NOTES AND QUERIES.

Hat-Pegs in Churches.—Some ten years ago, when I was in the Isle of Wight, I paid a visit to Yaverland Church, on the Downs, near Bembridge. The church is very small, and vies (with others) for the honour of being the smallest church. Its walls are whitewashed, and round the walls, at any rate on one side of the church, was a row of hat-pegs. In olden days, equally with the present day, the difficulty of disposing of one's hat and legs without the two coming into conflict was apparently felt. We are now mostly provided (in large churches) with a ledge under the seats for the stowage of hats. Formerly, I presume, the hats were arranged on the pegs provided along the walls. Was this a general custom in any localities? Are there many churches to be found now with the hat-pegs still existing? A. C. W.

Dr. Abernethy of London.—In a letter in my possession, "Elizabeth Rose, daughter to Alexander and Isabel Rose, his wife," is said to have "married Dr. Abernethy of London." Who was this Dr. Abernethy? Elizabeth's parents were married about 1739. I have an idea that Elizabeth Rose may have been the mother of the eccentric Dr. Abernethy, F.R.S. Any information would greatly oblige. D. Murray Rose.

5, Harpur Street, Theobalds Road, W.C.

† The Fasting Woman of 1357.—In L'Intemédiaire of September 10, S. M. writes:—

"On voit dans les actes d'Angleterre qui ont été rendus publics par la liberté de la reine Anne (elle les a fait imprimer avec beaucoup de dépenses pendant la guerre qu'elle avait avec la France), on voit, dis-je, que le roi Édouard III. atteste qu'une femme, qui était détenue en prison, y avait subsisté pendant 40 jours sans manger ni boire. Ce prince pardonna à cette femme en faveur du miracle. L'attestation est du 25 avril 1357."

Then S. M. adds:—

"Où ce curieux événement se passa-t-il ? Quelle est la prison anglaise qui vit s'accomplir un tel miracle ? Nos collaborateurs d'outre-Manche seraient bien de me l'indiquer, pour mon Histoire des jeunes célèbres."

Can any reader of 'N. & Q.' help S. M. in this matter? The questions are interesting in face of the recent wonderful fast of fifty days.

J. B. S.

Manchester.

Poe's 'Raven.'—Perhaps some of your readers would be kind enough to unravel this tangle for me, re Poe's 'Raven.' Poe himself claims the poem as original in metre, burden, and all else; yet in Mr. Hamilton's collection of 'Parodies,' vol. ii, p. 92, I find a note tracing the 'Raven' back to the Persian, denying to Poe any originality, and charging him with a literary imposture. Is there sufficient authority for this statement, which is not made by Mr. Hamilton, but only quoted by him?

C. E. Fitch.

Mary, Baroness Mountjoy.—To what family of Campbell did Mary, Baroness Mountjoy, first wife of the last Earl of Blessington, belong; and what was her father's Christian name? In Lady Blessington's book she is described as the widow of a Major Browne. Her father was said to have been a medical officer in the service of the Emperor of Russia, her mother a Miss Farquharson.

J. G.

Authors of Quotations Wanted.—

The Rhine, the Rhine, the mighty Rhine,
How regally it flows
Past the flushed kingdoms of the vine.

The Romans had no realm like this
From Thule to Persepolis.

A. H. T.

Replies.

Folk-Lorer v. Folk-Lorist.

(7th S. xii. 243.)

It is pleasant to find St. Swithin innocently trusting that by weeping in heavy showers through all his forty days he may wash away the Greek tail that has grown upon his "purely native word" folk-lore. He will not succeed, though he add soap and nitre and much rubbing to his abundant tears. There is something really horrible in folk-lore, and not a student of it. It means a man who does folk-lore, and not a student of it. 1st may mean action also, but in the sense rather of practice and use and devotion to, as in botanical, organist. If we merely consider the meaning conveyed by the termination, folk-lore, is better than the other. In any case St. Swithin is too late. The thing is done; folk-lore has got upon the tongue of chatter, and no amount even of good sense could dislodge it thence. I think, however, as it stands, it has a truer sense than the substitute proposed. I would suggest further that, strictly speaking, it is quite a fallacy to call -tis a Greek termination; 1οτής is the Greek. We have rejected the last two letters, and manufactured a termination for ourselves, which has long ceased to be Greek. It is no more Greek than the word stowage of hats. Formerly, I presume, the hats were arranged on the pegs provided along the walls. Was this a general custom in any localities? Are there many churches to be found now with the hat-pegs still existing? A. C. W.
without it, and it is new-fangled and American. But as to correctness, who disputes about artist? Querist, Browneist, and a thousand more words, such as separatist, establish -ist as an English terminal, to be applied wherever wanted. One of the most curious of our words is sciolist, derived from the Latin sciolus, a smatterer. Facciolati only quotes two authorities for this word, Vegetius and Arnobius, and he concludes by saying that the word is often excluded from the best vocabularies. As an English word very little attention has, so far as I know, been given to it. It appears in Phillips’s ‘World of Words,’ by Kersey, 1706. In Todd’s ‘Johnson’ it is said to have been introduced in the early part of the seventeenth century; but Fotherby, 1622, uses the Latin word itself, “van- glorious Sciolus,” whilst Glanville, in his ‘Scepsis,’ 1665 (that is, half a century later), talks of “affected sciolists.” Now if we were to Anglicize the word sciolus one would expect sciol to be the form adopted, and not Glanville’s sciolist. From this we may fairly draw the inference that -ist as a suffix has long been a thoroughly naturalized and English termination. In the face of all this, only sciolists should dispute the legitimacy of formation in the word folk-lorist. C. A. Ward.

When it is said that “folk-lorist is easily tongued, and no worse than many another item in our vocabulary which long usage has made standard English,” surely the contention is all but given up in its favour. While, too, one allows that the termination -ist is of Greek origin, it must also be allowed that it has been so naturalized with us that it may, if euphony suggest it, be added to any originally English or naturalized word. To some words euphony tells us to apply -er—for an instance philosopher will be sufficient—to other words to apply -ist. Folk-lorist is, as St. Swinburn says, “easily tongued,” i.e., euphonious, while I think to most English persons folk-lor is comparatively cacophonous. Would he discard “philosopher” for philosophos, or philosopher, or philosophist?—Br. Nicholson.

Let us pause before we jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. Folk-lorist may be a hybrid, but so are many other useful words, and at all events we know what it means. But what does folk-lorer mean? If a worker is one who works, and a-borer (horresco referens!) one who bores, a folk-lorer should be one who folk-loses. Can a body folk-lorer? How is it done?—C. C. B.

As the recent Folk-lore Congress has given wide circulation to the recently coined word folk-lorist, a record of the date of its currency should, I think, appear in ‘N. & Q.’—Henry Attewell.

HINTS TO FARMERS (7th S. xii. 126, 232).—R. R. is quite right. There is no reason why the daughters of wealthy farmers should not have the amenities and refinement of civilized life quite as much as the daughters of tradesmen, whom their fathers in great measure support by their custom. It is, however, quite possible that in both cases accomplishments may be carried to too great an extent, to the neglect of far more useful domestic duties. Let me go on to say that I have known in my own experience instances where farmers’ daughters have married infinitely better than those of tradesmen and country clergymen who have done, who have attempted to look down upon them.

In some parts, perhaps in most parts of England (not in this neighbourhood, certainly, where the maximum of society consists of one farmer’s family and those of three clergymen), there are sets and cliques; some of these are very exclusive, and it is by no means an easy matter to obtain an entrée into them. Perhaps the young ladies of whom we are speaking, if admitted within the charmed circle, might feel rather awkward and out of their element from mauvaise honte. Some quarter of a century ago, in the days and reign of ample crinolines and croquet—when admission into good country society was eagerly sought after—I remember the daughters of a wealthy farmer coming to a garden-party in dresses of crimson velveteen with short sleeves, very much décolletés, so as to show their fine busts, and outspread by enormous crinolines—dresses only fitted for a drawing-room or a dinner-party. The fair wearers were exceedingly fine-looking girls, of commanding presence, and no doubt thought that they were in the fashion in their resplendent attire, and with their hair drawn back from their foreheads. The hostess and all the guests were much amused, though afraid that rheumatism would be the result to the hoop-petticoated and crimson-velveteened ladies, as the English climate is not one adapted for such an en promenade dress.

R. R. is speaking of a high class of farmers in Lincolnshire, most likely far superior in wealth to tradesmen or country clergymen, who expect (and most justly so) to occupy a good position in society. These hold their farms under large proprietors, who like to have responsible capitalists as their tenants. Such as these present a great contrast to the small farmers in some parts, who can barely pay their rent, and who live chiefly in the kitchen. This class of men, the yeoman, has not much altered since good Bishop Latimer wrote of it about the year 1491:

"My father had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. . . . He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor. . . . He married my sisters with five pound or twenty nobles apiece."

This was at his birthplace, Thurcaston, in the county of Leicester. The same homely writer observes, speaking of the Virgin Mary:

"I think, indeed, Mary had never a farthingal (i.e., farthingale or hooped petticoat), for she used no super-