with the text of the ensuing poem.

The character of *labourer* is most *honourable*: why should it be considered as contemptible, and below the dignity of man? *Europus*, a Macedonian King made lanterns; *Harcatus*, King of Parthia, was a mole-catcher; and *Biantes*, the Lydian, filed needles; *Socrates* was a plebeian, and his disciple, the divine *Plato*, an oilman: and depend upon it, GENTLEMEN, it is *still* far more honourable to dig in your mines, than like a lounging belted scoundrel, to murder mankind by millions, to ride in wealth and splendour on the public rosinante, and to call that *glory*, which, in the mind of every honest man, deserves a halter rather than a garter.

With the rest of mankind, a few of you are subject to certain obliquities from truth; and often attribute to supernatural agency, effects which result from natural causes —are strict observers of unlucky days— of good and bad omens and prognostics; and have a firm but undefinable faith in the predictions of Francis Moore—in the strolling Magi of hollow lanes; and in the prescriptions of those medical astrologers who

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pretend to acquire their knowledge of diseases from the aspects of the celestial bodies. Such ridiculous propensities and practices, it is one object of this piece to correct. The majority of you, however, fall under no such censure, but are men of the *golden age*; when the youthful world had not learned bigotry; when reason was not blinded by fable, and truth was the oracle, to which all resorted for the solution of doubt; ere superstition had created a deity of her own, and robed him with terror, for her own vile and selfish purposes. No crafty *Numa* had then palmed upon the credulous his *Ægeria*; nor golden-tongued *Pythagoras* imposed the whispers of his eagle, on the silly Crotonians for sacred oracles; and when no wonder-working magician led the people to believe the unmeaning jargon of *abracadabrian* juggle and imposture. To your judgment, as the men of such an *Age* I submit this piece; on the performance of which I have little to add; for who among the moderns can unite Italian sweetness with German force? alas for the glory of the

British Muse! she has exchanged the strength and manliness of the English bull-dog, for the weakness and effeminacy of the Gallic greyhound—has forsaken her mountains for the vallies—her oaks for the willows.

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Perhaps the greatest art in the description of humble life, is to avoid art—to furnish a likeness of real character, and in the delineation to embellish and surround it with such scenery as will be recognised by you who dwell upon its bosom, and repose in the shadow of its beauty. The finest pictures have, however, their defects, and in this rude sketch you must not look for perfection: but should the effort enhance your amusement, or promote your instruction; your honest commendation will afford me more lasting satisfaction, and real pleasure, than the most flattering encomiums that refined criticism can bestow. Indeed, the *Game-laws* of modern criticism are as odious as my Lord's of Wharnccliffe, and he who would "shoot folly as it flies" must not fear a *Trespass*: thank my stars! happy in the independence of *Poverty*, who *grants* me a literary *licence*, I *sport* where I please; yet when I *aim* at honest worth, or *angle* with the bait of flattery for the approbation of oppressors— may the *keepers* of the sacred *preserves* of Truth and Justice, seize *Gun*, *Net*, and *Rod*, and condemn to the prison of oblivion, the name of your real friend and countryman,

THE AUTHOR.

Eyam, August, 1836,

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MEDICUS MAGUS

CANTO I.

Peak mountains—Eyam Dale—Cottage—Grotto and Gardens of the Rock—Miner—his habits—Skill in mining—his wife—her domestic employment—interior of their cottage—propensities, superstitions, &c.

HAIL! holy forms of nature—mountains bleak!

Your minstrel still—still loves his native Peak;

Oft has he wandered on your heaths, unknown,  
While his wild harp has wept to storms alone.  
Where high Sir William lifts, in clouds o'er cast,  
His giant-shoulders on the western blast—  
Peers o'er a thousand dales, and looking out,  
Views Win-hill, Mam,\* and distant Kinderscout—

\* *Mam-Tor*.—Topographers have been seriously puzzled upon the origin of the name of this singular mountain, which is simply derived from the old adjective *Maum*—soft, shivering, or brittle; and the *Saxon, Tor*—a hill, mount, or fort; hence our modern terms "*The Shivering Mountain*:" the decomposing face of which was probably occasioned by a tremendous *avalanche*, or *land-slip* posterior to the occupation of its summit by some Roman Legion, the vallum of whose camp has been partially destroyed by the disruption. The immense mass of deranged *strata* at the foot of the mountain strongly favours this opinion.

[10]

Below the hills, where the first morning beam  
Pours all its glory on the graves of Eyam\*.—  
Where Hollow-brook in angry winter floods,  
Falls, foams, and flows down Roylee's shelving woods—  
Deep in a limestone dell, which shrubs adorn—  
Where the rock-cistus scents the vernal morn—  
Where echo tells again the cushatt's tale,  
And hollow Caels-wark+ moans the storm's wild wail;  
By the white Torr# that overhangs the road,  
The' industrious miner built his neat abode;

\* *The Graves of Eyam* —The mountain *tumuli*, or burial place of the Hancocks' family, during the desolation of Eyam by the plague in 1666. With the exception of a boy, the whole of this family, consisting of nine persons, perished, and were buried in a group, on the heath eastward of Eyam: various other places of sepulture are still visible in the surrounding hills.—See *Rhodes's Peak Scenery*, *Howitt's Desolation of Eyam*, &c.

+*Cael's Wark*, or more properly *Gael's Work*, is a cavern on the north side of Middleton Dale, and is the termination of a chain of *shakes*, or *fissures*, and similar openings, extending in an undulating line from thence to Eyam, Hucklowe, Hazelbadge, and Castleton. The name of this cavern is of remote origin: the natives of the Peak attribute any gigantic work of nature or art, and for which they cannot account, to the *Gaels*, *Celts*, or ancient inhabitants of the island. The singular Druidical remains on Hathersage Moors, are also denominated *Cael's-wark* (i. e.) the work of the Gaels, or Celts.

#*Tor*, a provincialism or contraction of tower or turret, generally applied to rocks having the appearance of such structures: in old records a mount or hill.

[11]

Fast by the margin of the headlong flood,  
In pleasing solitude the cottage stood;  
Low were its walls and nicely trimm'd the roof,  
With heathy turf and straw, made water-proof;  
The aye-green houseleek claim'd the southern side,  
And hardy stone-crop prick'd its yellow pride  
O'er tufted moss, along the ridging grown,  
Adorn'd the thatch and fasten'd on the stone:  
Where the short chimney through the ivy broke,  
Peep'd through the sods and just discharged the smoke  
In silver ringlets, curling on the gale,  
That fann'd the shrubs and swam along the dale.  
Behind the place, white cliffs, exposed above,

Their marble bosoms through the mantling grove

Where Merlin's cave beneath a hanging shade,

Deep wonders open'd to the winding glade;

Wild gardens flourish'd on the scanty soil,

And Flora bade the barren rocks to smile:—

When early spring array'd in beauty throws

From her green lap, the simple, pale primrose—

Snow-drop and crocus, cowslip of the hill—

The daisy fair and yellow daffodill.

An ivied\* yew sprung out, above the cell,

At the shy entrance dripp'd a crystal well;

\*That ivy produces considerable dampness on the interior of those cottage walls which it covers, is a mistake: the leaves of this beautiful evergreen are excellent conductors for rain, and serve to repel any moisture with which the atmosphere may be charged: while the tendrils and fibrous roots of the plant abstract it from the stones with which they connect themselves; in fact, live upon that humidity which the plant is falsely said to produce.

[12]

Sweet-briar and woodbine overhung the place,

And bloom'd inverted in its glassy face:

Spar, pebbles, crystal, glitter'd in the wave,

Whence dancing sunbeams play'd along the cave;

There Luna dipp'd her silver limb by night,

And Vesper kiss'd the fount and blest the light:

Rocks, trees, and shrubs, glow'd in the mirror pure,

And heav'n 's blue, starry *cope* in miniature.  
Stalagmii\*graced the' encrusted marble roof,  
Where Idmion's daughter + spun her silver woof;  
And artless nature with immortal skill,  
Traced life and beauty with her magic quill;  
From latent 'lembics pour'd her petrid stores,  
In all the alchymy of gems and ores;  
With summer, gave her blossoms to the stone;  
With spring her shrubs, plants, mosses, wild, unknown,  
Strew'd from her hand a winter's frost around,  
Of pearly hail, and snow, on purple ground:  
Form'd here a prism, and here a crystal cone,  
There bees impendent, round a hive of stone;  
Placed in the fissures, shell-fish, reptiles, worms,  
And serpents twisted in a thousand forms;  
Above, below, in rich disorder threw,  
Jacinth, rock-diamond, crystal, sapphires blue—

\*Various natural formations which hang from the roofs of limestone caverns, produced by the petrifying quality of the water, which drops from the fissures and other apertures of the rocks.

+*Arachne* was the daughter of *Idmion*, a Lydian, very skilful in spinning and weaving: she was by *Minerva* turned into a spider. A large spider of a very beautiful kind is often found in the roofs and fissures of the Derbyshire caverns.

[13]

Eternal adamant, and chrysolite,  
With emeralds green, and porphyry, black and white;  
Cornelians, agates, jaspers, rabies red,  
And sparks of silver on a golden bed:  
Like dew-drops trembling in the varying light,



Or stars which stud the glorious throne of night\*.  
Here dwelt Thor Yule+, and Agnes good, his wife,  
In deep seclusion from the din of life;  
Unknown to fame, and to the world unknown,  
The wedded hermits of their wilds alone;  
Nor should you know these tenants of the dale.  
Did not the muse record this humble tale.  
Full well he look'd, nor rosy health was fled,  
Though age's snow had driven on his head;  
And, could we judge by wise Lavater's law—  
A face more honest yet, we never saw.  
Low, round crown'd hats he wore, to flap inclined.  
But for the loop and button placed behind;  
Felts of his mountains' growth at Bradwell# made,  
Worn baldly brown by burdens of his trade:

\*The *grotto, rock-gardens* and *fossils* of the late Thomas Birds, Esq., F.R.S., F.S.A., fully justify this description.

+His Christian name seems to be derived from the Saxon idol *Thor*, which was held in great esteem by that people and the Teutones; and equal to the Jupiter of the Romans. It is either a contraction of *Thunder*, because he was their God of *Thunder*, or of *teran*, to tear, because he may be said to rend the clouds. On his sir-name, see a following note on the word *Yule*.

#*Bradwell*, pronounced *Bradda*, probably so named from the Saxon God *Breda*, or *Bredda*.

[14]

Yet had he one reserved for better wear,  
On Sunday mornings brush'd, for many a year.  
Drab was his coat, the cuffs hung deep and wide,

Large metal buttons graced the dexter side  
Of such his waistcoat, (homespun *corduroy*)  
Whose pockets elbow deep, relieved each thigh;  
Unbraced, his leathern nameless things below,  
Shew'd round their margin, linen white as snow:  
Short at the knees just met his knitted hose,  
And buttoning tightly, tied in equal bows:  
Of kip, or steer, stout *channel pumps* he wore,  
With *Bowser-buckles*\* broadly strapped before.  
On summer nights, beneath the grateful shade  
Which ivy hanging from the rock had made;  
Oft have I seen him, when his *shift* was done,  
With neighbours, seated on some favourite stone:  
Pleased with the children as they play'd before  
The shaggy copse that circumscribed his door;  
Cheer this competitor, or that, with smiles,  
Re-kindle ardour, and renew their toils;  
Protect the' opprest from injury and wrong,  
Support the weak, and counteract the strong.  
Or if dispute outraged the laws of play,  
And mirth to madness led the doubtful day;

\**Bowser*, properly Bolsover. Buckles were formerly manufactured at this village; its artificers are noticed by Ben Johnson, in a Mask produced by him at an entertainment given to King Charles and his suite, at the Castle of Bolsover, by the Duke of Newcastle, July 30th, 1634.—See *Ben Johnsons Underwoods*, p. 281.

Then would the patriarch kindly interpose,  
Step in between and stay expected blows;  
By wise decision cause the strife to cease,  
Propose new terms and ratify a peace.  
When winter nights hung on the silent dale,  
And wondering gossips listen'd to his tale:—  
While Agnes with revolving ball would roll,  
The yellow gleanings round her beechen bowl;—  
As curfew toll'd the darksome hour in chime,  
Some useful knick-knacks occupied his time: T  
hen would he dress a *helm*—repair a shoe,  
Or scoop a ladle from a sallow's bough,  
Bore *fuses*—deftly plat an osier hive,—  
Make *stows*, and keep the heavy hours alive:  
Till nine had warn'd, when he, with toil opprest,  
In holy silence sunk to balmy rest—  
Rest, undisturbed by fear of future woes,  
With peace the guardian of his calm repose.  
For plough, and cart he own'd, a crop-ear'd mare,  
That knapt the knolls and kept his pingle bare;  
One brindled cow that grazed the herby dale,  
At eve and morn for Agnes fill'd the pail.

Spring pluck'd him cresses from her weedy floods,  
And summer—berries, from his wilds and woods;  
For him brown autumn reap'd a southern hill,  
And winter thrash'd, and plied for him, the mill;  
His little flock supplied his warm attire;  
The heather moors with turf, or peat, his fire;  
Herbs, roots, plants esculent, his garden stored,  
His garden half maintain'd his frugal board.

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A few short pounds to save, employ'd his care,  
Some half-score sheep to buy, each winter fair,  
To range the cliffs, or crop the flowery steep,  
Or, just to run with neighbour *Prim-Gap's* sheep:  
To turn the penny—keep his country wake,  
Or stop a breach which sudden floods might make.

The price of lead and wool, important things!

Weigh'd more with him than all the pomp of kings;

For well he knew that wealth's a transient toy,

Save the small sum that man can here enjoy:—

Look'd through all nature's providential store,

Enjoy'd her simpler gifts, nor sigh'd for more.

None had more skill in *Wapentake*, or *Soke*,\*

To dial *drifts*, plumb *sumps*, or *take a cope*;

To cut the wondrous rod,+ and thence define

The place and bearing of the hidden mine:

In *shaft*, and *scrin*, broad-rake, *flatt*, *pipe*, and *vein*,  
His mode of *timbering* shew'd all others mean;

\**Wapentake*, or *Weapon-take*.— [ *Woepan*, armour, and *Getoecon*, to render.—SAX.]  
The same as *Hundred*, or division of a *County*, so called, because on certain occasions,  
the inhabitants gave up their arms, or weapons, in token of subjection to their lord.—  
See *Somner*,

*Soke* is the territory in which the Chief Lord exercises his liberty of keeping Courts,  
within his own territory or jurisdiction: also, a *Quit-rent*, or payment, made by the  
vassal, for acting in the quality of a *Sockman*, or free- holder.

+This was the *Virgula divinatoria*, or hazel rod in the shape of the letter Y,  
which being cut according to the planetary aspect, and held by the two forked ends,  
some pretended would discover mines (!)

[17]

Where *wough* or *rider*, *twitch'd a leading fast*,  
There he was matchless at a tearing *blast*:  
Famed *Merlin*, *Silence*, *Have-at-all*, *Black-hole*,  
*Twelve-meers*, and *Hay-cliff*,\* with its *cracking- whole*—+  
Those rocky regions, at the stated hour,  
Have witness'd all the thunder of his power.

Peace to the souls of those, like him, who dwelt

On *Peak's* bare rock, or in its sylvan dell;

His peace be theirs. He minded not a straw

Who hang'd for treason, or who made the law#

\**Names of Grooves, or Shafts, on the Edge-side, great veins-discovered in 1717, which were nearly exhausted in a century.*

+*Cracking whole.* An astonishing phenomenon in the Haycliff mine, of which an intelligent miner gives the following account. In this vein was found a white mineral powder which gave out a hissing sound till it became exhausted, and the external air came in contact with a mineral called a *Slicken*; the rocks on each side then opened, and closed again with a tremendous report: a shaking was sometimes produced at the surface of the earth, although the concussion originated at the depth of one or two hundred fathoms: great quantities of mineral were thereby detached, and the miner was sometimes thrown violently to a considerable distance. A scratch with the point of a pick, or a blow with a hammer, was often attended with the like effects. The mineral in contact with the white powder had the appearance of Cauk, or Barytes, one side of which was black, and as finely polished as a mirror, hence it was termed by the miner a *Slicken*, or *Slicken-sides*.—See, also, *Peak Scenery*.

# *The miners of the Peak* were formerly a very loyal and church-going people: but poverty has poured out

[18]

His politics extended three long miles,

Far as his mine or up the midland stiles;

With him were *Whig* and *Tory*, titles vain,

Two factious packs, who hunt for public gain,

Kennel in Stephen's while a nation mourns—

Bark—bite the people, and themselves by turns;

Turn rabid oft, foam, wander, wild, afar,

And worry half the world in hateful war:

Whose senseless howlings ne'er disturbed his head,

For rarely he the public journals read;

Long'd not for *Evening*, nor for *Morning Post*,

To count the votes on motions gain'd or lost;

Deeply chagrined, ne'er threw *The Journal* down,

Nor swore to charge *Smu-smeg* and march to town,

Astonish'd, why each patriot grown so wise,

Did not in vengeance hot united rise:

Denounce, with Cromwell, "baubles" in their ire,

Eject the rooks, and set the nest on fire.

Turn, gentle pilgrim, to his humble cell,

Thou lovest among the virtuous poor to dwell:

the spirit of conversion upon them—they are now the re-verse. The absence of *the regular solids*, with a certain *fluxional quantity* of the *middle frustum of a spheroid*, have not only a mathematical and physical effect upon the bodies of Englishmen, but also a most powerful effect upon their perceptive faculties. *Doctor Stope-rise* gives the following definition of Whig and Tory:— "Two sections of the Aristocracy, or two factions—in continual contention for places of profit, and power; State-gamblers, whose principal resort is an *old house* miscalled a *church*, built with acts of parliament and palisadoed round with bayonets; where the principal games are *Whist !! Beggar my-neighbour*, and *Cribbage*".

[19]

Turn and behold her! once the village pride,

John's earliest love, and still attractive bride:

Love—not that transient passion of an hour,

Which dies when marriage sanctifies its power;

But the sweet bond, that in the blest abodes,

Unites the minds of angels, or of gods;

Lit at the fount of life, the mutual flame

Burns in the tyrant and the slave the same,

And beams as brightly round the rustic names

Of country matrons, as of courtly dames:

In the deform'd or beauty's eye will glow,

Pure at the Cape as polish'd Fontainbleau.

Though Malthus\* scorn the loves of humble life,

As bright a jewel is the poor man's wife,

\* *"Must the nightingales sing to those who marry for money and not to us true lovers?"* ADDISON, SPEC. No. 71.

We, the *Productives* of Great Britain, beg to inform the *Rev.* gentleman that, as example is always more powerful than precept—if he expect his project of depopulation to succeed—he must first preach celibacy to his own immaculate order, and to the *Non-productives*, who cost the country annually, more millions of pounds than we do farthings.



In the mean time, we shall continue to marry, and be given in marriage—to obey the dictates of reason, nature, and the Divine command—be fruitful and multiply, till the Almighty is pleased to rescind his orders, or reverse the operations of nature. Were this modern Pharaoh possessed of sufficient power, no doubt but he would command all our male children to be destroyed in infancy— would out-herod Herod. Lord Bacon, in his *Essay on Seditions and Troubles*, has the following remarkable observations:—  
"Neither is population to be reckoned only by number: for a small number that *spend*  
[20]

As was Augusta, by her sovereign Lord,

By Roman realms or by the world adored.

Beneath a spar where hung her handy reel,

She bent attentive to her noisy wheel;

A crate of hazles held the carded wool:

With elder spindles—sycamore her spool,

And level hand, she drew the silver line,

Where wool and flax in equal parts combine:

Plain was her habit, neat in every part,

The wholesome fabric of her thrifty art;

While Thor's impervious doublet, stitch and plait,

Stout hose, and linen, *praised her in the gate.*

Prudent and chaste, alike industrious, clean,

Reserved, yet friendly, frugal, but not mean:

To strangers kind, in conversation free:

Think what a good wife is, and such was she.

Thor's knitted cap, suspended on a wire.

And hoddin start-ups warm'd above the fire;

*more and earn less*, do wear out an estate *sooner*, than a *greater number* that live lower and *gather more*. THEREFORE the multiplying of *nobility* and other degrees of *quality*, in an over proportion to the common people, *doth speedily bring a state to necessity*: and so doth likewise *an over-grown Clergy*, for *they bring nothing* to the stock. And, in like manner, when more are bred up scholars than preferments can take off." Instead of having a surplus population of working bees, the the hive is now nearly filled with a surplus population of drones, and had we but the good sense of a working bee, we should form an "*Emigration Committee*," and compell the dronish *surplus population* to swarm.

[21]

His mining dress the wide wood chimney bore,  
Dried, stiff with yellow dirt, and sparks of ore.  
The mantle glow'd with candlesticks of brass;  
The shelf of pewter shone like polish'd glass;  
Mugs, cups, and dishes stood, a splendid show,  
And beechen trenchers reared in triple row.  
A sparry vase held nature's simpler flowers;  
A black oak larum struck the noisy hours;  
And in a niche, for hospitable cheer,  
A portly jar contain'd the barmy beer;  
A staff of mountain crab, yclept Sir Guy,  
With ample hook, well knotted, hard and dry—  
A gun, (Smu-smeg,) of six feet long, or more,  
And shepherd's crook the naked rafters bore.  
Scythes, sickles, flails, engross'd a corner dark,

And meal, and meslin fill'd a carved ark.  
His black bassoon adorn'd an oaken screen,  
By sacred anthems, Handel, Crofts, and Green,  
Purcell and Blow, Knapp, Barber, Cheetham rare,  
And ancient music with the notes made square;  
Gavotts and hornpipes for the country wakes,  
With airs by Rizzio\*, from the " Land o' cakes:"  
For Thor loved music as he loved good ale,  
Taught the *sol-feggio*, + Aretino's scale;  
Could split an octave, lead the choir, and sing;  
With theorists, divide the tuneful string;

\*David Rizzio was a celebrated musician, and the favourite of the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots.

+*The Sol-feggio* was invented by a Tuscan Monk, and consists of syllables selected from the first strophe  
[22]

Proportion sounds harmonically true,  
Explain th' enharmonic *diesis*, too:\*

For rarely in his country could be found,  
Such erudite philosophy of sound.

On *Takin-days*, when wit and ale were free,  
He join'd the light duet and merry glee,  
Sung such a powerful bass, the story goes,  
As shook the optics on his ample nose:  
For tone and judgment scorn'd to turn his back,

On roaring Meredith, or thundering Slack,+

Who (if report be true,) had vocal power

To crack a glass,# or turn a barrel sour,

of a Hymn of St. John Baptist; said to be composed by Paul Diaconus.

UT queant laxis—REsonare Fibris,

MIRa gestorum—FAMuli tuorum,

SOLve pollutum—LABii reatum.

See *Chamb. Encyclop. &c.*

\* When a series is formed by uniting the ascending with the descending scale of the chromatic Genus, a new kind of music arises, by the use of the interval, formed between the sharpened note, and the flat of the next succeeding note above. This scale is called *enharmonic*, and consists of intervals smaller than the semitone, which, although not exactly half the semitone, are, from their near approach to that quantity, called the *diesis*, that is, the *division*, or *quarter tone*.—See *Calcofts Music Grammar*, page 119, art. 214.

+ Samuel Slack was a native of Tideswell, a very celebrated vocalist, remarkable for the power of his voice, and in his time the best choral bass singer in England.

# Morhoff mentions one Petter, a Dutchman, who could break a drinking glass with the sound of his voice, and such is the indescribable sympathetic force, existing between the subjects of sound, that the same strings,

[23]

Had vocal power to sing, and will to sup,

To sing it sweet again and drink it up.

A side-board held his literary store;

The Miner's Art, Buchan, and Boyle, Old Moore—

Sherlock, who taught the living how to die,

John Bunyan, Baxter, Nixon's Prophecy:

A black-print Bible,\* bound in boards of wood,

Russell's Seven Sermons, stitch'd to Robin Hood;

Law's Serious Call, Joe Miller's New Balloon,

Week's preparation, Journey to the Moon:

Upon two perfectly tuned violins, hung up at a distance from each other, have frequently broken at the same moment.

\*A Bible is now in the possession of Mr. Ralph Dane, of Edale, printed in the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII.

In 1326, William Tyndal, a native of Wales, printed at Antwerp, without a name, his English New Testament, and this was the first part of the Scriptures that was published in English.—*See Newcome's Historical View of English Biblical Transactions.*

Cardinal Wolsey declaimed violently against the art of printing, as that which would take down the honour and profit of the priesthood, by making the people as wise as themselves.—*Baxter's Cure of Church Divisions, page 329.*

To encourage the art of reading in England, the capital punishment for murder was remitted, if the criminal could but read, which in law language is termed *benefit of Clergy*. However, it made but slow progress; for so small an edition of the Bible as six hundred copies, translated into English in the reign of Henry VIII., was not wholly sold off in three years *Sketches by Lord Kaimes, Vol. I. page 105.* Probably Mr. R. Dane's Copy is one of that edition.

[24]

Quevedo's Visions, Cocker, and Tom Jones,

The Midwife's Guide, Long Life, and Napier's Bones;

Cervantes, Pope, who *live* and will be read,

When Scott and Southey sleep in dust, quite dead,

Crusoe and Friday, on Fernando's Isle,

And Friar Bacon finish'd off the pile.

Prayer-Book and Psalter on the mantle lay,

*Read* by the righteous on each holy day;

*The Book of Knowledge* too: Thor learnt, it seems,

By moles and omens, palmistry and dreams—

Learnt when to plough his field—what day to sow—

To reap his corn, and when his grass to mow.

By *Fortune's Wheel*, he truly understood

The lucky days, to travel, or let blood,

And lest, when boiling-bacon should not swell,

The neighbouring farmers he advised full well,

With the increasing moon to slaughter swine—

Decreasing—geld their lambs and purge their kine;

To drive a horse-shoe through the stable floor,

And set the wiggin spell behind the door;

To cross the leaven, countercharm the witch,

And disappoint the hateful ugly bitch.

To him, his prayer the anxious shepherd made,

When from his flock a wayward sheep had stray'd;

Or when the miner came, resolved to know

What *caver* stole the *bing-ore* from his *coe*;  
His was the art, the secret skill, to trace  
The ponderous booty to its hiding place;  
To cause the carl before his eye to pass,  
And peep ashamed from his magic glass.

[25]

Of future weather he could well divine,  
By wing, or partridge, or his *dampy* mine:  
By pangs rheumatic in his limbs, or belly,  
E'en supersede the famous Torricelli\*  
Could *rule the planets*, read portentous skies,  
Tell fools their fortunes, and confound the wise:  
Yet, though their fortunes by his skill were known,  
His future eye could not perceive his own.  
The white-wash'd walls bore frames of gold and green,  
Where Preston Pans and Culloden were seen;  
Here pious Gardiner bravely fights and dies,  
There kilted Scotia from Prince William flies:  
Aspiring Charles deserts the reeling host,  
And claims to crowns and coronets are lost  
In glowing colours, next were seen below,  
The deluge, ark, and covenantal bow,  
Where baffled Babel heaven's high space enshrouds,  
While Noah's sons bear mortar through the clouds.  
Sol's rapid course, o'er Gibeon Joshua stays,  
The milder moon on Ajalon obeys;  
Jericho falls, subdued by sacred sound,  
And its proud walls lie prostrate on the ground:  
Where, tho' rough horns shook solid bulwarks down,

'Tis sweeter music that erects the town :  
For when Amphion+strikes the harp, his strains  
Move rocks and groves in dances to the plains:

\*The famous inventor of the Barometer, or weather glass, hence called the Torricellian Tube.

+*Amphion* was said to be the son of Jupiter and Antiope, and the founder of the city of Thebes by the music of his harp. If a performer on the harp in ancient times met with equal encouragement to a modern fiddler, this was probably a fact.

[26]

The rocks and groves the Doric strains obey,

Fit strength and grandeur modulate his lay:

To lofty tones the' Ionian columns rise,

Swell as they swell and heave into the skies.

With softer airs he plies the lighter style,

Harmonic touches ornament each pile;

Acanthus, round the rich Corinthian grows,

And mix'd composite blooms in massive rows:

Till marble forests nod along the ground,

In far perspective's misty distance drown'd:

Then with full chords he fills his skilful hands,

And Thebes completed at the cadence stands.



So Paganini, when he bids adieu—  
(Oft the old sharpers yield our fools to new,)  
With English scrapings, laughing carried home,  
Amphion like, intends rebuilding Rome.  
Let Princes raise proud palaces and thrones,  
Cut, carve and polish, costly beams and stones;  
On foreign artists shower the public purse,  
Yon arch triumphal's but a splendid curse:  
Yon gallery what? a puppet-shew! shame bawls;  
Where sanguine chiefs fly-flap insulted walls:  
Where murders legalized, with ruin smile,  
And the worlds madmen are preserved in oil:  
A gallery!—fools indeed we are; what! zounds!  
One fiend unframed cost fifty thousand pounds!  
What foreign fortunes have our follies made,  
While English artists languish in the *shade!*—  
Feast on the *clouds* with singing angels crown'd,  
Or live on *lights*, and perish on *back grounds*.  
Ye sallow thieves, that skim across the waves!  
Foul Pag'! brave *Signior!* fiddling, picturing knaves!

[27]

Ye kind *Signoras!* who, at fancy's call,  
Tweedle for cash, and let yourselves to all—  
Ye jaundiced jilts who haunt each public stew—  
Oh! how have English fools been duped by you!  
Rise, MAN!—sweet painters, dancers, singers, whores,  
Indignant rise! and sweep thy plundered shores,  
Sweep out the filth—the dregs and scum of Rome,  
Let British bounties be bestow'd at Home.

[29]

CANTO II.

Miner's affliction—debate thereon, and determination of his neighbours—messenger's journey to the Bakewell Magician—description of his person—furniture and qualifications—encounter of the messenger with an automaton—prescription and return.

With pleasure man's not uniformly blest,  
Such long satiety would spoil the zest;  
Nor are the sufferings of his nature vain,  
His sweetest moments are the fruits of pain;  
And as the knife a sounder healing brings,  
So virtue's fountain in affliction springs.  
The storms of life all human peace assail,  
Or in the capitol, or sheltering dale;  
Alike they drive on infancy and years,  
Each eye must weep the' appointed cup of tears;  
Or if or not, God's blessings are abused,  
From pain no mortal, heaven has yet excused;  
It tends alike, the couch of straw and down,  
The' arthritic monarch and rheumatic clown:  
Smites Æsculapius\* 'midst his stores of health,  
And batters Croesus+ through his walls of wealth;

\**Æsculapius* was the son of *Apollo* and the nymph *Coronis*, and an eminent physcian.

+ *Croesus* was the last king of *Lydia*, and son of *Halyattus*; so rich, that *Croesi divitiæ* became a proverb, to denote abundance of wealth. For a particular account of this monarch, see *Herodotus*.

[30]

Darts in the whirlwind—floats upon the breeze —  
Creeps down the vales, and hangs upon the trees—  
Strikes in a sunbeam—in the evening cool—  
Flags on the fog, and stagnates on the pool—  
In films ætherial, taints the vital air—  
Steals through a pore, and creeps along a hair—  
Invades the eye in light—the ear in sounds—  
Kills with a touch, and at a distance wounds.

Mortality assaults us from our birth,  
And Thor fell sick, like other sons of earth;  
What caused the grief, he never stoop'd to note,  
If want of oxygen, or foul azote\*:  
He little anxious for himself, or wife,  
How this, or that preserves, or shortens life:  
Ask'd not the leech who all the country bled,  
Why venal blood was black—arterial red?  
How the first cause so intimately join'd  
This thoughtless body, to this thinking mind;  
By metaphysics ne'er aspired in vain,  
To strike the topmost link in nature's chain;  
Nor philosophic Pegasus bestrode,  
But mounted common sense the common road,  
Rode on, with what's intuitively known,  
Along no dubious path, but on his own.

\**Oxygen* and *Azote*, or *Nitrogen* are the principal constituents of atmospheric air.  
*Oxygen* is said to give the red colour to the blood, by its contact with that fluid in the

pulmonary vessels; its continual union with the surface of the human body may tend still more to produce that colour—to add to the animal heat derived from respiration: and to preserve the blood in a state of fluidity.

[31]

What proved him most, a man of sober sense,

He bore with patience, ills from providence;

Unlike those men, who madly under pain

Curse human life, yet hope to mend again;

His simple soul betray'd no rising sigh,

Of anxious hope to live, or fear to die;

But wisely waited nature's fix'd behest,

Content in this—Whatever is, is best.

Three lingering moons, while Thor afflicted lay,

Came friends from far and neighbours every day;

*Sole-slicken Sole-tree* brought Culpepper's book,

And diet-drink, from herbs of *Hay-cliff-nook*;

"*The Lord o' the Field*" sent *Darby ale\** to take,

And *Buddie Bing-hole* brought him sound *oatcake*;

Most likely things, when patients long for meat,

But Doctor *Stope-rise* charged him not to eat:

When *Hading Hang-bench*, muttering in his sleeve,

Said, *Faith+* would cure him, if he *would* believe;

But *Tithe-dish* said, that Thor was unforgiven,

*Faith, without works*, excluded him from heaven;

And Peter doubtlessly would bar his gates

'Gainst Thor, and all who paid no sacred rates:

*Kevvle* opposed such doctrine face to face,

And fear'd *Tithe-ore* outweigh'd his *Lot* of grace;

The Salamanca Corpus: *Medicus Magus* (1836)

\* Ben Johnson, calls Derbyshire " the Region of Ale." See his *Masks*.

+ On the first introduction of a certain religious sect into the Peak; a pious *cant* who had formed a very high opinion of the efficacy of his *own* faith, requested his wife, on the *laying of leaven*, to put in no meal, and he would try *to believe some in* by baking time; the credulous old lady on opening the tub next morning, exclaimed, " Ay Joe! there's na livin' by faith now-a'-days!"

[32]

Thought *he* did little, yet had much to say,  
Who gave the produce of *one cow* away;  
Made this *good work* a meritorious sea, A  
nd swam to heaven on buttermilk and whey.  
While sound *Blue-John* stood like his native *rocks*  
And proved such shepherds fleeced their hungry flocks.  
The C-iv-r Pope then whirl'd his *Hoppet* round,  
And wish'd all heretics were nicely brown'd:  
But *Stemple Square-wood*\* check'd the *Jagger's* ass,  
And shew'd his scull *Black Bolder*, faced with *Brass*:  
When *Smytham Spar-lid* from the cold Cross-Lowe,+  
Ask'd, "What did *Square-wood* or the Doctors know?"  
Raised to his brow his spectacles, and said,  
Ere Venus rose the patient should be bled;

\**Square-wood* is a native of——, now subsisting on his earning of four or five shillings per week; who, under all the privations of poverty, and the pressure of the times, has arrived at a great degree of proficiency in most of the sciences, and writes his own language with a propriety and elegance rarely equalled. Universities! \_\_\_\_! one spark, struck from the rock of native genius, would set a world on fire, ere the vapid flame of acquirement had lighted the match.

+ The names of many villages in the Peak terminate with the syllable *lowe*: as the word *lilly-lowe* is frequently employed by the natives to denote a flame or blaze; those

places probably stand on the sites of the ancient Saxon wind-furnaces, or *cupel-lowes*, used for smelting ore.

[33]

For then, she entering on an aqueous sign,

Might *scour* the *Water-level* in his groin.

In came *Pee Pipe-work*, he who never tires

Of vending Bog-bean, pluck'd in *Wardlow-mires*;

He shew'd his herb of salutary power,

And vow'd one dose would cure him in an hour;

Which next was tried: as other nostrums fail'd,

This fail'd in turn, and what the patient ail'd

No one could tell; but many judged amiss,

Some named it that, and others named it this:

*Roach, Rag-pump, Rider, Clivis* of *Moot-hall*,

Opined it was the *Belland* in the gall;—

*Breck, Buckler, Bunnin, Brazen-dish*, and *Bole*,

As wisely thought it *Gravel* in the *Sole*;

When *Main-rake Meerstake* gave this sage advice,

"Let some one go to *Bakewell* in a trice,

Take Thor's first morning water in a phial,  
And give the *Urinoscopist*\* a trial."  
On this, the sober sages all agreed,  
That nothing's like good help in time of need;  
So *Randum Rider* being swift to run,  
With phial charged went off, or ere the sun  
Had clear'd the dales from vapours of the night,  
Or crown'd Sir William with his purple light,  
Fearful he sped adown the dismal dale,  
Like some poor dog with lumber at its tail;  
Thor Yule and à-Ben Sydrach in his mind,  
The conjuror before and death behind.

\**Urinoscopist*, or *Uroscopist*, a water-caster, or one who pretends to derive a knowledge of diseases from the urine of his patients.

[34]

The smouldering lime-kilns lent a flickering ray,  
And through the darkness cast a dubious day;  
By fits the flame threw sombre horror round,  
On pine-clad cliff and Tor with foliage crown'd:  
The restless winds were still, nor breath'd a breath,

All living lay in temporary death;  
Rocks, hills, and vales, were clad in fearful gloom,  
And nature slumber'd on her marble tomb:  
O'er her one curtain hung the dark and bright  
August funereal drapery of night.  
Touch'd by the' *Old Woman* whom we ne'er forego,  
Here Randum felt his courage slip below;  
The baseless magic learnt in tender years,  
Brought up a host of spectres to his fears:  
Threw back all manhood from the' external part,  
And drove it on its citadel, the heart;  
O'er sense and motion held a dread controul,  
And fix'd him fast, a man without a soul.  
As when a timorous hare from cover bounds,  
And swiftly leaves at fault the clamorous hounds,  
Then hirples on, now stands erect to hear  
The notes of ruin swelling at her rear;  
Till off she starts again, so Randum stood,  
Fix'd on the stones that cross the mountain flood;  
All eye—awake—mane—ears, full set to fear,  
To silence listening, yet afraid to hear  
The gentle breeze move o'er the pine-clad height,  
Or silver brook that murmur'd at his feet:  
Intent on forms he never wish'd to see,  
On what there never was, nor e'er shall be;  
Aghast at trees by storms and lightnings torn,  
At cliff and rock-crag crown'd with hideous thorn;

[35]

For cliff and crag were demons of the night,



The future world seem'd open to his sight;  
In Raven-tor\* the nestlings croak'd aloud.  
Death seem'd awaking from his silent shroud;  
For now, the Scotsman+ issued from the cave  
Of Caelswark dark, his sepulchre and grave;  
Throat cut; a gory, gaping, ghastly corse,  
Which pass'd him dangling on the murderer's horse;  
While to his eye Rock-Gardens seem'd to blaze,  
And Lovers'-Leap# was seen through rudy haze:

\* A perpendicular rock in Eyam Dale, in the top of which is a cavity, the aviary of ravens, owls, and other carnivorous birds.

+ About half a century since, a skeleton was discovered in this cavern, said to belong to a Scotch pedlar who frequented the Derbyshire Wakes with jewellery. Nothing satisfactory was ever elicited as to the means by which his body was deposited in this cavern. Tradition states that he was murdered, the body laid across a horse, and carried into this dismal receptacle by the murderers, who were met by some miners, whom the horrible spectacle so terrified as to unfit them for a correct relation of what they had seen.

# *Lovers' Leap* is a high rock at the eastern entrance of Middleton Dale; from the summit of which a despairing damsel took a similar leap to that of the celebrated Lady of Lesbos. Our modern Sappho, a native of Stony Middleton; like her prototype, finding her dear Phaon inexorable, threw herself from this precipice; fortunately, her dress forming a sort of parachute, she sustained little injury. It was the opinion of the ancients, that all those who threw themselves from the promontory of Leucate, and were taken up alive, found themselves rid of their passion: so it seems a good sousing in the Leucadian sea quenched their flames; our desperate heroine, Miss Baggaley, found hers completely quenched in a dry *saw-pit*.

Deep Cussy dell stood wide upon his sight,  
There fays and satyrs danced in dubious light;  
The village bell struck *five*, fear counted *one*,  
"Heaven aid my steps!" he cried; "would I were gone!"  
Then off he ran, swift as a wounded hind,  
Look'd not before, nor dared to look behind  
Up Oaken-edge, by Saxon Odin's dam—  
Black-harry-house, above the dale of Cam—  
Across the *Rake* once wrought by Roman bands,  
By Hassop's groves, and Crackendo's fat lands,  
Where Chatsworth's oxen feed; descending by  
The rookried Holme, and to the town on Wye,—  
Where he arrived, ere dawn'd the cheerful morn,  
Or dew-drop glitter'd on the scented thorn.

Just then, Seer Sydrach rubb'd his heavy eyes,  
Turn'd o'er again, nor thought it time to rise;  
Till *Randum's* heavy iron-defended toe,  
Full on the postern placed a thundering blow,  
Which brought the star-man to the realms below,  
"Who's there ?" said he, as twang'd the massy bar,  
The groaning gate seem'd answer'd from afar:  
"I come, Thor Yule is sick!" the voice replied,  
"Come in as *Random* enter'd petrified,  
The constellated hall of ancient date,

Where births, and lives, and deaths were fix'd by fate.  
Then first he saw, array'd in sacred gloom,  
The dread interior of the Delphian room;  
Where stood Old Sydrach by his *tripod* rare,  
Sunk were his eyes, his bony limbs were bare;

[37]

White were his locks, and long; his heavy brow  
Hung, rock-like, threatening *crag* and *stump* below.  
A yellow girdle bound his starry vest,  
The golden buckle glitter'd on his breast;  
His grizzly beard stood forward on his chin,  
And gave a savage grimness to his grin:  
While, as he roll'd his eyes around the place,  
*Memento mori* wrinkled in his face.  
Well had he studied mathematic lore—  
Magic profound,—horometry,—had store  
Of learned tomes; as Euclid—Johnny Dee  
Cardan, Copernicus, and Tycho Brahe—  
Volumes of Urinoscopy—the famous  
Old Tetrasticks of Michael Nostradamus:  
He knew whatever's in oblivion's womb,—  
All past events; the present, and to come:  
Weigh'd to a drachm each sultry season's thunder,  
In short, made Almanacs without a blunder+.

\*An old writer observes:— "Death begynneth to wryte his name yn the human face at seventye; for the ynitial of the Latine worde Mors, ys plainlye to be reade yn the wrynkle on eyche side of the nose, and yforme a perfecte M;" and thence infers that Latin must be the universal language since nature wrote it.

+ In days of yore, there lived at Moor Ha two old bachelors, famous for nothing but making their own Almanacs. One Christmas night, having nearly completed their annual directory, while poring over its columns, spectacted to a rushlight, for the purpose of ascertaining if any improvement could be made in the weather department: Mark observed to Moses that he thought it would do *very weel*, but it was rather short o' thunner; on which Moses inserted eighteen cracks more in June, and a loud *thundge* on the fifth of November.

[38]

Cat corns, cured warts, the tooth-ache, cold, catarrh,

Tertian, and quartan,—\*wounds, without a scar,—

Fits epileptic, by the application

Of charms, well suited to imagination;

With the confessor+, touch'd the royal evil,

And by enchantment *raised* and *laid* the devil.

\* The following is said to be a cure for the ague. Let the patient repair to the church-yard at midnight, and dig a sod from a new-made grave; then let him lie down with his mouth to the hole; and when the church-clock strikes twelve, repeat the Lord's Prayer, and he shall be healed. At first thought this mode of treatment appears to be extremely absurd; but when we consider the powerful effects of fear, in producing a copious perspiration and a general movement of the animal spirits, we shall not be disposed to pass too hasty a censure upon the wisdom of our great-grandfathers.

+ That the reader may know what kind of credit to place in the relation of the cures performed by the touch of St. Edward the Confessor, we shall relate the following story:— His Majesty being one Easter-day at dinner, in company with his

nobles and others of his suite, suddenly burst into a great fit of laughter. After dinner three of the said nobles, Earl Harold, an Abbot, and a Bishop, being more familiar with him than the rest, asked him the reason of his laughter. I saw, said he, admirable things, and therefore laughed, and not without occasion: whereupon, musing a long while unto himself, at length he told them, that seven sleeper's had rested in Mount Cælius two hundred years, lying on their right sides; but in the very moment of his laughter, had turned themselves upon their left sides; and that they should so continue for the space of seventy-four years after.— *Principal Navigations, Voyages, and Traffiques of the English nation. By Richard Hacluyt, Student of Christ-Church, Oxford. Quarto Ed., An. 1599, vol. 2, page 11.*

[39]

Emblazon'd richly on a silver sphere,  
 Twelve golden signs defined the rolling year;  
 Hieroglyphics graced the sullen walls,  
 Chaldean Authors, Arabs, Greeks, and Gauls;  
*Proclus, Alchindus, Thaumaturgus, Gaël,*  
*Guido, Bonetus, Hispaleusis, Baäl,*  
*Firmius, Abraham, Hermes Trismegist,*  
 With fifty others on the magic list.  
 Here were eclipses, nodes, nocturnal noon,  
 There Libra weighed the tides against the moon—  
 Dark language, written "**per Phantasmagorian,**  
**Cardivalor, et Dodecatimorian**  
**Pars torturæ infra olde Dragone's teyle;**  
**Venus and Mara combusto denote hotte heyle:**  
**Ab angula cadente; Virgo noddes,**  
**Aquarius spiers the urinales o' th' Goddes.**  
 Wing—altar-like, were written, uncouth rhymes  
 The half reveal'd events of future times:

These be transcribed. "The harvystes quhyll be goode,  
That yeare Batavie drouded is, by floode.  
An earthquaike lyfteth Ilandes from the see,  
And floateth Pekyn on the Zuydur Zee.  
The Tournynge Pole, quhelle gardit by the beare,  
By straunge precessione quhanders ev'ry year:  
Ymaks the monstre madde; so once in tenne,  
Backe to the steppe he trondleth it agen:  
Maugre his strengthe! one myllyone-nyntie-nyne,  
The frostye Pole quhyll tourne quhares nowe the lyne;  
The sonne quhyll ryse quhare nowe it setts, and glowe  
Yvertykle, on *Nova Zemle's* snowe:

[40]

*Aldeb'ran's* eyne be coucht, and playnlie see  
*Europa* lyke a distaunt londe mayde free;

Syne olde scull-caudron crownes be bote and solde,  
And worldes unknown regenerate the olde."—

Here anagrams in characters profound,  
A hundred urinalls encipher'd round;  
Large store had he of gally-pots and jugs—  
Retorts in sand—flasks—balnei, and drugs—  
Pure aquae fungus, blue æthereal whey  
From moon-cheese press'd:—milk from the vi' lactè'  
Eringo, elder root and witch-elm bark,  
The true cinchona peel'd in Haddon Park\*— F  
rankincense, foxglove, fenugreek and galls,

Garlic and ginger ; Sydrach's staling balls;  
With viper broth, he gave his patients gratis:  
Kunrath's old *aquæ magnanimitatis*+,

\**Cinchona*, Peruvian bark, from plants of the order Rubiaceæ, of which there are upwards of twenty different kinds sold by the druggists under three or four names only.

+This spyrit was distilled from the large ants. It was of excellent use to styre up the animale spyrit; in so myche that John Casmire, Palsgrave of the Rhone, and Seyfrie of Collen, generale agaynste the Turkes, did alwayes drynke thereof when they went to fyte; to yncrease magnanymitie and courage; which it did even to admyratione. — *Chymistrie by John Frenche*.

The powder of human skulls, in doses of ʒj was used in epilepsy : those which had been long buried were to be preferred ; and some limited the effect to that triangular bone called the *os triquetrum*. — *Gray's Supplement to the Pharmacopoeias*.

Bear's grease, and mummy, fox-lungs, stone-horse warts,  
Stag's pizzle, frog-spawn, toads, and serpents' darts;  
Earth-worms, and wood-lice, sea-horse-teeth; and horn  
Of hart; rhinoceros, ram, and unicorn:  
And in the bladder of a lapland stag,  
Spirit of moonshine, smuggled by a hag,  
In spite of custom-house—the lynx-eyed boys  
Of penal plunder, in the de'il's excise;  
Wind-eggs of animalcula, eighteen,  
A most approved nostrum for the spleen;  
Elk's hoof and *pulvis cranium humanum*:  
A learn'd black dwarf that mutter'd *in arcanum*;

A salamander, basking in a blaze,  
Sublimed by *Madness* from the lunar rays.  
Paul Cowley's tongs\*, which barnacled the de'il,  
While Marriott shod him on his cloven heel:

\*Paul was an eminent magician of Barlowe, near Chesterfield. Turner, the vulcan of the village made the shoe, after a particular pattern furnished by Paul, from iron, upon which never hammer had been laid. The "towzie tyke" was then securely fastened to a large sycamore, while Marriott set on the shoe: unfortunately, for want of skill or practice upon hooves of that description, the poor de'il got pricked, and was discharged from Paul's menage incurable. Being in great agony on his journey home, he kicked so violently on passing Chesterfield Church, that he twisted the spire, and a buttress on the north-east angle retains the print of the shoe to the present day: the fabric was otherwise seriously injured, and no man *can repair it*.— *Church History* by Peter Madin, Sexton, Chesterfield, vol. 9, pa. 1980. *Quarto edition*.

[42]

The sieve through which was milk'd the Dunmore cow\*,  
Infernal brimstone, white asbestine tow;  
Brass fire-proof boots, leagues long, to wade the shoals  
Of flaming Phlegethon, and fish for soles;

An abacus+, an astrolabe for night,  
A rush well dipp'd in elfin's grease, for light  
That ne'er went out; an antique clock, beside,  
Which gave loud warning ere a person died;  
The curious works were neatly carv'd in wood,  
Never wound up, and yet had never *stood*;



Its summit ended in a ruin'd tow'r,

Where two grey owlets hooted every hour:

\* This celebrated cow pastured upon Dunmore heath, that gave milk to every one in that neighbourhood, until a witch, envying the good fortune of those whom she supplied, milked her through a riddle, upon which she went mad; whereupon Guy, Earl of Warwick, slew her. A rib of this wonderful and generous beast is preserved in the chancel of Chesterfield Church, measuring upwards of six feet long. We are inclined to think that this is a *Catholic relic*—the jaw of a small whale, as the insertions of the bones of the palate are still visible. It was probably procured by the *wonder-working priests*, and exhibited to the superstitious for ungodly gain, as the rib of the bewitched mad cow of Dunmore, slain by the most *Godly* and most *Christian Knight*, Guy, Earl of Warwick.— *Church History*, by Peter Madin, Sexton, Chesterfield, vol 9, pa. 1980. *Quarto edition.*

+ *An abacus* was a table divided by parallel lines, anciently used for calculation. An *astrolabe* is an instrument chiefly employed in taking the altitude of the pole, sun, and stars.

[43]

Beneath,—a monk and nun reposed together,

*Automata*, that smelt all future weather.

On these gazed *Randum* with a rueful face,  
Fix'd as a stone, nor dared to change his place;  
Till Sydrach, rising with a solemn air,  
Politely pointed to an easy chair:  
So down he sat, his trembling knees were slack,  
As quickly leap'd a *Death* upon his back;

Whose bony arms his trembling frame embraced,  
The horrid sconce, grinn'd, on his shoulder placed;  
They cheek-by-jole (the monster on his rear),  
A double statue seem'd of Death and Fear.  
The seer through large green glasses watch'd the strife,  
As restless *Randum* bawl'd and tugg'd for life;  
"Silence, good man!" said he, "allay your fear!  
Be patient! what's your early business here?"  
"Good master conjuror!" *Randum* said, "be civil!  
Ah! woe is me!—re-move this—dismal devil!"  
Then tugg'd again, till faint for lack of breath,  
He thinks amiss, who thinks to conquer Death;  
Who all-relentless mock'd his strength and skill,  
For every struggle left him faster still;  
"Doctor!" he cried,—"oh, Doctor!-haste! oh dear!  
Ah! what's a Doctor, when the monarch's near?  
Oh! take this phial at my hand, pray do!  
And tell me Yule's complaint and let me go!"  
Then gazing sidelong on the ghastly jowl,  
Exclaim'd, "the Lord have mercy on my soul!"  
On this, dread Sydrach waved his ebon wand,  
Received the phial at poor *Randum's* hand:

[44]

Smelt at its cork, then rubb'd it on his gown,  
Look'd through it thrice, and turn'd it upside down;  
Pronounced the patient dangerously ill,  
"A case requiring superhuman skill."  
On which he drew his horoscope divine,  
With sextile, trine, and sign opposed to sign;

Fill'd up each house to the planetary hour,  
Observed each aspect and its varying power;  
Found Mars malignant—in the seventh—fix'd,  
Just on the cusp, sesquiplicate, and mix'd;  
Quartile, the wandering stars—opposed—combined,  
The earthly trigon—dry—to death inclined:  
The poisonous *Scorpion* stew'd in *Sirius'* rays,  
A certain aspect of unhealthy days;  
Which shew'd disease, *per scabiosum signum*,  
With use for (*psora*) *sulphur et orig'num*,  
*Sibly's bright solar tincture—"Drops of Lignum."*  
Tis well, said he, that Jupiter is here  
*Lord o' th' ascendant*; for this day and year;  
Slags from his temple on the Lybian sands,  
Are what the patient's malady demands:  
"Remember, friend, procure when you go back,  
Two ounces good of BOLE AMMONIAC;\*  
Which boil in milk; 'tis medicine sublime,  
And that he take it warm and at one time,

\*The modern nomenclature writes, Bole Armeniac; but our most learned Doctor affirms, that the real bole is brought from the site of the temple of Jupiter Ammon, hence he writes it ammoniac; and, further, affirms it to be the slag, or cinder of the sacrificial fires, kindled in the worship of the god. Who dare dispute the point with astrology?

[45]

*Magna res est*: be careful! boil it when  
The planet Jupiter shall rise;—at ten  
At eventide. A mark I now demand,

Which pay, and Death shall quickly loose his hand."  
The sum discharged—he touch'd a secret spring,  
Which from his back dislodged the ghostly king;  
And in a moment by a quick trap-door,  
Unseen by *Randum*, closed him in the floor.

[47]

CANTO III.

Morning—arrival of the Messenger—his serious mistake —boiling of Old Moore—  
Battle of Constellations and Dissolution of the Planets—Superstition—tremendous  
dose—its effects—observations of old Women thereon—Miner's recovery and his  
opinion of Astrology, &c. &c.

Now fair Aurora usher'd in the dawn,  
And strew'd with orient pearls the vernal lawn,  
While twilight stole along the mountains grey, T  
urn'd up her misty skirts and fled away.  
Returning milkmaids cheer'd the vocal vales,  
And barns responded to the surly flails:  
The jocund rustic whistling at the plough,—  
The shrill-piped throstle on the hawthorn's bough,

The tuneful groves—the rusty rook's loud cry,  
And merry woodlark waked the world to joy;  
When *Randum Rider* lighted of his load,  
Escaped from Death, right gladly took the road.

O ! had some drops of lethe drown'd his mind,  
Or Death's hard fist struck intellection blind?  
Was recollection lost, or half his hearing?  
The muse *affirms* not, and despises swearing;  
Perhaps some wag-familiar hover'd near,  
And fill'd with strange cacophony his ear;  
[48]

Prevail'd on Pythia\* in an adverse frame,  
To give the Recipe another name;  
To turn the Doctor's BOLE AMMONIAC  
In Randum's ear, to good OLD ALMANAC:  
For back he sped surcharged with error's tale,  
And soon regain'd the solitary dale:  
Where Thor's kind spouse, all-hopeless, doom'd to mourn,  
With watchful gossips, long'd for his return.  
"He comes, at last!" said *Kibble*, looking out,  
And quickly ask'd, what were the tidings brought?  
"Brought!" Randum cried—"I never went before,"  
And he who once has been, will go no more:  
Curse on his arts! the urinary quack  
Fix'd some hard knuckled goblin on my back:  
Which screw'd me down, and cramp'd my aching arms,  
While he read stars and churn'd his hellish charms:

There might I still have been,—and this the choice,  
Pay! pay, or break the' infernal blacksmith's vice; H  
e holds with hell a partnership in trade,  
And Death, and Doctor Sydrach will be paid:  
Who thus directed, ere I journeyed back,  
To boil in milk a good *Old Almanac!*  
"An Almanac!!" *said Knock-bark*, "strange! I trow!"  
"Yes, Almanac!" roar'd *Randum*, "don't I know  
What the oaf said, d'ye think? *plague-take*+ such sense!  
Why! any shuttle-skull might carry thence,

\**Pythia* the priestess who gave the oracles of Apollo at Delphi.

+*Plake take ye !* or *Plague take you!* an exclamation

[49]

A hundred things like that! *Breck!* bring the batch!—

"Old Moore, Poor Richard, and the Paddy's Watch:"

"There's one" *said Forefield*, "on the cupboard door;

But shall we boil a sheet, man ! or Old Moore ?"

Said *Randum*, "boil Old Moore:—I understood

The dose must weigh at least, two ounces good:

As *Richard*, *Partridge*, *Paddy* are too light,

To boil *Old Moore* must certainly be right.

So fetch the kettle ere the time be gone,

And mend the fire, good *Breck*, and set him on:

But, stay thy hand awhile! if I am right,

We must not boil the' old boy, till ten at night."

Day in his car on trackless wheels of time,

Roll'd slowly onward from the Orient clime;  
Oft turn'd his glass, the measured sands to pour,  
Till pain and patience brought the wish'd-for hour.  
When down the dell, Thor's curious friends repair'd,  
To see the dreadful medicine prepared.  
*Calamy Cupel* then at *Randum's* call,  
Seized Francis Moore—*brown jacket, cap* and all:  
Turn'd up her eyes, as if in ecstasy,  
And plunged him headlong in the brazen sea:  
Then set him on, and as the mass grew hot,  
Old *For-stid Fire-house* watch'd and stirr'd the pot;  
To sputtering pother gave the contents birth,  
And *vox stellarum* first was heard on earth.  
Then boil'd old *Saturn*, Jupiter his son,  
Mad *Mars* and *Juno* caper'd with the *Moon*;

which originated at the desolation of Eyam, by the plague, and was used by the Peakerins to produce terror in children, or as a curse to their adversaries.

[50]

*Mercurius* swift, in *Cycloids\** wildly turn'd,  
As *Venus* fair, on *Vesta's* altar burn'd.  
To calm the storm wise *Pallas* undertook:  
But *Ceres* slew her with her reaping-hook.  
The lecherous *Goat* and *Ram*, of envy full,  
Now ran full butt against the bellowing *Bull*;

While *Sagittarius* drove his winged dart,  
A cloth-yard long, through *Leo's* back and heart.  
The sportive *Dolphin* lost its golden fins,  
And *Virgo* prematurely brought forth *Twins*.  
Miss *Martin-oh!*+ (*The Crab*)the *Twins* did loathe,  
And sent *Aquarius* up, to drown them both:  
But *Scorpio* stung her, in a secret part,  
She died, and *Libra* weigh'd her rotten heart.  
Then next were heard *the canonized* in pain,  
For SWITHIN boil'd in forty days of rain;  
While tongs-arm'd DUNSTAN pinch'd proud Becket's nose;  
St. BLASE pugnacious took the ring for blows,  
But LAWRENCE fearless of *the Comber's* stroke,  
Hot from the gridiron made his *fleece* to smoke;

\*The Cycloid (*in Geometry,*) is a figure made by the upper end of the diameter of a circle, turning about a right line.

+It is the natural action of the Crab to move backward, and such is the retrograde march of the filthy and abominable Malthusian school. Does the antiquated and mouldy Miss Martineau suppose that nature will accommodate *her*, by stopping one of its regular stage waggons, while her little insignificant pug dog passes? *Political Economy!* that phrase in modern *feelosofy* means *oppression of the poor*;—the infamous poor-laws amendment bill springs from this source.

[51]

When Cappadocian GEORGE the Dragon slew,  
And CRISPIN croon'd his requiem o'er a shoe;  
St. Patrick made St. Denis break the law,  
*Mon Dieu!* said Denis, *avec l' Usquebac!*



Vincent and Agnes, Giles and Anne of France,  
Four-hands-about, kept up the sweltering dance:  
While gude Saunt Andrew garr'd the càdron boil,  
Took snuff, and gied them music a' the while.  
Thus red-named Saints in purgatory mourn'd,  
No prayers avail'd, so down they boil'd or burn'd.

Again did *Firehouse* move the mass around,  
The rolling spheres gave out a dreadful sound;  
For storms of rattling hail, there seemed to pass;  
Loud peals of thunder shook the jarring brass:  
Red *meteors* hiss'd, and shot a horrid glare:  
Vast *comets* shook the sparkles from their hair:  
Till *Sole-tree* started from the antique settle,  
And vow'd he saw Old Sidrach stir the kettle;  
Which *Plug* and *Wing* affirm'd; and said they knew  
Some haust old fiend was straddling down the flue,  
On the black ratten hooks would soon descend,  
And hoped that roost would be his journey's end.  
Said *Firehouse*, "let him come! for who needs fear?  
Sure times are better in his realms than here;  
Here are we starved; there (heaven avert the harm!)  
On his *slag-hearth* shall wickedness be warm  
With that, he roused the tire—fresh fuel broke,  
Till *Nicco* 'hemm'd, quite rusty with the smoke—  
Fled up the *Fang*, and wheezing hard for wind,  
Shot *sulphur-sacrum* down on all behind :

[52]

Thus urged, the kettle boil'd in blazes blue,  
And moved the constellations into view:  
Then huge *Orion* met in awful fight,  
*Centaurus* arm'd, who closed his eyes in night;  
As *Hydra* raised his speckled crests for war,  
And coil'd his volumes round a *fixed star*  
And loosen'd it; and dragg'd it from its place;  
And dash'd the burning ruin in the face  
Of *Hercules*; who, in the *Lernian lake*,  
Had once abused this many-headed snake.  
*Castor* call'd brother *Polux*, fool, and knave,  
For this vast *Cetus* swallow'd up the knave.  
Mad *Canis* bark'd at *Ursa Major's* roar;  
Bright *Lyra's* strings ne'er sounded so before;  
The furious *Centaur* kicked *Bootes* down—  
Upset the *Altar*—crack'd the *Austral Crown*—  
With *Pegasus* at strife then gallopp'd round;  
Plunged in *Eridanus*,—and both were drown'd.  
Mons *Mænalus*, like *Ætna* flamed, and smoked,  
*Auriga* cough'd, but *Cepheus* was choked;

*Andromeda* despair'd of *Perseus'* care,

And hang'd herself in *Berenice's* hair.

Gay *Pavo* spread his beauteous plumage wide,

*Lupus* observed and bit him for his pride.

Hoarse *Corvus* croak'd, and wheel'd aloft in pain,

While *Phoenix* burn'd, in hope to rise again.

An *Argo* wreck'd, *Columba* to her stand,

Coo'd for a peace, and waved her olive wand.

Now reign'd deep darkness over hill and vale,  
And sounds were heard of somewhat in the dale;  
'Tis said at half-past ten Thor's clock struck one;  
The candle's flame inverted, dimly shone;

[53]

The fire crack'd strangely,—threw a coffin out—  
A beast-like snorting, too, was heard without;  
Moore scarcely simmer'd in the dreadful pan,  
A thrilling horror through the watchers ran;  
While SUPERSTITION in the barque of fate,—  
The fears his crew, unsteady doubt his mate—  
With error's chart, in faith's imperious gale,  
Without a compass weigh'd and spread his sail;  
For some strange world, or unknown land, that lies  
Beyond the range of these diurnal skies—  
Beyond the elliptic path, the comet runs,

Through other systems and round other suns—  
Beyond the scienced reach, of ought refined  
In Herschell's mighty ken, or Newton's mind;  
A continent whose unexplored bound,  
Stretches athwart eternity's profound  
Unmeasured ocean; where, nor longitude  
Its ample arch extends, nor latitude.  
Nor moon, nor star by night, nor sun by day,  
Directs the circumnavigator's way.

On—on, he drove as winds, or waves impell'd.—  
On many a million leagues his course he held;  
Unknown the clime, unknowing whither bound,  
He many a fabled world encoasted round:  
Heard dreadful words no mortals understand;  
Saw being, ne'er to be—dark mystery's land;  
All-shapeless form—full void, and matter old—  
Death never dead—joy—misery untold;  
Andes of fiction by old poets rear'd,  
And truth, and falsehood's rougher rocks appear'd:  
Quarries, whence alchemists had dug of old,  
Transmuting stones, for philosophic gold.

[54]

Unfathom'd waters lash'd the hideous strand,  
And in-land oceans roll'd along the land,  
Where play'd Leviathan and Corvan dire;  
Where strange *Chimoeroe* bask'd on lakes of fire;  
Where demons rode on dragons—bootless—bare,  
Ate human hearts alive, and drank despair.

On—on he sail'd; the deep disorder'd groan'd—  
On, by the realms where ruin sat enthroned;  
In dark confusion urged his rapid course,  
Where gravitation held no central force:  
Where noiseless thunder burst in harmless aim,  
And water mingled with its restless flame:  
With snow and ice piled up in hideous forms,  
And summer's breezes, mix'd with winter's storms;  
Where light difform in darkness floated round,  
And patient silence mock'd herself with sound:  
There then he dash'd against a solid shore,  
Truth struck the barque, which sunk to rise no more.

Just then, the candle raised its pallid rays,  
And the dead fire resumed its former blaze:  
On fear drawn features threw a cheerful cast,  
As Francis Moore just bubbled out his last.  
*New-moons*, old *rain-bows* rose upon the mass,  
One *summer* froze another into glass;  
Till *winter* came, and with an ardent ray  
*Thaw'd* down the gelid ruin of the day.  
All *past events*—all *future* good and ill—  
All *motion* ceased and *time* and *tide* stood still:  
Fair *Cynthia* veil'd her modest face in *night*;  
Young *morning* blush'd to crimson at the sight;

The Salamanca Corpus: *Medicus Magus* (1836)

*The heavens*, the deeps sunk down in tones of woe,  
Spring, fount and flood, and river ceased to flow—  
Stars, moon and sun expired, with light and heat,  
And nature's pendulum no more would beat.

The restless winds were still, nor breath'd a breath ;  
Insentient being felt the general death;

Back into chaos nature had revolved,

And Francis Moore was perfectly dissolved:

Whose hot contents were pour d into a bowl,

That oft with better fare had raised the soul ;

When ample *yule-clogs*\* lent their heat and light,

And all-spiced possets warm'd the Christmas night:

Alas ! those days are fled! far other cheer!

Potatoes coldly crown the famish'd year.

Now would the muse in Galen read, relate

How an Ephemeris would operate:

\*For an account of Christmas customs and ceremonies, see *Brand's Observations on Popular Antiquities* ; and John Brady's '*Clavis Calendaria*.' In each of these works will be found a curious dissertation on the word *Yule*; the name of a Pagan festival, which has passed into most European languages to denote Christmas. The French *Noel* is obviously derived from this word: 'Le Mot de Nouel étoit autrefois un mot de jouissance; on le crioit dans toutes les fetés et solemnités publiques.

Martial de Paris, à l'entrée du Roy Charles VII. dans Verneuil:—

The Salamanca Corpus: *Medicus Magus* (1836)

Ce jour vint le Roy à Verneuil  
Où il faut receu à grand joye  
Du peuple joyeux à merveil  
En criant *Noel* par la voye.

See the word Noel, or *Nouel* in Dictionnaire Etymologique de la Langue Française, par M. Menage.

[56]

But what offends the ear she scorns to sing,  
Or load with technic terms her trembling wing.  
Let Priestly—Davy—analyze the mass;  
Let Henry weigh, and Thomson gauge the gas;  
Nice Brandt and Saussure clearly can explain  
What salts, or earths, old almanacs contain;  
With Voltan pile, or Galvan trough assail  
Old Saturn's ring, or melt a comet's tail\*:  
While learned Scheele, and Plisson clear, expound,  
If ought but water in its head is found:  
Then, let some knowing chymic connoisseur, W  
ith Dalton, nicely atomize+ Old Moore:  
But Hermes vainly undertakes the task,  
And seals the product in an *empty* flask.

Now *Buckar Brownhen* hobbled to the house,  
With *doles* of comfort, for the mournful spouse,  
Who 'tended most her suffering husband's bed,  
Warm'd his cold feet and pillow'd up his head;  
And pray'd *in earnest*, as a loving wife,

That heaven would hear her, and prolong his life.

Meanwhile Old Moore, grown palatably cool,  
With napkins cover'd smoked upon the stool;

\*One astronomer thinks these illustrious strangers are *bodies of fire*; a second affirms them to be *water*, while a third supposes them to be *vast charcoal carts*, which supply the sun with fuel; a fourth who knows more about them than the other three, declares that he knows nothing at all.

+See *Dr. Dalton's ingenious Atomic Theory*; and for the names and discoveries of the eminent chymists alluded to, consult Henry's *Chymistry* in 2 vols. oct. ed.

[57]

From broken slumbers, Thor but half awake  
Was raised, and urged the mighty draft to take;  
Who lightly tasting—turn'd his feeble head,  
Look'd on his wife, and then upon the bed;  
"Good faith!" said he, "Old Moore's exceeding tough!"  
"Thank heaven!" said *Breck*, there seems to be enough;  
Culpepper proves it 'good for inward pain;'

The gentry take it, or I'm much mista'en:

The drug by Buchan *arrow-root* is named."

Again Thor tasted, and in grief exclaim'd— "

'Tis *harrow-root* no doubt! I therefore pray

Lest A'Ben Sydrach harrow me to clay!"

"Now, dearest Thor," said Agnes, "try again,"



(So kindly urged what husband could refrain)

"Do take it all; a part the' effect but mars,

For who can tell the virtues of the stars?"

Thrice he essay'd to heave the loathsome vase,

Thrice look'd around, and pull'd a woeful face;

Then raised the *olla podrid'* with a frown,

And stars, and storms well boil'd, went thundering down.

In nasal melody, through clouds of snuff,

*Cauk* hoped he liked '*the Bakewell Doctor's-stuff,*'

"And heaven be pleased," said she, "I trust his blood

Will get well purged:—Old Moore will do him good!

Now wrap him up, and keep him still and warm,

And my opinion is— 'to fear no harm:'"

[58]

But false opinions gossips often form,

And look for sunshine while there brews a storm;

For Thor no sooner decently composed

His weary limbs to rest, and sleepless dozed,

Than rumbling *earthquakes* shook his frame below,

And broken *thunder* drove him to and fro':

"Alas!" said he, "all's o'er! ah! good as dead!

Will some kind neighbour hold my aching head?

Woe-worth his almanacs, and charms divine!

Were ever sorrows half so great as mine?

Good people, pray that heaven in mercy send

One moment's ease! Adieu! to every friend

At Tides well, Grindlowe, Grange, and Abney-lowe,

Wardlowe and Wind-mill, Hucklowe and Foo- lowe—\*

At Bretton, Bradwell, Middleton and Leam,

Castleton, Baslowe, Hathersage and Eyam!+

\**Foo-lowe* The name of this village is derived from the Norman word, *Feu*, fire, and *Lowe*, a flame or blaze. The name of Baslowe, from the adjective *bas*, depressed, or below, and *Lowe*, as before.—See a former note on the word *Lowe*.

+*Eyam*. The word is derived from *Ey*, an island or place surrounded by water, and *Ham*, a dwelling place or hamlet; probably so named by the Saxons who first settled here—in honour of their native town of *Eyme*, in the principality of Calenberg, in Lower Saxony, which stands on or is surrounded by the river Weser. Otherwise from *Ea*, water, and *Ham*, as before, (q. d. *The Village of Waters*,) it being well supplied by various rivulets of excellent water, from springs on the south side of Sir William, and by a pool, *Ever*, or *Eaver*, in the centre of the place, still preserved by the inhabitants for the use of the cattle.

[59]

My *farand* friends farewell! so near my heart,

My dowsome cow, my good old mare, and cart!

Up our steep hills in fair or stormy weather,

We many a straining lift have had together.

My worthy wife! may heaven direct thy ways,

And smile upon thy few remaining days!

" This is my Will. To thee I freely give,

All I possess as long as thou shalt live;

And THEN—to BARMOOT BEN the TUP-SCRIN mine,

To JAGGER JOE, my horse, my cart, and coin;

SOLE-OF-THE-GANG, my furniture and cot,

My walking stick I leave to LORD'S-ORE LOT:  
*item*, my cow and sheep to PUDDLE PUMP;  
My Music and Bassoon to FOUNDER SUMP.  
Such is my meaning in its full extent,  
All else revoked, THIS is my TESTAMENT:  
My good *Trustees* are CHIRT and CRACKIN-WHOOL;  
Witness my hand and seal,  
\_\_\_\_\_ This \_\_\_ day  
\_\_\_\_\_ Thor Yule. (L. S.)'

"Thus far I've journey'd down this vale of tears—  
Borne present evils—had my hopes and fears—

For some wise end have lived—or why this pain?

Man lives to die: but dies to live again."

He ceased; spasmodic pain his bowels wrung—  
Deranged his brain, and paralyzed his tongue;  
Light seem'd to linger in his glassy eye,  
And all concluded that Thor Yule would die.

[60]

"Alas!" said *Clivis*, "as I came to-day,  
Four chatter-pynots flew across my way;\*  
A hoarse old raven+ croak'd o'er hanging rock,  
And just at cock-shut crow'd our watchful cock."  
Then *Buckar Brownken* gravely whispering, said,  
'Last night the *Gabriel-hounds*# yelp'd o'er my head;

\* The superstition of the ancients with respect to the sight or flight of birds, has often exercised the sagacity and acuteness of philosophers and scholars. Some birds

furnished omens from their chattering, as crows, owls, &c.; others from the directions in which they flew, as eagles, vultures, hawks, &c. An eagle seen to the right was fortunate. — See *Homer*. The sight of an eagle was supposed to foretel to Tarquinus Priscus that he should obtain the crown; it predicted also to Alexander the Great his conquests; to Tarquin the proud, and Dionysius, tyrant of Syracuse, the loss of their dominions. A raven seen on the left hand was unfortunate.

" S æ p e sinistra cava prædixit ab ilice cornix."—VIRG.

It is singular that some of the Peakerins are slaves to the same kind of superstition: to observe *one* magpie cross their path is an omen of bad luck; to see *two*, of the contrary; *three* are an indication of approaching nuptials: but *four*—most melancholy four!—the sure sign of a funeral.—See the Notes on *Murphy's Tacitus*.

+The croaking of a raven over a sick person's house —the crowing of a cock at roosting time—the howling of dogs—the ticking of a spider, or the sudden appearance of a white cricket, are all indications of mortality.

#*Gabriel-hounds*: these are always heard in the night, about the time of the soul's departure; and are like the yelping of a number of whelps, over the heads of benighted travellers. These wandering spirits are, however, small coveys of wild-fowl migrating from one part of the hills to another.

[61]

Our *Tanner howl'd*, he saw some uncou' sight,  
And I two *crickets*, aye! as white!! as white!!!  
The *Death-watch tick'd* below the window frame;  
That Thor would die I knew, before I came."  
Said *Spindle Stow-blade*, "what confirms that most  
Three weeks ago his *Silly-hood* was lost."\*  
Thus the old sybils utter'd prophecies,  
Look'd grave, and wish'd the rest to think them wise;  
But nature rallied, and her flame still burn'd—  
Sunk in the socket—glimmer'd, and return'd;

The golden bowl and silver cord were sound;  
The cistern's wheel revolved, its steady round;  
Fire—vital fire evolved, the living steam,  
And life's fine engine pump'd the purple stream.

Again were heard the chords of human woe,  
Winds roar'd above, and earthquakes rock'd below:  
Waked by the storm, the patient in surprise  
Threw up his arms, and open'd his languid eyes;  
And thus address'd each mute astonish'd seer,  
"I'm poison'd! Sydrach's poison'd me, I fear!  
Fetch Doctor *Blast Work!* oh!—the Bakewell Quack!—  
The Water-wizard and his almanac!

*\*The Silly-hood, or Silly-howe, is a membrane that covers the head and face of a child at parturition, which is often preserved with great veneration by the parents; who, by its hardness or softness can divine the health or sickness of the person whose head it covered, although at a distance: should the Silly-howe be lost, death will inevitably follow ( ! ) When it is worn about any person, it is said to be a preservative against shipwreck ( ? )*

[62]

God's curse fall on his hell-brewn drink and pill,  
Black-brimstone bottles, and infernal skill;  
Had I the strength I once enjoy'd before,  
I'd stop the thief for poisoning many more!"  
But Blast-Work came, return'd, and sent his son,  
*Trunk Toadstone* learn'd, to dose the sick *Owd Mon,* \*  
When down went *Mercury,* to summon all  
The gods below, to council in the hall;

In the dark realm arrived; the awful shade  
Stretch'd forth the rod which death and hell obey'd+,  
The vengeful powers their thunder laid aside,  
But mars *conjunction*—harmony destroy'd;  
O'er heaps of slain, full fiercely drove around  
His groaning car, and cut the ensanguined ground;  
From his red hand a storm of fire he cast,  
Stars, planets, comets, melted in the blast;  
Martyrs and gods he scatter'd o'er the field,  
And Jove, Titanian Jove, compell'd to yield:  
Till sly *Mercurius* took him by surprise,  
And dash'd a *potion* in his blood-shot eyes ;

\**Owd-Mon.* See Glossary.

+The *Caduceus*, or golden rod of Mercury, was figured by the Egyptians like two serpents knit together in the middle; wherewith, as the fable says, he had power to bring souls out of hell, and to cast any one into a deep sleep. Thus the Mantuan bard—

"But first he grasps within his awful hand  
The mark of sov'reign power, his magic wand:  
With this, he draws the ghosts from hollow graves;  
With this, he drives them down the Stygian waves;  
With this, he seals in sleep the wakeful sight;  
And eyes, though closed in death restores to sight.

DRYD. VIRG. —Æn., iv. p. 283, line 435.

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With *pulvis-potens* charged a silver quill,

And shot the warrior with a gilded pill;

Waved his *caduceus* high above his head,—  
Exhumed the cavern of the mighty dead—  
Touch'd the poor patient with the same dread power,  
Who slept from midnight, till the morning hour—  
Waked well refresh'd, just forty years ago,  
And may be living still, for ought I know.

Now would the muse divinely taught, rehearse  
The praise of *Physic* in immortal verse;  
What pangs from error mortals oft endure,  
How certain *science* works a *certain* cure—  
How life's fine founts are choked, or how they play,  
How thine, fair Chatsworth, were eclipsed that day;  
When fell the stars—fell, never more to rise,  
Lest Moore, again should write his book of lies:  
But she, unused to tempt a loftier sky,  
Would neither sink too low nor soar too high;  
But leave the theme she would as gladly sing  
To those of sweeter song and stronger wing;  
Shall vagrant wander with the sunny hours,  
Beneath her rocks among her wilds and flowers;  
And to her pipe rehearse some pleasing tale,  
Told in the simpler stories of the dale.  
Yet he who swallow'd worlds must surely know,  
What influences planets shed below!  
How quack physicians treat the simple poor,  
And medicate and fodder them by Moore;

Destroy the living for their daily bread—

As undertakers, live upon the dead—

[64]

Give planets whole, with Morrison, for breath,

And like mad Long, do journey work for death.

He says, let madmen search the moon, to find

What strange events may happen to mankind;

And asks—can stars dispose of this, or that—

Direct a mortal, or divert a cat?

Lead men or monkeys through this devious state,

And end their being with the shears of fate?

Search earth, seas, skies, stars, every peopled ball,

Man is the noblest object of them all;

And shall the nobler of the base enquire?

Shall the dead mass instruct its living sire?

Shall the worm learn on what it feeds, the sod?

Shall dust teach angels—angels teach a God?

Man turn thine eyes within, and think; thou slave!

Nor be the dupe of each designing knave.

Let heirs expectant wait the term, nor try

How soon a parent or a friend shall die;

Philtres and charms let foolish damsels shun,

Virtue's the charm by which the soul is won.

Let Delia ask no more of Damon's kind,

Or if to Hymen's bonds the youth's inclined;

Nor wedded wanton shew her fetter'd hands,

And ask when fate will cut the slavish bands.

Nor let the love-lorn lass at night retire,

To silent scenes to feed her amorous fire;



When on the path that leads along the dale,  
She tells the heedless moon her hapless tale:  
Nor sallow Gyp in sheltering hollow lane,  
Draw from her well-mark'd palm illicit gain;  
Nor half-crazed Marian doat on faithless dreams,  
Nor elves night-haunt the dells and mountain streams,

[65]

While gentle fairies milk the kine unseen.  
And leave their footsteps on the circled green\*.  
No more let maids on saintly vigils wake,  
Turn the chemise, or knead the speechless cake;  
Or watch the sacred porch+, till those flit bye,  
Who in the coming year shall wed or die.

May Truth Eternal pour a flood of day!

On sister science, and direct her way;

Bless with the light our half-beclouded age—

Her sun-beams dart on superstition's page

\*The green circles seen in our meadows are thus accounted for. That witches, wizards, and the little pigmy spirits, elves, and fairies sometimes held their midnight carnivals in the pastures and sylvan recesses of this country, many are still disposed to believe. Nicholas Remigius affirmed their dances to be circular, their faces being turned from each other; and the circle was always led to the left hand, as Pliny

The Salamanca Corpus: *Medicus Magus* (1836)

observes, the ancient Gauls did, though they danced single, *totum corpus circumagendo quod in loevum fecisse, Gallioe religiosus credunt*. Jessop, Walker, Drs. Priestley and Price, attribute these circles to lightning and electricity; but Dr. Wollaston and other eminent naturalists to the sperm and fungi of a species of mushroom.

+The practice of watching the church porch, on the eve of St. Mark's Day, is, by some superstitious persons, still continued. Old W—s, of the village of D—f— d, during his life, kept the whole parish in a state of fear, from his supposed knowledge of the mortal destiny of his neighbours, obtained by watching the porch of the parish church. Being a regular mendicant, many were disposed, by the dread of his awful knowledge, to relieve his necessities, lest he should become oracular upon their fate.

[66]

Illume her sons; and with unerring pen,

Teach human brutes to think, and act like men:

Blind Pagan priests to own *Jehovah*, LORD,

And burn the idols by their slaves adored;

Convert their fanes by bloody Error trod,

To peaceful temples of the living God:—

Make anti-christian—hateful discord's end,

And Mecca's Mufti be the Bramin's friend\*.

Rise, righteous Justice! poise thy golden scale!

And war\* that blasting arm of kings shall fail;

Then shall blest peace, with life and mercy crown'd,

Pour balm into the bleeding world's wide wound;

Then freedom's neck no more shall tyrants bend,  
But man shall find in every man a friend;  
False fear shall glide into her shadowy grave,  
And *mind* to phantoms cease to be the slave:  
Witchcraft and priestcraft bind the soul no more,  
One God and only ONE shall man adore;  
On one vast altar shall his offerings blaze,  
And Heaven accept his undivided praise.

\* Blessed are the *peace-makers*, for they shall be called the children of God; and by analogy, cursed are the *war-makers* for they shall be called the children of the devil, and if the children of the devil, ought they to be obeyed? Is it to be supposed that two enlightened and *Christian* nations would murder each other, were it not for the wickedness and bad policy of their rulers? Most preposterous supposition! War is horrible; most foul as in the best it is, disproportionate and unnatural;" and what is most astonishing, the magnitude of the evil serves to cover its deformity, nay to exalt it into a virtue!

"One murder makes a villain, millions a hero;

"Princes are privileged to kill, and *numbers*

"*Sanctify the crime.*"

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## GLOSSARY.

*Adit*, [*Aditus Lat.*]—The shaft, or entrance of a mine.

*Belland.*—Small particles of ore reduced into powder.

*Blast- Work.*—Work done by means of gunpowder.

*Bar-Mote*, or Bargh Mote.—*Burg*, a village, or commonalty and *Mote*, *Sax.* a meeting.—A mineral court.

*Bar-Master*, or Bargh Master, [Teutonic Berg- Meister.]—A surveyor of the mines, &c.

*Bunnin*, *Bunning*, or *Binding*, [Bindung, *Teut.*]— A cover of planks, &c. by which a work is bound up, or covered.

*Boose* The ore and mineral in an undrest state.

*Buddle*, or *Puddle*. —A place used for the washing of ore.

*Breck*, or *Break*, [Breca, *Sax.*]—A gap or opening, a quarry.

*Blue-John*. —A beautiful mineral of which the Castleton vases are made.

*Bolder*.—A hard round black stone, &c

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*Brazen-Dish*—The standard mineral measure kept at the Mote Hall, in Wirksworth.

*Buckar*.—A flat-headed hammer for pounding ore.

*Byng- Ore*.—Ore drest, and broken to a proper size for measuring.

*Byng-hole*.—The place where the miner lays his shipped ore.

*Brown-hen*.—A mineral substance of no value.

*Caver*.—One that goes about the mines to beg or steal ore.

*Coe*, [ *Of Koy*, *Lower Sax.*]—A cabin or small house usually built over shafts, &c. to protect the miner.

*Chirt*.—A hard, flinty, stratified, white, or black substance.

*Cross*.—Turf dug up in the form of a cross, a mark of possession.

*Cross-holes*.—Crosses, or holes dug in their angles, on taking possession.

*Cross-rake*.—A lesser rake crossing a greater, &c.

*Cupel-lowe*.—An ancient wind furnace for smelting ores.

*Cope*, [*Cop*, *Sax.* the head.]—A tribute paid to the king or lord of the field or farmer, which is every thirteenth dish of ore. To Cope together, in old language, signified to join in partnership, or to match with each other.

*Cauk*, or *Cawk*.—A heavy white mineral, the sulphate of barytes.

*Calamy*, [*Lapis Calaminaris.*]—The ore of zinc.

*Clivis*, [of *Clavis*, Lat. a key.]—A small iron hook attached to the end of a rope, and locked to the rings of barrels, trunks, kibbles, &c.

*Coe-stead*, [*Koy* a cabin, and *Steta*, Sax. a place or room.]—The place on which a coe has stood or stands.

*Croil*.—A mineral.

*Cleanser*.—A small iron rake used when boring the rocks to cleanse out the dust.

*Drift*, [Teut. *Trich*, Aim, or Scope.]—A passage cut underground.

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*Dish*.—The mineral measure containing about two gallons.

*Damp*, [Teut. *Dampff*, a vapour.]—Foul air, as sweet-damp, black-damp, and fire-damp; various destructive gases found in mines.

*Forfilt*, or *Fore-field*.—The end of a vein, &c.

*Founder*.—The point at which the miner takes up the two first meers of ground, or *the founder meers*.

*Fang*.—A passage made for conducting air after the miner.

*Farmer*.—One who acts for another; as the Lord of the Field, and *his Farmer*.

*Groove*.—The works of a mine, properly the adit, or shaft.

*Hade*.—Any declination of the rock from the perpendicular

*Hang-bench*.—See *Stowes*.

*Hoppet*.—A measure resembling a peck. See *dish*.

*Jig-pin*.—A wooden pin used to stop the handle of a turn-tree, in drawing by hand at a mine.

*Kibble*.—A small bucket, used in drawing a *sump*, &c., by hand.

*Kevvle*.—A mineral.

*Knock-bench*.—The bench on which *knockings* are broken.

*Lime-breck*.—See *Breck*.

*Lot*.—A quantity of ore. The Lord's lot is every thirteenth dish, which the Barmaster takes as his due.

*Lord's ore.*—The ore which the Lord of the Field claims in right of his Manor.

*Main-rake.*—The principal leading or lode of a rake.

*Meer, or Mear*—[*Mara*, Sax. a bauk, boundary, or trench.] A certain length of ground measured in the direction of a vein, rake, &c. In some places 32 yards, in others 29.

*Meer-stake.*—A stake put down at the end of each Meer. The Saxons had their Meer-stones, for boundaries and land-marks, on the bauks in their uninclosed fields.

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*Owd-Mon.*—Properly the Old Man's work, or mines wrought in ancient time.

*Plug and Wing.*—A kind of wedges, used anciently for splitting the rock.

*Pipe*—A pipe of ore is known by being covered with rock at the *roof*, and supported by it at the *sole*: it abounds also with runs of holes and ranges, bounded by such rocks in different forms: but the whole body of it may consist of several lodes, or ranges running parallel to each other.

*Pee.*—The point at which two veins, &c., cross each other.

*Rake.*—See vein.

*Rither, or Rider.*—A rock or thin cliff that lies between two ranges of a vein or rake: it some- times becomes so thick, as to make one vein into two.

*Randum of a Rake.*—The range or direction of a vein or lode.

*Roof-work.*—Work done in the upper parts of a mine.

*Roach.*—Ore found on the side of the main vein, and divided from it by rock or rither.

*Smilter.*—A melter of ore.

*Sump.*—A small shaft sunk in drifts, &c.

*Scrin.*—A small vein.

*Spar.*, and *Spar-lid.*—Crystalized substances found in mines.

*Stope and Coil, or Stope and Quoin.*—In ancient times, the stope was a hole bored in the rock in order to introduce the Quoin or wedge to burst it open; hence, that depth of the rock which was thus cut away, was called Stope-rise. [q. d. Step-rise.]

*Stows, or Stoces.*—Seven pieces of wood fastened together with pegs; two of them are called *Sole-trees*—two *Stow-blades*—two *Hang-benches*—and one a *Spindle*: they are a

miniature representation, of the hand-engine at the top of a shaft; and are placed upon each Meer of a Vein, &c.; and give their owner as good a possession and title as a deed of conveyance.

*Shaft*.—See *Adit*.

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*Shift*.—The time which a miner works at once, or about six hours.

*Smytham*.—Small ore cleansed from rubbish.

*Slicken*.—See the note on *Crackin-whool*.

*Sole-tree*.—See the article *Stows*.

*Sole*.—The lowest part of a work.

*Spindle*.—See *Stows*.

*Stemples*.—Timber joists let into the rock at each end by which the miner descends or ascends the climbing-shaft.

*Shale*.—A black laminated substance.

*Square-wood*.—Timber used to support roofs, the sides of shafts, &c.

*Stow-blades*.—See *Stows*.

*Stimmer*.—A channeled iron rammer for charging a blast.

*Stickings*.—Ore which adheres to the sides of a work.

*Soke*.—See the notes.

*Turn*.—A shaft sunk in some part of a work: if the mine be deep, there are many, one below another.

*Taker*.—As the *Next Taker*: he who makes the next cross, or he that has the next meer in possession, hence called the *Taker-meer*. See *Founder-meer*.

*Twitches*.—Narrow places in a vein, or rake, where the rocks nearly, or altogether close, and so *twitch* out the ore.

*Takin, or Taking-day*.—The day on which a miner takes his cope, or bargains for work with the overseer of a mine.

*Toad-stone*.—A sort of Volcanic production, by some termed channel, or cat-dirt.

*Turn-tree*.—The barrel of a small windlass.

*Tee*.—The point of which two veins meet in the form of a T.

*Vein*.—Is that lode which is bounded by *woughs*, and contains ore, spar, cauk, clay, chirt, croil, brown-hen, pitcher-chirt, kevvle, gur, &c. &c, When it contains ore, it is called a *quick vein*. when no ore is found a *dead vein*.

*Vat*.—A large vessel in which ore is washed.

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*Wind-fang*.—A small channel for conducting air to a work.

*Wind-gate*—A passage left for the same purpose. *Woughs*.—The rocks on the sides of a vein, or rake, from the saxon of wall.

*Wapentake*.—See the notes.

