



MONTAIGNE.

THE
BOOK OF TABLE-TALK.

107
ILLUSTRATED WITH WOOD-CUTS.

Charles MacFarlane

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BOOK OF TABLE-TALK.

AN INTRODUCTORY TALK UPON TABLE-TALK.

WHEN man puts his faculties on the strut and the stretch, he builds pyramids, founds empires, wages wars, circumnavigates the globe, writes epic poems, histories, and dictionaries, and delivers speeches and lectures. In short, it is doubtless by this stiffening of himself, this straining and striving, that he achieves most of those things which get him what is called a name. But, very well as all this may be in its way, it would make a weary world if we had nothing else. Therefore, as Sancho Panza, in his honest natural horror at the idea of constant movement and exertion, invoked blessings on the man who invented sleep, we are grateful also for the existence of that pleasant middle region which lies between the scene of public display and struggle and absolute slumber-land. It is here we would stray at our ease in the present book. THIS BOOK OF TABLE-TALK, we hope, will have little in it of what is trivial, any more than of what is dull; but, admonished by the title we have just written, and keeping in remembrance that

a festive board is neither a class-room nor a church, and that a talk is not, or at least ought not to be, either a sermon or a lecture, we shall especially endeavour to avoid the fatiguing and the long-winded.

This last word alone, indeed, gives us nearly a complete definition of all that a book of table-talk should not be. There is scarcely anything capable of being put into a book of which it may not contain a little. The acts, and sayings, and fortunes of individuals; public events; the manners and customs of different ages, and nations, and states of society; curious and interesting facts in all the departments of natural knowledge; the wonders of science and of art; all the turnings and windings of human opinion; sagacious maxims for the conduct of life; even ingenious thoughts in speculative philosophy;—all things, in short, that have either wit or humour in them, or a finer intellectual life and spirit of any other kind, may here enter as ingredients, and be mixed up together in rich variety:

“ *Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.*”

A book of table-talk, like the actual conversation poured forth at a social meeting of accomplished and well-furnished minds, should be a distillation of whatever is most ethereal in all the wealth of life and of books.

Of works of this class, reading people have been fond ever since reading began; and a complete catalogue of the various dishes of intellectual hotch-potch, which this taste has called forth both in the ancient and the

modern world, would considerably outmeasure, we suspect, the longest *carte* ever displayed by Parisian restaurateur. They have been prepared to suit the palate and digestion of every several species of literary gourmands. A great many of them have been got up more especially for the use of the religious public. Of these, one of the greatest favourites for a long time after the revival of letters was a volume entitled the *Speculum Exemplorum*, and in the latter and fatter editions the *Magnum Speculum Exemplorum*; that is, the Great Looking-glass of Examples. An edition of this work in small quarto, printed at Douay in 1605, consists of between four and five hundred closely-printed double-columned pages. The book, we are told on the title-page, was originally compiled by a person whose name is not known, but who appears to have lived about the year 1480; and this enlarged edition professes to be revised and corrected by a learned Jesuit. The examples or stories, it is affirmed, have been extracted from more than sixty authors venerable for their piety, their learning, and their antiquity, and from various histories, tracts, and pamphlets. The stories are grouped together under heads, and the whole work is divided into ten books, or distinctions, as they are called, exclusive of a pretty long appendix.

One of the most curious things in this volume is a list which it contains of previous works of the same description, or, as it is expressed, of authors who have professedly written books of examples. The catalogue extends to about five columns, and may comprehend between seventy and eighty names.

This work, of course, was for story-lovers of the Roman

persuasion ; but Protestantism also had its books of table-talk. Among these was one of the most extraordinary of such compilations ever produced, the *Lectiones Memorabiles et Reconditæ* ; or, *Memorable and Recondite Readings*, of John Wolfius. The author of this brace of huge folios (making together more than two thousand pages) is stated, in a short notice of him given in the *Vitæ Virorum Eruditorum* (*Lives of Learned Men*) of Melchior Adam, to have been born at Berg Zabern, in the duchy of Deux Ponts (Bipont), in the year 1537, and to have died in 1600. He was by profession a lawyer, but became eventually a political functionary, in which quality his name is followed on the title-page of his book by a long flourish of very high-sounding titles. It appears, in point of fact, that he was what is called Aulic Counsellor to the Margrave of Baden. Melchior Adam takes great pains to guard his readers against confounding this John Wolf with another John Wolf, or rather Wolph, who was Professor of Theology at Zurich, and wrote commentaries, it seems, upon various parts of the Scripture. To be sure, the theological cast of the Aulic counsellor's speculations might naturally enough lead to his being mistaken for the learned professor ; at the same time, there might be quite as much danger of his being confounded with another contemporary writer of books, whom his biographer does not mention—namely, a twin brother of his own, who was not only born on the same day with himself, but had the same first name : this other John Wolf was a physician, and is the author of several works on medical subjects.

The title-page of the *Memorable and Recondite Read-*

ings, or Wolf's Centuries, as the compilation is sometimes called, has been rarely matched. We should in vain attempt to imitate in humble modern English the solemn and imposing pomp of its long procession of rumbling Latin epithets—"Liber rarus, carus, ex Sacræ Scripturæ et venerandæ Antiquitatis arcanis exaratus, variisque Allegoriis, Tropologiis, et Allusionibus, Anagoricis, Hierographicis, Symbolicis, Iconographicis, et Mythologicis," &c. &c. The sense, however, (letting the sound go,) is somewhat as follows:—"A Book rich and rare, dug out of the hidden depths of Sacred Scripture and venerable Antiquity, and highly embellished with whatever there is most worthy of note in Allegory, in Tropology, in Allusion, Anagoric, Hierographic, Symbolical, Iconographic, and Mythological; in the Orphic Meanings (Orphicis Sensibus), in Inscriptions, in Emblems, in the Apophthegms of Great Men, in Proverbs, in Parables, in Moral maxims (gnomis), in Stories sacred and profane, and other Inventions of the Ingenious; in compendious Accounts of Chronology, of Christian Doctrine, of Heresies, of Schisms, of Persecutions; of Emperors, of Popes, and of other learned and illustrious Persons, and their Acts and Deeds; as likewise in the Decrees of Councils and Synods, in Events, and in Epochs. Here the reader hath set before him whatever hath proceeded from the Doctors of the Church, from Poets, from Politicians, from Philosophers, from Historians, or from others whomsoever of the wise or the learned, of what is pious, grave, wonderful, deep and stupendous, jocund and at the same time useful, in word, in writ, or in act: furthermore, all Prophecies, Vows, Omens, Mysteries, Hieroglyphics,

Miracles, Visions, Antiquities; with all Monuments, Testimonies, and Examples of Virtues, of Vices, and of Abuses; as also store of Types, Pictures, and Images; and, moreover, all the most frightful Signs, Shows, Monstrosities, and Portents of Heaven and Earth."—But here the reader's breath, we are sure, fails him; and we will therefore waive the rest of the learned doctor's trumpeting.

After all, however, this may be but the editor's or the bookseller's blast, for the first edition of the work did not appear till some months after the author's death. The date of the second edition, now before us, is Frankfurt on the Maine, 1671. The stories are strung together in chronological order, at least in so far that those belonging to each century are knotted up in a bunch by themselves. Of the sixteen centuries from the commencement of the Christian era, over which the author's gleanings extend, fifteen are despatched in the first volume; the whole of the second, which is besides much more bulky, being given to the remaining one. A very copious index to the whole work, compiled by a person who has been vain enough of his achievement to record his name at full length—"Joannes Jacobus Lingius cognomine Hagendorn"—was printed at Leipsic in 1672.

Nothing can go beyond the credulity and absurdity of the worthy Aulic counsellor in these Centuries; he has certainly raked together a rich compost of the dotage and anility of all preceding ages, and comfortably must the minds of his readers have been manured thereby. The generality of them, no doubt, took the whole in with

ready and even greedy faith. Of all prodigies, prodigious births seem to be the author's special favourites. The book is embellished with copper-plate representations of many of the wonders detailed in it, some hundreds of them being thrown together upon a single broadside; and thus spread out before the eye in full blaze, they make, it may be conceived, a droll enough show.

The compilers of collections of this kind among the ancients seem to have had generally a very different taste in the matter of title-pages from our German doctor. Both the elder Pliny, in the Dedication of his Natural History to Prince Titus, the son of the Emperor Vespasian, and Aulus Gellius, in the Preface to his Attic Nights, have enumerated several examples of what the latter calls the "festivitates inscriptionum"—the fanciful titles—which had been given to books somewhat like theirs by many preceding Greek and Roman writers: they are all distinguished by their brevity, as well as by their prettiness or fantastic character. Among them are—*Musæ*, the Muses; *Silva*, a Forest; *Κηρion*, a Comb of Honey; *Κίρας Αμαλθειας*, Amalthea's Horn (the horn of plenty); *Antiquæ Lectiones*, Ancient Readings; *Πινακιδιον*, a Tablet; *Εγχειριδιον*, a Manual or Hand-book; *Pandectæ*, literally an *Omnium-gatherum*, or medley of all kinds of things; *Βιβλιοθηκη*, a Library; *Διμωον*, or *Pratum*, a Meadow, &c. Most of these are mentioned by both writers.

Pliny's very curious work is really a sort of book of table-talk, though it affects a somewhat more scientific arrangement than that title demands. Perhaps he himself would have preferred that it should be considered an encyclopædia, (that is, as it may be translated, the whole

circle of instruction,) which he tells us was the name commonly given by the Greeks to works professing to treat scientifically of all the departments of nature. But his *Natural History*, devoid as it is of anything like systematic exposition, and consisting merely of a huge assemblage of what we may call, in the language of its old English translator, Philemon Holland, "notable things, histories, matters memorable, and observations," has scarcely a claim to this title in its modern use. Of these "histories," or, as we should now rather call them, stories, &c. the thirty-six books of which it consists, contain, according to an enumeration found in several of the old manuscripts, about forty thousand; and they are taken from the whole field, not only of what is commonly called nature, but also of the arts and of human life.

The twenty books of the *Noctes Atticæ*, or *Attic Nights*, of Aulus Gellius, who probably flourished in the second century of our era, although made up, in the greater part, of critical observations on books, are still sufficiently general and miscellaneous to be reckoned in the class of works of which we are here treating. They were compiled, the author tells us, for the use of his children, to afford them a ready relaxation when any release from business might allow their minds the opportunity of ease and indulgence. The plan he had followed in their preparation was merely to note down, without any attempt at arrangement, whatever struck him as interesting or worthy of observation in any book, Greek or Latin, that fell into his hands. He modestly claims no further merit as belonging to the work, or as distin-

guishing it from other similar compilations, than that its contents are of a more select character than those of many preceding works of the same kind, the authors of which seemed chiefly to have aimed at displaying the extent of their reading by putting down everything, however trivial or trite, that came in their way.

The whole tone of this preface is modest and unaffected, and gives us a very favourable impression of the author. He had given his book the name of *Attic Nights*, he says, not out of any ambition to imitate the gay titles in which others had indulged, but simply because the composition of it had been begun as an amusement in the long winter nights while he was residing in Attica. In Beloe's translation (a very bad one, by the bye, but the only English translation of this author that exists) may be found, extracted from the *Bibliotheca Latina* of the learned John Albert Fabricius, and from other sources, a list of several modern works which, in their titles at least, may be considered as imitations of the *Noctes Atticæ*. Those there mentioned are the *Noctes Tusculanæ et Ravennatenses* of John Matthew Caryophilus; the *Noctes Geniales* of John Nardius; the *Noctes Groningenses* of James Gussetius; the *Noctes Augustæ, sive Perusinæ*, of Mark Antony Bouciarius; the *Noctes Mordantianæ* of John Bacchotius; the *Noctes Medicæ* of John Freitagius; the *Noctes Academicæ* of John Frederick Christius; the *Noctes Ripenses* of Falster; and the *Noctes Nottinghamicæ* of our countryman Richard Johnson. We may add the *Dies Geniales* of the Italian lawyer, Alexander ab Alexandro, as a much better known work than any of these, and one both the title and general

plan of which may be said to have been suggested by those of the *Noctes Atticæ* of Aulus Gellius. There is a curious coincidence also, it may be remarked, between this title inscribed upon his lucubrations by the old Roman critic, and that of our delightful Oriental acquaintance, the *Thousand and One Nights*.

The oldest imitation however, we believe, of the *Attic Nights* which we possess is the work of Macrobius, in seven books, entitled *Convivia Saturnalia*; or *Saturnalian Table-talk*, as it may be rendered. Indeed Macrobius, who flourished in the latter part of the fourth century, has been called by some the plunderer, by others the ape, of Gellius, from whom he has undoubtedly pilfered liberally, as he has also done from other writers; though he has given us much that is curious and valuable of his own likewise, or, at least, of what we do not know not to be his own. His subjects are principally ancient manners and customs, and criticism on the writings of Virgil, Homer, and Plato. The scheme of the work, which the author professes to have composed for the use of his son, is that of a series of conversations at table among certain learned Romans during the celebration of the *Saturnalia*. We are not aware that there is any English translation of this work.

Nor do we possess any version in our language of a much richer and more copious book of table-talk of those times, the celebrated *Deipnosophistæ*, or *Banquet of the Learned*, of Athenæus. Athenæus flourished in the third century. His work, which is written in Greek, is thrown into the form of convivial dialogues, the principal subjects of which indeed are eating and drinking, but

which occasionally range over wider ground. Even, however, while professedly occupied with his predominant topic, the author incidentally spreads before his readers a vast store of miscellaneous information and anecdote. Among the most precious contents of the *Deipnosophistæ* are the numerous quotations introduced from writers now lost, especially from the Greek comic poets. It has been reckoned that Athenæus quotes above fifteen hundred lost works, and the writers whom he mentions amount to about seven hundred, among which number are included many of whom we should never otherwise have known even the names. There are two French translations of Athenæus, neither of which, however, enjoys much reputation. One, published in a quarto volume in 1680, is by the old doer of all work in that line, Michel de Marolles; on the title-page of a copy of whose version of Martial's Epigrams Menage wrote "Epigrams against Martial." The author of the other, which is in five volumes quarto, Paris, 1785—91, was Lefebvre de Villebrune, who was more famous for the quantity than the quality of his scholarship. We understand that a series of translations from Athenæus appeared some years ago in a London periodical publication called *The Monthly Mirror*.

Here also we may mention the nine books of Valerius Maximus, entitled "*De Dictis et Factis Memorabilibus Antiquorum*," (Of the Memorable Sayings and Doings of the Ancients,) which are, however, of earlier date, having been composed in the early part of the first century of our era, during the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, to whom they are dedicated. This work appears to be a

compilation of anecdotes from elder writers, executed with little exactness ; but as many of the author's sources of information are now lost, his excerpts and abridgments are of considerable value. Valerius Maximus was one of the favourite authors of the middle ages ; perhaps, indeed, he was, of all the Roman writers who remained in repute in those dark times, the one nearest to being a classic, at least in date. He writes, however, so unclassically that, notwithstanding the dedication to the immediate successor of Augustus which fronts his book, it has been doubted if he could really have lived quite so close upon the Augustan age. Be this as it may, his bad style and his amusing stories together made him, as we have said, very popular with the reading public of what we call the dark ages. He was accordingly, as might have been expected, one of the first of the ancient authors put to press after the invention of printing ; an edition of his work having been produced at Mentz in 1471, and another at Venice in the same year. Many more editions followed before the expiration of the century.

The Various or Miscellaneous History of Claudius Ælianus is another of these ancient collections of remarkable stories. Ælianus, who is supposed to have flourished in the third century, was an Italian by birth, being a native of the town of Præneste, not far from Rome ; but his work is written in Greek, and in what is considered to be remarkably pure and even elegant Greek. He has been designated for this excellence the honey-tongued Ælianus. Many of his stories, however, are much more amusing to read than easy to be believed ; and upon the whole, like Gellius and Macrobius, and some of the other

compilers we have already noticed, his work is more valued for the quotations in which it abounds from older writers now lost, than for what the author has put into it of his own. There is an old English translation of *Ælian*, which appeared in a quarto volume in 1576, under the title of "*Ælian's Registre of Hystories*, by Abraham Fleming," a person by whom our early literature was enriched with many other translations from the learned tongues.

As Macrobius has been called the ape of Aulus Gellius, so Pliny's ape is a like title of honour that has been conferred upon C. Julius Solinus, who probably lived about a century before him, and who is the compiler of a confused miscellany of facts and remarks on all sorts of subjects, to which he originally gave the name of *Collectanea Rerum Memorabilium*, but afterwards that of *Polyhistor*, by which the work is commonly known. As in point of fact Solinus has taken the greater part of his matter from Pliny's *Natural History* without acknowledgment, he seems very well to deserve the nickname that has been bestowed upon him, or one still stronger. The *Polyhistor*, however, has been made the subject of a commentary much more ponderous than itself by the great French scholar, Saumaise (in Latin, *Salmasius*), whose edition of the work appeared in two volumes folio, at Paris, in 1629. The term *Polyhistor*, by the bye, which may be translated the *Manifold Historian*, has been assumed as the title of one of the ablest and most useful among the critical compendiums of modern times—the comprehensive, accurate, and admirably digested general survey of literature of D. G. Morhof.

John Stobæus, who flourished in the fifth century, is another, and one of the most valuable of these compilers of common-place books. In his Eclogues, or Collections, which are written in Greek, and which consist chiefly of stories in illustration of the several moral qualities, he has preserved many curious facts, which are not to be found elsewhere. To his books of moral examples two eclogues of facts and observations in physics are subjoined. The whole work is often referred to under the various names of Stobæus's Amalthea's Horn, his Apophthegms and Principles (*Διοφθρηματα και Τροφηται*), his Anthology, his Florilegium, his Common-place Book (*Loci Communes Sententiarum*), &c. The work might, without much impropriety, be called Stobæus's Book of Table-talk.

Another celebrated ancient miscellany, of a somewhat similar description, though composed on a different plan, and certainly forming a much more honourable monument of the talent of the author, is the Bibliotheca, or Library, of the learned and able Photius, the Patriarch of Constantinople in the ninth century. This remarkable work—often also entitled the Myriobiblon, or Many Books in One, as the term may be translated—is, in fact, a journal or record of the books perused by the author, embracing in general a summary of the contents of each, and a critical estimate of its value. As many of the works which Photius reviews are now lost, his Library has been the means of preserving a considerable number of historical facts which would otherwise have perished. "By the confession even of priestly hatred," says Gibbon, "no art or science, except poetry, was foreign to this universal scholar, who was deep in thought,

indefatigable in reading, and eloquent in diction. Whilst he executed the office of protospathaire, or captain of the guards, Photius was sent ambassador to the Caliph of Bagdad. The tedious hours of exile, perhaps of confinement, were beguiled by the hasty composition of his *Library*, a living monument of erudition and criticism. Two hundred and four-score writers,—historians, orators, philosophers, theologians,—are reviewed without any regular method; he abridges their narrative or doctrine, appreciates their style and character, and judges even the fathers of the church with a discreet freedom which often breaks through the superstition of the times.”

Such miscellaneous collections as those we have been mentioning seem, indeed, to have formed nearly all the popular literature of the middle ages. Every sort of writing ran very much into this compilation of extracts and examples; even critical commentaries and lexicons became, to a great extent, books of table-talk. “The scholars of the present day,” says Gibbon in another passage, in which he describes the literary condition of the twelfth century, “may still enjoy the benefit of the philosophical common-place book of Stobæus, the grammatical and historical lexicon of Suidas, the *Chiliads* of Tzetzes, which comprise six hundred narratives in twelve thousand verses, and the commentaries on Homer of Eustathius, Archbishop of Thessalonica, who from his horn of plenty has poured the names and authorities of four hundred writers.” The work of Tzetzes, in particular, is nothing else than a miscellany of anecdotes, related in that strange, jolting doggerel called *political* verse.

Numerous Latin collections of the same kind also

sprung up soon after this time for the use of the Western world. One of the most famous of these was the *Speculum Historiale*, or *Mirror of History*, of Vincent of Beauvais, or, as his name is often Latinized, Vincentius Bellocensis. He was a French Dominican friar, who flourished in the thirteenth century; and he appears to have compiled his collection of true histories principally for the use of the preachers of that age, who, he tells us, for want of better stories wherewith to enliven their sermons, were generally in the habit of having recourse for that purpose to the fables of Æsop. Vincent of Beauvais's book has been several times printed. "Among the Harleian manuscripts in the British Museum," says Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, "we find a very ancient collection of two hundred and fifteen stories, romantic, allegorical, religious, and legendary, which were evidently compiled by a professed preacher for the use of monastic societies. . . . In the year 1389 a grand system of divinity appeared at Paris, afterwards translated by Caxton under the title of the *COURT OF SAPHYENCE*, which abounds with a multitude of historical examples, parables, and apologues, and which the writer wisely supposes to be much more likely to interest the attention and excite the devotion of the people than the authority of science and the parade of theology." "Many obsolete collections of this sort," the writer adds, "still remain, both printed and manuscript, containing narratives either fictitious or historical,

'Of kings and heroes old,
Such as the wise Demodocus once told
In solemn songs at King Alcinous' feast.'

But of all these collections the most popular seems to have been that entitled the *Gesta Romanorum*; literally, the Doings of the Romans. The meaning of this title will be understood from the following statement of Warton, who, in a learned and amusing dissertation, has given a complete analysis of this curious compilation:—
“ This work is compiled from the obsolete Latin chronicles of the later Roman, or rather German story, heightened by romantic inventions from legends of the saints, Oriental apologues, and many of the shorter fictitious narratives which came into Europe with the Arabian literature, and were familiar in the ages of ignorance and imagination. The classics are sometimes cited for authorities; but these are of the lower order, such as Valerius Maximus, Macrobius, Aulus Gellius, Seneca, Pliny, and Boethius. To every tale a moralisation is subjoined, reducing it into a Christian or moral lesson.”

The first printed edition of the *Gesta Romanorum* is a folio volume without date, but it is supposed to have been executed before or about the year 1473. An English translation of the work was one of the earliest productions of the press of this country, having been printed by Wynkyn de Worde, the immediate successor of Caxton. Afterwards, of this translation, Warton states, no fewer than seven impressions appeared between the years 1576 and the close of the sixteenth century. The book also continued to be reprinted long after this, and he mentions an edition in black-letter so late as the year 1689.

In one passage of his history, Warton says of this work, “ It appears to me to have been formed on the

model of Valerius Maximus, the favourite classic of the monks. It is quoted and commended as a true history among many historians of credit, such as Josephus, Orosius, Bede, and Eusebius, by Herman Korner, a Dominican friar of Lubeck, who wrote a *Chronica Novella*, or History of the World, in the year 1435."

When this was written, however, the author appears not to have completely examined the subject of the *Gesta*. In the dissertation expressly devoted to the work, he gives it as his opinion that, by the *Gesta Romanorum*, Korner most probably means only the Roman history in general; and he adds, "Neither is it possible that this work could have been brought as a proof or authority, by any serious annalist, for the Roman story; for though it bears the title of *Gesta Romanorum*, yet this title by no means properly corresponds with the contents of the collection, which, as has been already hinted, comprehends a multitude of narratives, either not historical, or, in another respect, such as are either totally unconnected with the Roman people or perhaps the most preposterous misrepresentations of their history. To cover this deviation from the promised plan, which, by introducing a more ample variety of matter, has contributed to increase the reader's entertainment, our collector has taken care to preface almost every story with the name or reign of a Roman emperor, who, at the same time, is often a monarch that never existed, and who seldom, whether real or supposititious, has any concern with the circumstances of the narrative."

The edition of the *Gesta* (that of 1488) which Warton reviews, and which is more comprehensive and complete

than some published subsequently, contains a hundred and eighty-one chapters or stories. Others of the printed editions and manuscripts, however, though containing in the whole fewer stories than this edition, have several which it omits. The narratives in the *Gesta Romanorum* have furnished subjects to many of our poets from Chaucer down to Shakspeare. The incident of the caskets in the *Merchant of Venice*, though not in the Latin edition which Warton has analyzed, makes one of the chapters of the old English translation first printed by Wynkyn de Worde. It also occurs in a manuscript of the Latin *Gesta* preserved in the Harleian collection in the British Museum. Another of the stories is the original of Parnell's *Hermit*.

Warton conceives that he has discovered the author of the *Gesta Romanorum* to be Petrus Berchorius, or Pierre Bercheur, a native of Poitou, who died Prior of the Benedictine convent of St. Eloi, at Paris, in the year 1362; but this conclusion has since been controverted by Mr. Douce in his *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, where it is contended that the author must have been a German. Berchorius is the author of three other works, all of which bear a strong resemblance in character to the *Gesta Romanorum*. They are thus described by Warton: "The *Reductorium super Bibliam*, in twenty-four books, contains all the stories and incidents in the Bible reduced into allegories. The *Repertorium Morale*, in fourteen books, is a dictionary of things, persons, and places; all which are supposed to be mystical, and which are therefore explained in their moral or practical sense. The *Dictionarium Morale* is in two parts, and seems princi-

pally designed to be a moral repertory for students in theology." In the *Repertorium Morale* are related several of the same stories which occur in the *Gesta*.

Warton thinks it probable that Berchorius, who was at one time grammatical preceptor to the novices of the Benedictine congregation, or monastery, at Cluni, for whose use he drew up a little tract on Latin prosody, compiled the *Gesta Romanorum* also for the use of his grammatical pupils. He adds, "Were there not many good reasons for that supposition, I should be induced to think that it might have been intended as a book of stories for the use of preachers. . . . Soon after the age of Berchorius, a similar collection of stories, of the same cast, was compiled, though not exactly in the same form, professedly designed for sermon-writers, and by one who was himself an eminent preacher; for, rather before the year 1480, a Latin volume was printed in Germany, written by John Herolt, a Dominican friar of Basil, better known by the adopted and humble appellation of *DISCIPULUS*, and who flourished about the year 1418. It consists of three parts: the first is entitled, 'Incipiunt Sermones pernotabiles *DISCIPULI* de Sanctis per anni circulum;' that is, A set of Sermons on the Saints of the whole year. The second part, and with which I am now wholly concerned, is a *PROMPTUARY*, or ample repository of examples for composing sermons; and in the prologue to this part the author says, that Saint Dominic always *abundabat exemplis* (abounded in examples) in his discourses, and that he constantly practised this popular mode of edification." The *Promptuary* of the

Disciple, therefore, is another old miscellany, essentially of the same description with our modern books of anecdote or table-talk. And many more might easily be mentioned.

The term Anecdote, which has recently become so common in the titles of works of this class, was scarcely used by the ancients in the sense in which we now employ it. It is a Greek word, and signifies properly anything not yet given forth. Among other things, the Greeks called an unmarried lady an anecdote. It appears also to have been used, by later writers at least, for a fact or piece of history which had not been published or put into a book. Thus Cicero, in more than one passage of his writings, speaks of a Book of Anecdotes on which he was engaged. In one place, writing to his friend Atticus, he talks of confiding it to him only, as if it was not intended to be ever published. The only ancient work however, we believe, which has come down to us bearing the title of a Book of Anecdotes, is that of the Greek historian Procopius of Cæsarea, which passes under the name of his Anecdotes, or Anecdotal History. Suidas, the lexicographer, refers to the work under this title, and some of the manuscripts of it are also said to be so inscribed, though those from which the printed copies have been taken are without any title. The Anecdotes of Procopius are in fact what we should now call a secret, or rather a scandalous, history of the court of the Emperor Justinian, in whose time the writer flourished, and the public transactions of whose reign he has detailed in eight other books. Whether he meant by the term Anecdotes (if the composition was so en-

titled by himself) simply to designate this ninth book as containing a miscellany of facts which had not been noticed in the preceding eight, or to announce it as a collection of things not hitherto published or generally known at all, may admit of doubt. The character of many of his details would certainly rather favour the latter supposition. Some passages, indeed, are of so atrocious a description, that successive editors of the original, have (with an abstinence of which we suppose there is no other example among editors of the ancient classics) quietly omitted them, even without noticing their existence; and, in fact, they never have appeared in any edition of the work. The original Greek, however, has been published elsewhere, and accompanied too with a Latin translation, by a less scrupulous moralist, and more scrupulous reverer of the integrity of ancient texts. An English translation of the *Anecdotes of Procopius*, under the title of "The secret history of the court of the Emperor Justinian," was published at London, in a duodecimo volume, in 1674.

Whatever the title *Anecdotes* may have been intended to express in this instance, it has repeatedly been used in modern times to designate merely matter of any kind which had not been previously published. Thus in 1697 and 1698, the learned Italian antiquary and critic Muratori published, in four volumes quarto, a collection of theological pieces from manuscripts in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, to which he gave the title of *Anecdota*. This collection is often mentioned as his *Anecdota Latina*, to distinguish it from another of unpublished Greek pieces

of a similar character, which he afterwards gave to the world (in four volumes 4to, 1709-13) under the title of *Anecdota Græca*. There are also the *Anecdota Græca* of John Christopher Wolf, a miscellany of writings both on sacred and profane subjects, extracted from ancient manuscripts, which appeared at Hamburgh, in 1722 and the following years, in four octavo volumes. But perhaps the most formidable masses of letter-press that have ever appeared under this title are the *Thesaurus Novus Anecdotorum*, or *New Treasury of Anecdotes*, of the two Benedictine Fathers, Edmund Martene and Ursinus Durand, published at Paris, in five huge volumes folio, in 1717, and the *Thesaurus Anecdotorum Novissimus*, or *Latest Treasury of Anecdotes*, of Bernard Pezius, published at Augsburg, in seven similar tomes, in 1721. Let the lover of anecdotes in the modern sense beware of both the one and the other of these seductively inscribed collections; they are, we can assure him, anything but light either to lift or to read. The anecdotes piled together in these ample storehouses, in fact, are merely, to use Father Martene's own expression, *vetera monumenta nondum edita*—ancient documents never before published; and, with the exception of a few in the second collection, they are all ecclesiastical. It may be conceived therefore that they are more edifying than amusing. We may here also warn off in like manner all who are in quest only of the latter quality, from the French critic Villoison's two quarto volumes of *Anecdota Græca*, published at Venice in 1781. Villoison's *Anecdotes* are merely fragments of

old Greek scholiasts and grammarians, extracted from manuscripts in the Royal Library of Paris, and the Library of St. Mark at Venice.

Within, however, a comparatively recent period, an anecdote, even when applied to a fact or incident, was always understood as intimating that the fact was an unpublished one, and generally (by a very common and natural transference or extension of meaning) that it was one which had not remained unnoticed from accident, but which there had been some reason for keeping secret. Anecdotes usually meant matters of some scandal; such secret history as that in which the book of Procopius already mentioned deals. Thus Anthony de Varillas, the French historian, published a little duodecimo volume at the Hague in 1685, which he entitled *Anecdotes of Florence, or the Secret History of the House of Medici* (*Les Anecdotes de Florence, ou l'Histoire secrète de la Maison de Medici*). The details which he here gives, the writer professes to have taken from old manuscripts preserved in various libraries; and some of them would be curious if we were sure they were true, upon which material point, however, there is much doubt. Of the manuscripts to which he refers, the principal, we believe, have eluded all who have since made search for them. In a preface to this book, Varillas has descanted at great length upon anecdote-writing, of which he observes, the only one of the ancients who has left us an example is Procopius; and even he, although he has set before us his own practice as a model for our imitation, has laid down no rules for this particular species of composition. The art of writing anecdotal history,

which he speaks of as the same thing with secret history, is therefore, he says, still unknown in almost its whole extent. While he professes, however, to develop and explain this new art, it is not very easy to understand what he means by it. He seems to consider it to be the business of the regular historian to occupy himself merely with great public transactions, and to leave everything else to the writer of anecdotes. In support of this position he quotes a remark of the historian Marcellinus, that it belongs to an historian, "*discurrere per negotiorum celsitudines, non humilium minutias indagare causarum*"—to take his course over the heights of affairs, and not to keep poking about among the minutiae of matters that do not lift their heads into public view. He then proceeds to blame the Italian historian Guicciardini for having violated this rule, by frequently debasing his narrative of public events by the intermixture of details and incidents beneath the dignity of history. Yet he admits, and indeed contends, that such minor and more private incidents are frequently the real springs of the most important public transactions; and on this consideration he founds his high estimate of the office of the writer of anecdotes, whose privilege it is, he says, "*de rapporter d'un air serieux les plus petites bagatelles, lorsqu'elles auront été l'origine ou l'occasion des plus grandes affaires;*" to detail with an air of seriousness even the minutest trifles, when they have been the origin or occasion of great events. His general notion seems to be that Anecdote is a sort of History in dishabille; that it sets before us events in their real character, and not disguised or dressed up for show as they are generally beheld by the pub-

lic; and hence he argues that it is really a much truer thing than what is commonly called history, which he appears to think is of necessity a sort of painting or magnifying of the truth, and in so far, therefore, a falsehood and deception.

The word anecdote has now, if we are not mistaken, altogether lost in common parlance this exclusive application to secret or unpublished history. Yet Johnson in his Dictionary, first published in 1755, still defines the word as properly signifying "something yet unpublished; secret history;"—giving, as an example of its use in this sense, Prior's lines,—

"Some modern anecdotes aver,
He nodded in his easy chair."

He adds, however, "It is now used, after the French, for a biographical incident; a minute passage of private life." In this sense, and even in one somewhat larger, for we now almost call facts of any kind whatever, and relating to any subject, if stated in an unconnected or fragmentary manner, anecdotes, it has been extensively used within the last half or three-quarters of a century. Many of the publications now entitled anecdotes are such contributions to political or literary history as have been produced so plentifully in the French language under the title of *Mémoires*, or *Mémoires pour servir*.

A modern French bibliographer, M. Peignot, imagines that he has detected the word *anecdote* curled up at the end of such titles as the Scaligerana, the Menagiana, and the others which have been given to the numerous class of books hence commonly known by the name of the *Ana*. The *Ana*, in his notion, means the

anecdotes; and the *Scaligerana*, for instance, written properly and without abbreviation, would be the *Scaliger anecdota*, that is, the Scaliger anecdotes.

The *Scaligerana*, however, no more means the Scaliger anecdotes, than it means the Scaliger arms or the Scaliger legs. It is a regularly formed Latin adjective of the nominative plural neuter, and signifies merely anything belonging or relating to Scaliger. The word anecdote is no more a part of it than it is a part of any of the English expressions, a Ciceronian eloquence, a Johnsonian style, Christian affections, subterranean passages. In all such instances as these, the *an* which terminates the adjective is the exact representative (divested only of the sign of gender, number, and case,) of the *ana* of *Scaligerana*, and other similar words.

It has not been generally observed that so old and classical a Latin writer as Cicero himself has in one passage used this species of formative precisely in the modern sense. In one of his familiar epistles, (book vii. ep. 32.) he complains that all the sayings of all sorts of people were attributed to him, among the rest even the *Sextiana*, (or *Sestiana*, as some editions have it,) that is, those of *Sextus* or *Sestus*. Who the unhappy individual thus gibbeted is, the commentators, we believe, have not determined; but, at any rate, here is one *Ana* which appears to have been familiarly known at Rome. It is by no means impossible even, that this *Sextiana* may have been a written collection. Cicero immediately before seems to allude to some such repertory or store-place of his own *bons-mots*—his *salinæ*, as he calls it, that is, literally, his salt-pans; which he complains

of having heard that during his absence from Rome his friends had not been guarding from foreign additions so zealously as they ought. We know, at all events, that written collections of what were called the jokes or jests (*joci*) of Cicero were in circulation at Rome. Quintilian expressly mentions such a collection in three books, which was said to have been compiled by Cicero's brother Quintus and his freedman Tyro. The title of *Ciceroniana* might have been given to this publication in conformity both with modern and classic usage.

The first modern *Ana* of which we read, are certain manuscript collections of anecdotes respecting Grotius, and two French writers of that age, Nicholas Bourbon, and Gabriel Naudé, which, in 1659 (a few years after they had all died), Guy Patin in one of his letters speaks of having in his possession. He calls them *Grotiana*, *Borboniana*, and *Naudæana*. None of these *Ana*, however, we believe, have ever been published; for the collection which appeared at Paris in 1701, under the title of *Naudæana*, is understood to be altogether a forgery.

We are indebted for the first of the published books bearing this title, to that erudite and able, but in some respects very singular person, Isaac Vossius. This was the "*Scaligerana*, or Collection of Colloquial Remarks made by Joseph Scaliger," now called the *Scaligerana Secunda*, to distinguish it from the other collection belonging to a prior period of Scaliger's life, though subsequently published, entitled therefore the *Scaligerana Prima*. The history of the publication of the first of the *Ana* is by no means creditable to Vossius. The notes of Scaliger's conversation had been originally taken down by two young

men, the brothers John and Nicholas de Vassan, who having gone to study at the University of Leyden, where Scaliger was a professor, had there an opportunity of being much in his society. The Vassans, on their return to France, gave their manuscript collection thus formed, which made a thick octavo volume, to the three learned brothers, Claude, Pierre, and Jacques Du Puy. The Du Puys sent it to M. Sarran, who took a copy of it, which eventually came through his son Isaac Sarran into the hands of Hadrian Daillé, a French Protestant clergyman resident in Paris. Daillé transcribed the volume, rearranging the remarks in the alphabetical order of their subjects. In 1666, Vossius being in Paris, borrowed from Daillé the copy which he had thus made, and was even allowed to take it home with him to Holland. This confidence he requited by sending it immediately to the press; though he appears to have been so far ashamed of his breach of faith as to endeavour to conceal his share in the transaction by prefixing a false title-page, in which Geneva was stated to be the place where the volume was printed. It was in fact printed at the Hague, where Vossius resided.

Before this publication actually took place, Daillé, it appears, had received notice of what was going forward, and had remonstrated with his false friend against what he was about. He afterwards took the only revenge in his power, by printing the following year, at Rouen, (though the title-pages say Cologne,) a second edition of the work, which he announced as being "restored according to the true text, and diligently purified from the innumerable and most disgraceful blunders with

which the former everywhere abounded." He also prefixed an advertisement, in which he gave a history of the manuscript, and also of Vossius's strange proceedings. Of all this Vossius and his publisher seem to have taken no notice; for in the following year, 1668, a second impression of the Hague edition was produced in that town, in all respects the same with the first. Yet Daillé had in his edition both corrected many gross errors of that first fraudulent publication, and added to its contents a considerable quantity of new matter. Among other differences between the two publications, is one in the title of the book, which Vossius had printed *Scaligeriana*, but which Daillé, following the original manuscript, corrected into *Scaligerana*, the form that has been since universally adopted.

The publication of the *Scaligerana* made an extraordinary sensation in the world of letters, and the excitement which it administered to the public curiosity immediately set men's minds a-craving after further supplies of the same sort. These revelations of the private conversation, opinions, and habits of eminent literary characters, seem to have taken the vulgar taste in that age much as we have seen what are called the novels of fashionable life do that of our own. We fear we must not suppose any greatly more respectable spirit to have moved people in the one case than in the other; for there is too much reason to suspect that the attraction of these *Ana*, at least with the generality of their readers, did not lie chiefly either in the learning or wit with which they might be fraught. The occasional glimpses which were obtained of the littleness of the



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great—of the follies of the wise—from this new mode of exhibiting the lights and guides of mankind, most probably contributed more than anything else to its piquancy and popularity. Curiously enough, the very first result of the appetite for such food awakened in the public mind by the publications of Vossius and Daillé, was the appearance, in 1669, of another collection of Scaligerana, under the title of the *Prima*. This came forth under the auspices of the well-known scholar and critic, Tanneguy le Févre (or Tanaquillus Faber, as he Latinized his name), to whom the manuscript had been committed for publication by M. de Sigogne, an advocate of the parliament of Poitiers. It consisted of notes of Scaliger's conversations from the year 1575 to 1592, while he

resided in the house of MM. Chateigners de la Rochepozai, at Touraine, before he went to Leyden, which had been taken down by a M. François Vertunien, a physician who attended the family; and it had been purchased by M. de Sigogne from a person into whose hands Vertunien's papers had fallen. This new collection was of much smaller extent than that previously published; and was partly in Latin, partly in French, whereas the former was all in Latin. In subsequent editions the two collections have been incorporated, and the remarks in both are ranged under one alphabet.

The next of the Ana appeared in this same year, being the "*Perroniana*, or Colloquial Remarks by the Cardinal Du Perron." These notes had been collected by Christopher Du Puy, the elder brother of the Du Puys already men-



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tioned: their manuscript had been copied by M. Sarran; and a transcript of his copy had been made by Daillé, who had also arranged the observations in alphabetical order, and then lent the collection to Vossius, who printed it at the Hague, with the impress of Geneva, just as he had done the Scaligerana.

The same, in very nearly all respects, is the history of the next collection, that entitled the *Thuana*, being the sayings of the illustrious historian, the President De Thou, which Vossius also published the same year. The *Thuana* had been noted down by one of the Du Puy's—which, is not quite certain—who were nearly related to De Thou.

The same year more correct editions both of the *Peroniana* and of the *Thuana* were printed together by



DE THOU.

Dailié at Rouen, though with Cologne on the title-page. It seems to have been considered on all hands that these little mystifications were useful in stimulating the curiosity of readers.

These are the four (or, as subsequently arranged, the three) original Ana, from which all the rest have sprung. The rage for this class of publications in France lasted for nearly a century, and produced in all above a hundred collections bearing the characteristic title. Peignot, in his *Repertory of Special, Curious, and Instructive Bibliographical Notices*, (8vo. Paris, 1810,) has given a list of one hundred and nine. Among these, however, there are a good many which have no claim from their contents to be reckoned among the true Ana. Some are mere miscellaneous collections of anecdotes or remarks, neither gathered from the conversation of any distinguished person, nor in any way relating to a particular individual; others are burlesque productions. A few are only collections of extracts from the works of the writers after whom they are named—scissor-work, of the same kind with those publications called *Beauties*.

Of the Ana, properly so called, the character even of the best specimens is, that the interesting matter in them is mixed up with an unusually large proportion of what is trivial and worthless. They may be considered the lumber-rooms of literature, in which articles of all kinds are found thrown together in confusion, and for the most part broken and useless, but which yet generally contain a good many curious things, and some intrinsically valuable,—the hurried strippings of richly-furnished apartments, which a revolution of fashion, or

some other accident, has dismissed to the multifarious repository. The variety, at all events, of such a chance-collected museum is some compensation for its dust and disorder, and the trashy character of the bulk of what it is filled with. There is reason to believe that in most of the Ana there are many things which were never really uttered by the persons to whom they are attributed,—the unused-up wit of the editor and his friends, or the superfluities of their common-place books—as in a sale of articles of virtù, advertised as having belonged to a distinguished collector, the auctioneer will often take the opportunity of intermixing a considerable alloy of less genuine wares, and clearing his warerooms of much rubbish that would have little chance of going off by itself. There can be no doubt that the reputation of eminent persons has frequently suffered greatly in this way at the hands of the Ana manufacturers. But, even when honest, few of the makers of these books seem to have had any superior qualifications for their task, or to have set about it in a way to ensure its effective performance. They seem to have been most commonly more than ordinarily stupid people, with less than the average powers, not only of discrimination, but also of memory and comprehension. Of all the associates of the great scholar or wit, the one who was least able either to reflect or to absorb his light appears usually to have charged himself with the office of preserving and transmitting it—as if a lump of earth should set up for a looking-glass. He who found himself most incapable of making a return for the good things he heard, by any good things of his own, that he might not be altogether

useless, took up the post of reporter. Unfortunately, for that also he was the least qualified. Of the little he understood, however, which was probably what was least worth understanding, he jotted down at his convenience the still less which he remembered; and that, again, was very possibly the least worth remembering,—for such brains are like sieves, made to let the finer portion of what is put into them soon escape, and only to retain long what is comparatively gross and coarse. And thus in some years an Ana grew up under his hands; a selection, indeed, from the conversations of the person after whom it was named, but a selection rather of his poorest and most common-place remarks than of such as were most profound or refined. In other cases, the volume of Ana was hastily made to order, after the individual whose name it was to bear, and whose reputation was to bear it, had died, or was understood to be dying; and then it was well if it contained anything at all that had really come from him, and was not the mere unadulterated produce of the artist's own invention; a sort of brother tradesman of the undertaker who furnished the coffin, and set out the array of the funeral. Nay, sometimes these persons, who thus lived by others dying, did not wait till their subjects were dead; as people, it is said, have been buried alive, so some have been Ana-ed before the breath was out of them. The once popular writer St. Evremond was treated in this way by the publication at Amsterdam of a volume under the title of the *St. Evremoniana*, in 1701. St. Evremond, who though not dead was at this time very old, denounced the impo-

sition, when it appeared, in several of the literary journals of the day. There are however, according to Bayle, some very good things in this book, and the author, he thinks, has successfully imitated the style of the writer whom he pretends to be. Bayle compares St. Evremond, who he observes had been repeatedly made the subject of such fabrications, to the man mentioned by the prophet Isaiah, of whom seven women were to take hold, saying, "We will eat our own bread, and wear our own apparel; only let us be called by thy name, to take away our reproach." The forger of the *St. Evremoniana* is understood to have been a person of the name of Charles Cotelendi, the author of some other productions which are not thought to do him much credit.

Others of the *Ana*, however, have been composed by the persons themselves from whom they take their names and to whom they relate, and some of these have even been published in the lifetime of their authors. The collection called the *Colomesiana* was first published by Paul Colomiés in 1675, many years before his death, not however under the title by which it is now commonly known, but under that of *Mélanges Historiques*. The work originally entitled *Mélanges d'Histoire et de Littérature*, recueilis par De Vigneul Marville, but afterwards printed under the name of the *Marvilliana*, was no report of any person's sayings, but was written by a Noel Bonaventure d'Argonne, and first published by himself at Rouen in 1699. In the same manner, the critic John le Clerc published at Amsterdam, in 1699 and 1701, two miscellaneous volumes, under the title of "*Parrhasiana*, or Remarks and Opinions

of Theodore Parrhase," by which, according to the Greek etymology of the term, he seems to mean us to understand Theodore the Plain-dealer. A volume of thoughts on a variety of subjects by Huet, the learned Bishop of Avranches, was also published at Paris in 1722, the year after his death, from his own papers, under the title of the *Huetiana*. Urbain Chevreau, when towards the end of his life he published two volumes of miscellanies, (first at Paris in 1697, and again at Amsterdam in 1700,) even gave them himself the title of *Chevrœana*. If the reader will try to elongate his own name in this fashion, he will feel what a piece of impudence it is in any man to put such a title on the front of a book.

Another of the Ana, which consists not of notes taken by a reporter, but of miscellaneous remarks prepared by the person himself after whom it is named, is the *Casau-boniana*, published at Hamburgh in 1710 by Christopher Wolf, from the papers of the great scholar, Isaac Casaubon, who had then been dead for some years. In a preface of above fifty pages in length, which he has inserted in this publication, Wolf has entered with great learning and minuteness into the history of such collections as the modern Ana, the origin of which he traces to a very remote antiquity indeed, alleging the Proverbs of Solomon as one of his early examples. Besides the various classical specimens we have noticed above, he enumerates Xenophon's *Memorabilia* of Socrates, the *Biographies* of Plutarch and Diogenes Laertius, the *Facetiæ* of Hierocles, the *Meditations* of Marcus Antoninus, together with the various other collections now lost, of anecdotes respecting eminent individuals, and of sayings,

witty or wise, attributed to them. In his own day, he remarks, the practice of forming such collections, generally under the name of *Ana*, had become so common that a whole library might almost be made up of books of that kind.

A sketch of the history of books of this class is also given in the preface to the early editions of the "*Ménagiana*, or *Bons-mots and Remarks, Critical, Historical, Moral, and relating to matters of erudition, of M. Menage, collected by his friends.*" This is one of the best, if not the very best of all the *Ana*, and is not untruly described by its last editor, De la Monnoye, as "a treasure of *bons-mots*, of pleasant *historiettes*, and of slight notices in literature and philosophy." It was not only that Menage was really a man of wit and of brilliant colloquial powers, as well as a very variously accomplished and accurate scholar; his remarks made in conversation and here collected had been carefully recorded at the time by certain of his friends, who were also persons of eminent literary acquirements, and quite capable of preserving the full amount and spirit of what he said. This accordingly is a miscellany as full of sound learning as it is lively and entertaining.

Menage, during a great part of his life, used to see all his friends who chose to come to him at his house every Wednesday evening: this he called holding his *Mercuriale* (from the Latin name for Wednesday). Towards the end of his life, after he had met with an accident which prevented him from going abroad, he was accessible to all who called upon him at all hours of the day. He had the faculty of writing his letters and going on with any

similar occupation without being at all disturbed by the noise of his friends conversing around him. He was in all this very different from another eminent person who has given name to one of the *Ana*, M. Huet, who buried himself so constantly among his books that he was scarcely ever to be spoken to. A countryman, who had repeatedly applied for an audience, at length, one day when he received the usual answer that the bishop was in his library and could not be disturbed, exclaimed, that he wished the king would send them a bishop who had finished his studies.

The first volume of the *Menagiana* appeared originally at Paris in 1693, the year following that in which Menage died, and the second in 1694. The third edition, however, published in four volumes in 1715, is greatly preferable to any of the preceding, the corrections and other matter added by the editor, De la Monnoye, amounting to full half the bulk of the original collection, and augmenting its value almost as much as its quantity.

The writer of the original preface to the *Menagiana* mentions, as examples of the existence of such works in all countries, the collections which the Spaniards have of the sayings of the Duke of Ossuna, of the Aphorisms of Anthony Perez, &c.—the *Facetie*, *Motti*, *Burle*, &c. of the Italians, and even similar collections possessed by the Turks and the Persians.

Among the old Italian *Facetie*, or jest-books, one has actually become famous as one of the *Ana*. This is the collection of the witty sayings of Francesco Poggio Bracciolini, the Florentine, one of the most famous among the restorers of letters in the early part of the fifteenth



BACON.

century. Poggio's jests were first published in Latin in a quarto volume, without date of year or place, but in all probability at Rome and before the year 1470. Another edition, in folio, was printed at Venice in 1471, and in quarto at Ferrara the same year. Many additional impressions of the book followed both in Italy, in Germany, and in France, before the close of the century. It was also early translated into the French language. So that this was a very popular collection long before the first of the modern *Ana* appeared. Poggio's jests, however, (and some of them are none of the most decorous,) were generally forgotten, when in 1720 James Lenfant, a Protestant clergyman, reprinted them with

some additional matter in two volumes octavo at Amsterdam, with the new and more modish title of *Poggiana*.

A couple of duodecimos were printed at Oxford in 1797, with the title of "Selections from the French Anas, containing Remarks of Eminent Scholars on Men and Books, together with Anecdotes and Apophthegms of Illustrious Persons, interspersed with pieces of Poetry.' The book is furnished with indexes, and a few notes; and the two volumes together extend to about five hundred pages. The first contains selections from the *Poggiana*, the *Perroniana*, the *Valesiana* (or Thoughts of Adrien de Valois, Royal Historiographer of France, published by his son in 1695,) the *Naudæana* and *Patiniana* (or remarkable Singularities noted down from the conversation of Gabriel Naudé and Guy Patin, published at Paris in 1701, and believed to be nearly a forgery throughout); the *Sorberiana*, relating to M. Samuel Sorbier; the *Segraisiana*, to Segrais, the poet; the *Longuerana*, to the eminent antiquarian and historical writer, Longuerue; the *Furetariana*, to Furetiere, the author of the Dictionary; the *Carpenteriana*, to the academician, Charpentier; the *Ducatianna*, to Duchat, the learned editor of Rabelais; the *Santoliana*, to the Latin poet Santoul, or Santolius; the *Colomesiana*, and the *Scaligerana*. The second volume is compiled from the *Menagiana*, the *Chevæana*, the *Lutherana*, the *Saint Evremoniana*, the *Huetiana*, and the *Bolæana* (relating to the poet Boileau). This list may serve for a sort of catalogue of the most famous of the Ana.

A publication, professing to be a reprint of a number

of the old French Ana without abridgment, appeared at Amsterdam in 1799, in ten octavo volumes. The first volume contains the Furetieriana and Poggiana; the second, third, and fourth, the Menagiana; the fifth and sixth, the Vigneul-Marvilliana; the seventh, the Carpenteriana and Valesiana; the eighth, the Huetiana; the ninth, the Chevræana; and the tenth, what is designated the Sevigniana (being merely a number of extracts from the letters of Madame de Sevigné) and the Bolæana. This collection appears to be but a catchpenny book, and we suspect that but little confidence is to be placed in the correctness, not to say the honesty, of the reprints it affects to give. In the case of the Menagiana, for instance, the editor, in a short advertisement which he has prefixed, is very careful to inform us that he has made various additions even to De la Monnoye's corrections and other notes, which he has distinguished by a particular mark; but neither here, nor anywhere else, as far as we have been able to discover, does he give us any intimation of another kind of doctoring to which he has also subjected the book,—namely, the entire omission of various parts of it. For the curtailments themselves there might perhaps have been a sufficient reason, but the fact of their having been made ought not to have been thus industriously concealed. The principle which may have directed the selection of the Ana reprinted in this publication is not very obvious. It seems also to have been brought to a close in haste; even the services of the index-maker, who had been employed for the first eight volumes, being dispensed with in the two last.

Mr. D'Israeli began his "Curiosities of Literature" on the scheme of deriving a principal part of his materials from the various *Ana*, as he tells us in the preface to the original publication, which appeared in a single octavo volume in 1791. Subsequent additions enlarged the first series of the work to three volumes, the last of which appeared in 1817. A second series followed, in three volumes more, in 1823: and since then the two works have been incorporated, and published together in one series of six volumes. The popularity that has been enjoyed by the *Curiosities of Literature* is sufficiently attested by the fact, that the last is the ninth edition of the book. It is indeed by far the most lively and exciting work of its kind in our language. In proceeding with his labours under the encouragement of the public approval, the author gradually extended his plan, and by both taking a wider range for his materials, and indulging in greater detail and excursiveness of observation, set before his readers a much richer and more attractive banquet than he ventured to treat them with when he began to cater for them. The second series, indeed, was a collection rather of essays than of detached anecdotes; the stories for the most part being strung together in illustration of some general observation or principle, and the meagreness of the mere fact being for the most part clothed with an application, or having new force and point given to it by some sharpening innuendo of the narrator. The author, though possessing no faculty of accumulating power and then discharging it in those grand massive efforts by which the highest effects are produced, has

yet a very happy endowment of that fragmentary energy which is sufficient for a succession of such pop-gun explosions as we look for in an after-dinner practitioner of the art of pointing morals and adorning tales.

Another well-known publication of Mr. D'Israeli's, which may be mentioned in connexion with his *Curiosities of Literature*, and indeed may be considered as a part of the same work, is his "*Calamities of Authors.*" This appeared first in three volumes octavo, in 1812—13. The work being much less miscellaneous than the other, has not enjoyed the same popularity; but to bookish minds it is fully as interesting. The subject, as Mr. D'Israeli himself notices, is one that had been repeatedly treated of. The best known of the old works is that of Valeriano Bolzani, or, as he called himself in Latin, Joannes Pierius Valerianus, entitled *De Infelicitate Literatorum* (On the Miseries of Literary men) in two books. But this is a lifeless compilation, compared with Mr. D'Israeli's work, consisting as it does, not like his for the most part of curious histories and facts not generally known, but rather of a mere accumulation of instances, the generality of which are of the most common-place description, in proof of the position announced in the title. The work of Valerianus, who was an Italian, appeared first at Venice in 1620; and a supplement to it by Cornelius Tollius, a Dutchman, was published at Amsterdam in 1647.

Mr. D'Israeli's *Essay on the Manners and Genius of the Literary Character* (8vo. 1795), and his *Miscellanies, or Literary Recreations* (8vo. 1796), are in the main the same kind of books with his "*Curiosities of Literature.*"

They may be all called collections of anecdotes. Such also, for the most part, is a slight and forgotten performance of this author, a Dissertation on Anecdotes, which appeared in an octavo pamphlet in 1793. A portion of it has been since incorporated with the *Curiosities of Literature*.

There is a work which contains a good deal of information, of a kind interesting to literary persons, entitled "*Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books*," by the late Reverend William Beloe, the translator of Herodotus and Aulus Gellius: it consists of six octavo volumes, the two first of which appeared in 1807, and the last in 1812. But Beloe had none of Mr. D'Israeli's vivacity and happy art of animating a dry subject by the manner of handling it; nor was his knowledge of any subject much more than skin-deep. The illustration of title-pages and rare editions has been since prosecuted in a much more imposing style (though not "with absolute wisdom") by Dr. Dibdin in his "*Bibliographical Tour in France and Germany*," and other publications; while the "*Censura Literaria*" and the "*Restituta*" of Sir Egerton Brydges, and especially the volumes of the *Retrospective Review*, have presented to modern readers much more inviting as well as more valuable gleanings from the contents of curious old books than it belonged to Mr. Beloe's slender endowment of learning and tact to provide. But these are matters that scarcely come under our present subject.

Perhaps the best and most learnedly compiled collection of anecdotes we possessed before the appearance of Mr. D'Israeli's works was that entitled "*Anecdotes*,"

&c. Ancient and Modern, with Observations," by James Pettit Andrews, who is also known as the author of a curious and carefully drawn up chronological history of Great Britain. The work in question appeared in an octavo volume in 1789, and a supplement to it, under the title of "Addenda," the following year. The whole has been reprinted, but the book is now rather a scarce one. The anecdotes are collected under heads, which are arranged in alphabetical order; and the book is also provided with an excellent index. Indeed, like everything Andrews did, it is distinguished by its accuracy, which, if it be its chief, is at the same time a very rare and high merit. A work which appeared at London in 1764, under the title of "Anecdotes of Polite Literature," in five volumes 12mo., is merely a set of essays on pastoral poetry, comedy, tragedy, and other subjects of the same class.

The nine volumes entitled "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century," published by the late Mr. John Nichols, with the addition of his three supplementary volumes, entitled "Illustrations of the Literature of the Eighteenth Century," form a most valuable repository of facts relating to the writers of the last age and their works. The work having appeared in portions, as the materials for it accumulated, is, as might be expected, somewhat undigested and confused; but a copious index, which fills one of the volumes, makes the consultation of it sufficiently easy and expeditious. The stores collected in this publication derive a high value from being mostly original and previously unprinted.

The subject of other collections of anecdotes is the man-

ners and customs of past times. Of this class are the late James Peller Malcolm's *Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London*, and also, in great part, his other publication entitled *Miscellaneous Anecdotes*. Few schemes admit of a greater or more interesting variety than that which thus associates the memory of by-gone events, usages, and characters, with the enduring and still present localities, and other memorials, which once formed the scenery of their living and moving drama. For this purpose, a great city, the work of human hands, and in whose dwellings and streets the pulse of human existence has for many ages beat high and hot, has the advantage over any rural spot or tract which great deeds may have illustrated, but on which man has not thus left the visible and continuing impression of his handiwork. Indeed, an old city is perhaps altogether the most solemn and affecting thing on this earth to every imaginative mind. One of the earliest anecdote-books of the present class, if not the very first, is still one of the best—the most lively as well as the most learned—Saint Foix's *Essais Historiques sur Paris*, (*Historical Essays on Paris*), in five, and in the latest editions in four duodecimo volumes. The four volume edition, however, wants a good index, with which the earlier editions are furnished. There is an English translation of this work.

There is a curious old English book, which has been several times printed, called "The Wonders of the little World; or, a General History of Man, in six books;" by the Reverend Nathaniel Wanley, who died vicar of Trinity parish, in the city of Coventry, about the end of the seventeenth century. He was father of Humphrey Wan-

ley, the compiler of the catalogue of Saxon manuscripts, which forms the third volume of Hicke's great work, the *Thesaurus Linguarum Septentrionalium*. His book is commonly designated, for shortness and alliteration-sake, *Wanley's Wonders*. The compilation was suggested, the author tells us in his preface, by the following passage in *Bacon's Advancement of Learning*:—"I suppose it would much conduce to the magnanimity and honour of man if a collection were made of the ultimates (as the schools speak) or summities (as Pindar) of human nature, principally out of the faithful reports of history; that is, what is the last and highest point to which man's nature of itself hath ever reached in all the perfections both of body and mind; that the wonders of human nature, and virtues as well of mind as of body, should be collected into a volume, which might serve as a calendar of human triumphs. For a work of this nature, we approve the purpose and design of Valerius Maximus and C. Plinius; but it could be wished they had used more choice and diligence." Proceeding upon the notion here started, Wanley has accumulated a large mass of singular stories, and distributed them under many separate heads, with not much exercise of judgment or discrimination indeed, but yet with very commendable industry and pains-taking. For one thing, he has always noted very minutely the authorities for his curious or marvellous statements. But his opportunities, as well as his capacity and acquirements, were insufficient for any very philosophic accomplishment of Bacon's project; indeed, he informs us that he scarcely began the work with any intention of laying it before the public;

and he frankly laments his poverty in respect of "variety of books, great judgment, vast reading, and a full freedom and leisure to attend upon it." Another performance, which may be regarded as a contribution to the fulfilment of the same scheme, though the object directly aimed at by the author is somewhat different, as the scope of his work is also considerably more limited, is the Marquis Legendre's *Traité de l'Opinion; ou, Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de l'Esprit Humain* (Treatise on Opinion; or, Memoirs for the History of the Human Mind). Wanley takes in the body as well as the mind, and is more copious upon the former than the latter. Legendre tells us that the object of his work is to teach the science of doubting; not, however, in the sense of Pyrrhonism, or the system of universal doubt, but only in so far as it is really advantageous and wise to suspend the judgment. "It is," he adds, "a treatise on the diversity of opinions which have prevailed in the profane sciences, an essay in inculcation of a regulated scepticism, and a new method of forming the human mind by means of its own history, which no previous writer has till now even projected." It is, in fact, an attempt to show the folly of credulity and confidence in matters not admitting of conclusive evidence, rather than any recommendation of scepticism. With this view the author has ransacked the records of the multifarious and contradictory opinions which men in different countries and ages have held on all the great subjects both of speculation and conduct, mixing, however, very few reflections with his examples and citations, but leaving his facts, for the most part, to read their own lesson. The

instances are, however, arranged in a very orderly manner, and the work altogether, though necessarily somewhat slight in its construction—for it addresses itself to the many rather than the few—displays very considerable research and learning, as well as much judgment and ingenuity. The first edition, published in 1733, consisted of six volumes, but it was afterwards enlarged to eight. To this may be added such works as Lord Kaimes's "Sketches of the History of Man," and Meiner's "History of Women," unless the latter should be considered as too elaborately filled up to be classed among books of anecdotes.

There are also a few English publications which profess by their titles to be imitations of the French *Ana*, but only one or two that have attained much celebrity.



WALPOLE.

The majority of them, indeed, have been merely collections of extracts from the printed works of the persons after whom they were named. Of our *Ana*, properly so called, the most remarkable is the *Walpoliana*, which is a miscellany of remarks and anecdotes collected from the conversation of Horace Walpole, and also of some matter of the same kind which he had himself committed to writing, and which was found among his papers after his death. Walpole's unrivalled talent of light narrative, and the authentic and select character of the fragments here preserved, make this one of the most piquant and highly esteemed of the *Ana*.

Some of our biographical works, however, are really *Ana* in everything except their titles. There is no richer collection of this kind in any language, for instance, than Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, especially as enlarged and made complete by the mass of additional materials that have been incorporated with the original work in Mr. Croker's late edition, and that still more extensive one which the same spirited publisher has since put forth.

Such books, also, as Selden's *Table-talk* and Coleridge's *Table-talk* are exactly what would have been called *Ana* by the French in former times. Indeed, the former is often mentioned by foreign writers under the name of the *Seldeniana*. This valuable little collection of acute and learned remarks was first published in 1689, thirty-five years after Selden's death, in a quarto pamphlet of sixty pages, with the title of "*Table-talk; being the Discourses of John Selden, Esq., or his sense of various matters of weight and high consequence, relating especially to Religion and State.*" In the dedication, his



SELDEN.

amanuensis, Richard Milward, by whom it had been compiled, states that he had had the opportunity of hearing Selden's discourse for twenty years together, and that of what is here collected "the sense and notion is wholly his, and most of the words." Milward seems to have been a person of judgment, for there is very little in what he has preserved that has not a real value.

The title given to this collection of the conversational remarks of Selden was no doubt suggested by that singular work, the Table-talk of Martin Luther, an English translation of which had appeared not many years before. The facts connected with this translation make a curious history. The original work first appeared in 1565, about twenty years after his death, at Eisleben, the great reformer's birth-place, and where also he closed

his days. The editor was John Aurifaber (or Goldsmith), who states in a preface that he had been much with Luther in 1545 and 1546, the two last years of his life, and that he had inserted in the book many things which during that time he had heard himself from the reformer's lips, but that the bulk of the notes had been previously collected by Anthony Lauterbauch, from whose manuscripts he (Aurifaber) had merely transcribed the remarks, and arranged them under their proper heads. He gave the book the title of Luther's *Tisch-Reden*, of which term our *Table-talk* is a literal translation. After the collection had been printed again the following year in German, it was translated into Latin, and published at Franckfort in 1571 by Henry Peter Rebenstock, minister at Eischeim, in two volumes octavo, under the title of "Colloquia, Meditationes, Consolationes, Consilia, Judicia, Sententiæ, Narrationes, Responsa, Facetiæ, D. Mart. Lutheri, piæ et sanctæ Memorïæ, in Mensa Prandii et Cænæ, et in Peregrinationibus, observata et fideliter transcripta;"—that is, Conversations, Meditations, Consolations, Counsels, Judgments, Opinions, Stories, Repartees, and Bons-mots, of Mr. Martin Luther, of pious and holy memory, collected some at the Dinner and Supper-table, others on the Highways, and all faithfully noted down. This Latin edition was often reprinted.

The author of the English translation was a Captain Henry Bell, who gives a very strange account of all the circumstances connected with his performance. His statement is headed "Captain Henry Bell's Narrative or Relation of the miraculous preserving of Dr. Martin Luther's Book entituled Colloquia, &c., and how the same

Book was by God's Providence discovered lying under the Ground, where it had lain hid Fifty-two Years, and was few Years since sent over to the said Captain Henry Bell, and by him translated," &c. " I, Captain Henry Bell," the writer then commences, " do hereby declare, both to the present age and also to posterity, that, being employed beyond the seas in state affairs divers years together, both by King James and also by the late King Charles, in Germany, I did hear and understand in all places great bewailing and lamentation made by reason of the destroying and burning of above fourscore thousand of Martin Luther's books entitled his Last Divine Discourses." He goes on to relate that the several kings, princes, and states, imperial cities, and Hanse towns, which had embraced the Reformation, did, upon the first appearance of this work, " order that the said Divine Discourses of Luther should forthwith be printed, and that every parish should have and receive one of the foresaid printed books into every church throughout all their principalities and dominions, to be chained up for the common people to read therein." A few years afterwards, however, it seems, Pope Gregory XIII. stirred up the Emperor Rudolph II. to make an edict, " that all the foresaid printed books should be burned, and also that it should be death for any person to have or keep a copy thereof, but also to burn the same; which edict was speedily put in execution accordingly, insomuch that not one of all the foresaid printed books, nor so much as any one copy of the same, could be found out nor heard of in any place." In venturing upon a story like this, Bell must have given his readers credit for a very capa-

cious credulity, as well as for exceedingly elevated notions of the prerogatives and actual authority of a German emperor.

To proceed, however, with the Captain's narrative. "Yet," he goes on, "it pleased God that, anno 1626, a German gentleman named Casparus Van Sparr, with whom, in the time of my staying in Germany about King James's business, I became very familiarly known and acquainted, having occasion to build upon the old foundation of an house wherein his grandfather dwelt at that time when the said edict was published in Germany for the burning of the foresaid books, and digging deep into the ground under the said old foundation, one of the said original printed books was there happily found, lying in a deep obscure hole, being wrapped in a strong linen cloth, which was waxed all over with bees' wax within and without, whereby the book was preserved fair and without any blemish."

As ill luck would have it, however, a Catholic prince, Ferdinand II, was still at the head of the Empire; and at one time certainly this hero of the Thirty Years' war had his foot pretty firmly planted upon the neck of the Protestants throughout the greater part of Germany. According to the Captain, his friend Sparr, thinking it dangerous in such times to retain the precious book, which he had found, in his own possession, contrived to export it to England, accompanied with a letter to him (Bell), narrating the story of its discovery, and earnestly recommending to him the good work of setting about its translation into his mother tongue. "Whereupon," continues Bell, "I took the said book before me,

and many times began to translate the same, but always was hindered therein, being called upon about other business; insomuch that by no possible means I could remain by that work. Then, about six weeks after I had received the said book, it fell out, that I being in bed with my wife, one night between twelve and one of the clock, she being asleep, but myself yet awake, there appeared unto me an ancient man, standing at my bed's side, arrayed all in white, having a long and broad white beard hanging down to his girdle-steel, who, taking me by my right ear, spake these words following unto me: 'Sirrah, will not you take time to translate that book which is sent unto you out of Germany? I will shortly provide for you both place and time to do it.' And then he vanished away out of my sight. Whereupon, being much thereby affrighted, I fell into an extreme sweat, insomuch that my wife awaking and finding me all over wet, she asked me what I ailed? I told her what I had seen and heard. But I never did heed nor regard visions nor dreams, and so the same soon fell out of my mind. Then about a fortnight after I had seen that vision, on a Sunday, I went to Whitehall to hear the sermon; after which ended, I returned to my lodging, which was then in King's Street at Westminster, and sitting down to dinner with my wife, two messengers were sent from the whole council-board, with a warrant to carry me to the keeper of the Gatehouse, Westminster, there to be safely kept until further order from the lords of the council; which was done without showing me any cause at all wherefore I was committed. (Whatsoever was pretended, yet

the true cause of the Captain's commitment was because he was urgent with the Lord Treasurer for his arrears: which, amounting to a great sum, he was not willing to pay; and to be freed from his claims, he clapt him up in prison.—*Marginal Note.*) Upon which said warrant I was kept there ten whole years close prisoner; where I spent five years thereof about the translating of the said book; insomuch as I found the words very true which the old man in the foresaid vision did say unto me, *I will shortly provide for you both place and time to translate it.*"

Soon after he had finished his task, Archbishop Laud, having, it seems, heard of what he was about, sent to him his chaplain Dr. Bray, with a message that he should deliver up both the translation and the original work. At first Bell refused to part with either; but on the Archbishop sending to him again the next day, and promising that the greatest care should be taken of the books, knowing, as he says, that his Grace "would take them, nolens volens," he let them go. In two months after, Bray came again to him, with a present from the Archbishop of ten pounds in gold, and a message highly commending the work, "yet saying, that some things therein were fitting to be left out." It was two years after this, however, before Bell was able to get the books out of his Grace's hands; and then he only obtained them, according to his own account, by threatening to bring the matter before the parliament, which was about to be called. On giving them back to him, Laud accompanied them with a present of forty pounds more in gold, and also a promise that he would

immediately engage the King to get the translation printed; a sufficiently meek return, it must be allowed, to the gallant Captain's menaces. Bell was very soon after set at liberty, "by a warrant," as he expresses it, "from the whole House of Lords, according to his Majesty's direction in that behalf." The Archbishop's troubles however, which quickly brought him to the scaffold, now commenced, and put an end to all Bell's expectations from that quarter.

All this we may take as intended by the worthy book-maker to engage the church party in support of his production. He next addresses himself in the same style to the parliamentary and dissenting interests. The House of Commons, he tells us, having heard of the matter, sent to him to desire his attendance before a committee which they appointed to inquire into it. We take it for granted that this is merely his way of stating the fact that such a committee had been appointed on his own application, as in all probability it was in this way also that Laud's attention had been called to the subject, if indeed the part of the story relating to his Grace be not from beginning to end as mere an invention as that of the old man with the broad white beard, and all the rest that goes before it. However, the committee having heard what he had to say, eventually, on the suggestion of their chairman, Sir Edward Dearing, determined to call in the assistance of a Mr. Paul Amiraute, "a learned minister beneficed in Essex, who had lived long in England, but was born in High Germany, in the Palatinate." The papers were afterwards submitted, along with Mr. Amiraute's report, to two members of the Assembly of

Divines, which was then sitting,—Mr. Charles Herle and Mr. Edward Corbet ; and they having reported in favour of the translation, “ the House,” says the Captain, “ did give order for the printing thereof.”

Upon reference, however, to the documents, this turns out to be something more than an embellishment of the truth. The Report of Herle and Corbet, which is dated 10th November 1646, says, “ We find many excellent and divine things are contained in the book, worthy the light and public view ; amongst which, Luther professeth that he acknowledgeth his error which he formerly held touching the real presence corporaliter in cœna Domini. But we find withal many impertinent things—some things which will require a grain or two of salt, and some things which will require a marginal note or a preface.” The House gave no order upon this for the printing of the book ; but, some time after, the usual licence was obtained by the translator in the form simply of a grant, under the authority of both Houses, of the whole right and profits of printing it for the term of fourteen years. From some letters which are subjoined, it appears that strong efforts had been in vain made to induce parliament to go farther, and to affix the stamp of its authority upon the publication. All this seems to have occasioned some delay in bringing it out. The Captain’s statement is dated the 3rd of July 1650 ; but it was not till the year 1652 that the work at length appeared, in a folio volume of nearly six hundred pages, with the following title :—“ *Drs. Martini Lutheri Colloquia Mensalia ; or, Dr. Martin Luther’s Divine Discourses at his Table, &c. which in his life he held with divers Learned Men,*

such as were Philip Melancthon, Casparus Cruciger, Justus Jonas, Paulus Eberus, Vitus Dietericus, Joannes Bugenhagen, Joannes Forsterus, and others: containing Questions and Answers touching Religion and other main points of Doctrine, as also many notable Histories, and all sorts of Learning, Comforts, Advices, Prophecies, Admonitions, Directions, and Instructions. Collected first together by Dr. Antonius Lauterbach, and afterward disposed into certain common-places by John Aurifaber, Doctor in Divinity. Translated out of the High German into the English Tongue by Captain Henry Bell. London: printed by William Du Gard, dwelling in Suffolk-lane, near London-stone. 1652."

By this time Bell was dead, and the book is ushered in by a long "Epistle Dedicatory," signed Thomas Thorowgood, "To the Right Honourable John Kendrick, Lord Major, the Right Worshipful the Sheriffs and Aldermen, the Common Council, and the other worthy Senators and Citizens of the famous City of London." Mr. Thorowgood, who we presume must have been a clergyman of some persuasion, acquits himself with a great display of learning, sacred and profane, and even very considerable eloquence. We shall quote, however, only a few sentences from the less elevated portions of his discourse. "As the original Dutch book," he says, "was dedicated to the imperial cities and senates of Germany, it was the desire of the noble Captain when he lived to honour his translation with your names, right honourable and worthy senators; and to you, my lord, the book is with the more confidence presented, because your lordship hath been conversant in, a lover of, and related to

that nation." The following is all that Mr. Thorowgood says of the translator:—"I was not unwilling, upon request, to premise these lines in memory of the noble Captain, (unknown to me, yet) my countryman both by birth and education, of Norfolk and at Ely. His family is of great note and nobility in the former; his father was dean of the latter. He has been a military man, it seemeth, in Hungary and Germany, but was afterwards employed in state affairs by the two last kings, which, with the success, is related by himself, as also the manner how he came by the original copy." Upon the subject of the vision the writer expresses himself somewhat cautiously, but yet with an evident disposition to believe the Captain's story. Having referred to several other instances on record of similar appearances, he proceeds: "These were, doubtless, marvellous phantasms and representations; but that is a wonder of wonders, and so it is said to be called and commonly seen in Ireland, which had been much spoken of before by persons of credit, but it is now reported by the mouth and under the hand of a minister (Mr. Samuel Smith), who had relation some time to Colonel Hampden" (he means the famous patriot); "and thus he writes, subscribing his name—'It is most certain that there is a visible ghost, which walks in the shape of a Christian, and most probably in a woman's shape; it walketh the whole length of one street and part of another. In the daytime it is seen only as a woman's head of hair upon the top of the water; in the night it constantly passeth over the bridge. It is all white, refrains none, hurts none it meets withal, but only passeth softly by and goeth its course. It hath formerly spoken

with a loud voice, saying *Revenge!* and no other word ; now it only hisseth as a snake or a goose.’” This Irish ghost of the Reverend Mr. Samuel Smith’s may match old Aubrey’s spirit, which showed itself not far from Cirencester in the year 1670 ; and “ being demanded whether a good spirit or a bad, returned no answer, but disappeared with a curious perfume, and most melodious twang.”

II. NAMES OF AUTHORS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

M. BAILLET, in his *Jugemens des Savans* (reprint of 1723), has given a curious list of disguises of every class under which the names of authors have appeared. We shall make a few extracts, which will amuse some readers and perhaps be useful to others. In addition to M. Baillet, we have looked into some other old French writers. The oldest author who has gone under different names, according to Baillet, is Moses, whom he follows Huet in asserting to be at once Thoth, Adonis, Thammuz, Osiris, Serapis, Apis, Orus, Anubis, Typhon, Zoroaster, Pan, Apollo, Bacchus, Vulcan, Priapus, Prometheus, Minos, Orpheus, Æsculapius, Proteus, Tiresias, Janus, Evander, and several more. We were somewhat surprised at this list, till we saw Proteus among the number. However, the author gets on firmer ground as he comes nearer his own time.

The practice of changing the name was forbidden in France by Henry II. in 1555, except by letters patent. The Council of Trent in 1546 required, under pain of excommunication, that the real name of the author should appear in every work on religious subjects, and the edicts of various kings appeared in France in support of the order of the council, but without much success; indeed,

only six years after the decree of the council, a controversial work was printed at Paris by the English Bishop Gardiner, under the title of Constantius. Bellarmin wrote under the name of Matthew Tortus and several others.

At the revival of letters in Europe, the prevailing fancy was for ancient Latin and Greek names, and neither Christian name nor surname (when there was one) was exempt from invasion. Peter of Calabria wrote under the title of Julius Pomponius Lætus; Marco Antonio Coccio under that of Marcus Antonius Curtius Sabellicus; Cristoval de Escobar under that of Lucius Christophorus Escobarius. Florent Chrétien, the tutor of Henry IV, took the name of Quintus Septimius Florens Christianus; the first because he was a fifth son, the second because he was a seven months' child. Many who were named John preferred Janus to Johannes, as being more pagan. John Paul of Paris, who ought to have been Johannes Paulus Parisius, preferred Aulus Janus Parhasius.

Among the disguises of names is that of the scurrilous Pietro Aretino; the booksellers, after his death, fearing that his religious writings would hardly sell under that name, transposed it into Partenio Etiro.

Among those who have changed their names to conceal the lowness of their origin is the celebrated mathematician Gilles Personne, whom nobody knows under that name, but who is a great lord or squire, to all appearance, as well as a philosopher, under the title of M. de Roberval. He took the name of a small village, with the consent of the proprietor.

Aldo of Bassano, a peasant, began by styling himself

Aldus de Bassano. After some residence at Rome, he preferred Aldus Romanus, and then adopted the Manucci, a distinguished family at Rome, calling himself Aldus Manutius Romanus. Afterwards, becoming acquainted with Alberto Pio, Prince of Carpi, he engrafted, by consent, another name upon his previous ones, and was Aldus Pius Manutius Romanus, the well-known printer.

There is a reverse sort of instance in Barthelemi, secretary of the Duke of Ferrara (died 1545), who took the surname of Ferrinus on marrying the daughter of a rich iron-merchant.

A French author could not bear his own name of Disne-Maudi (Dine in the Morning), but changed it to Dorat: but he gave his daughter to a M. Goulu, (Mr. Guttle) without any stipulation as to change of name.

The Père Canard (in English, Father Duck) translated his name into Latin, and was called *Anas*. Another Jesuit, with the unlucky name of Comère, was disgusted at the sounds Père Comère, and greatly improved his name by merely changing a letter—he was then Père Comire.

Apelles is said to have hidden himself behind his pictures to hear the remarks of the public. The Jesuit Scheiner published his book on the spots of the sun, &c. (A.D. 1612) under the title of *Apelles post Tabulam* (Apelles behind the Picture).

One man took the name of Idiota (a Private Person); another of Dacryanus (The Weeper); a third of Hamartolus (the Sinner), from modesty. Our "lovers of truth" and

“enemies of humbug” in the newspapers are modest the other way, as stale fish mends in summer. But the modesty of the first-mentioned was undoubtedly for their contemporaries, not for us; they little thought, perhaps, that in a few centuries their real names would be as good symbols of obscurity as could well be.

The first *author* whom Baillet mentions as having feigned a name for pure deception's sake was the angel Raphael, as related in the story of Tobias. We do not know what works this writer left; probably they are lost. The number of private names which have been dropped in favour of others derived from estates is well known. Thus Boileau was during his life M. Despréaux.

Mathematicians were in the habit of putting to works which treated any subject after the manner of an ancient author, the name of that author, with another derived from their own country: thus Vieta is, in one of his works, Apollonius Gallus; Snell is Eratosthenes Batavus; Adrian Romanus is Apollonius Batavus.

A Portuguese statesman took the name of his son, under which to publish a work on his own family, which his good sense told him was rather a foolish occupation. This method of deception was adopted in several other instances: Des Cartes would not at first believe that Pascal's Treatise on Conic Sections (written when he was very young) could be other than the work of his father.

Some have feigned relationships to make their works answer a purpose. A German Jesuit styled himself Conrad Andreæ, brother of James: the latter was a Protestant.

The formation of surnames out of the Christian names

of parents is very common: the best known instance is Galileo Galilei (G. the son of G.)

The nicknames will give a notion of the state of wit among the older moderns, which is not very flattering to them. Casaubon hit Scioppius very hard by calling him Scorpius; but J. Scaliger hit Temporarius still harder by changing him into Stercorarius; and Salmasius changed Kerkoetius into Cercopithecus. Some heretics called S. Athanasius, *Sathanasius*; and Ambrosius, *Ombrosus*. An Italian made Gronovius into Grunnovius. Scioppius turned Scaliger into *Sacrilège* by transposition of letters: the transposition is more perfect in "adversus J. Sacriligum" (*Scaligerum*). Maimbourg, in writing on matters connected with the churches of Rome and France, styled himself *Français Romain*.

It was also common, in writing against an opponent, to assume as opposite a name as possible; thus Nicolas Crassus junior was answered by Nicodemus Macer senior, and Constantius à Monte Laboris by Anastasius à Valle Quietis.

Some changed their names into Latin or Greek of similar meaning: thus, Thalassius Basilide stands for Marin le Roy, Oxyorus for Montagu, Leucander for Whiteman, Pelagius for Morgan, Victorius Rusticus for Nicolas Villani, De Sæcro Bosco for Holywood, De Mediâ Villâ for Middleton.

In being retranslated, some authors had their countries changed: thus the Italian Capegistus Niger was often called *Kopwisch der Schwartz*; and *Schwartzerd*, or *Melancthon*, was called *Terranera*.

The following list will show the general rules by which,

particularly among the French, modern names were Latinized; but the exceptions were many and capricious, and some terminations have no rule:—

Name.	Latinized.
Gambara,	Gambarus.
Settala,	Septalius.
Louchard,	Luscarius.
Passait,	Passarius.
Colas,	Colasius.
Saumaise,	Salmasius.
Cujas,	Cujacius.
Petau,	Petavius.
Sarrau,	Sarravius.
Beraud,	Beroaldus.
Bressault,	Bressaldus.
D'Urfé,	Urfæus,
Budé,	Budæus,
Chantereau,	Cantarellus.
Ragueau,	Raguellus.
Brimeu,	Brimæus.
Nanteuil,	Nantolius.
Forgeuil,	Forgeolius.
Chevallier,	Cavallerius.
Potier,	Poterius.
Rossieu,	Rossius.
Richelieu,	Richelius.
St. Prie,	Sanprius.
Beaumanoir,	Bellomanerius.
De Blois,	Blosius.
Gallois,	Gallesius.

Name.	Latinized.
Bignon,	Bignonius.
Bourbon,	Borbonius.
Baron,	Baronius.
Priou,	Priolius.
De Thou,	Thuanus.
Pithou,	Pithœus.
Louë,	Loëus.
Longuejouë,	Longojolius.
De Sautour,	Solturius.
Morecourt,	Morocurtius.
Pardoux,	Pardulphus.
Le Goux,	Legulphus.
Marigny,	Marinius.
D'Ailly,	Alliacus.
De Joigny,	Juniacus.

The transformations of many Dutch and German names are very amusing: Vander-Doez was turned into Douza, Moltzer into Mycillus, Schuler into Sabinus, Gastbled, or Outdebled, into Vatablus, and so on, with hundreds of others.

The confusion which arose from the Latinization of names, and from translating names into Latin and Greek—for many family denominations were turned into Greek equivalents—was beyond all description, and presented enigmas that required an *Œdipus* to solve them, as was remarked by Noel d'Argonne, who wrote a very amusing essay on the subject under the title of "The Revolt of Latinized Names." The common French names of La Porte and La Forest were rendered *Janua* or *Januensis*,

and Sylvius; Du Bois was Nehemius; Pratus was equally the translation of Du Prat and Des Prez; Angelus was the conversion both of L'Ange and Langel; Castellanus of Du Chastel, Di Castello, Castellano, and several others. The name of Ricci, which is almost as common in Italy as that of Smith or Brown in England, was turned into Crinitus. By this transformation and falsification of patronymics, many a deserving man and many an honest family were deprived of their fame; for people in general were not able to trace any connexion between their friends and neighbours Monsieur Du Bois and Signor Ricci, and such names as Nehemius and Crinitus. When the change was voluntary and made by the authors themselves, it was not so bad, or at least those authors had only to blame their own folly; but it was a real hardship when, as it frequently happened, the names—the real family denominations under which they had gained distinction—were so travestied after their deaths by other writers, that there was no knowing them, and their identity became in consequence completely lost. Some of the old Bibliothécaires, or Librarians, committed great havoc in this way, and confounded the confusion the more from being seldom agreed among themselves. According to Noel d'Argonne, one of them would turn the name of the French historian, Du Chesne, into Quercetanus; then another would come and, scratching out Quercetanus, would write Duchesnius; and then a third, differing from them both, would prefer Chesnius. In the same way, the name of Castelio was made to hop, skip, and jump between Castalioneus, Castalio, and Castilonæus.

A physician of Francis I, who gloried in the significant name of Sans-Malice, which d'Argonne calls "that beautiful name which is worthy of the terrestrial paradise," changed it into the Greek Akakia, which term Akakia one of his descendants again changed into Aca-thias. Christian names lawfully imposed by godfathers and godmothers, as the church ordains, were no more respected than family names. John Victor Rossi styled himself Janus Nicius Erythræus. One of the popes conceived suspicions, and became at last seriously alarmed at hearing the unchristian Greek names assumed by the Roman academicians; to his ear they sounded like the names of traitors and conspirators.

In the Latinizations, a later age avoided much confusion by simply writing the termination *us* at the end of a name, with euphonic alterations of a simple kind, thus: Leibnitz, Leibnitius; Newton, Newtonus; Euler, Eulerus; Bernouilli, Bernoullius, &c. But there was a deal of skirmishing, and even some hard fighting, before the learned came to submit to this easy rule. Joseph Scaliger several times threw the terminations in *us* into confusion; with arms in his hands, he forced Rotanus and Vietus to call themselves Rota and Vieta, and if he had been permitted to pursue his conquests, by this time De Thou would be called De Tolla, and not Thuanus; and Brisson, Brisso, and not Brissonius.

The Chancellor Fronteau, who was rough all over with Hebrew and Greek, which were as thickly set upon him as quills on the back of the porcupine, was all for the terminations in *o*, and hated with a more than mortal hatred the terminations in *us*. "He is a terrible man,"

says d'Argonne, " he will admit of no reconciliation ; he haughtily rejected the name of Frontellus, which was offered to him ; he has also refused Frontæus, and has seized upon Fronto, in imitation of Cicero, Cato, and Scipio. The aid which he expects to derive from the analogy of an infinite number of similar names in *o* swells his courage and renders him intrepid."

The manner in which the articles became incorporated with the name appears in Du Cange, Ducangius ; La Fin, Lafinius ; De la Barde, Labardæus. We are in one instance indebted to an older form. It would have been awkward to talk of a Des-Cartist, but the Latin Cartesius has supplied us with Cartesian. M. Lanouë is both Lanua, Nua, Noseus, and Lanovius, in different places.

The boisterously fastidious Joseph Scaliger was content that in most cases the *de* should be given by an *anus*, as Vassanus for de Vassan ; but the mischief of it is, that very frequently both a *de* and the feminine article after it occur in foreign names, and it is difficult to render these together in Latin, which has no articles. The general usage has been to bring the article into the body of the word ; but then there is often an awkwardness as to the *de*, which, being a very grand particle, and a sign and testimonial of nobility when placed before a man's name, people would not willingly see omitted. In an unlucky moment, Father Abraham, a Flemish Jesuit, called De la Cerda, Lacerdam. The proud Spaniard, thinking himself dishonoured and deprived of his rights by the suppression of those two magical letters the *de*, instantly fell upon the Jesuit with inextinguishable fury,

and so battered and maimed him, that thenceforward the reverend father stood as a melancholy example to warn others how careful they should be in Latinizing the name of a Spanish Don.

The obscurity and confusion introduced by the practices we have been speaking of were not confined merely to the names of persons, but were extended to places as well, travestyng and rendering unintelligible the names of countries, cities, towns, villages, rivers, and lakes, in a barbarous Latinity. This was so much the case with De Thou's voluminous and valuable history, that in the last English edition of the work it was considered absolutely necessary to give a re-translation of these names, or the colloquial and real names of places, for the Latin names that stood for them, and which for ages had been a complete puzzle to the large majority of readers.

Noel d'Argonne, who dramatizes his essay, and refers the settlement of the question to a senate of the learned, makes the meeting decide on the following imperative rules:—

That M. Du Cange shall be ordered to explain in the supplement to his glossary all the proper names which have been Latinized since the fall of the Roman empire.

That an express prohibition shall be laid on all authors, present and to come, under penalty of eternal obscurity and the ferula of grammarians, never more to Latinize the proper names of men, of titles, dignities, provinces, cities, mountains, seas, and rivers.

And, finally, That in order to smother every seed of war and quarrel, the lamentable and accursed invention of translating proper names from one language into an-

other, shall be banished for ever *ad calcem Pancyroli de rebus inventis et perditis*.

The names of offices, lands, &c. has given rise to some perplexity, which has been increased by laxity in the use of Christian names. Henry Brabantin, William de Merbeck, and Thomas de Cantempuré, are all one and the same person—no doubt the real prototype of Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus. Jerome Cardan is also Hieronymus Castellioneus, and Johannes Roffensis may be either Bishop Fisher of Rochester or John Montague of Rochester. But Cerberus above mentioned has been beaten by a neck by Peter Bibliothecarius, *alias* Diaconus, *alias* Cassinensis, *alias* Ostiensis.

The transposition of letters, or anagrams, was sometimes used for purposes of concealment, and very effectively done by leaving out or adding letters. Thus Messalinus would hardly be guessed to have come from Salmasius, or Cesare Leone Fruscadino from Francesco Maria de Luco Sereni. But Gustavus for Augustus, Lucianus and Alcuinus for Calvinus, Volcmarus Kirstenius for Macer Jurisconsultus, are good enough.

Some authors called their several chapters by the letters of their names; but Fordun placed at the head of his Scottish Chronicle three verses as follows, in which the first letters of each word together make up Johannes de Fordun:

Incipies opus hoc Adonai; nomine nostri

Exceptum scriptis dirigat Emanuel.

Fauces ornatè ructent, dum verbera nectant.

Jean de Vauzelles announced his work by the motto *Crainte de DIEU vaut zèle*; and Pierre de Mesmes by the

Italian *Per me stesso son sasso*, which literally in French is *de moimême je suis Pierre*, which he intended should be transposed as follows—*Moi, je suis Pierre de Mesmes!*

The substitution of initial letters instead of names and titles was common enough, and was borrowed from the practice of the Jews, but stripped of all point by the absence of the vowel, which is assumed or understood between the consonants of the Hebrew. Thus J. C. A. A. P. E. I. stood for Jean Cusson Avocat au Parlement et Imprimeur, and F. J. F. C. R. S. T. P. A. P. C. for Frater Johannes Fronto, Canonicus Regularis, Sacræ Theologiæ Professor, Academiæ Parisiensis Cancellarius.

The lengthening of names in the following manner frequently took place: Guillet became Guillet de la Guilletière, Thau-mas became Thau-mas de la Thau-massiere,* &c.

In closing this article, we observe that we can by no means guarantee the correct spelling of any name which is not French in the preceding extracts, because they are taken from French authors, and writers of that nation, till very lately, contended which should spell foreign names worse. If all difficult researches are interesting, then what a tempting subject it would be to endeavour to find ten English words consecutively spelt right in any French author from 1750 to 1815.

We may congratulate our readers on being allowed to call books and men by their vernacular names. If there

* We may sometimes catch the incidents of modern novels in such apparently dry disquisitions as those of Baillet.

be any one who is insensible to the benefit thereby accruing to him, we should very much like to send him on a hunt among the book-stalls for the following scarce work (as he would find it): "Viri celeberrimi, &c. Velocii Decani Patriciensis, vita, auctore Gualtero Novelistâ. Augustæ. MDCCLXX. Excudebat Calvisius Victor.

III. THE DUCKING-STOOL.

BOSWELL relates that Dr. Johnson, in a conversation with Mrs. Knowles, the celebrated Quaker lady, said, "Madam, we have different modes of restraining evil—stocks for the men, a DUCKING-STOOL for WOMEN, and a pound for beasts."

In early times it was called the cucking-stool. Brand describes it as an engine invented for the punishment of scolds and unquiet women, by ducking them in the water, after having placed them in a stool or chair fixed at the end of a long pole, by which they were immersed in some muddy or stinking pond.

Blount thought this last name a corruption of ducking-stool; and another antiquary guessed that choking-stool was its etymology.—(See Brand's Popular Antiquities, vol. ii. p. 442.) But in a manuscript of the Promptorium Parvulorum "*esyn*, or *CUKKYN*, is interpreted by *stercoris*; and the etymology is corroborated by a no less ancient record than the Domesday Survey, where, at Chester, any man or woman who brewed bad ale, according to the custom of the city, had their choice either to pay a fine of four shillings or be placed in the cathedra *stercoris*.

Blount says this chair was in use in the Saxon times. In the Saxon dictionaries its name is *Scealking stol*.

In Queen Elizabeth's time the ducking-stool was a universal punishment for scolds.

Cole, the antiquary, in his *Extracts from Proceedings in the Vice-chancellor's Court at Cambridge in that reign*, quotes the following entries :

"Jane Johnson, adjudged to the ducking-stool for scoulding, and commuted her penance.

"Katherine Sanders, accused by the churchwardens of St. Andrew's for a common scold and slanderer of her neighbours, adjudged to the ducking-stool."

Every great town, at that time, appears to have had at least one of these penitential chairs in ordinary use, provided at the expense of the corporation.

Lysons, in his *Environs of London*, vol. i. p. 233, gives a bill of expenses for the making of one in 1572, from the churchwardens' and chamberlain's accmpts at Kingston-upon-Thames. It is there called the *cucking-stool*.

	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
1572. The making of the cucking-stool	0	8	0
Iron-work for the same	0	3	0
Timber for the same	0	7	6
Three brasses for the same, and three wheels	0	4	10
	<hr/>		
	£.	1	3 4

In Harwood's *History of Litchfield*, p. 383, in 1578 we find a charge "for making a *cuckstool*, with appurtenances, 8*s.*" One was erected at Shrewsbury, by order

of the corporation, in 1669.—See the history of that town, quarto, 1779, p. 172.

Misson, in his *Travels in England*, makes particular mention of the cucking-stool. He says, “This way of punishing scolding women is pleasant enough. They fasten an arm-chair to the end of two beams twelve or fifteen foot long, and parallel to each other; so that these two pieces of wood with their two ends embrace the chair, which hangs between them upon a sort of axle; by which means it plays freely, and always remains in the natural horizontal position in which a chair should be that a person may sit conveniently in it, whether you raise it or let it down. They set up a post upon the bank of a pond or river, and over this post they lay, almost in equilibrio, the two pieces of wood, at one end of which the chair hangs just over the water; they place the woman in this chair, and so plunge her into the water as often as the sentence directs, in order to cool her immoderate heat.”

Cole, the antiquary already mentioned, in one of his manuscript volumes in the British Museum, says, “In my time, when I was a boy and lived with my grandmother in the great corner-house at the bridge-foot, next to Magdalen College, Cambridge, and rebuilt since by my uncle, Joseph Cock, I remember to have seen a woman ducked for scolding. The chair hung by a pulley fastened to a beam about the middle of the bridge, in which the woman was confined, and let down under the water three times, and then taken out. The bridge was then of timber, before the present stone bridge of one arch was builded. The ducking-stool was constantly

hanging in its place, and on the back panel of it was engraved devils laying hold of scolds, &c. Some time after, a new chair was erected in the place of the old one, having the same devices carved on it, and well painted and ornamented. When the new bridge of stone was erected in 1754, this was taken away; and I lately saw the carved and gilt back of it nailed up by the shop of one Mr. Jackson, a whitesmith in the Butcher-row, behind the town-hall, who offered it to me, but I did not know what to do with it. In October 1776 I saw in the old town-hall a third ducking-stool, of plain oak, with an iron bar before it to confine the person in the seat; but I made no inquiries about it. I mention these things, as the practice seems now to be totally laid aside." Mr. Cole died in the year 1782.

The custom of the ducking-stool was not confined to England. In the Regiam Majestatem of Sir John Skene it occurs as an ancient punishment in Scotland. Under Burrow Lawes, chap. 69, noticing Browsters, that is, *Wemen quha brewes aill to be sauld*," it is said, "gif she makes gude Ail, that is sufficient; bot gif she makes evill Ail, contrair to the use and consuetude of the Burgh, and is convict thereof, she sall pay ane unlaw of aucht shillinges, or sal suffer the justice of the Burgh, that is, she sall be *put upon the Cock-stule*, and the Aill sall be distributed to the pure folke."

Gay mentions the ducking-stool, in his Pastorals, as a punishment in use in his time.

"I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
That stool, the dread of every scolding quean."

The Shepherd's Week. Pastoral iii.

IV. MONUMENT OF THE LAST OF THE PALEOLOGI.

It is not generally known that about two centuries ago, in an obscure corner of the kingdom, lived and died Theodore Paleologus, the immediate descendant of the Constantine family, and in all probability the lineal heir to the empire of Greece,

In the parish church of Landulph, in the eastern extremity of Cornwall, is a small brass tablet fixed against the wall, with the following inscription :

“ Here lyeth the body of Theodore Paleologus, of Pesarò in Italye, descended from the Imperial lyne of the last Christian Emperors of Greece, being the sonne of Camilio, the sonne of Prosper, the sonne of Theodoro, the sonne of John, the sonne of Thomas, second brother of Constantine Paleologus, the 8th of the name, and last of that lyne that rayned in Constantinople until 'subdued by the Turks ; who married with Mary, the daughter of William Balls, of Hadlye, in Souffolke, gent. and had issue 5 children, Theodoro, John, Ferdinando, Maria, and Dorothy ; and departed this life at Clyfton, the 21st of Jan^r 1636.”

Above the inscription are the imperial arms proper of the empire of Greece—an eagle displayed with two heads, the two legs resting upon two gates ; the imperial crown over the whole, and between the gates a crescent for difference as second son.

Clyfton, above mentioned, was an ancient mansion of the Arundel family in the parish of Landulph.

V. CONTRIBUTION TO THE NATURAL HISTORY OF IRELAND.

WE have all heard that neither serpents nor any venomous thing can exist in Ireland; the fact is asserted by the gravest historians of old times. Giraldus Cambriensis tells the following story in his Irish history, and says the things happened in his time.

“ One day a knot of youngsters in the north of England went to take a nap in the fields. As one of them lay snoring with his mouth wide open, as though he would catch flies, an ugly serpent or adder slipped into his mouth and glided down into his belly, where, harbouring itself, it began to roam up and down and to feed on the youth's entrails. This ‘greedy guest’ sorely tormented him for a long time. The worm would never cease from gnawing the patient's carcass, but when he had taken his repast, and his meal was no sooner digested than it would give a fresh onset in boring his guts. Divers remedies were sought,—as medicines, pilgrimages to saints,—but all would not prevail. Being at length schooled by the grave advice of some sage and expert father, who willed him to make his speedy repair to Ireland, where neither snake nor adder would live, he presently thereupon would tract no time, but busked himself over sea and arrived in Ireland. He had no sooner drunk of the water of that island and eaten of the victuals thereof, but forthwith he killed the snake, avoided it downwards, and so, being lusty and lively, he returned into England.” This curious story is repeated by old William Winstanley in his “Historical Rarities,” which is now a rare book.

VI. ANCIENT PETER SCHLIMMELS;
OR, MEN DEPRIVED OF THEIR SHADOWS.

THERE is a curiously written modern German romance which has attracted extraordinary attention from the singular nature of the main incident, on which the whole story turns. Peter Schlimmel, the hero of the tale, is a shadowless man, having sold his shadow, as Doctor Faustus sold his soul, to the devil for certain valuable considerations. Whether by the light of sun, moon, stars, torches, lamps, chandeliers, wax-lights, tallow candles, or bonfires, the body of Peter casts no shade either before him, or behind him, or on either side of him; and the deprivation of this valuable appendage proves the curse of his life, for he finds that nobody can tolerate a man without a shadow. Even in the happiest moments of love, when abroad with him in groves and moonshine the mistress of his soul is about to yield to his ardent suit, he loses all his advantages by her companion's discovering his defect and suddenly exclaiming, "God bless my soul! the gentleman has got no shadow!"—on which the ladies shriek and withdraw. Whenever Peter appears in the streets, the little boys shout after him, "There goes the man that has got no shadow!" In short, Peter very soon repents of his bargain, and would give the devil his substance to get his shade back again.

Very few of the persons who have been amused by this extravagant idea of a man without a shadow are aware that the notion is a very ancient one, and that according to the Greeks the gods deprived men of their

shades for a certain act of intrusion or impiety. Theopompas, as quoted by Polybius, seriously asserts that all those who dared to enter the temple of Jupiter in Arcadia were punished with a strange chastisement—*i. e.* their bodies no longer gave any shadow.

Pausanias repeats the same story in a somewhat more circumstantial manner, and adds a punishment which seems at first sight more serious than the loss of one's shade. He says that on Lycæus, a mountain of Arcadia, there was a place held sacred to Jupiter and inaccessible to mortals; and that if any man braved the prohibition and entered therein, from that time his body, though exposed to the rays of the sun, cast no shadow, and he died within a year.—See Theopomp. ap. Polyb. lib. xvi. and Pausan. in Arcad.

VII. DILEMMAS.

ONE of the most celebrated dilemmas is one of the most ancient. A rhetorician had instructed a youth in the art of pleading, on condition that he was to be remunerated only in case his pupil should gain the first cause in which he was engaged. The youth immediately brought an action against his teacher, of which the object was to be freed from the obligation which he had contracted, and then endeavoured to perplex his instructor with this dilemma: "If I gain my suit," said he, "the authority of the court will absolve me from paying you; if I lose, I am exonerated by our contract." The rhetorician answered by a similar dilemma: "If you gain your suit, you must pay me according to our

contract; if you lose the suit, you must pay in compliance with the decision of the court."

A just but severe man built a gallows on a bridge, and asked every passenger whither he was going: if he answered truly, he passed unharmed; if falsely, he was hanged on the gallows. One day a passenger, being asked the usual question, answered, "I am going to be hanged on the gallows." "Now," said the gallows-builder, "if I hang this man, he will have answered truly, and ought not to have been hanged; if I do not hang him, he will have answered falsely, and ought to have been hanged." It is not recorded what decision he came to.

A late Act of Parliament, the Anatomy Bill, seems to have passed by virtue of the following dilemma, which was often urged in its favour: "If a medical man dissects, he is punishable for a misdemeanour; if he does not dissect, he is punishable for the *mala praxis* which results from his ignorance of anatomy." It would have been unkind to smash both horns of so pretty a dilemma, and therefore nobody answered as follows:

"FIRST HORN-BREAKER.—Some persons dissect less than they ought to do from idleness, poverty, or disgust; but no man on account of dissection being a misdemeanour; for though punishable, it is never punished."

"SECOND HORN-BREAKER.—Prosecutions for *mala praxis* are so rare that they do not disturb the sleep or blunt the appetite of the most timid doctor: besides which, the ground of prosecution in such cases is not the want of that maximum of knowledge which might be attained in a happier state of things, but of that mini-

num which may be easily procured even now: in fact, a man is prosecuted for the want of average attainments, or average attention."

Yet was the Act, perhaps, a useful one, though it rested on the horns of a very foolish dilemma.

VIII. GASCONADES.

THE province of Gascony, in France, is now divided into the four departments of the Landes, Gers, Arriège, and the Upper Pyrenees, and contains about a million of inhabitants. They have long been celebrated for their lively sallies, called Gasconades, (in French, *Gasconnades*, with two *n*'s,) the point of which consists in an immoderate boasting of wit, wealth, or valour. The Dictionary of the French Academy, to illustrate the meaning of *Gasconnade*, gives, as an example:—"Il dit qu'il se battroit contre dix hommes; c'est une Gasconnade:" *i. e.* He says he would fight ten men; 'tis a Gasconade.

Of course, however, the fame of Gasconades does not depend on mere flat boasting like this, but on the intermixture of wit and piquancy with the most prodigious self-exaltation. The following are some of the best examples we have met with. We found them in one of the volumes of Constable's Miscellany.

A Gascon preacher stopped short in the pulpit: it was in vain that he scratched his head; nothing would come out. "My friends," said he, as he walked quietly down the pulpit stairs; "my friends, I pity you; for you have lost a fine discourse."

A young Gascon arrived at Paris for the first time:

it was in summer, and he went to see the Tuileries immediately on his arrival. When he saw the gallery of the Louvre; "Upon my honour," said he, "I like it vastly: methinks I see the back of my father's stables."

A Gascon officer hearing some one celebrating the exploits of a prince who, in two assaults upon a town, had killed six men with his own hand: "Bah!" said he, "I would have you to know, that the very mattresses I sleep upon are stuffed with nothing else but the whiskers of those whom I have sent to slumber in the other world!"

A Gascon, in proof of his nobility, asserted, that in his father's castle, they used no other firewood but the batons of the different mareschals of France of his family.

IX. A FRAGMENT OF ZOÏLUS.

"THE name of Zoïlus," says M. Noël, in his edition of the "Gradus ad Parnassum," the "Nouveau Dictionnaire Poétique Latin-Français," "has become the common appellation of all ignorant, envious, passionate, and dishonest critics." And so it is. From Ovid to Buchanan, every one has hitched his name into an epigram as the very incarnation of spitefulness.*

Now, without maintaining that Zoïlus was a well-meaning or good-humoured person—a more untenable paradox even than the comeliness of Richard III.—we may be permitted to doubt whether he was dishonest, or

* "Frustra ego te laudo, frustra me, Zoïle, lædis:
Nemo mihi credit, Zoïle; nemo tibi."—*Buchanan*.

even ignorant in one meaning of the word. He seems to have been utterly deficient in a feeling of the sublime, though versed in the ordinary topics of criticism, and cursed with a morbidly quick sense of the ridiculous. In short, he was a literary Thersites, shrewd, witty, and hateful. The silly carplings of a fool would have been soon forgotten; those of Zoilus raised him to the bad eminence of being called the Homeromastix, or Scourge of Homer.

The fragment of Zoilus, the only one that we have hitherto stumbled upon, and which we hope, therefore, will be valued in proportion to its rarity rather than its excellence, consists of only two words. Every one recollects the transformation of the companions of Ulysses into swine by Circe, in the tenth book of the Odyssey. They had the head, and voice, and body, and bristles of swine, but retained human consciousness, and cried as they went along to their sties. This is one of the passages of the Odyssey censured as childish by Longinus, who tells us that Zoilus called these transformed companions

ΧΟΙΡΙΑ ΚΑΛΙΟΝΤΑ,
WEEPING PORKERS!

X. EXAMINATION OF RECRUITS.

A MAN who wishes to enter the army often endeavours to conceal diseases or deformities which would disqualify him for active service; while recruits, who have changed their mind before their final admission, or soldiers tired of their situation, often do exactly the reverse, and either

feign diseases from which they are free, or sometimes even excite them. The duty of the military surgeon, of course, is to detect both simulated and dissimulated maladies; a task which often requires the highest ability, both medical and moral. Many of the instances in point given by Mr. Marshall, in his valuable "Hints to Young Medical Officers," &c., are very curious specimens of human frailty and human ingenuity. Some recruits, even when measured without shoes or stockings, have succeeded in increasing their height by glueing pieces of buff to the soles of the feet; on the other hand, some persons possess the art of sinking an inch or two. A lad, named Martin, enlisted into the Eighteenth Dragoons in the summer of 1809, and was then five feet three inches in height; but, on joining the head-quarters of the regiment at Brighton, he was found to be only five feet one inch. A doubt first arose as to his identity; but when this was cleared up, Martin was directed to be discharged, and the levy-money was ordered to be paid by Colonel Lindsay, "owing to whose neglect a recruit so totally unfit was received into the service." The Colonel, however, persisted in asserting that the lad was of the orthodox height, and he was accordingly sent to Dublin to be re-measured. Here he attempted to reduce his height, but was instantly detected; and being found to be full five feet three inches, was sent back to his corps, and "a very particular letter" was addressed to the Brighton Colonel on the occasion.

Fractures of the skull and ringworm are sometimes concealed by wigs, and a recruit once presented himself with an artificial palate. Mr. Marshall has known an

attempt to conceal the loss of nearly all the teeth of the lower jaw, by the aid of a dentist.

In the year 1825, there were 4,839 recruits approved, and 1,390 rejected, at the recruiting depôt in Dublin. Of the town recruits, however, 32.8 per cent. were rejected, and only 10.3 per cent. of the country ones.

The following were some of the causes of rejection among the 1,390 in question:—

Pulmonic diseases	2
Epilepsy	3
Weakness of intellect	7
Unsound health, emaciation, sottish intemperance, worn-out, &c.	158
Traces of scrofula	68
Chronic affections of the skin	5
Tinea capitis, (ringworm,) or traces of this affection	15
Muscular tenuity	30
(a) Cataract	7
(a) Closed pupil	7
(a) Amaurosis	2
Varicose veins of both legs	35
Varicose veins of the left leg	71
— — of the right leg	64
Flatness of the soles of the feet	34
(b) Punished	36

(a) *Cataract* signifies opacity of the crystalline lens of the eye; *amaurosis*, want of sight from disease of the optic nerve; and closure of the pupil (which is the aperture in the iris) necessarily prevents the rays of light

from arriving at the retina. It may seem strange that men with such grievous defects as these, even if they existed only in one eye, should offer themselves as recruits: but they probably did so with the vain hope that their maladies, escaping observation at first, would soon entitle them to their discharge and a pension.

(b) It seems even more strange that men bearing the marks of punishment should expose themselves to a repetition of it; but the burnt child does not always dread the fire.

The diseases feigned, again, are very numerous. "For weeks or months many men have, with surprising resolution, sat and walked with their body bent double: some have continued to irritate sores in the leg, until the case became so bad as to require amputation of the limb; and many instances have occurred, in military and naval hospitals, of factitious complaints ending fatally."

A state resembling continued fever is produced by swallowing small quantities of tobacco. Mr. Hutchinson met with a case of feigned disease, where the tongue was covered with a coating of common brown soap; and Mr. Marshall saw a case at Fort Pitt, where the tongue was brown and dry; but the artist had made too abrupt a line of demarcation between the dry and the healthy parts, forgetting the gradual transitions of nature. Mr. Marshall did not discover the means employed to brown the tongue. Inflammation of the eyes is sometimes excited by the insertion of stimulants: the imitation often transcends the prototype, and is so vigorous as to destroy the sight. The dilatation of the pupil, which generally characterizes amaurosis, can be produced by the extract of

belladonna, or of hyoscyamus, applied to the skin round the eye.

Chronic disease of the liver is often pretended:—"A recruit, having become tired of a military life, wished to obtain his discharge; and, in furtherance of that end, pretended he had a severe pain in his *left* side, at the same time stating he had 'liver.' Seeming to believe that this disease was of a grave nature, the recruit was confined to bed, and accommodated in a ward by himself, lest his sleep might be disturbed by the conversation of his comrades. He was kept on very reduced diet, and a solution of *antim. tart.* alternately with the *mistura diabolica*,* regularly exhibited. Under this discipline he held out for a month, and then recovered rapidly. Some time after he confessed the fraud, and swore if it had not been for his stupidity in locating the pain in his left side, the imposition would never have been discovered. He was mistaken; the imposition was evident from the first."—*Marshall*, p. 114.

If our readers are not amused by the following case, they must be far graver than we hope ever to be:—"A soldier asserted that he had nearly lost all power over the inferior extremities, in consequence, as he stated, of a hurt received on the loins. Active means were employed; and as he was from the commencement suspected of being an impostor, the measures were long continued. The patience of the medical officer who attended him became exhausted, and he was eventually recommended to

* "This mixture consists of salts, infusion of tobacco, assafoetida, &c. &c. : it is commonly given in very small quantities at a time, but so frequently repeated as to keep the taste continually in the mouth."

be discharged. The day he was to receive his discharge, he crawled on crutches to the office where it was to be given him. Having obtained the document, he begged one of the officers of the establishment to read it to him, which he did twice. After satisfying himself that the discharge was properly made out, he first deliberately threw away one crutch, then another, and darted forward, overturning two men who happened to be before him, and finally disappeared, springing over a car with a water-cask on it, which stood in his way."—*Marshall*, p. 126.

Palpitation of the heart became epidemic among the men of the marine artillery in 1821 or 1822, and was found to be occasioned by the powder of white hellebore, which not only increased the action of the heart, but occasioned distressing head-ache, nausea, vomiting, and sometimes violent purging. The use of this poison was introduced by a man who had been servant to a veterinary surgeon. He would furnish his comrades with a dose of the drug for threepence; but if he told them its name, so as to enable them to buy it at a druggist's, his charge was 3s. 6d.

We are inclined to conclude this fragment on feigned diseases, which certainly savours of the ludicrous, with two serious reflections. The first is, that the eager wish to detect feigned diseases is apt to lead the practitioner to overlook real ones; and sick soldiers may be subjected to horrible punishments because their maladies have not sufficient breadth and relief to satisfy their surgeons. This point is touched upon by Mr. Marshall. Another reflection remains, unsuited to an army surgeon, but to

which a civilian may give utterance without blame: *is there not something unsound in the constitution of the service when the detection of fraudulent attempts to quit it becomes a separate branch of the medical art, and the discontented are so numerous, that it is doubtful whether they are the rule or the exception ?*



EXAMINATION OF RECRUITS.

XI. THE VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.

THIS picturesque and secluded valley commonly enjoys the reputation of having been undiscovered till a very recent period. Thus Mariana Starke says, in speaking of Chamouni :—“ This town owes its existence to a convent of Benedictines, founded by a Count of Geneva, in 1099 : but the valley in which it stands might probably have been unknown at the present period, if two English gentlemen, Mr. Wyndham and Mr. Pocock, had not, in the year 1741, discovered it, and given to modern Europe details respecting a place which even the natives of Geneva, though only eighteen leagues distant, had never heard of.” Mr. Sherwill, however, the author of a little pamphlet printed at Paris in 1832, and entitled “ A Brief Historical Sketch of the Valley of Chamouni,” disputes the truth of this and similar passages, which he quotes from other guide-books. He observes that Reichard has qualified his assertion by saying that Chamouni was not known to *travellers* before 1741, but even this is not correct. The first mention of this valley is found in a Latin deed, drawn up about 1090, by which Agmon, Count of Geneva, and his son Girold, grant the whole of the Campus Munitus (*i. e.* Chamouni) to the monks serving God and St. Michael. Mr. Sherwill thinks the word Chamouni is derived from Campus Munitus ; to us the converse seems quite as probable. There is another document bearing the date of 1292, and containing a code of laws for the government of the Priory. “ These laws were sent to the Abbot of St. Maurice, who, by a note

affixed, seems to have approved and signed them. This paper, in itself, is of no interest to the general reader ; I have mentioned it to show how very early in the thirteenth century the Benedictines of Chamouni held communion with their religious brethren in a northerly direction, distant about twelve leagues."

It appears, too, that soon after the establishment of the Benedictines in the valley, it was colonized by a number of settlers, who were subject to the authority of the Prior, as appears by a document dated January 20, 1330, and entitled " Les Franchises de la Vallée de Chamouni."

In 1530, Philip of Savoy, who was Duke of Nemours and Count of Geneva, gave the men of Chamouni permission to hold a fair twice a year.

Mr. Sherwill, after a number of similar facts, showing the erroneousness of the popular opinion, concludes his demonstration, if we may so call it, with a short account of the inhabitants of the valley.

Owing to the exertions of two sisters, who are also *Sœurs de la Charité*, there is hardly a person in the village who cannot read and write ; but while the valley is progressing in this point, it is retrograding in another. Complaints having been made that the guides were not always sufficiently capable, the Sardinian government has taken upon itself the office of enrolling a privileged list, who are to enjoy by rotation the advantage of conducting travellers. The natural consequences have followed. The absence of competition has taken away the desire of excellence, and those to whom mediocrity is no hindrance are sinking beneath it.

XII. MODERN PERKIN WARBECKS.

EVEN in our own days, there have not been wanting individuals who have drawn largely on public credulity, and endeavoured to pass themselves off as princes and heirs to royalty. The only son of Louis XVI. died in prison in the Temple during the horrors of the French revolution; and, on the restoration of the Bourbons, Louis XVIII, the dauphin's uncle, ascended the throne. Several men, however, in different places, and long after the dauphin's death, gave out that he had not died in the Temple, but had escaped, and that they were, or, rather, each of them was, the identical dauphin, who, after a series of iniquities and persecutions, had evaded his enemies and appeared publicly to assert his rights to the French throne. Not very long ago we saw one of these pretenders, in a very ragged coat, in Leicester-square. They were either madmen, or bare-faced vulgar impostors, who counted upon a resemblance of physiognomy to the Bourbon family, which might very well have happened by accident, or in an extra-legitimate manner. But the story we are about to relate treats of a very different sort of person, who was most decidedly a gentleman in education and manners, and who so conducted himself, and was so treated by others, (even by princes and potentates,) as to have thrown an air of mystery and interest over his adventures.

In the year 1820, when the Italian poet Silvio Pellico was first arrested and thrown into the common prison of Milan for political opinions by the Austrian government,

he found inscribed on the walls of his cell some elegant French verses, which were signed "*Le Duc de Normandie*," which was the title of the unfortunate dauphin. To pass time, the poet began to hum over the verses, and this led to a conversation with another prisoner in a contiguous cell, who had formerly occupied Pellico's room. After some conversation, the poet asked who it was he had the honour of addressing. The stranger replied solemnly, "The unhappy Duke of Normandy."

Pellico of course was very incredulous; but his fellow-captive went on to asseverate that he was in very deed Louis XVII, and that his uncle, Louis XVIII, was the usurper of his rights.

"But why did you not assert these rights at the time of the restoration of the Bourbons?"

"I was then mortally ill at Bologna. As soon as I recovered, I flew to France. I presented myself to the high allied powers; but what was done, was done. My iniquitous uncle would not acknowledge me, and my sister (the Duchess of Angouleme) united with him to oppress me. The good Prince de Condé alone received me with open arms, but his friendship could do nothing for me. One night I was assaulted in the streets of Paris by ruffians, from whose daggers I escaped with difficulty. After having wandered for some time in Normandy, I returned into Italy, and fixed myself at Modena; thence writing incessantly to the monarchs of Europe, and particularly to the Emperor Alexander, who answered me with the greatest politeness, I did not despair of finally obtaining justice; or if, for policy, *they* were determined to sacrifice my rights to the throne of France, I thought

at least they would assign me a decent *appanage*. At last I was arrested, conducted to the frontiers of the Duchy of Modena, and given up to the Austrian government. I have now been buried here eight months, and God knows when I shall get out !”

Such was the strange narrative, at least as well as Pellico could remember it after his own ten years of imprisonment and torture. “ He related this story,” says the poet, “ with an astonishing air of truth : though I could not believe it, I was forced to admire it. All the facts of the French revolution were most familiar to him ; he spoke of that event with a great deal of spontaneous eloquence, and repeated a number of apposite and most curious anecdotes bearing upon it. There was something of the roughness of the soldier in his way of speaking, but yet it never was wanting in that elegance which is obtained by frequenting refined society.

“ You will permit me,” said I, “ to treat you without ceremony, and drop titles ?”

“ That is what I wish,” replied he : “ I have at least derived this benefit from adversity—I can smile at all pomps and vanities ; I assure you I value myself more as a man than as being a king.”

“ Morning and evening,” continues Pellico, “ we held long conversations together ; and, in spite of what I considered a farce in him, his mind seemed to me upright, candid, and desirous of every moral good. Several times I was on the point of saying to him—‘ Pardon me, I would fain believe that you are Louis XVII, but in sincerity I must confess that a conviction to the contrary is too strong for me ; be, then, so frank as to give up this im-

posture.' But I put it off from day to day, always waiting for an increase of our intimacy, and I never had courage to say what I intended."

After reproaching himself for this weakness, or pusillanimity, as he calls it, Pellico goes on to say—"The turnkeys of the prison were all inclined to believe that he was really Louis XVII; and as they had seen so many changes of political fortune, they were not without hopes that he would one day ascend the throne of France and remember their devoted service to him. With the exception of favouring his escape, they treated him with all the kindness and respect he could desire. It was to this I was indebted for the honour of once seeing the great personage: he was of middling stature, apparently between forty and forty-five years of age, rather fat, and of an essentially Bourbonic physiognomy. It is probable that an accidental resemblance to the Bourbons had induced him to play this miserable part."

In the course of their melancholy conversations, which were carried on through the bars of their cell-windows, without their being able to see each other, they occasionally spoke of ethics and religion; and Pellico says the *soi-disant* duke was a man of religious feelings, though not altogether a good Catholic.

From this very curious account it will appear that, let him have been what he might, the prisoner of Milan was no common impostor. But he becomes still more interesting, and his story more involved or mysterious, from the following facts, which have been related to us by an Italian gentleman now resident in England, who knew the man well at Modena.

In the spring of 1819, our friend, having come from his residence in the country to spend some time at the capital of the little state of which he was a subject, went one evening to the theatre at Modena, and took his seat behind a person of most gentlemanly appearance, who was taking a lively interest in the comedy, though evidently not an Italian, but a foreigner. In the course of the evening they fell into conversation. The stranger not only spoke excellent Tuscan or pure Italian, but talked with the greatest facility in the *patois* or peculiar dialect of the place. From something, however, that fell from him, Signor —— was given to understand (what, at first, he could scarcely credit) that the stranger was a Frenchman; and they then conversed for some time in French. The conversation, suggested by the place they were in, turned chiefly on the drama and poetry, on which subjects the Frenchman spoke with a fine critical taste, extensive knowledge, and an unusual degree of liberality and emancipation from national prejudices: his conversation was superior to his manner and appearance; it was that, not merely of a refined gentleman, but of an accomplished scholar.

Signor —— was so struck with all this, that at the end of the performance he followed the stranger out of the theatre, and, as it had come on to rain heavily, offered him the shelter of his umbrella, which the Frenchman accepted. Their roads lay in different directions, but our friend politely insisted on seeing him to his own door, which he did; and, on parting, named the hotel in which he was staying to the stranger, who thereon said that he knew it well and had lived there himself.

Signor ——, full of the curious meeting of the evening, and with an uncertain sort of recollection of having seen the stranger somewhere before, on reaching the hotel, asked the people of the house what they knew of such a person (describing his dress and personal appearance) who had been their guest. Their answer was hesitating and rather mysterious. They knew little of the gentleman, except that he had come from Corsica a short time before; that his name was De Bourlon; but they hinted that he must be a person of consideration, as he had been seen in familiar conversation with some of the greatest personages of Modena, and was allowed the use of one of the Count di ——, the governor's, carriages.

The next morning the stranger called to thank Signor —— for his civility. Seen by daylight, and without his hat, his most striking likeness to the Bourbon family instantly struck the Italian, who was now indeed puzzled to know what to make of his new acquaintance. After conversing for some time, the two went out for a walk. In the principal street of Modena they met the military governor, who bowed to the Frenchman in a most respectful manner. On the bastions they met the Grand Duke of Modena himself, who saluted the stranger as sovereigns salute persons of the very highest rank, and went aside with him for several minutes of conversation.

During this walk, Signor —— observed that the Frenchman was lame, that he seemed occasionally to be in pain, and that his countenance, the general expression of which was frank and open, was now and then clouded and agitated. On separating from his mysterious com-

panion, Signor —— went to ——, the chief magistrate of the city, and asked him, as an old and confidential friend, to tell him what he knew about the stranger.

The magistrate knew, or pretended to know, little enough; but he used these remarkable words: "*Chi sa se non abbiamo qui, un'altra storia dell'uomo della maschera di ferro;*" (who knows whether we have not got here, another story of the Man with the Iron-mask;) and he hinted that it would be as well if Signor —— shunned the Frenchman.

In spite of this, however, our friend's curiosity and positive admiration of the stranger's talents, conversation, and manners, induced him to seek his society most eagerly; and in a few days the two became quite intimate, dining together at the hotel, and walking or riding out in the evening: when they rode, the stranger had the governor's carriage.

One day, after a short silence, the Frenchman said, "I see you are wondering who and what I am;—I will tell you. You may not believe me, but, as sure as we stand here in Modena, I am the son of Louis the Sixteenth—the dauphin who is said to have died in the Temple."

After this startling announcement, he went on to detail the adventures of his life. According to this account, after having applied in vain to the allies, and been attacked by assassins in Paris in 1814, he had not returned to Italy. (as reported by Pellico), but in despair had gone to South America, where, fighting for the cause of the independence of the Spanish colonies, he had been severely wounded in

the thigh by an obus. He had then returned to the continent of Europe, and visited the island of Corsica, whence he had recently come to Modena (where he had frequently been in former years) to assert his rights to the Grand Duke, whom, he added, he had convinced of their sanctity.

Our friend was not more easy of belief than Pellico proved to be the year after; but he says this narrative was wholly free from visible flaw or contradiction; that it was connected and consistent throughout, and that the Frenchman never swerved from a single point of it.

This opinion is entitled to the more weight, and the adventurer becomes the more extraordinary, from the circumstances that Signor —— was a lawyer by profession; a man accustomed to weigh and sift evidence, and of great natural shrewdness.

The Frenchman produced a passport which had been *visé* in Corsica. The name upon it was Charles Louis Bourlon; but he said he had easily changed the letter *b* of the name Bourbon into an *l*, and that he had done so to escape the fangs of the police of his uncle, Louis XVIII.

During several days' familiar intercourse, this strange man, though apparently speaking in the most unpremeditated manner, never let a word escape him that threw discredit on his narrative; and he never did or said anything that could possibly revoke in doubt his being, at all events, a perfect gentleman in manners, feeling, and education.

The first and most natural conclusion Signor —— could draw from his strange avowal was, that he was a *monomaniac*—a man mad on one particular point, but

rational enough on all the rest ; and he turned his attention in this direction. But the stranger spoke of his royal descent in a dispassionate and most reasonable tone ; and on that, as well as on all other subjects, he was less vivacious and flighty than most Frenchmen are in the ordinary circumstances of life. His fund of anecdote, the elegance of his language, whether speaking French or Italian, and the variety of his acquirements, made him a delightful companion. One day that Signor —— had invited him to dine at the hotel, an old priest from the country was of the party, and the conversation happened to fall upon the books of the Old Testament. To the astonishment of his entertainer and the priest, this was a subject where the Frenchman was completely at home ; he quoted innumerable passages, he compared detached parts, and showed a profound acquaintance not merely with the letter but the spirit of the sacred volume. If rare in Protestant countries, such a thing, for a layman, in Catholic countries is altogether extraordinary.

It was not without regret that Signor —— left Modena and the society of the Frenchman, to return to the country. Some two or three months after, he was again called to Modena on business. He went to the same hotel, and had scarcely dismounted, when the host, with an air of uneasiness, asked whether he had heard what had become of his associate. He had not ; but this was the story : about a month before, the Frenchman had been suddenly arrested in the city and carried to the state-prison, where he was placed under the care of Signor ——, who had strict orders to treat him with all possible respect. These instructions came from the

Grand Duke in person, who, moreover, *supplied the captive's table from his own palace.*

When he was first arrested, the keeper of the hotel, with his family, waiters, and other servants, and the people of the house where he last lived, were all summoned before the commissaries of police, and questioned as to the persons who had intimately associated with the French gentleman. Having revealed the very little they had to tell on this head,—for the stranger's associates had been few and most respectable,—they were dismissed, and *advised* to hold their tongues as to what had passed.

Men who have passed all their lives in a free country like England, can hardly understand it; but those who have lived any time in despotic countries, and particularly under the smaller and more prying and timid despotisms of Italy, will easily conceive why Signor —— was made uneasy by the foregoing intelligence. As the best step he could take, he went at once to his acquaintance the magistrate, avowed that he had cultivated an intimacy with one who was now a state-prisoner, and that he could hardly have expected there was an impropriety in his so doing, after he had seen the stranger honoured by the first personages of Modena, and even by the sovereign himself. The magistrate reassured him: there was no cause for uneasiness—this was a mystery—a curious story, perhaps a serious one—but it neither concerned the Duke of Modena nor his subjects. Meanwhile, the prisoner had been carried across the frontiers, and (as related before in the words of Silvio Pellico) had been given over to the Austrians, who conveyed him to the fortress of Mantua. For some time, even the Austrians

treated him with the greatest respect ; but then, in consequence of sudden orders from Vienna, he was removed from the fortress of Mantua to the gaol of Milan, and subjected to the treatment of a common criminal and cut-purse. It was here that Pellico formed his curious acquaintance with him, and here Signor ——'s own knowledge of his adventures ends.

But what follows still more darkens this singular romance of real and modern life. After a long confinement at Milan, during which many of the political prisoners besides Pellico became acquainted with him, the Frenchman was liberated, but escorted out of Lombardy and the Austrian dominions by gens-d'armes. He took the route across the lake of Como and the Alps ; and, a few days after his departure from Milan, a person answering to his description was found dead by the road-side in one of the Swiss valleys. The body was pierced by more than one wound ; but whether they had been dealt by the hand of a suicide or an assassin, could not be clearly ascertained. No doubt, however, was entertained in Milan that the body thus found was that of the strange man who had called himself the Duke of Normandy and Louis XVII.

In the next story we have to relate, the imposture is of a more bare-faced and vulgar nature ; and the dupes of it, for the most part, are neither distinguished by education nor intelligence. The narrative, however, has some striking points, and the manœuvres of four clever vagabonds contributed to hasten the counter-revolution of a kingdom and the triumph of the celebrated Cardinal Ruffo. For

the facts we are chiefly indebted to General Colletta's History of the Kingdom of Naples, which is one of the best of contributions to the modern history of Europe. The writer of this notice, however, may add a few particulars which he picked up himself in travelling through the scene of the adventures in 1816 and 1817, when the story was fresh in the minds of everybody, and but too many simple Apulians were still living who had to blush at their former credulity.

In 1799, a French army, under General Championnet, took possession of nearly all the kingdom of Naples; and a republic, on the model of the French, was proclaimed at the capital. The Bourbon King, Ferdinand, fled with his family and court into Sicily, but they left numerous partisans behind them; for the Neapolitan people hated both the French and the republic, and were no more fit for the new form of government than they were for Sir Thomas More's Utopia. Any sudden change of rule, or subversion of old authorities, in a country so uncivilised as Naples then was, is sure to offer a favourable field for the exercise of imposture and all kinds of villainy; and though there were honourable and conscientious men on both sides, the republicans as well as royalists certainly had among them an abundant supply of astute and remorseless rogues, who only looked to their own advantages, and delighted to fish in troubled waters, being alike insensible to justice and patriotism. The heroes of this tale were not Neapolitans; but *there were* Neapolitans who committed far worse though less amusing, villainies.

While the Bourbon court was waiting events in Sicily, four Corsican adventurers, De Cesare, Boccheciampe, Cor-

bara, and Colonna, stirred up the important provinces of Apulia against the French-Neapolitan republic. The rank of these ingenious fellows was not very elevated. De Cesare had been a livery servant in his own island, Boccheciampe an artilleryman and deserter, while the other two, Colonna and Corbara, had never been anything so respectable as a footman or a soldier. They had all been living for some time in the city of Naples by the practice of obscene and dishonourable arts, but fled thence into the provinces on the approach of the French army. Their intention at first seems to have been merely to embark at some sea-port of Apulia, and pass over to Sicily or Corfu; but their views enlarged as they went on and saw the turbulent state of the country, and a new friend and ally determined them to take upon themselves the parts of royalty. At the small town of Montejasi, they chanced to take up their lodgings for the night in the house of a small farmer called Gerunda; and it happened that this farmer was not only a Bourbonist, but an experienced arranger of plots and intrigues. According to Gerunda nothing was more easy than to raise the Pugliesi, or Apulians up in arms, provided only they could be made to believe that a bit of royal Bourbon blood had come among them to solicit their help. The gain to themselves would not be merely prospective and dependent on the chances of a counter revolution, but immediate and sure, as *money* might be obtained from the royalists, to say nothing of other kinds of donations.

“And what is to hinder you,” said the farmer to Corbara, one of the Corsicans, “from representing Don Francesco, our Hereditary Prince?”

The proposition would have been startling to most rogues, for there was no likeness in the case,—the Hereditary Prince was fat, the Corsican thin; and unluckily the prince had been in that part of the kingdom, and seen by thousands of the inhabitants not many months before. In spite of these considerations, however, Corbara resolved to try his luck as Hereditary Prince; and in the course of the night it was further determined that Colonna should represent the Grand-constable of the kingdom in attendance on the prince; that Boccheciampe, the soldier and deserter, should represent the brother of the King of Spain; and De Cesare, the footman, his royal highness the Duke of Saxony.

Gerunda, the Neapolitan, who knew the country well, and who were royalists and who not, who gullible and who acute, undertook to be the *avant-coureur*, the swearing witness and the trumpeter of this glorious piece of imposture. The bold impudence which this man afterwards displayed was astonishingly great; but he was well aware that a magazine of ignorance, stupidity, superstition, and credulity was garnered in Puglia.

“Before day broke,” says General Colletta, “he went through the town of Montejasi to reveal in a mysterious manner the arrival of the royal princes, and to excite men’s minds with the prospect of the honours and fortune that would attend those who should be the first to follow their highnesses. He was believed everywhere, and a numerous crowd of common people (and, the author might have added, of respectable citizens), running to the humble house where the grand personages were lodged, offered themselves with loud acclamations as servants and

soldiers. Colonna, the pretended Grand-constable, came forth into the street, thanked them in the name of the Hereditary Prince for their loyal zeal, but begged them to retire and be quiet for the present. In the mean while Gerunda had procured a carriage; and as Corbara stepped into it, the other three Corsicans paid the reverence and etiquette due to the prince Francesco. His royal highness then said to the spectators in the street, "I throw myself into the arms of my people;" after which he graciously saluted them, and the carriage drove off towards the city of Brindisi.

"The Corsicans make most excellent adventurers: thus these men adopted, as circumstances might require, the haughtiness, the magnanimity, the greatness of princes. They set out from uninhabited places before day, and arrived at them at the fall of night; and Gerunda always went on several miles before them to prepare lodgings and banquets. Thus a thousand voices certified the presence of the princes, everybody saying, 'I have seen them!' and adding, as is usual in narrating wonders, things which were not at all true, but readily believed. Success increased the hopes and boldness of the Corsicans: armed men followed the carriage, and kept guard round the house of the impostors; and, pulling down the emblems and scutcheons of the republic, re-established royalty and the arms of the Bourbons. The feigned prince Francesco dismissed magistrates and appointed new ones; emptied the chests of the fiscal receivers, and laid heavy fines on the families of the rebels or republicans; and, because much bolder, he was obeyed more than if he had been a true prince, and was seconded by a people prompt

to execute. The Archbishop of Otranto, who had long known the prince Francesco, and who, the year before, had been with him in the ceremonies of the church and palace, now participated in the deceit, and became himself a deceiver, solemnly asserting from the pulpit that Corbara was the Hereditary Prince, although much changed in appearance by the fatigues of war and cares of state he had undergone during the past twelvemonth."

General Colletta, as we have shown, states confidently that the Archbishop of Otranto favoured the plan, with his eyes open to the imposture, which some churchmen as well as laymen undoubtedly did. We remember, however, that several persons at Otranto assured us that the Archbishop, who was a dreaming old man, was a dupe, and really believed that the Corsicans were what they gave themselves out for. Whether this were the case or not, we cannot decide; but that sequestered, out-of-the-way district, called the "Terra d'Otranto," which is a narrow peninsula standing between the gulf of Taranto and the mouth of the Adriatic, covered with olive woods and rather thickly studded with small primitive towns, was certainly the field where the Corsicans reaped the easiest and most abundant harvest. The inhabitants had very little intercourse with the rest of the kingdom, almost their only journeys being to Lecce, the capital of the province, or to the sea-port of Gallipoli, where they sold their oil to merchants, who, in their turn, shipped it in foreign vessels. This trade had brought very considerable wealth into the country; and there were many men there, ignorant and credulous, with little wit in their heads, but with abundance of gold in their coffers, who were ready

to give a round sum even for the sight of a prince royal ; for royalty is always most revered where it is least seen. There was no end to the genuflections and kissing of hands the Corsican rogues met with in these remote little towns ; and a most amusing fact is, that Corbara, as heir to the throne and provisional regent, distributed and sold titles and patents of honour, for which the oil-growers were very eager, as social distinctions were strongly marked there, and a fellow who could call himself a baron, or the son of a baron, though he could scarcely read, and had hardly got a coat to his back, would by no means condescend to associate with an industrious farmer or untitled merchant, however rich he might be. There was one simple fellow, who lived near the little town of Presici, and whom we afterwards had the honour of knowing, that distinguished himself by the sacrifices he made for a title.

This man's father had left him well to do in the world, and by sending year after year his valuable caravans of mules laden with the finest oil (*chiaro, giallo e lampante*) to Gallipoli, he had become very wealthy. But in spite of this positive advantage, he was very unhappy. He could not rise in the scale of society ; no man called him " your Excellency ;" he was still plain *Si Ciccio*, or *Mastro Ciccio*, the son of *Mastro Pasquale* : the common *bourgeoisie* considered him as one of themselves, and the *baroni* and the *baroncini* looked down upon him like dirt, —always excepting when they wanted to borrow some of his ducats. Having heard what his royal highness Corbara had done for others, this wholesale oilman made up a good purse, and went to meet the Corsicans. His pe-

tition was modest ; he only wanted to be made a baron, and for that favour he was ready to pay down five hundred ounces for the immediate exigences of church and state.

“ We all know your fidelity to the King and the holy faith,” said the Grand-constable. “ You are a man to be a marquis ! Make the five hundred ounces a thousand, and you shall be made a marquis !” SÌ Ciccio paid down the money (nearly £500), got a bit of paper, kissed hands, and went away rejoicing that now he could hold up his head, and shave the beards of half the nobility in the country.

Poor fellow ! when the *ruse* was found out, though he was only one of many dupes, he was sadly bantered and tormented ; and, even seventeen years after, people used to call him in derision, “ O SÌ Marchese !” “ But, miei Signori,” the old man would say, “ who could possibly have suspected anything ? There was such a shouldering of arms and beating of drums, and those Corsicans talked so loud and looked so bold, and every one of them had two watches in his fobs,* and they all wore such fine diamond rings on their fingers and in their ears, that I am sure it was impossible not to take 'em for royal princes : may their souls be uncomfortable !”

When money was not abundant, his royal highness Corbara readily accepted watches, rings, plate, and jewels ; of all of which, as well as of the cash, he made the Grand-constable keep a register in a book that was docketed “ Prestite Volontarie,” or Voluntary Loans, the use of which the real King Ferdinand had actually introduced at

* This is an old Spanish fashion.

Naples, where he *forced* the nobility to *lend* him their plate, and whence, a few months before, he ran away with all the money in the national bank. In the hands of the Corsicans a little red ribbon was of more value than bankers' drafts. They made it up into red cockades—the distinctive mark of the royalists—and they gave it to fellows to hang to their button-holes as orders of knighthood. Some of these scenes and exchanges were very pathetic. “*O miei fedeli*, you behold before you the son of your beloved King Don Ferdinando, the descendant of many kings, the prince appointed by Providence to reign over you all some day, but who now, save for your generous succour, would not have the means of asserting his rights—nay, would not know where to lay his head!” And then Corbara gave away a pennyworth of ribbon with one hand, held out his other palm for rings and watches, and turned aside his head to conceal his—royal tears. At the same time, to keep up the courage and hopes of the faithful, Boccheciampe, as brother of the King of Spain, would say, “*Verrà il bel tempo!* his most catholic majesty is arming for his beloved brother the King of Naples;” and De Cesare, as Duke of Saxony, would say, “and the Emperor and all Germany are arming, and the English are coming with their fleets and a hundred thousand Russians;” and Colonna, as Grand-constable, would add, “and his holiness the Pope has excommunicated all these dogs of Frenchmen and republicans, and the Grand Signor is going to send an army to impale them all;” and then there would be a general chorus of “*Si, si, verrà il bel tempo; Ferdinando nostro avra il suo; viva il Re e la santa Fede!*” (Yes! yes, the good time will

come ; our Ferdinand will have his own again ; long live the King, and the holy faith !)

“In due course of time,” says General Colletta, “these successful impostors took the road to the city of Taranto, where they had scarcely arrived when a ship of war, with the Bourbon flag, cast anchor in the roadstead. On board of this ship were the old princesses of the French branch of the Bourbons, who, after being driven out of their own country by one revolution, were now fugitives from Naples on account of another. This unexpected arrival was awkward. It was scarcely possible they should deceive these old women. What was to be done ? The audacious Corsicans did not lose their presence of mind, and, preceded by a formal deputation, which revealed to those women the marvellous fact of the popular credulity, Corbara went with royal pomp and the confidence of a near relation to visit the princesses ; and they, on their side, though haughty and proud of their royal Bourbon blood, in order to be of service to the cause of King Ferdinand, received as their nephew this abject, vile man, giving him the title of highness, and prodigalizing their demonstrations of reverence and affection.

“Thus, more than ever confirmed in their delusion and devotion, the people everywhere took up arms ; bands of royalists assembled ; and, as even the incredulous and those convinced of the imposture availed themselves of the circumstance, and joined the insurgents, the three provinces of Apulia were soon in open rebellion against the republic.

“Having effected all this, his highness Corbara naturally became desirous of putting the riches he had acquired in

a place of safety ; and, accordingly, he issued a royal proclamation, stating, that he was going over to Corfù to bring back a powerful reinforcement of Russian troops ; that he should take the Grand-constable, Colonna, with him, but leave behind him, as his lord-lieutenants and generals of the kingdom, their highnesses the brother of the King of Spain and the Duke of Saxony. The two friends, chuckling at their good fortune and the stupidity of the Pugliesi, embarked and set sail : but here their luck ended. They had scarcely got out of the gulf, when they were attacked by pirates, and Corbara lost, not only his riches, but his life. Colonna, it appears, was not killed ; but his name was never more heard of."

Of the two remaining Corsicans who still honoured Apulia with their presence, Boccheciampe, the artilleryman, shortly after threw himself into the castle of Brindisi, which was attacked by a French ship-of-the-line, and he was killed during the bombardment, while courageously working a gun. The other, *i. e.* De Cesare, the livery-servant, *ossia*, the Duke of Saxony, had a longer and more brilliant career : he became the fortunate commander-in-chief of numerous bands. He took the large and strong cities of Trani, Molfetta, Andria, and Martina ; he joined the royalists of Apulia to the Calabrians conducted by Cardinal Buffo, who had been chiefly encouraged to undertake his famous expedition by the easy exploits of the Corsicans ; and, after some nine months, he saw the restoration of the legitimate Bourbon, Don Ferdinando. What became of him then, we know not. The royal house of Naples was not very grateful, nor likely to have much affection for a footman who

could so ably represent royalty. It may be hoped, however, that he made hay while the sun shone; but even if he did not, provided only that the Bourbons spared him the gallows, so clever a fellow as De Cesare was not likely to starve in a credulous world like this.

XIII. SECRET POISONING.

BECKMAN has an interesting article on this subject in his *History of Inventions*. He observes, that the ancients were acquainted with secret poisoning, as appears from the testimony of Plutarch, Quintilian, and other respectable authors. The former tells us, that a slow poison, which occasioned heat, a cough, spitting of blood, and a weakness of intellect, was administered to Aratus of Sicyon; and Quintilian, in his *Declamations*, speaks of this poison in such terms as proves that it must have been well known at the time. Theophrastus again mentions a poison which could be moderated in such a manner as to take effect at the end of two or three months, or one or two years; and he remarks, that the death, the more lingering it was, the more miserable it became.

Some persons have obtained an infamous notoriety in the pages of history for their real or supposed dexterity in secret poisoning. Thus Locusta, who had been condemned to death for her crimes, but pardoned, that she might be employed as a state-engine, was ordered to despatch Claudius and Britannicus. In the latter case, Sir H. Halford thinks that the poison employed was laurel-water: ("See On the Deaths of some Illustrious Persons of Antiquity.") Far from being a secret or slow

poison, however, it destroyed Britannicus almost as soon as he had tasted it.

Tophana, or Toffana, a woman who resided first at Palermo and afterwards at Naples, acquired a kind of celebrity by this dark art. The poison she employed was known under the name of aqua Tophana, *acquetta di Napoli*, or simply *acquetta*: it seems to have been a solution of arsenic, which she distributed by way of charity to wives who were tired of their husbands. Her life had a fitting catastrophe—she was strangled.

A woman called Spara, who preceded Tophana, had, like her, used her poisons for the benefit of impatient wives, and, like her, expiated her crimes with her life.

Madame Brinvilliers is another of these portents. She was the wife of the Marquis de Brinvilliers, who, during his campaigns, became acquainted with one Godin de Sainte Croix, a young man of small means but high family. The Marquis died, and the intimacy of Sainte Croix with the widow gave so much uneasiness to her father, that he procured a *lettre de cachet*, and had Sainte Croix thrown into the Bastille. Sainte Croix there became acquainted with an Italian, named Esili, who was skilled in the art of preparing poison. After their liberation, which took place in a year, Sainte Croix kept Esili with him until he became a perfect master of the art; and he then instructed the Marchioness in it, that it might be practised for their common benefit. They carried on their exterminating trade for some time, so that the Parisians satirically said, that no young physician, while introducing himself to practice, had ever so speedily filled a churchyard as Madame Brinvilliers.

Their villainies were terminated in the following manner. Sainte Croix, when preparing poison, was accustomed to wear a glass mask ; but one day it happened to drop off by accident, and he was found suffocated in his laboratory. As he had no family, his effects were examined by order of government. Among them was found a small box, with the following written request affixed to it :—

“ I humbly beg that those into whose hands this box may fall, will do me the favour to deliver it into the hands only of the Marchioness de Brinvilliers, who resides in the street Neuve St. Paul, as everything it contains concerns her, and belongs to her alone ; and as, besides, there is nothing in it that can be of use to any person except her ; and in case she shall be dead before me, to burn it, and everything it contains, without opening or altering anything ; and, in order that no one may plead ignorance, I swear by the God whom I adore, and by all that is most sacred, that I advance nothing but what is true. And if my intentions, just and reasonable as they are, be thwarted in this point, I charge their consciences with it, both in this world and the next, in order that I may unload mine, protesting that this is my last will.

“ Done at Paris, this 25th of May, in the afternoon, 1672.

“ DE STE. CROIX.”

This most singular and incredible petition of course produced the immediate opening of the box, which was found to contain a great abundance of poisons of every kind, with labels, on which their effects were marked, as proved by experiments on animals.

La Chaussée, the servant of Sainte Croix, and the accomplice in his crimes, laid claim to his property, but

was imprisoned ; and, having confessed more acts of villainy than were even suspected, was broken alive upon the wheel in 1673.

The Marchioness endeavoured to get possession of the box ; but, failing to do this, she fled first to England, and afterwards to Liege, where she took refuge in a convent. She was decoyed from this asylum by Desgrais, an active officer of justice, disguised as an abbé, and was conveyed to Paris. She went with much firmness to the place of execution, July 16th, 1676, where she was beheaded, and afterwards burned,—“ a punishment,” says Beckman, “ too mild for such an offender.” She had been flattered with the hopes of a pardon ; and when she mounted the scaffold, she cried out, “ C'est, done, tout de bon !” (It's in earnest, then !)

In many of the cases of secret poisoning recorded in history, the proofs of poisoning were clear enough, but inquiry was hushed up on account of the rank of the parties ; in others, nothing was wanted but an examination conducted by competent persons. The progress of law has delivered us from one kind of danger ; the progress of chemistry is daily liberating us from the other. Investigations which, in the last century, would have been abandoned as too difficult, are now conducted to a satisfactory termination : thus Christison tells us, when discussing the tests for the oxide of arsenic in the solid state :—“ In the ruder periods of analytic chemistry we find Hahnemann recommending a retort as the fittest instrument, and stating ten grains as the least quantity he could detect. Afterwards, Dr. Black substituted a small glass tube, coated with clay, and afterwards well heated ; and in this way he could detect a single grain.

In a paper published in the 'Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal,' I showed how a sixteenth of a grain might be detected; and, more lately, how so minute a quantity might be subjected to this test as a hundredth part of a grain."—(Christison on Poisons, p. 179.)

If it was a just subject of exultation to the Roman lyrist that punishment was the constant, though tardy, follower of guilt,* it is still more grateful when Vengeance, guided by the torch of Science, tracks the footsteps of the poisoner with such rapidity that detection, like lightning following the thunder, seems the adjunct, rather than the consequence of the crime.

XIV. A FOREIGN COOK IN 1630.

To my noble lady, the Lady Cot.

Madam,

You spoke to me for a cook who had seen the world abroad, and I think the bearer hereof will fit your ladyship's turn. He can marinate† fish, make gellies: he is excellent for *piquant* sauce, and the *Haugou*;‡ besides, Madam, he is passing good for an *Olla*: he will tell your ladyship that the reverend Matron, the *Olla podrida*, hath intellectuals and senses: Mutton, Beef, and Bacon are to her as the Will, Understanding, and Memory are to the Soul; Cabbage, Turnips, Artichokes, Potatoes, and Dates, are her five Senses, and Pepper the Common Sense; she

* *Rarò antecedentem scelestum
Deseruit pede Pœna claudo.*

† *Marinate.* From the French verb *mariner*.

‡ *Haugou.* A misprint for *haut-gout*, literally high taste, or high flavour. Most ragouts may be called haut-gouts.

must have Marrow to keep Life in her, and some Birds to make her light : by all means she must go adorned with chains of Sausages. He is also good at larding of meat after the *mode of France*. Madam, you may make proof of him, and if your ladyship find him too saucy or wasteful, you may return him whence you had him."

Howell's Letters, let. xxxvi. In this humorous letter the author speaks of chains of sausages. An old name in the city for a roast turkey surrounded by sausages is, "An Alderman in Chains."



FRENCH COOK.

XV. SEASON FOR OYSTERS AND LOBSTERS.

IN an age when useful knowledge is freely diffused on all sides, few persons would thank us for telling them that oysters are in season during the months that have an R in their name; but we are informed, in addition, by Drs. J. F. Brandt and J. T. C. Ratzeburg, in their *Medizinische Zoologie*, published at the famous city of Berlin in two quarto volumes, that crawfish are finest in the months without an R. This axiom they back with what seems to be a Latin verse in a sore state of decay, as thus:

“ Mensis in quo non est R. Tu debes edere cancer ;”

a line which might be much improved by reading,

Per menses sine R tu debes edere cancrum :

a very decent verse for the middle ages, with only one false quantity in it. Were it still the custom, as in the days of old, to embody laws in verse, these gastronomic precepts might be exhibited in our native tongue as follows:

The oyster-lover eats his dar-
ling through eight months that have an R :
Lobsters, or, what's the same thing, crawfish,
In months without an R are maw fish.

XVI. EXPENSES FOR MARRIAGE-DRESSES IN
THE TIME OF HENRY VIII.

THE following curious accounts were copied, under the direction of the Rev. Richard Kay, a prebendary of Durham, from a MS. belonging to the family of Nevile of

Chevet, near Wakefield, com. Ebor., and first made known to a small part of the public, some sixty years ago, by Mr. J. C. Brook, Somerset herald:—

The marriage of my son-in-law Gervas Clifton and my daughter Mary Nevile, the 17th day of January, in the 21st year of the reign of our Sovereigne Lord King Henry the VIIIth.

	£.	s.	d.
First, for the apparell of the said Gervas Clifton and Mary Nevile, 21 yards of Russett Damask, every yard 8 ^s	8	8	0
Item, 6 yards of white Damašk, every yard 8 ^s	0	48	0
Item, 12 yards of Tawney Camlet	0	49	4
Item, 6 yards of Tawney Velvet, every yard 14 ^s	4	4	0
Item, 2 rolls of Buckram	0	6	0
Item, 3 Black velvet Bonnets for Women, every bon. 17 ^s	0	51	0
Item, a Frontlet of Blue velvet	0	7	6
Item, an ounce of Damask gold powder	0	4	0
Item, four lines of Frontlets	0	2	8
Item, an Egg of Pearl	0	24	0
Item, 3 pair of gloves	0	2	10
Item, 3 yards of Kersey; 2 black, 1 white	0	7	0
Item, lining for the same	0	2	0
Item, 3 boxes to carry bonnets in	0	1	0
Item, 3 pastb.	0	0	9
Item, a fur of White Lusants	0	40	0
Item, 12 White hares	0	12	0
Item, 20 Black Conies	0	10	0

	£.	s.	d.
Item, a pair of Milan* sleeves of white Sattin	0	8	0
Item, 30 White Lamb Skins	0	4	0
Item, 6 yards of White Cotton	0	3	0
Item, 2 yards & $\frac{1}{2}$ black sattin	0	14	9
Item, 2 girdles	0	5	4
Item, 2 Ells of White ribbons for Tippetts	0	1	1
Item, 1 Ell of Blue Sattin	0	6	8
Item, A Wedding ring of Gold	0	12	4
Item, A Milan Bonnet dressed with agletts	0	11	0
Item, A yard of right White Sattin	0	12	0
Item, A yard of White Sattin of Bruges	0	2	4

Sir John Nevile } The marriage of my son-in-law Ro-
of Chete, Knight. } ger Rockley and my daughter Eliza-
beth Nevile, the 14th of January, in
the 17th year of the reign of our Sove-
raigne Lord King Henry the VIIIth.

First, for the expense of their Apparel, 22

y— of Russet Sattin, at 8 ^s per yard	8	16	0
Item, 2 Mantels of Skins for HIS gown	0	48	0
Item, 2 yards & $\frac{1}{2}$ of black velvet for <i>his</i> gown	0	30	0
Item, 9 yards of black Sattin for his jacket and Doublet, at 8 ^s	3	12	0
Item, 7 yards of Black Sattin for her Kirtle, at 8 ^s	0	56	0
Item, 1 roll of Buckram	0	2	8

* Milan. Hence our word *Milaner*, which has dropped into *Milliner*. Milan is still famous for its dressmakers and *conturieres*, who are second only to those of Paris.

	<i>£.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Item, A Bonnet of Black velvet . . .	0	15	0
Item, A Frontlet for the same Bonnet . . .	0	12	0
Item, FOR HER SMOCK	0	5	0
Item, For a pair of perfumed Gloves . . .	0	3	4
Item, For a pair of other Gloves	0	0	4
Item, For 22 yards of Tawney Camlet, at 2 ^s 4 ^d yer yard	0	51	4
Item, 3 yards of Black Sattin for lining her gown, at 8 ^s	0	24	0
Item, 2 yards of Black Velvet for her gown	0	30	0
Item, A roll of Buckram for her gown . . .	0	2	8
Item, 7 yards of yellow Sattin of Bruges, at 2 ^s 4 ^d	0	26	4
Item, For a pair of Hose	0	2	4
Item, For a pair of Shoes	0	7	8
Sum	£.	27	8 0

At each of these marriages, the expenses of feasting far exceeded those of the wardrobe or outfit. At the marriage of Elizabeth, who was the eldest daughter, they entertained the family friends for a whole week. The following are a few of the numerous items:—Beer and ale, 6*l.* 16*s.* 8*d.*; two hogsheads of wine, 4*l.*; one ditto red wine, 2*l.*; nine cranes, 1*l.* 10*s.*; twelve peacocks, 16*s.*; three red deer, 10*s.*; twelve fallow deer (no price); seventy-two fat capons, 3*l.* 12*s.*; thirty dozen of mallards and teal, 3*l.* 11*s.* 8*d.*; two dozen of herons, 1*l.* 4*s.*; two oxen, 3*l.* Turbot, pike, sturgeons, ling, salt and fresh salmon, eels, lampreys, oysters, and porpoises, figure among the fish.

For the amusement of the night they had—

“First a play; and straight after the play, a Mask; and when the Mask was done, then the Banquet, which was 110 dishes, and all of Meat; and then all the Gentlemen and Ladies did dance; and this continued from the Sunday to the Saturday afternoon.”

This sounds something like old English hospitality; but seven days of such feasting and revelry must surely have been very hard work!

XVII. A CHAPTER ON HATS.

“*Géronte.* Hippocrate dit cela ?

Sganarelle. Oui.

Géronte. Dans quel chapitre, s’il vous plaît ?

Sganarelle. Dans son chapitre des chapeaux.”

Le Médecin malgré lui, acte ii. scene 3.

WE fear that it would be but labour lost to search the works of the sage of Cos for the chapter indicated in our motto; but we have no doubt that it will be a very prominent one in a treatise on physic and things in general, to be brought out by some zealous phrenologist about the year 2000. Does not every one know that the size of the hat shows the size of the head, and the size of the head the size of the brain, and the size of the brain the quantum of *nous* possessed by each individual? At present, indeed, the dictates of justice are strangely neglected in these matters. The phrenologists complain bitterly that the *microcephali*, or small-headed men, are often seen in possession of place and power: though a secretary of state, the cir-

cumference of whose head in inches may be 21·25, brow-beating some poor clerk with a circumference of 23·5, is so monstrous a spectacle, that the cow lording it over the farmer, in the children's story-book of the World turned upside-down, is in comparison seemly and laudable. It is true that the natural tendency of a big head on dry land is exactly the reverse of what it is in the water; for while in the latter it has a tendency to sink its possessor, on the former it more frequently floats him up to the highest dignities in church and state. "But then," cry the followers of Gall and Spurzheim, "observe the knavish arts of the promoted men of long heads! They fence themselves and their property around with such laws and devices, that the next generation obtain the benefit of their fathers' success, though their heads should be as peaked as a sugar-loaf; nay, the influence of an ancestral brain-pan is felt for centuries afterwards in regiments and frigates showered upon descendants, who would seem rather to belong to the Malay than the Caucasian variety of the human species." We trust that these things will not always be so, but that a day will once arrive when electors will not throw up their hats until they have seen the candidate's; when a coalheaver's hat will be known, not by the broadness of the brim, but by the narrowness of the interior; an opera-hat, not by its flexibility, but by the cavity destined to contain the organ of music; and a cardinal's, not by its colour, but its vast size. Until the commencement of this happy era, —until the return of Astræa,—the least that can be done by the *microcephali* in high places is to wear large hats stuffed: if it is well to conceal the want of hip or calf,

surely it is even more important to hide the want of head. It would be but a sacrifice to public decency—a part of the homage paid by ignorance to knowledge.

We have been naturally led into this train of reflection by the annexed table, which we take from the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal for April 1817, and which certainly vindicates the claim set up by our Scottish brethren to be a long-headed race. Yet, perhaps, the table should be taken with some discount; for, as Aristotle observes that it does not go against the grain to praise the Athenians at Athens, so it cannot go against the grain at Edinburgh to magnify the capacity of Caledonian hats.

Comparative sizes of men's heads, as ascertained by actual measurement, upon an extensive scale, in retail hat-shops in London and Edinburgh.

Inches circumference.	LONDON.	EDINBURGH.
	Number in 100.	Number in 100.
19·5	·450	0·000
19·875	·164	0·285
20·25	4·942	2·285
20·625	11·696	6·285
21·	25·864	16·428
21·375	28·830	27·428
21·75	13·344	21·571
21·125	10·049	13·000
22·5	3·789	8·428
22·875	0·328	3·142
23·25	0·328	0·857
23·625	0·164	0·285
24·	0·000	0·000

For these curious tables we are indebted to an army-contractor, a gentleman of great observation and singular accuracy.

XVIII. THE ERIDANUS

GENERALLY passes merely for a poetic name of the Po, as in Virgil's phrase, *Fluviorum rex Eridanus*. Schneider, however, informs us, in his Greek and German Dictionary, that it was a stream belonging to the most ancient geography, and the subject of many fables; that it was supposed to rise from the Riphæan mountains, and to fall into the ocean in a north-westerly direction, and is first mentioned by Hesiod (Th. 338), and then by Herodotus, (ii. 115). He also tells us that the river denoted by this name varied with the increasing geographical knowledge of the ancients. They first gave the name of Eridanus to the Po, then to the Rhone, then to the Rhine, and, at a later period, even to the Radaune, at Dantzic. He refers for his authority to Voss, (*Alte Weltkunde*, p. 31.)

It is clear, however, that in Virgil's time no mystery could hang over the Po; and therefore, in giving it the name of Eridanus, he was merely indulging the agreeable licence of his craft, and restoring the delightful veil of uncertainty to a subject made unpoetically plain by the progress of knowledge.

XIX. TRADITIONAL ORIGIN OF THE WORD
ANTIMONY.

THE monk Valentine, who wrote the *Currus Triumphalis Antimonii*, is supposed to have invented the name, and there is a tradition that he came by it out of the failure of an inductive experimental process, as follows:

He had given some antimony to the pigs who *acted* * as food for the monks of his convent: the pigs eat it, as pigs will, and became fat in consequence, having previously been lean. Whereupon Valentine, reasoning like a Bacon, bethought himself that what was so good for a pig might not be very bad for a monk, and accordingly treated his brethren, who were worn with fasting, to an antimonial dinner. Never was the distinction between a pig and a monk so clearly shown before. The monks all died, and left behind them no memorial except the pig-meat, which they did not live to consume, and the name antimony (*anti-moine*), which Valentine gave to the metal.

XX. WOODEN PILLOWS.

ON an object soft and welcome as a pillow, a copious downy dissertation might easily be written. Those of France are luxuriously large, and deliciously compressible. In England they are made of good materials; but, in size, insufficient *comfortably* to ensconce the neck and shoulders. German pillows, like the beds to which they appertain, are annoyingly deficient in amplitude; while the Italians, conforming to the wants of their climate, stuff their pillows only with wool. In torrid climes, habit, but when or how established it would be vain to inquire, seems very generally to have naturalized the use of wooden pillows. Mariner describes those adopted by

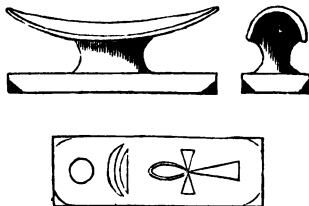
* This phrase is prospective: it is not English, but it soon will be. There are now no such things as real clerks, surveyors, agents, or any other of the kind. No man has a clerk, but only a person who *acts* as a clerk. We expect shortly to hear of the matter which *acts* as tail to Halley's comet.

the natives of Tonga as low stools, sometimes with three, and sometimes with four legs; observing that, when reconciled by custom, he found them by no means uncomfortable. A wooden supporter for the head seems to have been in general use among the ancient Egyptians. The sculptured tombs at Thebes represent magnificent household utensils, among which splendid couches are conspicuous, each with its head-rest or wooden pillow; nor is it a rare occurrence to find the pillow itself made of sycamore wood, and therefore in good preservation, placed in the tombs with the various articles of utility and ornament usually interred with the deceased. From a small model of one of these pillows in hæmatite, probably belonging to an ancient necklace, our little representation has been copied. The three characters included in a cartouch, which distinguish the inferior part, are described by Mr. Wilkinson as the name of Sabaco, the Io of Sacred Writ, who reigned 778 years before the Christian era. Head-rests of wood, precisely of this form, are still used in the interior of Africa, and two, at present in Europe, but purchased in the slave-market at Cairo, were brought by enslaved natives of these unexplored regions, who, adopting the habits of their new country, disposed of these articles of luxury, as they do of their thong aprons, &c.; the use of which might, perhaps, outrage the sense of decorum possessed by the *civilized* inhabitants of Egypt.

The venerable Latimer informs us that, in his early days, a substantial yeoman was content with a billet of wood for his pillow; but we believe the meanest soldier

would now execrate and turn with disgust from the offer of such a billet.

The two African pillows of wood, which closely resemble those of the ancient Egyptians represented beneath, were purchased at Cairo by Doctor Edward Hogg.



ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PILLOW.

XXI. STAR-CHAMBER PRACTICE.

ONE Bennet was fined one thousand pounds to the King, and another to the Earl of Marlborough, for saying he dealt basely with him for not paying him thirty pounds which was due upon bond ; and laying to his lordship's charge, in his bill that he was a common drunkard."—*Strafford's Letters and Dispatches*, vol. ii. p. 128.

Osbaldiston, the late master of Westminster school, and at that time a prebendary of Westminster, being much trusted and employed by Williams (Bishop of Lincoln and formerly Lord Keeper) in his most important business, had written a letter to him about Christmas 1635,

respecting some differences which occurred at that time betwixt the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Treasurer Weston; conceiving this to be a fit opportunity for Williams to unite with Weston, that by his means he might extricate himself out of those difficulties in which his Star-Chamber suit had involved him. This intelligence he communicated under the following disguised form of expression: "The little vermin, the urchin, and hocus pocus, is this stormy Christmas at true and real variance with the great Leviathan." This expression being talked of by the bishop, came at last to the ears of Kilvert: who thereupon exhibited a new bill against him for divulging scandalous libels against privy councillors.*

Both Williams and Osbaldiston being made parties to the bill, Osbaldiston answered for himself, "That by Leviathan he intended Chief Justice Richardson; and Spicer, a doctor of laws, by the other character." The bishop pleaded for his part, "That he remembered not the receiving of any such letter; and that if any such letter had come to him, it could not be brought within the compass of a libel, because not written in such plain and significant terms as might apparently decypher and set forth the person intended in it." But a letter was produced by Kilvert, from the bishop to his secretary, which left no doubt either as to the meaning of the passage in Osbaldiston's letter, or the sense put upon it by Williams. The cause being brought on,

* Heylyn's *Life of Laud*: but Mr. Hallam says, "it did not appear that Williams had ever divulged these letters." — *Const. Hist.* vol. ii. p. 49. 8vo. edit.

both were found guilty of the crime called *Scandalum Magnatum*, libelling and defaming the great men of the realm. A fine of another eight thousand pounds was imposed on the bishop. Osbaldiston was sentenced to pay a fine of five thousand pounds, to be deprived of all his ecclesiastical preferments, and to have his ears tacked to the pillory in Palace-yard.* Damages, or costs of suit, were to be paid by both to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Osbaldiston avoided the tacking of his ears to the pillory by making his escape; at least, by concealing himself in a friend's house in London, having left a paper in his study stating "that he was gone beyond Canterbury," which occasioned a report that he was gone beyond sea.†

Laud Archbishop of Canterbury *versus Archy the King's Fool*.—When news arrived from Scotland of the bad reception which the King's proclamation respecting the Book of Common Prayer had met with there, Archibald, the King's fool, happening to meet the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was going to the council-table, said to his grace, "Whea's feule now? doth not your grace hear the news from Striveling about the Liturgy?" But the poor jester soon learned that Laud was not a person whom even his jester's coat and privileged folly permitted him to tamper with. The primate of all England immediately laid his complaint before the council. How far it was attended to, the following order of council, issued the very same day on which the offence was committed, will show. "At Whitehall, the 11th of March 1637.—It is

* Mr. Hallam, who ceases to follow Hasket, Rushworth, &c. says "Dean's Yard."

† Heylyn's Life of Laud, p. 346.

this day ordered by his Majesty, with the advice of the board, that Archibald Armestrong, the King's fool, for certain scandalous words of a high nature spoken by him against the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury his grace, and proved to be uttered by him by two witnesses, shall have his coat pulled over his head, and be discharged of the King's service and banished the court; for which the lord chamberlain of the King's household is prayed and required to give order to be executed. And immediately the same was put in execution!"* In a pamphlet printed in 1641, entitled "Archy's Dream,"† the following reason is given for Archy's banishment from court. A certain nobleman asking him what he would do with his handsome daughters, he replied he knew very well what to do with them, but he had sons whom he knew not well what to do with; he would gladly make scholars of them, but that he feared the archbishop would cut off their ears.

XXII. SHAPED POEMS.

Of all the caprices that have ever entered into the heads of poets or verse-makers, this seems to be one of the most paltry and mean. It was however cherished by many in the middle of the seventeenth century, when it often happened that more attention was paid by the

* Rushworth, part ii. vol. i. pp. 470, 471. Welwood's Memoirs, p. 278.

† "Archy's Dream, sometime Jester to his Majestie; but exiled the court by Canterburie's malice: with a relation for whom an odde chair stood void in hell. London, 1641."

writer to the shape of his poem, or to that form it would present to the eye supposing an outline to be drawn round it, than to the sense of the words or the melody of the verse. This truly Chinese ingenuity must have had its admirers, or it never would have been so much exercised. There are things of that period (we cannot seriously call them poems) where the lines are here stretched out and there drawn in, and so cut, twisted, and tortured as to have a rude general resemblance to the most fantastic objects. There are amatory poems in the shape of roses, looking-glasses, fans, and ladies' gowns; drinking songs in the shape of wine-glasses, bottles, and flagons; religious verses in the shape of pulpits and altars; rhymed epitaphs in the shape of tomb-stones; and, not to mention flying angels and trumpets of Fame, there are patriotic odes in the shape of Grecian temples and Egyptian pyramids.

A certain Edward Benlowes, who, though now forgotten, was a great man in his day, being styled by his Cambridge contemporaries "the excellently learned," was a distinguished proficient in this species of composition. Benlowes, however, and the school of poets to which he belonged, did not escape the lash of criticism, as there were people even in those days who preferred sense to shape, and who thought that verse ought not to be reduced to a piece of cabinet-maker's work, or the pattern-cutting of a milliner. Samuel Butler, in his "Character of a Small Poet," thus severely handles Mr. Benlowes on this particular head.

"There is no feat of activity, nor gambol of wit, that ever was performed by man, from him that vaults on

Pegasus, to him that tumbles through the hoop of an anagram, but Benlowes has got the mastery of it, whether it be high-rope wit, or low-rope wit. He has all sorts of echoes, rebuses, chronograms, &c., besides car-witches, cleriches, and quibbles. As for *altars and pyramids* in poetry, he has outdone all men that way; for he has made a *gridiron* and a *frying-pan* in verse, that, besides the likeness in shape, the very tone and sound of the words did perfectly represent the noise that is made by these utensils, such as the old poet called *Sartago loquendi*. When he was a captain, he made all the furniture of his horse, from the bit to the crupper, in the beaten poetry, every verse being fitted to the proportion of the thing, with a moral allusion of the sense to the thing; as the *bridle of moderation*, the *saddle of content*, and the *crupper of constancy*: so that the same thing was to the epigram and emblem even as a mule is both horse and ass."—*Butler's Genuine Remains: quoted by Sir Egerton Brydges, Restituta*, vol. iii. p. 43.

These mean extravagancies were far from being confined to England, for about the same period they infected Italian, Spanish, and French literature. We have seen a manuscript quarrel in shaped rhymes between two Neapolitan poetasters, where one of the contending parties addressed a lampoon to the other in the form of a *cocozzo* or gourd, which is their national emblem of stupidity: to this the antagonist replied by verses shaped like a certain *vase de nuit*; and this again was met by a poem shaped like a — what we cannot name. It sometimes required a little force of imagination to trace any resemblance between the outline of the verses and the objects

meant to be typified ; but, generally speaking, the name of the object was introduced somewhere in the lines, and thus did the same duty as the old sign-painters' inscriptions, " This is meant for a horse—this is an eagle," &c. &c. ; and so saving a good deal of trouble in the way of conjecture.

Now and then a man of real genius would put on these ridiculous shackles, and write good poetry in spite of them. The two following old French specimens are very curious and spirited. The first of them, or the bottle, may be even called a fine bacchanalian poem. We believe they were both written by Panard, about the year 1640.

Que mon
fl a c o n
me semble bon !
Sans lui
l'ennui
me nuit,
me suit ;
je sens
mes sens
mourants,
pesants.

Quand je le tiens,
Dieux ! que je suis bien !
que son aspect est agréable !
que je fais cas de ses divins présens !
C'est de son sein fécond, c'est de ses heureux flancs
que coule ce nectar si doux, si delectable,
qui rend tous les esprits, tous les cœurs satisfaits !
Cher objet de mes vœux, tu fais toute ma gloire.
Tant que mon cœur vivra, de tes charmants bienfaits
il saura conserver la fidèle mémoire.

THE GLASS.

Nous ne pouvons rien trouver sur la terre
 qui soit si bon, ni si beau que le verre.

Du tendre amour berceau charmant,

c'est toi champêtre fougère,

c'est toi qui sers à faire

l'heureux instrument

ou souvent pétille,

mousse, et brille

le jus qui rend

gai, riant

content.

Quelle douceur

il porte au cœur !

tot

tot

tot

Qu'on m'en donne

vite et comme il faut

tot

tot

tot

qu'on m'en donne

vite et comme il faut.

L'on y voit sur ses flots chéris

nager l'allegresse et les ris.

Mr. D'Israeli has given a specimen of the echo poems, which are also mentioned by Sam Butler as among the performances of Benlowes, and which were once very fashionable. The witty object of these compositions was,

that each line should so end that the last syllables, on being repeated, as if by an echo, should convey a separate and pointed meaning. At times, this fancied repetition had something of the nature of the Irishman's echo, which not merely repeated his sentences, but varied them to make more fun, and even answered them; for when he said, "How . . . do . . . you . . . do?" his echo replied, "Pretty well I thank you." Something of the sort will be found in the composition quoted by Mr. D'Israeli, where the line of the poem ends in "edify," and echo says "O fie!" or where the line says "belied," and echo (rather indecently) replies "bellied;" or where "lie all," is given as the reflected sound of "loyal."

The poem written by Francis Cole of Cambridge, who seems to have been a sturdy advocate for the royal cause, was published in 1642, or two years after the obstinacy and treachery of Charles I. had driven the English people to take up arms against him. The objects of the poet's satire, and he meant to be very satirical, are the round-heads, the citizens of London, and the puritans.—See *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. v.

XXIII. HISTORY OF STAGE COSTUME.

IF Stratford-upon-Avon be the Mecca of our dramatic world, Dunstable may surely be called the Medina,—the second sacred city in the estimation of the zealous play-goer ; not that Shakspeare fled thither from the vengeance of Sir Thomas Lucy, *his* Abu Sophian ; nor that the immortal actor-bard was the real original Sylvester Daggerwood of the Dunstable Company, whose benefit was fixed, &c. &c. ; but because the little town of Bedfordshire, which is only famous in Gazetteers for the manufacture of straw hats and pillow-lace, has the honour of furnishing us with the earliest precise information concerning an English play and an English theatrical wardrobe, through the medium of Matthew Paris, who tells us, in his “Lives of the Abbots,”* that Geoffrey the Norman, afterwards abbot of Saint Albans, while yet a secular person, was invited over to England by Richard the then abbot to teach the school belonging to that monastery ; but, in consequence of some delay when Geoffrey arrived, the vacant office had been filled, and he therefore took up his residence at Dunstable, where he brought out the miracle-play of “St. Catherine,” and borrowed from the sacrist of St. Albans some of the ecclesiastical vestments of the abbey to adorn his actors ! On the following night, Geoffrey’s house took fire, and the borrowed wardrobe perished in the flames ; upon which, the said Geoffrey, considering it a judgment of Heaven, assumed the *habitum religionis* in good earnest, and

* Vitæ Abbatum, Edit. 1640, vol. i. p. 56.

subsequently becoming himself abbot of St. Albans, expired in the odour of sanctity, A. D. 1146.* This "judgment," however, does not appear to have equally terrified the successors of Geoffrey in theatrical management; for in the "Manuel de Peché," a Norman-French poem, † written about the middle of the thirteenth century, the author charges the clergy not only with contriving and inventing miracle-plays, but says, they painted or disguised their faces with vizards, to act in them; and denounces as downright sacrilege the lending of any holy vestment, or horse, or harness, (most likely armour,) for the representation thereof. In the reign of Edward the Third, we find a glorious catalogue of dresses and properties furnished for the plays, maskings, or disguisings that took place when the King kept his Christmas in the Castle of Guilford; ‡ such as visors for men and for women, some to represent angels, "made with silver," mantles embroidered with heads of dragons, white tunics wrought with heads and wings of peacocks, others with heads and wings of swans, some painted with eyes of peacocks, and some embroidered with stars of gold and silver. These habits, however, were evidently so fantastic that it is probable they were assumed merely for a *mumming*, or dumb-show,—a favourite entertainment of the middle ages.

* Bulæus, *Historia Universitatis Parisiensis*, Paris 1665. vol. ii. p. 225.

† MS. Royal. 20 B. xiv. and Harl. Coll. 1701. Collier's *Annals of the Stage*, vol. i. p. 7. 9.

‡ Comp. J. Cooke, *Provisoris Magnæ Gardarobæ*, ab ann. 21 Edw. III. ad ann. 23. Membr. ix. Wharton's *Hist. of English Poetry*, vol. ii. p. 72. Colliers *Annals of the Stage*, vol. i. p. 15.



MUMMERS FROM STRUTT.

In the next reign, there is an entry in the wardrobe accounts, for "21 linen coifs, to represent men of the law with in the King's plays," at Christmas, in the twelfth year of his (Richard the Second's) reign, A. D. 1389. Imagine a play with twenty-one lawyers in it! But, genius of Ducrow! what is the next piece of information respecting dramatic pageantry which the annals of the English stage afford us? A chronicle in the Cotton Collection * gives a description of a performance at Windsor, before the Emperor Sigismond and King Henry the Fifth, during the visit of the former to England in 1416, founded on no less a subject than "St. George and the Dragon!" In the first part was exhibited the "armyng of St. George, an angel doing on his

* Caligula, B. ii,

spurs;" in the second, St. George riding and fighting with the dragon, with his spear in his hand; and in the third, St. George and the King's daughter leading the lamb in at the castle-gates. It is a question, we humbly conceive, whether "his Majesty's servants," in the year 1416, were not more splendidly and correctly attired than "his Majesty's servants" in the year 1836. As far as the chivalric appointments went, indeed, it does not admit of a doubt; for nothing can be less like armour than the "leather conveniences" into which theatrical tailors stuff our modern representatives of the "mirrors of knighthood."

The valuable labours of Mr. Wharton, in his "History of English Poetry," and of Mr. Payne Collier, in his "Annals of the Stage,"* have brought to light many curious notices of the expenses attending the getting up of pageants and dramatic shows during the reigns of Henry the Sixth, Edward the Fourth, Richard the Third, and Henry the Seventh; and the Chronicles of Hall and Holinshed are replete with descriptions of the gorgeous masqueradings of our eighth Harry and his splendid court. Grotesque effect, or mere magnificence, appear, however, to have been the principal objects in such exhibitions, which were little more than the disguisings and mummings we have before mentioned; but a roll in the Chapter-house at Westminster, examined by Mr. Collier, contains some particulars respecting the *interludes* performed at Richmond during the Christmas holidays, A. D. 1514-15. In one, callèd "The Triumph of Love and Beauty," written and acted by Master William

* 3 vols. small 8vo. London, 1831.

Cornyshe, and others of the King's Chapel, and the children of the Chapel, "Venus and Bewte dyd tryumph over al ther enemys, and tamed a salvadge man and a lyon, that was made very rare and naturall; and moreover Venus dyd synge a song with Bewte, which was lykdy of al that harde yt, every staffe endyng after this sorte:

"Bowe you downe, and doo your deutye,
To Venus and the goddess Bewte;
We tryumpe hye over all,
Kings attend when we doo call."

The costume of the fair performers in this interlude is dimly shadowed forth by the items in an account discovered with this paper. Venus, it appears, was arrayed in a surcoat and mantle of yellow sarcenet, adorned with hearts and wings of silver; and a piece of cypress silk, valued at 4*s.*, was "spent and employed for the tyer (attire) of the lady called Bewte, and the other half for the lady called Venus." * A taste more fanciful than classical seems, therefore, to have prevailed at this period; and the antiquary alone would understand, or be interested in, the long dry list of "Garments for Players," quoted also by Mr. Collier, † and dated the 7th of Henry the Eighth. They appear to have been principally intended for miracle-plays, and were composed of the richest stuffs, cloths of gold and silver, crimson and blue velvets, and satins, &c.; and the list terminates with "Item, cappes of divers fassions for players, and of divers colours, xviii. of sattin and sarcenet, olde peces.

* Annals of the Stage, vol. i. p. 65-6.

† Ibid. vol. i. p. 80.

Item, certain peces of garments in a coofer (coffer), with borders of embroidery, being loose to some, to alter garments from tyme to tyme, as shal be thought convenient."

In the thirteenth year of the same reign (1522), the Lord of Misrule paid, amongst other charges, for disguisings, &c. at Christmas,*

"To a man at Datchet, for playing the Fryer before the Princesse (Mary) 8*d.*

"Item. For making a payre of sloppys for Jakes when he played the Shipman; and a blewe garment made lyke harness (armour) for the same Jakys, and another garment for Master Renyngton, 12*d.*" The said Master Jakes, or Jack, or whatever his name might be, was therefore dressed in the loose breeches, called slops, worn at this period by sailors; but whether the Shipman he represented was supposed to be of his own time, or of Noah's, we have no evidence before us. There is also an item, "Paid for mendyng of Adam's garments that was brokyn, 4*d.*" If this Adam was not the player himself, we must suppose it was a miracle-play on "The Creation" that was performed; in which case we must hope it was after the expulsion from Paradise that Adam's garments were broken. An entry in the same account, of "8*d.* paid to a man at Wyndsore, for killing of a calfe before my lady's grace, behynde a clothe," Mr. Collier thinks inexplicable unless we knew the story of the play. It was most probably that of the "Prodigal Son," which has furnished the subject for a drama in our

* Household Expenses of the Princess Mary, Chapter-house, Westminster. Collier's Annals, vol. i. p. 9.

own days. If so, the killing of a real fatted calf was indeed a vigorous adherence to the sacred original.

Under the date 1527,* we find an entry for "divers necessities bought for the trymyng of the Father of Heaven!" which establishes the curious fact that, even at that time, the Creator was introduced as a character in a pageant, in the same manner as he had been in the miracle-plays. St. George, likewise, figured in the spectacle; and 4s. were paid for the work of two tailors for two days upon his coat. Cavendish, in his "Life of Cardinal Wolsey," mentions an interlude played at Greenwich, in Latin and French, the apparel for which was "of such exceeding riches that it passeth *his* capacity to expound;" and the original account of it by Gibson † furnishes us with the following enumeration of the singular dresses and characters in it. We shall modernise the spelling for the accommodation of our readers. "First, an orator in apparel of gold; a poet in apparel of cloth of gold; Religion, Ecclesia, Veritas, like novices, in garments of silk, and veils of lawn and cy-press silk; Heresy, False-Interpretation, Corruptio scriptoris, like ladies of Bohemia, apparelled in garments of silk of divers colours; the heretic Luther, like a party friar, in russet damask and black taffeta; Luther's wife, like a '*frow*' of Spires in Germany, in red silk; Peter, Paul, and James, in three habits of white sarcenet, with three red mantles, and hairs (wigs) of silver of Damaske, ‡

* Folio volume in Chapter-house, Westminster. Collier's Annals, vol. i. p. 99.

† Offic. Copy, Chapter-house. Collier, vol. i. p. 107-9.

‡ Wigs, called in those times "hairs;" and "chevelers," (chevelures,) are frequently described as made with silk, or gold and

and pelyuns (whatever they may be) of scarlet,—a most mysterious apostolic costume, of which the perukes are by no means the least extraordinary portion; a cardinal in his apparel; two sergeants in rich apparel; the Dauphin and his brother, in coats of velvet embroidered with gold, and caps of satin bound with velvet; a messenger in tinsel satin; six men in gowns of green sarcenet; six women in gowns of crimson sarcenet; War, in rich cloth of gold, and feathers, armed; four Germans in apparel all cut and slit, of silk (that is, slashed in the full German fashion of that time); Lady Peace, in lady's apparel, all white and rich; and Lady Quietness, and Dame Tranquillity, richly beseen in lady's apparel." A part of this "apparel," it appears, had been used in the preceding month of May; but a vast deal of it was new and costly, including "8 beards of gold, and 6 of silver set on vizors," and the hire of hairs (wigs) for the ladies, besides "the hire of a circlet, and a rich paste with the attire thereto." We might fill volumes with similar descriptions; but the above is quite sufficient to illustrate the state of dramatic costume at this period, and to show that little or no progress had been made from the time of Edward the Third towards propriety of habiliments, which, in the eyes of all sorts of artists of

silver stuff. In a moral, called "Mind, Will, and Understanding," (Digby MSS. No. 133, in the Bodleian Library,) Wisdom is represented with a beard of gold, (Esculapius was so described by the ancients,) a cheveler or periwig on his head. "Foure *heares* of silke, and foure garlandes of flowres," are mentioned in the Lansdown MSS., No. 59. Temp. Eliz. A.D. 1589.

the middle ages, consisted in clothing real personages of all eras according to the fashion of the passing hour, and imaginary ones in meaningless splendour, or allegorical garments of so wild a fancy that, without their names were written upon them (by no means an uncommon practice), they must have been walking puzzles to all but the inventor.

With the reign of Elizabeth, the drama assumed a more regular shape; and in the year 1571, we read of the representation of six plays before the Queen,* the expense of getting up which, together with six masques, amounted to 1558*l.* 17*s.* 5½*d.* The plays were entitled, "Lady Barbara;" "Effignia" (a tragedy); "Ajax and Ulysses;" "Narcissus;" "Cloridon and Radiamanta;" and "Paris and Vienna;" and, amongst the properties bought and made for them and the masques, are mentioned, horse-tails, hobby-horses, branches of silk, sceptres, wheat-staves, bodies of men in timber, *dishes for devils' eyes*, devices for hell and hell mouth, (the latter a favourite dramatic property in those days,) bows, bills, dags, swords, spears, fire-works, and twenty-one vizards with long beards, and six Turks' vizards. In the play of "Narcissus," a fox was let loose in the court, and pursued by dogs; the charge for which was 20*s.* and 8*d.* The cost for the counterfeit thunder and lightning was 22*s.* The vizards and beards we have mentioned, were hired, it appears, from one Thomas Gylles, a person whose trade it was to let out apparel for public and pri-

* Malone's Shakspeare, by Boswell, vol. iii. p. 364. Collier's Annals, vol. i. p. 196.

vate entertainments; for in this same year, 1571, he made a complaint in writing to Sir W. Cecil * that the yeoman of the Queen's revels injured his business, and the Queen's dresses, by improperly and for hire allowing them to be taken out of the office, in order to be worn at marriages, banquets, &c. in town and country. He prays, therefore, that they may be taken to pieces after they have been worn at court, and subjoins a list of twenty-one instances in which he can prove that the apparel of the revels had been thus let out to hire. Some of the entries are curious, as they prove the universality of pageants at marriage-festivals; for instance, the fifteenth charge is, that the yeoman of the revels lent the red cloth of gold gowns to a tailor marrying in the Black Friars on the 15th of September; and the very next on the list, that he lent the copper cloth of gold gowns which were last made, and another mask, into the country for the marriage of the *daughter of Lord Montague*. Upon such occasions, therefore, Joan was dressed as fine as my lady. Strutt, in his "*Horda Angel Cynan*," vol. iii. has given a print representing one of these marriage-festival masques or pageants. Annexed is a specimen from it of a Mercury, and Diana, &c.

In the next year, 1572, an item occurs, "for the hire of armour for setting forth of divers playes;" † and Discord, in a collar and shackles, appears to have been a prominent character in some entertainments produced out of compliment to the French ambassador. ‡

* Lansdown MSS. No. 13. Collier, vol. i. p. 198.

† Lansdown MSS. No. 9.

‡ Collier, vol. i. p. 206.



MASQUE FROM STRUTT.

In 1573-4, the following plays were acted at Whitehall* by the servants of the Earl of Leicester, Lord Clinton, and the children of St. Paul's, Westminster, and Windsor: "Pedor and Lucia," "Alkeneon," "Mamillia," "Truth; Faithfulness, and Mercy," "Herpetulus the Blue Knight, and Perobia!" (a fine title for a Christmas or Easter spectacle,) and "Quintus Fabius," something more classical and legitimate; "Timoclea at the siege of Thebes,"—In consequence of the tediousness of this play, we are told, "a mask of ladies representing the six *Virtues* could not be represented;" we trust *Patience* was not forgotten amongst them;—"Philimon and Philicia," "a pastoral-comical, or historical-pastoral," as Polonius would call it; and "Perseus and *Anthomeris*," most

* Malone's Shakspeare, by Boswell, vol. iii. p. 375.

likely *Andromeda*. For these and five masks were made and purchased, monsters, great hollow trees, bays for the prologues, a gibbet to hang up Diligence! counterfeit fishes for the play of Pedor, a dragon's head, a truncheon for the Dictator (Quintus Fabius of course, who, as he was surnamed Cunctator, or the Delayer, might with great propriety have ordered the *suspension* of Diligence), "*deal-boards* for the *senate-house!* pins, stiff and great, for the paynted clothes, and feathers for the new maskers." To these are added—charges for the diet of children while learning their parts and gestures, and for an Italian woman and her daughter who lent and dressed the "hairs" (wigs) of the children. In 1577, Walter Fyshe, the yeoman keeper of the royal revel stuff, provided for certain masks and plays—woolverings for pedlars' caps, bottles for pilgrims, a mariner's whistle, a scythe for Saturn, three devils' coats and heads, dishes for devils' eyes; Heaven, Hell, and "the Devil and all," I should say; but "*not all,*" adds the facetious yeoman: "long poles and brushes for chimney-sweepers, in my Lord of Leicester's men's play; a coat, a hat, and buskins, all covered with feathers of colours for Vanity, in Sebastian's play; and a periwig of hair for King Xerxes' sister. *

From the reign of Edward the Third up to this period, the costumes of the actors appear to have been furnished at the expense, either of the sovereign, or the nobleman, whose servants they were; but we now approach the time when regular theatres were built, and companies of players were formed, each establishment

* Collier's Annals, vol. i. p. 136.

having its own wardrobe. "The Theatre," simply so called, perhaps from its being the first building dedicated expressly to public dramatic performances, was existing in 1576; and that called "the Curtain," in 1577. In 1576, also, the Blackfriars Theatre was built by James Burbadge, the father of the great tragedian and original representative of Shakspeare's heroes; and these erections were speedily followed by those of the Whitefriars, the Salisbury Court, the Globe, the Fortune, the Rose, the Hope, the Swan, the Newington, the Red Bull, &c. To Philip Henslowe, the proprietor of the Rose Theatre, and manager of the company of players called "the Lord-Admiral's men," we are indebted for a very detailed account of the dresses and properties of a public theatre in the dawn of England's drama, from a diary kept by him, and still preserved at Dulwich College; Mr. Malone* and Mr. Collier† have published several lists of articles of dress and decoration in use at that period. We shall content ourselves with extracting only such items as illustrate the dress of well-known characters, or particular professions. For instance, we find Tamberlyne's (Tamerlane's) coat with copper-lace, and his breeches of crimson velvet; Harry the Fifth's velvet gown, and his satin doublet laid with gold lace; Tasso's robe and Dido's robe; *Eve's bodice!* and, what is almost as staggering, a *ghost's bodice*; Juno's coat; Vortigern's robe of rich taffety; Longshanks' suit (Edward the First's, in Peel's play?) senators' gowns, hoods, and caps; a green gown for Maid Marian; green coats and hats for Robin Hood and his men; a pair of hose for the

* Shakspeare, by Boswell, vol. iii. † Annals, vol. iii. p. 354-362.

Dauphin, and "Verona's son's hose;" French, Spanish, Venetian, and Danish suits, and portions of suits; janizaries' dresses, &c.; two leather "anteckes," coats (antique or antic?) with bases (*i. e.* skirts) for Phaeton; and various costumes for queens, cardinals, clowns, soldiers, shepherds, friars, heralds, &c. &c. In another list of clothes bought for his company is mentioned "a robe for to go invisible!" a curious item, which Malone has no doubt rightly conjectured meant a cloak, the wearer of which was supposed to be invisible to the rest of the performers. Several of the suits appear to have been of considerable value. "A doublet of white satin laid thick with gold-lace, and a pair of round-paned hose, of cloth of silver, the panes laid with gold-lace," costs, 7*l.* a tolerable proof of expense lavished on theatrical costumes even at this early period. But a still more interesting piece of evidence has been furnished us lately by Mr. Payne Collier,* who, amongst the MSS. of Lord Ellesmere, keeper of the great seal to Queen Elizabeth, and lord chancellor of James the First, discovered Shakspeare's own valuation of the wardrobe of the Blackfriars Theatre; which part of the property he owned, as well as four shares of the profits of the establishment. The price demanded by him for the dresses alone is 500*l.*, an enormous sum in those days; and Green in his "Groats worth of Wit," A. D. 1592, makes a player boast that his share in the stage apparel should not be sold for two hundred pounds; a hit, perhaps, at Shakspeare himself, whom throughout he alludes to by the name of "Shake-

* New facts regarding the Life of Shakspeare, 12mo. pp. 55. London 1835.

scene." Mr. Collier has also discovered, in the Duke of Devonshire's collection of the designs of Inigo Jones, a description of the character of Good-Fellowship, which gives us some information as to the original dressing of the part of Falstaff. The actor is directed to be attired "like a Sr Jon Falsstaff," in a robe of russet quite low, with a great belly like a swollen man, long mustachees, the shoes shorte and out of their great toes like naked feet, buskins to show a great swollen leg, a cup coming forth like a beake, a great head and bald, and a little cap "alla Venetiane," grey, a rod, and a scroll of parchment. It may be a question how much of this costume belonged of right to Falstaff, and how much to the allegorical personage. The naked feet, the rod, and the scroll, we should say, decidedly belonged to the latter. The low robe of russet, the great buskins, the long mustaches, the bald head, and the little grey Venetian cap, appear to be characteristic of the jovial knight. The cup undoubtedly so. The celebrated Burbadge we find, from an elegy upon him, lately discovered by Mr. Payne Collier, played Shylock in a *red beard and wig*, in order, it is supposed, to render the character more repulsive.

Fire, the implacable enemy and destroyer of all theatrical property, from the days of Geoffrey the Norman to those of Mr. Samuel James Arnold, consumed in 1613 the Globe, and in 1621 the Fortune theatre. Sir Henry Wotton, writing to his nephew three days after the conflagration of the former, says:* "Now, to let matters of state sleep, I will entertain you at the present with what happened this week at the Bankside. The King's players had a new play called 'All is true;' representing some-

* Reliq. Wotton, edit. 1672, p. 425.

principal pieces of the reign of King Henry the Eighth ; which set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage, the knights of the order with their Georges and garter, the guards with their embroidered coats, and the like : sufficient in truth within awhile to make greatness very familiar, if not ridiculous. Now King Henry making a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper or other stuff, wherewith one of them was stopped, did light on the thatch, where being thought at first but an idle smoak, and their eyes more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly and ran round like a train, consuming within less than an hour the whole house to the very ground. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabrick, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks : only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broyled him, if he had not by the benefit of a provident wit put it out with bottle ale." Notwithstanding Sir Henry's assurance that a few forsaken cloaks alone perished with the wood and straw, it appears, from " A Sonett upon the pitiful burning of the Globe Playhouse in London,"* that great part, if not the whole, of the wardrobe was consumed ; for says the Sonneteer—

" The perrywigs and drum-heads frye
Like to a butter firkin; †
A woeful burning did betide
To many a good buffe jerkin."

* Vide Gentleman's Magazine, vol. lxxxvi. p. 114, and Collier, vol. i. p. 387.

† This sonneteer was not half so pathetic and so grandiloquent on the destruction of theatrical wigs, as was the penny-a-line man of

John Chamberlain, writing to Sir Dudley Carleton on the 15th of December 1621, mentions the other catastrophe in the following terms: "On Sunday night here was a great fire at the Fortune in Golding-lane, the first playhouse in this town. It was quite burnt down in two hours, and all their apparel and play-books lost, whereby those poor companions are quite undone."*

The puritanical spirit, which began to manifest itself during the troublous times of Charles the First, interfered considerably with dramatic entertainments; but we can scarcely be surprised if less severe thinkers than "Mr. Commissary General" had been scandalized by the performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" in a bishop's house, by order of the right reverend prelate, and "for the amusement of himself and divers knights and ladyes, upon the 27th of September (1631), *being Sabbath day*; † the play beginning about ten at night, and ending about two or three in the morning." Mr. Collier thinks the whole story may have been a malicious invention of some of the many enemies of John Williams, bishop of Lincoln; but he prints an order for the punishment of the offenders: which decrees, amongst other things, that a Mr. Wilson, (who evidently had supported the part of Bottom the weaver), "because he was a special plotter and contriver of this business, and did in such a brutish manner act the same with an asse's head . . . shall, upon Tuesday next from six o'clock in the morning till six one of our papers, who in describing the burning down of one of our London theatres (we believe it was the "Royalty,") turned a long sentence by saying, "and the finest collection of tragic wigs in the universe fell a prey to the devouring element."

* Dr. Birch's MSS. Brit. Mus. No. 4173. Collier, vol. iii. p. 309.

† Collier, vol. ii. p. 34.

o'clock at night, sit in the porter's lodge of my lord bishop's house, with his feet in the stocks, and attired with his asse's head and a bottle of hay set before him, and this superscription on his breast :

' Good people, I have played the beast,
And brought ill things to pass ;
I was a man, but thus have made
Myself a silly asse.' "

Notwithstanding the increased severity of the morals of this reign, the masks at court were still of the most sumptuous description. Sir Henry Herbert records the acting of a mask in 1634, as the noblest of his time ; " the best poetry, the best scenes, and the *best habits*." * And in Jan. 1635, a privy seal was issued to Edmund Taverner, Esq. to enable him to receive one thousand four hundred pounds, a larger sum than had hitherto been paid on account of any mask at court, towards the charge of one to be presented before his Majesty at Whitehall, on the following Shrovetide.†

The extinction of the monarchy was the signal for the suppression of dramatic entertainments of all sorts. On the return of Charles the Second, the players, most of whom had fought and bled in the royal cause, had a natural claim on the gratitude of the monarch ; and they are almost the only portion of his Majesty's loyal subjects who were fortunate enough to experience it. " Old Rowley" liked the play and the players, and encouraged,

* The Queen," he says, " was pleased to tell me before the King, " Pour les habits, elle n'avoit rien vue de si brave !" — Collier's Annals, vol. ii. p. 62.

† MS. Chamberlain's Office Collier's Annals, vol. ii. p. 65.

by his royal countenance at any rate, both the one and the other. Evelyn and Pepys, in their diaries, make frequent allusions to the getting up of the new dramas of Dryden, Sir W. D'Avenant, and others. Betterton, the actor, was sent to Paris by the royal command, expressly to observe the French stage, and transplant from it such improvements in decoration, &c. as might embellish our own. The introduction of moving scenery is attributed at this period jointly to Betterton and Sir W. D'Avenant; and the magnificent but extravagant costume of Louis the Fourteenth's reign began to render more preposterous the tragic heroes and heroines of ancient Greece and Rome. A print, appended to Kirkman's *Dröls*, affords us an ocular demonstration of the mode in which many of the principal characters were dressed at this time in the *dröls* or farces founded on the plays of Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, &c. It represents the stage of the Red Bull Theatre, which was entirely abandoned about 1663; the figures upon it are supposed to be the most popular actors of that time dressed in character. We perceive Falstaff and the Hostess (Dame Quickly); Clause, in "Beggar's Bush;" the French dancing-master, from the Duke of Newcastle's "Variety;" the Change-ling (from Middleton's tragedy?) the Clown, from Green's "Tu Quoque;" the Simpleton, from Coxe's "Diana and Actæon," &c.



STAGE OF THE RED BULL THEATRE.

This print is sufficient evidence that no attention was paid to chronological correctness of costume; as Sir John Falstaff is attired in the habit of the time of Charles the

First, in lieu of that of Henry the Fourth. He has a cup in his hand, according to the direction for his personation in the time of James the First; but the little grey Venetian cap is here exchanged for a hat, the robe of russet for a soldier's buff-leather jacket. He wears a lace vandyke collar and pair of cuffs, breeches full, and boots, or boot hose, with lace tops to them, and large spur leathers.

The next illustration of dramatic costume is the famous picture, painted by Wright, of the favourite comedian Lacy in three of his principal characters; and here we flatter ourselves we shall be able to correct an error which has been reprinted very many times in various respectable works. Mr. Baker, in his "Companion to the Playhouse," 2 vols. 1764, says, in his memoir of Lacy, he was so high in the esteem of Charles the Second, that his Majesty had his picture painted in three several characters: viz. *Teague*, in "*the Committee*;" *Scruple*, in "*the Cheats*;" and *Galliard*, in "*the Variety*." Now, the picture which is at present at Hampton Court certainly presents us with the last two: but the figure which should answer to *Teague*, is fully attired in the trows and plaid of a Highlander!—a dress in which *Teague* could never have been acted at any time; as he first appears wrapped in a blanket, and afterwards as a running footman in the livery of Colonel Careless. Evelyn, in his Diary under the date of October 3rd, 1662, expressly says he has just come from seeing the portrait of "*Lacy, the famous Roscius or comedian, whom he,*" (Wright) "*had painted in three dresses, as a gallant, a presbyterian minister, and a Scotch Highlander in his plaid.*" Notwithstanding which, the editor repeats in a note the mistake of Baker, Jones,

and others, by calling the third character Teague "in the Committee." Lacy, however, was author of a drama called "Sawney the Scot;" and there can be little doubt that it is in this character of Sawney, the hero of his own piece, that the artist represented him;* the gallant being Galliard, and the presbyterian minister, Scruple.

During the first half of the following century, that is to say, from the first appearance of that regular suit of clothes worn by our great-grandfathers under the name of coat, waistcoat, and breeches, to the days of Garrick and Kemble, the custom continued of dressing even historical personages according to the fashion of the passing moment; and although, in point of fact, it was no more ridiculous to represent Hamlet in a full suit of black velvet of the cut of Queen Anne's time, than it was in the days of Charles to dress Falstaff in the habit of that reign, the stiff-skirted coat, the long wig, court sword, and cocked hat, have a more ludicrous effect on the modern spectator than the ancient cavalier costume of 1640. But the attempt that occasionally manifested itself to combine, in imitation of the French actors, the habits of widely different eras, produced a *mélange*, the absurdity of which is in our present day absolutely convulsive! The celebrated Booth is said by his biographer to have paid particular attention to his dress; so much so, that when playing the ghost in Hamlet, he covered the soles

* "Sawney the Scot" was not *published* till seventeen years after the Author's death. The date of its *production* is not mentioned by Baker or his continuators. "The Committee" was *published* in 1665, and Evelyn saw the picture in 1662, three years before that date.

of his shoes with felt, in order to prevent the sound of his footsteps being heard, and so increase the supernatural effect of his appearance. Yet who does not remember Pope's lines descriptive of his appearance in *Cato*? which character he originally represented on the production of the tragedy in 1712:

“ Booth enters : hark the universal peal !
 But has he spoken ?—not a syllable.
 What shook the stage and made the people stare ?
Cato's long wig, flowered gown, and lacker'd chair.” *

Imagine *Cato* now, appearing in a flowered *robe de chambre*, and a finely powdered full-bottom wig. There would be a “universal peal” indeed—of laughter: yet the fashion of wearing full-bottom wigs with the Roman dress, (or at least what was intended for such,) and other heroic costumes, lasted till within the recollection of many now living. A valued friend of ours saw *Haward* play *Tamberlain* in a full-bottomed wig, as late as 1765. *Aickin*, he informs us, was the first who enacted that part without it; and, what was perhaps more ridiculous still, *Garrick*, who has been so bepraised for his

* Imitation of the first epistle of *Horace*. In the same poem we have an allusion to the coronation of *Henry the Eighth* and *Queen Anne Boleyn*, in which the playhouses vied with each other to represent all the pomp of such a ceremony. A suit of armour was brought from the Tower for *Cibber*, who personated the champion.

“ Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse !
 Pageant on pageant in long order drawn.
 Peers, heralds, bishops, ermine, gold, and lawn ;
 The champion too, and, to complete the jest,
 Old *Edward's* armour beams on *Cibber's* breast !”

reformation of stage costume, played King Lear in a habit intended to look ancient, while Reddish in Edgar, and Palmer in the Bastard, were in full-dress suits of their own day; and the Regan, Goneril, and Cordelia of the tragedy in hoops! Richard the Third, also, was played by Garrick in a fancy dress, which Hogarth has handed down to us; * but Richmond, and the rest, wore the English uniforms of the eighteenth century: and as to Macbeth, Garrick played it to the last in a court-suit of sky-blue and scarlet! Behold him, engraved from the picture in Mr. Mathew's collection, wherein the great little Roscius looks much more like Diggory in "All the World's a Stage," than the thane of Glamis. It is now with the whole collection at the Garrick Club. In Jeffrey's "Collection of Dresses," a work in two volumes quarto, published in 1757, the editor says in his preface, "As to the stage-dresses, it is only necessary to remark that they are at once elegant and characteristic; and amongst many other regulations of more importance, for which the public is obliged to the genius and judgment of the present manager of our principal theatre, (Mr. Garrick,

* The hat which he wore in this character being adorned with feathers and mock jewels, was thought a great prize by some bailiffs who were rummaging poor Fleetwood's theatre. Garrick's man, David, trembling for his master's finery, sputtered out, "Holloa, gentlemen! take care what you are about: now look ye, that hat you have taken away belongs to the King; and when he misses it, there'll be the devil and all to pay." The bailiffs taking it, as David meant they should, for the property of King George instead of King Richard, immediately returned it with a thousand apologies for the mistake.—Vide *Cooke's Memoirs of Macklin*, 8vo. London, 1806, p. 147.



GARRICK AS MACBETH.

who entered on the management of Drury Lane in 1747,) is that of the dresses, which are no longer the heterogeneous and absurd mixtures of foreign and ancient modes which formerly debased our tragedies, by representing a Roman general in a full-bottomed peruke, and the sovereign of an Eastern empire in trunk-hose." Now, to say nothing of the fact that the very absurdities specified were then, and continued to be for some years afterwards, in existence, let us for Heaven's sake look at the specimens he gives us of the elegant and characteristic costumes introduced by the genius and judgment of Garrick: Per-

dita, in "The Winter's Tale," in a long stomacher, and a hoop festooned with flowers; and Comus, in a stiff-skirted coat, over which is worn what he calls "a robe of pink sattin, puft with silver gauze, fastened over the shoulder with a black velvet sash, adorned with jewels. The jacket," as he calls the coat aforesaid, "is of white curtained sattin. The collar is black velvet, set with jewels, and the boots are blue sattin!" But the figure should be seen to be appreciated. Here it is! Fancy an actor now walking on the stage in such dress for Comus!



COMUS, 1752.



MOURNING BRIDE, 1752.

Behold also the dress of Zara in the "Mourning Bride," from the same collection!

A pamphlet, entitled "The Dramatic Execution of Agis," published on the production of Mr. Homes' tragedy of that name in 1758, contains a severe attack on Garrick for "disguising himself (*a Grecian chief*) in the dress of a modern *Venetian gondolier*;" and ridicules his having introduced "a popish procession made up of *white friars*, with some other *moveables*, like a bishop, *des enfans de chœur*, nuns, &c." into a play, the scene of which lies in ancient Sparta! So much for the judgment and taste of Garrick in dramatic costume.

Shortly after this period, it began to be the custom on the revival of old plays to advertise in the bills, that the characters would be dressed "in the habits of the times." A friend informs us that he remembers such notices as early as 1762, the year of his first coming to London; but the earliest we have ourselves been able to meet with is dated Nov. 8th. 1775, on the occasion of the revival of a play called "Old City Manners;" and a similar advertisement occurs early in 1776, on the revival of Ben Jonson's "Epicene, or the Silent Woman," when Mrs. Siddons supported the principal character. Henderson, the immediate successor of Garrick, instead of improving the taste of his brethren in this particular, set them the most wretched example in his own person. "He paid not," says Mr. Boaden,* "the slightest attention to costume, and was indifferent even as to the neatness of his dress. He never looked even to the linings of the suits he wore, and once boasted that he had played, I think, ten characters consecutively in the same coat." Macklin's costume in Shylock has been preserved to us by the pencil of Zoffany. A large unfinished picture by that artist, of the trial-scene in the "Merchant of Venice," now in the possession of Mr. Dominic Colnaghi of Pall-Mall East, presents us with Macklin in a dress not very dissimilar in general appearance to that worn by the actors of Shylock at the present day; but Antonio is in a full court suit of black, and the senators in scarlet gowns, with large powdered wigs; which latter, though certainly worn by Venetian senators in the eighteenth century, were as certainly unknown to them in 1594,

* In his "Life of Kemble."

when the play was written, and to which period the language and manners are alone appropriate.

Mr. John Kemble, the first real reformer of stage costume, was introduced to the London public in the character of Hamlet. But he then played the part, says his biographer, "in a modern court-dress of rich black velvet, with a star on the breast, the garter and pendent riband of an order, mourning sword and buckles, with deep ruffles; the *hair in powder*, which, in the scenes of feigned distraction, flowed dishevelled in front, and over the shoulders." * His classical taste, however, soon led him, as he increased in popularity and power, to do away with the most glaring absurdities; and on the opening of the new Theatre Royal Drury Lane, on the 21st of April 1794, Macbeth was revived "with great magnificence of decoration, and with some novelties, both in the conduct and machinery of the fable. The scenes were all new, and extremely beautiful. Of the novelties in the management of the play, the following were the most striking. The ghost of Banquo did not enter in the scene of the festival; but Macbeth 'bent his eye on vacancy.' The high-crowned hats and lace-aprons of the witches were properly discarded; they were represented as preternatural beings, adopting no human garb, and distinguished only by the fellness of their purposes and the fatality of their delusions. Hecate's companion-spirit descended on the cloud, and rose again with her. In the cauldron-scene, new groups were introduced to personify the 'black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey;' and here one would have imagined that the muse

* "Life of Kemble."

of Fuseli had been the director of the scene. The evil spirits had serpents writhing round them, which had a striking effect."*

The French Revolution, which occurred at this period, was also mainly productive of a revolution in dramatic costume on both sides of the channel. "The rage for liberty," says a modern writer, "introduced an admiration of the ancient republics; the ladies dressed their heads in imitation of antique busts, and endeavoured to copy the light and scanty draperies of ancient statues; and while the ladies were thus attired *à la Grecque*, the gentlemen kept them in countenance by cropping their hair *à la Romaine*." The toga and the paludamentum found their way from the French stage to ours; and Julius Cæsar, Coriolanus, and Cato were represented with some regard to Roman habits and manners, although the authorities consulted by Mr. Kemble were those of the time of the Emperors, instead of the Republic. The English historical and romantic plays were also dressed with at least more consistency. Mr. Kemble invented a conventional costume, formed of the old English dresses of the reigns of Elizabeth, James the First, and the two Charles's; and although King John, Richard the Third, &c. were anything but correctly attired, their habits had an antique as well as picturesque appearance, and the whole *dramatis personæ* were similarly arrayed, instead of all illusion being destroyed by the introduction of modern uniforms or plain clothes. † The rage

* "Biographia Dramatica," vol. i. p. xlvi. Introd.

† The late Mr. Mathews made his first appearance in public at Richmond, as Richmond in "Richard the Third," wearing a light-horseman's helmet and jacket.

for melodrama and spectacle, which gradually obtained from this period, was productive at any rate of a still greater spirit of inquiry into ancient manners and habits. Print-shops and private portfolios were ransacked for the getting up of every new Easter piece; and the magic wand of a Farley transported us at his will into the regions of fairy land, or the baronial halls of the feudal ages. But alas! while the crusader donned his glittering hawberk of mail, to astonish the galleries on an Easter Monday, the bastard Falconbridge, and the barons of King John, were dressed all the year round in the robes and armour of at best the seventeenth century. On Mr. Kean's appearance, and consequent success, the most popular plays underwent considerable alterations and improvements in point of scenery and dresses at Drury Lane. Several gentlemen of acknowledged taste and information supplied the new Roscius with designs for his own wardrobe, and the proprietors of the theatre were not behindhand in their endeavours to assist the illusion of the scene. The stage-dress of Richard, which had been but little altered from the days of Garrick and Macklin, underwent various changes, particularly in the latter scenes; but his cloak still bore the *star* of the garter, as altered by Charles the First. The trunks were of the time of James the First; and the plumed hat, in the throne-scene, of the reign of Charles the Second. Shylock assumed a red hat lined with black, on the dictum of Mr. Douce, the illustrator of Shakspeare, who quoted St. Didier's "Histoire de Venise" as his authority. Othello's dress was wholly changed; but the correct costume was sacrificed to what the actor considered effect,

The habits of King Lear and Richard the Second were certainly improved ; and in a new but unsuccessful play, called "Ina," the Anglo-Saxon costume was fairly enough represented.

In 1823, Mr. Charles Kemble set about the reformation of the costume of Shakspeare's plays in good earnest. King John, the First Part of Henry the Fourth, As You Like It, Othello, Cymbeline, and Julius Cæsar, were successively, and, as the public generally acknowledged, successfully revived. The actors, dreadfully alarmed in the outset lest they should be made to look ridiculous, were agreeably surprised by the impression produced upon the audience, and have now become as anxious to procure authorities to dress from, as they were previously annoyed at the idea of the innovation, and distrustful of the effect. The spirit of critical inquiry into these matters has been fairly aroused. The French stage is still, in some points, in advance of our own ; but a few more years will, we hope, produce an entire and complete reformation of our theatrical wardrobes. The persons entrusted with their formation and management will find it is necessary to be something more than mere tailors ; articles of dress will be called by their right names instead of technicals, which convey no meaning beyond the walls of a theatre. *Shapes* and *romaldis* * will be forgotten with the melodramas which gave birth to them : and though it is too much to expect that every actor will become a thorough-going antiquary, it is not too much to presume that, before they wear a decoration,

* The latter, a tunic, so called from its being worn by Romaldi in the "Tale of Mystery."

they will take the trouble to inquire when the order was first established; and that the labours of Meyrick, Stothard, and others, having afforded them light enough to dress by, they will not huddle on their clothes in the dark, to be laughed at by a school-boy, who has clandestinely visited at half-price the one-shilling gallery.

XXIV. THE BENEVOLENCE OF A MISER.

EARLY in life, Mr. Robert Gordon, a gentleman of good birth and family, determined to relieve the indigence of decayed merchants, a class whose poverty is embittered by the recollection of better days, by endowing an institution for the education and maintenance of their sons. To do this, he adopted a life of self-denial and privation; scorned delights, and lived penurious and laborious days. He resided in a miserable garret without attendance; he used to pick up every trifle on the streets that would turn to account, and so warm himself and save fire. The cold winter nights he would walk through his room with a bag full of stones on his back. After his death the little bits of twine he had collected off the streets sold for several pounds. He left an endowment of ten thousand pounds to the institution in Aberdeen known by the name of Robert Gordon's Hospital. Is not this heroism?

XXV. PUNNING UPON NAMES,

OR SPECIMENS OF MONKISH WIT.

ALEXANDER NEQUAM, called "the learnedest Englishman of his age," was born at St. Albans. He entered a monastery, and became an abbot of Gloucester in the reign of John or Richard the First. Innumerable jokes were made on his unlucky name, which induced him to change it to Neckam. The following are preserved in Winstanley :

At one time of his life he wished to become a monk at St. Albans, and wrote thus laconically to the abbot,

Si vis, veniam ; sin autem, tu autem.

To which the abbot replied,

Si bonus sis, venias ; si nequam, nequaquam.

"Bishop Godwin, in his Catalogue of the Bishops of Lincoln," says Winstanley, "makes mention of a passage of wit between him and Philip Repington, bishop of Lincoln, the latter sending the challenge :

Et niger, et Nequam, cum sis cognomine Nequam,
Nigrior esse potes, Nequior esse nequis.

Which Winstanley renders,

Both black and bad, whilst Bad the name to thee,
Blacker thou mayst, but worse thou canst not be.

To which Nequam, punning on the bishop's Christian name, replied :

Phi nota foetoris, Lippus malus omnibus horis :
Phi malus, et Lippus ; totus malus ergo Philippus.

Or,

Stinks are branded with a *Phi*, *Lippus*, Latin for Blear-eye,
Phi and *Lippus* bad as either, then *Philippus* worse together.

Neckam died in 1217 ; but even death could not save his name from monkish wit.

According to some accounts, he was buried at Worcester with this monkish inscription, which, though meant to be serious, (as Heaven knows, it is complimentary enough,) still plays with his name,

Eclipsim patitur Sapientia, Sol sepelitur ;
 Cui si par unus, minus esset flebile funus :
 Vir bene discretus, et in omni more facetus,
 Dictus erat Nequam, vitam duxit tamen æquam.

Wisdom 's eclips'd, sky of the Sun bereft ;
 Yet less the loss if like alive were left ;
 A man discreet, in matters debonnaire,
 Bad name, black face, but carriage good and fair.

According to other accounts, he was buried at Saint Albans ; " where," says Winstanley, who was infected by antithesis and alliteration, " he found Repulse when living, but Repose when dead."

XXVI. THE ABBE GALIANI ;

A WITTY POLITICAL ECONOMIST !

An impertinent Frenchman of the last century seriously put this question : " *Est ce qu'un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit ?*"

With better reason, some people may ask, " Was there ever a witty political economist ?" We can answer in the affirmative :—there once was *one*.

Ferdinando Galiani was not more distinguished in his day by his many excellent writings, chiefly on subjects connected with what we now call political economy, than he was by the readiness and playfulness of his wit and his exquisite humour. Unfortunately, the best of his

sayings perished with him, or with his cotemporaries and associates.

He was born at Chieti, the capital of the province of Abruzzo, in the kingdom of Naples, at the end of the year 1728, and came into the world sadly deformed. He went through his studies in the city of Naples, where, from his early youth, his gay and facetious spirit made his society to be much courted. At that time the Neapolitans had a number of poetic academies and hackneyed literary societies, which did a great deal of harm to poetry and literature, and finished, like the Arcadia of Rome, by becoming thoroughly ridiculous. The abbé's brother, the Marquis Galiani, who had distinguished himself by a translation of Vitruvius, had to deliver in one of these academies an oration on the Miraculous Conception of the Virgin Mary; but, being unexpectedly obliged to set off on a journey, he begged the abbé to supply his place. The abbé accordingly composed a panegyric on the Virgin in the usual forms; but, when he presented himself among the academicians, the president, a certain Neapolitan advocate called John-Anthony Sergio, (whose name has been preserved from oblivion solely by Galiani's witty revenge,) sternly forbade him to recite it. All those pedantic and puerile conclaves were open to ridicule on a hundred sides; but a lucky coincidence afforded Galiani a most stinging point.

It was the tiresome custom of the academies to publish cumbrous collections of prose and verse, at the death of every grand or titled personage. A simple cavalier might get off with a duodecimo, a baron with an octavo, but when you came to marquises, dukes, and princes, (particularly if they died rich,) nothing less than a quarto would

suffice; and as for princes and princesses of the blood-royal, kings, queens, emperors and empresses, a folio full of sighs and tears, eulogiums and comparisons, was considered a light weight to lay upon their tombs. There was no possibility for a person of any fortune, or name, or fame of any kind, to escape, and go quietly and modestly to the grave, without their shades being made to blush at the hyperboles and extravagant eulogiums of these shameless incorporated poetasters. A hundred sonnets, to say nothing of elegies and eclogues, often arose out of the demise of an antiquated maid-of-honour; and we have seen an equal number devoted to the immortal memory of the King's first fiddler. In order not to be taken unawares, or to be pressed for time, these academicians were accustomed to prepare beforehand, and there was scarcely one among them but (like the Persian poet in Anastasius) could at any moment have said to his friends or patrons, "Gentlemen! you may all die perfectly easy; I have an epitaph for every one of you ready in my pocket."

A few days after Galiani's quarrel with the president John-Anthony, who was one of the most prolific of these panegyrist of little-great people, the Jack-Ketch of Naples chanced to die; and this event furnished the abbé with the opportunity of revenging himself, and exposing an absurd custom at the same time.

Having set diligently to work, Galiani soon produced a volume under the following title: "Various compositions for the death of Dominick Jannacone, hangman of the grand court of the Vicaria; * collected and published by John-Anthony Sergio, Neapolitan advocate."

The humorous imitations of style, the general felicity

* The Newgate of Naples.

of this piece of burlesque, filled all Italy with laughter ; and if it did not destroy, it tended to diminish the academical nuisances described above. At the present day, though not always, ladies may pretty generally get married and be brought to bed, fall sick and recover, and gentlemen may come into the world and go out of it, without causing any hubbub in the court of Apollo and the Muses, or being gibbeted in bad rhymes and unmerited praises.

Among his numerous studies Galiani turned his attention to Mineralogy and Volcanoes ; and having formed a complete collection of the stones, lava, and other volcanic materials ejected during different eruptions by Mount Vesuvius, he packed it up as a present for the Pope, and being miserably poor at the time, he wrote on the large chest, *Beatissime Pater, fac ut lapides isti panes fiant.*

The Pope thus addressed was Benedict XIV, better known among us by his family name Ganganelli. Like several other of the Roman pontiffs, he was a wit himself and a warm admirer of wit in other men, and " he performed the miracle asked of him," (as the Italian biographers say,) by giving Galiani a canonry which was worth four hundred ducats a-year.

His admirable talent for business as well as for conversation recommended Galiani to a congenial spirit, the witty Marquis of Caracciolo, at whose request (in 1765) the abbé was sent to Paris in quality of secretary of embassy.

In the absence of the ambassador, Galiani presented himself alone at the court of Louis XV. In stature he was a dwarf, and a prominent hump did not add to the

beauty of the abbé's person. The ill-bred courtiers of that base-minded vulgar King burst out into loud laughter at his appearance; but Galiani, without being at all disturbed by this, said to Louis, "Sire, vous voyez à présent l'échantillon du secrétaire, le secrétaire vient après."

The readiness of his repartees, his searching sarcasms, the originality and comprehensiveness of his mind, soon made the abbé one of the lions of Parisian society, and brought him acquainted with all the most celebrated French philosophers, economists, and wits of that period; among whom it was found that, though speaking a foreign language, he could beat most of the *beaux esprits* who used their own.

Not long after, he showed that he could write French even better than he spoke it, and that he could be as witty with his pen as with his tongue. The French economists having got up a furious contest on the question of the liberty or restriction of the corn-trade, Galiani entered the arena *incognito*; and, in a little work in the form of a dialogue, contrived not only to treat the solemn subject in a more correct and convincing manner than any of his contemporaries, but to render it amusing and attractive to all the world by the gaiety and wit with which, to the surprise of every body, he invested its usually repulsive dryness. For several weeks all Paris could talk of nothing else, but it was never suspected at the time that so much wit and such French could proceed from any one but a Frenchman. Voltaire, who was certainly a great judge of wit, says of these Corn Dialogues, in a letter to Diderot, "Dans ce livre il me semble que

Platon et Molière se soient réunis pour composer l'ouvrage . . . On n'a jamais raisonné ni mieux, ni plus plaisamment . . . Oh le plaisant livre, le charmant livre, que Les Dialogues sur le Commerce des Blés !"

Frederic the Great, of Prussia, was equally enchanted with the wisdom and spirit of the Dialogues : but Galiani, who had thrown them off, *currente calamo*, almost without an effort, used to wonder that people should find them so extraordinary. The little hump-backed abbé became a star of the first magnitude even in the eyes of the ladies of beauty, rank, and fashion ; and it was in speaking of him that the Duchess of Choiseul used to say, " En France il y a de l'esprit en petite monnaie, et en Italie en lingots."

When interrogated by a great talker, who wanted to know how it was that he had so much wit constantly at command, the abbé lifted his shoulders, and said : " I don't know that I have what you give me credit for ; but if I have any wit, it is because I don't seek for it."

In the correspondence of Grimm, the quondam friend of Rousseau, frequent mention is made of Galiani, who was held in singular estimation by the society of the Baron d'Holbach, and the other scientific and literary coteries which Grimm most frequented.

On returning to his native country, in 1770, the witty abbé was made counsellor of the Chamber of commerce ; and he was afterwards promoted to a high post in the finance department. He had a good hearty relish for life, and lived prosperously and happily ; but this did not hinder him from dying cheerfully. When his last moment was approaching, he took leave of his friends

with these words: " You must excuse me, gentlemen, but the dead have sent me a card of invitation for their *conversazione*."

He died on the 31st of October 1787, in the 59th year of his age.— *Ugoni*, tom. ii. art. 7. *Ugo Foscolo*, *Orig. e Uffic. della Letter. Corniani, &c.*

XXVII. EPITAPH IN THE CHURCHYARD OF MORETON-IN-MARSH.

Here lie the bones of Richard Lawton,
Whose death, alas ! was strangely brought on
Trying one day his corns to mow off,
The razor slipped and cut his toe off ;
His toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to,
Which took, alas ! to mortifying,
And was the cause of Richard's dying.

XXVIII. SEDAN-CHAIRS.

THIS curious mode of conveyance, which was once in such general use among the rich and fashionable, is now very rarely seen in the streets of London. In the time of Hogarth it was considered as a courtly vehicle, and in one of his plates of the " *Modern Rake's Progress*" we see his man of fashion using it to go to St. James's. It continued to be used at a much later period, and does not appear to have been generally laid aside until the beginning of the present century. About five-and-twenty years ago, a sedan was very commonly seen in the hall

or lobby of gentlemen's houses, no longer used, but laid up like a ship in ordinary.

It is still used rather extensively in Edinburgh, where the chairmen are all Highlanders born, and a very curious and humorous body. It is pretty commonly seen in the streets of Bath, and not unfrequently in those of Cheltenham, Brighton, and our other watering-places. In Brighton, however, it is being superseded by a vehicle called a "Fly-by-night," which is made in the body like a sedan-chair, but goes upon wheels, and is dragged by one or two men.



SEDAN CHAIR.

It is far from being uninteresting to mark the introduction of these things; as they become curious in after-ages and give a clue to past habits and manners.

The sedan-chair was first brought into England, from Spain, by Prince Charles, afterwards Charles the First, who, as everybody will remember, went to Madrid for a Spanish wife, whom, eventually, he did not obtain. On his departure, Olivarez, the prime minister and favourite of Philip the Fourth, gave the Prince a few Italian pictures, some valuable pieces of furniture, and three sedan-chairs of curious workmanship.—See *Mendoza's* “*Relation of what passed in the Royal Court of the Catholic King, our Lord, on the departure of the Prince of Wales.*”

We learn from another contemporary that, on his return to England, Charles gave two of these sedan-chairs to his favourite the Duke of Buckingham, who raised a great clamour against himself by using them in London. The popular cry was, that the Duke was thus reducing free-born Englishmen and Christians to the offices and condition of beasts of burden.—See *Memoirs of Court of England*, by *Bassompierre*, the French ambassador.

XXIX. INTRODUCTION OF ENGLISH HORSES INTO FRANCE.

A CURIOUS gambling anecdote informs us that our horses were introduced into France, and became fashionable there, about the year 1608, during the reign of Henri Quatre. That dissipated monarch was almost as much addicted to gambling as to gallantry; and during

the latter years of his life he had occasionally fits of play upon him that were little short of madness.

“This year (1608) we sojourned some days at Fontainebleau, playing all the time the most furious play that was ever heard of. A single day did not pass without there being twenty thousand pistoles, at least, lost and won. The least of our markers were for fifty pistoles; and these markers we called *Quinterotes*, because they went very quick, like the English horses which Mr. *Quinterot* had brought into France more than a year before, and which have since been cause why we use English horses, not only for hunting, but for travelling through the country: all which was never done before them.”—*Memoires du Mareschal de Bassompierre*, vol. i. p. 172, *Edition de Cologne*.

According to our humorous old traveller, *Coryat*, who was at Fontainebleau that same year (1608), it should appear that *Henri Quatre* had no English horses there. He says, “Here I saw two stables of the King’s horses, wherein there are only hunting-horses; in both, as I take it, about forty: they were fine and fair geldings and nags, but neither for fineness of shape comparable to our King’s hunting-horses, nor, as I take it, for swiftness.”

XXX. PIGS, KINGS, AND MONKS.

Louis the Fat, of France, associated his son *Philip* with him on the throne, and had him crowned and consecrated with the usual solemnities at *Rheims*. Shortly after, as the young King was riding through *St. Gervais* on horseback, a fat sow (probably one of many that

paraded the town in those cleanly times) ran between his horse's legs, and made him stumble; on which Philip, falling forward, received so much injury that he died the next morning, on the third day of October in the year of Grace 1131. His grieved and irritated father forthwith issued a proclamation that in future no swine should be allowed to run about in the streets of cities and towns, and to this order the people were fain to submit; but the monks of the order of St. Anthony entered an energetic and successful protest, stating to his Majesty that it was contrary to the respect and reverence due to their patron saint (who may certainly be called the patron saint of pigs) to prevent the swine of their houses, which were the swine of St. Anthony, from enjoying the liberty of going where they (the swine) thought fit.

The subject of the remonstrance, and the rights of the saint and pigs, were solemnly deliberated in council, where it was finally decided to grant the monks of that order an exclusive privilege to be nasty, and to allow their swine to wallow in the streets without molestation, provided only that they had bells tied round their necks. —*Histoire de la Ville de Paris, par Sauval.*

In old pictures Saint Anthony is almost invariably painted with a sow at his feet.

An old English adage says, "Every man to his taste, as the Welshman said when he kissed his cow." The Italians say, "There is no accounting for taste; St. Anthony loved a sow." This arose out of a queer story in the legendary life of that saint.

XXXI. ETIQUETTE ON THE SCAFFOLD.

ON the 9th of March 1648, in pursuance of a sentence passed by Cromwell and the Commonwealth, the Royalist leaders, the Duke of Hamilton, the Earl of Holland, and the Lord Capel, were executed in front of Westminster-Hall. They were brought to the block and beheaded one at a time, each of them addressing the people; and the Lord Capel being the last of the three, of whom he was undoubtedly the most honourable and the best.

“As soon as his lordship had ascended the scaffold, he looked very vigorously about, and asked ‘whether the other lords had spoken to the people *with their hats on?*’ and being told that ‘they were *bare,*’ he gave his hat to his servant, and then with a clear and strong voice he spoke.”—*Clarendon Hist. Reb.*

XXXII. MISCELLANEOUS POINTS * IN THE HISTORY OF THE SCIENCES.

I.—*Persecution for matters of opinion.* We are accustomed to believe, that the spirit of persecution which prevailed during the “dark” ages, was a consequence of ignorance, which was confined only to the

* In preserving such circumstances as we have thought remarkable, we have attended to no rule but this: never to say of any work more than we have actually seen in the work itself. Of all the things which can lead to inaccuracy, that of citing citations is the most dangerous; and we shall take care, if obliged to do so, to name the citer as well as the author.

ignorant; and that men of information, even in those days, were guiltless of desiring to enforce their opinions literally. We imagine, for example, that the wrongs of Galileo would arouse the indignation of all contemporary men of learning at least. What we here do, is to give instances to the contrary, by producing the printed opinions of two men of education, one a Frenchman, the other an Italian, both written within the half century preceding the forced recantation of Galileo.

Vieta, the first who so materially extended algebra as to entitle Europe to claim the honour of having introduced new principles into the science received from Asia, was a man remarkable for every kind of knowledge. He was, by the confession of an opponent, as well as from what is otherwise known of him, statesman, diplomatist, lawyer, theologian, mathematician, orator, and poet. (Born in 1540, died in 1603). He lived during the reformation of the calendar, which was completed by Pope Gregory the Thirteenth in 1582; the plan of Lilius, then dead, having been committed to the execution of the Jesuit Clavius, celebrated as the commentator upon so many of the Greek geometers. This subject then exercised much of the attention of the learned, not only because the correct time of keeping Easter was a point of faith, but because it had divided the Eastern and Western churches for centuries, and had been written upon, and considered a principal application of astronomy, by many authors on that science; Roger Bacon, for instance. Among others, Vieta wrote in opposition to the scheme patronised by Clavius, who answered very

mildly, and referred all his critics to his forthcoming work. Vieta became furious, and published, in 1602, his "Adversus Christ. Clavium Expostulatio;" in which he says that Clavius, "in his contempt of religion, would rather fall into crime, and overturn all things by any hazard, rather than appear ignorant of the matter;" "that he was a false mathematician and theologian, if indeed he had any title to either appellation;" that the protestants, if he did not take warning, would get the true calendar from their own reason, and not from the papal authority; "that Augustus Cæsar, one *Pontifex maximus*, had altered the calendar arranged by Julius Cæsar, another *Pontifex maximus*," which, curiously enough, he cites as a precedent for his own *Pontifex*. He then calls upon the society of Jesuits to take up the matter, and ends by assuring them that all religious men look for nothing less at their hands than that all who obstruct a work of so much benefit to the Christian republic (as his own reformation of the calendar, of course,) should be "driven out as exiles from the happy congregation of the pious." So much for the toleration of Vieta: it only remains to add, that he was wrong in most of his notions on the subject. In the mean while, (in 1603,) an advocate for Clavius rose up in the person of Theodosius Rubeus, who appears to have been a personal friend of the Pope, and who published his answer, under the usual permission of his superiors; which circumstances, with the style of the passage we shall cite, incline us to suspect that the arm of power was ready to be raised by the church in case the gentle hint was not

taken by Vieta. This Rubeus says, in his dedication, *by permission*, "Since, most holy father, this matter, of which the cognisance belongs to you, has been agitated, I have thought proper, *under your most sacred name*, to give this my admonition publicly, to the end that every handle of provocation may be taken away from Vieta, and an end put to this controversy *by your authority*." Such language never could have been addressed to a Pope by a priest, "*permissu superiorum*," unless the sentiment contained had been avowed by the party addressed. Vieta, however, died that same year, and thus perhaps escaped what we would rather had fallen upon him than upon the liberal and charitable Galileo. We imagine the illustrious Frenchman (for illustrious he was in many ways) would have been somewhat astonished had he been told that a future age would say his paschal lucubrations proved nothing except that it is not wise for a man of note to write in anger anything which is likely to last a couple of centuries.

II.—*On the method of finding Easter above-mentioned.*

We owe the confusion attending moveable feasts, to the idea already alluded to, that the proper time of holding Easter was a matter of religious importance. But we may easily show that, in that case, a perfect performance of religious duties is unattainable, without a geometrically accurate knowledge of the sun, moon, and planets. Supposing it granted, that Easter Sunday ought to be the Sunday following the full moon which follows the 21st of March, and that if that full moon happen on a Sunday, the next is Easter Sunday: the following case

might happen. Astronomical prediction might place the time of full moon at half a second after twelve o'clock on Saturday night, or Sunday morning, in which case Easter Sunday should be the next Sunday. But even at this period, we cannot be sure of being right on such a point within about a second, so that it might happen that the true full moon would be half a second before twelve o'clock, in which case Easter Sunday would begin in one half second more. But if we were arguing with a divine of the sixteenth century, we should state the case as follows, which would be quite in keeping with the style of thinking of that period. Suppose the full moon to happen exactly at the moment at which the centre of the sun was opposite to the visible meridian which (before the invention of clocks) must have been the admitted time of midnight. The full moon in that case happens neither on Saturday nor Sunday. Which then is Easter Sunday; the one which begins with full moon, or the next? A catholic would have referred to the church, but it is not likely that all the college of cardinals would have been of one mind; and protestants (many of whom had a more than ceremonial veneration for correct Easter) would have been sadly puzzled.

The rule given for finding Easter takes the *average* moon and sun, or two imaginary bodies which move uniformly at the average rate of the real ones. But the real places of the sun and moon are found by making various corrections of these average places,* which, as to the moon, might make more than a quarter of an hour of

* See the paper on the *Moon's Orbit*, in the Companion to the Almanac for 1834.

difference. And it is very likely that various Easters in different years are wrongly calculated on this account. Such an occurrence would not now give much concern perhaps to a single individual on the face of the globe; nevertheless, many might like, as a matter of curiosity, to know how to find Easter-day for themselves: we shall therefore give the following application of arithmetic to hot crossed buns, extracted from * Delambre's Hist. d'Ast. Mod.

It gives also the golden number, the epact, and the dominical letter. It may appear long, but it is broken up into the smallest subdivisions.

RULE.	EXAMPLE I.	EXAMPLE II.
The given years.	1836	1851
(a) Add one to the given year.	1837	1852
(b) Divide the given year by 4, and keep the <i>quotient only</i> ; reject the <i>remainder</i> .	$\begin{array}{r} 4 \overline{)1836} \\ \underline{459} \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 4 \overline{)1851} \\ \underline{462} \end{array}$
(c) Take 16 from the number of centuries in the given year, divide by 4 and keep the <i>quotient only</i> .	<i>Evidently gives nothing till the year 2000, in which case it gives 1.</i>	
(d) Take 16 from the number of centuries in the given year.	$\begin{array}{r} 18 \\ 16 \\ \hline 2 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 18 \\ 16 \\ \hline 2 \end{array}$
(e) Add together (a) (b) and (c), and subtract (d).	$\begin{array}{r} 1837 \text{ (a)} \\ 459 \text{ (b)} \\ 0 \text{ (c)} \\ \hline 2296 \\ 2 \text{ (d)} \\ \hline 2294 \end{array}$	$\begin{array}{r} 1852 \text{ (a)} \\ 462 \text{ (b)} \\ 0 \text{ (c)} \\ \hline 2314 \\ 2 \text{ (d)} \\ \hline 2312 \end{array}$

* The form in which this rule is given, is extracted from Sir Harris Nicolas's useful *Chronology of History*, (in Lardner's Cyclopædia,) by permission. We have compared it with Delambre.

(f) Divide (e) by 7, keeping the remainder only.

(g) Subtract (f) from 7; and the dominical letter is under the remainder below.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7
A	B	C	D	E	F	G

(h) Divide (a) by 19, the remainder is the *golden number*, or 19 is the golden number if the remainder be 0.

(i) From the number of centuries in the given year subtract 17, divide by 25, and keep the quotient only.

(k) Subtract 15 and (i) from the number of centuries; divide by 3, and keep the quotient.

(l) To (h) add 10 times the next less number; divide by 30, and keep the remainder.

(m) To (l) add (k) and (c) and take away (d): the result is the *epact*, when the following changes have been made, if necessary.

If 24, change it into 25. If 25, change it into 26 whenever the golden number is greater than 11.

7)2294
rem. 5.

7

5

2

Dom. Let. B.

19)1837
rem. 13.

This gives
A. D. 4200.

18

15

3)3

1

13

120

30)133

rem. 13.

13 (l)

1 (k)

0 (c)

14

2 (d)

12

7)2312
rem. 2.

7

2

5

Dom. Let. E.

19)1852
rem. 9.

nothing till

18

15

3)3

1

9

80

30)89

rem 29

29 (l)

1 (k)

0 (c)

30

2 (d)

28

The rule now subdivides into two branches.

When the epact (m) is 23, or less, as for year 1836.

(n) Subtract the epact from 45: this gives 33.

(o) Subtract the epact from 27, divide by 7, and take the remainder.

12 from 27 leaves 15, divide by 7, remainder 1.

When the epact (m) is greater than 23, as for year 1851.

(n) Subtract the epact from 75; this gives 47.

(o) Subtract the epact from 57, divide by 7, and take the remainder.

28 from 57 leaves 29, divide by 7, remainder 1.

The two rules are now the same again.

(p) To (n) add the dominical number (g) or 7 more than the dominical number, if (o) be greater than (g), and take away (o).

The result is the day of MARCH, or if greater than 31 subtract 31, and the result is the day of APRIL on which Easter Sunday falls.

33 (n)	47 (n)
2 (g)	5 (g)
$\frac{35}{35}$	$\frac{52}{52}$
1 (o)	1 (o)
$\frac{34}{34}$ (p)	$\frac{51}{51}$ (p)
$\frac{31}{31}$	$\frac{31}{31}$
$\frac{3}{3}$	$\frac{20}{20}$
Easter-day in 1836 is April 3	Easter-day in 1851 is April 20

To find what is the difference between the old and new styles, add together 10 and (d). Thus for 1836 and 1851, there is a difference of 12 days.

Something equivalent to the preceding process, though shortened, when done on a large scale, by help of tables, must be gone through for all future time before Easter can be found. It may well be asked why the 30th of March, or any other day, would not do as well? Why should the moon and sun *both* be necessary to regulate the time of a religious festival, when the sun only would be a much more intelligible guide. The Jews had a lunar year, and therefore the passover, as well as all other observances, depended on the moon; but the exist-

ence of a lunar year in religious rites, and of a solar year in civil matters, is a great deal of trouble for nothing. There are no Vietas now, to drive heretical Easter-finders from the congregations of the pious.

III.—*A story about an old book, which concerns nobody but an astronomer, was lost no one knows how but Leopold de' Medici, and has never been found.* We must bring Vieta again upon the carpet, in a better character than that in which he last appeared in our pages, and to show that if a book of his has been preserved which does not advance his credit, another has been lost which might have done so. And we shall be the more specific as there is a single chance left of recovering a curious work, if this lucubration should find any reader who is interested in astronomy, and has credit at Florence.

Vieta wrote a work, entitled *Harmonicon Cæleste*,* on astronomy. This we learn from Bouillaud (Latinized Bullialdus,) in the *Prolegomena* to his *Astronomia Philolaica*, Paris, 1645, as follows: "He had written a book called *Harmonicon Cæleste*, which the distinguished Peter Puteanus (or Dupuis) lent to Father Mersenne, &c. &c. This excellent and affable (*facilis*) man was deprived of the book by some dishonest person, so that he could neither return it to Puteanus, nor could the world be benefited by it. For as long as he † lived, he would neither return nor copy it; and I suspect he meant to pass it as

* This has, we believe, been the title of several works. Vincent Wing certainly published one book of that name.

† *Iste*; there is such confusion about this sentence, that we quote it entire; "Hic vir optimus et facilis à quodam viro non bonæ fidei illo libro emunctus est, ita ut nec ipsum Puteano reddere

his own." We now come to a curious specimen of the way in which a sentence is handed down by compilation, from generation to generation. Edward Sherburne, in the notes to his translation of Manilius, London 1675, writes as follows: "But the work of his chiefly pertinent to our subject, and [whose loss cannot be sufficiently deplored, was his Harmonicon Cœleste, which, being communicated to Mersennus, was by some perfidious acquaintance of that honest-minded person, surreptitiously taken from him, and irrecoverably lost or suppressed, to the unspeakable detriment of the lettered world.] *Vide Bulliald, &c.* The learned Golius had it, and Sir Alexander Hume from hence imparted another copy; both which, 'tis feared, are lost, there being no impression made thereof; and Golius being since dead, his collections (whereof he had many in Arabick) are said to be dispersed, and (which is to be pitied) carried back by a Jew into Turkey." Benjamin Martin, in his *Biographia Philosophica*, 1764, repeats the clause in brackets; and Dr. Hutton, in his *Mathematical Dictionary*, 1815, does

potuerit, nec respub. literaria fructum aliquem ex eo capere. *Quamdiu enim vixit, iste nec reddere voluit nec copiam illius facere; et, nisi fallor, meditabatur sibi adrogare Vietæ hoc opus, veri authoris nomine suppresso.*" From the first clause in italics, we should suppose Bouillaud did *not* know who it was took the book (though *quidam* is there ambiguous); from the second, that he *did* know. And what we have presently to say makes this whole assertion still more inexplicable. Both Mersenne and Puteanus were alive when this was written: P. Puteanus and Bouillaud were not only known to each other, but were, as long after the publication of the *Ast. Philol.* as 1679, engaged in a joint production (the catalogue of the library of *Vietæ's friend*, the president De Thou.)

the same, substituting only "great" for "unspeakable," and "literary" for "lettered." The assertion about Golius and Sir A. Hume, has some reference to the preface of Vieta's collected works by Schooten, published in 1646, in which it is stated that the editor had a copy of the *Harmonicon*, but not sufficiently complete to publish; but that he had received another copy from Alexander Hume, which would appear in a subsequent work, together with anecdotes (*ἀνέκδοτα*) of Vieta. No such work, however, was ever published.

This question being already sufficiently obscure, the writer of this article, some years ago, requested the late distinguished and excellent mathematician M. ——— to make some inquiry upon the subject at Paris; and that gentleman soon found a circumstance which makes Bouillaud's assertion most singular: for, in the manuscripts of this very Bouillaud, he states that he, Bouillaud, had had the manuscript,* and had lent it, in 1662, to Prince Leopold of Tuscany, the protector of the *Accademia del Cimento*; from which the gentleman alluded to supposed that it might be now at Florence.

* The following passages are from the letters of M. ——— to the writer: "Le manuscrit original de *Harmonicon Cæleste* est à Florence. Bouillaud, astronome Français, a prêté ce livre, en 1662, au prince Leopold de Toscane, protecteur de l'académie del Cimento." On some surprise being expressed at this, in connexion with Bouillaud's printed assertion in early life, the following confirmation was given: "Le fait concernant le manuscrit de *Harmonicon Cæleste*, prêté par Bouillaud au prince Leopold des Medicis est consigné dans les manuscrits de Bouillaud, et M ———" (naming a very celebrated mathematician) "savant géomètre, m'en a donné l'assurance. Il faut chercher dans les manuscrits, ou dans les ouvrages publiés par les auteurs, la vérité de l'histoire."

Though our expectations are but slender, we do not entirely despair of seeing this curious relic dug out of some Italian library or other.

Appended to the Life of Dr. Edward Bernard, published in Latin by Dr. Thomas Smith, London 1704, is a collection, entitled "Veterum Mathematicorum scripta quæ reperiri potuerunt, voluminibus xiv." This is either a collection of works which Bernard had made, or a synopsis of such a collection as he conceived might have been made. But he says, page 23, "accedant quædam de Vietæ Harmonico Cœlesti; cujus mentio in Astronomia Philol." Whether this be actual or hypothetical, might be ascertained by examination of Bernard's manuscripts, if he left any: Bernard was Savilian professor at Oxford, and died 1703, being succeeded by Dr. Gregory.

IV.—*Chaucer's work on the Astrolabe.* This astronomical work of our oldest poet, is the first work on any science in English of which we have any knowledge. It was written (says the black-letter edition of Chaucer, of 1602) in 1391, and the preface will show to whom and why.

"Little Lowis my sonne, I perceiue well by certaine evidences, thine abillitie to learne sciences touching numbers and proportions, and also wel consider I thy busie prayer in especiall to learne the Treatise of the Astrolabie. Then for as much as a philosopher saith, hee wrapeth him in his friend, that condiscendeth to the rightfull prayers of his friend. Therefore I haue giuen thee a sufficient Astrolabie for our orizont, compounded after the latitude of Oxenford: upon the which, by mediation of

this little treatise, I purpose to teach thee a certaine number of conclusions pertayning to this same instrument. I say a certaine [number] of conclusions, for three causes, the first cause is this: Trust well, that all the conclusions that haue be founden, or els possibly might bee found in so noble an instrument as in the Astrolaby, ben unknowen perfity to any mortall man in this region, as I suppose. Another cause is this, that soothly in any carts of the Astrolabie that I haue yseene, there ben some conclusions, that woll not in all thyngs perfourme her behests; and some of hem beene too hard to thy tender age of ten yeare, to conceiue. This treatise deuided in fiae parts, will I shewe the woonderlight rules and naked words in English, for Latine ne canst thou not yet but smale, my little sonne. But neuer the lesse, suffiseth to thee these true conclusions in English, as well as sufficeth to this noble clerkes, Greekes, these same conclusions in Greeke, and to the Arabines in Arabike, and to Jewes in Hebrewe, and to the Latin folke in Latine; which Latin folke had hem first out of other diuers languages, and writ hem in her owne tongue, that is to saine, in Latine.

“ And God wote that in all these languages, and in many mo, haue these conclusions been sufficiently learned and taught, and yet by diuers rules, Right as diuers pathes leaden diuers folke the right way to Rome.

“ Now woll I pray meekely euery person discreet, that redeth or heareth this little treatise, to haue my rude ententing excused, and my superfluitie of words, for two causes: The first cause is, for that curious enditing, and hard sentences, is full heauy at once for such a child to

learne: And the second cause is this, that sothly me semeth better to writen unto a child twice a good sentence, than he foryete it once. And Lowis, if it so be that I shew thee in my lith English, as true conclusions touching this matter, and not only as true, but as many and subtill conclusions, as ben yshewed in Latine, in any common treatise of the Astrolabie, conne me the more thanke, and pray God saue the king, that is lord of this langage, and all that him faith beareth and obeyeth, eueriche in his degree, the more and the lasse. But considereth well, that I ne usurp not to haue founden this work of my labour of mine engine: I nam but a leaud compilatour of the labour of olde Astrologiens, and haue it translated in mine English, only for thy doctrine: and with this swerde shall I sleen enuie."

Chaucer does not seem to have finished this work, for in the beginning he divided it into six parts, of which only the first and second, (at most,) have been either finished by him, or else preserved to us. He says that the third part "shall contayne diuers tables of longitudes and latitudes of sterres, fixe in the Astrolabie; and tables of the declinations of the sun, and tables of the longitude of cittyes and townes: and tables as well for the gouernation of the clocke, as for to finde the altitude meridian," &c. Nothing of this appears in the work, which consists of a description of the instrument called the *astrolabe*, and directions how to use it.

Mr. Peacock, in that excellent and enormous pile of researches which is called by the simple name of "Arithmetic," in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, treating of the introduction of the Arabic numerals into England,

has quoted Chaucer's poetry, to prove that he had the "newe figures," as he denominated them, about 1375; and argues that the phrase, "newe figures," does not necessarily imply very recent introduction, as that title might stick by them for a century. Granting this, we are rather inclined to think that the words "newe figures" were either introduced for the sake of the measure, or to avoid scientific terms in poetry, for, in this treatise on the astrolabe, Chaucer speaks of the Arabic numerals as the "numbers of augrime, that deuiden thilke same degrees fro fiue to fiue," and that "the numbers of the signs of the degrees been written in augrime." *Augrime* is the corruption from the Arabic that we now write *algorithm*, and all the more ancient books on the Arabic numerals specified those numbers by that title.

Chaucer died in the year 1400, at the age of 72.

V.—*Nomenclature of the stars.* Up to the time of Bayer, (A. D. 1603), it is supposed that the stars were never otherwise distinguished in Europe than either by their Arabic names, such as Aldebaran, Rigel, &c., or by their positions with respect to the constellation, such as, "in the head of Andromeda," "the first in the belt of Orion," &c. The maps of the well-known (by name) Bayer have gained him immortality at no great price, simply from his employing the letters of the Greek and Roman alphabets to distinguish the stars. The idea, if original, was improved by himself before the end of his life, as appears from the joint edition by himself and Julius Schiller, in which numbers are substituted. But, in our time, Bayer is only known by his letters, and the numbers employed are those given by Flamsteed, *Piazzi*, &c.

It has escaped the notice of all the historians of astronomy, that letters had been used to distinguish one star from another, before the time of Bayer, by Alexander Piccolomini, of Siena, who was successively Bishop of Patras, and Archbishop of his native place. This Piccolomini was a very miscellaneous writer. He was reckoned one of the best comedians of his day, and wrote commentaries on Aristotle, and various other works, besides the one in question. The third edition of his treatise "Della Sfera del Mondo," accompanied by his work "Delle Stelle Fisse," was published at Venice in 1553; and throughout the whole of the latter he employs the italic letters to distinguish the principal stars of each constellation from each other, and has given some rude maps in which they are employed. Neither Bayer nor Piccolomini at all insist upon their use of letters as an improvement, or even make any prominent allusion to it in their introductions; though, as it happens, the name of either would hardly have been mentioned in our day on account of anything else in their writings. The work of Piccolomini alluded to, was sufficiently well known to be translated into Latin, and published at Basle, (A. D. 1568 or 1588,) so that Bayer may very possibly have seen it.

VI.—*Treatises on Natural Theology.* There have been a great many attempts to apply geometry to the proof of religious assertions. The last we can find, and one of the most absurd, is "Mathematical principles of Theology, or the Existence of God geometrically demonstrated, &c. by Richard Jack, teacher of Mathematics, London, 1747." Mr. Jack lays down his definitions, one of which is, "the *evanescent existence* of any being is that point of dura-

tion in which its existence terminates or ends;" then proceeds to his axioms, the first of which is, "nothing hath no properties," and another of which is, "no being can exert a power which it does not possess;"—and finally establishes his point in a hundred and eleven theorems. The following is a specimen.

"THEOREM XXXII. A being cannot act after its existence is terminated.

"Let A be any being: I say it is impossible for the being A to act after its existence is terminated. For let

A

⊙

B C represent any portion of time, and D the point of duration, when the existence of A is terminated, and D C that part of duration that immediately succeeds the termination of A's existence. It is impossible for A to act in any one point of the duration DC: for if it be possible, let it act in the point E. Then because (Ax. 4) any being exists in all the points of duration in which it acts, therefore the being A will exist in the point of duration E, but its existence terminated in the point of duration D; therefore A will both exist and not exist in the same point of duration E, which is absurd. Therefore, *a being cannot act after its existence is terminated*; which was to be demonstrated."

We shall notice one more treatise on natural theology, because it is the reverse of the preceding. On account of its shortness, and the practical good sense shown in the method of handling the subject, we shall give it entire. It was published the year after the "House that Jack built."

Gowin Knight, M. B. on Attraction and Repulsion,

London, 1748, p. 3 : "The most general truth that occurs to us, in contemplating the works of the creation is, that there is a Being of infinite wisdom, goodness, and power, the first cause of all things. This is a proposition to which (one would imagine) no one who had ever cast an eye on the works of nature, could deny his assent. But if any such there are, the best advice I can give them is, To look again."

VII.—*The differential Thermometer.* The late Professor Leslie invented this instrument, we suppose, without being indebted to an old book which the chances were much in favour of his never having seen. It is well known to consist of a curved tube with a bulb at each end; the bottom of the tube, and each side up to a certain height, being filled with spirits of wine; the remainder of each tube and the bulbs being filled with air; thus composing two bodies of air which are prevented from mixing by the interposed spirit. So, long as the temperature of the two bulbs of air is the same, the equilibrium is not disturbed; but if the temperature of the air in one bulb be increased, the increased elastic force of the air in that bulb compresses the air in the other bulb by means of the interposed fluid, and the spirit of wine rises in the tube the air of which did not receive accession of heat.

In the *Collegium experimentale sive curiosum* of J. C. Sturm, published at Nuremburg in 1701, the above apparatus is precisely described, and a double-bulbed thermometer drawn, differing only from that of Sir John Leslie in having the two arms of unequal length. The following is the description, (page 49); A and D being the two bulbs, and B and C letters attached to their tubes.

“The second species of thermoscope was a curved tube, A B C D, through the open orifice of which, D, rectified spirit of wine was poured, tinged of a blue colour, so that (as happened of itself by the narrowness of the tube) the bulb A, remaining full of air as far as B, would not admit the ascent of the fluid. The instrument being thus prepared, and the hot hand moved towards the bulb A, the spirit B C ascended step by step from C towards D (by a motion contrary to its first motion); and when it was taken away, or anything cold applied, the fluid not only returned again to C, but even descended, being raised up at the other extremity, B, almost even to the middle of the bulb A.”

He then proceeds to describe the process of shutting up the open end by the bulb D, and remarks that the indications of the thermometer then become much less sensible. He notices the use of this thermometer for measuring small variations of temperature, such as, “daily, or even horary variations;” and instances as one possible application, the regulation of furnaces for hatching eggs after the Egyptian method. Sturm was a native of Hippolstein, and died about 1703; and the first edition of the Collegium, &c. was published as far back as 1672.

VIII.—*The Book of Knowledge, both necessary and useful for the benefit of all people*, printed for the booksellers of London and Westminster, 1729. This publication, which seems to have been a sort of stock book, was, as we see, printed after the death of Newton, nearly a century after the death of Galileo, and nearly two centuries after that of C pernicus. A brief view of its contents will serve to show how much profit had been derived from a century at

least of rational investigation. Unfortunately, this class of books is not quite extinct; we have still treatises of astrology, and all kinds of stupidity besides; but *not* published in the name of the *booksellers* of London and Westminster. The *Book of Knowledge* contains predictions for the year, depending on the day of the week on which the Nativity falls; directions what to undertake, and what to avoid on each day of the moon; the effect of thunder in each month of the year; a great quantity of astrology; some geography, the correctness of the proportions of which may be guessed from the coast of Surrey being called 65 miles long, while the "compass of England round about," is 4390 miles, and Venice is said to be 80 miles from Flanders;—prognostics for the weather, and for husbandry; among which every man is advised in March to "advise with the honest and able astrological physician." Then follows a "brief discourse of the celestial part of the world," in which the motion of the earth is not considered, but the heaven is violently turned about once in 24 hours by the motion of the *primum mobile*. Here followeth the manner of making all manner of Bonds, Bills, Leases, &c. very necessary for those who live in the country. Then follow some "pleasant questions in arithmetic," one of which is so very pleasant and curious a puzzle, that we shall give it.

"A certain man having three daughters, to the eldest he gave twenty-two apples, the second he gave sixteen apples, and to the third he gave ten apples, and sent them to the market to sell them, and gave them command to sell one as many for a penny as the other, namely, seven a penny, and every one to bring him home so much money as the

other, and neither change either apples or monies one with another. How could that be done? This to many seems impossible, but to the arithmetician very easy." The resources of the arithmetician were greater then than now: the matter is managed in the following way, 1. By sending a lady's steward to market, who buys twenty-one of the first, fourteen of the second, and seven of the third, at three-pence, two pence and a penny, leaving the sisters with one, two and three, apples. 2. By making the lady, who was a perfect Eve in the matter of apples, so fond of them as to send the steward back for all that were left, at any price. 3. By allowing the sisters to break their father's injunction, to sell for seven a penny, and to demand for the remainder a penny a piece; by which means all had four-pence.

Thus the Gordian knot was cut: the lady had her apples; we are not told that the father objected to this sort of breach of his commands; the farmers and their wives were amused in 1729, and the years next following; and we, in 1836, have an opportunity of showing what sort of books were in circulation among our progenitors. What would any one have more?

We end our account of this book with a rule which may be as useful now as then. It is true that Latin is now gone out of fashion, but (see *Moore's Almanac*) English does as well, or better, if it be done fasting. To find whether a husband or wife shall die first, write the numbers in order opposite to the letters of the alphabet; add together all the numbers opposite to the letters in the Christian names of the man and woman, (in *Latin*, says our original,) and divide the sum by *seven*. Then

if the remainder be even, the woman shall die first, if odd, the man shall die first.

IX. *Geometry and Gunpowder.* If the reader have a tolerably good notion of Geometry, such as might be got in the first six and the eleventh books of Euclid, he could not, if he like the subject, find a more interesting occupation than reading the *Propriétés Projectives des Figures* of M. Poncelet, Captain of Engineers, published in 1822. This work was composed in a Russian prison, in the year 1813, without books, or any kind of facilities. Some one, Labaume we believe, has mentioned, that the French prisoners in Russia got no ink except what they made themselves, by diluting gunpowder with some water. The real use of this compound having been thus discovered, it is shameful that all the countries in Europe have been allowed to consume it in pursuits of less utility.

XXXIII. BLUE-BEARD.

To suit the glitter and pageantry of the stage, and to introduce the picturesqueness of Oriental costume, (which, by the way, is never Oriental or correct in English theatres,) our melodramatists have converted Blue-Beard into an Eastern story. In the old nursery tale it is nothing of the sort; and a recent inquirer and examiner (for more important purposes) into foreign libraries and dusty archives, thinks he has discovered a French origin for this renowned wife-killer.

“At Nantes, there is a considerable collection of records relative to the Duchy of Bretagne. One of them, though foreign to your purpose, I cannot help mentioning.

It is the entire process of the Duke de Retz, of the old race, better known in our story-books as Blue-Beard. He was tried and executed at Nantes, about 1450, for the murder of several wives." See *Memoir upon the Materials for British History in Foreign Libraries and Archives*, in "Proceedings of His Majesty's Commissioners on the Public Records of the Kingdom, 1833."

XXXIV. LE SOUTERRAIN.

THE celebrated French Romance, entitled "Camille, ou Le Souterrain," which treats of a wife who was thrown into a subterranean vault, or dungeon, and kept there during many years by her husband, is only an amplification of a melancholy fact that really happened in a noble Neapolitan family at the early part of last century. Madame de Genlis says she saw the heroine at Rome, after her liberation; but this is one of the many occasions in which we doubt that lively writer's veracity.

XXXV. TRAITS OF ITALIAN MANNERS.

THE natives of Southern Italy, even of the lowest class, make a familiar use of classical names, although they at times misapply them in a curious manner. Castiglioni relates the story of a peasant, whose ass had been stolen, and who, while complaining of his loss to the Podestà, and at the same time expatiating on the merits of the animal, concluded its praises by saying "that his ass, when decorated with its pack-saddle, looked quite like a Cicero." An inhabitant of the district of Tran-

stevere, at Rome, attending in the crowd to witness some solemn service performed by the Pope in St. Peter's church, was repeatedly pushed back by one of the Swiss guards who kept the ground clear near the altar. The Transteverino, incensed at the rudeness of the Swiss, exclaimed: "Know, thou barbarian, that I am of Roman, nay, of Trojan blood." A Roman girl, seeing a handsome young man pass, observed that he was "a consul of beauty." The names of Via Appia, Via Flaminia, of Hannibal and Scipio, of Cæsar and Augustus, of Marius and Cicero, are common in the mouths of the country people. We say "the names," for they know little indeed of their history. We once heard a Neapolitan, in the passage-boat which every day crosses the bay to Sorrento, lecturing his auditors on the delights of a country life, and quoting for the purpose the authority of Mago, "a celebrated Carthaginian philosopher," as he called him.

XXXVI. ST. JEROME OF CORREGGIO.

THE fine St. Jerome, by Correggio, in the gallery of the ducal palace of Parma, was bespoken by a lady with the Homeric name of Briseide, the widow of a gentleman of Parma, called Costa. She paid the artist forty-seven sequins (about twenty-three pounds sterling), besides his board for six months he worked at it; "to which she *generously* added two cart-loads of wood for fuel, for the poor painter to warm himself during winter, a few bushels of wheat, and a fat pig." This painting, so liberally paid for in 1524, became in course of time the property of the Convent of

St. Anthony, and in the last century the King of Portugal offered the abbot forty thousand sequins for it ; but the Infante Duke of Parma would not allow it to go out of his state, and, to avoid temptations, he had it placed in the cathedral. It was afterwards transferred to the Academy of Painting. When the French invaded Italy in 1796, the St. Jerome was one of the paintings designated to Bonaparte, by the Republican amateurs, as an acceptable prize for the Museum at Paris. The Duke of Parma offered one million of livres (about forty thousand pounds sterling) instead of it ; but the Commissaries of the Directory, Monge and Berthollet, who presided, as the honest Courier expresses it, at “ the illustrious pillage ” of that time, were inexorable ; and the fiat of a mathematician and a chemist sent the St. Jerome on his travels to the banks of the Seine. In 1815, the Allies, having entered Paris for the second time, thought it a fit opportunity to give future conquerors a lesson on the rights of nations to their public property, and the St. Jerome was taken down from the walls of the Louvre, packed up, and returned to Parma, where it is now to be seen.

XXXVII. ORIGIN OF HACKNEY COACH-STANDS, 1634.

“ I CANNOT omit to mention any new thing that comes up amongst us, tho’ never so trivial : Here is one Captain Baily, he hath been a sea captain, but now lives upon the land, about this city, where he tries experiments. He hath erected according to his ability some four hackney-coaches, put his men in a livery, and

appointed them to stand at the May-Pole in the Strand, giving them instructions at what rates to carry men into several parts of the town, where all day they may be had. Other hackney-men seeing this way, they flocked to the same place, and perform their journeys at the same rate ; so that sometimes there is twenty of them together, which disperse up and down, that they and others are to be had every where as watermen are to be had by the waterside. Everybody is much pleased with it, for, whereas before, coaches could not be had but at great rates, now a man may have one much cheaper." —*Strafford's Letters and Dispatches*, vol. i. p. 227.

The letter from which the above extract is made, is dated April 1st, 1634.

XXXVIII. HATS OFF !

OR REVERENCE TO ROYAL STATUES.

The Lord Viscount Wimbledon to the Mayor of Portsmouth, &c.

Mr. Mayor, and the rest of your Brethren,

WHEREAS at my last being at Portsmouth I did recommend the beautifying of your streets by setting in the signs of your inns to the houses, as they are in all civil towns, so now I must recommend it to you most earnestly in regard of his Majesty's figure or statue, that it hath pleased his Majesty to honour your town with more than any other : so that these signs of your inns do not only obscure his Majesty's figure, but outface it, as you yourselves may well perceive. Therefore, I desire

you all, that you will see that such an inconveniency be not suffered; but that you will cause, against the next spring, that it be redressed, for that any disgrace offered his Majesty's figure is as much as to himself. To which end, I will and command all the officers and soldiers not to pass by it without putting off their hats. I hope I shall need to use no other authority to make you do it; for that, it concerneth your obedience to have it done, especially now you are told of it by myself. Therefore I will say no more, but wish health to you all, and so rest,

Your assured loving friend,

Oct. 22, 1635.

WIMBLEDON." *

This Lord Viscount Wimbledon was a general in Charles's army, and a very bad one. He would have made a better master of the ceremonies. In what capacity he sent the above rating to the Worshipful the Mayor and the Aldermen of Portsmouth we are not aware; but he probably had the military command of that town. The officers and courtiers of Charles the First were not very nice in keeping within the jurisdiction of their offices.

The old signs, swinging on enormous posts, stuck out in the middle of the streets, as they once were all over England, were decided nuisances very proper to be removed; but the notion of making the disregard of the King's statue almost equivalent to treason, seems very preposterous. Such notions, however, still obtain in certain countries. In 1821, old King Ferdinand, of Naples, stuck up a colossal statue of himself on the grand staircase of the National Museum. It was a work of

* *Stafford's Letters and Dispatches*, vol. i. p. 491.

Canova's, but the genius of that great artist had failed before such a subject ; and though poor Ferdinand was costumed *all' antica*, with the Roman toga round his body, and the Roman helmet on his head, he only looked like an overgrown lazzarone masquerading on a day of Carnival. Orders, however, were given that every person passing this big stone man should take off his hat, and a sentinel was placed hard by, to see these duties performed. This regulation led to some ludicrous scenes. One day some poor students, just arrived from the wilds of Calabria, were challenged because they had not doffed their beavers. "*Ma, infine,*" said they in excuse, "*il Rè non è il santissimo, nè neppure santo, e non ci tocca di cavar il capello.*"* "*Mà in somma,*" replied the sentry, "*il Rè è Rè, e la statua sua è statua sua !*" And then he knocked off their hats with the butt-end of his musket. After a very short time, these orders, which originated, we believe, in the Prince of Canosa, a fanatic royalist and a madman, were dropped altogether. They would not go down even at Naples ; and it was quite certain the old King, who had rather a lively sense of the ridiculous, had never prescribed them. Bating a trifling damage to hats, this business ended in fun ; but the case was very different with the statue of Ferdinand's father, Charles III. of Naples and of Spain. This latter figure stood in the Largo, or square *del Mercatello*, at Naples.

* "But, after all, the King is not the Host, nor is he even a saint ; and we are not bound to take off our hats to his image." The soldier's words are, "But, in short, the King is King, and his statue is his statue." The poor macaroni-eater's ratiocination was really worthy of my Lord Wimbledon.

As a work of art it was contemptible enough ; but it represented a King who certainly deserved more respect from the Neapolitans. However, when the French armies marched in 1798, and made Naples a republic, in the fashionable hatred of all kings the statue was overthrown and broken to pieces. When the Republic, in its turn, was upset, in 1799, a frightful vengeance was taken for this act of disrespect. The noble youths Serra, Riario, and Genzano, were found guilty of high treason, and lost their heads on the scaffold, for having taken part in, or been present at, the demolition of the stone King. They belonged to three of the highest families in the kingdom. Serra and Riario were under twenty years of age ; Genzano, a beautiful boy, was not quite sixteen ! Other Neapolitans, of obscurer names, fell victims to their iconoclastic zeal in the same manner. The statues of kings were indeed something at Naples in the year 1799 !

XXXIX. WALTER SCOTT AT NAPLES.

A GARBLED account of the trifling, and yet very interesting, incidents alluded to in the ensuing lines, has been recently published in this country. The original narrator, our kind friend Doctor Hogg, has furnished us with his own account from his note-book ; and, apart from our desire of checking the unfair practice of robbing a man, over the dinner-table, of his good things—a practice that must in the end stop all Table Talk — we have several other reasons for being glad to insert the paper in our little volume. The facts go to illustrate the kindness of heart, the goodness of humour, and readiness of wit, of

poor Scott, even when the hand of death was almost laid upon him ; and they seem to us exceedingly honourable to the young men of Naples, who so enthusiastically revered the genius of our great novelist, although, in the mass, they could only be acquainted with his works through the medium of French or Italian translations. A class of men who nourish such a religious feeling for virtue and genius,—who are capable of such sentiments,—ought to redeem the character of the Neapolitan nation ; which, by the way, never merited the indiscriminate abuse that has been heaped upon it by hasty and ignorant travellers. In spite of the demoralizing influences of six hundred years of bad, or very indifferent government, the nobler and more generous qualities of man's nature have not been wholly eradicated there ; and the land that produced Torquato Tasso, confers a real honour when it hangs a wreath round the honoured head of Walter Scott.

“ Naples, April 23, 1832.

“ * * * Sir Walter Scott and Sir William Gell, both quitted this place for Rome last week. I had the melancholy satisfaction of leading the former to his carriage on the morning of his departure ; and took leave of the latter with scarcely less emotion, as the commencement, in a few days, of my long-projected excursion to Egypt and Syria with Mr. Baillie throws over the future a cloud of uncertainty. Sir Walter's health, I grieve to say, seems to have been little improved by change of climate ; nor can I reflect without apprehension upon the possible consequences of the determination he has formed of proceeding homeward by land. His visit to

Naples, as might be expected, excited an interest as well among the resident natives as the numerous visitors ; which, increasing in intensity as it spread, soon became universal and enthusiastic. Although I had been presented to him in society some years ago, I did not feel authorised to trespass on the privacy of the venerated invalid ; but a commission kindly undertaken by his daughter, at the request of a mutual friend at Malta, compelled on my part a visit of acknowledgment. While chatting on that occasion with Miss Scott, Sir Walter entered the room. His countenance, alas ! how altered ; his complexion fearfully pallid ; and his walk, even with the accustomed support of his stick, little more than a feeble halt. His eyes, however, still retained their wonted expression ; his manner, as usual, was frank and cordial ; and his smile benevolent, as it ever had been. For a moment, the ravages of his malady were distressingly apparent, evincing the insidious progress of that species of disorganization of brain arising from overstrained intellectual exertion : but his eye brightened as he spoke of mutual acquaintances and far-severed friends ; and his countenance beamed with animation when, referring with affectionate enthusiasm to his distant home, he expressed a hope to return thither once more with recruited health.

“At this time, by the intervention of Mr. Laing Meason, a friendly intercourse had been established between Sir Walter and Sir William Gell. As I had a portion of time daily at my own disposal, and the state of Miss Scott’s health sometimes interfered with her personal attendance on her father, Sir William suggested that I

might, perhaps, be occasionally useful in Sir Walter's visits to the public library, or to the booksellers' shops, the contents of which he expressed a strong desire to examine. This hint was speedily acted upon, for when I next saw Sir Walter, he requested me to accompany him the following morning to the public library. The Chevalier de Lictériis, the principal librarian, had previously pointed out to him, amidst the national literary stores, an ancient copy of one of our old metrical romances, 'Sir Bevis of Southampton;' which differing in some particulars from the versions current in England, Sir Walter was desirous to have completely transcribed. This task an Italian, recommended by Sir William, had already commenced; but the transcriber knowing no language except his own, Sir Walter found it necessary to have recourse to an interpreter in his daily visits for superintendence and collation. In the course of these proceedings, (for the Neapolitan government afterwards liberally allowed Sir Walter the use of the manuscript at the Palazzo Caramanico, where he resided,) as supporting himself on my arm he one morning entered the Studio, and was advancing towards the staircase which leads to the library, a member of the Literary and Scientific Academy, then holding a session, invited him to be present. This he delicately declined, upon the plea of not understanding the language in which a dissertation upon some antiquarian subject was in the course of reading.

"The examination of the transcript in the library taking up less time that day than usual, on our way out, as we passed the open door of a large hall crowded with attentive listeners, Sir Walter voluntarily expressed an

inclination to enter. Advancing within the door, where every seat was occupied, he quietly took a station against the wall close to the entrance. With difficulty I made farther way into the room, to obtain for him, through some of the senior members, the accommodation of a seat. A whisper instantly ran round the apartment, all eyes were fixed upon the illustrious stranger, and a chair was immediately placed for him near that of the president. Little attention was afterwards paid by the audience to the business of the meeting. A gentle movement constantly agitated the assembly; those at a distance gradually pressing onward, that all might enjoy the privilege of obtaining a sight of their distinguished guest. The sitting was soon concluded, but no individual quitted the room. The president, advancing in due form, then made a highly complimentary speech in Italian on the part of himself and the assembled society, which Sir Walter of course was unable to understand. When the harangue concluded, Sir Walter with great readiness, before I had time to make the slightest explanation of what had been said, delivered in English a neat speech quite appropriate to the occasion, but as incomprehensible to the president as the previous compliment had been to Sir Walter. Bows were now mutually interchanged; and Sir Walter, with admirable tact, immediately drew me away. Other members then came forward with cordial salutations, expressing at the same time their highly gratified feelings. As we quitted the room, the younger part of the audience spontaneously ranged themselves in a double file, which extending through the vestibule reached to the very steps of his

carriage. The eagerness evinced by this juvenile band to catch a glimpse of his countenance,—the reverence with which they touched him, and then kissed the hands that had touched his as he passed along,—the anxious looks of interest and curiosity that met him on every side,—the expressions of satisfaction universally pronounced,—the eulogiums that were showered upon him by some, and the indications of regret with which his infirm state was regarded by others, produced an effect alike overwhelming and indescribable. A scene more touching I never beheld. Tears were sparkling in many an eye ; and it was not till some minutes after we had driven off, that either of us could make a single remark upon the gratifying but affecting display we had so unexpectedly witnessed. * * *

“ On some future occasion, I will forward you the full details of an interesting excursion of four days, made by Sir Walter, Miss Scott, Sir William Gell, and Mr. Laing Meason, in the enjoyments of which I had the satisfaction to participate. On the first day, we reached La Cava, and the hospitable mansion of Miss Whyte, who is truly of ‘ the salt of the earth ;’ her name widely and inseparably connected with benevolence and kindness. There Sir William Gell remained, while the rest of the party went on the next day to Pæstum, and returned the same night to Miss Whyte’s. The whole party passed the following morning at a magnificent and beautifully situated Benedictine convent called *La Trinità della Cava*, where Sir Walter’s taste was amply gratified in examining certain illuminated memorials of the Lombard ages, carefully preserved in the conventual archives.

Here we detected Morani, a young Calabrian artist of great promise, stealing a likeness of Sir Walter, which, pronounced a striking resemblance by all present, I triumphantly secured, Sir Walter kindly consenting to allow the artist another sitting at home. * * *

“ Ever and truly yours,

“ EDWARD HOGG.”

How melancholy the reflection, that in the short period of four years Sir Walter and Miss Scott, Mr. Laing Meason, Miss Whyte, and lastly Sir William Gell, none of them at an advanced age, should have paid the debt of nature. The only survivor of this happy party is now (April 1836) the writer of the foregoing letter.

XL. MISTAKES OF TRANSLATORS.

IN a paper on “ Literary Blunders,” in the second volume of his “ Curiosities of Literature,” Mr. d’Israeli gives us a few amusing specimens of the innumerable mistakes which have been committed by translators in all languages. It is our intention to add a few more to the list, and, out of respect to the man, we will begin with Mr. d’Israeli himself. In his third volume, he translates the word *custode*, which means a keeper, by “ a large cap.”

In describing the death of Charles IX. of France, whose last hours were embittered by the recollection of the part he had taken in the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, Mr. d’Israeli says that the King, after some talk

with Mazzille (Mazzillo), his principal physician, begged him to withdraw his *custode*, that he might try to rest. The King, as the son of an Italian mother (Catherine of Medici), who had filled the French court with her countrymen, of course spoke Italian; and, be it remarked, he was then speaking to an Italian physician, with whom he would naturally employ his own language. In Italian, the word *custode* means a guard or keeper, or one who takes care of another; and the term is especially applied to a man having charge of an insane person, in which condition Charles, on account of his remorse, was considered to be by his mother, who had the most urgent motives for preventing him from holding any private intercourse with the then protestant King of Navarre, afterwards Henry IV. of France. In French, there is no such word as *custode*. Mr. d'Israeli translates it into English by "a large cap." Instead of having their night-caps taken off, people generally have them put on when they wish to go to sleep. But how did the Italian physician withdraw this "*custode* or large cap?" Why, in the context, in Mr. d'Israeli's own words, which immediately follow the King's request, it is said that "Mazzillo withdrew, and left orders that *all* should leave the King except three, viz. La Tour, St. Pris, and his nurse, whom his Majesty greatly loved *although she was a Huguenot*." If the worthy translator had reflected, this ought to have let him into the meaning of the word, and of the wish of the King, which was, that he should be relieved of the presence of his keeper or keepers, (for the term used was probably *custodi*, the Italian plural,) that he might be quiet. But Mr. d'Israeli cannot get the

“large cap” out of his head ; and his next words are, “As she (the nurse) had just seated herself on a coffer, and began to doze, she heard the King groan bitterly, weeping and sighing ; she then approached the bed softly, and drawing away his *custode*, (which the translator thinks was the large cap that the doctor had been told to withdraw before,) the King said to her, (*being open, and confidential, we suppose, when the night-cap was off!*) giving vent to a heavy sigh, and shedding tears plentifully, in-somuch that they interrupted his discourse, “Ah ! my dear nurse, my beloved woman, what blood ! what murders ! Ah ! I have followed wicked advice !” (meaning the advice of his mother, and the bigoted catholic faction.) This makes the matter still more clear. The protestant nurse withdrew the catholic *custode*, *i. e.* guard or keeper, placed there by Catherine of Medici, in order that he might not hear what the wretched King said.

We have entered into these explanations to make the mis-translation more amusing ; but the mistake itself is tangible. In French, as we have said, there is no such word ; and, in Italian, *custode* means what we have said, and nothing else. There is also the verb *custodire*, to guard, watch, keep, take care of, &c. ; the noun *custodia*, in Lat. *cura* or *custodia*, and so on. In Italy, the keepers of private madhouses are always called *custodi* ; which term is also applied to men having charge of any person who, from imbecility, or physical weakness, or sickness, is unable to take care of himself.

We have one affecting instance of the use of this word by an English nobleman. A very accomplished Italian scholar, and (until his fine intellect was deranged by a

deplorable malady) a man of exquisite taste, wit, and humour. We mean the late Lord D— and W—. Even after the time it was deemed necessary to put his person under restraint, his lordship had frequently lucid intervals, during which he received the visits of a few chosen friends. On one occasion, the excellent Mr. H——, the historian, found him alone with a gentlemanly-looking person dressed in black, whom he took for a physician or a visiter. As Mr. H—— was hesitating about taking a chair until this person was seated, his lordship said "*E solamente il custode*" (it is only the keeper.)

Mr. d'Israeli, however, has given various proofs of his small knowledge of the Italian language; and as he almost invariably culled his exotic curiosities from French writers alone, he is sometimes misled in his nomenclature, and commits mistakes when those writers treat of matters that are not national or French. Thus he calls the Italian King, Manfredi, (so well known to English readers as Manfred,) by the French-translated name of Mainfroid, which would be unintelligible to many. This is almost as bad as an ignorant book-maker, who, translating an elementary work on history for the edification of English youths, retained all the vile travestimentos of classical names, calling, after his French original, Herodotus, Herodote; Pythagoras, Pythagore; * Livy, Tite-Live; Julius Cæsar, Jules-Cesar; Suetonius, Suetone; &c.

Nor is the author of the "Curiosities of Literature"

* Pythagore is pronounced in French almost as if it were written Peter Gore, which made our friend Leigh Hunt say humorously, "they might as well call him Peter Jenkins." See Introduction to the "*Feast of the Poets*."

always correct, even in translating things which are wholly French. There is a singular instance of this, in his article on the burlesque poet Scarron, in his third volume, where he spoils the best line of that poet's rhymed petition to the Queen of France, which said line, moreover, is a popular and most common French proverb.

After explaining to her Majesty all his wants and sufferings, Scarron ends by saying that, in spite of all his bad luck, he keeps up his spirits :

" Et pourtant faisant par courage
Bonne mine à fort mauvais jeu."

Mr. d'Israeli changes the preposition *à*, (*at*, or *to*), into the conjunction *et* (*and*), and translates the two verses most lamely, thus,

" And yet, in spite of all, very courageously showing a hearty countenance, though indeed he plays a losing game." This is neither one thing nor the other. It would be better, " And yet, by his courage, keeping a cheerful countenance *at* a very losing game." The French proverb, which is much older than the time of Scarron, is,

" *Il faut faire bonne mine à mauvais jeu ;*"

the *point* of which is wholly lost by the author of the "Curiosities of Literature," though, indeed, like most proverbs, it can be properly rendered only by some equivalent saw in English.

The French as a nation have been rather distinguished by their neglect and contempt of all languages save their own ; and among those who have mistranslated foreign idioms and mis-spelt foreign words, their travellers de-

serve a pre-eminent post. One Monsieur Grosley, who wrote about the beginning of the reign of George the Third, committed a most amusing variety of mistakes of both these kinds. He told the good people of Paris, on the authority of M. Condamine, a valuable correspondent, that the boys in London would sometimes call a Frenchman *son babitch* (we will not correct the orthography); that the orator of the House of Commons was called *Le Spik* (Speaker); and that when members would claim attention to what was said in debate, they shouted *ya ! ya !*

As this Sieur Grosley was so well qualified for it, he went occasionally into disquisitions on the orthography and orthoepy of English words; and he made the notable discovery that the English people pronounced the name of Cromwell as though it were spelt Caramuel. He was only a very short time in England, where some wicked wags must have amused themselves with his ignorance of the language, and have imposed on his credulity by mis-translating words of very different meaning or orthography, but which have the same, or nearly the same, sound when hastily pronounced. To obtain the character of an attentive observer, the ingenious Frenchman sometimes said that he himself had seen the marvellous things he described. Thus, in speaking of the melancholy character of the English people and their predilection for suicide, he said that high balustrades were placed upon all the bridges of London, to prevent them from drowning themselves; and that the banks of the Thames were, as far as possible, carefully blocked up—and that yet, in spite of all these cares, he himself saw eight-and-twenty skulls taken

up from that part of the river where a new bridge (Black-friars) was building. Here had evidently been some wag's *double-entendre*, and play upon the words—scull, the bone which incases and defends the human brain, and scull, a sort of boat-oar. But on the subject of oars, poor Grosley was destined to be very unfortunate, and to make a mistake that seriously committed the moral reputation of our London watermen from Wapping old stairs to Vauxhall ferry; for he told the good people of France, who, no doubt, religiously believed the assertion, that he never approached the water-side, but those shameless men came running after him from the public-houses crying out, (*Des putaines, des putaines; voulez vous des putaines?*)

Our traveller described the fashionable amusement of *le boulingrin* (the bowling-green); and was very eloquent on the subject of our church-windows, employing another little bit of English on the occasion. The light admitted by those large windows, he tells us, is *nécessaire sans doute sous un ciel commun ment embrumé, mais éblouissant dans les Glorious Dai.*

It should appear that up to that time the French nation had remained ignorant of the nature of an English convivial toast. M. Grosley enlightened them on this head, telling them that "*le Tost* is that portion of the day in England in which, when the cloth is removed after dinner, when the ladies have retired and the dining-room has been *suffisamment garnie de pots-de-chambre, chacun, les coudes sur la table, se faisant passer de l'un à l'autre les bouteilles, boit et arrange l'état.*

Another French tourist, who published his observa-

tions on England shortly after the peace of 1815, gave some additional information regarding *le Tost*, which will be new to some of our readers.

“In the Bacchanalian exercise of the *tost*, the lover gives his mistress, the merchant his correspondent, the clergyman his bishop, the bishop his primate, and the primate the protestant cause; and thus they all get drunk in the politest manner in the world.”

The same ingenious writer called our pugilistic combats “*Le Boxk*.” Everybody, he says, knows the passion of all classes and conditions of the English for the *Boxk*, and he adds, “The *Boxk* is an indispensable part of a gentleman’s education,—fathers and mothers make their children fight in their presence; the *professors* do the same in all schools and colleges, and the *Boxkeurs* begin by *butting with their heads like rams*.” (Shades of Cribb, Gulley, Belcher, and Dutch Sam, how your noble science of defence has been traduced by the ignorance of a Frenchman!) The extravagant amateurs (*les amateurs outrés*) of horse-racing, we are informed, are called “Black-legs,” from the colour of their boots, *which they never take off*. (Query, did Monsieur wear white boots?) The “Bond-street loungers,” are said to derive the name from a light repast in the middle of the day, which they take in the eating-houses, and which is called a *lounge* (qy. lunch?) The patriots of England, according to another accomplished French tourist, are called *Wigghes*, from the Isle of Wiggh, where all run-away matches are made. But this is less amusing than the felicitous accuracy of a Parisian journalist, who translates

the title of our newspaper, "The Independent Whig," by "*La Perruque Indépendante*."

The intelligent Spaniard, the Rev. Blanco White, who from his long residence among us, and his devotion to our literature, has attained, to write English with classical purity, relates two very amusing errors he fell into when he first visited our capital. "I still recollect," he says, "the unlucky hit I made on my arrival in London, when, anxious beyond measure to catch every idiomatic expression, and reading the huge inscription of the Cannon Brewery at Knightsbridge, as the building had some resemblance to the great cannon foundry in this town (Seville), I settled it in my mind that the genuine English idiom for what I now should call *casting*, was no other than *brewing* cannon. This, however, was a mere verbal mistake. Not so that which I made when the word '*Nursery*' stared me in the face every five minutes, as in a fine afternoon I approached your great metropolis, on the western road. Luxury and wealth, said I to myself, in a tone approaching to philosophic indignation, have at last blunted the best feelings of nature among the English! Surely, if I am to judge from this endless string of *nurseries*, the English ladies have gone a step beyond the unnatural practice of devolving their first maternal duties upon domestic hirelings. Here, it seems, the poor helpless infants are sent to be kept and suckled in crowds, in a decent kind of *Foundling-hospitals*. You may easily guess that I knew but one signification of the words *nursing* and *nursery*. Fortunately, I was not collecting materials for a book of travels during a summer excursion; otherwise I should now be enjoying all the honour

of the originality of my remarks on the customs and manners of old England."*

In the new "Dictionnaire de la Conversation et de la Lecture," a work of great pretension,—wherein peers of France write, and every man signs his own name, and mostly at length, and which is now in course of publication in *livraisons*, or parts, at Paris,—we have just been shown the following very laughable mistranslation.

Monsieur H. Bouchitté, in writing the life of the German theosophist and mystic visionary, Jacob Boehm, gives a list of his numerous works, among which he sets down as one, "Reflections on Isaiah's boots." Now these said reflections were applied by Boehm to a theological and controversial treatise, written by a learned divine called Isaiah Stiefel; but Stiefel, as well as being a family name, is the German word for the English *boot*, French *botte*, and hence, with the help of a little blundering, came M. Bouchitté's "*Reflexions sur les bottes d'Isaie.*"

The English translator of Beckman's "History of Inventions," calls Barnabò Visconti, one of the signors, or lords of Milan, the *Viscount Barnabbo*; but this is nothing compared with Hoole, the translator, or traitor † of Tasso and Ariosto, who renders, "*I colubri Viscontei,*" or Viscontian snakes, (meaning the arms, or crest of that family,) by "the Calabrian Viscounts!"

The French translator of one of Walter Scott's novels, knowing nothing of that familiar name for toasted-

* Letters from Spain, by Don Leucadio Doblado.

† According to an Italian saying, *I traduttori sono traditori*, or, "Translators are traitors."

cheese, "a welsh-rabbit," rendered it literally by "*un lapin du pays de Galles*," or, a rabbit of Wales, and then told his readers in a note, that the *lapins*, or rabbits of Wales, have a very superior flavour, which makes them be in great request in England.

The writer of the Neapolitan government paper, "*Il Giornale delle due Sicilie*," was more ingenuous. He was translating from some English newspaper the account of a man who had killed his wife by striking her with a poker, and at the end of his story the honest journalist, with a modesty unusual in his craft, said, "*Non sappiamo per certo se questo pokero Inglese, sia uno strumento domestico, o bensì chirurgico*"—(We are not quite certain whether this English poker (*pokero*) be a domestic or surgical instrument.)

During the last war, an English newspaper told its readers that the whole army of the Archduke Charles was "on horseback, upon the Danube." The reporter of this startling news had been translating from the *Moniteur*, and did not happen to know the value of a common French military idiom—*être à cheval*, "to be on both sides of," and signifying, in this instance, that a part of the archduke's army was on the left, and part on the right bank of the Danube.

A writer in the *Quarterly Review*, in translating from an interesting Italian pamphlet, which gave an account of the sudden seizure by French gendarmes of the person of Pius VII, makes the Pope say, "Here we are, and here we must remain;" while the Italian idiomatic expression, "*Ci siamo e bisogna starci*," meant "We are in trouble, and we must face it," or, more familiarly,

“ We are in for it, and must get out of it as well as we can.” But the “ *bisogna starci*, which may be rendered into French by *il y faut faire face*, meant anything rather than “ here we must remain ;” which desponding expression spoiled the whole context, and gave a false notion of the old Pope’s conduct, which was firm and spirited on that trying occasion.

In a surgical treatise on diseases of the bladder, the English author, in order to avoid a coarser expression, says, that in such a time after an operation which he recommends, the patient will be able “ to turn to the wall.” This, an ingenious surgeon in the south of Italy, who very laudably employed himself in translating and publishing English medical works, but who knew English only from the study of such books, rendered by, “ *e poi, guarito del suo male, il paziente avrà la forza di rovesciare un muro*,” (“ and then, cured of his disorder, the patient will have strength to knock down (or overturn) a wall.”) Our surgeon stopped there ; but had he been such a philosophic *raisonneur* as the Frenchman who explained Welsh rabbits, no doubt he would have gone on to say, that in England, where they are built of bricks, walls are much easier to knock down, than in Italy, where they are built of stones. A bookseller of Naples announced, by means of a placard in large letters, stuck on the walls, that he had just published a discourse on St. Paul’s Epistles—*Discorso sulle Pistole di San Paolo*. “ What an absurdity,” cried an English tourist, “ the pistols of Saint Paul !” and he made “ a prief in his notebook,” which, for all that we know to the contrary, may have been published long ago, giving it as an instance of

the sad ignorance prevalent at Naples, where people wrote books about pistols, in days when, as everybody knew, there was no gunpowder. It did not strike him that, though *pistole* means pistols, it also means epistles, and that the Italians may write with equal propriety, *l'Epistole*, or *le Pistole*, the latter being the form more generally used. In spoken language there is a difference in the accentuation of the word; it is *pistōla*, with the accent on the penultimate syllable, when the fire-arm is meant; and *pistola*, when letter or epistle.

The following tirade, though not exactly a mistranslation, must have the effect of one on many persons who may happen to look into the already mentioned "Dictionnaire de la Conversation et de la Lecture" for the meaning of the word "Bishop;" and the whole passage is so curious, that it deserves being preserved in our Book of Table-Talk.

"BISHOP," says Monsieur le Docteur Charbonnier, the author of the article, "is a vinous punch, so called in Holland, and some other northern countries, where they make use of it at the theatres, balls, and other assemblies where pleasure is the aim. This word 'Bishop' (but here we must give the French)—"*Ce mot Bishop signifie évêque en Anglais*, and it probably designates a drink fit for a bishop (*évêque*), or a luxurious drink. It is prepared with as much promptitude as facility, by pouring into good red wine, warmed and sugared, a quantity of the following tincture, the proper proportion of which is ascertained by tasting the mixture: take of orange-peelings two ounces, of cloves one ounce, of nutmeg, one ditto: steep these (*he does not tell us in what*

liquid,—an inexcusable omission) during a month in a vessel carefully closed." After this direction, which puts us in mind of the glee,

" Nutmeg and ginger, cinnamon and cloves,
And that gave me this jolly red nose—"

the learned doctor moralizes on the subject. " People," he says, " may reproach a humble priest of the temple of Hygeia, like myself, for propagating the knowledge of a liquor that does not conform with the sober precepts of that goddess. I feel the justice of the reproach; and these lines would have been condemned to oblivion by a scruple of conscience, but for the reflection that BISHOP is a less intoxicating drink than PUNCH made with rum, or rack, or brandy; and that it is useful to substitute for dangerous agents, other agents that are less dangerous. It has also been conceived, that there would be an advantage in showing people how to vary their liquors, which are not without their use in cold climates, and during the nights we consecrate to pleasures, which, also, Hygeia does not exactly approve of; pleasures, however, which her priests (the doctors) regard with an indulgent eye, for fear of passing for over-severe censors, who are always unwelcome, and, above all, to the eyes of the more beautiful half of our species."

Sound moralist—gallant priest of the Goddess of health—most excellent physician! May you long live to drink mulled wine, to write in the Cyclopædia, or Dictionary of Conversation, and swell that "Repertory of Useful Knowledge,"* with matters that are equally

* "Connoissances usuelles." *Usuelles* here means things usually or commonly *useful*.

useful and entertaining. We like the preparation ourselves, having often drunk Bishop at Geneva and Lausanne, where the wintry winds from the Alps and the Lake make much colder weather than Horace ever felt in Italy, where, "*Ligna super foco largè reponens,*" he sate in for the night, to make himself comfortable over a jar of red Falernian. *Ce punch vineux*, as M. Charbonnier calls it, seemed to be in pretty general use among the Genevèse, but *they* called it by a German and not an English name,—*Bischof*, and not *Bishop*. Thus, we believe, our own bench of prelates had nothing to do with the invention of it.

XLI. A CHAPTER ON HANGING.

THE leading and main incident in Mr. Theodore Hook's strange novel, called "*Maxwell*," is the resuscitation of a man who had suffered the last penalties of the law; and a great deal of pathos and tragical interest is worked out from this event, without much attention to legal points, which novel-readers do not care for, and which the author probably did not understand.

During the frenzy of the French revolution, when the people of Paris carried to the lamp-posts, and ropes across the street that supported the lanterns which illuminated the city by night, all such gentlemen as were suspected of royalist principles, there were several instances of men who were only half-hanged, coming to life again. But then executions were always performed in a hurry, and by unprofessional hands. The humorous Abbé de — was saved by a witty speech: as the mob were

seizing him, and crying out *à la lanterne*, he turned round, and said, "Well, my good people, supposing you do carry me to the lantern, will that make you see any the better at night?" The rogues laughed, and let him go; but a friend of the Abbé, who was fairly tucked up to the lantern, and then lowered and left for dead, came to afterwards, and lived for many years, although his head always remained in rather an oblique position.

There are, however, several instances of persons surviving this mode of execution, even when the hanging has been regularly and professionally performed. The most striking and best authenticated case we find upon record, is that of one Anne Greene, who was hanged at Oxford, on the 10th day of January 1650, for the murder of her infant child; a crime of which the poor creature was most evidently innocent, if any trust is to be put in facts afterwards produced, or even in the evidence given on her trial, that was hurried over in a manner alike disgraceful to judge and jury.

Our account is taken from a contemporary, and now rare pamphlet in the British Museum, which is bound up in a volume with other curious tracts of the period. The pamphlet is entitled "A wonder of Wonders; being a faithful narrative of one Anne Greene, servant to Sir Thomas Reed, in Oxfordshire, who being, &c. by a gentleman, was hanged, and came to life again, &c. The whole witnessed by Doctor Petty, (the physician who cured her,) and licensed according to order. Published at Oxford, January 13, 1651."

According to this narrative, on arriving at the ladder-foot, Anne Greene again most solemnly protested her in-

nocence of the murder of her child, for which she had been condemned, prayed that Heaven would forgive her false accusers, and then entreated her "dear cousin," a young man "standing at the foot of the ladder," that he would use all possible means to despatch her out of her pain.

"Accordingly, upon being turned off the ladder, the kinsman took hold of her feet, and hung with all the weight and force of his body on them, that so he might the sooner rid her of her pain. Moreover, a soldier standing by, gave her four or five blows on the breast with the butt-end of his musket. And having hung for half-an-hour, she was cut down, being quite dead, and put into the chirurgeon's chest, who had begged her for an anatomy, and was carried to Mr. Clarke's house, an apothecary, where the physicians met to try their skill, and having prefixed a time for the reading a lecture over her, that being usual upon the anatomizing of either man or woman.

"When they were all met, her body was taken out of the coffin, and laid upon a large table, where, in the presence of them all, she began to breathe, which was no small terror nor admiration to all that were then present. Whereupon a large discourse arose about her; and one amongst the rest, Doctor Petty by name, went to her, took her by the hand, and laid his ear to her temples, and, perceiving life, declared that there was a great hand of God in the business, and immediately let her blood in three places. After which, he caused a warm bed to be prepared for her, and a woman to lie with her; and applied several oils unto her, using many other circumstances of art, until she recovered, which was within

fourteen hours. And even in the last minute of the fourteen hours she opened her eyes, uttering these words, 'Behold God's providence, and his wonder of wonders!' which is indeed a deliverance so remarkable since the ceasing of miracles, that it cannot be paralleled in all ages, for the space of 300 years. And withal, it may remain upon record for a precedent to all magistrates and courts of justice, to take a special care in denouncing of sentence, without a due and legal process, according to the known laws of the land, by an impartial and uncorrupted jury. * * * This poor creature, whom God of his infinite mercy hath evidently manifested love unto, is now indifferently well recovered, and can walk up and down her chamber; but her neck is very sore, and black withal, her breast and stomach much bruised: yet her pains dissuage daily, and divers, both in city and country, frequent hourly to behold her. At her first recovery, she seemed to be much aghast, her eyes being ready to start out of her head; but, by the great pains of honest and faithful Doctor Petty, she is miraculously recovered; which moved some of her enemies to wrath and indignation, in so much, that a great man amongst the rest moved to have her again carried to the place of execution, to be hung up by the neck, contrary to all law, reason, and justice. But some honest soldiers, then present, showed to be very much discontented thereat, and declared that there was a visible finger of God in it, and, having suffered the law, it was contrary to all right and reason, that any further punishment should be inflicted upon her; which words brought a final end and period to their disputes and controversy: where I shall at present desist

from reciting any further circumstances." (Signed) W. Burdet.

This trial and execution took place in the time of the Commonwealth, two years after the death of Charles I. The "honest soldiers" who saved Anne Greene from being hanged again, were the devout soldiers of Fairfax and Cromwell, whose habits of thought and doctrinal notions disposed them always to acknowledge the particular and immediate dispensations of God's providence. The partner of Anne's guilt (i. e. in the minor, and proved offence of incontinency) was declared by her to be "a gentleman of good birth, and kinsman to a justice of peace." The puritanism and severity of the prevailing political party to which this well-bred gentleman, and his family, in all probability belonged, (for royalists were not then put into the commission of the peace,) may have been indirect causes of the barbarous, persevering, and unfair prosecution of the unfortunate girl, seeing that such a backsliding, though common enough among the Cavaliers, brought great shame and reprobation on a Roundhead; and thus his connexions, who, as usual, considered themselves partakers of the disgrace, may, in malice and revenge, have sought the life of the unhappy creature who was the instrument and the cause of divulging that disgrace. Such an hypothesis would account for the infamous manner in which the trial was conducted, and for the efforts made by the "great man" to have her carried a second time to the place of execution. Some of the most unrelenting and savage persecutions, some of the most horrible of crimes, have proceeded from an over-chariness of reputation, and the passionate desire of keep-

ing a family reputation for sanctity unimpaired. In those times, while one party made an open show and boast of their profligacy, the other party were most rigid and uncompromising with regard to all such failings; carrying their rigour so far that it must in many cases have led to hypocrisy, and induced extreme measures to cover over and conceal irregularities of conduct, or to avenge the disclosure of them. Moreover, although immense reforms had been made since the days when Charles and his fierce archbishop, Laud, cut off noses and ears, and tortured and maimed the images of God upon earth, upon the slightest, or upon no proofs at all, still the stream of justice was far from being so pure as it has since become; and in spite of the existence of a "Commonwealth," the poor and lowly continued to be but too often oppressed by the rich and powerful.

XLII. AN AWKWARD ELEVATION IN THE PEERAGE.

In the days of the good Queen Anne, one of the many noblemen who incurred the displeasure of the irascible Sarah, first Duchess of Marlborough, of whom we shall give several stories elsewhere, was my Lord Rivers, then, as she says, more commonly called his Grace of Tyburn.

In one of the MS. defences of her own conduct, there is this concise passage: "Lord Rivers, who robbed his father, lived out of England for some years for fear of being hanged, and since he has always gone by the name of the Duke of Tyburn."

Though evidently not given to invention, Sarah, in her animosities, certainly could over-colour and exaggerate facts; but, in this particular instance, the whole of her short story is confirmed by several contemporary authorities. She was so fond of it that she repeated it several times in her letters to her friends and partisans. It was, indeed, a well-pickled rod!

There are many curious things in this lady's various printed and manuscript defences, which were for the most part not written by herself, but by eminent literary men of the day, who either did the work out of gratitude for former obligations, or in the hope that she might be again restored to favour, and have good livings and other places at her disposal, or were regularly hired to do it by fees. In one of these papers, supposed to have been written by Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, Dr. Sacheverell, who, after his prosecution, was held by the high-church and tory party as a martyr, and fêted, feasted, and banqueted wherever he went, is compared to a jolly fat monk, who was sitting down to a rich venison pasty, and exclaiming, "*Heu ! quantum patimur pro Ecclesiâ !*" or, "Alas ! how much do we suffer for the Church !"

The wit of these apologies, however, is not often of so lively a nature. Other persons are gibbeted besides my Lord Rivers; and Dean Swift is set down on more than one occasion as a base, intriguing, and scurrilous fellow, fully qualified for the gallows at Tyburn.

XLIII. WHICH IS THE WORST FATE THAT CAN BEFALL A NEW POEM?

ACCORDING to old Will Winstanley, the most degrading fate that could befall a poem, was to be turned into a pipe-lighter. The chandler's shop, the oil-man's, nay, even to be made "a casing for Christmas-pies," was nothing compared to this—"to be condemned to light tobacco." We presume Will did not love the weed.

XLIV. SIMPLE PROPERTIES OF NUMBERS.

MANY persons are interested in questions of numbers, who are not algebraists, and have nothing to employ their talent upon. They may, by common rules, amuse themselves with multiplying numbers together, or finding how much 61cwt. 23lb. cost, at $5\frac{3}{4}$ d. a pound, if they please. But there is nothing interesting in the result of all this; and accordingly, none but those to whom such proceedings are necessary, have recourse to them.

Between the arithmetician, and a great many interesting properties of numbers, stand nothing but a few simple terms, which being once explained, a large field of amusement is open in verifying, upon simple numbers, the results which have been obtained in algebra. The following article contains some of these, in which nothing will be required but common multiplication and addition. In each succeeding volume, we shall add one or two more to the list. The reader may try high or low numbers, according to his facility in performing the operations.

I. The question often arises how to make up numbers out of other numbers ; for instance, how to weigh any certain number of pounds with one set of weights. Suppose, for example, we wish to know what is the smallest set of weights which will do for any number of pounds under one hundred. The common system of arithmetic shows that nine ten-pound-weights and nine pound-weights will be sufficient : but here are eighteen weights in all. We shall now show that seven weights only are sufficient, and that it may even be done with five : that is to say, that every number of pounds under 128lbs. may be weighed with seven weights, or, if necessary, every number of pounds under 122lbs. may be weighed with five weights ; and that a simple table might be constructed, which would make the process as easy as the common system, or easier.

Firstly. Suppose it is required that no weights shall be put in the scale with the goods weighed. Let the scale with the weights be called W ; that with the goods, G. Then it will be sufficient to have weights of the following number of pounds,

1	2	4	8	16	32	64
A	B	C	D	E	F	G :

with these any number of pounds may be weighed under 128. For instance,

To weigh	Put into the scale W
71 pounds	64, 4, 2, and 1,
72 do.	64, and 8,
73 do.	64, 8, and 1,
74 do.	64, 8, and 2,
75 do.	64, 8, 2, and 1,
76 do.	64, 8, and 4,
77 do.	64, 8, 4, and 1 ;

and so on. The reader may satisfy himself upon all the other cases with ease.

The law might be easily so framed that this method of weighing should enable a customer to secure himself against fraud. The necessary enactments would be as follows :

1. Every tradesman must have his weights, beginning from one pound, each double of the preceding, and the same for ounces or grains.

2. Every one must have his weights marked A, B, C, D, &c. A being one pound, B two pounds (and so on). The same for ounces and grains.

3. Every one must keep a table (to be published by authority), and must show it to his customer, if required. The following is a specimen, and a card would contain all that is necessary for common purposes.

71	G C B A
72	G D
73	G D A
&c. &c.	

4. Stamped 1 lb. 1 oz. 1 gr. weights, must be sold to all who will buy them : the stamp to be evidence of authenticity, as usual.

5. The tradesman must be bound to go through the process hereafter described, if required : of which it must be observed, that the trouble is great only when the quantity of goods in question is great. The purchaser takes his test-weight (say, one pound) to the shop or warehouse with him. With this one pound he can test every one of the shopkeeper's weights, as follows. Suppose he wants to buy 71 pounds of goods. On his own

card, or on that of the seller, he sees G, C, B, A, which are the weights he has a right to. He produces his own test-weight (which call T), and requires the seller to show him that,

T	balances A
T and A	balance B
T, A, and B	C
T, A, B, and C	D
T, A, B, C, and D	E
T, A, B, C, D and E	F
T, A, B, C, D, E, and F	G

If this be found true, and if only one of the preceding be tried twice, changing the scales the second time, then neither scales nor weights can be wrong.

It must be observed, that by this method the proper officers might make the usual examination of weights without carrying more weights about with them than one pound, one ounce, and one grain.

Secondly. Suppose it is allowed to place weights in both scales. Then, it is sufficient if each weight (the first being one pound) be three times as great as the other. That is, any number of pounds under 122, may be weighed with weights of

1 3 9 27 81

For instance,

To weigh	Place in	
	scale W.	scale G.
71 pounds	81	9, 1
72 do.	81	9
73 do.	81, 1	9
74 do.	81, 3	9, 1
75 do.	81, 3	9
76 do.	81, 3, 1	9
77 do.	81	3, 1
&c.	&c.	&c.

A table might be formed as before. It is impossible to carry this principle further without introducing two weights of a sort.

The two mathematical theorems on which the preceding rests are as follows :

1. Any number whatever may be made by *adding* together single terms out of the series

1 2 4 8 16 32 64 128 &c.

2. Any number may be made by *adding* and *subtracting* single terms out of the series

1 3 9 27 81 243 729 &c.

The first of the preceding theorems explains a common puzzle, in which a number of cards is handed to the person to be mystified, and he is desired to think of a number, and tell on which cards it is to be found. The person in the secret then tells the number. By putting down the cards for all numbers up to 31 inclusive, as follows, the reader will easily find out the trick.

A	B	C	D	E
1	2	4	8	16
3	3	5	9	17
5	6	6	10	18
7	7	7	11	19
9	10	12	12	20
11	11	13	13	21
13	14	14	14	22
15	15	15	15	23
17	18	20	24	24
19	19	21	25	25
21	22	22	26	26
23	23	23	27	27
25	26	28	28	28
27	27	29	29	29
29	30	30	30	30
31	31	31	31	31

II. There is a very large class of amusing properties of numbers, which the greater part of readers never know, not because there is anything difficult in announcing them, but simply because a few mathematical terms stand in the way. To prove these theorems, is a work of study; but to understand them, is not. We shall in this article explain some terms, and then exhibit the use which can be made of them in abbreviating propositions which in common language would lose all their interest, on account of the cloud of words in which they would be wrapped. The reader will see, whether he understands each term, by looking at the questions which follow it.

1. *Multiple.* 30 is called a *multiple* of 10, because it contains an exact number of tens, namely 3 *tens*. It is also a multiple of 6, 5, 15, 2, 3, and 1. It is not, properly speaking, a multiple of itself; but it is usual to say that 30 is the first multiple of 30, as it contains itself once exactly. Thus the multiples of 3, are

3 6 9 12 15 18 21 &c.

Question. Why is every multiple of 10 also a multiple of 5?

2. *Prime.* A *prime* number is one which is a multiple of no number but 1 (which all numbers are) and itself. Thus 13 is an exact number of *ones*, and of *thirteens*, but of nothing else: it is then what is called a *prime* number. The series of prime numbers, up to 41, is as follows:

1 2 3 5 7 11 13 17 19 23 29 31 37 41.

Question. Why is it that a prime number (excepting 2 and 5) cannot end with 0, 2, 4, 5, 6, or 8?

3. *Square.* A *square* number, or a *second power*, is a name given to a number which is made by multiplying a number by itself. Thus 9 is a *square* number (3 times 3); 10 is not. The series of square numbers is

1 4 9 16 25 36 49 64 81 100 &c.

Questions. Why is it that a square number cannot end with 2, 3, or 7? Why is it that the square of an even number must be even, and of an odd number odd?

4. *Cube.* A *cube* number, or a *third power*, is a name given to a number which is made by multiplying a number twice by itself, or multiplying three equal numbers together; such as 64 (4 times 4 times 4; or 4, 4, and 4 multiplied together). The series of cubes is as follows:

1 8 27 64 125 216 343 512 729 1000 &c.

5. *Fourth powers*, *Fifth powers*, &c. These are names given to numbers which arise from multiplying together *four* equal numbers, *five* equal numbers, &c. Thus, 2, 2, 2, 2, 2, multiplied together, give 32, which is the fifth power of 2. The eighth power of 3 is 6561.

Questions. Why is it that every fourth power is a square; every sixth power a cube, and also a square?

III. We shall now proceed to notice some relations between numbers, such as may easily be verified.

1. Odd numbers added together, beginning from 1, and not leaving out any, always give a square number. For instance,

1 and 3	make	4, or the square of 2
1, 3, and 5	.	9 . . . 3
1, 3, 5, and 7	.	16 . . . 4

and so on. If a person who knows this were to lay a bet with another that he would form the squares of all numbers under 100 sooner than the other, he would certainly win; for while the second would have to perform a multiplication at each step, the first would proceed as follows:

1	
3	
4	square of 2
5	
9	. . . 3
⋮	
400	. . . 20
41	
441	. . . 21
43	
484	. . . 22
45	
529	. . . 23

and so on.

2. An uninterrupted sum of cubes beginning from 1, is always a square number. The series of cubes is,

1 8 27 64 125 216 343 &c.

1	and 8 give	9	the square of 3
1, 8,	. 27 .	36	6
1, 8, 27,	. 64 .	100	10

and so on.

3. Every number is either the sum of two, three, or four square numbers. The square numbers are,

1 4 9 16 25 36 49 &c.

and the following are instances of numbers in the first column, and the squares which compose them in the second.

7	4, 1, 1, 1	85	81, 4	94	81, 9, 4
28	25, 1, 1, 1	86	81, 4, 1	95	81, 9, 4, 1
	9, 9, 9, 1	87	81, 4, 1, 1	96	64, 16, 16
	16, 4, 4, 4	88	36, 36, 16	97	64, 16, 16, 1
29	25, 4	89	81, 4, 4	98	81, 16, 1
	16, 9, 4	90	81, 9	99	81, 16, 1, 1
83	81, 1, 1	91	81, 9, 1	100	36, 64
84	81, 1, 1, 1	92	81, 9, 1, 1	101	36, 64, 1
		93	81, 4, 4, 4	102	36, 64, 1, 1

4. Every odd number can be made up of three square numbers at most, except those which, when divided by 8, leave a remainder 7. In the first column following, are odd numbers; in the second, the remainders of the same odd numbers divided by 8; in the third, the least number of squares of which the said number may be composed, which is never *necessarily* four, except when the remainder is 7.

101	5	100, 1,	113	1	100, 9, 4
103	7	100, 1, 1, 1	115	3	81, 25, 9
105	1	100, 4, 1	117	5	100, 16, 1
107	3	81, 25, 1	119	7	100, 9, 9, 1
109	5	100, 9,	121	1	81, 36, 4
111	7	100, 9, 1, 1	123	3	49, 49, 25
		81, 25, 4, 1			

5. Every odd number whatsoever can be made up of squares not exceeding four in number, of which two at least shall be equal; as follows, in which the first column contains the odd number, the second the squares which compose it.

101	36, 36, 25, 4	113	16, 16, 81
103	9, 9, 81, 4	115	9, 9, 81, 16
105	16, 16, 64, 9	117	4, 4, 100, 9
107	49, 49, 9,	119	9, 9, 100, 1
109	4, 4, 100, 1	121	36, 36, 49
111	1, 1, 100, 9	123	1, 1, 121

6. Every even number greater than 2, is either the sum of two or three squares, or of four squares, two at least of which are equal. For instance,

$$\begin{array}{l|l} 24 & 16, 4, 4 \\ 26 & 25, 1 \\ 28 & 25, 1, 1, 1 \\ 30 & 25, 4, 1 \end{array} \quad \parallel \quad \begin{array}{l|l} 32 & 16, 16 \\ 34 & 16, 16, 1, 1 \\ 36 & 16, 16, 4 \\ 38 & 36, 1, 1 \end{array} \parallel$$

7. If we take any two numbers, one or other of the following three,

The sum of their squares,
The difference of their squares,
The product of the numbers,

will always be divisible by 5. For instance, 7 and 8: the sum of the squares (49 and 64) is 113, the difference 15, the product (7 times 8) is 56. The second of these is divisible by 5.

8. If a square number be divided by 8, the remainder will be either 0, 1, or 4; if by 12 or 16, it will be either 0, 1, 4 or 9.

9. Every number which, divided by 8, leaves a remainder 6, is the sum of six *odd* squares.

$$\begin{array}{l} 14 \text{ is made up of } 9 \quad 1 \quad 1 \quad 1 \quad 1 \quad 1 \\ 62 \quad \text{do.} \quad 25 \quad 25 \quad 9 \quad 1 \quad 1 \quad 1 \\ 102 \quad \text{do.} \quad 81 \quad 9 \quad 9 \quad 1 \quad 1 \quad 1 \end{array}$$

also every number which, divided by 24, leaves a remainder 5, is the sum of five odd squares.

XLV.

THE MACE AS MUCH AS THE SPEAKER.

THERE are certain odd forms of proceeding connected with our legislative assemblies, which it may be presumed that very few but those acquainted with the details of Parliamentary business have any notion of. Many persons, for instance, may have seen, while standing in the lobby of the House of Commons, Mr. Speaker in his robes enter, preceded by a tall gentleman with a bag-wig and a sword by his side, carrying on his shoulder a heavy gilt club surmounted by a crown,—in short, a *Mace*: but few people are cognizant how important this toy is to the legislative duties of their representatives. Be it known then, that without it the House of Commons does not exist—and that it is as essential that the mace should be present at the deliberations of our senate, as that Mr. Speaker should be there himself:—without a Speaker the House never proceeds to business, and without his mace Mr. Speaker cannot take the chair. At the commencement of a session, and before the election of a Speaker, this valuable emblem of his dignity is hidden under the table of the House while the clerk of the table presides during the election; but no sooner is the Speaker elected, than it is drawn from its hiding-place, and deposited on the table, where it ever after remains during the sitting of the House: at its rising, Mr. Speaker carries it away with him, and never trusts it out of his keeping. This important question, of the Speaker's duty in retaining constant possession of this, which may be called his gilt walking-stick, was

most gravely decided in the year 1763, as appears by the Journals of the House of Commons. On that occasion, Sir John Cust, the Speaker, being taken ill, sent to tell the House by the clerk at the table, that he could not take the chair. It appears that there was considerable discussion, whether the mace ought not to have been in the House when this important communication was made. No one, however, presumed to say that it ought to have been *on* the table; but many maintained that it ought for the dignity of the House to have been underneath it. It was decided however that Mr. Speaker had done quite right not to part with his bauble; and the House accordingly, as the Journals inform us, "adjourned themselves without the mace."

For a member to cross between the chair and the mace when it is taken from the table by the serjeant-at-arms, is an offence which it is the Speaker's duty to reprimand.

If however a prisoner is brought to the bar to give evidence or receive judgment, he is attended by the serjeant-at-arms with the mace on his shoulder, and however desirous any member may be to ask the prisoner a question, he cannot do so, because the mace is not *on* the table: he must therefore write down his questions before the prisoner appears, and propose them through the Speaker, who is the only person allowed to speak when his bauble is away.

If the House resolve itself into a committee, the mace is thrust *under* the table; and Mr. Speaker leaves his chair. In short, much of the deliberative proceedings of this branch of the legislature are regulated by the posi-

tion in which this important piece of furniture is placed : to use the words of the learned Hatsell, " When the mace lies *upon* the table, it is a *House* ; when *under*, it is a *Committee*. When the Mace is *out* of the house, no business can be done : when *from* the table and *upon* the serjeant's shoulder, the Speaker alone manages." The mace then may be called the household god of the House of Commons ; without the presence of which, good fortune could hardly attend its deliberations : all honour to it !

XLVI.

MESSAGES BETWEEN THE TWO HOUSES.

It is somewhat curious to observe the difference that exists in the mode of sending messages between the two Houses of Parliament. The Lords have regular messengers of their own ; and, strange to say, these mercuries are chosen from among the gravest and slowest-moving personages in the kingdom ; encumbered not only by the weight of years, but also with the inconvenience of a long gown and all the gravity of deportment attendant thereupon. One would have thought that to go on errands their lordships would have picked out some light and agile personages, to whom locomotion would not be a grievance ; but, on the contrary, their messengers consist of the judges of the land, the master of the rolls, the attorney and solicitor general, the king's serjeants, the clerk of the parliaments, and the masters in chancery. Now, of these, the attorney and solicitor general and king's serjeants are generally the youngest ; but of late

years, the two former have generally been members of the lower House, and frequently also some of the latter ; so that their services are never required in a mercurial capacity : the same remark applies to the master of the rolls. The judges are seldom sent on an errand unless the subject be one of importance, and therefore the regular message-bearers of the House of Lords are the masters in chancery. These worthy gentlemen being entrusted with a particular communication to the lower House—as, to request the attendance of a member to give evidence, or to bring down a bill that has passed the Lords, or for various other matters,—make known their presence to the serjeant-at-arms, who communicates it to the Speaker, and the Speaker having notified it to the House, the question is put that they be admitted, which as a matter of courtesy is always carried in the affirmative, and they are called in accordingly. If the House is sitting as a committee, the Speaker must resume the chair, and the all-important mace must be taken from its hiding-place underneath the table, and placed *upon* it, before the messengers can be admitted. Once introduced, they make three profound bows to Mr. Speaker, deliver their message, and walk outside directly into the lobby, to wait for an answer. If this be in the affirmative, they are told so ; if not, they are desired to say that the House of Commons will send an answer by messengers of their own.

There must always be two messengers to carry a message from the Lords to the Commons. However competent one judge of the land, or even one master in chancery might be to go on an errand, the House of

Commons considers it derogatory to receive the message from less than two messengers at least. And on one occasion, in the year 1641, as appears by the Journals of the House, when a message had been sent by only one messenger, a complaint was made to the House of Lords on the subject; and they humbly admitted their error, alleging that the business was of much haste, and they had sent all the messengers they had: but in order to rectify the apparent neglect, they sent back the self-same message by *three* messengers instead of one, which no doubt rendered it much more impressive.

The House of Commons too do not choose that the messengers should take the liberty of walking away without taking back their answer; and once, in the year 1604, when some unlucky messengers became tired of waiting in the lobby, and ventured to return before they were told, a complaint was made to the Lords, who thereupon "acknowledged the error of their messengers."

But if the House of Commons are tenacious in requiring the attendance of at least two messengers, still more particular are the Lords in receiving messages from the Commons; for they will not receive them unless brought by eight members at least. The House of Commons has no particular messengers of its own; but when a bill or message is to be taken to the Upper House, Mr. Speaker appoints some members to carry it up, and at the same time calls on the House to follow their messengers. Unless seven persons obey this call, the message cannot be taken at all; but this seldom, if ever, happens: and when the message is one of very great importance, a considerable number generally accompany it, in order to

show the estimation in which it is held, and to intimate to the House that they are in earnest.

These members, having arrived at the door of the House of Lords, announce their presence to the usher of the black rod, or his deputy. This gentleman (of whom, in our early days, we remember to have entertained a most indescribable feeling of awe, mixed up with all sorts of notions of fines, and imprisonments, and the Tower of London, fancy always picturing him as a sombre-looking personage in a black gown with a long black wand in his hand,) is simply a most dandified-looking personage, with the most exquisitely polished shoes, the finest silk stockings, bag-wig, and other paraphernalia of full-dress, all complete ; and being informed of the attendance of the members of the lower House, forthwith proceeds to the bar, and in a loud voice proclaims " My lords, a message from the Commons." The Lord Chancellor, or chairman, asks if it be their lordships' pleasure to admit the messengers, and an answer being given in the affirmative, the word is passed to let them in. Hereupon the doors are thrown open, and in rush a *posse comitatús* of members eager to tell of their message. This ardour, however, is restrained by the black rod : more skilled in the courtesies of the House, he marshals them in order, places himself at their head as fogle-man, and, bidding them do as he does, forthwith marches up to the bar, making three profound obeisances as he advances, and all the members following him closely and bobbing their heads as he bobs his.

In the mean time, the Lord Chancellor leaves the wool-sack, and carrying with him his large purse plants it on

the bar before him ; and acknowledges the obeisances of the gentlemen from the Commons by similar bows. Having received their message, he retires to the woosack, and the messengers retreat backwards, to the imminent danger of tripping each other up, bowing and scraping three times as they go, whenever the black rod or fugleman gives them the example.

It appears from the Journals, that on the sixth of March, 1620, on a message to the Lords, Sir William Montagu says, “ The course is, that the messenger (that is, the member named by the Speaker) ought to have precedence, and all the others to follow ; and the messenger to stay at the bar until the Lords come down to the bar ; and then the messenger maketh his three *congéés*.” Mr. Treasurer afterwards reports, that they observed the course propounded by Sir Edward Montagu, and told the Lords they would not stir till the Lords came down to the bar ; “ which brought them much grace !”

But although the Lord Chancellor comes down to the bar to receive a message from the Commons, it does not follow that to all messengers he behaves with the same courtesy. If a gentleman be deputed to bring up any papers connected with any appeal, or other proceeding in the Lords, his presence is announced by the usher of the black rod ; and he advances to the bar making his three obeisances, and carrying with him the papers he is to present. On seeing him approach, my Lord Chancellor, from afar off, cries out to him, much in the tone in which one calls a hackney-coach—no doubt intended to keep up the dignity of the House—“ What have you got there ?” The poor messenger announces the object of his attend-

ance, and is immediately told in the same voice to withdraw, which he does with as much haste as he can, walking backwards and bowing as he goes, with a mixed feeling of awe for the tribunal which has the power to treat him so contemptuously, and of desire to pull my Lord Chancellor by the nose.

It seldom happens that a deputation goes up from the House of Commons with only one message at a time, as the members generally arrange to make one journey serve for several purposes, as for bringing up several bills; each however should properly form the subject of a distinct message. So soon therefore as they have delivered one message, and the Chancellor has returned to his woosack, and communicated it to the Lords, the usher of the black rod again approaches the bar, and calls out, "My lords, a message from the Commons." All this time the messengers are in the room and in sight of the whole House, having only retired backwards a few steps from the bar: "Let the messengers be called in," cries the Lord Chancellor; whereupon one of the attendants of the House calls out aloud, "Gentlemen of the House of Commons:" and these being at hand, again begin the farce of bowing and scraping, and retiring, and being called in again, till the object of their errand is completed.

This mode of proceeding is held of much importance in the communications between the two Houses, and is conducted with all the gravity becoming the consequence attached to it. In the second volume of Grey's Debates, p. 253, the Speaker of the House of Commons (Seymour) reminds the House, "That it is against order that members should salute messengers from the Lords'

House, as if this House were the school of compliments. The Speaker only ought to do respect for the whole House."

Whatever the House of Commons may have been in days of yore, few people would be disposed to look upon it now as "a school for compliments:" so that it appears that the above-mentioned rebuke has had the desired effect.

XLVII. HOURS OF PARLIAMENT IN 1640, DURING THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

At the first meeting, in 1640, of the so called Long Parliament, the House of Commons, according to an ancient and approved usage, began business at eight o'clock in the morning, and ended at two in the afternoon.

As they assumed to themselves the power, which had long slept, of reforming state abuses, and as business grew upon them, they continued their debates through the afternoon; sometimes sitting, to the great annoyance of many members who wanted their dinners, as late as four o'clock, and sometimes even till dark. But even this innovation, which Clarendon loudly complains of, did not allow them sufficient time for the despatch of their constantly increasing business, and they gradually began to draw upon the hours of the night. By these measures the party most in earnest, whose zeal rendered them indefatigable, gained great advantages; for the court members, and the lukewarm party, which is always so considerable in point of number, could ill tolerate such a sacrifice of routine and comfort, and accustomed them-

selves to withdraw to their dinners and their evening enjoyments. The first *attempt* made to introduce candles occasioned a somewhat disgraceful disturbance. This was on the 8th of June 1641. "In the afternoon," says Rushworth, "the House being resolved into a committee concerning the late plot for bringing up the Northern army, and sitting somewhat late, there happened some words to be spoken, as if Colonel Goring was a perjured man for discovering the plot to the House, having taken an oath of secrecy. In debate whereof, being very earnest, candles were called for, but the major part opposed it; yet candles being brought by a mistake, and commanded out again, Sir William Widdrington and Mr. Herbert Price irregularly took the candles, and brought them in, contrary to the general sense of the house; whereupon there was a great stir in the House about it, and the committee rose." In consequence of this irregularity and disorder, Sir William and Mr. Price were on the next day committed to the Tower.

One of the first occasions on which the sittings in the House of Commons were carried to extraordinary lengths, was the stormy debate on the bill brought in by Sir Edward Deering, "for the extirpating of Episcopacy."

As this debate was renewed during many days, the House, at a certain hour became very thin; "they only, who followed up the bill with impatience remaining, and the others, who abhorred it, growing weary of so tiresome an attendance, left the house at dinner-time, and afterwards followed their pleasures; so that the Lord Falkland was wont to say, 'that they who hated bishops, hated them worse than the devil, and that they who

loved them, did not love them so well as their dinner."—
Clar. vol. i. p. 276.

By this time it had become a common practice for the whole House to meet in committee at nine in the morning, and so sit till four in the afternoon, when the Speaker "resumed the chair." Clarendon, who then, as Mr. Edward Hyde, was chairman of the grand committee of the House for the extirpation of bishops, complains of the committee "for keeping such *disorderly hours*, seldom rising till after four of the clock in the afternoon."—*Life*, vol. i. p. 90.

In the same part of his Memoirs, however, Clarendon lets us into a curious secret which goes to show that the leading men of the reforming party were better managers than their opponents, and kept a house of refecton close to the scene of their labours, to which they could retire without inconvenience, and thence, after refreshing the inward man, could return to debate and action. Mr. Pym had hired comfortable lodgings in the house of Sir Richard Manly, which stood in a little court just behind Westminster Hall; and there he, Mr. Hampden, Sir Arthur Haslerig, and two or three others, kept a table upon a common stock, or subscription, transacting a great deal of business thereat, and inviting thither all such members of the House of Commons as they had any hopes of converting to their state doctrines. Clarendon, on his own confession, was invited, and frequently dined there; for he had begun his Parliamentary career as a staunch reformer; and for some time evidently vacillated between the two parties. It was perfectly natural that the Pym, the Haslerigs, the Fiennes, and the Harry

Martins, should try to secure him, and his commanding talents made the attempt worth their while.

It would be curious to speculate on the amount of benefit the patriots derived from this snug establishment, on the vigour that was put into them in Pym's lodgings, and on the number of converts that were made over this well provided table. It is also curious to consider the establishment as the origin and first model of those political club-houses which have since become so important and thoroughly organized in England. We cannot discover anything of the sort before Pym's time.

On the 9th of November 1640, Lord Digby proposed in the Commons, that a remonstrance, "to be a faithful and lively representation to his Majesty of the deplorable estate of this kingdom," should be drawn up and presented. To this effect, a committee of twenty-four members was appointed forthwith, to draw up such a declaration, and to receive an account of grievances from other committees; but this business ran to great lengths, and the remonstrance itself was not carried till the 22nd of November 1641. By this time the Commons had become accustomed to late hours, and were no longer moved from their propriety by the apparition of a few candlesticks. The debate lasted from about four in the afternoon to three the next morning; which was so unusually long (even then,) that, according to Rushworth, some of the royalist party compared the passing of the remonstrance, which gave a death-blow to their cause, to the tardy verdict of a starved jury. This magnificently conceived, and admirably expressed remonstrance, consisting of 206 articles of reproach or advice, was voted

entire, but only by a small majority. Mr. Palmer and some other members entered a protest against it; in consequence whereof, Palmer was the next day committed to the Tower; it being held by the reformers, that, in protesting, he had directly offended against "the order, custom, and privilege of the House of Commons." Clarendon, who admits that it "had not been used in the House of Commons" to protest against the sense or vote of the House, gives a more detailed account of this memorable debate; in which he somewhat differs from Rushworth, making the sitting still longer, and the debate more formidable. He says, "The debate being entered upon about nine of the clock, it continued all that day; and candles being called for when it grew dark, (neither side being very desirous to adjourn it till the next day, though it was evident very many of them withdrew themselves out of pure faintness and disability to attend the conclusion,) the debate continued till it was after twelve of the clock, with much passion; and the House being then divided, upon the passing or not passing the remonstrance, it was carried in the affirmative by nine voices, and no more." He then goes on to state, that, as soon as it was carried, Mr. Hampden moved that an order should be entered for the immediate printing of the remonstrance; that this motion produced a more stormy debate than the former; and that "the House by degrees being quieted, they all agreed, about two of the clock in the morning, to adjourn till two of the clock the next afternoon," when the order for printing was carried "without much opposition."

According to this relation, the whole debate on the

22nd of November lasted seventeen hours, a term much too long for many of the Court-party. Clarendon, forgetting that therein he praises the patience and constancy of his opponents, expressly says that they carried their motion by the hour of the night, which drove away more members than were necessary to form a majority against them.

The first session of this Long Parliament lasted nearly a full year, and then they adjourned only for a month and a few days: a short recess, but still "a great refreshment to those who had sat so long, mornings and afternoons, with little or no intermission, and in that warm region where thunder and lightning were made."—*Clarendon's History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars.—His Life written by himself.—Rushworth's Historical Collections.*

During the civil war there were some very long debates in the House; but the longest of all the sittings was in 1648, after the triumph of the Parliament over Charles, and when the tragedy of that unhappy man's life was in its last act, and drawing near its final scene. The well-known split in the party who had made the revolution had taken place, and the Presbyterians and the Independents stood in open opposition to one another. The Presbyterians, notwithstanding his notoriously bad faith, would still negotiate with the King, and rely on a treaty; and to this end they succeeded by a majority of the House in sending commissioners to the Isle of Wight, where Charles was then kept prisoner. The Independents, on the other hand, insisted that the time for treating, and bandying useless scrolls of parchment, was past;

and that, instead of continuing to consider Charles Stuart as a sovereign prince, they ought to hold him as a traitor, and bring him to trial for his crimes. The Presbyterians were the stronger party in the House, but the Independents had the whole army with them ; and Cromwell, who had signally defeated the Scottish forces that the Presbyterians had called to their aid, was now approaching London by forced marches.

The policy of the Independents in the House of Commons was therefore to gain time, and this they managed to do by their indefatigability in debate.

On the 1st of December 1648, the commissioners that had been despatched to the Isle of Wight, appeared in the House, and read their report, stating therein the several concessions Charles was disposed to make. Through the adroit manœuvres of the weaker party, this long document was read twice over. This occupied a good deal of time, and then the Independents got up a running debate on the mere wording of the report. About two o'clock in the afternoon, the House put the question, "Whether they should now debate the treaty, and whether his Majesty's answers and concessions, as reported to them, were satisfactory or unsatisfactory ;" and after another long discussion, which still left the main business untouched, it was resolved in the negative, that they should not then discuss the question, but begin the debate thereon at nine o'clock the following morning. They voted that the City of London should forthwith pay £40,000 of arrears due to the army ; and that a letter should be written to the general, ordering him on no account to march his troops nearer London ; and then

the House adjourned at ten o'clock at night, having sat about thirteen hours.

On the 2nd of December, the debate commenced at nine, and was carried on with great heat far into the night, without coming to a division. The next day being Sunday, the House adjourned till the 4th. But the Independents had already well nigh carried their point, for, during the debate on Saturday, Fairfax had quietly marched into London with several regiments of horse and foot, which he quartered in Whitehall, St. James's, the Mews, York House, and in the suburbs of the City; and the King, having been removed from the Isle of Wight, where he was in the power of the Presbyterians, had been safely lodged in Hurst Castle, Hampshire, by the Independents, on the 1st of December; an important fact, which was not disclosed to the whole House until Monday the 4th.

On Monday the Commons met at their usual hour, and renewed their debate on the Isle of Wight treaty, the question being now complicated by the seizure of the King's person. The debate lasted all that day and night, and it was not until five o'clock on Tuesday morning that the House divided, and came to the decision, by a considerable Presbyterian majority, "That his Majesty's concessions to the propositions of the Parliament were sufficient grounds for settling the peace of the kingdom." —*Rushworth*, vol. viii.

On this occasion the House sat for twenty hours. Sir Harry Vane was one of the principal speakers against the treaty; and Hollis, and Onslow, and Fiennes, (who

had lately changed sides,) spoke long and ably in favour of it.

In what manner Cromwell and the army disposed of the Presbyterian majority, with all that followed, is well known to the readers of history.

XLVIII. THE DEATH OF CREDIT.

“ AT the south side of the higher court of mine inn, which is hard by the hall, (for there are two or three courts in that inne,) there is written this pretty French poesie: ‘ On ne loge céans à crédit: *car il est mort, les mauvais payeurs l’ont tué.*’ The English is this: Here is no lodging upon credit; for credit is dead, ill payers have killed him.”—*Coryat’s Crudities.*

A common inscription in front of the Neapolitan wine and macaroni houses is, “ Domani si fa credenza, ma oggi no,”—or, “ To-morrow we give credit, but not to-day.”

XLIX. BOTANICAL SATIRE.

SOME of the systematic names of plants are very pretty little lampoons. Thus Sauvages having given the name *Buffonia*, in honour of Buffon, Linnæus added the epithet *tenuifolia*, which suits the slender leaves of the plant, and the slender pretensions of Buffon to the character of a botanist.

Another plant he named *Browallia*, after Browal, a scholar of his; and as Browal was of humble fortune, he called one of its species *Browallia depressa*; but

when Browal rose in the world, and forgot his old friends, Linnæus gave another species the name of *Browallia elata*.

Thus too, the *Petiveria alliacea*, while it commemorates the botanical zeal of Petiver, who, a century ago, was apothecary to the Charter-house, at the same time points out by its acridity the defect of his temper.

Sometimes again the name of the plant, though equally epigrammatic, is kinder than in the instances just mentioned. Thus Linnæus gave the name of *Bauhinia* to a plant which has its leaves in pairs, in honour of two brother-botanists, John and Gaspard Bauhins; and bestowed the name on *Banisteria* or a climbing-plant, in memory of M. Banister, who lost his life by falling from a rock while herborising.

In the name of *Salix Babylonica*, there is an elegant allusion to a well-known passage in the Psalms.

L. LATIN DISTICHS.

MANY old writers have passed their lives in making combinations of words, which did more honour to their patience than to their wit. The combinations were generally formed of Latin words, and put into a barbarous distich. One of these solemn and indefatigable triflers calculated that the following verses might be changed in their order, and recombined, in thirty-nine million nine hundred and sixteen thousand eight hundred different ways; and that to complete the writing out of this series of combinations would occupy a man ninety-one years

and forty-nine days, if he wrote at the rate of twelve hundred verses daily.

This is the wonderful distich :

Lex, grex, rex, spes, res, jus, thus, sal, sol bona lux, laus!
Mars, mors, sors, fraus, fœx, Styx, nox, crux, pus,
mala vis, lis!

Which barbarism in poetry, may be thus translated:

“ Law, flocks, king, hopes, riches, right, incense, salt,
 sun good torch, praise to you!

“ Mars, death, destiny, fraud, impurity, Styx, night,
 the cross, bad humours, and evil power, may you be
 condemned.”

The monks were great performers in this line ; and the subjoined verse, in praise of the Virgin Mary, and which is calculated to admit of twelve hundred changes, without suffering in its sense, grammar, or quantity, probably proceeded from the dreamy solitude of a cell.

Tot tibi sunt dotes, virgo, quot sidera cœli.

Or, “ Virgin, thy virtues are as numerous as the stars of the heavens.”

LI. HOW TALL WAS ADAM?

THIS important question has been debated with as much earnestness as if the salvation of the world depended upon it, by many very learned men of different ages and countries, who, however they may have differed in their computation, all agreed in one thing, that the stature of our first father was prodigious.

In the foremost rank of these speculators we must

place the Jewish Rabbins and the mystical writers of the Talmud : some of the latter assert that when Adam was first created, his head lay at one end of the world, while his toes touched the other end ; but that his figure was much shortened after his transgression, at the request of the angels, who were afraid of such a giant. These Talmudists, however, left him the height of nine hundred cubits ; * and others pretend that on being expelled from Paradise, he walked straight through the ocean, which, so enormous was the length of his limbs even after they had been shortened by sin, he found everywhere fordable. Other Rabbins reject as fabulous the account of Adam's stature equalling the length of the world ; they fix it at one thousand cubits at his creation, and say that God deprived him of exactly one hundred cubits when he had eaten of the forbidden fruit. These extravagant notions prevailed among the Turks, Arabs, and many people, who certainly never read the old Jewish writers, but who all agree in attributing to Adam a most super-human size. The stature of Eve, his wife, was of course proportionate ; and in the neighbourhood of Mecca they show a hill which served as Eve's pillow, and afar off, in the plain, the spots where her legs rested, the distance from one of her knees to the other being computed at two musket-shots.

We should hardly have expected to see these dreams revived in France in the eighteenth century, and among a society of learned men ; yet the fact is, that in the year 1718, Henrion presented to the Academy of Belles

* The Hebrews had several cubits, the most common of which was equal to about half an English yard.

Lettes a chronological scale of the human stature, where-
in he soberly insisted that Adam was exactly one hundred
and twenty-three feet nine inches high, and Eve, one
hundred and eighteen feet, nine inches, and three-quarters ;
being precisely four feet, eleven inches, and a quarter,
shorter than her husband.

According to Henrion's scale, the size of man rapidly
diminished from his first fall, down to his redemption ;
and, but for the advent of our Saviour, the human form
divine would, in the same process of diminution, have
been reduced, long ere our time, to that of a miserable
homunculus, not so high as my Uncle Toby's knee.
The learned author says that Noah was twenty feet
shorter than Adam ; that Abraham was only twenty-
seven or twenty-eight feet high ; but that as for Moses,
(poor puny creature !) he measured no more than thirteen
feet from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet.
Henrion, like a true theorist, wedded heart and brain to
his system, is by no means discouraged or put out when
he gets among the facts of tolerably well authenticated
history. In contempt of all authority, he says, Alexan-
der the Great, who was remarked among his contem-
poraries as being rather a small man, was six feet high,
but that Julius Cæsar only measured five feet.

Under Augustus our Saviour was born, and then the
stature of mankind ceased to dwindle, and began even
to shoot up a little ; but there Henrion's *Echelle Chro-
nique* stops, he having proved to his entire satisfaction
in the course of three thousand years man had
gained and lost one hundred and eighteen feet nine
inches of his stature.

The Siamese, and other Asiatic people, have a religious belief that corresponds with the ingenious Frenchman's hard-laboured scale: they say that since the loss of his primitive innocence, man has gradually become less and less, and that in the end he will not be higher than a magpie. But all people, all religions, all superstitions, have acknowledged the existence in former times of a gigantic race, and have delighted to dwell upon the visionary picture of days when we were purer in heart, stronger in frame and mind, "more blest, more wise," than we now are. Some of the gods and heroes of the Hindu mythology are of the most prodigious dimensions; and the Greeks and Romans had their Titans, their Orion, their Polyphemus, their Theseus, and Hercules. Virgil takes care to indicate the diminution of human strength, by telling us that it would take twelve such men as lived in his days, and these twelve chosen from among the strongest, to lift the rock which Turnus threw at Æneas' head. The ancient romance of Antares shows the notions that prevailed on this subject in the burning deserts of Arabia. In the frozen regions of the North, the Runic or Scandinavian mythology had Thor, with his mighty hammer, and a long progeny of demigods, heroes, and horses, all immeasurably surpassing the dimensions and vigour of modern nature. We need not multiply instances, but the same dream about the gigantic stature of the human race at some former period is found among the aboriginal red-men of America.

Until a comparatively very recent date, the sciences of geology and comparative anatomy were so very little cultivated, that all the huge bones of the largest of living

creatures, and of those monstrous animals that have so long disappeared from the face of the earth, were taken for human bones. People seem to have forgotten that the world had ever had any other than human inhabitants. The scattered bones of whales, rhinoceroses, hippopotami, elephants, nay, even the fossile remains of the iguanadon, the ichthyosaurus, the mastodon, and the megatherium were picked up and shown as fractional parts of the bodies of ancient races of men; and when ribs were found three feet in circumference, and thigh-bones six feet long, no wonder they believed there had been enormous giants in the land. These remains strongly confirmed the vulgar error; for when men can say of anything wonderful, that they have seen it with their own eyes, there is no hope of convincing them. The evidence of human skeletons found entire, of mummies, three thousand years old, no ways larger, or differing in proportion from living men and women, had no weight on these large believers in the marvellous, who could swallow an ante-diluvian monster for a man.

La Bibliotheca Rabbinnica del Padre Bartolucci, tom. i. *Histoire de l'Academie des Belles Lettres*, t. i. p. 125, and t. iii. p. 16.

LII. HOW TO SQUARE THE CIRCLE,

THE learned and laborious Pasquier remarks, in one of his books, that the fashion of wearing bonnets quarrés, or caps with square tops or crowns, was introduced shortly before his time, or about the year 1500; and he adds facetiously, that they thus found out what mathematici-

ans had been so long looking for ; namely, the quadrature of the circle.

LIII.

HOW IT HAPPENED THAT THE CARDINAL DU PERRON HAD A PRODIGIOUS MEMORY.

THE contemporaries of this learned prince of the church, attributed his great memory to the circumstance of his mother's having had a longing for a library while she was *enceinte* with him.

LIV. TURKISH PROVERBS.

THE Turks, in common with all the Eastern nations we are acquainted with, are wonderfully addicted to proverbs, both in their writings and their common conversation. The Spaniards, who are fonder of proverbs than any other European people, derived the use of such citations, and an immense number of their proverbs, from the Moors or Arabs, who have left an Oriental impress on nearly the whole of Spain, with the exception of the Biscayan provinces. The great repertory of Spanish proverb is that immortal work Don Quixote, and the Coryphæus of all adage-mongers is without doubt Sancho Panza, who has a proverb for almost every possible circumstance or occurrence of life, and "wise saws" perpetually on the tip of his tongue. But these proverbs, to be properly enjoyed, ought to be read in the original, many of them being wholly untranslatable.

As far as this constant use of proverbs is concerned,

many a Sancho Panza is to be found in every Arab tribe, and in every Turkish town ; and the generality of Turks really seem to make moral wisdom consist in the extent of a man's collection of this kind of things, the strength of his memory, and his readiness in applying proverbs.

Many of these proverbs, which the Turks in all probability borrowed from their ancestors, or congeners in the remote regions of the East, are exactly like or closely resemble old proverbs of our own. The following are a few examples :

Turkish.—1. When the cat is absent, the mice lift up their heads.

English.—1. When the cat's away, the mice will play.

2. We never look at the teeth of a horse that is given us.

2. Don't look a gift horse in the mouth.

3. Far from the eyes, farther from the heart.

3. Out of sight, out of mind.

4. He who gives to the poor, gives to God.

4. He who gives to the poor, lends to the Lord.

5. The tongue kills more people than the sword.

5. The tongue is sharper than the sword.

6. The egg to-day, is worth more than the hen to-morrow.

6. A bird in the hand, is worth two in the bush.

7. Is it when the horse is stolen that you shut the stable-door ?

7. Idem.

8. Strike the iron while it is hot.
8. Idem.
9. "It is a fast-day to-day, and I must not eat," says the cat, on seeing a piece of liver she cannot reach.
9. "Sour grapes," says the fox, &c.
10. Honey is a good thing, but the price of honey is another thing!
 10. What a pity 'tis that honey
Can't be got without hard money.

In a short collection of Turkish proverbs now before us, we see several which are precisely the same as some in use in Italy, and a few that closely resemble common French proverbs. The Italians in the middle ages, and particularly the Venetians, the Genoese, the Pisans, and the Amalfitans, kept up a constant intercourse with the people of the East, from whom they introduced not only proverbs, but many fables, apologues, anecdotes, stories, and short romances. It is evident, however, that some of these things did not depend on a transmission from one people to another; but that they sprang up spontaneously (or from the existence of material objects common to nearly all countries) in different countries and at different times, being, thus far, original in several countries or among several people. Wherever, for example, there grew a rose-bush, men were just as likely as the Turks or Persians to see "that there is no rose without a thorn;" and the moral application, the forcible illustration to be derived from such things, would become evident at the first dawn of civilization. It is during this dawn and twilight that proverbs best flourish; the

full meridian light, and a high civilization, are fatal to them. In Europe, the Turks of Roumelia, the Greeks, the scarcely more civilized Spaniards and Portuguese, and the Neapolitans, seem to be the people who have most proverbs, and make the greatest use of them.

The Turks say,

“ The eye of the master in the stable is as good for the horse as a rubbing down.”

The Italians,

“ L’occhio del padrone ingrassa il cavallo.”

(The eye of the master fattens the horse.)

Some of the Turkish proverbs are highly poetical. We think the fastidious Chesterfield could scarcely have objected to the following :

“ Where the horse of a Kurd has struck the soil, the grass ceases to grow.”

“ Death is a black camel that kneels before every door.”

“ Here great ships have foundered : what comest thou to do in such a sea with thy weak skiff?”

“ The night is pregnant with the morrow ; God knows what the dawn will shine upon.”

Others of these proverbs again have considerable point and *finesse*. The Turks say,

“ If you present yourself at a great man’s house with empty hands, they will tell you ‘ his lordship is asleep ;’ but if you go with a present, they will say, ‘ My lord, condescend to enter.’ ”

“ Every thing finishes here below except enmity.”

“ He who seeks a friend exempt from all faults remains without friends.”

"The lazy man says, I have no strength."

"The wounds of a knife are cured, but those inflicted by the tongue are often incurable."

"Patience is the key to joy."

"Fame is not acquired on a feather-bed."

"The crow was asked, which were the most beautiful of birds? 'My little ones,' replied she."

"Every occurrence that makes us weep, is accompanied by something to make us laugh."

"If it were possible for us to do all that we desire should be done, every poor faquir would be a great pasha."

The two last are counterparts to Shakspeare's. The thread of life is of a mingled yarn," &c. and,

"If to do were as easy as to know what ought to be done, poor men's cottages would be princes' palaces," &c.

That excellent traveller, the late J. L. Burckhardt, during his residences at Cairo, collected a great many Arabic proverbs, concluding very justly that the manners and customs of the modern Egyptians might be illustrated to a considerable extent by the proverbial sayings current among them. In putting them together on paper, he stopped short at the number *nine hundred and ninety-nine*; "adopting herein," he says, "a notion prevalent among Arabs, that even numbers are unlucky, and that anything perfect in its quantity is particularly affected by the evil eye."

It is curious to recognise the existence of this superstition of the deserts in the neighbourhood of London. We remember that, when we were children, there was a great cow-keeper at Islington of the name of Rhodes, who had

no difficulty in keeping *nine hundred and ninety-nine* cows all safe and sound ; but, do what he would, he could never keep a thousand. If he bought one to make up the number, two or three others were sure to die ; nay, if he purchased ten or twenty at a time, before he could get them home, a sudden mortality would dispose of other ten or twenty ; thus always keeping the number down to the charmed *nine hundred and ninety-nine*. At least so went the story ; the truth of which no cook-maid, housemaid, or old maid in the neighbourhood seemed to doubt. In later years, we detected the same superstitious notion in France, Spain, Switzerland, and Italy.

Some years after Mr. Burckhardt's death, his collection of Arab proverbs, edited by Sir William Ouseley, was published in a quarto volume by authority of the Association for promoting the discovery of the interior of Africa. Though it has been neglected by the generality of readers, it is a curious, and in some instances, a highly useful volume.

A very large portion of these proverbs in their form of a verbal translation would be altogether unintelligible without the traveller's explanation and running commentary. A few are intelligible enough, and almost counterparts of European sayings.

The Arabs have,

“ The one-eyed person is a beauty in the country of the blind.”

The French,

“ Dans le pays des aveugles les borgnes sont rois.”

The Arabs also have the “ bird in the hand ” proverb, but expressed with much more grandiosity than in English or Turkish. They say,

"A thousand cranes in the air, are not worth one sparrow in the fist."

"The walls have ears," is as common an adage at Cairo as in London.

The Arabs have a number of proverbs against borrowing, e. g.

"A borrowed cloak does not keep one warm."

"Lending is ruinous both to borrowers and lenders."

"Lending nurses enmity."

"A hand accustomed to take, is far from giving."

They have several of the "de gustibus non est disputandum" character. The first of the following reminds us of the Italian adage about St. Anthony and the sow.

"Thy beloved is the object thou lovest, be it even a monkey."

"One shaved his beard, a second plucked out his hairs; every one, they said, according to his own liking."

The Egyptians also make frequent use of the following; which are old English:

"A dog that barks does not bite."

"Hearing is not like seeing."

"Be of good memory if you become a liar."

"The kettle reproached the kitchen-spoon, and called it Blackie."

"A word only is sufficient for the wise."

"He who cannot reach the bunch of grapes, says of it, 'it is sour.'"

A proverb they put into the mouth of an unlucky man is,

"If I were to trade in winding-sheets, no one would die."

They also make such a doomed person say,
 "If thou wast to see my luck, thou wouldst trample
 it under foot."

To express that a husband and wife are ill-suited to
 each other, and quarrel, they say,

"Her meat and his meat cannot be cooked together
 in the same pot."

Here follow a few more curious specimens of these
 Arabic adages :

"There are no fans in hell."

"If you do not eat at a man's wedding, take care to
 feast at his funeral."

"He who eats a hen of the sultan will have to give a
 cow in return."

"Man is only man by his money."

"Tear off the curtain of doubt by questions."

"People are more like the times they live in than
 they are like their own fathers."

"He who eats alone coughs alone."

"The man who makes chaff of himself shall be eaten
 by cows."

"They said to the cock, 'What hast thou seen in
 thy sleep?'—'I saw people sifting corn,' he replied."

"They said to the hen, 'Eat, and do not scatter thy
 corn about.'—'I cannot leave off my old habits,' she
 replied."

"The young ones of the duck are swimmers."

"Give dinner to the drunken, but not supper to the
 tipsy."

"The blind man does what is nasty on the house-top,
 and thinks people do not see him."

“ Singing without remuneration is like a dead body without perfumes.”

“ When the singing women,” says Mr. Burckhardt, “ perform in Egypt, they collect money from all the persons present, the landlord or host as well as the guests ; and, according to custom, one of them proclaims with a loud voice the sum which each person puts on the plate, mentioning at the same time the donor’s name. This custom excites the vanity of those who form the company, each from a kind of emulation in liberality wishing to have his own name mentioned as the most generous : this heightens the interest and pleasure of the society, and fills the pockets of the singers. . . . A mixture of camphor and rose-water is sprinkled over the face of a dead person before the body is placed in the coffin.”

LV. A DEVIL AT THE TOP OF ST. PAUL'S.

A SINGULAR HALLUCINATION.

DR. PRITCHARD, in an essay on somnambulism and animal magnetism, with which he has enriched the Cyclopædia of Medicine, has given so remarkable a case of ecstasis, as he calls it, that it deserves to be presented entire to our readers ; it would be unjustifiable to clip it of a single line.

“ A gentleman, about thirty-five years of age, of active habits and good constitution, living in the neighbourhood of London, had complained for about five weeks of slight headache. He was feverish, inattentive to his occupations, and negligent of his family. He had been cupped, and taken some purgative medicine, when he was visited by Dr. Arnould of Camberwell, who has favoured us with the following history. By that gentleman's advice he was sent to a private asylum, where he remained about two years ; his delusions very gradually subsided, and he was afterwards restored to his family. The account which he gave of himself was, almost verbatim, as follows. We insert the statement as we received it from his physician.—One afternoon in the month of May, feeling himself a little unsettled, and not inclined to business, he thought he would take a walk into the city to amuse his mind ; and having strolled into St. Paul's Churchyard, he stopped at the shop-window of Carrington and Bowles, and looked at the pictures, among which was one of the cathedral. He had not been long

there, before a short, grave-looking, elderly gentleman, dressed in dark-brown clothes, came up, and began to examine the prints, and occasionally casting a glance at him, very soon entered into conversation with him ; and, praising the view of St. Paul's which was exhibited at the window, told him many anecdotes of Sir Christopher Wren the architect, and asked him at the same time if he had ever ascended to the top of the dome. He replied in the negative. The stranger then inquired if he had dined, and proposed that they should go to an eating-house in the neighbourhood, and said that after dinner he would accompany him up St. Paul's: 'it was a glorious afternoon for a view, and he was so familiar with the place that he could point out every object worthy of attention.' The kindness of the old gentleman's manner induced him to comply with the invitation ; and they went to a tavern in some dark alley, the name of which he did not know. They dined, and very soon left the table, and ascended to the ball just below the cross, which they entered alone. They had not been there many minutes, when, while he was gazing on the extensive prospect, and delighted with the splendid scene below him, the grave gentleman pulled out from an inside coat-pocket something like a compass, having round the edges some curious figures ; then, having muttered some unintelligible words, he placed it in the centre of the ball. He felt a great trembling and a sort of horror come over him, which was increased by his companion asking him if he should like to see any friend at a distance, and to know what he was at that moment doing, for if so, the latter could show him any such person. It

happened that his father had been for a long time in bad health, and for some weeks past he had not visited him. A sudden thought came into his mind, so powerful that it overcame his terror, that he should like to see his father. He had no sooner expressed the wish than the exact person of his father was immediately presented to his sight on the mirror, reclining in his arm-chair, and taking his afternoon sleep. Not having fully believed in the power of the stranger to make good his offer, he became overwhelmed with terror at the clearness and truth of the vision presented to him ; and he entreated his mysterious companion that they might immediately descend, as he felt himself very ill. The request was complied with ; and on parting under the portico of the northern entrance, the stranger said to him, 'Remember, you are the slave of the man of the mirror!' He returned in the evening to his home, he does not know exactly at what hour ; felt himself unquiet, depressed, gloomy, apprehensive, and haunted with thoughts of the stranger. For the last three months he has been conscious of the power of the latter over him. Dr. Arnould adds, 'I inquired in what way his power was exercised. He cast on me a look of suspicion mingled with confidence ; took my arm, and, after leading me through two or three rooms, and then into the garden, exclaimed, 'It is of no use ; there is no concealment from him, for all places are alike open to him ; he sees us and he hears us now.' I asked him where this being was who saw and heard us. He replied, in a voice of deep agitation, 'Have I not told you that he lives in the ball below the cross on the top of St. Paul's, and that he only comes down to take a

walk in the churchyard, and get his dinner at the house in the dark alley? Since that fatal interview with the necromancer,' he continued, 'for such I believe him to be, he is continually dragging me before him on his mirror, and he not only sees me every moment of the day, but he reads all my thoughts, and I have a dreadful consciousness that no action of my life is free from his inspection, and no place can afford me security from his power.' On my replying that the darkness of the night would afford him protection from these machinations, he said, 'I know what you mean, but you are quite mistaken. I have only told you of the mirror; but in some part of the building which we passed in coming away, he showed me what he called a great bell, and I heard sounds which came from it, and which went to it,—sounds of laughter, and of anger, and of pain; there was a dreadful confusion of sounds, and as I listened with wonder and affright, he said, 'This is my organ of hearing; this great bell is in communication with all other bells within the circle of hieroglyphics, by which every word spoken by those under my control is made audible to me.' Seeing me look surprised at him, he said, 'I have not yet told you all; for he practises his spells by hieroglyphics on walls and houses, and wields his power, like a detestable tyrant as he is, over the minds of those whom he has enchanted, and who are the objects of his constant spite, within the circle of the hieroglyphics.' I asked him what these hieroglyphics were, and how he perceived them? He replied, 'signs and symbols which you in your ignorance of their true meaning have taken for letters and words, and read, as you have thought,

‘Day and Martin, and Warren’s blacking.’ Oh! that is all nonsense! they are only the mysterious characters which he traces, to mark the boundary of his dominion, and by which he prevents all escape from his tremendous power. How have I toiled and laboured to get beyond the limits of his influence! Once I walked for three days and three nights, till I fell down under a wall, exhausted by fatigue, and dropped asleep; but, on awakening, I saw the dreadful signs before my eyes, and I felt myself as completely under his infernal spells at the end, as at the beginning of my journey.’

“It is probable that this gentleman had actually ascended to the top of St. Paul’s, and that impressions there received, being afterwards renewed in his mind when in a state of vivid excitement, in a dream of ecstatic reverie, became so blended with the creations of fancy, as to form one mysterious vision, in which the true and the imaginary were afterwards inseparable. Such, at least, is the best explanation of the phenomena that occurs to us.”

LVI. THE DUKE DE LAVAL

WAS renowned for making bulls; so that, as ordinarily happens in such cases, all that the wits of Paris could devise were fathered upon him. Thus he is reported to have said, that he had received an anonymous letter signed by all the officers of his regiment; and to have observed very quietly, that he had placed sofas in the four corners of his octagon sitting-room. One of his sayings is shrewd enough, and smacks rather of the cold-

ness of a confirmed egotist, than the giddy kindness of a bull-maker. He was rich, but always refused to lend money, "because," said he, "the best thing that can happen is to get my money back."

LVII. BISHOPS AND THEIR BARONIES IN FEE.

IN the year 1070, in the fourth year of the reign of William the Conqueror, or, as others think, in 1086, in his 20th year, the feudal tenures were fully established; and from that time the bishops, who had hitherto sat in any great councils of the nation by the right of prelacy or ecclesiastical dignity, being obliged to hold their lands as baronies, began to sit as barons, preceding the temporal barons by the sanctity of their function. Of this the fullest testimony is given in the Constitutions of Clarendon, passed in the 10th Hen. II. A.D. 1163, by which it is enacted that archbishops, bishops, and all others who hold of the King in capite shall be considered as possessing baronies, and be obliged to be present at trials in the King's court: "*Archiepiscopi, episcopi, et universæ personæ regni qui de Rege tenent in capite, habeant possessiones suas de Rege sicut baroniam, et inde respondeant justiciariis et ministris Regis; et sicut cæteri barones debent interesse judiciis curiæ Regis cum baronibus, quousque perveniatur ad diminutionem membrorum vel ad mortem.*"—(See Spelm. Glossar. &c. p. 80.) And soon after, in the year 1165, when Archbishop Becket was condemned in parliament to the forfeiture of all his goods and chattels, a controversy arising between the bishops and temporal barons concerning the office of passing sen-

tence, which the barons endeavoured to impose upon the bishops, because the criminal was an ecclesiastic, one of the bishops made this reply: "Non est hoc iudicium ecclesiasticum sed seculare, *non sedemus hic episcopi sed BARONES*; nos barones, et vos barones pares hic sumus." (See the Life of Becket by Fitzstephen, as quoted by Selden, Tit. of Hon. p. 584.)

LVIII. A DOMESTIC MEDICINE-CHEST.

THE Bourgeois Gentilhomme of Molière manifests extreme surprise when he finds that he has been talking prose for forty years without knowing it: and we doubt not that many will be equally astonished when they learn that they have had a medicine-chest in their house for forty years without knowing it—in the shape of a set of well-filled cruets. The salt, for example, is a decided cathartic in the dose of half an ounce or an ounce; it is also a vermifuge in large doses, and its power is great in preventing as well as killing worms. It has been repeatedly stated that those criminals in Holland who were formerly condemned to live without salt were dreadfully infested with worms, and there is recent evidence to the same effect. Dr. Dyer informs us, from his personal experience, that in the Mauritius the planters' slaves rarely obtain salt, and are extremely subject to worms; while the Government slaves and the convicts get salt in their rations, and seldom suffer from the disease. Some planters, regarding economy and the health of the slaves at the same time, give a tablespoonful of salt in half a pint of water to each slave regularly every Saturday after

work; and they find that this dose acts not only as a vermifuge, but as a tonic.

The vinegar, again, is refrigerant and diaphoretic; and is moderately stimulant and astringent when applied externally. It formerly had great reputation in cases of poisoning by narcotics; but here, it must be confessed, that it is of doubtful efficacy. It is certainly useful, however, when soda, potash, or ammonia are taken in over-doses, as the acetic acid which it contains combines with and chemically neutralizes them.

The mustard comes next, but this requires no panegyric at our hands, for not many years have elapsed since it was the fashion to attribute every virtue under heaven to mustard-seeds. More lately, too, a mustard emetic was extolled as infallible in cholera, just as a salt-and-water emetic was during the last autumn: so that a disease numbered among the opprobria medicorum has found two specifics in the domestic medicine-chest. A mustard poultice is no mean rival of a blister. Olive-oil has great merits. The best dispensatory that we have tells us that it is "demulcent, relaxant, and laxative." It is a good antidote against acrid poisons, and seems to be obnoxious to worms; perhaps some of the undigested oil reaches these disagreeable animals, and stops their breathing-holes. Lastly, my Lord Bacon is of opinion that rubbing the skin with oil is very conducive to longevity.

Nor is our chest deficient in stimulants. First comes the common pepper, whether black or white matters not, save that the latter is the stronger. Among its more special virtues let us mention its power, when infused in water, of curing a relaxed sore-throat; and *piperin*, the

alkaloid extracted from it, has cured ague, in the hands of Dr. Meli and others. The Dublin Pharmacopœia has an ointment of black pepper, which has been recommended against ringworm.

The Cayenne possesses similar virtues, but in a very exalted degree. It is the king of peppers, and whether in lending its fires to fish and wild fowl, or stimulating an ulcerated throat, it shows itself worthy of its high reputation, and is impressed on the memory and the palate in characters not to be effaced. We will not go through the spice-box, and the herbarium of the pantry, though they would afford materials for another lecture on the *materia medica*: but there are two articles which have such testimony in their favour, that it is impossible to refrain from mentioning them,—we mean sage and cinnamon.

Their merits have been pithily expressed in the following leonine verses. Of sage the poet says:

*Salvia salvatrix, naturæ conciliatrix !
Cur moriatur homo, cui salvia crescit in horto ?*

And cinnamon prompts the same question:

Cur moriatur homo, qui sumit de cinnamomo ?

LIX. LE PETIT PERE ANDRE,

AND OTHER ODD PREACHERS.

MR. D'ISRAELI has mentioned this droll monk, in his section on "Jocular Preachers;" but has given no specimens of his manner, which was quite as startling and curious as that of Menot or Maillard, of both of whom he speaks at some length.

A doctor of the Sorbonne, who went one day to hear little Andrew preach, was astonished to hear him compare the four great fathers of the Latin church to the four kings of the suits of our gaming-cards. We must give the passage in French; for though the designs and figures are the same, we call the cards by different names, and thus the sense would be lost in English.

“Saint Augustin (disoit il) est le roi de cœur, par sa grande charité; Saint Ambroise est le roi de tréfle, par les fleurs de son éloquence; Saint Jérôme est le roi de pique, par son style mordant; Saint Gregoire est le roi de carreau, par son peu d'élévation.”

On another occasion, when Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XIV, came into church after the sermon had begun, he turned round in the pulpit, and addressed her in these not very complimentary words: “Madam, you are welcome, but we shall not put an extra pot on the fire on your account.”

This merry-Andrew, though a monk, could be witty at the expense of other monks. A thunderbolt fell on the convent of the Carmelites. “God has been very merciful to those good fathers,” said he, “in only sacrificing their library, in which there was not a single monk. If the lightning had fallen upon their kitchen, they must all have been in danger of perishing!”

He was once engaged to preach in a parish church at Paris, and he availed himself of that opportunity to punish the curate, who had given him some cause of offence.

Little Andrew began by speaking of the duties of curates and ecclesiastics in general. He said, that ac-

ording to the language of Scripture, they might be compared to dogs which guard the shepherds' flocks. He next divided them into dumb dogs that never bark, and dogs that bark with all their might whenever it is necessary. The first, he said, were of no use to their master, and not worth their keep; but the second drive the wolf from the fold, and are valuable animals. "It is in this second class, or species," he continued, "that I must place your curate, who by his constant vigilance, and his lively and pathetic discourses, defends his flock against the arch-enemy that is always seeking to devour it. And thus, my brethren, you may say that you have *the best little dog of a curate* to be found in the whole Catholic church."

Ménage relates the next anecdote, which, with several others, proves that the little monk had no fear of great men. He was preaching on Twelfth-day, or the Epiphany, at Nancy, where an oppressed and impoverished people had filled his ears with complaints of the rapacity of the Marshal de la Ferté, who commanded in that province. The Marshal, with his staff, was present at the sermon, and Andrew determined to hit him hard with a bit of Church Latin. He made his discourse turn on the thanksgivings and offerings men ought to make to God, the source of all their prosperity, "Afferte filios arietum, afferte aurum et argentum, afferte omnia quæcumque habetis:" and he so accentuated the verb "afferte" as to make it sound like à Ferté (the name of the Marshal), and to make the sense of his phrase, "Unto Ferté, the young of your rams; unto Ferté, your gold and your silver; unto Ferté, all that you possess." He repeated

his "afferte," or "à Ferté," so often, that some of his suite called the Marshal's attention to so odd an affectation. The great man, who had been dreaming about other things, is said to have blushed when he was made to understand the monk's meaning. Another curious story told of little Andrew, is, that one day when he was preaching at Paris against the vices of gallantry and intrigue, he threatened to name a lady present as being one of the guilty; that he, however, corrected himself, saying, in Christian charity he would only throw his calote, or skull-cap, in the direction where the lady sate; and that as soon as he took his cap in his hand every woman present bobbed down her head, for fear it should come to her. But this anecdote does not rest on good authority, and a story of precisely the same nature, and, we believe, much older, is told of an Italian monk that was preaching on the same vices at Venice.

Gueret says that he one day heard little Andrew in the pulpit compare the poor man to a peasant's fowl that lives on what it can pick up; and the rich man, to a luxurious poodle-dog. "The rich man," cried the monk, "is treated, whilst alive, like ladies' lap-dogs, whose mistresses share all their tit-bits with them, feed them only on the choicest delicacies, and cover them with ribbons from head to tail. But the dog dies, and then what becomes of him? Why! they throw the poodle on the dunghill! Now, on the other hand, the fowl is a poor creature whilst it lives, scratching and pecking for the commonest of food; but after her death she is served up with honour at her master's table. In the same manner the rich man is happy whilst he lives, but after his death

he goes—whither, you all know ; whereas the poor man is placed in Abraham's bosom."

The analogy here is not very close, nor is the fate of the fowl so very enviable, for, after all, it is eaten, and goes into the belly, and not the bosom of its master ; but the familiar illustration was probably well suited to the ignorant audience of peasants the friar addressed. It is quite clear that although le Père Petit André occasionally turned the batteries of his wit to good purpose, he was no joker, nor intentionally "a buffoon in the pulpit." On the contrary, he was most earnest in his vocation ; his life was austere, and he held the world in no sort of consideration. He studied such things as would strike ; and his humour, which was natural and spontaneous, was used in most cases only to arouse attention, and keep it awake to his religious and moral lessons. He was descended from a highly respectable, if not noble family : * he belonged to the Augustine order, and had received a good education ; but he knew the danger of talking over the heads of his popular congregations, and thence arose his fondness for common sayings and proverbs, and for broad and familiar illustrations. He was a very different man from another preacher, a village curate mentioned by *Ménage*.

This worthy curate, who had just been taking a drop too much with some friends, on being suddenly called to christen an infant, could not find the baptism service in his ritual ; and he said, as he kept turning over the pages of his book, "This is a very difficult child to baptize !"

* His name was Boulanger. The Boulangers had been distinguished lawyers. Andrew died 1675, aged 80 years.

In the rural districts in Italy it is still the common practice of the curates to address their flocks in the style of little Andrew, and to use comparisons and illustrations which, however homely and ridiculous they may appear to us, have no such effect on their hearers.

A few years ago we heard a preacher of this sort holding forth in a village church situated on the hills behind Sorrento. He was speaking of grace, and the care necessary to preserve and keep it alive in the heart.

"The grace of God," said he, in the *patois* of the country, "is like a charcoal-fire just lit on your kitchen hearths. If you don't puff and blow and fan, and fan and blow and puff, that fire will go out, and leave you nothing to cook your cabbage-soup by,* or your maccheroni, should it be a holiday."

On another occasion we heard a reverend father, of much higher pretensions than the village curate, and who was preaching to a more refined audience on the pangs of a guilty conscience, make use of the following very familiar simile:

"An evil conscience is like a quarrelsome wife. Yes! Saint Augustine says, '*Conscientia mala, mulier rixosa est.*'" But he did not stop there; he continued to draw out every possible thread of his illustration to its full length.

"A quarrelsome wife, my brethren, will not let you rest at home or abroad, at dinner or at supper, in bed or even out of bed! Her litigious temper and loud tongue (which is worse than thunder to the wine-cask) take all the juices and savouriness out of the ragouts you eat; all the sugar and sweetness out of the coffee you

* *Minestra verde.*

drink. Whether you go forth on foot or on horseback, or in a coach drawn by four galloping horses, is all one ; she is always at your skirts, and the memory of her, which, like an indigestible dish of bad eels, is even more troublesome to the stomach than it was noisome to the palate, following you whithersoever you may go, to the Corso, to the ——”

But we are afraid to shock “ears polite” with the further details of the worthy monk, who discoursed as if he had a full *connaissance de cause*, and a *mulier rixosa* of his own.

Yet, in addressing ignorant and uncivilised audiences, the very coarseness of these preachers stood them in good stead, where a refined and classical style of oratory would have been unintelligible and utterly thrown away. There have been several remarkable instances of this in the city of Naples. On many occasions when the Lazaroni existed in all their might of number, after the voice of the law, and the threats of the government force had been vainly applied to check their turbulence, the famous Padre Rocco, by getting on a wooden bench in the market-place, and thundering at them in their own coarse but expressive dialect, never failed in reducing them to order.

LX. THE PREACHER OF CLIMAXES.

THE late Rev. Robert Hall was remarkably happy and apt at hitting off in conversation, by a few bold strokes dashed occasionally with sarcasm, the peculiarities of his acquaintance, whether they happened to lie in their style,

their manners, or their character. We have not seen the following instance in print. It was told us by the gentleman to whom it was addressed. When talking of the Rev. ——— of ———, one of the most popular preachers of the day among the Dissenters, in whose sermons there is a striking contrast between the plainness with which they begin, and the flights of metaphor in which they end, our friend asked Mr. Hall how he liked this style of eloquence? He replied "Not at all, sir; not at all. Why, sir, every sentence is a climax, every paragraph is a climax, every head is a climax, and the whole sermon is a climax. And then, at the end of every head and division of his sermon he shouts out, though scarcely audible at first, in a shrill voice that makes one's ears tingle, some text of Scripture in the shape of an exclamation. Why, sir, he puts me in mind of a little sweep boy, running up a succession of parallel chimneys, and at the top of each crying—sweep! sweep!"

LXI. HERALDIC ANOMALIES.

A CURIOUS gossiping book, a very father of table-talk, was published under this name some twelve years ago. The object of the author partly appears to be to rectify the anomalies which titles ill understood or badly defined often create in society. Thus he would have knights treated with greater reverence, the precedence of doctors more exactly settled, and bishops' wives distinguished by the title of ladies; and he tells a story of a Lady B——, an apothecary's wife, who, not malignantly, but erroneously, wrote her name in a library subscription-book

at a watering-place, thus, *Lady Mary B.* In vain did the company hunt for her name in their pocket peerages; nay, the master of the ceremonies himself could not tell whether the new-comer was to take place as a marchioness, a countess, or a viscountess; (for as a *Lady Mary* such might have been her rank,) but before the ball night he fortunately discovered that she was in truth only an apothecary's *Lady*, brand new from the *apotheca*, or shop; her husband having been knighted for carrying up a corporation address. Among heraldic inconsistencies may be numbered, the *raising* judges to the rank of knighthood, though, as judges, they already take place of baronets. Among country people, physicians are uniformly stripped of their title of Doctor, and reduced (or elevated) to the rank of Mister; but the author has omitted to observe that the rustics do this with the intention of raising, not degrading the un-doctored; for the Scotch Universities and the vulgar together, have so lowered the title of Doctor, the former by bestowing it on all that asked, and the latter by giving it to all the vendors of medicine, that to want it was considered by the commonalty themselves as a sort of dignity. In Staffordshire a physician is called a doctor-advice.

The work, however, is by no means confined to settling questions of precedence and dignity; for its 800 pages are amply stocked with anecdotes and oddities of all sorts, taken from innumerable books, and brought in on any or no pretence. Let us again subject this olio of information and amusement to the authorial alembic.

Titles of Judges.—Our English judges are lords upon the bench, but in Scotland the *lords* of session are not only

called so in their judicial capacity, but are allowed to add a title of their own, generally taken from their country-seats or paternal property. Thus, Mr. Burnet became Lord Monboddo; Mr. Home, Lord Karnes; and Professor Tytler was identical with Lord Woodhouselee.

Significant names and titles.—It often happens that names and titles cannot be pleasantly translated. Frederic *Redbeard* would sound ill in English; but Frederic *Barbarossa*, which is nothing more, appears sufficiently grand. Boileau, in his ninth reflection on Longinus, shows that what would be quite low in French, was often the very reverse in Greek; thus, *Gardeur des Porceaux*, or, *Gardeur des Bœufs*, would be quite horrible in French, while nothing can be more elegant in Greek than *σὺβωτης* and *βουκολος*: from the latter word is derived the title of Virgil's Pastorals—the Bucolics.

Some of the Turkish titles look strange when reduced to European letters, as *topjdy-bashy*, commander of artillery; *counbarhdjy-bashy*, bombardier; and a referendary (*ρεφερενδαριος* in modern Greek) is called *talkhyssdjy*. The following German word is a match, however, for anything Oriental; especially, as the author chooses to write it, with the omission of the usual hyphens between its component parts:

Die Reichs-generalfeldmarschalllieutenantstelle.

i. e. the post of Lieutenant-Field-Marshal-General of the Empire.

The ancients were usually desirous of giving their children lucky names (*bona nomina, fausta nomina*), such as Victor, Faustus, Felix, Probus, Eutyches, Eunice, Agathias: while, on the other hand, Plautus thought it quite

enough to damn a man, that he bore the name of Lyco ; and Livy calls Atrius Ueber, "abominandi ominis nomen,"—a name of terrible portent. Every one recollects how Trismegistus—the finest of all possible names—was frittered away into Tristram—one of the meanest of all possible names—by the negligence of Susannah, Mr. Shandy's messenger.

Persons above titles.—Bayle got into a scrape with Christina, Queen of Sweden, for having called her simply Christina, without any adjunct, in his periodical work, the "Nouvelles de la République des Lettres." But Bayle replied, that when a name had been rendered so illustrious, it was higher than any title ; that it was not customary to say King Francis I, or the Emperor Charles V, but simply Francis I, and Charles V : and though the ordinals are here used, yet the name alone in many cases would be more dignified ; as we should say, Alexander was the pupil of Aristotle, without expressly calling him King of Macedon : that Constantine, Theodosius, and Justinian were instances to the same effect, as well as the father of the Queen herself, whom, since his heroic exploits in the field, it had been usual to call simply Gustavus Adolphus. Her Majesty was abundantly satisfied with the explanation, and thus modestly replied to him by her secretary: "Sa Majesté ne trouve pas que ce soit manquer au respect qu'on lui doit, que de ne l'appeller simplement que du nom de Christine ; elle a rendu en effet ce nom si illustre qu'il n'a plus besoin d'aucune autre distinction ; et tous les titres les plus nobles, et les plus augustes, dont on pourroit l'accompagner, ne sauroient rien ajouter à l'éclat qu'il s'est déjà acquis dans le monde."

There is a similar story of a Gascon officer, who, being in the field, happened to say aloud to his comrades, as he was leaving them, "I am going to dine with Villars." The Marshal de Villars overheard him, and said, "On account of my rank as general, and not on account of my merit, say Monsieur de Villars." The Gascon with great readiness replied, "Sir, we don't say Monsieur de Cæsar."

On other occasions Bayle broke through the established etiquette with regard to Christina, but, as it would seem, with less felicity. In citing one of her letters to a Chevalier Terlon, he made it end with the common terms *Je suis*, &c.; upon which he received the following remonstrance: "Sa Majesté ne désavoue pas la lettre qu'on a imprimée sous son nom, et que vous rapportez dans vos *Nouvelles*; il n'y a que le mot de '*Je suis*' à la fin, qui n'est pas d'elle; un homme d'esprit comme vous devoit bien avoir fait cette reflexion, et l'avoir corrigé. Une Reine commé elle ne peut se servir de ce terme qu'avec tres-peu de personnes, et M. de Terlon n'est pas du nombre."

Indeed M. Bayle himself was not of the number, as may be seen by her Majesty's letters to him, which conclude with *Dieu vous prospere*, CHRISTINE ALEXANDRE. Bayle erred again by calling her Majesty *famous*; an equivocal term in French, Latin, and Italian. He was therefore gravely admonished by the Queen's Advocate to avoid all ambiguous terms in addressing crowned heads. In speaking of such high personages, says his correspondent, you should select "des paroles d'or et de soie." This master of the ceremonies concludes by desiring Bayle to write to the Queen, but on no account to

call her *Serenissima*, as the word was too common for her.

Peers' daughters.—The daughter of a Duke ranks as a Marchioness as long as she is unmarried, and, if her husband is a commoner, may retain her rank; thus, the younger daughter of a Duke, who married a footman, might take precedence of her elder sisters, whose husbands were Earls, Viscounts, or Barons;—a strange heraldic anomaly! Again, if Lady Frances, the daughter of a Duke, marries Lord Francis, the younger son of a Duke, she may either call herself Lady Frances, and retain her rank of Marchioness, or call herself Lady Francis, and take place below the Viscountesses. But if she chooses to retain her original rank, and her noble husband should be called up to the House of Peers by the title of Baron so-and-so, his lordship would lose one step in the order of precedence, and her ladyship three, by their elevation to the peerage.

Anagrams.—Some of the most applauded of these trifles are

Henricus IV. Galliarum Rex.

In herum exurgis Ravillac.

Horatio Nelson.

Honor est a Nilo.

Prince Regent.

G. R. in pretence.

Sir Francis Burdett.

Frantic disturbers.

Revolution.

To lope ruin.

Radical Reform.

Rare mad frolic.

Bayle tells us that Peter le Loyer found a line in Homer, which being anagrammatized, contained his name and birth-place, with the province and kingdom in which it was situated.

The line is ;—

Σον δ' ουπω τις εχει καλον γερας' αλλα εκηλος :

Which may be transformed into ;—

Πετρος Λωεριος, Ανδενκαος, Γαλλος, Υλειη :

That is to say, Peter le Loyer, of the Province of Anjou, a Gaul, born at Huille. After anagrammatizing, three letters are left, α, χ, κ ; they are to be considered as numerals, and point out the time (says Peter le Loyer) when the name hid in the line was to be revealed, namely, 1620.

Punning texts.—James the first of England, and sixth of Scotland, was, as every one knows, deficient in vigour and steadiness. Having heard of a famous preacher who was very witty in his sermons, and peculiarly so in his choice of texts, he ordered this clergyman to preach before him. With all suitable gravity, the learned divine gave out his text in the following words: “James, first and sixth, in the latter part of the verse, ‘He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven by the winds and tossed.’” “He is at me already,” said the King, much amused.

We will add a couple of other instances not adduced by the author. The Rev. Sidney Smith is said to have preached before a corps of sharpshooters, from the words, “I see men as trees, walking.”

The best of all, perhaps, is a graver example. When John Sobieski, King of Poland, had delivered Vienna from the Turks, who were besieging it, the Archbishop

of Vienna preached from the text, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John."

Old names with new faces.—Those who have duly meditated on the Horatian axiom, *Multa renascentur, &c.* will not be surprised to find the blind Lear an optician in Fetter-lane, while Edgar sells ale in Fenchurch-street; Macbeth and his wife are set up in a fruit-stall in Vinegar-yard, Drury-lane; the melancholy Jacques is established as an apothecary and accoucheur in Warwick-street, Golden-square; Angelo is celebrated as a fencing-master in the Albany; Romeo, having been promoted to a captaincy, is beating up for volunteers in the cause of liberty; Paris is in full practice as a popular physician; and Hamlet himself keeps a silversmith's-shop at the corner of Sidney's-alley: Otway is a major-general in the Army; Milton breaks in horses in Piccadilly; Rowe and Waller are in partnership as stationers in Fleet-street, and Isaac Newton flourishing as a linen-draper in Leicester-square. Alexander Pope, made straight and fattened up, acts tragedy at Drury-lane; Addison sells globes in Regent-street; Richardson and Swift keep lottery-offices in the City; Congreve's pieces (which continue to go off remarkably well) are cannon, not comedies; and Farquhar, instead of a poor author, is a rich banker in St. James's-street. Gay, "in wit, a man, simplicity, a child," makes dolls in Goswell-street; Cowley is a blacksmith; Phillips is poetical only in his prose; Prior, till very lately, was an ensign in the 12th regiment of foot: Collins, instead of odes, makes glass chandeliers; Butler grinds Greek at Harrow; and Cowper may be seen writing his "task" at the table of the House of Lords any day during the sitting of Parliament.

Marquess.—The author of *Heraldic Anomalies* prefers *Marquess* to *Marquis*, as being the more ancient way of writing the word. It corresponds in meaning with the *Præses limitaneus* of the Romans, and in etymology with *Markgraf*, *Marquis*, *Marquez*, *Marchese*, and the modern Greek, *Μαρκεσιος*. Among the French, it would seem, from the phrase *se marquiser*, to have been assumed, like *Captain* formerly in England, as a travelling-name; though the following story shows that this title was not always favourable to travelling, and that a *Præses limitum* might be cribbed and cabined within the barriers of Paris.

At the beginning of the French Revolution, a *Marquis* being about to quit Paris for a tour, was required at the barriers to give his name. "I am Monsieur le *Marquis* de Saint Cyr."

"Oh, oh, we have no *Monsieurs* now."

"Put me down as the *Marquis* de St. Cyr, then."

"All titles of nobility are abolished."

"Call me De Saint Cyr only."

"No person is allowed to have De before his name in these days of equality."

"Write Saint Cyr."

"That won't do either, all the *Saints* are struck out of the calendar."

"Then let my name be Cyr."

"*Sire!*! (*Cyr* is thus pronounced)—that is worse than all; *Sires*, thank God, are quite done away with."

And thus was each glittering particle taken from his title, (like the embroidery from Peter's coat, in the Tale of a Tub,) and the worthy *Marquis* detained in Paris for want of a good, homespun, travelling-name.

Bishops' signatures.—In several instances the bishops, when signing their names, use the old Latin appellations, or abbreviations of them, for their sees instead of the English ones. Thus Ebor. stands for York, Cantuar. for Canterbury, Wigorn. for Worcester, and Exon. for Exeter. Some well-meaning people are occasionally much perplexed by these subtleties. Thus, an eminent bookseller having received a letter announcing the writer's intention to publish the life of Pitt, paid no attention to it, till mentioning to a friend that he had received proposals to that effect from a person he knew nothing about, one Mr. George Winton, he was not a little astounded to be told that George Winton was no other than George, Bishop of Winchester. When the Princess Charlotte was labouring under an indisposition, the Bishop of Salisbury sent frequent written inquiries to her Scotch physician, signing himself J. Sarum. The doctor, unversed in these niceties, observed to a friend that he had been much pestered with notes from "ane Jean Saroom, that he ken'd nothing aboot. I tak nae notice o' the fellow," said he.

O Memory, thou fond deceiver!—The following story is abridged from Clarendon. Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls, having, by the interference of the court, been prevented from giving to his own son an appointment he had designed for him, the Earl of Tullibardine, a near relation of Mr. Cæsar, endeavoured to procure for the latter a promise of a reversion of a six-clerks' place in case his father should die before another occasion of serving him should offer. Lord Treasurer Weston, Earl of Portland, was the person to whom he principally applied, but he, being an absent careless man, forgot to do what Lord Tullibardine had desired; namely, to get the King's

sign manual for the appointment. To assist his bad memory, he requested Lord T. to give him a note in writing, which he accordingly did; only putting upon a small piece of paper the two words, "Remember Cæsar." Many days passed, but Cæsar was never thought of. At length, when he changed his clothes, and his servant as usual had brought to him all the notes and papers found in those he had left off, he discovered the little billet inscribed "Remember Cæsar," and was exceedingly confounded, and knew not what to think of it. He sent for his bosom friends; communicated to them his apprehensions that it could only signify some conspiracy against his life; and that in the case of Cæsar himself, the neglect of such notice had terminated, as they all knew, in his assassination. On their advice, therefore, he feigned indisposition, confined himself to the house, had the gates shut, with orders to the porter to open them to nobody whatsoever, and a guard of many servants placed there to resist violence. This continued for some time, till the Earl of Tullibardine having obtained an interview, and asking him with some earnestness whether he had remembered Cæsar, at once opened his eyes to the real cause of all his perturbation and trouble; and, as he could not forbear imparting it to his friends, the whole jest thus came to be discovered.

Puns on names.—A person, whose name was Gun, complaining to a friend that his attorney in his bill had not let him off easily: "That is no wonder," he replied, "as he charged you too high."

A Mr. Alexander Gun, belonging to the Customs at Edinburgh, having been dismissed for improper conduct.

the entry of the fact in the books stood thus : " A. Gun, discharged for making a false report."

The Cavaliers, during the protectorate, were accustomed in their libations to put a crumb of bread into a glass of wine, and, before they drank it, say, " God send this Crumb-well down."

During the wars of the French Revolution, one Rapinat, who was sent into Switzerland to raise money, pillaged the country so unmercifully, as to compel the government to recall him ; upon which the following epigram appeared at Paris :

QUESTION D'ETYMOLOGIE.

Un bon Suisse que l'on ruine,
Voudrait bien que l'on decidât,
Si *Rapinat* vient de *Rapine*,
Ou *Rapine* de *Rapinat* ?

Precedence among small folk.—The observation of the Spectator, (No. 119,) that, generally speaking, " there is infinitely more to do about place and precedence in a meeting of justices' wives, than in an assembly of duchesses," is an obvious truism. Duchesses can have no disputes. Their rank is known to every one with whom they are likely to associate, and they are exempt from the confusion and perplexities of a promiscuous drawing-room. " I have known my friend Sir Roger de Coverley's dinner almost cold," adds the Spectator, " before the company could adjust the ceremonials of precedence, and be prevailed upon to sit down to table."

In the " Right of Precedence," attributed to Swift, a very pleasant expedient is proposed to the lovers of precedence. " I would farther observe," says he, " for the

use of those who love place without a title to it either by law or heraldry ; as some have a strange oiliness of spirit which carries them upwards, and mounts them to the top of all companies, (company being often like bottled liquors, where the light and windy parts hurry to the head, and fix in froth),—I would observe, I say, that there is a secret way of taking place without sensible precedence, and, consequently, without offence. This is an useful secret, and I will publish it here, from my own practice, for the benefit of my countrymen, and the universal improvement of man and womankind.

“ It is this : I generally fix a sort of first meridian in my thoughts before I sit down, and instead of observing privately, as the way is, whom in company I may sit above in point of birth, age, fortune, or station, I consider only the situation of the table by the points in the compass, and the nearer I can get to the East, (which is a point of honour for many reasons,—*porrecta majestas ad ortum solis*,) I am so much the higher ; and my good fortune is, to sit sometimes, or for the most part, due East, sometimes E. by N. seldom with greater variation ; and then I do myself honour, and am blessed with invisible precedency, mystical to others ; and the joke is, that by this means I take place (for place is but fancy) of many that sit above me ; and while most people in company look upon me as a modest man, I know myself to be a very assuming fellow, and do often look down with contempt on some at the upper end of the table. By this craft, I at once gratify my humour, (which is pride,) and preserve my character, and am at meat as wise men would be in the world,

Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.

“And to this purpose, my way is to carry a little pocket-compass in my left fob, and from that I take my measures imperceptibly, as from a watch, in the usual way of comparing time before dinner; or, if I chance to forget that, I consider the situation of the parish church, and this is my never failing regulator.”

LXII. AN ALDERMAN POET.

THE fact appears incredible, but there was once an alderman who was a poet! This was Robert Fabian, a man born and bred in the city of London, who, after bearing many civic honours, was chosen sheriff in 1493. He wrote “two large chronicles,” with introductory verses: the one being a history of England, from the landing of Brutus to the death of King Henry the Second; the other, from the first year of King Richard to the death of Henry the Seventh. “He was,” saith Winstanley, quoting from an older biographer, “of a very merry disposition, and used to entertain his guests as well with good *victuals* as good discourse. He bent his mind much to the study of poetry, which, according to those times, passed for current.” We have no doubt his dinners had a good deal to do in making people tolerate his verses, which (though as good as any of that day) are mere doggerel.

Sir John Suckling, in his Contest of the poets of his time for the laurel, makes Apollo adjudge it to an alderman for the same reason:

“He openly declar’d it was the best sign
Of good store of wit, to have good store of wine;
And without a syllable more or less said,
He put down the laurel on the alderman’s head.

But in the days of the witty Suckling there were good poets, and no alderman a verse-maker. Indeed, Fabian was unique. There never was another! He died in 1511, and was buried in St. Michael's church, in Cornhill. A rhymed epitaph, which was inscribed on his tomb, is bad enough to have been written by himself. Old Fuller, in his "Worthies," observes, that none have worse poetry than poets on their monuments; but whatever he may have deserved as an alderman and dinner-giver, Robert Fabian did not merit a better epitaph as a poet.

LXIII. THE PUNISHMENT OF TANTALUS.

WALTER SCOTT has remarked that readers do not relish that the incidents of a tale familiar to them should be altered; and that "this process of feeling is so natural, that it may be observed even in children, who cannot endure that a nursery story should be repeated to them differently from the manner in which it was first told." (Advertisement to the uniform edition of the Waverley Novels.) Yet, in spite of this law, laid down by the most eminent story-teller that the world has hitherto seen, we cannot resist the temptation of informing some of our less learned readers, that there are two totally different accounts of the punishment of Tantalus. Every one knows the ordinary one,—A bough loaded with fruit hangs over the head of the guilty king, and a pool of water rises up to his chin; but when he attempts to taste either, it vanishes.

The other mythus, which is quite as authentic, informs us that a stone is suspended over the head of Tantalus, and that his punishment consists in the everlasting

fear that it will fall upon him. Homer, indeed, tells the more common story (Odyssey, book xi.); but the passage was rejected as spurious by Aristarchus, as we learn from the scholiast on Pindar. The crime of forging verses in this part of the Odyssey, has been fixed upon Onomacritus; and it appears from Herodotus, (book vii. 6,) that a person of that name was banished by Hipparchus for interpolating the oracles of Musæus. Pausanias admitted the genuineness of these verses, but his authority is certainly small in a question of this kind, as he believed in the authenticity of the Homeric hymns; and, on the other hand, the poets next to Homer in time, who naturally adopted his mythology, tell the other tale. Thus Pindar says, (Olymp. i. 91,) "The father suspended over him a mighty stone, which, always desiring to cast from his head, he wanders from joy."*

Archilochus, Alcæus, and Alcman, all sing the same song. Euripides gives the punishment and its cause. "Tantalus the blest, sprung, as they say, from Jove, fearing the stone above his head floats in the air, and suffers this punishment, as they tell, because, being but a man, and admitted to the table of the gods, he had an unbridled tongue, a most disgraceful fault."†

* Πάτηρ ὑπεκρέμασι καρτερον αὐτῆ λίθον, τὸν αἰε μνησιν κεφαλῆς βαλῆιν, εὐφροσύνας ἀλασται. And again in Isthm. viii. 21. Ἐφῆδη τὸν ὕπερ κεφαλῆς γὰρ Τανταλοῦ λίθον παρα τὶς στρεψὶν ἀμμι θεός.

† Ὁ γὰρ μακκαρίος
Διὸς πύφικως, ὡς λεγούσι, Τανταλὸς,
Καρύφης ὑπεκτελλόντα δαιμαίνων αἰστρον
Λεῖσι ποταταί, καὶ τινι ταυτῆ δικῆι,
Ὅς μιν λεγούσιν, ὅτι θεοῖς ἀνθρώπος ἂν
Κοινῆς τραπίδος ἀξίωμ' ἔχων ἴσον
Ἀκολατῆν ἰσχυὴ γλαύσαν, ἀσχυίστην νοσον.

Eurip. Orest. iv. 10.

Again, when Phryne the courtesan was accused of impiety, her prosecutor Euthias discussed at some length the punishment of the impious in the Shades below. On which, Hyperides, her counsel, replied, "Is it her fault, if a stone hangs over the head of Tantalus?" Lucretius, too, says, (iii. 993,)

Nec miser impendens magnum timet aëre saxum,
Tantalus, ut fama est, cassâ formidine torpens.

And Cicero :

Accedit etiam mors, quæ quasi saxum Tantalò, semper impendet.

De Fin. i. 18.

Quam vim mali significantes poëtæ, impendere apud inferos saxum Tantalò faciunt.

Tusc. Disp. vi. 16.

Yet in another part of the last-quoted work, he refers to the common mythus :

Mento summam aquam attingens enectus Tantalus siti.—i. 5.

The elegant critic from whom we have borrowed these details, expresses his fear lest their length as given by him might fatigue his readers: we have therefore abridged them considerably, and refer those who may wish to slake their thirst with a more copious draught, to Porson's note on the 5th line of the Orestes.

LXIV. A CHARM.

Worse poetry has been written than the following, which is the production of Agnes Sampson, who was burnt for a witch in Scotland in the year 1590. It is entitled, "A prayer and incantation for hailing of seik folkis," and would, no doubt, put a stop to many a nervous fit.

All kindis of illis that ever may be,
In Chrystis name I conjure ye,

I conjure ye, baith mair and less,
 By all the vertewes of the Mess;
 And rycht sa, by the naillis sa,
 That naillit Jesu, and na ma;
 And rycht sa, by the samyn blude,
 That reikit owre the ruthful rood,
 Furth of the flesh and of the bane,
 And in the erth and in the stane,
 I conjure ye in Goddis name!

LXV. WELSH LITERATURE.

AMONG the early specimens of Welsh Literature may be reckoned "A Dictionary in Englyshe and Welshe," by Wyllyam Salesbury, London, 1547, 4to. A copy is in the British Museum. It appears to have been reprinted, without date, by Whitchurch; and again, in 1551, by Robert Crowley. Strype, in his "Annals," calls him William Salisbury of Llanroast, gent.; and says he was joined with John Waley the printer, in a patent for seven years, to print the Bible in Welsh (*Annals*, vol. i. p. 434.). His "Introduction, teaching how to pronounce the letters in the Brytische tongue," was twice printed; in 1550 by Robert Crowley, and in 1567 by Henry Denham. In the latter year he published the New Testament in Welsh, dedicated to Queen Elizabeth.

LXVI. TONGUE FOR TONGUE.

Vix mea sustinuit dicere lingua.—OVID:

DURING the war between England and Spain, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, Commissioners on both sides were appointed to treat of peace. The Spanish Com-

missioners proposed that the negotiations should be carried on in the French tongue, observing sarcastically, that the gentlemen of England could not be ignorant of the language of their fellow-subjects, their Queen being Queen of France as well as England. "Nay, in faith, gentlemen," replied Dr. Dale, one of the English Commissioners, "the French is too vulgar for a business of this importance; we will therefore, if you please, rather treat in Hebrew, the language of Jerusalem, of which your master calls himself King, and in which you must of course be as well skilled as we are in French."

LXVII.

SWEARING OF FRENCH POSTILIONS IN 1608.

ALL our readers who have travelled in France, must retain a lively recollection of the obscene, sonorous, and constant swearing of the postilions there; and, we doubt not, many will remember the subterfuge of the poor lady abbess in *Tristram Shandy*, who, wanting to make her mules go with "the magical words," thought she could avoid the sin by pronouncing one syllable of them herself, and getting her companion, the lay sister, to pronounce the other. It should appear, from *Master Thomas Coryat*, that these public functionaries were much more decent in their swearing in 1608, and yet he complains of them! Surely, *Thomas* was too squeamish. He says, "The French guides, otherwise called the postilions, have one most diabolical custom in their travelling upon the wayes. Diabolical it may well be called: for whensoever their horses doe a little anger them, they will say in

their fury, '*Allons, diable,*' that is, 'Go, thou divell.' Also, if they happen to be angry with a stranger upon the way upon any occasion, they will say to him, '*Le diable t'emporte,*' that is, 'The divell take thee.' This I know by mine owne experience.—*C. Crudities.*"



END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.
