first Irish rebellion (whereof, as also of the second, no man living has a more thorough remembrance than myself), he was tracked to his hiding-place in Dublin, and arrested by my friend Mr. Ryan, the editor of Falkner's Journal, and Captain Bellingham Swan; when his lordship killed poor Ryan, and was mortally wounded by Captain Swan; thus escaping the scaffold, as did his co-patriot Theobald Wolfe Tone, in the less desirable fashion of slitting his own windpipe with a sharpened tenpenny-piece while the hangman and the cart were waiting for him at his prison-door.

Lord Chancellor Clare, who had scant forbearance towards the "Croppies," was wont to designate them homines trium literarum: "There now!" he would exclaim — "Edward Fox Fitzgerald — Theobald Wolfe Tone — James Napper Tandy — Thomas Addis Emmett — Archibald Hamilton Rowan!" The learned lord chronicled a few others; but it suffices me to add, that he did not count among them E. L. S.

There is no sort of resemblance between the rude representations of our morris-dances and the Spanish fandango, from which they are supposed to be derived. The earliest introduction of the latter into England is ascribed to the reign of King Edward III.; but we must have had national merrymakings before then; yet, in Brand, May-day and all other dances, Robin Hood and Maid Marian, are all attributed to the one head of morris-dances.

In the present day we have a Foresters' Festival at the Crystal Palace, with very little of the forest in it; and I think the Morishers' dances survived in different forms long after the moors were more or less cultivated, till in fact they were moors no more.

Morris (3rd S. xii. 149.) — I should like to derive this from our English word Moor. At one time England must have been about half moorland and half forest; both have left a numerous family of patronymsics, ranging from Forrester to Forrester on the one hand, and More to Morrison on the other. In London we had a Moor-Gate opening directly on to the great northern moors, now all built over; and I think that those outcasts, as we may call them, who in early times inhabited those moors would be called "Moorishers," those people who live on the moors; hence we have Morish, Morris, and finally More; the form Morris, being adopted as a baptismal name, begets Morrison. I have no wish to deprive any gentleman of his favourite Moor's head, couped sable, with the accompanying legend, but this cannot affect the whole name.

Throughout the account given by Brand, in his Antiquities, of the morris-dancers, he calls them the country morris-dancers, as if entering the polished town or city from the ruder and less refined rural districts. Now, if a foreign style of dress and amusement were introduced, it seems fair to infer that such exotics would have their centre in the focus of civilisation, and not enter from remote districts, to which foreign customs would be the last to penetrate. We must conclude that these dancers, whether Moriscos or Moorishers, entered the towns in pursuit of gain; to afford amusement to those able to pay for it, and to collect money for their own support. To the townspeople they would seem half savage. "Oh, here are the Moor-people, the Morishers." would be the exclamation; "let us see what they are up to."

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Mr. Walter W. Skeat says, "The game of nine men's morris, or five-penny morris, may either mean the nine men's dance, or it may be a mere corruption of merelles, from the French mercure, a counter."

At Toft, in Cambridgeshire, I have played at nine men's morris. The game was there called murrell. The same game is to this day played in Norfolk under the name of morris.

I played murrell at Toft thirty years ago.

C. W. Barkley.
the head of the Fleming family, the Earls of Wigtown, whose property lay in Lanark and Stirling shires, and who had no connexion whatever with the Campbells of Argyre.

The legend as to the manner in which the Earls of Rothes (not Rother) acquired their motto, is equally a myth. Nisbet (vol. ii. part iv. chap. vii. p. 23) states: "The Earl of Rothes's motto—'Grip fast'—alludes to his supporters, two gryphons." Any one who looks at a blazon of these arms will at once perceive the appropriateness of the admonition.

The motto of the Earl of Kintore certainly refers to the preservation of the regalia, but H. P. D. very much mistakes his personal connection with the matter. It was his mother, assisted by Mrs. Granger, the wife of the minister of the parish of Kenneft (not Kenneft), who removed the regalia from Dunnottar Castle. They never left Scotland, but were concealed occasionally in the church and at other times in the manse.

Sir John Keith, the third son of the Earl Mareschal, had gone to France a short time before the surrender of the castle. On his return he was apprehended, and examined as to the regalia, when he declared that he had conveyed them out of the country and delivered them to Charles II. In consequence, all farther search for them was dropped, but he was imprisoned. At the Restoration he was created Earl of Kintore, partly on account of his mother's services, and partly on account of his own sufferings.

George Vere Irving.

H. P. D. is scarcely correct when he says that "Sir John Keith buried the regalia of Scotland in the church of Kenneft." It was Christian Fletcher, wife of James Granger, minister of Kenneft, who by her ingenuity, assisted by Mrs. Ogilvie, the governor's lady, bore them from the besieged castle of Dunnottar, and gave them into the charge of her husband, who placed them under the pulpit, and granted a receipt to the Countess Dowager Mareschal, the probable planner of the scheme.

The Countess then spread a report that her husband, who placed them under the pulpit, and at other times in the manse.

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The subject of the origin of mottoes has already been worked out to some extent by Mr. C. N. Elvin, M.A., &c., in his little book, entitled Anecdotes of Heraldry, in which is set forth the Origin of the Armorial Bearings of many Families.

London, 1864. The illustrative extracts are from various sources, and the engravings are good. I think H. P. D. will be pleased with the book.

W. H. S.

Happening to be a guest at this house, the seat of the Countess of Rothes, I find the story of the motto "Grip fast" as given by "H. P. D. is not entirely correct, and I venture to send it as preserved in the Leslie family, and printed in a book "for private use" by "Col. Charles Leslie, K.H." calling himself "Twenty-sixth Baron of Balquhain."

"Bartholomew, the founder of the family, was a noble Hungarian, who came to Scotland with Queen Magarine, 1067. He was much esteemed by King Malcolm Canmore, whose sister he married. He was chamberlain to Queen Magarine. There being no carriages in those days, her majesty used to ride on a pillow behind him. On one occasion, while crossing a river, the queen nearly falling off, Bartholomew cried out, 'Grip fast.' The queen replied, 'Gin the buckle bile,' there being only one buckle to the belt by which she held on. After this his admiration was given as the family motto, and two more buckles were added to the belt. Bartholomew died at an advanced age about 1121."

E. M. W.

Leslie House, Fife, N. B.

Chalices with Bells (3rd s. xii. 168.)—I cannot help wishing that a fuller description had been given of the "chalices" with bells. Are they really chalices? Or may they not have been ciboriums or pyxes? I see, however, that they may have served the purpose of giving notice of the approach of the priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament to communicate the sick, as it is now preceded in Catholic countries by an acolyth ringing a small bell. On a chalice, the bells would not only be intolerably inconvenient at mass, but would create perpetual disturbance and confusion by ringing, not merely at the Sanctus, but every time that the priest moved the chalice, and this before as well as after the consecration.

F. C. H.

Fonts other than Stone (3rd s. xii. 206.)—There is a leaden font at Brundall, near Norwich. It has figures outside, and is painted all over in imitation of oak. One would have supposed that a stone colour would have suggested itself as more appropriate. Besides those enumerated by W. H. S., there are leaden fonts at Long Wellington and Clewer, Berks; Wareham, Dorset; Brookland, Kent; Great Plumstead, Norfolk; Pitcombe, Somerset; Climbidge and Siston, Gloucester; Clifton near Dorchester, Oxfordshire; and Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey. See F. A. Paley's Introduction to the Illustrations of Bap-
tismal Fonts.

F. C. H.

A leaden font exists at Barnethy-le-Wold, co. Lincoln. I quote the following account of it from Reports and Papers of Architectural Societies.