Local Notes and Queries.

[Finding it difficult, from considerations of space, to continue our "Local Notes and Queries" in successive numbers of the *Journal*, we have decided on transferring them to the *Daily Post*, and henceforth we shall devote a portion of each Thursday's paper to this purpose. We shall be glad to receive contributions, either "Notes" or "Queries," on any subject of literary relating to local antiquities, history, biography, &c.]

N. 20.—THE REAL ANTIQUITY OF ITS NAME.—It will appear to many persons ridiculous to attempt to connect the name of our dirty little town with the dawn of civilization with the primitive language of mankind. But under the guidance of such able philologists as Max Müller and Donaldson, I think the attempt may be made. These scientific philologists have undertaken to discover, from a comparison of languages, the speech of the primitive race of mankind, and I will endeavour, as briefly as possible, to indicate their method of investigation.

1.—They deduce that the primitive race was one, residing in one spot, and speaking one language.

2.—That after considerable advances had been made in the requirements of social life, the race dispersed, and became the progenitors of the present diversities of mankind. Dr. Donaldson, when no one will suspect of Biblical proclivities, says that the ablest physiologists and philologists are agreed "that the dispersion of mankind, at an early date, from one home, over the whole surface of the earth, is the most probable cause of physical and linguistic differences" (New Cratylus, pp. 67 and 76). G. Rawlinson (Bampton Lecture, 1859, p. 359), has demonstrated that Gen. x. is confirmed by the most recent modern discoveries, and is the "safest and most authentic guide for the affiliation of the various races of mankind." If science thus confirms Scripture on topics concerning which it is almost impossible that there should be any history or authentic tradition, we need not fear that a wise and prudent examination of later Scripture narratives will find fatal discrepancies.

3.—That where the same word occurs, with the same meaning, in two or more languages of the dispersed families, it is a fair presumption that the word was brought from the primitive seat, and was similarly applied in the primitive language. Pursuing this investigation, they have constructed lists of words which stock from which the Aryan (Indo-European) families descended, had, some time prior to its division into Sanscrit, Greek, Celtic, Roman, Teutonic, &c., founded a social State, with organised government and kingly power; that the ordinary domestic relations, as father, brother, widow, &c., had been established and named; that the horse, ox, sheep, pig, and goat were domesticated; that the earth was ploughed and corn ground for bread, and the arts of weaving, smelting iron and other ores, and navigation, were practised. Independently of the Mosaic record, their conclusions accord with the account of the early progress of mankind in Genesis iv.

In addition to the foregoing, I think it may be stated that the names which the primitive race gave to two great geographical features, viz., mountains and rivers, may be traced in the language of their descendants. These names are *Tor* for mountain, and *Ra* or *Re* for river. It is not my intention now to deduce any proofs of the former, but as a subject of local etymology, to give a few proofs of the latter.

This will be done by showing how widely diffused the root *Ra* or *Re* is in the names of rivers. Donaldson (Varronianus, p. 193) says:—"In every language of the Indo-European family, *Ra* or *Re* signifies flux, motion, flowing, either of time or water." The Indo-European family branch applied the name specially to water, while the Semitic branch applied it to time, and thence to the great time indicator, or celestial clock, the sun; for which, both in Chaldee and Egyptian, the name was *Ra*. Some of the names of the rivers which contain the element *ra* or *re*, are Ochalla, *Rohal*, *Rhone*, Sophyrus, Orones, Orontes, Tigris, Tyras, in Asia; the Arechthus, *Aras*, Tierus, Charondrus; Balyrus, *Aris*, Eurotas, Arethusa, *Rubo*, Acaris, Ecidanus, *Reab*, *Rhine*, *Rondon*, *Rha* (the ancient name of the Volga), Sabrina (Severn), *Rhodanus* (Rhone), Douro, Ebro, Hebrus, in Europe; to which might be added many others. In England we have several small rivers named Rea, also the Rye, Ribbel, Rheidol, &c. The same root occurs in Latin, *virus*, river. These instances are sufficient to demonstrate that the root is of very wide distribution among various members of both the Aryan and Semitic families, and therefore to raise a fair presumption of its antiquity and the dawn of the race. It connects it with the earliest epochs of our race. GEO. JARDIN.

No. 21.—VIEWS OF BIRMINGHAM.—The list of maps which I had the pleasure of contributing to a recent column of the work of Mr. Malins and myself, may as well be followed by a list of the Views of Birmingham, published at various times. It is probably the larger part of these views in my own collection, but cannot hope that my collection is complete. Any of your readers who have either original sketches or published views of our town at various dates, will much oblige, not only myself, but many local readers, if they will send the particulars of the date, the size, the date, &c.—to you. In a few weeks I hope to be able to complete a curious and interesting list of the various views of Birmingham in the olden time. EDYE.

No. 22.—LOCAL LITERATURE.—Birmingham is often regarded as a most solitary place, in that it is found to contain a considerable number of really important works have been produced in our immediate neighbourhood, or published in our town. For several years I have collected either the titles of books or the books themselves, which have any local interest, either from the subjects, their authors, or their place of publication. A catalogue of Local Literature, recently issued by Mr. W. Brough, has recalled my attention to their subject, and I think with the assistance of your numerous correspondents a very curious paper on the Bibliography of Birmingham might be produced. If any of your numerous readers will send you a "note" of such books of the last century in their possession, a very curious and valuable list may be easily compiled. It will be interesting to find the earliest Birmingham printed book. At present, I think that "Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia," translated into English by Samuel Johnson, who was then living in Castle Street, Birmingham, early in the last century, is one of the first literary productions of which our town can boast. The prolific Mr. Thomas Warren, the publisher of the first *Birmingham Journal*, issued a large number of works in the earlier half of the last century; and then came Baskerville, who gave the typography of Birmingham a world-wide fame. A mere list of the books printed in Birmingham, with their authors' names, the subjects, and the dates, will show that our town has not been behind others of its age and size in the production of literary works. Many of the old families of our neighbourhood can assist greatly in compiling such a list, and a little trouble on their part will make it very complete.

LECTOR.

No. 23.—CHALYBEATE SPRING AT DUDDESTON.—Every reader of old Hutton's too-much neglected history will remember his facetious remarks on our solitary chalybeate spring. Perhaps some of your reader, on the Saltley side of the town may be able to say what has become of this once famous spring. The remarks of Hutton himself are worth copying *in extenso*, but I conclude not by a question very little known, from Mr. Robert Rawlinson's report to the Board of Health, in 1849, and by expressing a hope that the suggestion made may even yet be adopted in a time when public fountains have become so common. The extract needs no comment, as it explains itself; but as a useful monument to one of our famous men and a remedial agent might be easily combined, perhaps one of our liberal townsmen will take up the subject and immortalise his own as well as Hutton's name.

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"'Has but one defect—it costs nothing. This excellent spring has forlorn, neglected, and exposed to every injury; it seems as if the public potentates, who have the legal aid in restoring health, but, being daily rejected, it seems to mourn the refusal, dissolve itself in tears, and not being allowed, though designed by nature, to increase the health of man, moves weeping along to increase a river. Had this water passed through a bed of malt instead of mineral, it would have drawn more attendants than the shrine of Thomas à Becket. Poverty assumes a variety of shapes, but in whatever form it appears it is always despised. The low state and the low credit of this well are equal.

"'I wrote to the Town Clerk to enquire what had become of this spring, and his answer is as follows:—

"'The Chalybeate spring in Duddeston was turned into a culvert by the railway people when the Birmingham and Liverpool Railway was constructed, and consequently no water can be obtained from it. The inhabitants in the neighbourhood very much regret the loss of this water, and speak strongly of its virtues in diseases of the eye.'"

"Surely some of the benevolent and liberal gentlemen of Birmingham may be found to restore this valuable water to the use of the district, for its own sake, and also for the credit of a variety of the town, as its eloquent advocate, who says of it—

"'Merit is often depressed. Here the afflicted might find a prescription without expense, efficacious as it signed by the whole college of physicians. The aliis and the cetera would be found round its margin as trophies of victories over disease.'"

A comparatively small outlay would not only restore this well to public use, but would also erect a neat structure over it in which baths might be provided, and the whole might be called the Hutton Baths, after the benevolent, earnest, and most eloquent advocate of this spring. There is a debt of gratitude yet due from the people of Birmingham to the memory of Hutton for his History and for his labours in their Court of Requests; and his calm spirit would rejoice more in one tablet to his memory or utility than in most expensive monument ever erected to man, if it only served the purpose of ostentatious ornament. But the use of this water might also serve the purpose he contemplated when he wrote in his chapter on this well:—"The use of the bottle adds to the spirits but shortens life; THIS GIFT IS THE REMEDY OF HEALTH, THE DELIGHT OF YOUTH OF AGE." This might be the motto; and then comes comfort for the teetotaller: "I remark that the water will lose some of its efficacy if carried off in any vessel but the stomach." This sensible suggestion of Mr. Rawlinson, buried in the Board of Trade report, is perhaps worth examination, and then, when public baths and fountains are common, and when we are more inclined to perpetuate the memory of our famous men than we have been in any former time.

ENGRASTUNENSIS.

THE POLISH CAPTIVITY.*

The author of this book, Mr. Sutherland Edwards, had had considerable opportunities of becoming acquainted with the history, sufferings, and present state of Poland. He has seen several times in Russia, has travelled throughout the Polish provinces, has read most if not all the books which treat of Polish history or politics, and being an Englishman, has enjoyed the advantage of hearing from the lips of Poles of all classes, rank ordinations and Sanscrit, Greek, Celtic, Roman, Teutonic, &c., founded a social State, with organised government and kingly power; that the ordinary domestic relations, as father, brother, widow, &c., had been established and named; that the horse, ox, sheep, pig, and goat were domesticated; that the earth was ploughed and corn ground for bread, and the arts of weaving, smelting iron and other ores, and navigation, were practised. Independently of the Mosaic record, their conclusions accord with the account of the early progress of mankind in Genesis iv.

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As a particular instance is always more impressive than a general act of cruelty, let the reader ponder the following:—

"But perhaps the blackest and most cowardly action committed by Nicholas in his prosecution of the Poles, and certainly one of the most cruel actions ever committed by a ruler in the history of Europe, was his condemnation of the young Prince Sanguszko as a felon.

"The crime committed by the Prince was that of having fought for his country. The officers of the Imperial family, had been in the habit of meeting the Emperor at Berlin, when he was a student, and when he was still a young man, and they had often danced with her at her father's court. She was horrified, as any woman of the least heart must naturally have been, at the idea of giving her young man of twenty-four being sent for life to Siberia, to work in the mines, and entreated the Emperor to pardon him, or at least to respite the sentence. The Emperor kissed her self and all the sisters of the young Prince went down on their knees and begged the Emperor to spare him. These prayers were not heard, and their effect on the Tyrant. He sent for the order condemning the Prince to hard labour in the mines, and delighted to add, with his own hand, "To be condemned to the Siberian felon." . . . . . Prince Roman Sanguszko, dressed as a felon, and chained writ by writ to a murderer, was compelled to make his public march to Siberia, in a cheerful gaol."

That the Russians themselves are sensible of the injustice done to Poland, was made very clear to Mr. Edwards during his residence at St. Petersburg. Manuscript poems on Poland were handed about, and passed from hand to hand, there was some evidence of a half willingness on the part of the more liberal Russians to help the Poles to a recognition of their rights, the policy of the Government was, for a time, very freely discussed in the Russian journals, and sharply condemned by some of them. But the most strongly marked instance of sympathy was afforded by a picture exhibited at the St. Petersburg Academy, and which obtained the painter special marks of honour both public and private:—

"I made a point, however, when I was in Russia, a year or two ago, of ascertaining, as far as I could do so, what the Russian public thought of the position of the Poles. Curiously enough the first sign I met with of any interest in the matter was a picture in the annual exhibition of the Imperial Academy of Arts. The work represented the hall of a party of exiles. The scene is on the road to Siberia. A gray sky, a dreary landscape, and the Ural Mountains all around. In the foreground, on an uncovered cart, to which he is chained by the legs, is a young Polish exile, who, to judge by his features, has neither the figure nor the features of any of the other exiles, for the most part ordinary criminals; and he is leaning over his wife, who has never committed the slightest action of which he need be ashamed. His forehead, nose, chin, and the general contour of his face are of the Sarmatian type, and he actually has succeeded in giving an expression of remarkable dignity to the dead or dying man, though he is chained to the cart, and his hair, and his both eyes closed. But no; one eye is partly open; for the officer in command of the escort, a low, cunning, callous, brutish fellow, who is just in pulling away as a short pipe, is at the same time lifting up the eyelid of the expiring Polish gentleman, to ascertain whether he is really dead, or only counterfeiting death, so as to be left behind before his time. The political exile, however, for he can be nothing else, has a glassy eye, which will not permit the officer of the escort to look any further on his journey. On his thin white hand, hanging listless at the side of the cart, is a signet ring, a family memorial which he has contrived to keep till the last, and, as a final humiliation, this is passing into the possession of a bore and a pickpocket "leading articles." Added to these defects Mr. Edwards's style is curiously uneven—often flippant and "jerky," occasionally not a little pretentious, and, throughout, savouring too much of the manner of "our own correspondent."

Still there is such a dearth of English books about Poland that any trustworthy evidence is to be received with thankfulness; and there are some points—hitherto undly neglected—which are fully established beyond reasonable clearness. The most remarkable of these is the dislike or almost hatred felt by the Poles towards Germans. They detest Russia for her cruelty and bad faith; but according, all, and more than all, the evil done to them by their brothers of Russia, if she were but decently honest and moderately kind, than they would under any circumstances with Prussia or Austria. Between the Germans and the Poles there is an antipathy of a peculiar character, of a peculiar feeling which does not exist with regard to Russia. Mr. Edwards reports that the real feeling of the Poles towards Russia is expressed in the familiar phrase "neither with you nor without you," prompted by recollections of their own former greatness and glory the Poles must continually struggle to get free, and yet if Russia were but reasonable they would perhaps content themselves with lengthening and tightening instead of snapping the chain which binds the two countries together. As matters stand, however, the Poles are determined some day or other to re-erect their ancient kingdom—reclaiming from the three Powers all the spoil seized in the various partitions. It was the knowledge of this determination, and of the deep longing of the Polish national hymn last year as distasteful at Berlin and Vienna as it was at St. Petersburg:—

"But the Russians heard the hymn in Warsaw, Wilna, and elsewhere, and gave the ultimatum meaning. So, also, did the Austrians and Prussians when it reached their ears, and it is not improbable that in none of the three it will, and that they all forbade it. If, beyond doubt, Poland were lost for ever, then the Poles might be allowed to sing their songs in peace. The Polish hymn contains a prayer that may be granted, and therefore it irritates and maddens the oppressors of Poland. Not only enthusiasts, but even men of experience and practical politicians are convinced that Poland will live again, and the vision arise now are those who believe in the continuance of the present order of things in Russia, Prussia, and Austria. After the occurrences of 1830-1, of 1846, and of 1848, the Polish cause did indeed appear to be irrevocably lost; but those who have kept their ears open for the last few years and how thoroughly Polish all Poland remains, and that even in the Polish provinces conquered by Prussia, Austrian, or a Prussian, seem to be chiefly struck by the fact that all the oppression and persecution which this devoted nation has undergone have not sufficed to fortify its national spirit. If the Polish question was not settled in 1795, when all Poland was divided into three; if it was not settled in 1815, when it was divided into four; or in 1846, when the annexation of Cracow by Austria left it divided into four; still less is it settled now, when there are such incentives to hope, such intercourse between the four parts, and when, as a natural consequence, so many more direct expressions of sympathy are constantly interchanged. . . . . Between Warsaw and Moscow, Warsaw at that moment must have lived under four entirely different rules, and have acknowledged by turns Stanislaus, Poniatowski, Frederick Augustus, the King of Saxony, the King of Saxony, and the Emperor of Russia, as their sovereign. Being Poles, they had in 1795 to become Prussians, and then being conquered by Napoleon, they had to become Poles, and then once more allowed to call themselves Poles, they found themselves suddenly called upon by the Emperor Nicholas, after 1831, to become Russians. They are expected now to be "loyal" to Russia.

As against Russia, in the contest now going on, the rest of Poland, as well as the portion ruled by Mr. Edwards, are

"In a few words, then, the great immediate object of the kingdom of Poland and of the Polish provinces incorporated with Prussia and Russian Poland is to be seen as free as to form one Polish kingdom. If this kingdom were endowed with a Constitution the leading men would be willing to swear to it, and to observe it faithfully as its loyal subjects. But any arrangement which would enable the inhabitants of the Russian Polish provinces to live and bring up their children as Poles would be a blessing to them and a consolation to the Poles of the existing "Kingdom." In the Polish provinces conquered by Prussia, Polish children are permanded if they venture to speak of themselves as Poles, and thrown into prison if they dare to ask permission to sing the national hymn. The Poles in their nationality they are as badly off as the Polish subjects of Prussia. As regards political rights they are much in the same predicament as the Poles of "the kingdom" of Russia, despotism; not only of a foreign despotism, but of one which will not listen to them nor in any way recognise their existence as a people. They are left out of the pale of civilisation, and make a vain, humiliating, really impossible attempt to transform themselves into foreigners.

The social oppression, for which the Poles of "the kingdom" have recently suffered—the imprisonments, the street slaughter, the suppression of the right of free speech and worship, the prohibition of all popular associations, and even the denial of free access to the Emperor by remonstrance or petition—are too well known as not to need recapitulation. It is instructive, however, to go back a few years, and recall the treatment they had received at the hands of that "father of the people," that model of "humanity of order," the late Emperor Nicholas. The following extract will afford some idea of the tender mercies by which the emperor of that sovereign is kept alive in the Polish mind:—

"The Emperor Nicholas hated the Poles with a hatred sufficient to fill his breast with hatred, with hatred, cruelty, and with his own hand wrote the decree for revoking the punishments already decreed against them by his not less merciful brother. In 1831 the reader has already seen that when the order for transporting ten thousand families from Podolia to the Caucasus was submitted to the Emperor, he wrote in the margin, "Let it be 'designed to add' with his own hand—"These rules are to serve, not only for the province of Podolia, but also for the other western provinces, Wilna, Grodno, Minsk, Mohilew, Bialystok, Minsk, Volhynia, and Kiel; which will make up the number of ten thousand families." The officials hesitated to carry out this inhuman order, asked for further instructions, and interposed various delays. Ultimately they received a certain number of families by force from Podolia; but this first step caused so much indignation, that it was thought advisable not to repeat it."

* The Polish Captivity, an Account of the Present Position of the Poles in Russia and Poland, in the Polish Provinces of Austria, Prussia, and Russia. By Sutherland Edwards.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS (SUFFOLK STREET) EXHIBITION.

(From our Correspondent.)

Happy is the lover of art, whether *dilettanti*, or by calling a painter, who, rejoicing in amplest leisure, finds his lot cast in the lower ranks of London. All the year round, from the budding spring to winter, the opportunity is open to him of studying art in her newest phase. With the "merrie month" comes the academy and its fascinating treasures, lingering the summer though; then follow the rival water colour exhibitions, the new and old Institutions, the leading man of twenty-four being sent for life to Siberia, to work in the mines, and entreated the Emperor to pardon him, or at least to respite the sentence. The Emperor kissed her self and all the sisters of the young Prince went down on their knees and begged the Emperor to spare him. These prayers were not heard, and their effect on the Tyrant. He sent for the order condemning the Prince to hard labour in the mines, and delighted to add, with his own hand, "To be condemned to the Siberian felon." . . . . . Prince Roman Sanguszko, dressed as a felon, and chained writ by writ to a murderer, was compelled to make his public march to Siberia, in a cheerful gaol."

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"In a few words, then, the great immediate object of the kingdom of Poland and of the Polish provinces incorporated with Prussia and Russian Poland is to be seen as free as to form one Polish kingdom. If this kingdom were endowed with a Constitution the leading men would be willing to swear to it, and to observe it faithfully as its loyal subjects. But any arrangement which would enable the inhabitants of the Russian Polish provinces to live and bring up their children as Poles would be a blessing to them and a consolation to the Poles of the existing "Kingdom." In the Polish provinces conquered by Prussia, Polish children are permanded if they venture to speak of themselves as Poles, and thrown into prison if they dare to ask permission to sing the national hymn. The Poles in their nationality they are as badly off as the Polish subjects of Prussia. As regards political rights they are much in the same predicament as the Poles of "the kingdom" of Russia, despotism; not only of a foreign despotism, but of one which will not listen to them nor in any way recognise their existence as a people. They are left out of the pale of civilisation, and make a vain, humiliating, really impossible attempt to transform themselves into foreigners.

The social oppression, for which the Poles of "the kingdom" have recently suffered—the imprisonments, the street slaughter, the suppression of the right of free speech and worship, the prohibition of all popular associations, and even the denial of free access to the Emperor by remonstrance or petition—are too well known as not to need recapitulation. It is instructive, however, to go back a few years, and recall the treatment they had received at the hands of that "father of the people," that model of "humanity of order," the late Emperor Nicholas. The following extract will afford some idea of the tender mercies by which the emperor of that sovereign is kept alive in the Polish mind:—

"The Emperor Nicholas hated the Poles with a hatred sufficient to fill his breast with hatred, with hatred, cruelty, and with his own hand wrote the decree for revoking the punishments already decreed against them by his not less merciful brother. In 1831 the reader has already seen that when the order for transporting ten thousand families from Podolia to the Caucasus was submitted to the Emperor, he wrote in the margin, "Let it be 'designed to add' with his own hand—"These rules are to serve, not only for the province of Podolia, but also for the other western provinces, Wilna, Grodno, Minsk, Mohilew, Bialystok, Minsk, Volhynia, and Kiel; which will make up the number of ten thousand families." The officials hesitated to carry out this inhuman order, asked for further instructions, and interposed various delays. Ultimately they received a certain number of families by force from Podolia; but this first step caused so much indignation, that it was thought advisable not to repeat it."

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Happy is the lover of art, whether *dilettanti*, or by calling a painter, who, rejoicing in amplest leisure, finds his lot cast in the lower ranks of London. All the year round, from the budding spring to winter, the opportunity is open to him of studying art in her newest phase. With the "merrie month" comes the academy and its fascinating treasures, lingering the summer though; then follow the rival water colour exhibitions, the new and old Institutions, the leading man of twenty-four being sent for life to Siberia, to work in the mines, and entreated the Emperor to pardon him, or at least to respite the sentence. The Emperor kissed her self and all the sisters of the young Prince went down on their knees and begged the Emperor to spare him. These prayers were not heard, and their effect on the Tyrant. He sent for the order condemning the Prince to hard labour in the mines, and delighted to add, with his own hand, "To be condemned to the Siberian felon." . . . . . Prince Roman Sanguszko, dressed as a felon, and chained writ by writ to a murderer, was compelled to make his public march to Siberia, in a cheerful gaol."

That the Russians themselves are sensible of the injustice done to Poland, was made very clear to Mr. Edwards during his residence at St. Petersburg. Manuscript poems on Poland were handed about, and passed from hand to hand, there was some evidence of a half willingness on the part of the more liberal Russians to help the Poles to a recognition of their rights, the policy of the Government was, for a time, very freely discussed in the Russian journals, and sharply condemned by some of them. But the most strongly marked instance of sympathy was afforded by a picture exhibited at the St. Petersburg Academy, and which obtained the painter special marks of honour both public and private:—

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