‘Some little thing of other days / Saved from the wreck of time’: John Clare and Festivity

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Lubin’s ‘pleasing toys’: the release and regulation of festive ritual

Where it appears in his verse, the model of community that Clare celebrates depends upon customary festive occasions which provide a chance for the labouring poor to switch off and enjoy themselves. In Clare’s ‘The Village Minstrel,’ for example, a labouring father is depicted while ‘wi talk & beer he does beguile / His short releasment from his cares & toil’.[1] This ‘releasment’ finds a ready echo in modern festive theories which depend upon the notion that ‘carnival’ is cathartic: Victor Turner, for example, maintains that ‘carnival’ is principally concerned with the smooth running of social rhythms, acting as a ‘safety valve’ for the pressure of the drudgery of daily life. Mikhail Bakhtin contrarily asserts that festive activity was ultimately subversive in nature; he is however similarly convinced of the importance of release from normal behaviour. Whichever theory we choose, ‘festival’ is regarded as an important constituent of the fabric of community through which the grumbles of society are faced and resolved: in the words of the poet Robert Herrick (1591–1674), ‘But the anger ends all here / Drench’d in ale or drown’d in beer’.[2] In his *Customs in Common*, E. P. Thompson describes such forms of traditional culture as ‘non-rational…they impose the sanction of force, ridicule, shame, intimidation.’[3] John Goodridge has identified the regulatory nature of the festive time described in Clare’s ‘St Martins Eve’ *(Middle Period* III, pp. 269–78), recording a process through which Clare ‘celebrates human resilience, describing the communal (and to modern sensibilities fairly brutal) way in which a rural society and class, seemingly cheated of all independent activity, may psychically survive and restore itself through ritual, narrative and festive celebration.’[4]

One of the more problematic elements of festivity for the modern reader of Clare is this necessary element of ‘intimidation’, of the ‘fairly brutal’ cruelty involved, apparently vital to the continuance

and pleasure of festive traditions. Most of the festive games Clare describes involve at least touches of what appears to be ruthlessness, but this is no simple *schadenfreude*, and the extent to which Clare understands them to be 'cruel' is by no means unproblematic. Lines ending 'Martinmass Eve' (late 1820 / early 1821), for example, depict the sorry lot and the futile faith in superstitious practices of 'once beguiled Kate'. The fact that Clare ends his poem (and thus leaves his reader) with a bleak vision of the unfortunate girl suggests that he was disenchanted by the failures of festive promise. On the other hand, Clare alludes in a letter to Taylor of 7 January 1821 to two unwritten verses which might have mitigated the mood of this closure,[5] and when he re-works the poem into 'St Martin's Eve' (?1823), the lines describing Kate's misfortune are withdrawn into the body of the text, becoming incorporated into the joy of the piece: in these ways, Clare's 'disenchantment' seems to have been assuaged.

In 'Up crows the cock with bouncing brawl' (*Middle Period* V, pp. 145–54), dated 1832–7, Clare offers 35 eight-line stanzas of ballad metre in which 'festive' traditions and rituals belonging to April Fool's Day are explored. The work might initially seem to be concerned with the 'cruelty in all' that Clare's sonnet from the same period cries out against,[6] exposing the harshness of a rural community which gets its fun from the downfall of others. However, a deeper consideration reveals that the mood of the verse remains essentially light despite the nature of the incidents within it, celebrating this community in action. Clare gives his village protagonist two names, using 'Roger' when the hero is on good form (when he is successfully tricking others, or when his love is being described), and the common Regency-period diminutive 'Hodge' for those times when he is being ridiculed or is behaving like a fool. The metric pattern immediately lends to the poem the jovial mood of the ballad-telling which Clare often describes as itself an intrinsic part of festive occasions. This could of course be an ironic touch, but it is unlikely to be so: the various manuscript versions of the poem show that Clare explicitly altered his text to render it less serious and further to make Hodge a figure of fun, and the reader is led to value the tricks played as entertaining aspects of the exuberance of rural culture. For example,

> Till out he ran with aching bones
> & anger brimming oer
> Nigh killed the cobbler with a stone
> That nearly split the door

becomes:

> Till out he ran with aching bones
> & anger brimming oer
> & missed the cobbler with a stone
> That nearly split the door (ll. 45–48)

Whilst the second version retains the strength of provoked anger which spills over, Hodge's murderous intent is mitigated, and he seems rather foolish.

Despite inspiring an instinctive readerly sympathy, Hodge is no innocent victim in this poem. The very first stanza has him playing his own trick on the milkmaids, and Hodge's general behaviour, and his being 'rather small in wit' (l. 22), hint that, within the traditions of his own community, he is a fair target for the tricks played upon him. Clare elsewhere suggests that punishments meted out at such times are just that—punishments for something deserved. Northampton Manuscript (NMS) 32 contains a detailed description of some really quite rough festive pastimes, written by Clare and appended to a letter to Taylor of June 1821. In the course of the descriptions, Clare mentions the 'Booted Hogs', a sort of leap-frog-with-beatings.[7] This, he explains, 'Is a kind of punishment to such boys who have carelessly neglected their duty in the harvest or treated their labour with negligence instead of attention', or, as they reappear in 'The Village Minstrel', 'Boys who had mischief in the harvest done' (l. 594).[8] Ritual occasions offer regulatory scope within the community itself.[9] Nor is Hodge's love in 'Up crows the cock' to be understood as rarefied devotion, cruelly spurned: the apparently wretched account of thwarted adoration (which is 'Roger's') actually appears on second glance to be a teasing courtship, a Beatrice and Benedick flirtation-game in which both participants know the rules. Affection despite itself is further suggested in extra lines appended to the poem, which simultaneously reinforce the impression that 'Roger' and 'Hodge' are actually one person in two minds:

> She lost her pattens in the muck
> & roger in his mind
> Considered her misfortune luck
> To show her he was kind
> He over hitops fetched it out
> & cleaned it for her foot
> & Hodge grown sour so trickt about
> Thought him a fool to do't (*Middle Period* V, pp. 154–5n.)

(*pattens*: overshoes, which raise the wearer's own shoes above the mud; *hitops*: boots which cover the ankle)

One is reminded of the girl in Clare's 'Going to the Fair', who, 'tho she shrieked to shun a stolen kiss / A chance to meet his smile shed never miss' *(Middle Period* III, p. 96). Clare knows that love is the 'sweetest of all pains' (*Later Poems* I, p. 213), a paradox in which each play their part. He depicts this element of life as, like many others, essentially rough, but that coarser side of reality (rather than malign, out-of-the-ordinary cruelty) is what is described in this poem.

Quite apart from his troubled love life, Hodge repeatedly falls victim to April Fool's Day trickery. Here is an example of the general *necessity* in festive ritual, clearly recognised by Clare, for a scapegoat figure. The release from normal life which festivities offer depends upon this scapegoat, as each custom described in NMS 32 suggests.[10] Goodridge finds scapegoats in Clare's 'St Martins Eve' in the 'all lone & melancholly crane', in 'once beguiled Kate', and through 'a series of scapegoating rituals, in the often brutal and humiliating sports and tricks they play, evidently with good humour, on each other.' He adds: 'I think we would call these fairly tough practical jokes, in which the participants (or victims) experience pain, danger, defeat, and humiliation.'[11] Such evident 'good humour' of 'Playing upon each other harmless jokes' (l. 57) is important here. These are 'games of wonderment & fun' (l. 82), and even those who try to stay aloof join in, 'Untill the group unable to be still / Laughs out & dame though tricked smiles too against her will' (ll. 107–8). Clare recognises this element of the diversions, perhaps even recognises with theorists from Hobbes to Bergson that there is *no* humour that is not founded in someone's mistake or downfall, even if it is the comic's own.[12] But he also recognises that these tricks are necessary, that they are accepted by his community as straightforward and open means of facing (or preventing) problems, and that they lack the hypocrisy of officialdom that Clare detests.

Clare does exploit the darker metaphoric value of the 'first of april':

> my whole life has been a first of april—the veriest lout that can scarcely muster wit enough to tell his right hand from his left has been able to out wit me and make me believe his deceptions—I have been bandied from pillar to post with every assurance of fair play to be further cheated—and every imposture is coloured into friendship as if a thief

should say 'poh man what offended at help & assistance'
when he had pickt his pocket[13]

This is vocabulary more commonly seen in Clare's invectives against his colleagues in the publishing world. The passage contains within it Clare's frustration at (what he perceives as) his own inability to deal with worldly affairs, but he vents this frustration through criticism of the hypocrisy and greed of others: these are characteristics precisely contrary to the communal participation in traditional games and practical jokes elsewhere evoked. In bleaker moments, then, the darker side of festive tricks allows Clare to employ their imagery in an angry reflection on a poignant metaphor. Crucially, a condition of their being thus metaphorical is that Clare no longer feels involved in what he understands to be a 'traditional' way with the festivities, complaining of feeling at a distance from them; but I shall return to this apparent sense of disenchantment below.

Clare's affectionate portrayal of village life in 'Up crows the cock' is of a type with his longer poem, 'The Village Minstrel'. Despite their frequent intrusion into the poem, festivities are only secondary pleasures to Lubin:

Their sports their pastimes all their pleasing toys
We leave unsung—tho much such rural play
Woud suit the theme—yet theyre no lubins joys (ll. 50–2)

And yet the ritual habits of the community and the handed-down tales which accompany them are here displayed at length, and Clare often includes descriptions of them, apparently despite himself. 'But should the muse narate in goodys strain / & tell of all she told… / Fays ghosts & jiants woud her songs detain', declares Clare (ll. 547–9), but the poem is stuffed with just such strains as Goody's (see for example ll. 564–609; ll. 681–896), and thus, having 'Wi village merriments digressd awhile', the poem must recall itself to Lubin's 'native joys' (ll. 897–8).

One important element of the festive pranks Lubin describes is that they are levelling, and Clare's prose description of similar tricks in NMS 32 does not neglect to mention how the 'sheet clad crane' 'takes the liberty to brake the masters pipe & spill his beer as freely as those of his men'.[14] But despite the obvious attraction of this levelling for Clare, he also has a peculiar (and unsurprising) empathy with the figure of the scapegoat-as-outsider which is in tension with

the evident enjoyment of the humorous side of the games, and more in conformity with his often recorded sense of 'distance' from his fellow-villagers. We cannot, after all, feel unsympathetic towards Hodge, even as we laugh at him. Whilst our reaction may then be confused, this response is reconciled if one accepts that the essence of festive time is participation and a fatalistic sense of things happening as they must do (on St Martin's Eve, particularly and significantly so, for as Goodridge points out it is the 'Due Day').[15] The tricks occur on the familiar and mutual terms of all those involved. Like all others who participate, including Hodge, Clare knows he must give and take humiliation. He knows that one year's fool is the next year's trickster, and being the victim is a rite of passage through the village community. Furthermore, and vitally for Clare, the tricks are sanctioned by the oral history that forms them and frequently constitutes part of them. Of course the elements of bullying embedded in the festive practices contribute to Clare's bleak picture of cruelty when it emerges, for example, in the sonnets of the Northborough period. Nonetheless, at other times, Clare celebrates these rituals in all their 'cruel' glory.

Clare and the 'barberous sports': the harsher side of festivity

As Clare's writing hints, it would be a mistake to imagine rural festivities with the rosy glow that Victorian nostalgia tended to cast upon them.[16] Outright violence played an integral role in many events, and even Clare's 'Lubin' alludes to a darker side, declining to dwell on 'sports too barbarous…for lubins strains' (l. 862). In *The Making of the English Working Class*, E. P. Thompson notes that:

> While many contemporary writers, from Cobbett to Engels, lamented the passing of old English customs, it is foolish to see the matter only in idyllic terms. These customs were not all harmless or quaint…The passing of Gin Lane, Tyburn Fair, orgiastic drunkenness, animal sexuality, and mortal combat for prize money in iron-studded clogs, calls for no lament.[17]

The ease with which violent drunkenness could emerge from the release of festivities is suggested in Clare's 'Helpstone Statute or the Recruiting Party' (*Middle Period* III, 163–74):

> The alehouse soon was in a rout
> & all was helter skelter…
> The row got high boards gan to fall

Where stood the pipes & cans on
& alewife swore revenge on all
She eer could lay her hands on (ll. 97–120)

This fierce matriarch quickly restores order:

She soon broke up the fighting rout
By soldier lads assisted
& sharply played the sticks about
The rebels that resisted (ll. 137–40)

But not, we understand, before damage has been done, and not only to the lady's property: thumps and blows rain down, and bloody noses and black eyes have been shared out before the 'peace was signed by drinking' (l. 152). As Keats writes in 'The Eve of St Agnes' (quoted by Goodridge in his essay), 'Men will murder upon holy days', and it does seem that Clare's descriptions participate in a tradition of festive records which suggest that 'Fighting and bloodshed is usual at such meetings, inasmuch that 'tis a common saying, that 'tis no festival unless there be some fighting'.[18]

But such fisticuffs were not the only cause of spilt blood. Despite the avid attention recently paid to the fox-hunting debate, the movement against so-called 'blood sports', attempting to eradicate such activities as badger baiting, cock fighting and bull running, reached a more impressive peak during the early part of the nineteenth century; indeed, by the 1840s, those rituals had been almost purged from the social calendar. Two of the newspapers read by John Clare, Drakard's *Stamford News* and Newcomb's *Stamford Mercury*, had particular reason to chronicle the progress of the pro- and anti- 'popular blood sports' lobby: the annual 'bull-running', an event in which a 'mad' bull was chased through the town by a mob, was a diversion peculiar to their local town. George Burton's *Chronology of Stamford* (1846) provides evidence that the sport was 'kept as a holiday by all grades',[19] and describes the vigorous attempts of the authorities, between 1788 and 1838, to repress the custom. It also depicts the equally vigorous resistance those authorities met from the townsfolk, and demonstrates that the bull running was eventually suppressed not because a sudden humanitarian scruple overtook the minds of the people of Stamford, but because the cost of enforcing law at the event was imposed upon the inhabitants of the town by taxation. An agreement was then quickly drawn up and signed, pledging that the bull running would not take place again.

This controversy was documented in all its intricacies in the various local newspapers that Clare took, each entering into the debate, taking a particular stance according to the politics of its owner. Touching on some of his most immediate concerns, the drama certainly would not have passed Clare by.

This battle between the magistrates and the masses raises interesting questions about communal festive occasions in Clare's locality, and about his record of the cruelty which participation in those acts seemed to require. Many of Clare's festive 'scapegoats' are far more vulnerable than Hodge, or even poor Kate, and where they appear in his verse they cast a shadow for Clare's readers over the joy of more intimate celebrations. Torture and slaughter for pleasure are despised by Clare, but he does recognises them as fundamental parts of some of the festivities he celebrates, and his attitude toward 'blood sports' is, unsurprisingly, a troubled one. Having just written to his hunting, shooting patron, the Marquis of Exeter, Clare plays on his own position to declare in a letter to Taylor that he hates 'dedication hunting worse then foxhunting though I like neither'.[20] In suggested alterations to the poem 'Milton Hunt' he diplomatically shifts blame away from hunting men, yet he also seeks to distance himself from its sentiments: 'suppose we repeat the 4 last lines of the first verse agen…I think it woud make a good hunting Song then & free me of being fond of the barberous sport'.[21] But if he at times displays a judicious ambivalence towards the 'blood sports' of the wealthy landowners whose patronage he needs, when he turns to their equivalents amongst poorer classes, members of the frenzied mob are depicted as base cowards when they glory in the kill. This abhorrence of 'barberous sports' is a habit of mind particularly evident in some of the sonnets of the Northborough period, most horrifically so at the end of the 'Badger' sequence (*Middle Period* V, p. 362).

On the other hand, whilst it may not have been until his incarceration in Northampton that Clare declared himself actually to be the prize fighter Jack Randall,[22] like Hazlitt and Byron he was extremely excited by pugilism. At the end of December 1828 we find Clare writing to Henry Behnes, asking for a newspaper report of a favourite fighter.[23] An account from the *Stamford Mercury* for 22 August 1837 describes a bare-knuckle prize-fight at Collyweston (just a few miles south west of Helpston). Whilst this is not quite the rule-based prize-fighting that Clare followed with his London friends, it is not so very far from it, and its unimpassioned language gives some idea of the potential brutality of such events:

> On Tuesday a brutal fight took place for five pounds between a baker named Hibbins, a Conservative, and Ashley, the landlord of the O'Brien Arms public-house, Stamford, a Radical…The fight …lasted for upwards of an hour, when Hibbins was declared the victor, after having burst both the eyes of his antagonist, Ashley, who is thus rendered blind for life.[24]

Clare's implicit denunciations of cruelty in the sonnets of the Northborough period (especially those associated with various types of hunt) might appear inconsistent with his enjoyment of certain violent 'sports'.

I think, partly, this inconsistency is just that—a typical example of the vacillation of Clare's taste and opinion. It also has a great deal to do with the relationship between the aggressor and the 'other': a boxing match, for example, at least implies a mutual desire to fight and suffer, whereas to bet on which animal will rip the other to death first is dangerously and cruelly to exploit a natural tendency for survival.[25] These non-human scapegoats are arbitrary victims; they have not deserved to suffer. This is evident in the horrible scene in Clare's 'badger' sequence, in which the innocent brock desperately fights to protect himself from an impossibly weighted attack (the open-to-all equivalent of the horses and pack of the Milton hunt):

> He trys to reach the woods a awkward race
> But sticks and cudgels quickly stop the chace
> He turns agen & drives the noisey crowd
> & beats the many dogs in noises loud
> He drives away & beats them every one
> & then they loose them all and set them on
> He falls as dead & kicked by boys & men
> Then starts & grins & drives the crowd agen
> Till kicked & torn & beaten out he lies
> & leaves his hold & cackles groans & dies
> (*Middle Period* V, pp. 351–2)

It is hardly surprising that Clare does not record such scenes with the affection reserved for less vicious communal excitements.

However, even Clare's less bleak representations of festive activities are ambivalent, and it is often difficult to respond immediately and unambiguously to those poems which describe its operation. I think that this ambivalence arises in part because, for all he might at times record his distaste for blood sports, Clare never

forgets that some of these are things in which he has himself participated, in one way or another. Lubin's recollections run through sack racing, to catching a greased pig and, in their exuberance, onto 'badger baiting here & fighting cocks' (l. 861): *these* are the 'sports too barbarous', but they are sports that Clare also has watched: in being part of the community, Clare knows that he is implicated in these festive rituals.[26]

Another complicating factor is that Clare often represents his experiences of festive events as problematically different to how he remembers them having been in the past. As I shall discuss below, in prose and in poetry Clare maintains that, in his youth, he was deeply and joyously a part of the action, but that his maturity has brought a superior 'knowledge' of involvement which is contrary to the very nature of participation. In the letter to Taylor regarding Clare's 'Martinmass Eve', mentioned above, Clare asserts that the poem is based on a specific occasion:

> 'Michaelmas Eve' comes unfinishd… poor Kate in the dumps the old man snoring over his pipe & pot & the Boy talking over the hardships of his bad last years place was the 3 finest characters contrasted that I have witnessd I was one of the assembly & these figures gave me the hint for the poem & every incident in it is truth & drawn from the life[27]

Clare's presence at the evening revel is important, because it insists upon the continuance of such behaviour. His comments are all the more interesting, however, because in the first four lines of the poem he recognises that the beliefs represented might be understood as fallible by the 'ungentle ear…/ That views their artless manners with a snear' (*Early Poems* II, p. 479), and yet in this letter Clare claims to be able to participate fully in the occasion, to surrender disbelief. The poet seems to be caught between participation and observation. This is not the observation of poor Kate, which *is* a form of participation. Clare's is a superior 'watching', in which he is acutely conscious of his own position *as* an observer. This position is incompatible with what he understands to be the nature of the tradition taking place, in which, effectively, the revellers lose themselves, believing what they are told with Lubin's 'struck supprise' ('The Village Minstrel', l. 528), so that 'each old woman' is still afraid of a 'brandy burning ghost', even though they have seen the trick 'yearly'. Such a 'joining' of 'mirth & fears' is a degree of participation in which Clare seems unable to share (ll. 596–9).

This 'distance' is part of the troubling sense which increasingly preoccupies Clare: that coming into the guilty 'knowledge' of adulthood is a decline from a better state, which Clare represents as sharing in a particular kind of 'ignorance'. A fuller investigation of this sense (which would necessitate a detailed exploration of the past and the rarefied state of 'childhood' in Clare's verse), and the guilt which often accompanies it, is well beyond my scope here, but I do want to touch on it, because it is an important aspect of this discussion.[28] Perhaps the best way to summarise is by allusion to Clare's references to 'nesting': just as Clare-the-adult knows it is wrong to steal a bird's eggs, when he describes pilfering boys doing just that, a sense of innocence suffuses their 'wondering' actions, despite Clare's obvious sympathy with the 'suthying' duck *(Middle Period* V, p. 353). This is important to Clare's ambiguous representation of festive habits, because the final aspect of that ambiguity which I would like to discuss is connected to Clare's perception of the decline of festive ritual, and the role (be it a reasonable perception or not) of 'self-consciousness' in that decline.

Little things of other days: Clare's record of decline

In a number of his works, Clare insists that all that remains is a 'remnant' of old pastimes. In his autobiographical writings, he recalls the frustration of being 'too young to be claimants in the upgrown sports', at a time when 'the year used to be crownd with its holidays as thick as the boughs on a harvest home'. Yet, 'now years come and go like messengers without errands and are not noticd for the tales which they tell are not worth stopping them to hear'. Consequently, 'where we laughed in child hood at the reality of the enjoyment felt we only smile in man hood at the reccolections of those enjoyments':[29] this is a sad lament for a past tradition for which Clare's affection is acute, a tradition in which one could lose oneself in the joy of the occasion. The lines suggest a retrospective affection for something in which Clare believes he might find comfort, if only it remained for him to participate in, and I think we can find some explanation for Clare's oft-recorded sense of isolation in this belief.[30] Clare suggests both that the nature of the festivities has changed, and that the intimate relationship with them he enjoyed in childhood is now beyond him. In this originates the sense of self-consciousness, the 'knowledge' (and thus also at times the sense of 'guilt'), which spoils the nature of the occasions. A similar 'self-conscious' motif has been discussed by historians with relation to various writers and it is, rightly, historically controversial. But even if a degree of self-

conscious distance from an ideal has always marked writing about festivity (and the very act of writing may well contribute to that distance); even if the tales told on village occasions are part of a self-perpetuating *tradition* of nostalgia, the phenomenon is still important in considering Clare and festival, because he persistently views his historical position as unique, as an alteration from a previous and better state. I do not want to suggest that this is necessarily *how things are*; but this is how Clare repeatedly represents them to be.

Let us then look at precisely what Clare claims about the decline of festivity. If 'The Village Minstrel' celebrates festivity in action, there are bleaker, roughly contemporary poems which chronicle a different situation. Ancient traditions are invoked by Clare in *The Shepherd's Calendar* (*Middle Period* I, pp. 3–162) and in *The Parish* (*Early Poems* II, pp. 697–779), but their deterioration is there lamented:

> That good old fame the farmers earnd of yore
> That made as equals not as slaves the poor
> That good old fame did in two sparks expire
> A shooting coxcomb & a hunting Squire
> & their old mansions that was dignified
> With things far better then the pomp of pride
> At whose oak table that was plainly spread
> Each guest was welcomd & the poor was fed
> Were master son & serving man & clown
> Without distinction daily sat them down
> (*The Parish*, ll. 105–14)

We see exactly the same pattern 'without distinction', even down to the emphasis on the table and the shared cup, at 'The long accustom'd feat of Harvest-home' in Bloomfield's *The Farmer's Boy* (1800), and this poem also sighs for times when 'unaffected Freedom charm'd the soul'.[31] Wordsworth's 'To the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth' (from the *River Duddon* sequence) similarly indicates that such 'levelled' guests are no longer welcome: the habits he records are 'ancient Manners', withdrawn into a 'narrow room'.[32] Clare's oak table is also left 'in lumber rooms to rot' (*The Parish*, l. 127): such traditions of mutual life have become 'thread bare' (*The Shepherd's Calendar*, 'June', l. 70); they are 'past—& soon may pass away / The time torn remnant of the holiday' (ll. 163–4).[33]

'May' in *The Shepherd's Calendar* is the only poem in the cycle which competes with 'July' in terms of length, and, like 'July', it is a

testament to a traditional form of secularised sacredness. May Day had always formed the focus of the severest puritanical attack against communal festivity, and thus seems always to be implicated in literature descriptive of the fluctuating fortunes of the festive year.[34] Documenting the decline of traditions 'gone & dead & silent now' (l. 458), Clare's poem is fundamentally very sad. There is some implicit optimism in nature's maintaining the ritual of crowning the May Queen. Although man's actions may be diminishing customary activities, here they are preserved in nature: Clare removes them from the human sphere and places them as the prerogative of a much deeper, primal tradition:

> Yet summer smiles upon thee still
> Wi natures sweet unalterd will
> & at thy births unworshipd hours
> Fills her green lap wi swarms of flowers
> To crown thee still as thou hast been
> Of spring & summers months the queen ('May', ll. 465–70)

(In the same way, Wordsworth leaves the defence of 'ancient Manners' to 'ye that guard them, Mountains old!'[35]). And, in the next stage of his calendar, Clare uses another natural image to remind us of perpetuity: there are some 'prides' which the 'winter' of progress 'deigns to spare / Left like green ivy when the trees are bare' ('June', ll. 103–4). However, these remnants are confined to nature.

The last eight couplets of 'June' describe encroaching class divisions: a system of mutual reciprocity no longer exists, as the 'old beachen bowl', symbol of this friendship, is 'thrown aside'. Pride, always for Clare the province of men, is the 'blighting mildew' behind this destruction. Furthermore, enclosure, as both a 'natural' and a theological evil, is implicated in the altered face of the sports: 'There used to be a common custom…inclosure came & destroyed it with hundreds of others—leaving in its place nothing but a love for doing neighbours a mischief & public house oratory that dwells upon mob law as absolute justice'.[36] Clare's comments suggest that the way people approach festival has changed, and this seems to be one of the fundamental aspects of its decline for him. Festival has moved out of the intimate, local arena, so Clare can write in an autobiographical fragment that a visit by John Taylor to Stamford took place at the time of the (now infamous) bull running, rather than on a more specific date, confident that this will be enough information for his readership;[37] elsewhere, Ned Drury travels what

Clare considers to be a ridiculously long way to join in a 'local' feast:

> Patty has been to Stamford and brought me a letter from Ned Drury who came from Lincoln to the Mayors Feast on thursday it revives old reccolections poor fellow he is an odd one…what a long way to come to the Mayors Feast I woud not go one Mile after it to hear the din of knifes and forks and to see a throng of blank faces about me chattering and stuffing 'That boast no more expression then a muffin'.[38]

These 'blank faces' lack the enraptured inspiration, the abandoned joy of the revellers captured in 'The Village Minstrel'. Festivity apparently has become something that you travel back to (physically or emotionally), as opposed to something that comes to you.

Clare's letter contributes to a sense that festival is being rendered as an antiquarian artefact, changing its very nature (see note 15), and this rendering seems to add to Clare's perceived 'self-consciousness' in relation to festivities: participants like Clare stop being participants in the same sense that 'once beguiled Kate' is a participant, they stop being caught up and able to lose themselves in the action, and start being 'observers' (even though they may continue to join in the fun). This is because the events now have more to do with the dictates of folklore (in this sense, the 'folklore' of literate antiquarianism) than with the dynamics of everyday life. Clare's self-conceived status within the social relationship has altered. Activities continue, but they are no longer confined to the local scene, and even where Clare's describes their continuance, they seem almost laboured: 'To day is Helpstone feast Wrestling and fighting the ploughmans fame is still kept up with the usual determined spirit'[39]—this spirit may be 'usual', but the 'determination' echoes, making the wrestlers appear deliberate, self-consciously obliged to perform, and thus the antithesis of what they should be. And where are Lubin's 'pleasing toys'? The 'mob law' of the badger chase, in which the notion of the scapegoat has been misconstrued, and which frightens Clare, has apparently overtaken the controlled violence of (possibly mythical) former days. The greater degree of control placed on the bull-running changes that festival into a symbol of resistance. Rather than intrinsic parts of the year, the festivities are becoming extraneous diversions from life. The years lose their comforting cyclical regularity, and Clare loses the consolation he once found (or imagines he might have found) in those events.

In 'December—Christmass'[40] of *The Shepherd's Calendar* we read Clare's memories of a

> day of happy sound & mirth
> That long wi childish memory stays
> How blest around the cottage hearth
> I met thee in my boyish days (ll. 113–16)

with the later qualification that

> Tho manhood bids such raptures dye
> & throws such toys away as vain
> Yet memory loves to turn her eye
> & talk such pleasures oer again (ll. 133–6)

Another line from 'June', 'Songs that were pictures of the good old times' (l. 88), similarly indicates that the method of remembering is at least part of the same tradition whose passing it laments, increasing a pervasive sense that Clare feels caught up in the decline of the way of life he wants to be able to record, and that this 'loss' is prompting poetry. In 'The Village Minstrel', Clare seems to be recording a known and continued presence of habits in rural communities, and it is in that poem that Clare's most affectionate descriptions of the festivities occur. But it is difficult to assess how accurate a picture of 1820s life 'The Village Minstrel' is. Some of the best recent scholarly work on Clare has involved a reconsideration of this poem and those appearing with it in 1821, demonstrating how Clare, through the figure of 'Lubin', begins to work out some of the essential contradictions in which he felt himself to be caught around the time of its publication.[41] Whilst, then, it provides some of the most cordial descriptions of village traditions, it does so in a context which causes constant reassessment of Clare's claims. In *The Shepherd's Calendar* Clare is more certainly documenting the waning of festival, even though he had been explicitly instructed by Hessey to 'fix an Interest' on 'amusements, festivals, superstitions, customs &c'.[42] In the poem, old rituals are hidden away in barns, and have become the subject of tales which formerly were just a part of the proceedings: these tales previously had *told* of the fantastic and amazing; now they have *become* it.

So, another form of regulation seems in an overview of Clare's work to be implicated in the demise of the old ways of life. This regulation is more subtle and even closer to Clare than the external control, contrary to the essence of festival, which conspires to

degrade it. As I have mentioned, telling stories takes a central role in the festive rituals represented by Clare. 'The Village Minstrel' describes the way in which the telling of traditional tales is supported by the existence of the community, whilst their telling simultaneously contributes vitally to that community; they are a constituent part of, a means of propagating, the traditions which are enacted, going some way to forming 'tradition' itself:

> & when old women overpowrd by heat
> Tuckt up their tails & sickend at the toil
> Seeking beneath the thorn the mole hill seat
> To tell their tales & catch their breath awhile…
> The muse might sing too for he well did know
> The freaks & plays that harvest home doth end
> How the last load is crownd wi boughs…
> & how the dames peep out to mark the sight
> & all the feats that crown the harvest supper night
> (ll. 519–22; 564–7)

Clare's verse is littered with hints that a communal mode of living, to which festive time is integral, is known to him through memories (half and whole), supplemented and advanced by old wives' tales which are in part themselves formative of the traditions described.

But it is also a literary presence in his mind. Modern scholars have highlighted the influence on seventeenth-century literature of communal festive traditions (and their politicisation), and this same literature is well known to Clare. Nor is this literary presence confined to the seventeenth century: Stephen Duck's *The Thresher's Labour* (1730) describes similar traditions ('Our Master joyful at the welcome sight, / Invites us all to feast with him at Night. /… We think no Toils to come, nor mind the past.'[43]). Bloomfield, to whose poetry Clare owed a very conscious debt, and Wordsworth, have already provided other, later examples. And whilst Clare might lament the decline of 'unselfconsciousness', he is himself a part of it as a 'folklorist' (of sorts). Bridget Keegan usefully has highlighted the way in which a 'fluid passage between oral and written forms prior to enclosure is illustrated' in 'The Village Minstrel'.[44] Clare's present, of course, is post-enclosure, and we also need to differentiate between printed material, and the act of writing itself. Clare's own recording, as well as Lubin's, creates a further distance, participating in the construction of the very self-consciousness the poem seems to grieve over. Literacy intrudes on festivity in the form of writing things

down and thus changing their nature, and over-emphasising the distinction between scenes and their observer. Even a printed ballad sheet, which might have played a part on previous festive occasions, shares some sense of communal property, avoiding the complications of 'authorship' whilst still enjoying a peculiar 'authority', but to *write down* an occasion is to 'regulate' the form and its contents. Hence, even the attempt to remedy a perceived decline by enshrining occasions in print (Clare's own inadvertent 'regulation'), actually further compromises its survival.

* * *

Having insisted on a concentration on what Clare seems to claim, rather than an attempt to reconstruct a more objective 'history', I would nonetheless like briefly to look at the wider picture, in order to place Clare's writing within it. Whilst their continued mention in almanacs indicates that interest in festivals continued into the nineteenth century, the nature of that interest and of the festivals themselves seems to have been radically altered. Ronald Hutton identifies and describes the same decline that Clare apparently records:

> [H]istorians of England in the period 1500 to 1700 have portrayed a process…whereby a flourishing tradition of communal festivity was increasingly challenged by the social élite, motivated partly by evangelical religious renewal and partly by economic alterations… What is particularly striking is that historians of the period from 1700 to 1850 have told precisely the same story, in all those respects.[45]

Interest in this decline is not unique to modern historians: Robert Southey, Samuel Bamford and the Rev J. A. Giles—author of *A History of Whitney* (1852)—provide three examples of Clare's contemporaries who record living through a specific slump in festivity.[46] Despite a general deficiency, there are a few sources which indicate festive activity during Clare's adulthood. Some local parish feasts seem to have demonstrated a considerable resilience. Robert Malcolmson concludes of Clare's Stamford area that 'wakes were still being widely celebrated as late as the 1840s… Northamptonshire… had more fairs in the 1850s than it had had a century before',[47] and he produces a list of Stamford wakes in the mid-1840s: 'the prevalence of wakes is again reinforced…A total of 118 feasts were included in the

list'.[48] Local papers continue to report the distribution of gifts to the impoverished in the appropriate season. The *Northampton Mercury* for 6 January 1838, for example, describes gifts of beef and bread to the poor by Earl Fitzwilliam over the Christmas period, just as Parson Woodforde had distributed food several decades earlier (at a time roughly correlating, if such apparent contradiction can be allowed to stand, to the indefinite 'past' of Clare's 'ideal'). In the face of a mass of inconclusive evidence, an accurate picture remains elusive, but the weight of the evidence supports at least a *change* in behaviour.

Several reasons have been suggested for this change. Accounts concerned with seventeenth-century 'Survivalism' understand that repeated confrontations associated with Charles I's reissue of the *Book of Sports* in 1633 and the consequent politicisation of the issue rendered festival self-consciously religio-political, and in doing so altered its fundamental characteristic and made it fragile. The fragility bequeathed by the seventeenth century, such accounts argue, destroyed the chance of a flourishing tradition by changing the very nature of festival, and thus the means by which it propagated itself. In 'June' of *The Shepherd's Calendar* Clare quite clearly demonstrates the extension of ancient rituals into his own experience (or at least knowledge):

> Who now in merry groups each morning goes
> To willow skirted mead wi fork and rake
> The scented hay cocks in long rows to make
> …in some threshing floor
> There they wi scraps of songs & laugh & [t]ale
> Lighten their anual toils while merry ale
> Goes round & gladdens old mens hearts to praise…
> & ale & songs & healths & merry ways
> Keeps up a shadow of old farmers days (ll. 26–8, 66–9, 153–4)

It is interesting that Taylor, editing the text, totally rejected Clare's first version of 'July' (another harvest hymn) and cut lines in 'September' reading 'Glad that the harvests end is nigh / & weary labour nearly bye' (ll. 126–7): deemed offensive to a genteel readership, these are extracts which do seem to represent what can be described as the 'survivalist' habit. (Taylor also disliked Clare's poem on the annual Statute Fair.[49]) Not unconnected to this are the arguments of evangelicalism and the related new emphasis on individual labour and industry: 'Recreation was commonly seen as an impediment, a threat of substantial proportions, to steady and

productive labour', writes Malcolmson. 'The customary holidays received particular criticism'.[50]

A further set of theories on the decline blames the Industrial Revolution. Certainly, urban patterns of life necessitated a movement away from rural customs which previously had been embedded in a way of life. Nor, as Clare's comments already have suggested, should the significance of the Enclosure Acts for festive time be overlooked. J. M. Neeson has described the process by which enclosure, and through it the loss of commons, 'turned commoners into labourers'.[51] The effect of enclosure is not to make harvest begin in March, but to diminish the cyclical patterns of the year by changing the relationship of commoners to the land and thus to alter the essence of their festivals. Clare writes in his Journal for April 1825, 'This used to be "Break day"…it used to be a day of busy note with the villagers but inclosure has spoiled all'; in *The Parish*, he enshrines this sense of loss in poetry: 'Old customs usuage daily disappears'.[52] When Clare mentions 'Whit Sunday' in a letter to William Hone, he complains that 'the custom of meeting at the spring on Whitsunday to drink sugar & water has been abolished ever since the inclosure'.[53] In a very obvious way, if a tradition depends on a field which becomes enclosed, the tradition must die or change. That change may be subversive—this spring achieves iconic status for the destruction imposed by enclosure—and in this sense, festival may become a symbol of political resistance. Clare's laments for the passing of old customs are one more way in which he reacts against the effects of enclosure. Inevitably, resistance to change from the lower orders was frequently associated with political radicalism and consequently put down. But yet again, an apparently alternative picture is provided by Malcolmson:

> A large number of people, including many farmers, parsons, and country gentlemen, retained a basic sympathy (or at least tolerance) for the established recreational customs… many men of property were themselves attracted to and involved in the customary recreational practices.[54]

However, in Clare's accounts, the most significant and paradoxically irretrievable element of festival is its 'unselfconsciousness', a child-like losing of oneself in the joy of the day. This quotation indicates that where continuance did occur, it was *in spite of* vastly increased awareness regarding tolerance and observance, which previously (apparently) simply had not been relevant. Thus, that which did

continue was in essence altered: being 'allowed' and being 'tolerated' is not what the abandonment of festival is about. Hence, as the decline continued, consciousness of and even resistance to that decline actually hindered the preservation it sought.

Academic debate has questioned the decline of such 'unselfconscious' participation in a 'ritual' year. E. P. Thompson's account in *Customs in Common*, for example, certainly suggests that the perception of decline is an omnipresent feature of records. Referring to Williams' *The Country and the City*, he writes: 'Always paternalistic actuality appears to be receding into an ever more primitive and idealized past.'[55] Yet Thompson also distinguishes 'flux' as one of the distinguishing features of eighteenth-century custom. When we consider that, for Clare, there are few changes which are for the better, this flux might itself represent decline.[56] Ultimately, whether or not festival did wane, the important issue for this analysis is Clare's perception of its diminishing (in which he represents increasing 'self-consciousness' as a critical part), and the extent to which he felt it, or at least declares it.

'Nobody tells the tale of the labourer', wrote William Cobbett in 1823,[57] and the lack of obvious primary sources remains the most problematic feature of an enquiry into early nineteenth-century festive time. In one of the best histories of festive practices, Robert Malcolmson explains that 'Although popular recreations were certainly organized, most of them were organized within an oral tradition, not an institutional framework which involved the keeping of written records.' Yet he goes on to point out that 'an impressive range of material is found to be relevant'.[58] Clare's work provides a fine example of such material, simultaneously revealing Cobbett's exaggeration: telling the tale of the labourer is precisely Clare's concern, and 'festivity', with its rituals, games and stories, is one of his common themes. However, identifiable in Clare's verse is a double decline. The festive rituals which once formed integral parts of the community (at least as far as Clare is concerned) really do seem to have been diminishing; Clare simultaneously records his increasing and personal sense of distance from participation in those festive occasions which do appear to cling on. The traditional order of the community, the way it regulates itself, is breaking down. Clare, who cannot feel a part of the community within which he might be 'regulated' and also 'regular'—integrated—feels this collapse on both sides, and laments it in his verse.

NOTES

1. *Early Poems* II, pp. 123–79, ll. 837–8.
2. 'The Wake', in *The Poetical Works of Robert Herrick*, ed. by L.C. Martin (Oxford: Clarendon, 1956), p. 255.
3. E. P. Thompson, *Customs in Common* (London: Merlin Press, 1991), p. 9.
4. John Goodridge, 'Out There in the Night: Rituals of Nurture and Exclusion in Clare's *St Martins Eve*', *Romanticism*, 4.1, 'Romantic Inflections', 202–11 (p. 210).
5. *Letters*, p. 136.
6. See 'There is a cruelty in all,' *Middle Period* V, p. 62.
7. NMS 32, p. 16.
8. NMS 32, p. 16. Much of the content of these manuscript passages appears in this section of Clare's long poem.
9. Supernatural tricks are similarly seen to be 'earned', as 'The Village Minstrel' rather clumsily suggests (ll. 105–8).
10. Consider also Samuel Bamford's contemporary corroborating evidence of the nature of this feature of festive ritual, and the violence of festive 'scapegoating' rituals, in his *Passages in the Life of a Radical and Early Days*, ed. by Henry Dunckley, 2 vols (London: Fisher Unwin, 1893), I, p. 126.
11. Goodridge, pp. 204–6. Kate's presence is also interesting, because although Kate's 'slip' is not linked to any festive occasion, it reminds us of the fact that the fall-out from the riotous celebrations could be messy: Clare's 'Dolly's Mistake, or, The Ways of the Wake' (*Early Poems* I, p. 532) is another stark reminder of this. Many critics have been at pains to emphasise Clare's sensitivity to this type of female plight, pointing to autobiographical reasons for empathy. But it works both ways, as Clare at one point thought he knew to his cost. This ambivalence is evident in 'Song: Sports of the Village' (*Early Poems* II, pp. 105–6).
12. One of the most important twentieth-century contributions to humour theory, and one which explores this idea, is Freud's 'Jokes and their Relation to the Unconscious' (1905), which is reprinted in *The Standard Edition of the Complete Psychological Works of Sigmund Freud*, trans. and ed. by James Strachey, Anna Freud and others, 24 vols (London: The Hogarth Press and the Insitute of Psychoanalysis, 1953–74), VIII (1960).
13. *By Himself*, pp. 161–2.
14. NMS 32, p. 16.
15. Goodridge's article discusses various connotations of the date: see pp. 202–3.
16. See for example Daniel Maclise's 'Merry Christmas in the Baron's Hall', exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1838. The formality of the baronial table here compares with the relaxed joviality of the foreground figures of labourers at play. It is a scene of plenty and of leisure, overlooked by a benevolent controlling figure. Victorian artists tended, like Maclise, to perpetuate the myth of Arcadian countryside that their patrons wanted to believe was a reality beyond the choked cities, and those who attempted to challenge this in an artistic form were almost invariably attacked. The consequent increasing prominence in art of this type is echoed in the production of books like Thomas Sternberg's *The Dialect and Folk-lore of Northamptonshire* (London, 1851), which regard 'festival' as an antiquarian artefact, rather than a living tradition. This trend of

'folklorification' even led to the introduction of new 'festive' celebrations, carefully controlled by the Church (exemplified by the 'feast of St Pumpkin').

17. E. P. Thompson, *The Making of the English Working Class* (Harmondsworth, 1963; 1980), p. 451.
18. Thomas Hall, *Funebria Florae: the Downfall of May-games* (1661), p. 10, cited in Sternberg, p. 182.
19. George Burton, *Chronology of Stamford* (Stamford: Robert Bagley; London: Edwards & Hughes, 1846), p. 51. For an account which places this event in a wider context of 'blood sports', see Robert W. Malcolmson, *Popular Recreations in English Society 1700–1850* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1973), pp. 126–35.
20. *Letters*, p. 276.
21. *Letters*, p. 154. Compare also the confused tenor of 'To Day the Fox Must Dye' (*Early Poems* I, pp. 400–1).
22. *Letters*, p. 648
23. See *Letters*, p. 448
24. Reprinted in Eric Jenkins, *Victorian Northamptonshire: The Early Years* (Rushden, 1993), p. 66. Compare William Cobbett to Windham, 5 October 1805, cited in Ian Dyck, *William Cobbett and Rural Popular Culture* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1992), pp. 21–3. See also Roger Sales on Clare and Regency-period boxing in *John Clare: A Literary Life* (Basingstoke: Palgrave, 2002).
25. Compare Malcolmson's account of 'throwing at cocks' for an example of the barbarism of some festive games (Malcolmson, pp. 48–9).
26. On Clare and badger-baiting see David Perkins, 'Sweet Helpston! John Clare on Badger Baiting', *Studies in Romanticism* 38 (3) (1999), 387–407.
27. *Letters*, pp. 136–7. 'Martinmass Eve' in Peterborough Manuscript (PMS) A13 becomes 'Michaelmass Eve' in PMS A12. This is almost certainly just a slip on Clare's part, although it further problematises Clare's claim to historical record.
28. This is something I explore more fully in my unpublished PhD thesis, 'The Faith and Theodicy of John Clare' (University of Cambridge, 2003), chapters 7 and 8.
29. *By Himself*, p. 35; p. 34; p. 36. Note his use of the word 'reality' here.
30. Clare does not tend neatly to fit with recent theoretical models of the 'nostalgic', often because such abstractions on the nature of 'Man' do not tend neatly to map onto the experience of Clare as an individual 'man'. For example, Christopher Shaw and Malcolm Chase write that 'For different reasons, a cyclical perception of time makes nostalgia unattractive: eventually time lost will be instituted again' ('The dimensions of nostalgia', in Shaw and Chase, pp. 1–17, p. 3), but this erroneously presupposes a cosmic view undertaken by the individual, rather than a lived experience within which the particular might be encompassed and suffered (and the absence of a 'previous state' lamented) *in the interim*, despite a wider sense of cyclical nature. Quite apart from the fact that his is essentially a Christian teleology which presupposes a cyclical nature, Clare observes and understands the natural world to have a cyclical character, yet laments the absence of the (recent) past. The historical reality or otherwise of this 'past' is not at issue here; this account is concerned with Clare's perception and record of it.
31. Robert Bloomfield, 'Summer', from *The Farmer's Boy*, in *Selected Poems*, ed. by John Goodridge and John Lucas (Nottingham: Trent editions, 1998), pp. 12–22, esp. ll. 287–400.

32. *The Poetical Works of William Wordsworth*, ed. by E de Selincourt and Helen Darbishire, 5 vols (Oxford: Clarendon, 1940–9), III, pp. 244–5.
33. Compare also the table of Cobbett's Squire Charrington in *Rural Rides*, ed. by George Woodcock (Harmondsworth, 1967; 1973), p. 228.
34. See for accounts of this Kevin Sharpe, *The Personal Rule of Charles I* (New Haven, 1992), pp. 351–9, Ronald Hutton, *The Rise and Fall of Merry England: The Ritual Year 1400–1700* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1994), Leah S. Marcus, *The Politics of Mirth: Jonson, Herrick, Milton and Marvell and the Defense of Old Holiday Pastimes* (Chicago; London: University of Chicago Press, 1986), and John Morrill, 'The Church in England 1642–9', in Morrill, ed., *Reactions to the English Civil War 1642–1649* (London: Macmillan, 1982), pp. 89–114. The role of the Church in such rituals is another interesting field of debate. Clare describes May Day (and other) customs in a letter to William Hone of April 1825, reprinted in *Cottage Tales* (pp. 138–43). The contents of the letter are reprinted in Sternberg (note 16) as having been published by Hone, but are not attributed to Clare.
35. 'To the Rev. Dr. Wordsworth', p. 245.
36. Clare's letter to William Hone, p. 141.
37. See *By Himself*, p. 113.
38. *By Himself*, p. 183.
39. *By Himself*, p. 236.
40. Middle Period, I, pp. 156–62. Note that here, Clare uses the name of the festival *with* the month as his title.
41. In particular see Bridget Keegan's 'Broadsides, Ballads and Books: The Landscape of Cultural Literacy in "The Village Minstrel"', *JCSJ* 15 (1996), 11–18, and the essays by Bridget Keegan and by Alan Vardy in *John Clare: New Approaches*, ed. by John Goodridge and Simon Kövesi (Helpston: John Clare Society, 2000), pp. 65–76; 107–31.
42. British Library, Egerton MS 2246, fols. 245–6. This letter of 1823 provides the fullest extant plan of Clare's calendar poem.
43. *The Thresher's Labour, by Stephen Duck. The Woman's Labour, by Mary Collier: Two Eighteenth Century Poems*, ed. by E. P. Thompson & Marian Sugden (London: Merlin, 1989), p. 9.
44. Keegan, 'Broadsides, Ballads and Books', p. 16.
45. Hutton, p. 227.
46. See also Malcolmson, Chapter 6.
47. Malcolmson, p. 150.
48. Malcolmson, pp. 17–8.
49. See *By Himself*, p. 176.
50. Malcolmson, p. 94.
51. J. M. Neeson, *Commoners: common right, enclosure and social change in England, 1700–1820* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1993), p. 52.
52. *By Himself*, p. 224; *The Parish*, l. 1728.
53. Letter to Hone, p. 139.
54. Malcolmson, p. 13.
55. Thompson, *Customs in Common*, p. 24. See Raymond Williams, *The Country and the City* (London: Hogarth Press, 1985).
56. See Thompson, *Customs in Common*, p. 6.
57. *Political Register*, 22 Feb 1823, in *Cobbett's Annual Register*, 89 vols. (London, 1802–35), p. 483.
58. Malcolmson, p. 3.