

THE GREAT FAIRS AND MARKETS OF EUROPE.

By R. H. HORNE.

Bartlemy Fair.—Donnybrook and Ballinasloe.—Greenwich, Fairlop, and Edmonton.—Jahrmärkte of Germany.—Carnivals of Rome, Naples, and Cologne.—A Russian Fair.—An Irish Pig Fair.—London Winter Fair on the Ice.

IT is not every body that has had "the luck to see the sprig of shillalah" flourished to perfection in the vicinity of Dublin, the day of the great fair at the little village of Donnybrook; neither has every body had the peculiar fortune to see "Bartlemy Fair," or any other of the great English fairs. And those who have not will never again have an opportunity, as they have all been for some years abolished by act of Parliament. To the above we may add that every body has not had the equally grotesque delight of seeing a Continental fair, the carnivals of Italy, of France, a Russian fair, or the carnivals and jahrmärkte of Germany. But all of these latter are still flourishing at their appointed seasons. In accordance with the very motley and disorderly character of our subject, as to its treatment in all countries, we shall observe no order of sequence in describing the various wild and wonderful exhibitions characteristic of the unbridled animal spirits of the populace of different nations. Sometimes we shall take them in succession, by reason of their similarity, at other times for the force of contrast.

Let us begin with the more quiet and sober class, so that our readers may be gradually prepared for the scenes of riotous jocularity which are to follow.

The jahrmärkte, or fair, of Germany is a very different sort of thing from an English fair, or an Italian carnival, or any scene of uproarious merriment and extravagant exhibitions. There is really very little fun in the jahrmärkte. For my own part, I could see none. It is not much more than a market, except that, instead of the chief features being confined to eatables, there is a preponderance in the jahrmärkte of clothing, toys, sweetmeats, cakes, crockery, pipes, and Tyrolese blue and scarlet caps. Books also, especially of a pictorial kind, abound; indeed, one of the greatest fairs in Germany is at Leipsic, which is expressly a "books fair." But a carnival is quite another matter. I was once at a carnival in Cologne: it was a very gorgeous and peculiar exhibition of national fancies, both of the poetical and grotesque. The chief features consisted of allegorical, and sometimes mythological, characters, in chariots, cars, and on triumphant thrones, moving on wheels; all of which were drawn by horses in fanciful trappings, or by oxen, and by some other animals not easily distinguishable, who

were made to resemble bears, tigers, lions, and other wild beasts. The figures who sat in these cars were all attired in costumes suited to the characters they represented, and were attended, preceded, and followed by other figures on horseback and on foot, bearing banners with embroidered mottoes and devices, bands of music, and by acrobats, who occasionally performed feats of strength and agility as the procession moved along. The slow progress of this half-magnificent, half-motley *cortège* through the principal streets of Cologne occupied the greater part of the morning. It was winter, and intensely cold. There had been a hard frost last night, and the streets were slippery with ice. No doubt all the horses were rough-shod for the occasion; but the dresses of some of the mythological figures, and particularly those of the goddesses (though personated by young German students), must have called for no little exercise of fortitude, as well as a hardy constitution. Toward the afternoon every body thronged to some special public dinner-table, at which (at least at the one where I happened to dine) every body wore a tall, pointed paper *fool's cap*, with bells or tassels. The after-dinner speeches were generally full of forbidden political sentiments, covered up with (*witzig*) absurdities and comic subjects. Every body seemed to get mentally tipsy; but it was very remarkable to a Britisher that nobody appeared to be overcome in the way he was accustomed to see at home on similar occasions.

Of Tyrolese fairs the principal attractions to the eye are the various bright articles, both of male and female dress; but to a stranger the main delight is to listen to the very peculiar part-singing of the country. They select voices of the most varied kind, and by continually practicing together, certain effects—and most delightful effects they must be pronounced to be—are produced, unlike those of any other nationalities.

In Rome, Florence, Naples, Venice, and other cities of Italy the chief fun of the carnival consists in pelting with sugar-plums. Ladies and gentlemen, attired in rich and fanciful costumes, the majority wearing black masks, stand up in chariots and barouches, or other open carriages, with large bags at their feet filled with sugar-plums of all colors and sizes, with which they pelt each other as the carriages pass; now with a well-aimed *large* single sugar-plum—now with a handful of the smaller sort, flung like a shower of hail right in the face.

These carnivals originated in a kind of religious festival, as the derivation of the

word clearly proves—*Carni vale*—farewell to the flesh! How completely this became changed, in process of years, to very opposite observances is sufficiently obvious. In Rome and Venice the principal features are those of the masquerade, while with the former the horse-races are among the most favorite amusements. I should mention that horses are trained to run without riders on their backs. No horse can be bribed; every horse honestly does his best to win. A poor sort of amusement was at one time in vogue, consisting in carrying lighted tapers about the streets, and each person trying to blow out his neighbor's light and preserve his own. This may be regarded as a sort of Italian version of "beggar my neighbor." In Southern Italy there has been lately held quite a new sort of fair, viz., a "Wine Fair." There was no attempt or pretense to render this amusing in the general way. The first of these was held last March (1872), when the samples of the wines amounted to upward of 4000 bottles. The whole of this vinous army of four thousand in full array was, either most innocently or most irreverently, ranged three deep against the walls of Santa Maria la Nuova. But no priest or monk expressed any objection.

A carnival in Paris is a yet greater remove from the ordinary class of fairs. The French are much too elegant in their tastes to adopt any rude and rough amusements, especially the comic horse-plays that used to characterize the English and Irish fairs. A Parisian carnival is nothing more than a series of elegant and *recherché* little dinner and supper parties, under a mask. I pass hastily over most of these things, because they are still extant, reserving our more particular descriptions till we come to those which have been abolished.

But a fair in Russia is a wonderfully different sort of thing, and comes very much nearer to the Anglo-Saxon notions of what is proper on such occasions. Russian fairs may be divided into three very opposite classes. First, those which are made up of religious mysteries and superstitions, some of them being rich and magnificent in their display of idols and holy relics; others partaking of the squalid as much as the grotesque. One of the most striking characteristics of a Russian fair to the eyes—to the nose we might say—of a foreigner, particularly of French or English ideas of nicety, is that of the oppressive and overcoming odors of perfumed Russian leather, alcohol, sour beer, fermenting cabbages, the grease on the boots of the Cossacks, all mingling with the musk and ambergris of the fashionable. The second class of fairs in Russia consists almost entirely of dances of a kind not customary at other seasons; and these again must be divided into two sorts. There is the "Peasants' Ball," at which some of the

dances are very graceful, and others very licentious on the part of the male dancer, while the woman receives all his gross overtures with the rigid imperturbability almost of a wooden image. There is, however, another sort of fancy ball, called the "Nobles' Ball," at which none but nobles and those related to nobility are permitted to attend. They indulge in all kinds of splendor in their dresses. The chief peculiarity of the ladies' ornaments consists in valuable camcos. They wear them on the arms and wrists, round the neck, round the waist, and on the bosom. Some of the dresses of both sexes are so sumptuous that whole fortunes may be said to lie upon their backs—lavished on a single dress. Altogether, this is a very dull and inanimate piece of business. As to "fun," Madame Tussaud's exhibition of wax-work lords and ladies would be full as lively.

But the third class of Russian fairs I have to mention is the only one really deserving the name, and that is the *winter* fair. The principal of them is the fair on the ice of the river Neva. There you see races with sledges and skates, and with horses, dogs, goats, and stags, harnessed to different kinds of sledge vehicles. They also have their horizontal roundabouts, and their perpendicular high-fliers, like sedan-chairs going up in the air and down again. But the grand amusement of all is that of the "ice-hills." They are thus constructed: A strong scaffolding is raised to the height of thirty feet, with a landing at the top, ascended by a ladder. From the top of the landing a sloping plane of boards is laid, about twelve feet in width and ninety feet long, descending in a very acute angle to the surface of the frozen river. This inclined plane is supported by wooden piles, decreasing in height, and the sides are protected by a parapet of planks. Upon the down-sloping plane are laid square slabs of ice, close together, and then water is poured all down the slope. This water freezes—half a minute or so of a Russian winter is quite enough for that—and the incline then presents a broad sheet of pure ice. From the bottom of this incline the snow is cleared away upon the level surface of the frozen river for the distance of six hundred feet, and twelve feet wide (the same width as the inclined plane). The sides of this level course are ornamented with dark green firs and pines. Each fair-goer who wishes to indulge in the national amusement provides himself with a peculiar sort of sledge—more like a butcher's tray than any thing else—ascends the ladder to the landing at the top, seats himself in his tray on the edge of the glittering incline. Off he goes!—and away he skeels down the slope of ice. Such velocity does he attain before arriving at the bottom, that he is not only carried along the six hundred feet of

this icy level below, but clean up to the top of a second ice-hill like the first, with another slope on the other side, down which he skeels with the same rapidity as before, and away again to an equal distance on the level below. A succession of these fair-goers, fur-mantled, seated in their sliding trays, balancing themselves as they cut along, one close upon the other, yet no chance of overtaking each other (unless by some very unlucky and very unusual upset), presents a most peculiar and extraordinary scene. Whenever the balance does happen to be lost by a man, down he goes all the same, to the continual peril of his limbs or his neck, and it is impossible to predict whereabouts his headlong career will be stopped. Boys sometimes—boys will do any thing—by way of a delightful increase of the danger, skate like a flash down the bright inclined plane, balancing themselves on one leg!

Let us now offer a preliminary word or two concerning the fairs and other kindred exhibitions and popular out-door amusements of Great Britain.

A lady of my acquaintance in England, an authoress of superior education and refinement, once said to me, "How is it that the English people should have such a predilection for *ugliness* in their amusements? Foreign nations delight in mixing up a certain degree of poetical, pictorial, musical, or floral refinements with their most grotesque amusements; but the people of our country, though gradually improving in taste, have certainly a marked preference for coarse or vulgar things—in short, a love of ugliness. How is this?" You may be sure this lady did not mean to accuse her countrymen of a preference for ugly women; she only alluded to the sports and pastimes of the mass of the people, and with especial reference to an English fair. I should premise that this lady friend of mine was a Scottish lady, and having once had, as she considered it, the ill luck to be taken to see "Bartlemy Fair," she could never look back on that scene of crushing crowds and frantic noises without astonishment and dismay. Still, we must admit there was a good deal of truth in her observation, and before commencing my descriptions I will offer a few words in extenuation of what this lady and all our Continental friends are pleased to call the bad taste of the English.

There is an old saying that "all's fair at fair-time," which does not mean that any rough brutalities may be committed (such as ruffians only would commit *any where*, as well as at a fair), but that on this one occasion in the year people should agree to put off all gravity, and not take offense at hilarious hustlings of the crowd, or its harmless practical jokes of crackers and scratch-backs. In other words, those who were very *fine* and

overnice, and who did not choose to descend from their ideas of dignity for the nonce, had no business to go to an English fair.

Now as to the question of a love of ugliness, it forms no part of our present design to accuse, and certainly not to defend or applaud, the taste which undoubtedly has of later years existed in England for mere shows or *spectacles*—gorgeous costumes, scenery, and burlesque. Even poetical extravaganzas, and all the charms of the original fairy tales, have given place to burlesque, buffooneries, and local "hits." But while we may regard these things as a deplorable falling off in theatrical taste, we should fairly and firmly distinguish all permanent influences for good or for evil upon the national mind from the fitful fun of a yearly fair.

An English fair, as it existed some five-and-twenty years ago, and a foreign fair or carnival of the present period, must not be compared with any thing else; the former stood alone as a broad, honest, undisguised, outspoken, and outacting annual exhibition of the love of fun, of the grotesque, of the broadly comic, and of the determination to find an outlet for the exuberant animal forces which are characteristic of the populace of most nations. Rough they are, and ugly enough, in many cases; but the comic drama of *Punch* (as acted by the showman) is studiously rough and ugly; yet we are all delighted with his unscrupulous fun, we rejoice in all the hard knocks he gives and takes, and every body applauds his unique triumphs over Jack Ketch, and his final victory over the wooden doll-devil in the last scene.

We now come to the once celebrated fairs of Great Britain. The most important of the English fairs used to be Bartholomew, commonly called "Bartlemy Fair," Greenwich Fair, Peterborough Fair, Edmonton Fair, commonly called Edmonton "Statty" (statute), and Fairlop Fair. All these great fairs, with the exception of Fairlop, were done away with by act of Parliament some years since, as I have already intimated. I believe there were never any of the fairs of the kind I allude to in Wales; but there was a great fair in Glasgow. In Ireland there was one pre-eminently great fair—need I say Donnybrook? In different parts of Ireland there are still what they call "pig fairs," and a great fair at Ballinasloe. But these are not properly fairs; they are "markets" for the sale of cattle, pigs, and other farm produce, with a few ornamental accompaniments in the way of whisky, fiddle-playing, jig-dancing, bacon-frying, and shillalahs in the course of the afternoon and evening. The chief days are for the great cattle market; the fun of the shows—in fact, what I call the fair—comes last. In like manner Limerick and Cork have great days called fairs, but they are chiefly butter

markets. With regard to Limerick, one is apt to think

"Of all the sweet faces
At Limerick races;"

while in respect of Cork, it would appear to supply half the globe with butter—it certainly goes far toward supplying the Australian part of half of the globe. The supply is enormous: nothing stops it. I was in Ireland during the great famine years; and while the people were starving the great ship-loads of butter, cheese, and bacon were sent away as usual. It was no wonder that riots occasionally ensued when the hungry men and their families stood on the wharves and beheld this.

Bartlemy Fair used to be held in Smithfield, the market-place being cleared of its sheep-pens and cattle-fences for the occasion. The outskirts of the great English fairs presented different characteristics; but Bartlemy Fair being in the thick of densely packed houses and densely packed old London, there was no room for any thing beyond the fair, except a certain waste corner, which was filled with closely ranged little tables, on which were constantly deposited little smoking plates containing very small fried sausages of about two inches long, the sound and the smell of sausage-frying continuing all day and all night while the fair lasted. The only other peculiarity on the outskirts (I have seen this also at Ballinasloe) was that sometimes a bull broke loose from one of the neighboring cattle-yards, being excited, no doubt, to indignation, which soon became rage, by the extraordinary uproar and mixture of strange noises in the fair, his emotion being rapidly brought to a climax by the sights he beheld, and by the additional confusion his presence created among the crowds. Of course there were shouts of "A mad bull!" "A mad bull!" on all sides, as he rushed along the wild lane of flying people, now and then stopping to stamp and look around—a look of furious bewilderment—not knowing *what* to think of it all, except that the *people* were gone mad, and being very quickly made really mad himself by the goads and blows he received, and the glittering shows, the cries and screams and shouts that resounded on all sides. Sometimes a Londoner was tossed, and three or four were knocked down and trampled upon, but very seldom, as the bull's eye-sight, ears, mind, and purposes were much too confused to enable him to direct his attention (and his horns) to any definite object. At Ballinasloe it was quite a common thing to see drunken men tossed; but, somehow, they did not seem much the worse for it. Any sober man would probably have been killed.

A marked contrast to such scenes was presented by the outskirts and environs of Edmonton "Statty" Fair. It will be sub-

sequently explained why this statute fair, which used to be held at Upper Edmonton, claims by its historical associations, as well as by some other peculiarities, a rather prominent description. It was in reality *three* fairs, each within about a hundred or two hundred yards of each other—all held at the same time, and lasting for three days. The first was in the field at the back of the "Bell Inn"—which exulted in the sign of the "Johnny Gilpin"—the front of the inn and the whole house being surrounded with booths, stalls, and small shows. The large shows, the conjuring, the theatres, horsemanship, high swings and roundabouts, wild beasts and wax-work, were fitted up in an imposing array at the further end of the field behind the house; and the approaches to the great shows and booths for exhibition, as well as for eating, drinking, and dancing, were through double lines of gingerbread-nut stalls, toy stalls, sweetmeat, sugar-stick, almond-rock and taffy, elecampane, licorice, sugar-candy, brandy-balls, bull's-eyes, and lollipop stalls. In front of the inn, and ranged beneath the painted sign of the bald-headed "Johnny Gilpin," without his wig, and apparently shouting with widely open mouth, and clinging to the neck of his runaway horse, stalls of a similar description were closely packed and fitted, and extended on one side in double lines toward the high-road, continuing, with an occasional break (filled up by little gambling-tables, peep-shows, and cockshies), until you arrived at the fair in front and rear of the "Angel Inn," within two bowshots distance. Here there was always a still more imposing sight. The front of the inn lay farther back from the high-road than the "Bell," and besides this there was a little patch of green paddock on the left-hand side. Three double lines of gingerbread-nut and toy stalls led up to the "Angel Inn," with barrows full of green filberts close beneath the lower windows, and beneath the sign-board, on which was represented the figure of an enormous red-cheeked and red-armed dairy-maid, in flying white robes (but far more like a torn calico night-dress) and a pair of immense wings shooting up from behind her red shoulders, having written at her feet, in large gilt letters, "The Angel." In the little paddock stood the grand menagerie—Polito's Menagerie, afterward Wombwell's.

As all the great shows traveled about and visited every great fair, it is to be understood that when I describe one of them it will generally answer for all—Bartlemy, Edmonton, Donnybrook, Glasgow, etc. Polito's Menagerie, with its life-sized paintings of lions, tigers, birds, serpents, stags, and crocodiles, hanging tier above tier, all painted in the most glaring colors, and forming a very disadvantageous contrast

to the dingy, den-imprisoned beasts within—not to speak of the odors of dirty straw and sawdust—need not be further described, except that the splendor outside was greatly enhanced by a row of eight or nine portly men, gorgeously attired in scarlet and gold, as “beef-eaters,” and forming a brass-band whose martial strains were often accompanied by the roars and gulf-like gaspings of the real beef-eaters inside. Nothing could equal a boy’s disappointment on first going into this highly colored menagerie, from which he only recovered by approaching the cage of the lion or the “royal Bengal tiger,” and being assured by the keepers that if he went too close they would break out and tear him *all* to pieces. One of the double lines of stalls in front of the “Angel Inn” led directly to the gateway of the yard, into which the line was carried, the avenue widening till double and treble lanes of gingerbread-nut and toy and confectionery stalls filled up the yard and a waste piece of skittle ground behind, and finally opened into a field, at the farther end of which were ranged the great shows and theatres: Gyngell’s conjuring and feats of dancing on the slack wire, or balancing a heavy cart-wheel on the chin, flanked on one side by the “Spotted Boy” (a young gentleman of about nine years of age, whose body was literally piebald), the “Albinos” (two girls with long white hair reaching to their knees, and pink eyes), and on the other side by the caravan of the “Irish Giant” (Mr. Patrick O’Brien), the dwarf known as “Mr. Simon Paap,” and by the house on wheels of the celebrated Miss Biffin, the lady who had no arms, but who painted, wrote, and cut out paper portraits in profile with her feet—not very flattering likenesses, as it may be supposed. Penny theatres, peep-shows, eating and drinking booths, swings, roundabouts, high-fliers, little round gambling-tables, little stalls and barrows, with all sorts of knickknacks and quack doctors’ nostrums, filled up the rest of the available ground. It is to be understood that a large open space was always left in front of the grand stands of the great shows at the further end or top of the field.

The fair at the “Bell,” or “Johnny Gilpin,” was generally known as “Kennington’s Field,” and the fair at the “Angel” as “Whittington’s Field.”

Coming out again through the yard and gateway to the front of the “Angel Inn,” you passed Polito’s Menagerie, and made your way to the high-road and over the bridge, one side of which was always occupied by some half dozen mutilated beggars: one had been a tiler, and had fallen off a roof, and broken his back in seven places; another had lost an arm and a leg in the battle of Sham-jam-ballo, in the Heast Hinges; another had been blown up in the

air from the deck of a ship at the battle of Trafalgar so high that he was nearly a minute in coming down, just as Lord Nelson was shot; another was stone-blind, particularly if any benevolent-looking papa or mamma with a number of nice, tender-hearted, ingenuous little boys and girls were passing. Crossing the bridge, with the high-road on your left, you soon arrived at a gateway on the right. This was the entrance to the largest of the three fairs, and was called “Bigley’s Field.” In this passage there was a constant crowd, enlivened by the drowning sound of Chinese toy drums, or whirly-hummers, boys’ wooden whistles, and scratch-backs. The crowd here was often so dense as to come very nearly to a jam or a dead-lock, and at night it was dreadful. This was a rare spot for the London pickpockets. Once through, however, you were in a large yard, and beyond that you suddenly had the relief of arriving in the first field, of some twenty acres. A range of large trees ran across and partly divided it from the upper field, which (to my boyish recollections) was immense, but whether fifty or a hundred acres I would not now undertake to determine. Here were the grandest and most imposing of all the shows: the great tragic-comic company of Richardson’s Theatre (at which the greatest tragic genius that ever trod the British stage had often acted in his early years of obscurity—Edmund Kean), and the great circus for horsemanship, and the tight-rope dancing of the “wonderful Master Saunders.” In this field were the highest of the swings, the largest of the roundabouts, both for wooden horses and open cars, as also the most stupendous of the perpendicular revolving cars and close carriages, the “Crown and Anchor” booth, and other great booths for eating, drinking, and dancing; and in this field, also, were the largest number of pickpockets, all down from London as for harvest-time.

Beyond these great fields, and divided as usual by the old-fashioned English hedge, were other fields in succession; and here the outskirts of Edmonton Fair presented so great a contrast with the outskirts of Bartlemy Fair, of which we shall subsequently have to speak. Gypsies—several families of them—invariably attended this country fair, not as mere visitors, but professionally. The women went about all day telling your fortunes, and the men went about all night robbing your poultry-yards. Their little dingy blanket-tents were set up close under the thickest hedges of the adjoining fields, in the vicinity of which you could not set your foot but in a trice you saw a red cloak and a sibyl with a pair of dark bright eyes hurrying toward you, and then you heard a sweet voice seductively calling to you, with a very sunburned forefinger mysteriously

raised. In different parts of these outlying fields you might observe a lean horse or rough-coated little pony feeding, but more commonly one or two still rougher and more dirty-coated donkeys, with here and there a little ramshackle of a cart, while close beside the blanket-tent under the hedge, their feet lodged in the dried-up ditch or drain, you would generally notice one or two lazy-looking men, with very black locks and sun-burned faces and hands, and dark gleaming eyes, and a woman in a cloak of "many colors" nursing an infant, all of them with short pipes in their mouths.

Several children were usually rolling on the green grass in company with a few family dogs, while the eldest of the children sat watching the rise of a little wavering column of smoke proceeding from the genuine gypsy's kitchen range, viz., three long sticks and a dangling iron pot.

I have given more details concerning Edmonton Statute Fair than will be afforded to other fairs, for the following reasons. In the first place, it was the only instance of a combination of three large fairs occurring on the same day and in the same village or close neighborhood; secondly, they presented a genuine English fair, unmixed with the sale of pigs, cattle, or "baser matter;" nothing of the least utility or permanent value was to be found there, every thing being of the most ostentations, gorgeous finery, gilt and painted trumpery, and grotesque absurdity; thirdly, Edmonton Fair was always regarded as one of the "genteelst of fairs" (only, of course, during two or three hours after the morning opening of the fair), when papas and mammas and kind uncles and aunts could take little boys and girls through the principal avenues of gingerbread-nut and toy stalls without much hustling and jamming and destruction of frocks and trowsers; and lastly, because Edmonton has several historical associations. One of the oldest English plays (written by Drayton) was entitled *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*. Edmonton was the birth-place of Christopher Marlowe, the father of the English tragic drama; the birth-place also of another dramatist of the present age, who has not the courageous vanity to name himself after "the writer of the mighty line," but who may be found in Vol. I. of Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography*. John Keats, also, and Charles Lamb resided for some time at Edmonton, and always went to the fair. The story of John Gilpin's involuntary gallop through Edmonton need not be mentioned; but I must add that the Rev. Dr. Tice, of this village, furnished Dr. Combe with the original of his Dr. Syntax; and the grandson of Dr. Tice, who now indites this motley chronicle, will answer for the truthfulness of the portrait. Curiously enough, this eccentric lover of the picturesque (Dr. Tice) was also

the uncle of William Tice Gellibrand, one of the earliest, most talented, and energetic settlers in the Australian colonies. So strangely does the world of life go round!

Fairlop Fair, besides being a market for horses, cattle, and sheep, was a good "pleasure fair." Its pastoral outskirts presented features of a similar character to those just described, but there were more gypsies, many of whom, no doubt, were residents of Epping Forest, and perhaps furnished some of the donkeys for the donkey-races which formed one of the peculiar and most mirth-provoking features of this fair. There were also more sailors than at other fairs. This may appear strange, as the distance of Fairlop from the sea-coast was greater, but is easily explained. Fairlop Fair originated in a party of boat-builders going down one day for a jolly picnic in Epping Forest, not by means of a van or wagon, but in a large boat, with her sails set, and fixed on four wheels. Such a boat-load as this, consisting of jolly sailors and their lasses, went to Epping once a year, and "sailed" round the Great Oak. The number of sailors afterward may also be attributed to the great and unique feature of this fair, which was the famous oak-tree, round which the fair was held. This tree was so enormous that, during the years of its slow decay, when the trunk below became hollow, the cavity was cleared, smoothed, papered, and hung with drapery (pea-green, with poppy flowers, when I was there), furnished with a circular table and a circular bench, where ten or a dozen happy fair-going people sat round to dinner, and sometimes to pipes and grog. Now the special attraction to British tars must have been this tree, the topmost branch of which "Jack" always made a point of climbing, and, drunk or sober, standing upon one leg and waving his little hat, to the imminent, delightful risk of breaking his British neck. You seldom saw any drawing or print of Fairlop Oak without a Jack Tar perched upon one of the topmost branches. The tree stood for many, many years, all trunk and bare dry boughs: not a leaf had ever been seen by the oldest inhabitant. It stood there a colossal skeleton, a monument of itself, by the sheer strength of its bulk, and was pulled down at last by teams of oxen and long ropes, lest some fair-day a huge limb or so might fall and crush several theatres, menageries, peep-shows, and holiday people. Myriads of snuff-boxes, tobacco-boxes, and fancy boxes were made of the wood—or said to have been made of the wood—and are sold as such to this day every fair-day.

Croydon Fair is a good one (especially for the gypsies from Norwood), but more famous as a market for horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs. It presents no special features beyond those already described, with the exception of a tradition or legend which used to be very

popular with all school-boys of the district and elsewhere, to wit, that the green lanes on the outskirts of Croydon were haunted by a certain "Spring-heeled Jack," who was possessed with a monomaniacal propensity to attack young men and women, and gash them with a fine-edged, silver-handled knife. The anomalous "Spring-heeled Jack" always eluded pursuit by the swiftness of his running and the fabulous leaps he could take clean over the high hedges or turnpike gates, attributable to his wearing India rubber boots, the soles and heels of which were full of steel watch springs, as every boy of us thoroughly believed.

Peterborough Market Fair is celebrated for only one peculiarity, viz., its immense quantities of wood-work for farming operations. There you might see piles of axe, hoe, fork, rake, and spade handles; also handles for smiths' and carpenters' hammers; also tires and spokes for cart-wheels; window-frames, wheelbarrows, and dense arrays of field gates, hurdles, and fences.

Greenwich Fair was a very great fair. The extinction of this brilliant fair caused much regret to the holiday-making Londoners. It had several striking peculiarities, besides the usual number of large shows. First, there was the noble old hospital, and the frequent presence of old pensioners in their quaint old-fashioned sombre uniform of dark navy blue, with the three-cornered cocked hat, knee-breeches, and square-toed shoes with huge plated buckles. To see these veterans, English, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, who had well deserved all the care of a grateful country, wandering about—some with one arm, some with two wooden legs and a stick, some with one arm and one leg and *no* stick, mixing among the young fair-going folks, smiling and laughing at the grotesque groups, actions, and noise around them, and now and then showing signs that the eccentricity of their gait and bearing was not entirely attributable to a wooden leg—gave an additional interest to the scene, of a mixed kind of pathos and humor, not to be described in an off-hand way. The other great feature was the "Crown and Anchor" booth, which, varying its size at different fairs, invariably put forth its utmost magnitude and fullest splendors for Greenwich Fair. How many people had luncheons and suppers there through the day and night—how many scores of hampers of cold fowls and hams, turkeys and tongues, and hundreds of dozens of bottled ale and stout—is beyond any knowledge possessed by the present deponent; but that between two and three thousand people sometimes assembled therein at night to *dance*, and that sometimes more than two thousand Londoners were dancing there at the *same* time, after a fashion, he *can* answer for, as also for the fact of the whole scene

being at such times enveloped in a dense cloud of dust, rising up from the creaking and yielding floors, and that, whatever colored coat you entered with, every body emerged with a coat the color of whity-brown paper, large black nostrils, and black semicircles of dust under his eyes. The "Crown and Anchor" booth was so long that a full band played for dances at the top, by the bar, another at the bottom of the booth, and a third in the centre; and though they often played different dances, different airs to suit, and in different keys, you could only hear the music of your own dance, the predominant accompaniment to each being the measured muffled thunders of the boots of the fair-going Londoners. At these "high" moments it may be supposed that the fun was too "fast and furious" for the gentler beings of creation—of course with some rather conspicuous exceptions. The last great specialty I shall notice connected with this fair was the roll down Greenwich Hill. Many persons at home as well as abroad have never seen that celebrated hill, never rolled down it, and some, perhaps, may not even have heard of it. But a word or two will suffice to make them in some degree aware of the "pleasure" they have lost. A number of fair-going young people of both sexes—but most commonly lovers or brothers and sisters—seated themselves on the top of this steep and beautifully green hill, and beginning to roll down slowly, they presently found that the rolling became quicker and quicker—that they had no power to govern their rapidity, still less to stop; and they invariably rolled to the bottom. It didn't agree with every body.

Of the great cattle fair of Ballinasloe enough has already been said; but of an Irish pig fair something remains. The peasant's pig—"the gentlemin that pays the rint," the favored spoiled son, almost the lord of the cabin—when for the first time in his life he finds himself forcibly driven the way his *master* chooses, which, *of course*, is the way he perseveres in objecting to, by the time he arrives at his journey's end enters the fair in a very bad state of mind. His temper, never, at the best of seasons, half so sweet as his flesh, has become morose, and something is sure to occur to render him savage. Among other things, he is sure to quarrel with the pig next to him for precedence of place, and the immediate consequence—for *this* pig is in quite as bad a state of mind as *that* pig—the immediate consequence is a fight. By a fight we do not mean an ordinary routing of snout to snout, but a savage fight of two wild beasts. They stand upon their hind-legs, and fight in lion-and-unicorn fashion. It is a fine thing to see a pig under such unusual circumstances, and shows that he is not merely a creature of fat and crackling, to be roasted or made

bacon of, but an animal whose blood, when roused, inspires him to fight to the death against what he considers insults and injuries. The most amusing part of the whole affair is to see the dismay of the respective owners, and their anxiety to separate the furious combatants; because a pig that has been overdriven in coming to the fair, or had a serious stand-up fight, is always reduced twopence or threepence a pound in his market value.

We must now take a turn through Donnybrook. All those who were ever present will bear witness that an Irishman "all in his glory" was there; but not exactly for the reasons generally supposed. In the first place, the song which makes the "shillalah" the all in all belongs to a traditional period. A few fights and broken heads, inseparable from all English as well as Irish fairs, of course always took place, but the crowd was too dense to allow of much damage being done. There was not only no room for "science," but no room to strike a blow of a real kind from the shoulder, and "using the toes." We saw no blood flow. Something else in abundance we did see flow—whisky. As for the interior or main body of the fair, it presented no features materially differing from others previously mentioned; but the outskirts certainly presented something very different, indeed unique. The fair, as to its great shows and booths, was held in a large hollow or basin of green ground, on descending into which you found the immediate skirtings occupied by a set of very little, very low-roofed, tomb-like booths, where a busy trade was carried on in fried potatoes, fried sausages, and oysters, cold and scalloped. Not a bad mixture; but the cooking in some cases seemed to be performed by individuals who had never before seen a sausage, certainly not an oyster, and who fancied that smoke and peat ashes improved the one, and sand and sawdust the other. But cookery is by no means the special characteristic alluded to. It is this, and I will defy the world to produce any thing like it. Donnybrook is a village a few miles only from Dublin. The houses were all very small, the largest generally rising no higher than one floor above the ground-floor rooms, and every house being entirely appropriated to the use of the fair-coming people. The rooms below were devoted to whisky-drinking, songs, jokes, politeness, and courtship, with a jig in the middle; and very much the same, but with more elaborate and constant dancing, in the rooms above. Every house presented the same scene—yes, every house along the whole village; and when you came to the narrower streets the effect was peculiar and ludicrous in the extreme. For, observe, the rooms being all crowded to the last man and woman and child they could hold, and the

"dancing," especially above stairs, being an absolute condition, there was no room left for the *fiddler*. We say there was no room left for him, and yet he must be among them. There was room for him as a man, be it understood, but not as a fiddler. His elbow required space enough for *another* man, and this could not be afforded. The problem, therefore, was solved by opening the window up stairs: the fiddler sat out upon the window-sill, and his elbow worked outside. The effect of this "elbow" playing outside the window of every upper floor, sometimes out of both upper and ground floor of every house in a whole street, and on both sides of the way, and playing a similar kind of jig, surpassed any thing of that kind of humor in action it had ever been my fortune to witness. If that is not merry fun, show me what is! The elbows all played so true a time that, if you had not heard a note, you would have known that it was an Irish jig by the motion of all these jaunty and "knowing" elbows!

A last word on Donnybrook shall be devoted to one more custom, characteristic of the kindness as well as the humor of the nation, which was manifested in a way never seen elsewhere. Once every hour or so a large, close-covered police van was driven through the fair to pick up all the very drunken men who were rolling about, unable to govern their emotions. They were at once lifted into the van, and here many of them again found their legs, and you heard the muffled singing and dull thunder of their dancing inside as the philanthropic van passed along.

The impossibility of adequately describing any of these great fairs, and pre-eminently the renowned Bartlemy Fair, is attributable to several causes. It requires a panorama for its grotesque forms and colors and expansive varieties: all sorts of figures in all sorts of motions and attitudes, which even automatons could not convey much better than the pen; and all manner of sounds combining in one general uproar and confusion, because all these moving objects, colors, and sounds are going on at the same time, and all in most vigorous conflict with each other, and, indeed, with themselves. Under such circumstances our best plan will probably be that of giving a few of the most broad and striking general characteristics, dashed in with a scene-painter's brush, full of color, and almost at random.

St. Bartholomew's, *alias* Bartlemy, Fair was held in Smithfield Market-place, as previously stated, which used to be considered the very rowdy heart of London. All the butchers' stalls, sheep-pens, cattle-yards, pig and poultry inclosures, and all other wooden structures, were so completely cleared away that there was obtained a tolerably large open space. This was approached by

the different streets and avenues of gilt gingerbread stalls, toy stalls, and nondescript booths of various kinds, but more particularly for eating, drinking, little gambling-tables, and other similar things on a small scale, which would have been lost amidst the blaze and magnitude of the main structure. Nearly all round the great open area, the only intervals being the streets and other avenues of entrance, were ranged the theatres, the menageries; screened inclosures for the horsemanship, rope-dancing, balancing, tumbling, and leaping; the shows for conjuring, fire-eating, dancing dogs, learned pigs; the exhibition of wax-work and of living monstrosities, such as the calf with two heads and five legs, the mermaid (whom you were not allowed to examine very closely at the junction line), and the pig-faced lady, who was generally seen sitting at a piano in an elegant low evening dress, with a gold ring through her snout. A giant was always there, and both male and female dwarfs, but never together, as in present times, but always in rival caravans. The music, so-called, was a bedlamite mixture of brass-bands, screaming clarionets and fifes, clashing or hollow-toned cymbals, gongs, bells, triangles, double drums, barrel-organs, and prodigious voices bawling through immense speaking-trumpets. Now conceive the whole of these things going on at the same time!

Now imagine it to be night, and all the great and little shows and booths and stalls are ablaze with lights of all kinds of colors, magnitudes, and, we may add, smokes and odors, as many of them issue from a mysterious mixture of melted fat of various creatures. All the principal shows, and many of the smaller ones, have a platform or stage in front, and hereupon is enacted a wonderfully more brilliant, attractive, grotesque, and laughable performance than any thing inside. Portions of tragedies are enacted, including murders, combats, and spectres; dances of all sorts are given; men and women in gorgeous array of cotton velvet, spangles, and feathers stand upon horses, or promenade with most ostentatious dignity, sometimes coming forward and crying aloud, "Be in time! be in time! All in, to begin!" which is subsequently repeated half a dozen times before they retire, to console with their actual presence those who are waiting seated inside. Now and then part of the promised "grand pantomime" is repeated on the outer stage, and culminates with a rush of the clown, pantaloon, and acrobat, mounted on hobby-horses, down the steps of the platform, and right into the very thick of the crowd, causing one or two fights in the confusion and difficulty of their return, to the immense delight of all those who witness it, and to the great advantage of all the pick-pockets and other ruffians then and there col-

lected. While these things are going on below, there are other scenes above, such as the high-flying boat, swings full of laughing and screaming young men and women, the slack-rope dancers in their brilliant dresses of silver and gold tinsel and spangles, who are perched on swinging ropes amidst the white and scarlet draperies near the top ridges of the larger theatres and shows; and, rising over all, the coiling smoke-clouds of the blazing fat-lamps and pitchy torches roll and float upward toward the moon, every now and then rapidly cut through by the hissing head and tail of a rocket, which presently exploded in brilliant stars of white, green, and red over the frantic tumult beneath.

"Horn Fair" was held on Charlton Green, near Blackheath, and was by far the most elegant of all the fairs, if any thing so heterogeneous can ever be worthy of such an epithet. At any rate, Horn Fair was the most fashionable, even in the London sense of the term. It was to other fairs what "Ascot" is to other races. When we say that all the male branches of the royal family went to this fair it is hardly necessary to say that great numbers of the nobility, of both sexes, also displayed their graces amidst the toys and gingerbread-nuts. The military from Woolwich also paraded the area opposite the shows, some of the younger officers (not, of course, in uniform) getting into the high-flying swings, or mounting little wooden horses on the roundabouts.

One of the few fairs that remain in England is Barnet Fair, but this is more properly a market, the chief business of which is the sale of horses. The reporter of one of the London newspapers assured his readers that, on a recent occasion, if Rosa Bonheur, the great French painter of animals, had been present, she would have found a great variety of subjects for her pencil, from the unbroken, dangerous colt to the odd-looking, superannuated cab-horse. But the same writer evidently had a hankering after the "games of old," for he tells us that it was *consoling* to perceive by the gorgeous and auriferous display made at one gigantic stall that the time-honored gilt cakes and penny trumpets, once the glory of Greenwich, "had not yet become matter of history." Also—and this is very important—that the visitors bought the sweet trash liberally, and "ate them eagerly" and with perfectly innocent countenances, as if we were not at the close of the nineteenth century, when science fills, or at least fidgets, the universal mind. We hear that there was a "fat boy" among the mobs of the lower orders of horses, dressed in a Scottish Highland costume, with a conspicuous philibeg and snuff-horn, whom the spectators called "Young Tichborne;" but there were few other exhibitions of "monsters," very little dancing, and only one bar-

rel-organ in the whole fair. A boxing-booth, however, invited the farmers and butchers to come in and take a lesson in the once most popular branch of the fine arts in Great Britain. But fried fish, tobacco, and whisky constituted a far more general attraction.

It only remains for us to take a look at the winter fair which has been held in London at those rare intervals when the frost has been so strong and continuous that the ice even on the Thames, as well as Serpentine and other metropolitan waters, has attained a solid thickness capable of bearing the thousands of people who assembled there. Innumerable stalls and booths for eating, drinking, smoking, and dancing, portable ones for roast potatoes and chestnuts, together with swings, peep-shows, puppet-shows, and other amusements, were rapidly erected or wheeled on the ice; there were also many little card-sharpening and thimble-rig tables,

roundabouts, ballad-singers, and instrumentalists, from the humble Jew's-harp to the ostentatious brass-band. The many slips and tumbles upon the ice constituted a considerable part of the fun, and were promoted by the glassy surface of various cross slides, as well as by frequent jerks and sudden pushes with a view to the destruction of an equilibrium. The crowning joy, however, was at night, when a great bonfire was lighted upon the ice, and a bullock was roasted whole. As the form and face of the creature changed with the action of the flames and the red heat, and the head and horns became inexpressibly hideous, John Bull, far more than his emblematic representative, might be said to have been in his glory while dancing and whirling in uncouth and rampant mazes round the crackling and roaring flames, amidst which the national divinity, self-basted with black and crimson streams, was fiercely roasting.

DELUSIONS OF MEDICINE.*

CHARMS, TALISMANS, AMULETS, ASTROLOGY, AND MESMERISM.

IF we regard the mass of people among whom we are living, we are soon convinced that intellectually as well as bodily they are of very different ages. Unfortunately the proportion of those adult in mind is but small compared with those adult in body. Most men are in the infantile or child-like condition.

When, therefore, we speak of the high intelligence of the age we must remember that the remark applies to the few, and that these types of advance disseminate ideas with more or less difficulty through the masses. Nay, more, if too far ahead of the times, generations may elapse before their writings are credited.

Because the community as a whole does thus lag behind the age, it is of interest to us as physicians to study the medical ideas of former times, for we shall find that all those beliefs are prevailing in the various grades of society, and must be contended with, and often, alas! submitted to. It is instructive to the philosophical physician to trace, as in the case of Greece, the passage through fetichism, miracle-cure, and astrology to a sound system of medicine such as that propagated by Hippocrates, well called the Divine Old Man. In the rest of Europe—and from this point of view Americans are Europeans—the same progress has taken place as its nations have passed through their infancy and childhood toward the adult condition.

In considering the cures of all ages they may be divided into two classes: first, *cures by imagination*; and second, *cures by remedies, drugs, or hygiene*. Under the former head should be put miracle-cures, invocation, exorcism, astrological medicine, amulets, charms, talismans, and mesmerism; and under the latter a large part of the present plan of treatment, alchemical in its origin, in which drugs are relied on to crush disease. This will eventually be succeeded by the expectant and sustaining system, such as Hippocrates taught when he says that disease is caused by fermentations and other chemical changes in the fluids of the body, and that relief comes when such substances are discharged; that such changes may be local, as in erysipelas, or general, as in a fever. The power of the physician is to be shown by helping on the elimination. He should watch carefully the progress of the disease, and guide it without trying to stay it. When he has learned the course of a disease, he may predict the issue of a case from experience.

Let us, then, in the first place, consider *cures depending on the imagination*, apparently so supernatural.

That the mind can exercise a strong influence over the body might be proved by a thousand instances. Even such an insensitive tissue as the hair is authentically stated to have turned white from grief or fear. As Scott in *Marmion* says,

“For deadly fear can time outgo,
And blanch at once the hair.”

The sad case of Marie Antoinette will oc-

* Introductory Lecture in the Medical Department of the University of New York. Session 1872-73. Delivered by Professor HENRY DRAPER, M.D.