

I infer that at some date between 1559 and 1569 Sambucus had met with the epigram for the first time. It would seem, then, not to have been printed till fifty-seven years after its appearance in the epitaph of Francesco Pucci. The best extant evidence that it is really the work of Janus Pannonius is its occurrence in the *manuscriptus codex Regius Corvinianus*, used as the special authority in the most complete edition of his poems, Utrecht, 1784.

V.H.I.L.I.C.I.V.

A CORNISH APPARITION.—As this story is new to me, I send this extract from the 'Life of Samuel Drew, A.M.' (Longmans, 1834), p. 36. Drew was a Methodist and metaphysician of repute who in 1830 declined the honour of being put in nomination for the Chair of Moral Philosophy in the London University; so he is at least a witness of credit. He was a native of St. Austell.

"There were several of us, boys and men, out about 12 o'clock on a bright moonlight night. What we were engaged about I do not exactly remember. I think we were poaching; but it was something that would not bear investigation. The party were in a field, adjoining the road leading from my master's [at Tregrehan mill in the parish of St. Blazey] to St. Austell, and I was stationed outside the hedge, to watch and give the alarm, if any intruder should appear. While thus occupied, I heard what appeared to be the sound of a horse, approaching from the town, and I gave a signal. My companions paused, and came to the hedge where I was, to see the passenger. They looked through the bushes, and I drew myself close to the hedge, that I might not be observed. The sound increased, and the supposed horseman seemed drawing near. The clatter of the hoofs became more and more distinct. We all looked to see who and what it was; and I was seized with a strange, indefinable feeling of dread, when, instead of a horse, there appeared coming towards us, at an easy pace, but with the same sound which first caught my ear, a creature, about the height of a large dog. It went close by me; and, as it passed, it turned upon me and my companions huge fiery eyes, that struck terror to all our hearts. The road where I stood branched off in two directions, in one of which there was a gate across. Towards this gate it moved; and, without any apparent obstruction, went on at its regular trot, which we heard several minutes after it had disappeared. Whatever it was, it put an end to our occupation, and we made the best of our way home.

"I have often endeavoured, in later years, but without success, to account, on natural principles, for what I then heard and saw. As to the fact, I am sure there was no deception. It was a night of unusual brightness, occasioned by a cloudless full moon. How many of us were together I do not know, nor do I distinctly, at this time, recollect who the men were. Matthew Pascoe, one of my intimate boyish acquaintances, was of the party; but he is dead, and so probably are the others. The creature was unlike any animal I had then

seen; but, from my present recollections, it had much the appearance of a bear, with a dark shaggy coat. Had it not been for the unearthly lustre of its eyes, and its passing through the gate as it did, there would be no reason to suppose it anything more than an animal, perhaps escaped from some menagerie. That it did pass through the gate, without pause or hesitation, I am perfectly clear. Indeed, we all saw it, and saw that the gate was shut, from which we were not distant more than twenty or thirty yards. The bars were too close to admit the passage of an animal of half its apparent bulk; yet this creature went through, without effort or variation of its pace. Whenever I have read the passage about the 'lubber fiend' in Milton's 'L'Allegro,' or heard the description given of the 'browne' in the legends of other days, I have always identified these beings, real or imaginary, with what I, on this occasion, witnessed."

ALGERNON GISSING.

66, Marchmont Road, Edinburgh.

LADY ELIZABETH RUSSELL'S MONUMENT, 1601.—This familiar sepulchral effigy in the Chapel of St. Edmund at Westminster received adequate notice before Charles Dickens gave it comparative immortality by including it in Mrs. Jarley's famous waxworks:—

"That..... is an unfortunate Maid of Honour in the time of Queen Elizabeth, who died from pricking her finger in consequence of working upon a Sunday. Observe the blood which is trickling from her finger; also the gold-eyed needle of the period with which she is at work."—'The Old Curiosity Shop,' chap. xxviii.

This tradition, here elaborated only in the last sentence, is of very early date. Probably it was originally a popular misconception of the significance of the figure, but Crull ('Antiquities of Westminster,' 1722, i. 50) already has it

"with the forefinger of her left [hand] only extended downwards, directing us to behold the death's head underneath her feet, and to intimate the disaster that brought her to her end: which, if true, must be attributed to some gangrene, or other dangerous symptom, occasion'd perhaps, at first by the pricking of an artery or nerve, which at last brought her to the grave."

César de Saussure in his letter of 24 May, 1725 ('A Foreign View of England,' &c., p. 50), says:—

"I did not see anything of particular interest excepting the tomb and statue of a young girl about twelve years of age, who, the guide told us, was the daughter of Henry V. She is said to have died through pricking her finger with a needle whilst embroidering. At that time surgeons cannot have been very clever."

Whether Dickens derived the story from some such early guide to the Abbey, or more probably from one of the vergers, is uncertain; but it is of interest to note that in 1839, when this work was being written, there was a collection of waxworks.