

## NOTES ON SOME BLACKSMITHS' LEGENDS AND THE OBSERVANCE OF ST. CLEMENT'S DAY.

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The observance of November 23rd, the Day of St. Clement, still lingers among the members of the Blacksmiths' craft, whose Patron Saint he became of old, and as the Hampshire village of Twyford is a place where the custom has been long in vogue, I hope it may be found of interest to have in these pages the following notes, founded on a paper which I contributed elsewhere,<sup>1</sup> in connection with usages and legends of kindred crafts.

The convivial celebration which marked the day in olden times is significantly indicated by the representation of a *pot* opposite the date on the clog almanacks, not probably, the *mug* which would minister to the festivity, but the collecting box whose contents would serve to fill the latter, which, of course, comes to the same thing. In the comparatively leisurely days of fifty years or so ago, the holiday was still observed by more or less abstention from work and joyous explosions of gunpowder on the anvil; hence the expression "Firing the anvil," accomplished by filling a hole or depression in the anvil with gunpowder, which, covered by a plug through which a hole is bored, a little train of the powder enables it to be set light to with great effect; the repression of this feature by the unsympathetic authorities at Brighton is on record. Sometimes a procession with an effigy, or someone dressed up as St. Clement, took place, or the figure was placed in evidence outside an Inn—in either case with a view to obtaining the wherewithal for the feast in the evening. To this blacksmiths

<sup>1</sup> Transactions Quatuor Coronati Lodge, Vol. XXVIII. (1915) p. 115

and their friends from the surrounding districts would repair, and a convivial evening ensued, with toasts, appropriate songs, and, in some cases, the recitation of craft lore.

The late Mr. F. E. Sawyer, in his paper on " 'Old Clem' Celebrations and Blacksmiths Lore,"<sup>1</sup> and his account of "Sussex Songs and Music,"<sup>2</sup> gave an interesting account of these celebrations, which seem to have been very much in vogue in Sussex. Mr. Sawyer recorded the following legend as "written down by Edmund Young, Esq., M.R.C.S., of Steyning, from the lips of a Sussex blacksmith"—

"On the 17th March, A.D. 871,<sup>3</sup> when good King Alfred ruled this land, he called together all the trades (seven in number), and declared his intention of making that tradesman king over all the trades who could best get on without the help of all the others for the longest period. He proclaimed a banquet to which he invited a representative from each trade, and made it a condition that each should bring a specimen of his work, with the tools he used in working it. 1st, the blacksmith brought his *hammer* and a horseshoe; 2nd, the tailor brought his *shears* and a new coat; 3rd, the baker his *peel* and a loaf; 4th, the shoemaker his *awl* and a new pair of shoes; 5th, the carpenter brought his *saw* and a deal trunk; 6th, the butcher his *chopper* and a joint; 7th, the mason his *chisels* and a corner stone.

Now the tailor's coat was of such surpassing beauty of colour and exquisite fashion that all the guests with one consent declared it a marvel of workmanship, and entirely eclipsing the handicraft of all the others—upon which the horseshoe, bread, shoes, trunk, meat and corner-stone were all thrown on one side as unfit for competition. Upon this the tailor was unanimously pronounced by the good King and the general company the fittest to be king of the trades, and was duly installed. This decision made the

<sup>1</sup> Folk Lore Journal, II. (1884) p. 321.

<sup>2</sup> Journal of the British Archaeological Association, XLII. (1886) p. 313.

<sup>3</sup> This precision about the date, especially the insistence on another later on in the story, is puzzling. Alfred, although already "consecrated King" when a child by the Pope, did not really become King until his brother—St. Ethelred—died, April 23rd, 871.

blacksmith very jealous and angry, and he declared that he would do no more work whilst the tailor was king; so he shut up his forge, and 'sloped' no one knew whither.

Now it came to pass that King Alfred was the first to need the services of a blacksmith, his horse having cast a shoe; but he could gain no admittance. Then came one trade, then another; in fact, all the six, each having broken his tools, thereby preventing him from carrying on his business until he could get them mended. The last of the six who came to grief was the tailor, who had broken his shears, and was compelled to stop working. This all happened on the 23rd November (St. Clement's Day) in the same year.

Now King Alfred and all the trades determined to break open the forge, and do the work themselves. So the King began to shoe his horse, the tailor began to mend his shears, and each trade in succession essayed to repair his tools, but failed. The horse kicked the King, the tailor bruised his fingers, the fire would not burn, and everybody got into everybody's way. The butcher began to shove the baker, he shoved the shoemaker, who in his turn shoved the carpenter, and the latter revenged himself by shoving the mason, who passed the compliment on to the tailor, until in the general confusion the anvil was knocked over, and exploded.<sup>1</sup>

At this juncture in walked St. Clement with the blacksmith on his arm, the latter looking very angry at the wreck of his untidy forge. St. Clement said nothing, but seemed to enjoy the discomfort of the King and company.

At length the King, making an humble bow to St. Clement and the blacksmith, said: 'I have made a great mistake in allowing my judgment in this important matter to be governed by the gaudy colour and stylish cut of the tailor's coat; and in justice to the blacksmith, without whom none of us can do, proclaim him king.'

<sup>1</sup> The reference to "firing the anvil" should be noted. It is the blacksmith's special form of festal salute.

Immediately all the trades, except the tailor (deposed), begged the blacksmith to mend their tools. So he shod the king's horse and obligingly mended the tools of all who asked ; but he made and presented to the tailor a new pair of shears. This presentation took place at a feast given by the King to celebrate the event, who, in a neat speech, admitted having been taken in by the tailor's beautiful coat, but now felt the greatest pleasure in announcing that for all time the blacksmith should be regarded as the king of all the trades—'So let us all drink good health and long life to the jolly blacksmith !'

The King then proposed that, to restore the harmony, each should sing a song, and called upon the blacksmith to make a beginning, who sang the following :—

OLD CLEM, THE JOLLY BLACKSMITH.

Here's a health to the jolly Blacksmith, the best of all fellows,  
Who works at his anvil while the boy blows the bellows,  
For it makes his bright hammer to rise and to fall,  
Says the Old Cole to the Young Cole and the Old Cole of all.

*Chorus*—Twankie dillo, twankie dillo, dillo, dillo, dillo,  
dillo, dillo,

With a roaring pair of bag pipes made of the  
green willow.

If a gentleman calls, his horse for to shoe,  
He makes no denial to one pot or two ;  
For it makes his bright hammer to rise and to fall,  
Says the Old Cole to the Young Cole and the Old Cole of all.

*Chorus*—Twankie dillo, &c.

Here's a health to the pretty girl, the one he loves best ;  
She kindles a fire all in his own breast,  
Which makes his bright hammer to rise and to fall,  
Says the Old Cole to the Young Cole and the Old Cole of all.

*Chorus*—Twankie dillo, &c.

Here's a health to King George and likewise his Queen,  
 And all the Royal Family wherever they're seen ;  
 Which makes his bright hammer to rise and to fall,  
 Says the Old Cole to the Young Cole and the Old Cole of all.

*Chorus*—Twankie dillo, &c.

Whilst this song was being sung the tailor crawled under the table and slit up the blacksmith's leather apron, with his new shears, into a regular fringe ; and from that day no blacksmith ever wears an apron which is not so ornamented or mutilated."

In some parts of the country "Clem"<sup>1</sup> takes the place of "Cole" in the song, the latter being an evident corruption.

The account given by the Sussex blacksmith of the legend and song, we may imagine as representing the procedure at an annual feast he had been accustomed to attend.

Saint Clement, who is counted as the third Bishop of Rome, was martyred by being cast into the sea with an anchor fastened round his neck, and this is his association with the craft of the forge as patron of anchor forgers and so of Blacksmiths in general.

Another informant of Mr. Sawyer's told him that the personation of "Old Clem" was a custom particularly in vogue in the Government dockyards, and that it was usual in many private establishments for the master to provide the necessaries for a supper on November 23rd. This has been the custom in Bristol, Liverpool, and even in Brighton. In all cases it was usual for the oldest blacksmith to take the chair, and the youngest the vice-chair. The first toast was :—

Here's to old Vulcan, as bold as a lion,  
 A large shop and no iron,  
 A big hearth and no coal,  
 And a large pair of bellowses full of holes.

<sup>1</sup> Charles Dickens, in *Great Expectations*, describes a blacksmith as working to a chant, the refrain of which was "Old Clem."



Then followed the song, "Here's to the Jolly Blacksmith." The next toast was :

True hearts and sound bottoms,  
Checked shirts and leather aprons,

This was followed by a song :

Tubal Cain ; our ancient father  
Sought the earth for iron and ore,  
More precious than the glittering gold  
Be it ever so great a store.

The Chairman rising, said : "Gentlemen, I invite you to drink with me the toast of the evening, 'To the memory of Old Clem, and prosperity to all his descendants.'"

Hone<sup>1</sup> gives an account of the "annual ceremony on the evening of St. Clement's Day, by the blacksmiths' apprentices of the dockyard" at Woolwich. "Old Clem" was carried round in procession, and made his appeal for funds in this form :—

"I am the real St. Clement, the first founder of brass, iron, and steel from the ore. I have been to Mount Etna, where the god Vulcan first built his forge, and forged the armour and thunderbolts for the god Jupiter. I have been through the deserts of Arabia ; through Asia, Africa and America ; through the City of Pongrove ; through the land of Tipmingo ; and all the Northern parts of Scotland. I arrived in London on the twenty-third of November, and came down to his majesty's dockyard at Woolwich, to see how all the gentlemien Vulcans came on there. I found them all hard at work, and wish to leave them well on the twenty-fourth."

One feels that the Saint's lengthened travels have rather obscured his identity, as his attributes sound more like those of Tubal-Cain, in his Biblical description as "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron."<sup>2</sup>

Another version of this story makes the King Solomon and the

<sup>1</sup> Every-Day Book, I. (1826), p. 1499.

<sup>2</sup> Gen. IV., 22.

Temple the scene ; all trades being invited to supper, except the Smiths. The latter leave off work in disgust, and when the other trades want their tools mended the Smiths refuse ; so, to appease them, a second supper was given, to which the Blacksmiths were duly invited and had the tags or fringes cut in their aprons and gilded as a special mark of distinction.

London Farriers are said to have celebrated St. Clement's Day at the White Horse, Castle Street, London, as late as 1883, when one of the fraternity appeared in a new apron with gilt tags, and a special drink, concocted of gin, eggs, ginger and spices, was consumed to the honour of the Saint as the first man who shod a horse.

An explanation from a Sussex source as to the ornamentation of the blacksmith's apron runs thus :—

"Present day blacksmiths' aprons have five slits in the corner signifying the lion's paw. Having the lions on their smithy is said to constitute a freehold. In olden times many of the smithies were small erections put up on the waste by the roadside."

The incidents in the lives of the Saints which led various trades and callings to claim them as their patrons are often very vague, and in many cases it is difficult to determine why the particular choice was made.

That Farriers should toast the memory of St. Clement as the first man to shoe a horse shows an evident confusion with St. Eloi (also known as Eligius and Lo), who had a definite association with their Craft, whilst St. Clement's connection was through his patronage of *anchor* forgers and so of smiths in general. St. Eloi, like St. Dunstan, was an expert metal worker himself, and in representing his effigy, whilst it was natural to indicate his craft by the horse's leg and shod foot which he held, yet—as it was not always convenient to paint or carve the whole of the animal—the partial representation no doubt, gave rise to the legend that, when a horse brought to be shod, being possessed by the devil, kicked so furiously that no one could approach it, the Saint cut off the

leg, then put on the shoe, and completed the incident by miraculously rejoining the limb to the horse. This of course was an easy explanation in days when the greater the marvel, the more it was felt to redound to the glory of the Almighty.

St. Clement was also claimed as their patron by hatters, on account of his supposed invention of felt; by tanners, as having been of that trade; and by sailors on account of the story of his being thrown into the sea attached to an anchor; but, outside the relations of crafts, there seem to have been many convivial associations with his festival. In Worcestershire and other counties the celebration was coupled with St. Catherine's, falling two days later, on November 25th, in the old custom for boys to go in a body from house to house on the afternoon of St. Clement's Day, and at each door to recite the following:—

Catherine and Clement, be here, be here;  
Some of your apples, and some of your beer;  
Some for Peter, and some for Paul,  
And some for Him that made us all.  
Clement was a good old man:  
For his sake give us some;  
Not of the worst, but some of the best,  
And God will send your soul to rest.

The last line was sometimes changed to

And God will send you a good night's rest.

The boys then went to some house where the parents of one of them resided, roasted their apples and ate them.

From a proclamation dated July 22nd, 1540, it would appear that it had been the custom for children to go about decked on November 23rd, which practice was then forbidden.

Cambridge bakers used to hold an annual supper on St. Clement's Day, which was called the "Bakers' Clem," and at Walsall, St. Clement's Day when the Corporation tenants paid their rents was honoured by the Mayor's feast, and celebrated at large by a custom, which had come down from time immemorial,



of throwing apples and nuts from the town hall into the street to be scrambled for by the people.

My interest in the Blacksmith's Festival was aroused a few years ago by chancing on a reference to it in Miss Charlotte M. Yonge's "History of Hursley and Otterbourne."<sup>1</sup> Miss Yonge recollected hearing the explosions of "firing the anvil" at "Hursley before 1860," but added that "more modern blacksmiths despise the custom. At Twyford, however, the festival is kept, and at the dinner a story is read that after the Temple was finished, Solomon feasted all the artificers except the blacksmiths, but they appeared, and pointed out all that they had done in the way of necessary work, on which they were included with high honour."

In 1912 the offer of a little motoring expedition gave me the opportunity I had been hoping for to make enquiries on the spot, and I gladly availed myself of the kindness of a friend, who drove me, not only to Twyford,<sup>2</sup> that delightful little village about two miles from Winchester, but carried me off to pursue my investigations at Wherwell and Basingstoke, and gave me the support of his forensic powers in my examination of those on the spot, whose kindness in trying to throw light on the subject is a very pleasant memory.

I found that the "Clem Supper" had been observed at Twyford apparently from time immemorial, and I was told that it was also still maintained at Alresford. For some fifty years, except for two years when the observance slipped, the supper has been held at the "Bugle" Inn; previously the "Dolphin" was the scene of the feast. In 1873 Mr. Carter, whose son is now the Blacksmith of Twyford—the forge having been in the occupation of the family for about 100 years—presided at the Festival, and after dinner told "the story which accounts for the fringe on the

<sup>1</sup> "John Keble's Parishes: A History of Hursley and Otterbourne," by Charlotte M. Yonge, an Old Inhabitant. Macmillan (1899), p. 176.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. D. H. Moutray Read, in his "Highways and Byways" in Hampshire (1908), writes:—"The situation of Twyford is hard to beat, and so fine was the air considered, and the village so sheltered, that in early Victorian days it was a favourite resort for consumptive patients."

blacksmiths' apron by the tailor having clipped it," and until 1874 this appears to have been the only legend recounted. But about this time Mr. Charles Smith, of Twyford (from whom I had the information), obtained a further legend from the late Mr. George Mitchener, Blacksmith of Wherwell.

This interesting version of the Blacksmith's story, now read at the annual gatherings at Twyford from a printed copy, is as follows :—

"And it came to pass when Solomon, the son of David, had finished the temple of Jerusalem, that he called unto him the chief architects, the head architects, the head artificers, and cunning workers in silver and gold, in wood and ivory, and in stone, yea, all who had aided in rearing the temple of the Lord and he said unto them : 'Sit ye down at my table. I have prepared a feast for all chief workers and cunning artificers ; stretch forth your hands, therefore, and eat, and drink, and be merry. Is not the labourer worthy of his hire ? Is not the skilful artificer worthy of his honour ? Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn.' And when Solomon and the chief workers were seated, and the fatness of the land, and the wine and the oil thereof, were set upon the table, there came one who knocked loudly at the door and thrust himself into the festal chamber. Then Solomon the King was wroth. And the stranger said : 'When men wish to honour me they call me the Son of the Forge, but when they desire to mock me they call me the blacksmith, and, seeing that the toil of working in the fire covers me with sweat and smut, the latter name, O King, is not inapt, and in that thy servant desires no better.' 'But,' said Solomon, 'why come you thus rudely and unbidden to the feast where none but the chief workers of the temple are invited ?' 'Please you, my Lord, I came rudely,' replied the man, 'because your servants obliged me to force my way ; but I came not unbidden. Was it not proclaimed that the chief workmen of the temple were invited to dine with the King of Israel ?' Then he who carved the cherubim said : 'This fellow is no sculptor,' and he who inlaid the roof with pure gold

said : 'Neither is he a worker in fine metals,' and he who raised walls said : 'He is no cutter in stone,' and he who made the roof cried out : 'He is not cunning in cedar wood, neither knoweth he the mystery of knitting strange pieces of timber together.' Then said Solomon : 'What hast thou to say, Son of the Forge, why I should not order thee to be plucked by the beard, scourged with the scourge, and stoned to death with stones?' And when the Son of the Forge heard this he was in no sort dismayed, but, advancing to the table, snatched up and swallowed a glass of wine, and said : 'O King, live for ever. The chief men of the workers in wood and gold and stone have said that I am not of them, and they said truly. I am their superior. Before they lived I was created. I am their master, and they are all my servants.' And he turned him round and said to the chief carver in stone : 'Who made the tools with which you carve?' And he said : 'The blacksmith.' And he said to the chief mason : 'Who made the chisel with which the stones of the temple were squared?' And he said : 'The blacksmith.' And he said to the chief worker in wood : 'Who made the tools with which you felled the trees of Lebanon and made into the pillars and roof of the temple?' And he answered : 'The blacksmith.' 'Enough, enough, good fellow,' said Solomon ; 'Thou hast proved that I invited thee, and thou art all men's father. Go and wash the smut of the forge from thy face, and come and sit at my right hand. The chief of workmen are but men ; thou art more.' So it happened that the feast of Solomon and the blacksmith has been honoured ever since."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The following extracts from the "Hampshire Chronicle," November 30th, 1912, will give some idea of the proceedings :—

"OLD CLEM. SUPPER. — Tuesday last, . . . the annual 'Clem.' supper was held at the Bugle Inn, Twyford. There was a good attendance, the chair being taken by Mr. Barnes, of Messrs. Eldridge and Pope, supported by Messrs. Salter (Winchester), C. Smith, A. H. Barter, Walter Hawkins, — Jackson, W. Burfitt, W. Carter, sen., W. Carter, jun., and many others. The loyal toasts having been given by the Chairman, the toast of the evening, that of 'The Blacksmiths,' was proposed by Mr. C. Smith, who read the following document." (Here follows the Legend and a reference to recent enquiries, and the account proceeds.) "The story first made its appearance in Twyford in the year 1874, from a manuscript supplied by the late George Mitchener, of Wherwell, and brought to this

Twyford, with its old-world air, its church tower covering a stone circle, witness of earlier beliefs, and its quiet churchyard shadowed by a fine yew tree, seemed a fitting setting for old customs and legends, but I was assured that Wherwell, where Mr. George Mitchener, from whom the above story came, was formerly the blacksmith, could rival it in such attractiveness, and, moreover, that it had a special legend of its own about "a cockatrice."

This story, which did not affect my special enquiries, was that once upon a time Wherwell and its neighbourhood suffered from depredations of a cockatrice, which was, I believe, a composite monster, half cock and half serpent, derived from the unusual phenomenon of a cock's egg!<sup>2</sup> This creature, to look upon which meant death to the beholder, was a scourge to the locality until the idea occurred to someone that if it could be coaxed to look at itself in a mirror it might fall a victim to its own malignity, which being achieved it promptly succumbed and died, to the happy deliverance of the villagers.

Unfortunately my visit to Wherwell, picturesque though I found the little village with a charming cluster of old thatched cottages as its main feature, brought me no further information. Mr. Alfred Mitchener, who now plies the trade of his father, already mentioned as introducing the Twyford legend, expressed himself as much at a loss as everyone else to explain where his father's written version was derived from.

village by Mr. C. Smith, and which has from time to time, with very few exceptions, been read yearly on the occasion of the 'Old Clem.' supper. The health of the Chairman was proposed in feeling terms by Mr. Salter, and the Chairman, in his response, remarked that it was his first appearance at this festival, and he hoped that he would be present at many more. The health of 'The Visitors' was proposed by the Chairman, and responded to by Mr. Barter, of the Dolphin Hotel. There was much harmony during the course of the evening, and Mr. Walter Hawkins delighted the company with some of his excellent recitations, and a most enjoyable evening was brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem. The excellent repast was put on by Host Kinshott, of the Bugle Inn."

<sup>2</sup> In the Hampshire volume of Messrs. Black's illustrated series by Wilfrid Ball and Rev. Telford Varley, this cockatrice is said to have been hatched from a duck's egg on which a toad had sat.



Learning that the late Mr. Kingdon, ironmonger and art metal worker, of Basingstoke, had formerly printed some copies of the Twyford legend for distribution among his customers, I pursued my enquiries there. I found that his sons, who now carry on their father's trade, had none of the printed copies left, the stock having been exhausted long ago, but they most obligingly had a type-written copy made and sent to me. Mr. H. Kingdon could not, however, throw any light on the origin of the story but the suggestion that "it is quite possible that the story came out of an old Bible." This version is almost identical with that in use at the festival except for slight verbal differences, the chief one being that instead of the expression about the carpenter's work—"knitting strange pieces of timber together"—the less appropriate phrasing—"uniting pieces of strange timber together"—appears.

There are some points about the legend as it reached Twyford which certainly suggest a craft origin; particularly the technical expressions and the mystery attaching to the intruder, who is evidently Tubal Cain himself; but of course it is apparent that it has received some embellishments, perhaps at the hands of more than one transcriber, on the lines of Biblical phraseology. It may be noted that throughout the blacksmith's lore to which I have referred, the attributes of the great patron of the art are really those of the prime "instructor" in metal work, although he appears sometimes as St. Clement and, in this story, as a mysterious stranger.

This Legend of the Blacksmith and his claim before King Solomon is well known in the United States of America from the picture entitled "The Ironworker and King Solomon," which was painted as a commission for Mr. Joseph. Harrison, jun., of Philadelphia, by Mr. Christian Schussele,<sup>1</sup> who made a name for himself there in art circles; and as the painter of several historical

<sup>1</sup> Schussele was born in Alsace about 1824, studied in Paris, and settled in the United States in 1847, where for eleven years he was director of the Pennsylvania Art Schools. He died at Merchantville, N.Y., August 21st, 1879. His chief works are:—"How we won the Battle," "Leisberger preaching to the Indians," "Men of Progress," and that under our consideration.



pictures. The circumstances which led to this are fully related in a little book entitled "The Iron Worker and King Solomon," by Joseph Harrison, jun., printed in 1868, for private circulation, and dedicated to the author's children and grandchildren (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.). The book contains a reproduction of Schussele's picture, which Mr. Harrison, writing at Christmas, 1867, says was painted for him by the artist "four or five years ago." A rendering of the legend in verse, composed by Mr. Harrison, is given. A memoir of Joseph Harrison, jun., "whose successful enterprise at home and abroad has made his name a familiar one to the inhabitants of two continents" (Bishop's "History of American Manufactures," 1866), tells us that he was born in Philadelphia in 1810, and traces his progress from his apprenticeship at the age of fifteen to his position as member of a leading firm of engineers, carrying out railway work in Russia, and honoured at the London International Exhibition in 1862. In the report of a speech which Mr. Harrison delivered at a public dinner in 1859, referring to the importance of the worker in iron, the following remarks occur:—"I remember reading a story in my early boyhood that impressed itself so strongly on my mind that I have never forgotten it. I do not remember the exact words, but the matter ran somewhat in this wise . . ." Then follows a version of the story couched in distinctly modern phraseology, but which is specially interesting as being stated to be "the story from which the picture is painted." The book also contains "The Blacksmith and King Solomon, a Rabbinical Legend," which Mr. Harrison writes "was furnished me by my friend Mr. Charles G. Leland." This writer is the author most popularly known in connection with his "Hans Breitmann's Ballads" (1898), but he was also author of many works on Folklore, and President of the Gypsy Lore Society. Of this rendering of the legend it may be observed that it is substantially the same as that which is read at the Twyford Festivals, and yet, throughout there occur verbal and other slight differences which suggest the attempts of some more educated writer trying to put a little more polish on the verbiage of a

popular story. It is clear from Mr. Harrison's recollection that the Blacksmith's Legend was not a recent invention; he had seen it in print in his boyhood early in the last century.

The picture has been published in the form of an engraving issued by the Macoy Publishing Co., of New York, who printed a little descriptive brochure to accompany it, entitled "Tubal Cain," which, after an explanation of the picture, introduces the legend by saying that "as the story is best told in the words of the original authentic record, we furnish herewith a translation from the Rabbinical writing." Then follows what I am certain is no original, but, to my mind, a very inferior edition of the story in vogue at Twyford. Some of the wording is identical, but the scene is placed outside the entrance to the Temple, and the legend is adapted to suit the purposes. It reads like a blend of Mr. Harrison's version, on which the picture is based, and Mr. Leland's legend, with a general embellishment on American lines:—

"The seat of the King was apart on a raised dais facing the head of the table between 'the two famous pillars of bronze,' and Solomon had also prepared a seat of honour, and set it on his right hand, ready for the craftsman who might be pronounced most worthy among all who wrought in building the house of the Lord. . . . And when Solomon and his guests had arrived at the place of the feast, they beheld a man, clad in the garb and covered with the soil of labor, seated in the Chair of honor not yet awarded. And the King waxed wroth, and said: 'What manner of man art thou? Why comest thou unseemly and unbidden to our feast, where none are invited save the chief workers on the Temple?'"

So the story proceeds, and at the climax the intruder says:

"The great Tubal Cain, whom all men honour, taught those who in turn taught me my handicraft, and the mighty Vulcan, who wrought in fire and smoke and sweat, as I do, was it not deemed fitting he should have won the Queen of Beauty to wife?" Solomon replies: "Son of the Forge, I, too, honour

thee, though worthy successor of the great master, Tubal Cain. Take thou this seat at my right hand prepared for the most worthy. It is thy due."

If there is any foundation for the idea that the legend is derived from Rabbinical sources, I am perfectly certain that the version in use at Twyford is much nearer the original than this. The kind interest of an authority on Jewish legends has failed, however, to help me any further towards tracing an origin from such sources.

Hone tells us that when he was compiling his "Every-Day Book" a Mr. J. Johnson, Secretary of the "Benevolent Institution of Smiths," wrote (1825):—"When I was a child an old man went about in the trade reciting the following ode on smithery, which, I believe, is very old . . . it is now quite forgot, with many good customs of hospitality of the olden days which are no more. I hope you will cull your flowers of antiquity, and collect all you can for our trade; there is a story of St. Dunstan, the smith, with his tongs, pinching the devil by the nose, etc."<sup>1</sup> The "Ode on Smithery" is printed with the date "1610"—what grounds there may have been for it do not appear—as follows:—

"By reading of old authors we do find  
The Smiths have been a trade time out of mind;  
And it's believed they may be bold to say  
There's not the like to them now at this day.  
For was it not for Smiths what could we do?  
We soon should loose our lives and money too;  
The miser would be stript of all his store,  
And lose the golden god he doth adore:  
No tradesman could be safe, or take his rest,  
But thieves and rogues would nightly him molest;  
It is by our cunning art, and ancient skill,  
That we are saved from those who would work ill.

<sup>1</sup> This same story is also told of St. Eloi.

The Smith at night, and soon as he doth rise,  
 Doth always cleanse and wash his face and eyes ;  
 Kindles his fire, and the bellows blows,  
 Tucks up his shirt sleeves, and to work he goes ;  
 Then makes the hammer and the anvil ring,  
 And thus he lives as merry as a King.

A working smith all other trades excels  
 In useful labour wheresoe'er he dwells ;  
 Toss up your caps, ye sons of Vulcan then,  
 For there are none of all the sons of men  
 That can with the brave working Smiths compare,  
 Their work is hard, and jolly lads they are.  
 What though a Smith looks sometimes very black,  
 And sometimes gets but one shirt to his back,  
 And that is out at elbows, and so thin  
 That you through twenty holes can see his skin ;  
 Yet when he's drest and clean, you all will say  
 That Smiths are men not made of common clay.  
 They serve the living, and they serve the dead,  
 They serve the mitre, and the crowned head ;  
 They are all men of honour and renown,  
 Honest, and just, and loyal to the crown.  
 The many worthy deeds that they have done  
 Have spread their fame beyond the rising sun.  
 So if we have offended rich or poor,  
 We will be good boys and do so no more."

At the end of the interesting little book of "Reminiscences," published in 1908, by Mr. William Clift, of Bramley, who was born in 1828, under the heading of "Songs Sung in the Olden Days," we find another Blacksmith's Song, in this form :—

#### TUBAL CAIN.

Tubal Cain was a man of might  
 In the days when earth was young,  
 By his fierce red light and his furnace bright  
 The strokes of his hammer rung ;



He lifted high his brawny hand  
 As the iron was glowing clear,  
 Till the sparks rushed out in a scarlet rout  
 As he fashioned the sword and spear.

So they sang Hurrah to Tubal Cain ;  
 Hurrah to his spear and sword,  
 Hurrah to the hand that would wield them well,  
 For he shall be king and lord.

To Tubal Cain came many a one,  
 As he sat by his roaring fire,  
 And each one prayed for a strong steel blade  
 And a crown of his heart's desire.  
 He made them weapons sharp and strong,  
 Their hearts he filled with glee,  
 He gave them gifts and pearls of gold  
 And spoils of the forest free.

So they sang, &c.

Indeed the Blacksmith in pride of his craft will yield to none  
 other, and his claim may fittingly be summed up in the words of  
 the motto of the ancient Company of Blacksmiths of the City of  
 London, established more than five hundred years ago :—

“ By hammer and hand  
 All arts do stand ! ”

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