it is most graphic and characteristic. The loneliness of the dying sinner, with none to stand by him but the godless companions of his riot and debauchery; the eagerness of the despairing man to catch at anything of the semblance of hope that he could recall from the lessons of his childhood, “He shall feed me in a green pasture,” &c.;—then—ere he could reach those assuring words, “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me,” the miserable consciousness that it is all too late, “So a cried out God, God, God;”—then—the utter want of religious sympathy in the bystanders, Nym, Quickly, Bardolph, Boy, in their misinterpretations, and perverse commentaries on his ejaculations, just such as we might expect from hearts gorged to the full with vice and sensuality;—then—the redeeming touch of tenderness in the Dame, beaming through all her benighted efforts to cheer, in her own way (awful to think on, the only way known to her), the last hours of her dear old roysterer, “Now I, to comfort him, bid him ‘a should not think of God, I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet;” and the undying fondness with which she upholds his memory, and will not brook a word of ribaldry, or what she deems slander, against it, all evidencing that —

“The worst of sin had left her woman still.”

Surely a scene more characteristic of all the parties in it, is not to be found in Shakspeare.

NEMO.

Minor Notes.

Doings of the Calf’s Head Club. — In an old newspaper called The Weekly Oracle, of Feb. 1, 1735, is the following curious paragraph:

“Thursday (Jan. 29) in the evening a disorder of a very particular nature happened in Suffolk Street; ’tis said that several young gentlemen of distinction having met at a house there, calling themselves the Calf’s Head Club; and about seven o’clock a bonfire being lit up before the door, just when it was in its height, they brought a calf’s head to the window dressed in a napkin-cap, and after some huzzas, threw it into the fire. The mob were entertained with strong beer, and for some time hallooed as well as the best; but taking a disgust at some healths which were proposed, grew so outrageous that they broke all the windows, forced themselves into the house, and would probably have pulled it down, had not the guards been sent to prevent further mischief. The damage is computed at some hundred pounds. The guards were posted all night in the street for the security of the neighbourhood.”

E. G. BALLARD.

Epitaph by Wordsworth. — There is a beautiful epitaph by Wordsworth in Sprawley Church, Worcestershire to the wife of G. C. Vernon, Esq., of Hanbury. Wordsworth has made the following slight alterations to it, in his published poems: I quote from the one-volume 8vo. edition of Moxon (1845). The first two lines are not on the tablet. The words within brackets are those which appear in the original epitaph:

“By a blest husband guided, Mary came
From nearest kindred, Vernon her new name;
She came, though meek of soul, in seemly pride
Of happiness and hope, a youthful bride.
O dread reverse! if aught be which proves
That God will chaste whom he dearly loves.
Faith bore her up through pains in mercy given,
And troubles that [which] were each a step to Heaven.
Two babes were laid in earth before she died;
A third now slumbers at the mother’s side;
Its sister-twin survives, whose smiles afford
A trembling solace to her widow’d lord [her father’s heart.

Reader if to thy bosom cling the pain
Of recent sorrow combated in vain;
Or if th’ cherish’d grief have fail’d to thwart
Time, still intent on his insidious part,
Lulling the mourner’s best good thoughts asleep,
Pilfering regrets we would, but cannot, keep;
Bear with him [those]—judge him [those] gently
Who makes [make] known
His [their] bitter loss by this memorial [monumental]
Stone;
And pray that in his [their] faithful breast the grace
Of resignation find a hallow’d place.”

CUTHBERT BEDE, B.A.

Tailor’s “Cabbage.”

“The term cabbage, by which tailors designate the cribbed pieces of cloth, is said to be derived from an old word, ‘cableshe,’ i. e. wind-fallen wood. And their ‘hell,’ where they store the cabbage, from ‘helan,’ to hide.”

CLERICUS RUSTICUS.

Misquotations. — 1. Sallust’s memorable definition of friendship, as put into the mouth of Catiline (cap. 20.), is quoted in the “Translation of Aristotle’s Ethics,” in Bohn’s Classical Library (p. 241. note h), as the saying of Terence.

2. The Critic of September 1st quotes the “Viximus insignes inter utramque lacem” of Propertius (lib. iv. 11. 46.) as from Martial.

3. In Fraser’s Magazine for October 1852, p. 461., we find “Quem patente portfa,” &c. quoted from Terence instead of Catullus, as it is correctly in the number for May, 1853.

P. J. F. GANTILLON, B.A.

The Ducking Stool. — In the Museum atScarborough, one of these engines is preserved. It is said that there are persons still living in the town, who remember its services being employed when it stood upon the old pier. It is a substantial arm-chair of oak; with an iron bar ex-