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JANNEYING IN TILTING, FOGO (NEWFOUNDLAND): Part 1

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[The following piece was written as a student paper for the MA folklore course at Memorial University, St. John's, Newfoundland, in 1977. The second half of the article will appear in a future issue of ROOMER].

The subject of this paper is the folkloric event known as 'janneying', which falls into Group A(1), 'The Informal Visit', in Halpert's classification of mumming. It is obvious from Halpert and Story's **Christmas Mumming in Newfoundland**, and material in the Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore and Language Archive, that although mumming is fairly widespread, it differs (i.e. rules vary) from area to area. I thus concentrated on one place, the Roman Catholic community of Tilting, Fogo. My interest was primarily the 'rules of appropriateness' at work in the ritual situation, and the extent to which these were perceived by those involved. The study is in two main parts; the first consisting of the informants' accounts of janneying, the second involving analysis of the data.

My informants for this paper were Joe Greene, a twenty-one year old native of Tilting, and Ed Healey, an Englishman in his thirties who has taught in Tilting since 1965. The information in each case was gained from informal chats, and a taped interview which took place in an office of Memorial University. It seemed to me that the different age and experience of the informants should provide interesting perspectives on the folkloric event. In accordance with Goldstein's recommendation (**A Guide For Fieldworkers in Folklore**, p.124), I include "considerable commentary in the informants' own words".

Janneying commences on December 26th (St. Stephen's Day or Boxing Day) and continues for "the twelve days of Christmas". I first of all enquired about the age of janneys. Joe, who last went "out on the janneys" when he was nineteen, said:

"Eh, young people, but you get people, eh, sometimes older people go out, but not recently, not that often...They used to go out, yeh,

'cause I remember one time me mother was out, and she was about ..fifty then, I suppose, something like that. Just a spur of the moment thing, they went out. Eh, they were over visiting somebody and, eh, dressed up, went out, and nobody knew who they were, like, eh?...

This past Christmas I see, em, some people between, em, twenty and twenty-five, a couple of nights. They're eh, that's the people, that's the type of people that, eh, people enjoys seeing, because you don't know for sure who they are, and usually they carry their own music with them, see?"

For the most part, however, the janneys are children, "little janneys". Joe said that when he was out, "fellows and girls" would go round together because it was "more fun".

On the question of age, Ed confirmed what Joe had said:

"Mostly children. That'd be from, anywhere from age..maybe around nine or ten, up to, eh..fourteen or fifteen. Sort of Junior High School crowd. I know of a few cases, eh, I've seen adults out on the janneys a few times. Eh, quite recently too, you know, within the last five years or so".

When asked whether girls and boys go round together, on the other hand, he said:

"Yeh. Quite often, though - you see, sometimes you're not sure, even after they've left your house, who they were, or whether they were boys or girls. You try to find out, but you don't always. But I, I think..it seems to me, they don't mix".

Ed thought that girls tended to come earlier, the boys coming when it's "really pitch dark".

I then enquired about the disguises employed by the janneys. Joe answered this with notable enthusiasm:

"Some people put on like just a blanket, like, down over their head, like, you know. And other people have on old clothes, and put pillows inside their stomach, and make a tie round it to keep it on, and, eh, old boots. And, eh, turn your clothes inside out, 'cause somebody might know. Cap turned inside out, 'cause everyone know the cap, right? It's a small place...

Some people get a...like a pillow case, and haul it over their head. They cut out for the eyes, and cut out for the mouth and the nose.. Some people just haul it, like, over their head, and when they meet somebody on the road, they just haul it down over, and they just keep it over when they're in. So, somebody, you can see through it, 'cause usually if you cut out for your eyes, people look at your eyes, right? And some people try and recognise you that way...

I remember one guy used to go out, and, eh, he used to put a pillow case down over his head, and he wouldn't have it, hole in it, and he used to put the beer up and drink through the cloth! Strain it, you'd call it, while he was drinking...

Rubber clothes was another thing they used to use - rubber clothes like they used for fishing, and you'd never know, you'd never know".

Ed also had a lot to say about disguise:

"It depends which family they come from. Some families seemed to be more sort of, eh, they seem to improvise more than others. Some people would use the same kind of masks that they'd buy in the shops for, eh, Hallowe'en, or something like that. You know, sort of devil masks, or, or, em, monster things, sort of Frankenstein stuff. But - I think a lot of the kids still use the flour sack, which they, eh, pull over their head. It's a sort of a flour sack, that's probably been bleached a bit, you know, cleaned. You know, I mean it hasn't got any printing on it or anything. So they'd have a couple of holes, anyway, for the eyes, and probably one for the mouth, because they quite often expect to get something to eat. And they might have a little bit of, eh, lipstick, or some kind of crayon, even, put on that, you know. I haven't really seen masks that have been, you know, there's a lot of work has been put in them. That have been, em, eh, what you'd call it, eh, works of art...

I've seen kids, quite recently, I think, wearing ski masks. Eh this, I think, it's quite recent in Newfoundland to find these...ski masks that cover the face. Eye holes and probably a mouth hole. I've seen a few of those around...

Mostly flour sacks, or else - occasionally a veil over the face, which could be made of any sort of, almost any kind of material, and then a, a woollen cap pulled down over, you know, to keep it on the head, you know, and then it sort of hangs down. And then, of course, they usually keep their head down, usually...

Quite often they, they'll eh, they'll use, eh, you know, they'll, they'll sort of transvest. You know, they, they'll wear...clothing of the opposite sex. So often it'll be parents' clothes, or old clothes that they've found in the attic, or something. Often I think you'll sort of see a cardigan put on backwards, em, this kind of thing. Girls quite often will wear, em, hockey clothes nowadays. Em, I've noticed several times you'll get girls coming in, eh, sort of padded out with hockey equipment, you know".

Both informants commented that the janneys carry a 'split' or 'junk' of wood, used for knocking on doors, and for waving in mock anger at their hosts once inside the house.

Ed was more talkative by nature than Joe, and needed very little direct questioning. The following section, Ed's description of the folkloric event itself, though rather lengthy, is valuable for demonstrating "a set of rules, a system of communication, a grammar in which the relationships between the attributes of verbal messages and the social-cultural reality are in constant interplay, transforming symbols and metaphors, styles and structures, themes and forms in response to social variables of a situation" (1). Ed's account of janneying is from the point of view of the householder.

"You always get a knock on the door, and, you know, they never come in. Now usually in Tilting people do just walk in, eh? I mean it's not the kind of place where you knock on the door or ring the bell, you know, so eh...You know, you can tell if a knock comes on the door, it's either somebody that doesn't know you, or - doesn't belong to the community, eh? Or else it's probably janneys...You know, it's that sort of time of night, it's getting dark, and, and so it could be janneys.

So you go to the door, and you open it up, and here's all these

characters out on the gallery, you know, around the door, and they say, em, eh - What they say is "Any janneys the night?" they say. I mean what they want to know is, can you, can they come in. They don't say "Can we come in?", they say "Any janneys the night?", you know, which I think means, to me anyway, it means, you know, "Do you want janneys to come in?", you know, "You're prepared for us to come in and, and do our thing". And, eh, they do it with this 'janney voice'. You know, they, they breathe in while they're speaking..they breathe in, while they're speaking, to disguise their voice. Yeh? So in other words, what they do is, a little kid'll be on the doorstep and he'll say "Any janney's the night?" [ingressed] like that, see? Breathing in, while he's, and you know - it's, it's quite difficult to do, it hurts your throat after a while. They always want a drink of water first thing when they come in, 'cause it's really hard on the throat. So, eh, what my wife usually does, I mean she's from the community, eh? She's, she's from Tiltling, and eh, she's never left it. So she, her general sort of routine is to say "Oh my, look at the janneys", you know, and then sort of start admiring their costumes and so on, you know, eh, pretending to be frightened, you know. And then you sort of, you invite them in if you want - I think you can, theoretically, tell them to bugger off, if you want to, but you usually don't.

So, eh, usually they come in, and eh, they pretend they don't know their way into the house. This is always the case, you know. They come into the back kitchen and eh, it's usually - the little ones it's not too bad, but with the big ones it's usually wise to sort of, stand by your water barrel, so they don't knock it over you know, and flood the bloody place, or something like that, or sort of drop some candies into it, or something, you know. You have to sort of watch them as they come in. They usually pretend they don't know the house, and they don't know the way to the kitchen, you see, which is usually the second place you come to. So they, they sort of try to get out through the walls, and they, they sort of walk into the coats, you know, generally sort of pretend, you know. And they don't take their boots off, even if they're muddy, and they're full of snow, they don't take their boots off. And you don't tell them to. I think, eh, it seems, it seems that you know, the convention is, you don't tell janneys to take their boots off. Most people when they come in - if they've got over-shoes on, or if they've got boots on, they'll take them off in the back kitchen, and leave them there, then they'll come into the kitchen in their vamps, you know, in their, their eh, stockings. But janneys never. They'll come in with their boots, if they're muddy, eh, full of snow and slush, if they've got horse shit on them - doesn't matter, they're coming in anyway, so once you let them in, you just take the consequences, right?"

Once in the back kitchen, the janneys tend to sit together on the day bed, and Ed considers it a clue that somebody knows you quite well if they go and sit by the stove. He admitted, however, "I'm not very good at this, but my wife, I think, generally is pretty good at spotting clues, you know, as to who they might be". The householders try to get the janneys to do or say something which they might recognise, or make comments about people to whom they think the janneys might be related to test their reaction. Ed mentioned that a fairly common trick was to give a janney whom they suspected was a young girl a glass of rum, to see how she would cope with it!

[To be continued: notes and references will be included with the second part]

**STUDENT THESES, DISSERTATIONS & PAPERS HELD IN THE INSTITUTE OF DIALECT
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A List compiled by Craig Fees from classified shelves in the Archive, the Archive index, and the list of theses and dissertations compiled by the Institute 1962-1983.

Similar lists by Craig covering Traditional Song & Music, and Children's Folklore, will appear in *Folk Song Research* and *FLS Children's Folklore Newsletter* respectively.

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TRADITIONAL DRAMA CONFERENCE

The idea of another TD Conference, or other meeting, floated in the last issue of **Roomer** has resulted in one offer of a paper and two potential audience-persons. Any more takers?

MAY DAY IN ENGLAND: An INTRODUCTORY BIBLIOGRAPHY

by **ROY JUDGE**

Folklore Society / Vaughan Williams Memorial Library, 1988, 20pp., ISBN
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Available from the Folklore Society Library, c/o University College
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THE BBC'S INFLUENCE ON FOLK CUSTOMS: A CASE (1)

My interest in the BBC and local customs arose from research into the Chipping Campden, Gloucestershire, mumming, and the important part that three separate BBC broadcasts played in the custom's history. The first broadcast, in 1934, will be reviewed in greatest detail; the second was in 1946, the third in 1959.

There is virtually no contemporary documentation for the Chipping Campden mumming before 1931. The custom can be traced through published (1935) reminiscence to the early 1860s. Personal and secondary reminiscence suggests that it continued fairly regularly into the early 1900s. Secondary reminiscence tells us that the custom revived in the immediate wake of World War I through the efforts of Tom Benfield and George Greenall and has continued since then interrupted only by the Second World War.

Documentary references to the custom prior to 1931 are at best indefinite. At some unspecified date, in some unspecified place, from some unspecified informant, Cecil Sharp collected a fragment of text which he identified in this way: "At Chipping Campden the mummer's fool used to announce himself thus...". The only other documentary references of which I am aware between 1860 and 1930 are a letter written in 1925, notes for a talk given in about 1926, and a book about Gloucestershire drama published in 1928, all of which merely mention the custom and no more.

The first report of the custom is therefore H.J. Massingham's letter in response to a query by John Fletcher, published in the *Observer* in January 1931 (2). This refers to a performance on Christmas Eve, 1930, which Massingham described in somewhat greater detail in a *Saturday Review* article in December 1931, which appeared verbatim in his book *Wold Without End* in 1932. There is no other published reference to the Campden mumming, as far as I am aware, until after the broadcast in 1934.

Reminiscence indicates that the custom was known prior to 1930, principally by locals, but a thorough search of documents show that it was outside the circle of customs and activities recorded in public media. The first published reports, in 1931/1932, were by an outsider, a professional writer.

On October 17, 1934, the BBC broadcast the Chipping Campden mumming play (or at least part of it) from the Midland Region. The programme involved was the first in a new series titled 'The Microphone at Large', which exploited the ability of radio to go into individual villages and towns to make entertaining broadcasting out of the talk of ordinary people, a group of whom would be gathered together to reminisce and discuss particular aspects of their locale. The programme from Campden was live and unscripted, although a rehearsal had been held the previous day to acquaint the performers with the procedure. There had been several articles in the press beforehand, and the programme was scheduled for the peak listening time of 8pm (3).

The national press had a field day. First Polly Waine refused to broadcast; in most of the pre-broadcast publicity she had been billed as

the 'star turn', the oldest resident of Campden, whose father had fought at Waterloo. Then Harry Keeley, who had been a mummer before the war, spoke up while Tom Benfield, George Greenall and Fred Farman were doing the mumming; Tom Benfield told him to "Shut thee bloody mouth", and George Greenall said "That's buggered it".

Between Polly Waine's defiance of the BBC and Tom Benfield's "bloody" at least ten reports about the broadcast appeared in national newspapers. The **Evening Standard** ran the page one headline, "Somebody Who Said ----- On The Radio", and described its attempt to find out who had said it. It was reported that the BBC had instituted an internal inquiry over the "bloody", and the **News Chronicle** published a picture of the Town Band leading a procession up Campden High Street with the caption, "Is it for the man who put the 'B' in the B.B.C.?"

The local **Evesham Journal** named the mummers in its article on the broadcast, which was also its first reference to mummers in Campden since the paper's founding in 1860. For the first time that Christmas the **Evesham Journal** reported the "usual" appearance of the mummers. In July 1935 it printed the reminiscence which recalled mummers in Campden sometime in the early 1860s. George Greenall was cited as a mummer in his obituary in September. A photograph of the 1896 Campden Morris was mis-identified as the Campden Mummers in January 1937. In December the **Evesham Journal** reported a senior school Christmas production which included the mumming play, mentioning that the boys in the latter had been trained by Tom Benfield, "Captain" of the adult team; the boy-mummers appear in a full-cast photograph accompanying the article, and an unpublished photograph shows the boy mummers alone (an entry in the school log book also refers to the mumming). An obituary in 1939 mentioned the Campden Mummers.

The **Parish Magazine** mentioned the mummers for the first time in January 1937 and then again in December 1938 and December 1939.

In 1939, for the first time, a local tourist guide included the mummers as one of Campden's attractions. The custom was mentioned in several regional works in 1938 and 1939, and an essay on the mummers written for a **Country Life** book failed to be published only because of the onset of war.

James Madison Carpenter visited Campden in the wake of the broadcast, sometime in late 1934 or early 1935, and made the first recording of the mumming.

The local **Toc H Newsletter** sent to Campden men and women serving in the War, noted the appearance of the mummers in its January 1940 issue. It hoped for the restoration of the mumming in its December 1945 issue, and in its January 1946 issue remarked that "this is one of the traditions that go to make Campden what it is".

This outpouring of published references shows that between 1930 and 1939, and particularly from 1934, the Campden Mumming passed from anonymity and the social periphery to become a central cultural possession of the town. The writings of H.J. Massingham played a role, but the catalyst was the BBC broadcast. The instant national fame, built on the irreverence and unaffected 'rustic candour' of the mummers, fused local pride, localism, tourism and ruralism into the one symbol of the mummers, and projected the rough and ready custom into a civic role which persisted even when the actual custom returned to virtual anonymity in the late 1950s (4).

That this fame and survival were not an isolated effect of BBC attention is suggested by Boyd's 1946 appeal (quoted in the first part of this article, Roomer 7:1) on behalf of the Antrobus and Comberbach Soulcakers.

The Uttoxeter Guisers present another case. Following their appearance on 'The Microphone at Large' in 1938, the **Uttoxeter Advertiser** reported that "Great interest in the Guisers was aroused through the recent broadcast and people have been heard to say that they heard the story more clearly over the wireless than ever before" (5). The Uttoxeter Guisers broadcast again at Christmas 1946 (6). The **Uttoxeter Advertiser** reported the Guisers' outing in 1952 with the observation, "At one time appearing in danger of extinction, Uttoxeter Guisers, the town's [note the civic possessive, characteristic of the Campden Mummings in the post-'Microphone at Large' period] traditional mummings, took a new lease of life when they were featured on BBC programmes" (7).

* * * * *

In the first part of this article I asked what impact the coming of television might have had on customs which had been encouraged by the attention of radio. The Campden Mummings broadcast on the radio again in 1946, and for several years enjoyed in the postwar years the kind of success and position they had achieved immediately before the War. From the mid-1950s on, however - a period corresponding with the rise of television and national wealth generally - the position became increasingly difficult, with local interest (as reflected in published notices and reports) falling off, with difficulty in recruiting and keeping personnel, and later with the development of a rival tradition apparently based in the 'civic' as opposed to the 'actual tradition'. This could probably be correlated with the rise of television, especially when comparative material from other traditions becomes available.

* * * * *

In 1959 BBC Midlands Television broadcast an excerpt from a mumming play as performed by a group of Campden men, none of whom was an actual mummer. While it is now impossible to know the precise effect this had on the custom in Campden, it is possible to construct an argument from the subsequent reactions of the mummings themselves in their struggle to keep the mumming alive.

Because of the BBC's own internal production economy, it is highly unlikely that another mumming broadcast, especially one from or involving Campden, would be produced again for quite some time (nor has it). The television broadcast therefore precluded an injection of fame into the actual mumming at a time when it would have been useful.

Because it involved well-known Campden men in a mumming at a time when many people were already unaware of the continued existence of the actual Campden mumming (due to lack of publicity and the increasing number of newcomers in Campden), the broadcast may effectively have defamed the mummings: that is, drawn off unsecured belief in their existence and legitimacy. This is essentially the same as withdrawing goodwill, upon which the custom depends to survive.

The 1959 broadcast not only affected the Campden mumming by withdrawing the opportunity of publicity, I would suggest that it actively harmed the survival chances of the custom by raising publicity for a rival 'custom' without reference to that which genuinely existed: by

putting the one into the limelight of attention, it drew that light away from the other.

This returns us to an earlier question. If publicity also creates shadows, did customs found suitable for radio in the days before television tend to thrive and survive at the expense of those which were less radio-genic? Were those which survived with the help of radio jeopardised by the success of television? There is enough evidence to suggest that both may have happened, at least in certain instances, and this suggests that further research will go a long way to helping us understand both the 'erosion' of folk culture and its survival in this century. By extension, it may help us to understand erosion and survival in former centuries, when the media in question were largely print and live performance. By studying mumming plays and the way they have been affected by the BBC, in other words, we may develop theories that are useful for examining the history of folk culture more generally.

NOTES

1. For documentation of information in this article see Craig Fees, **Christmas Mumming in a North Cotswold Town: With Special Reference to Tourism, Urbanisation and Immigration-Related Social Change** (Unpub. Doctoral Dissertation: Institute of Dialect & Folklife Studies, University of Leeds, May 1988).
2. Rediscovered by Derek Schofield, 'John Fletcher and the Observer', *Roomer* 2:4 (1982) pp.23-25.
3. Asa Briggs, **The History of Broadcasting in the United Kingdom, Vol. 2: The Golden Age of Wireless** (London: OUP, 1965) pp.256: "It was recognised in the 1930's that 'peak times' of listening were from 8 to 9.30 in the evening...".
4. This summarises discussion in my dissertation, cited in fn 1 above; especially sections IV.3 and V.3.
5. *Uttoxeter Advertiser* 23.2.1938, p.4; quoted in Peter Harrop, **The Performance of English Folk Plays: A Study in Dramatic Form and Social Function** (Unpub. Doctoral Dissertation: Institute of Dialect & Folklife Studies, University of Leeds, 1980) p.321.
6. In a programme entitled 'St. George and the Dragon', which came from Midland Region and was broadcast 24.12.1946 from 8.30 to 9 pm.
7. *Uttoxeter Advertiser* 31.12.1953, p.3. Quoted in Harrop, op cit p.323.

A LONDON QUACK DOCTOR

From the *Croydon Chronicle* 9th August 1879, p.6d, apparently reprinted from the *Globe*. The article starts with a long paragraph about quacks in Edward IV and Henry VIII's time, which is omitted here.

It may be remembered that another notorious quack, Dr. Rock, figures in several of Hogarth's prints. It is said that once, when asked by a friend, privately and confidentially, of course, how he had amassed his fortune though so ignorant of medical science, he replied, "Look out of the window into the street, and count the first hundred people who pass. Ninety of these are fools, and come as customers to me and my brethren. The rest go to the regular M.D.'s". At the end of the last century, the most notorious quack in London was a Dr. Martin Van Buchell, who rode about on a spotted pony, and professed to be able to cure all manner of diseases, and of whom a number of odd stories are told in almost every work on "Eccentric Biography". And much later, almost in our own day, lived and died another quack doctor, St. John Long. But perhaps the most notorious quack doctor of the days of our grandfather was a foreigner, Doctor Bossy - the very last mountebank practitioner who performed in public in the streets of the metropolis. He was the seventh son of a seventh son, or at all events he said that he was, and that was in effect the same thing. Every Thursday, his stage was erected opposite the north-western colonnade in Covent-garden, near to what now are Evans's Supper Rooms. The platform was raised about six feet from the ground, and ascent to it was gained by a ladder of very broad steps, so that the ladies could ascend. On the one side was a table with a small medicine chest, and surgical apparatus was displayed on a side table with drawers. In the centre of this stage was an arm-chair, in which Bossy seated his patients; but before he commenced operations he stepped forward to the front, and taking off his gold laced hat, and bowing politely to the right and to the left and to those in front, he began to address the mob who crowded round and into his booth. The doctor was a humourist; and occasionally the most amusing scenes and dialogues would take place. For instance on one occasion a poor old woman was helped up the stairs and placed in the chair; she had been and still was nearly blind and deaf, and was very lame to boot; indeed, she may be said to have been visited by each of Mrs. Thrale's "three warnings", and Dr. Bossy was asked to stay the approach of death. The doctor asked his questions not sotto voce, but quite aloud, and at his patient's answers he repeated her words in his jargon of Anglo-German after the following fashion:- Doctor: "Dis poora vaman, vot is de matter? How old vosh you? Old Woman: "I be almost eighty, sir; seventy-nine last Lady-day old style". Doctor: "Ah! dat is an incurable disease". Old Woman: "Oh! sir, don't say that. Why, you've restored me my sight, and I can hear a little again now, and I can walk without my crutches, thanks to you, sir". Doctor: "No, no, my good voman, old age is not curable; but I vill cure you of vot elshe, by de plessin of Gote. Dis poor voman", he added, addressing the crowd below, "vos lame, and teaf, and almoshte blind. How many hossipals have you been in?". Old Woman: "Three, sir; St. Thomas's, St. Bartholomew's, and Guy's". Doctor: "Vot, and you found no relief? Vot, none, not at all?". Old Woman: "No, sir". Doctor: "And how many shentlemen attended you?". Old Woman: "Some twenty or thirty, sir". Doctor: "Oh, mine gote! dree sick hospitals and dirty [thirty] doctors. I should vonder vot if you had not enough to kill you twenty time. Dis poora woman has become my patient now. Dr. Bossy gain all pashents fronounced to be ingurable; but vid the plessing of Gote, I shall soon set

you on your legs again. Coode peeples, dis poora voman was deaf as a door nail; now [holding up his watch to her ear and striking the repeater] gan you hear dat pell? Old Woman: "Yes, sir". Doctor: "O, den be tankful to Gote. Can you walk round dis chair?" offering his arm. Old Woman: "Yes, sir". Doctor: "Sit you town again, good woman. Now, can you see?" Old Woman: "Pretty so-so, doctor". Doctor "Vot gan you see, my goot woman?" Old Woman: "I can see the baker there", and she pointed to a pieman who was passing by with a tiny tray on his head. Doctor: "And vot elsh can you see?". Old Woman: The pollparrot there", pointing to the window of Richardson's hotel. "You old liar" cried out Poll at this moment, and all the crowd shouted with laughter. The doctor, however, was by no means disconcerted, but waited till the laughter had subsided, and then, looking across the way shook his head at Polly, and gravely exclaimed as he laid his hand on his bosom, " 'Tis no lie, you silly bird, 'tis as true as the Gospel", and then he sat down, and coolly ordered his patient to take some pills, probably of coloured paste, gave her a phial of some coloured but innocent decoction to take home, and told his man to help her down the steps, while he passed on to the next who was waiting for his services.

It may be supposed that his drugs being as inexpensive as they were harmless, and his reputation for wonderful cures being extraordinary, Dr. Bossy was able to retire with a small fortune - though large for a German - all realised out of the credulity of his patients, to whom, if he never did any real good, at least he never did any real harm. They had confidence in him and in his nostrums, and their faith doubtless helped largely to make them whole. The doctor lived several years after coming down for the last time from his scaffold in Covent-garden, but when and where he died is not known. He probably went back to Germany with no very high opinion of the wisdom of a London mob. There are, perhaps, some elderly people still living, who must have heard their fathers talk to them, when children, about the celebrated Dr. Bossy on his stage at Covent-garden. On reading such a narrative as the above, who will fail to remember the words of Oxenstiern, "Vides, mi fili, quantula sapientia regatur mundus"? - Globe.

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