

DECEMBER.—CHRISTMAS WAITS.



Good Christians, rise: this is the morn;  
 When Christ, the Saviour, He was born;  
 All in a stable so lowlye,  
 At Bethlehem, in Galilee.  
 Rejoice! our Saviour He was born  
 On Christmas-day in the morning—*Old Christmas Carol.*

Hush! hush! These are the village waits, not your noisy musicians, whose clamour arouses a whole neighbourhood, but those who bring no other instruments excepting their voices—who go from hamlet to hamlet all night long, chanting such carols as our pious forefathers loved to listen to in those good old days when Christmas was not only a holiday, but a holy time. Let us uplift the corner of the white blind gently. Although they hope that all are listening, they would but feel uneasy to know that they were overlooked. We shall be very glad to see them on boxing-day, when they will come round and simply announce themselves as the waits; then we can reward them for the pleasure they have afforded us. A few old-fashioned doors will be opened, where they will be cheered with elder wine, spiced ale, and plum cake; they know the houses. There are those who make a point of sitting up to receive them; cold although the night may be, they will not lack bodily comfort. How sweetly the moonlight sleeps upon the untrodden snow; it kept falling until twelve o'clock; and then the queen of the stars came out adorned with more than her usual brilliancy. It is just such a Christmas morning as a lover of old customs would crave for—cold, frosty, and bright. How the snow will “crunch” beneath the feet

at daylight! But they are gone; you can just hear their voices at intervals, sounding faintly over the snow, when the red cock that crows from the far-off farm is silent, for they are now singing at the lonely grange beside the wood. The old farmer who resides there would never fancy that it was Christmas unless he heard the waits. Rumour, who is a slanderer, does say that when they have left his old-fashioned parlour they never again sing in tune—that bass is heard in place of tenor, and treble gets over his part before the others have well begun—and that, when complaints are made the next morning, the only answer is, “Christmas comes but once a year.”

Then comes the church service in the morning; nobody either thinks or cares about the sermon on that day—all feel good enough without it. No! their thoughts are with the friends they hope to meet; they need no other sermon than the snow which lies on the graves of those who are still dear to them in memory—the dead, who, perhaps, only the year before, were guests at the Christmas board—those whom

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn.  
 The swallow twittering from the straw-luited shed,



The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
Or busy housewife ply her evening car;  
No children run to slip their sires' return,  
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

In vain are the beloved portraits decorated with holly and ivy: the same calm faces look down upon the Christmas festival, but the eyes no longer brighten, neither do the lips move, nor will the merry laugh that rung like music over the scene ever more be heard.

High up the vapours fold and swim,  
Above him floats the twilight dim,  
The place he knew forgetteth him.—TENNYSON.

They mistake Christmas who state that it is a merry day; on the contrary, a Christmas dinner is more often a solemn assemblage of those who live, and whose thoughts are occupied with those who have departed. In England, with but few exceptions, it seldom consists of more than members of the family. If a friend drops in it is generally one who has no other friends to meet; or if he has, they lie too far and wide away for him to visit them. It is a time when grandchildren and grandfathers and grandmothers meet together; when old times and old scenes are recalled; when the hidden household gods are brought forth; and the young bride, often for the first time, meets the family of which she is now a member; when old crusty men, who after much persuasion have at last agreed to attend, shovel off the cold crust from their hearts, as the good old port comforts them, go home, and alter their will, and sleep more comfortably after it than they have ever done for years before; when hands which have never been clasped for many a long day lie enfolded within each other, and marvel however they came to be separated. No! Christmas is not a merry season; it makes a man think of how few such days he can remember, and how few more he can hope to see. He begins to think that a brief year of days spent so happily, dating from the time he first slept an infant in the cradle, and but kept up once a week, would tell him that he had lived beyond half a century; and he feels no wish to number as many more, although he knows that

In the grave there is no company.

"From the first introduction of Christianity into these islands," says the Book of Christmas, "the period of the Nativity seems to have been kept as a season of festival, and its observance recognised as a matter of state. The Witenagemots of our Saxon ancestors were held under the solemn sanction and beneficent influence of the time; and the series of high festivities established by the Anglo-Saxon kings appear to have been continued with yearly increasing splendour and multiplied ceremonies under the monarchs of the Norman race. From the Court the spirit of revelry descended, by all its thousand arteries, throughout the universal frame of society, visiting its furthest extremities and most obscure recesses, and everywhere exhibiting its action, as by so many pulses, upon the traditions, and superstitions, and customs which were common to all or peculiar to each. The pomp and ceremonial of the Royal observance were imitated in the splendid establishments of the more wealthy nobles, and far more faintly reflected from the diminished state of the petty baron. The revelries of the baronial castle found echoes in the hall of the old manor-house, and these were again repeated in the tapestried chamber of the country magistrate, or from the sanded parlour of the village inn: merriment was everywhere a matter of public concernment, and the spirit which assembles men in families now congregated them by districts then."

Such, indeed, was the merry Christmas of the olden time. The whole wide country was then filled with rejoicing: in the bannered hall the long tables were spread; on the ancient armour and the antlers of the wild deer, holly, and ivy, and mistletoe were placed; the huge yule log went roaring up the wide old-fashioned chimnies, and cold although it might be without, all was warm and comfortable within. The large wassail-bowl—a load of itself when full—was passed round, and each one before he drank, stirred up the rich spices with a sprig of rosemary, while the cooks (says an old writer) "looked as black and greasy as a Welsh porridge-pot." Roast goose and roast beef, minced pies, the famous boar's head, plum porridge, and plum pudding, together with no end of sausages, and drinks of every description, but, chief of all, the "bowl of lamb's wool," seemed to have formed the staple luxuries of an old Christmas dinner. But even more than two hundred years ago the cry was raised, "Is old, good old Christmas gone?—nothing but the hair of his good, grave, old head and beard left!"

Were I to paint a December day, such as I wandered out in last year (1847), it would read more like a description of spring than winter. The sky was intensely blue, and the sun shone with a summer brightness. The wide Downs which lie to the left of Sanderstead seemed to bask in the sunlight of May. On either hand, between the woods, the holly and ivy hung aloft in the richest green, while hips and haws glittered in the hedgerows in thousands, like beads of the brightest coral. The woodlark (which, it is well known, sings nearly the whole of the year, and is only silent in June and July), and the robin were singing as cheerfully as if it were a fine day in February; and, unless my ear deceived me, I caught the notes of the thrush. The day was, indeed, so beautiful that I could not resist the temptation of venturing into the wood, for there was a dryness about the fallen leaves such as I had but rarely seen in winter. Wandering onward, I arrived at a little dell. One side was in shade; on the other the golden sunshine slept. Strange, there was also a rich yellow light on the shady side of the dell. On a nearer approach, I saw hundreds of primroses in full flower. Pale and beautiful, there they stood, throwing a sweet fragrance all around; the new green leaves and the old ones, brown and decayed, all adhering to the same root. Such a discovery would have been a little fortune to a London flower-seller; and had they been dug up by the roots, and offered for sale in Cheapside (which is not more than twelve miles from Sanderstead), no doubt the whole dell-full might have been disposed of in one day, for it was just upon the verge of Christmas.

At no season of the year is the hare in better condition than now. He has got over his full autumn feeding, and there is a firmness about the flesh which will be lost after January. Hare hunting takes the precedence of the fox chase. It was followed by the ancients, and we have a description of it by Xenophon, long before the Christian era. By many it is also considered to afford more true hunting than the fox chase. The hare is no sooner found than it starts off and makes a circle; and as the scent is very weak until the hare is warmed, the harriers are often at fault, and driven over, and sometimes run backward instead of forward, hunting, as it is termed, "heel-ways." The hare should never be pressed upon too closely when first found, nor should the hounds be followed too near, as they sometimes turn back to regain the lost scent. Besides, by remaining behind, the motions of the hare can be better observed at a reasonable distance, and all her foils and doubles detected. It is wonderful what doubles the hare will sometimes make, when the scent has become warm: instances are on record of her feats on a dry road, when, having run all sorts of intricate ways, she will at last make a clear spring several feet from the spot, which occasions

many a fault; and while the harriers are beating widely about, or are far ahead, she will lie motionless in the very spot where she at one spring threw herself until the hounds have passed, when she will return again to her old starting point. When the hare begins to make more contracted circles, it is a sure proof that the hunt is pretty well over, for it is sure to come soon within the "spread of the pack," and it will not then be long before her death-cry is heard. Although the hare sleeps, the eyes are never closed: it is the same with fishes—they also sleep with the eyes open.

The following description of winter, written about three hundred years ago, will be new to thousands of our readers; it was written by a good old Scotch bishop, named Gavin Douglas, and first rendered familiar to English readers by the poet Warton, to whom we are indebted for the following beautiful modern version:—"The fern withered on the miry fallows; the brown moors assumed a barren mossy hue; banks, sides of hills, and bottoms, grew white and bare; the cattle looked hoary from the dank weather; the wind made the red reed waver on the dyke. From the crags and the foreheads of the yellow rock hung great icicles, in length like a spear. The soil was dusky and grey, bereft of flowers, herbs, and grass; in every holt and forest the woods were stripped of their array. Boreas blew his bugle-horn so loud that the solitary deer withdrew to the dales; the small birds flocked to the thick briars, shunning the tempestuous blast, and changing their loud notes to chirping; the cataracts roared, and every linden tree whistled and bowed to the sounding wind. The poor labourers, wet and weary, dragged in the fen, the sheep and shepherds lurked under the hanging banks or wild broom. Warm from the chimney side, and refreshed with generous cheer, I stole to my bed, and lay down to sleep, when I saw the moon shed through the window her twinkling glances and wintry light; I heard the horned bird, the night-owl, shrieking horribly with crooked bill from her cavern; I heard the wild geese, with screaming cries, fly over the city through the silent night. I was now lulled to sleep, till the cock, clapping his wings, crowed thrice, and the day peeped. I waked and saw the moon disappear, and heard the jackdaws cackle on the roof of the house. The cranes, prognosticating tempests, in a firm phalanx pierced the air, with voices sounding like a trumpet. The kite, perched in an old tree fast by my chamber, cried lamentably, a sign of the dawning day. I rose, and half opening my window, perceived the morning, livid, wan, and hoary; the air overwhelmed with vapour and cloud; the ground, stiff, grey, and rough; the branches rustling; the sides of the hills looking black and hard with the driving blasts; the dew-drops congealed on the stubble and rind of trees; the sharp hailstones, deadly cold, and hopping on the thatch." We know no description of winter so beautiful as the above; nearly every word is a picture, every epithet is well chosen, and the whole as fine a piece of word-painting as ever appeared in descriptive poetry.

We have again arrived at the close of another year, and in our journey through it have glanced at many of the old manners and customs which are fast fading away. The railroads, that have cut up the ancient highways of England, will soon uproot the few rude and rural customs that remain: the rapid interchange will revolutionise the habits of our simple villagers, and they will become ashamed of following the ancient amusements, which for centuries have been the delight of their ancestors. As for ourselves, we seem to have lived on the verge of important changes. We have with our own eyes beheld the old May-games, harvest-homes, sheep-shearing feasts, wakes, statutes, Plough-Mondays, Palm-Sundays, and other ancient festivals and ceremonies, as they have no doubt existed for at least three or four centuries. We have also been dragged at the rate of two or three miles an hour in the creeping market-boat and heavy stage-wagon, and been wafted fifty miles in the same space of time in an express train. We can also just remember when a steam-boat was a marvel, and the banks of the river were lined for miles with wondering spectators. What changes another generation may witness, the future can alone unravel; if they keep pace with those that have marked the last memorable quarter of a century, scarcely a feature of the England which we have here depicted will remain. All the wonders of the "Arabian Nights" sink into insignificance beside our iron roads and electric telegraphs. As for Puck's exploit in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," of "putting a girdle round about the earth in forty minutes," we shall ere long be able to send a message around the same circle in less time than the fairy boasted of.



(The Descriptions of the Twelve Months are from the pen of Thomas Miller.)