

Mr. R. G. BADCOCK next read the following paper by the
the Rev. J. M. KING, of Cutcombe, on the

Origin of the Name of the Devonshire Junket.

When I was at Sorrento I observed among the lists of sweets for the table, "Junketto." I asked for it to compare it with our Devonshire Junket, and found it a very much simpler preparation, merely milk coagulated to a consistency about half-way between our cream-cheese and junket. A few days afterwards, on the Tarpeian Rock, the common drying ground of that quarter of Rome, I

heard a man with a basket on his arm crying "Junketto," and selling it (as their dinner) to the young washerwomen who were congregated there. As each approached he opened his basket, and in return for a biocco, their small copper coin, took out a square of a substance very much resembling curds, enclosed in a little cradle of rushes. Here, then, was the Latin "juncus," and the palpable origin of our Devonshire term. Doubtless our forefathers, or rather foremothers, presented their guests with a plainer preparation on a plate of rushes, which luxury has eliminated into the delicious compound that now appears in a crystal bowl.

If the black eyes and little forms of the young washerwomen of Rome do not muddle the recollections of his Latin, the young Englishman will go back to his Virgil and quote the lines:—

Quod surgente die mulsero, horisque diurnis,
Nocte *premunt*; quod jam tenebris et sole cadente,
Sub lucem exportans *calathis* adit oppida pastor.

Georg. iii., 400.

I think the words I have underlined point evidently to the milk carried into the city in its coagulated form precisely as I saw it: a custom that centuries had not changed.

Mr. BADCOCK also read the following from the same gentleman, relative to

Thomas a' Becket's Day.

A belief prevails throughout the moor district of West Somerset, and extends into North Devon, that turnip seed sown on Thomas a'Becket's day (the 4th of July I believe) never fails to produce a crop. You are puzzled at first to discover how the saint, whose shrine is in an

eastern county, becomes a patron, in the distant west, of a root unknown to the agriculture of his time, until, in the village church that overhangs Mort Bay, near Ilfracombe, you stand by the tomb of the Traceys, who, after the commission of their crime in Kent, fled for concealment to the opposite extremity of England. The life of penance and exile which the murderers led would proclaim most effectually to a barbarous people, which I suppose we must confess our moorland friends at that date were, the miracle-endowed holiness of their victim. The turnip, we must conclude, has only taken the place of some more venerable root. I have no doubt, in my own mind, that the superstition had its origin from the parish of Mort itself, whose inhabitants would be impregnated with the double credulousness of the dwellers on the hills and by the ocean. Those acquainted with the *Res rusticæ* of the Romans as opened to us in the Georgics will readily acknowledge this. Witness the husbandman's omens for fine weather drawn in one line from the swine in his straw-yard, in the next from the halcyons on the beach. With this last fits the universal belief of country people in the prophetic powers of the magpie—powers first noticed by the fisherman, who observed, that if on passing through the field, between his cottage and the shore, he met the two birds pacing about together, his boat was secure from a storm, whereas the presence of one only was always followed by a tempest; the *fact* being a simple one of natural history, that the instinct of the birds tells them when the nest may be safely left unprotected, and when it is requisite for one householder to watch beside or rather upon it; the *inference* being one that superstition has expanded to take in events never dreamt of in the philosophy of the birds.