I venture to suggest that Spennythorne and Spennymoor are local names which may be considered in connexion with the word "spinney." – ST. SWITHIN.

"HEM OF A NOISE" (11 S. i. 108).—With reference to Mr. Mayhew's query as to the meaning of this phrase, quoted in the Rev. J. Coker Egerton's amusing work 'Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways,' I would venture to suggest that it is merely a toning-down of the expression "hell of a noise." The latter expression is common in those strata of society where expressive vigour rather than refinement is aimed at, in conversation, and I have often heard men who would in the ordinary way have used the word "hell" substitute "hem" when addressing those whose susceptibilities might be shocked by the use of the stronger expression. "Hem," indeed, may be said to serve the same purpose in rural conversation that expressive dashes do in the columns of newspapers in reporting police-court cases. – LEONARD J. HODSON.

Sussex folk do not care to use the word "devil." As Chancellor Parish says: "The devil is always spoken of as he, with a special emphasis" ('A Dictionary of the Sussex Dialect,' p. 35). This applies to "damned," which is also rendered as "em" or "hem." Whether it be used for one or the other, it probably represents a word slurred over, and not articulated. – E. E. STREET.

In the old days of army enlistment by the queen's shilling there was a story current in Kent of a stage-coachman driving through Chatham who nearly ran down a drunken soldier, who went reeling across the street just in front of the horses. The coachman bawled out: "Now then! Out of the way, sojer! You only costs a shilling, but they'd kick up a hem of a shine if I ran over you!"

Amongst Kentish people the word "hem" was always considered to be a euphemistic form of the word "hell." – WALTER B. KINGSFORD.

United University Club.

[Mr. J. HOLDEN MACMICHAEL, OLD SARRUM, MR. T. RATCLIFFE, MR. H. A. C. SAUNDERS, and Mr. W. SCOTT also thanked for replies.]

MOST EXPENSIVE ELECTION (11 S. i. 107, 191).—The famous election for Yorkshire in 1807 if not the most expensive on record, was certainly one of the most costly ever fought. Wilberforce, the champion of the abolition of the slave trade, had sat for the county for twenty-three years without being opposed; but on this occasion he was challenged by the two great Yorkshire houses of Fitzwilliam and Lascelles. The poll lasted for fifteen days, the final return being:

Wilberforce, 11,806.
Lord Milton, 11,177.
Lascelles, 10,989.

To contend with the weight of money against him, Wilberforce's supporters got up a national subscription, and it is said that in ten days over 40,000l. was subscribed. An interesting account of this election will be found in the current number of The Pall Mall Magazine, p. 441. – T. F. D.

"KICKING UP BOB'S-A-DYING" (11 S. i. 150).—This will be found to occur, s.v. "Bob's-a-dying," in the 'E.D.D.' in forms "bob's-a-dial," "bobs-a-dilo," in Northumberland, Yorkshire, Dorset, and Devon. Its meaning is "a great row or racket; boisterous merriment;" but the origin is not given. – J. HOLDEN MACMICHAEL.

OSBALDISTONE: ITS PRONUNCIATION (11 S. i. 85, 132).—The abbreviated form Osbaliston has its counterpart in Barniston, an abbreviated form of Barnadistone. In the Fort St. George records there are many references to members of this family; sometimes the name is spelt Burniston. They were related to the Aislabies and Scattergoods, so that there seems to be no doubt that they belonged to the Barnadistone family. – FRANK PENNY.

A LAD OF THE O'FRIELS (11 S. i. 46).—I do not know enough about Irish names to say whether O'Friel is the same as Friel. The latter is certainly a surname. About two years ago I met a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, Mr. Ralph Friel, who is now in the Indian Civil Service. He pronounced his name almost as frill, or midway between frill and freil. – V. CHATTOPADHYAYA.

MOHACS: THE BATTLE (11 S. i. 87, 177).—There is a common Hungarian saying, which has become almost a proverb, "But more was lost on Mohacs field," implying that no disaster is unparalleled. An old song referring to the battle has been translated into English, and the traditional air arranged by Francis Korbay. In this song the phrase above quoted occurs as a refrain. – FRANK SCHLOESSER.