

THE
BOOK OF TABLE-TALK.

ILLUSTRATED WITH WOOD-CUTS.

106

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BOOK OF TABLE-TALK.

I. SANDOWNE CASTLE.

My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
But rusted by a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil ;
And mine hath been the fate of those
To whom the glorious sun and air
Are bann'd and barr'd—forbidden fare.

Prisoner of Chillon.

ONE evening in August last, I was sitting on the beach close by Sandowne Castle. The evening was so mild that I had come out with the intention of bathing ; but as the state of the tide was somewhat unfavourable, I fell into some doubt on the subject ; and, while in that state of mind, was amusing myself with looking at the numerous ships then riding at anchor in the Downs, and from time to time gathering pebbles from the countless mass of them around me, and throwing them down the beach ; in a vain effort to recover an art in which I had excelled in my boyhood, that of being a good shot with a stone, in technical phrase, of “shying well.” While I was thus employed, a man came out of the castle gate, crossed the draw-bridge, and passed me. In passing, he stopped

a moment, and looking towards the Goodwin Sands, lying beyond the Downs, he said :

“ The sands are very visible this evening, sir.”

“ Are they more so than usual ?”

“ Yes, sir,”

“ What state are they in now ? I mean, is there a firm footing on them ?”

“ O yes ; you might play cricket on them. But when the tide returns, they will again become a quicksand.”

“ Can any one see Sandowne Castle now ?”

“ O yes, sir, I have just come out of it. The serjeant who takes care of it will be very happy to show you any part of it you may wish to see.”

“ I suppose there is little to be seen ?”

“ Not a great deal, sir.”

“ What is the age of it ?”

He mentioned a date, about two centuries wide of the true one. With that he wished me good evening, and passed on ; and I resolved, instead of taking a cold bath that evening, to take a look at Sandowne Castle.

I crossed the draw-bridge ; and, passing under the dark portal, where a portcullis appears to have once been, and where there are three large holes from above, probably for the purpose of pouring shot or molten lead upon the assailants, I entered a sort of court-yard, which runs (I think) quite round, between the ramparts and the central tower, which together form the castle. I made my way by a ladder-stair to the ramparts, where I found a serjeant of artillery sitting upon a gun, which by the *fleur-de-lis* upon it seemed once to have belonged to the King of France, in conversation with one or two men

belonging to the preventive service (as it is called), who likewise lodged in the castle.

Sandowne Castle was built, together with Deal and Walmer Castles, by Henry the Eighth, for the protection of that coast. None of these castles are of great extent; and they seem to have been designed as a sort of batteries, —the martello towers of the sixteenth century. The walls are about thirteen feet thick: and the apartments are said to be damp; that is, the evidence with which I am acquainted on the subject is in the proportion of two to one in favour of damp. The serjeant of artillery who has the charge of Sandowne Castle told me, to the best of my recollection, that the place was quite dry. On the other hand, the housekeeper at Walmer Castle said that Lord Liverpool's books were spoiled there by the damp: and Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, the wife of Colonel Hutchinson, one of King Charles's judges, who was imprisoned about a year and died in Sandowne Castle, bears witness to the same effect, of damp at Sandowne; to the situation of which, in fact, low and close to the sea, she attributes her husband's death.

The serjeant showed me a picture, as he said, of the "famous Colonel Huskisson, who condemned King Charles."

"I dare say, sir," added the loyal artilleryman, "he did it all for the best."

"No doubt," I replied; "but was not the colonel's name Hutchinson, not Huskisson?"

The man of war looked for a moment with a mingled expression of wonder, pity, and contempt in his countenance, at the individual whose daring ignorance led

him to dispute the authenticity of that legend which had been so often told without a murmur of contradiction.

"No, sir," he said, with the good-humoured smile with which a benevolent and superior nature checks presumption, reproves ignorance, and enlightens darkness,—"no, sir, not Hutchinson; Huskisson, Huskisson, sir. Here, sir, is his picture."

I looked at it; that is, as well as the dim twilight and the dingy condition of the portrait would enable me to do. "But there is no name on the picture," I observed.

He looked carefully, but could find none.

"The fact is," said I, "I have read the memoirs of this man, written by his wife, who was with him here: that is, she lived in Deal, and walked over to see her husband every day; the governor would not let her live in the castle: and I assure you the name was Hutchinson."

My worthy friend looked at me again, and I perceived that my display of scholarship had made some impression upon him.

"Well, sir," he said, "it's likely his wife would know his name."

"Do you know which was the apartment occupied by the colonel?" I asked.

"It is at the bottom of the tower, sir; I will show it you from the rampart. It is too dark to take you into it now; and I don't like to open the windows for fear of the powder, as there seems to be some lightning in the air."

When we went round, he pointed to a window well nigh the bottom of the tower, and opening (though then

the shutter was closed) upon the space between the central tower and the rampart.

“Is not that place damp?” I asked.

“No sir, quite dry; I have known troops quartered there for a considerable time.”

“And their health did not suffer from it?”

“No, sir, not at all.”

“Because I think Mrs. Hutchinson attributed the colonel’s death to the place of his confinement; a low, damp situation, near the sea, acting upon the constitution of a person accustomed to a healthy situation inland.”

“Why, sir, there might be a difference between being constantly confined, and merely sleeping in a place.”

No doubt there would; though, latterly, Colonel Hutchinson’s friends obtained permission from the secretary of state for him to take a walk daily upon the beach. Moreover, the worthy castellan’s authority respecting the apartment in which the colonel was confined, would seem to be as questionable as his version of the colonel’s name. Mrs. Hutchinson says it was “a thorow-fare roome, that had five doors in it, and one of them opened upon a platforme.”* Now this I take to be the room in which the picture which my guide said was Colonel Hutchinson’s hangs; for I recollect that room had several doors in it, and opened upon a “platforme.” The gallant *châtelain* probably thought it would make a much more sublime story, after the fashion of modern romance, to make the prisoner’s abode a dungeon at the very bottom of the tower, than this comparatively comfortable room. Upon the whole, the picture drawn by Mrs. Hutchinson of the hardships

* Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, 4to edit. p. 432.

endured by the colonel at Sandowne Castle, appears to be over-coloured. Such an over-colouring is, however, very excusable in a devoted, idolizing wife, mourning over the loss of a husband,—and such a husband as Colonel John Hutchinson. I may add here, as an example of the accuracy with which history is commonly written, that Noble, in his “Lives of the English Regicides,” says that Colonel Hutchinson was imprisoned in the castle of Deal, instead of Sandowne.

The prisoners in the Tower of London, under the keeping of Sir John Robinson, “that inhuman bloody jaylor the lieutenant of the Tower,” as Mrs. Hutchinson calls him, appear, from Mrs. Hutchinson’s account, to have been much worse off than Colonel Hutchinson at Sandowne Castle. It is somewhat singular that Mrs. Hutchinson was herself the daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, a former “lieutenant” of the Tower, where she had been born and brought up. Her account of the treatment of the prisoners, by Robinson, is curious and interesting. “Only the gentlemen that were the late King’s judges, and decoyed to surrender themselves to custody by the House’s proclamation, after that they had voted only seven to suffer, were now given up to a trial, both for their lives and estates, and put into close prison, where they were miserably kept, brought shortly after to trial, condemned, all their estates confiscated and taken away, themselves kept in miserable bondage under that inhuman bloody jaylor the lieutenant of the Tower, who stifled some of them to death for want of air; and when they had not one penny, but what was given them to feed themselves and their families, exacted abominable rates

for bare unfurnished prisons ; of some, forty pounds for one miserable chamber ; of others, double, besides undue and unjust fees, which their poore wives were forced to beg, and engage their jointures and make miserable shifts for : and yet this rogue had all this while three pounds a weeke pay'd out of the Chequer for every one of them. At last, when this would not kill them fast enough, and when some alms were thus privately stolen in to them, they were sent away to remote and dismal islands, where relief could not reach them, nor any of their relations take care of them ; in this a thousand times more miserable than those that died, who were thereby prevented from the eternal infamy and remorse which hope of life and estate made these poor men bring upon themselves, by base and false recantations of their own judgment, against their consciences ; which they wounded for no advantage, but lived ever after in misery themselves, augmented by seeing the misery of their wretched families, and in the daily apprehension of death, which, without any more formality, they are to expect whenever the tyrant gives the word. And these are the '*tender mercies of the wicked!*'"—*Mrs. Hutchinson's Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*, vol. ii. pp. 268-9-70. 8vo. edit. We find it impossible to comprise within our present limits the whole account of Robinson's treatment of Colonel Hutchinson, but we refer the reader for it to page 338, and those that follow, of Mrs. Hutchinson's interesting memoir. The instances of this Robinson's oppression and cruelty, from the "Histories of the Sufferings of the Quakers" alone, would fill a volume. Mrs. Hutchinson affirms it as "certain" that an attempt to poison was made by him upon Sir

Henry Vane and others, which she also strongly suspects in the case of Colonel Hutchinson. The following articles, drawn up against Robinson by Colonel Hutchinson, exhibit a very dark picture of the man's character. "1st. That Robinson had affirmed that the King gave no allowance to his prisoners, not so much as to those who had all their estates taken from them: and accordingly he gave them none, but converted what the King allowed to his own use, and threatened some of the prisoners with death if they offered to demand it; and suffered others, at twelve of the clock in the night, to make such a miserable outcry for bread, that it was heard into some parts of the city, and one was absolutely starved to death for want of relief; although the King at that time told a prisoner, that he took more care for the prisoners than for his own table. 2d. That he set down to the King seven pounds a week for one prisoner, for whom he never laid out above 27 or 30 shillings a week at the most. 3d. That he not only kept back the prisoners' allowances, but exacted of them excessive rents for bare prison lodgings, and empty warders' houses unfurnished; and if they have not punctually payed him, hath stifled them up by close imprisonment, without any order, although he knew they had not a penny to buy bread, but what came from the charity of good people. 4th. That he received salary of the King for forty warders, and had not near so many but filled up the list with false names, and took the pay to himself. 5th. That when he had received money for those warders he kept, he had detained it many months to his own use, while the poor men were thereby in miserable wants. 6th.

That he sold the warders, places, and lett them houses at a dear rate, and yet took the most considerable prisoners, which ought to have been committed to them, into his own house, and made them pay him excessive rates for bed-rooms, and set his man Cressett over them, making them pay him for attendance what the warders should have had. 7th. That he made many false musters in his own company belonging to the Tower, and though he had received the soldiers' money, was run in arrears to them five or six pounds a man; at which they cruelly murmured, because by this means their maintenance was streightened, and their duty brought more frequent upon them. 8th. That, notwithstanding all his defrauding, oppressive, and exacting ways of raising money, he had ungratefully complained of the King's scanty recompence of his service. 9th. That after the starving of the poor prisoners, and their miserable outcry, when shame forced him to allow about a dozen poor tradesmen ten shillings a piece, though at that time he received forty of the King for each of them, he and his man Cressett denied the King's allowance, and said it was his own charity. 10th. That he was frequently drunk; out of the Tower till twelve, one, and two of the clock; and threatened one of the warders, who came one night to fetch him home, with Newgate, and spited him ever after." To this person Heylyn dedicated his *Life of Laud*.* "*Dignum Laude virum musa vetat mori.*"* Worthy of the patron were the work and the subject.

* Heylyn's motto to that work.

II. GOOD FRIDAY.

IN Catholic countries, not only this day, but the whole of the week in which it occurs, and which is called the "Holy Week," is observed with the greatest solemnity. The observances, however, were much neglected, or suppressed altogether as papistical, in the countries that adopted the reformation. In England, during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I, some respect seems to have been paid to the day by the established-church party; but from the times of the civil wars this practice was given up, and, as is still the case in Scotland and some other protestant countries, no difference was made between Good Friday and any other Friday in the year. The restoration of the day to its ancient holy consideration is quite a recent event.

In 1777, the Hon. Frederic Cornwallis, as Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of England, resolved that Good Friday should again be observed as a holy-day,—a day of fasting and prayer, and he carried his point; though not without violent animadversions from the presbyterians and other dissenters, who insisted that this measure was calculated to carry us back to the superstitions and ceremonies of the Roman catholic church. One of the most active and influential co-operators with the Archbishop, was Beilby Porteus, author of the poem on Death, who was at the time Bishop of Chester, but who was afterwards translated to the see of London. Porteus, in consequence, came in for a full share of the censure; nor was his admirer and patron, George the

Third, spared. The following contemporary account, extracted from Cole's "Athenæ Cantabrigienses," will give some notion of the excitement that prevailed; but it must be borne in mind that Cole was a high-church man, and a personal friend of Archbishop Cornwallis.

"It is inconceivable the clamour, uproar, and rage, which the order from the Archbishop to observe decently Good Friday, in 1777, gave to the faction: for many weeks together the presbyterian newspapers were full of abuse and lies relating to Archbishop Cornwallis and his family; and when one expected it should have subsided, two months after the day was observed, out comes the following long and severe paragraph in the London Evening Post of May 29, 1777,—a paper, one would rather suppose to have been printed in the capital of New England than at London,—on the Bishop of Chester, who, as a decent and respectable man, on that score is an offence to the fanatical tribe.

"On the late announcing a sort of outlandish name, one *Porteus*, to an English bishopric, I naturally asked what was become of all our old, learned, and venerable clergy, of the best families, that they were all passed over with so much *contempt* and *injustice*? I was informed that the young prelate was a man distinguished by his Majesty's own judgment, and exalted by his mere personal favour, as one of the most promising talents and disposition to fill the sacred office in a manner the most suitable to his own *pious* feelings and sentiments, and the mild and liberal plan of government adopted by him. A *countenance* and a *character* so clear of cynical and ecclesiastical pride and austerity could not escape the

penetrating observation and the generous sympathy of the royal patron. A Charles has had his favourite Laud. Similar characters and principles will always attract each other. It has indeed been insinuated that, over and above the great merit of *Scottish extraction* and interest, he has distinguished himself as a ministerial writer in the public papers, almost as much as by the stretch of church power and arrogance in shutting up the City shops on *Good Friday*; which, as a sanctified, hypocritical triumph over both reason and Scripture, the civil and religious rights of Englishmen, could not but be highly acceptable to tyrants and hypocrites of every denomination, particularly at court. By this experiment on the tame and servile temper of the times, it is thought the *Host* and *Crucifix* may be elevated to prostrate crowds in dirty streets some years sooner than could have been reasonably expected. And when a Wedderburne shall be keeper of the King's conscience and seals, and a Porteus of the spiritual keys, as the *alterius orbis papa*, there is no doubt but our consciences, and our property too, will be effectually taken care of."

III. POPULAR PASTIMES.

THE popular pastimes of the time of James the First are enumerated in the following lines, in a little work entitled "The Letting of Humour's Blood in the Head-vaine; with a New Morisco daunced by seven Satyres upon the bottome of Diogenes' tubbe:" 8vo. Lond. 1611.

"Man, I dare challenge thee to THROW THE SLEDGE,
 To jump or LEAPE over ditch or hedge,
 To WRATTLE, play at STOOLEBALL, or to RUNNE :
 To PITCH THE BARRE, or to SHOOTE OFF A GUNNE :
 To play at LOGGETS, NINE HOLDS, or TEN PINNES :
 To try it out at FOOT-BALL by the shinnes :
 At TICKTACK, IRISH NODDIE, MAW, and RUFFE,
 At HOT-COCKLES, LEAP-FROG, or BLINDMAN-BUFFE ;
 To drinke halfe-pots, or deale at the whole can :
 To play at BASE, or PEN-AND-YNKHORNE SIR JHAN ;
 To daunce the MORRIS, play at BARLEY-BREAKE,
 At all exploytes a man can thinke or speake ;
 At SHOVE-GROATE, VENTER-POYNT, or CROSSE & PILE,
 At BESHROW HIM THAT'S LAST AT YONDER STYLE ;
 At LEAPING O'ER A MIDSOMMER-BON-FIER,
 Or at the DRAWING DUN OUT OF THE MYER :
 At any of those, or all these presently,
 Wagge but your finger, I am for you, I !"

IV. UMBRELLAS.

IN "Remarkable Occurrences in the Life of Jonas Hanway," by John Pugh, (Lond. 1787,) it is stated that "he was the first man who ventured to walk the streets of London with an umbrella over his head. After carrying one nearly thirty years, he saw them come into general use."

Umbrellas, however, were used by females long prior to Hanway's time. In Gay's "Trivia, or the Art of walking the streets of London," published in 1712, the year in which Hanway was born, the following description of the umbrella is given :

" Good housewives all the winter's rage despise,
 Defended by the ridinghood's disguise ;
 Or underneath the umbrella's oily shed,
 Safe through the wet on clinking pattens tread.
 Let Persian dames the umbrella's ribs display,
 To guard their beauties from the sunny ray ;
 Or sweating slaves support the shady load
 When Eastern monarchs show their state abroad :
 Britain in winter only knows its aid,
 To guard from chilly showers the walking maid."

It has been stated that Hanway first imported the idea into Britain, having felt the benefits of the umbrella during his travels in Persia, where they were in constant use as a protection from the sun. The preceding extract proves the contrary, and the following passage from Coryat's *Crudities* shows that the umbrella had been well described in England a century and a half before Jonas Hanway's time.

" Also many of the Italians doe carry other fine things of a far greater price, that will cost at least a duckat, which they commonly call in the Italian tongue *Umbrel-*

laes, that is, things that minister shadow unto them for shelter against the scorching heate of the sunne. These are made of leather something answerable to the forme of a little cannopy, and hooped in the inside with divers little wooden hoopoes, that extend the *umbrella* in a pretty large compasse. They are used especially by horsemen, who carry them in their handes when they ride, fastening the end of the handle upon one of their thighs; and they impart so long a shadow unto them, that it keepeth the heate of the sun from the upper part of their bodies."

It was more probably his neatness in dress and delicate constitution which led Jonas Hanway, on his return from abroad, to appropriate a luxury hitherto confined to the ladies.

The following is Mr. Pugh's description of the general appearance of Mr. Hanway :

"In his dress, as far as was consistent with his ideas of health and ease, he accommodated himself to the prevailing fashion. As it was frequently necessary for him to appear in polite circles, on unexpected occasions, he usually wore dress clothes with a large French bag. His hat, ornamented with a gold button, was of a size and fashion to be worn as well under the arm as on the head. When it rained, a small *parapluie** defended his face and wig."

The absence of almost all allusion to the *umbrella* by the wits of the seventeenth century, while the *fan*, the *muff*, &c. receive so large a share of attention, shows, that it was far from being recognised as an article of convenient luxury. Its clumsy shape probably prevented its being freely used: Dryden has

* The French for Umbrella.

“ I can carry your *umbrella*, and fan your ladyship.”
Gay, addressing a gentleman, says :

“ Be thou for every season justly drest,
Nor brave the piercing frost with open breast ;
And when the bursting clouds a deluge pour,
Let thy surtout defend the drenching shower.”

Again :

“ That garment best the winter’s rage defends,
Whose shapeless form in ample plaits depends ;
By various names in various countries known,
Yet held in all the true surtout alone.
Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost ;
Then brave unwet the rain, unchilled the frost.”

It is difficult to conceive how the umbrella could come into general use in the state in which the streets of London were, up to a comparatively recent period. Gay’s poem is well termed the *art* of walking the streets, for it was an art. Mr. Pugh, in mentioning the zealous and ultimately effectual co-operation of Mr. Hanway in Mr. John Spranger’s “ Plan for paving the streets and liberty of Westminster in an uniform manner,” thus describes their state before the project was carried into effect :

“ It is not easy to convey to a person who has not seen the streets of this metropolis before they were uniformly paved, a tolerable idea of their inconvenience and unseemliness. The carriage-ways were full of cavities, which harboured water and filth. The signs, extending on both sides of the way into the streets, at unequal distances from the houses, that they might not intercept each other, greatly obstructed the view, and, which is of more consequence in a crowded city, prevented the free

circulation of the air. The footpaths were universally incommoded, even where they were so narrow as only to admit of one person passing at a time, by a row of posts set on edge next the carriageway. He whose urgent business would not admit of his keeping pace with the gentleman of leisure before him, turned out between the two posts before the door of some large house into the carriageway. When he perceived danger moving towards him, he wished to return within the protection of the row of posts; but there was commonly a rail continued from the top of one post to that of another, sometimes for several houses together, in which case he was obliged to run back to the first inlet, or climb over or creep under the railing; in attempting which, he might think himself fortunate if he escaped with no other injury than what proceeded from dirt: if, intimidated by the danger he escaped, he afterwards kept within the boundary of the posts and railing, he was obliged to put aside the travellers before him, whose haste was less urgent than his; *and these resisting, made his journey truly a warfare.*

“ The French are reproached even to a proverb, for their neglect of the conveniency of foot-passengers in their metropolis, by not providing a separate path for them; but great as is the exposure to dirt in Paris for want of a footway (which their many *portes-cochères* seem likely for ever to prevent), in the more important article of danger the city of London was, at this period, at least on a par. How comfortless must be the sensations of an unfortunate female, stopped on the street on a windy day under a large old sign loaded with

lead and iron, in full swing over her head, and perhaps a torrent of dirty water falling near her from a projecting spout ornamented with the mouth and teeth of a dragon! These dangers and distresses are now at an end, and we may think of them as the sailor does of the storm which has subsided; but the advantages derived from the present uniformity and cleanliness of our streets can be known in their full extent only by comparing them with the former inconveniences."

When to this description is added the fact, that the hoop petticoat and another article of dress monopolised the whalebone, it will be seen how much had to be got over before the umbrella could be carried out by the London citizens as a walking-staff, with the satisfactory assurance of protection in case of a shower.



V. TAKE CARE OF YOUR HEADS.

THE celebrated Neapolitan poet and wit, Nicolo Capasso, whom we shall mention elsewhere, was very ready in making inscriptions of all kinds in Latin, Greek, Italian, and even in his own *patois*; and his talent, in this way was continually put in demand by his friends and acquaintances.

One of his contemporaries, the Duke di ——, who had a singular mania for building, and for being his own architect, once asked him for an inscription to place in front of a palace he had just finished. As the Duke did not always build on philosophical principles, as sundry tumble-downs and accidents had happened to his constructions, and as he had carried the palace in question to an enormous height, the wit sent him the following label:

“ Il Duca di —— fece, guarda sotto !”

Or,

(The Duke —— built this; take care of your heads below!)

The noble builder never forgave the poet this joke. The mansion, however, did not fall down: it remains to this day as a glaring proof of the architect's bad taste; the whole façade being cut into small semicircular niches, in each of which there is a barbarous bust. The traveller, on entering Naples from Rome, cannot help seeing it, It stands on the right-hand side of the great street called La Foria, between the Botanical Garden and the Museum. The name and title of the nobleman have escaped us.

VI. ANECDOTE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

THE following anecdote is taken from a small pocket-edition Life of Cromwell, of which the title and first fourteen pages, together with all the pages after the 162nd, are gone. We have to a certain extent modernized the language, but without in the slightest degree misrepresenting the facts.

Whatever opinion we may entertain of the character or conduct of Cromwell in other respects, truth must compel us to admit that no man understood better the true interests of the British nation, or maintained the reputation of the British name with a higher hand than he did.

Of the truth of this, the following anecdote, recorded in a printed speech made in the House of Commons by Mr. Poulteney, in a debate on the complaints of the West India merchants, two sessions before the declaration of war against Spain, and preserved in this small and scarce edition of the life of the Protector, furnishes a striking and instructive proof.

An English merchant-ship was captured, during a period of profound peace with France, by a vessel of that nation, and carried into St. Malo, where she was condemned, and sold for the benefit of the captors, upon some frivolous and groundless pretence.

The master of this merchantman, who happened to be an honest quaker, immediately on his return to England presented a petition, complaining of this grievance, and praying for redress, to the Protector in council. On hearing the case, Cromwell informed the council he would take the affair into his own hands, and ordered the master to attend him the next morning.

After a strict examination into the particulars of the case, finding the master to be a plain honest man, who had been embarked in no illegal traffic, he asked him if he would be the bearer of a letter to Paris. The man assenting, he desired him to prepare for the journey without delay, and wait on him again the following morning.

On the next morning he gave the master a letter to Cardinal Mazarine, with directions not to wait longer than three days for an answer. This answer he informed him was to be nothing less than the full value of what he might have made of his ship and cargo; desiring him to tell the Cardinal that if it was not paid in three days, he had strict orders from him to return home.

The honest quaker appears to have followed the injunctions of the Protector to the very letter, and meeting with the usual shuffling evasions, so common among diplomats, took his leave on the third day, and returned without accomplishing the object of his mission. "Well, friend," demanded the Protector, on seeing him, "have you obtained your money?" Being answered in the negative, he told the quaker to leave his address with his secretary, promising to let him hear from him shortly.

Without involving himself in the delays, trickeries, and evasions of diplomatic negotiations—without the empty parade of protocols and conferences, which too often waste time, without leading to any satisfactory results—without even deigning to repeat his demand, or explain the ground of his proceeding, this distinguished statesman issued orders to seize every French ship which his cruisers fell in with, and bring them into port. In pursuance of these orders, several captures were made, and their cargoes ordered by the Protector to be immediately

sold. Out of the produce of these sales he paid the quaker the full value of his ship and cargo ; and sending for the French ambassador, then resident in London, he acquainted him with the steps he had taken, and the reason of his doing so, informing him at the same time that there was a balance out of the produce of the sales, which should be paid to him if he pleased, for the purpose of returning it to the French owners.

Such vigorous and decisive conduct was attended with the happiest results. The government of France, well knowing that the spirit which dictated such a proceeding was fully equal to following it up with resolution, in place of making it a ground for hostilities, took it as a lesson to be more cautious for the future, and were scrupulously guarded against giving further offence to any British subject during the remainder of Cromwell's life.



VII. THE COURT AND THE CITY IN THE REIGN OF CHARLES I.

MR. EDWARD HYDE, afterwards so celebrated as Lord Clarendon, and as a staunch royalist, began his public career as a reformer of abuses and a patriot.

In 1640, when Charles I. was forced by the insurrection of his Scottish subjects to call together the English parliament, Mr. Pym, who was afterwards a leader in the revolution which hurled Charles from the throne, made a formal recapitulation of all the grievances of the people. On the conclusion of this speech, Hyde rose, and told the House of Commons that Pym "had omitted one grievance more heavy than many of the others, which was the Earl Marshal's court; a court newly erected by the government, without colour or shadow of law, which took upon itself to fine and imprison the King's subjects, and to give great damages for matters which the law gave no damages for."

Hyde then (to continue in his own words) "repeated a pleasant story of an honest citizen, who, being rudely treated for more than his fare came to, by a waterman, who, pressing him, still showed his crest, or badge upon his coat, the citizen bade him begone *with his goose*; whereas it was, in truth, a swan, the crest of an earl, whose servant the waterman was: whereupon the citizen was called into the Marshal's court, and after a long and chargeable attendance, was, *for the opprobrious dishonouring the earl's crest, by calling the swan a goose*, fined and imprisoned till he had paid considerable damages to

the lord, or at least to the waterman ; which really undid the citizen."

For the better understanding of this shameful story, it should be mentioned that it was customary in those times for the great nobility to enrol, through a love of pomp, many more servants than they could conveniently support, and to allow the surplus number to get their living as they could, only calling them together on grand ceremonial occasions, to sport their liveries and swell their train. From this practice, which was by no means confined to England, there arose another abuse. As the men badged with the crests of dukes and lords, claimed to be partakers in the privileges and licence of the great houses, numbers of men, like watermen, whose calling lay in public, got themselves set down in some nobleman's list, in order to be partakers in the privileges, and to be defended in their disputes by a whole corps. The inefficient police had rarely the courage to seize a ruffian who wore a peer's badge on his sleeve; and any plebeian insulting that badge, or the wearer of it, was held to have insulted the peer himself. In several of the despotic governments on the Continent, even at this day, it is considered a most serious crime to strike or collar any one wearing the royal livery, though it be but a drunken groom or stable-boy, and though he may first have given the blow or provoked it by insupportable insolence. The philosophy of this is, that it is not the person of the groom or stable-boy, but the coat of livery, that is sacred.

Hyde continued his illustrations of the oppression exercised over the burgesses by the nobility and the Marshal's court.

“ He told them another story as ridiculous, of a gentleman who, owing his tailor a long time a good sum of money for clothes, and his tailor coming one day to his chamber, with more than ordinary importunity for his debt, and not receiving any good answer, threatened to arrest him; upon which the gentleman, enraged, gave him very ill words, called him base fellow, and laid his hands upon him to thrust him out of the chamber: in this struggle, and under this provocation, oppression, and reproach, the poor tailor chanced to say, *that he was as good a man as the other*; for which words he was called into the Marshal’s court; and, for his peace, was content to be satisfied his debt out of his own ill manners; being compelled to release all his other demands in lieu of damages. The case was known to many and detested by all.”—*Clarendon’s Life, written by himself*, vol. iii.

The letter, from which the following is an extract, is dated in the year 1635, in the reign of Charles I. It does not appear that my Lord Archbishop’s son ever underwent any form of trial. The murdered man was only a carter—and what was a carter A.D. 1635?

“ Some three murders we have had this month here in London: one by duel, Mr. Henry Perkins slain by one Leake, a gentleman, in St. George’s Fields; Sir Paul Neale, the Archbishop of Yorke’s son, slew a carter with his sword, but he was infinitely provoked; the carter whipt him once or twice cross the face with his whip; this happened six weeks since; valiant Paul gave him then the wound of which he died now the latter end of Christmas. The old Archbishop kept in all this Christmas, and was much afflicted with this accident; but

the King most graciously sent unto him a comfortable message, which hath revived him."—*Strafford's Letters and Despatches*, vol. i.

During the dissolute and disgraceful reign of Charles II. the people were not treated with more consideration, and the mass of the middling classes, who almost alone retained any sentiments of religion and decency in the capital, were considered as republicans and puritans, and as proper butts for the scurrilous wit of the courtiers, and fitting objects of attacks for their hired bravoës. A nobleman would then have thought it unworthy of his rank and birth openly to draw his sword with a "base plebeian," but it was considered no disgrace to employ night-ruffians to surprise and beat almost to death any defenceless citizen that might have incurred his displeasure. So degraded and brutalized was the spirit of the upper classes at that period, which is so often boasted of as a period of excessive refinement, when, as Dennis says, "the court was more gallant and more polite than ever the English court perhaps had been before," that even in their contentions and differences among themselves, they resorted to all kinds of dishonourable means, such as night-surprises, ambuscades, superior numbers, &c. Thus Sir John Coventry, who had hazarded some reflections upon the King's amours with actresses, was treacherously way-laid by a number of young men of high rank, who cruelly beat him and slit his nose.

This being the case, it will be easily imagined how these riotous courtiers and swaggering sprigs of nobility were inclined to treat honest citizens and industrious people, whom they scarcely considered as of the same species as themselves.

In the case we are about to relate, the person attacked was what is called a man of good family—a gentleman born ; but as he was reduced to get his living by his pen and his genius, he had probably lost caste in the estimation of those in whose eyes the doing of nothing was the most essential quality of a gentleman. The story derives an additional interest from the celebrity of the parties.

John Dryden, one of the greatest of our poets, had in sundry ways given offence to the notorious Lord Rochester, who was also a poet and a wit, though an irreclaimable miscreant. To wreak his vengeance, Rochester set up one Elkanah Settle as a rival to Dryden ; and it is a singular proof of the good taste of the times, that this Settle, who, after going through the phases of Lord Mayor's fool, or poet-laureate to the city, died the maker of dramas for the puppets of Bartholomew Fair, was for some time the pet poet of the *gallant* and *polite* court of Charles II.*

Rochester's rancour was still more exasperated by the appearance of an "Essay on Satire," that exposed his cowardice and other vices, and which, though written by the Earl of Mulgrave (afterwards Duke of Buckingham), he persisted in attributing to the pen of Dryden. He immediately took his base measures, which he did not blush to communicate to a friend beforehand ; saying in one of his letters, that, as Dryden attacked him with blunt wit, he should "*leave the repartee to black Will with a cudgel.*"

On the night of the 18th December 1679, as Dryden,

* It appears that the taste of at least *one* of our universities was as bad as that of the court, for old Dennis tells us that "Cambridge was divided which to prefer"—Elkanah or "Glorious John."

who had passed his evening, as usual, at Will's coffee-house, was returning to his home in Gerard-street, he was waylaid in Rose-street, Covent-garden, and severely beaten by a set of hired ruffians, who, in the dark, unprotected state in which London was then left by night, could perform their office and escape almost without any risk.

Had the sufferer been a less distinguished individual, no notice would probably have been taken of so common an occurrence; but as Dryden was a man constantly in the eyes of the world, and not altogether destitute of great friends, government was obliged for decency's sake to offer a reward of 50*l.* for the discovery of the perpetrators of this outrage, and to promise the King's gracious pardon to any accessory, or even to the principal, who should make such disclosure. This advertisement, which appeared in the London Gazette and one or two other newspapers, led to no discovery, nor was it likely it should, when we reflect that the Duchess of Portsmouth, one of Charles's mistresses, and even the King himself, were more than suspected of being allied with Rochester, as both these august personages had been satirized in Mulgrave's obnoxious poem.

Even leaving his *religious* Majesty out of the question, the other two, (to use the words of Lord Clarendon when speaking of certain courtiers in the same reign) "were too great to be questioned in any judicatory."

VIII. UNHEALTHINESS OF MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS.

PERHAPS the most singular fact connected with the relative healthiness of various trades and professions, is, that of all men exercising a liberal art, the practitioners of physic are the most short-lived. Ramazzini, the celebrated writer on the diseases of artizans, did not know this, but supposed doctors to be cheerful jolly fellows, going home in high spirits with their pockets full of fees, — *dum bene nummati Lares suos repetunt*. Mr. Thackrah, on the other hand, talks of their anxiety of mind about their patients, observing that “anxiety of mind does more to impair health than breach of sleep, nocturnal exposure, or irregularity in meals.” — (*On the effects of arts, trades, &c. on health and longevity*, 2d edit. p. 175.) He seems to have doubted whether the profession as a body attained “the full duration of life,” but had no authentic records to decide the question. A German writer, Dr. Caspar, has for many years kept a register of the deaths of professional men, chiefly of those occurring in Germany, and finds that while the clergy stand at the head of the list for longevity, the doctors are at the bottom. We do not think that this can be attributed to anxiety about dangerous cases, as Mr. Thackrah supposes, but would rather ascribe it to the harassing nature of the profession. The interruption of sleep, and the irregularity of meals, unsweetened by vacations long or short, demand the resisting powers, not of flesh and blood, but of steel and caoutchouc. In this country—perhaps in others,—there is an additional cause which quick-

ens the circulation and destroys the digestion of the ministers of the healing art. This is the supposed necessity of cutting a figure in the world, and obtaining practice by making the deluded public believe that the practice has been already obtained. Hence capital is made to play the part of income, and a carriage is often kept by an ascetic living on cold mutton and small beer. The philanthropic surgeon of Leeds proposes remedies for many of the diseases which he details—what charm will cure the *atrophia medicorum*? None, we fear, but the establishment of a Utopian tribunal to smooth the most delicate difficulties and force people to be happy against their will. As a general rule, we would substitute claret for cabs, and not allow a carriage as a bait. Physicians with a bad digestion and exsanguine complexion would be immediately invalided under our mild despotism, as it is unreasonable that those should be allowed to correct faults in others who are guilty of the very same ones themselves.

Τι δ' αλλοτριον, ανθρωπε βασκανωτατε,
 Κακον οξυδερχεις, το δ' ιδιον παραβλεπεις ;
 " Careless of life, but anxious for the pelf,
 Why cure another's ills, and kill yourself ?"

IX. SCALIGER'S CHARACTERS OF SOME OF THE EUROPEAN NATIONS.

THE prejudice, contradictions, and violence of some of the following national portraits, in all of which however there is a mixture of truth which still holds good,

are not among the least amusing passages of this learned man's writings. According to him,

The French are impudent but generous, presumptuous but frank, imprudent but ready. They do all with enthusiasm ; they think themselves the first of men ; they pretend to know much, and they know generally very little ; they are either religious or atheists, according to fashion. The women are mistresses of the men, who consult them in everything.

The English are religious, and often even fanatical ; proud, bold, very industrious, rough, haughty but noble ; they love money, but are not avaricious ; they are absent, but not negligent ; slow to conceive, but quick and intrepid to execute ; they despise foreigners, but are just towards them ; they are ignorant of charity, but are philanthropic.

The Italians are irreligious or profane, but just and very sensitive, *sensibilissimi*, prudent, inventive, arrogant, good friends, terrible enemies, envious, daring, hospitable, parsimonious, and at all times prodigal, witty, idle, and indefatigable. They love the fine arts, and cultivate them with passion ; there are none stupid in Italy.*

The Germans are slow, thoughtful, sensitive, making the best of things, never suffering anything to discourage them nor terrify them ; prone to fatalism ; treating all subjects metaphysically, they are for the most part materialists ; care little what wine they drink so that it be wine, what Latin they speak provided it be Latin, what prince governs them so that it be a prince ; they are cold

* This is like a saying of the witty Marquis of Caraccioli, in speaking of the Neapolitans : " *Sotto questo cielo non nascono ciocchi.*" (Fools are not born under these skies.)

friends and indifferent enemies. The German women are very bad, and with good reason are beaten by the men.

The Dutch, ungrateful, diffident, making bargains between father and son, even in affairs of the slightest importance; they are avaricious, tolerant, but inhuman; they would sacrifice all the world to gain a little money; with them the principle of justice and injustice consists in profit, though they will not actually steal. They love industry, to which they are always ready to sacrifice even their honour; they are not jealous, because they do not care for their women; they spend in a day what they have gained in a week. There is not a country in the world which has greater need of the tremendous chastisement of God than Holland.

The Turks and Jews, although bad, are preferable to the Greeks. What a race! And yet there are good ones even amongst them.

X. HEADS OR TAILS.

THIS sport is undoubtedly alluded to by Macrobius in his *Saturnalia*, lib. i. c. 7. "Cum pueri denarios in sublime jactantes *CAPITA aut NAVIA*, lusu teste vetustatis exclamant."

XI. SIR WALTER SCOTT'S ASTRONOMY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOOK OF TABLE-TALK.

SIR,

I REMEMBER reading that an old lawyer once found his son over a book. I take this to be, not an insinuation that lawyers' sons read less than other people, but simply a concession to that craving after exactness which

requires that even mythological stories shall be circumstantial. Once upon a time, then, a lawyer found his son reading a book, and inquired what he was reading. "Clarissa Harlowe, sir," was the answer. "Absurd trumpery!" rejoined the governor; I read it once myself—was as great a fool as you in my younger days—hope you 'll mend." "Don't you think, sir," said the junior, "that there is a great knowledge of human nature displayed by the author?" "Human nature!" said the old man, "what has that to do with it? look at the will in the last chapter, you foolish boy; don't you see that there isn't a single point of it which can be supported?"

A novel-writer should have universal knowledge, thought I; but surely there never was one who had all kinds of necessary erudition, except Sir Walter. I had lent his works, verse and prose, to an old mathematician and astronomer of my acquaintance; a man who loved logarithms, was partial to partial differences, feasted on functions, and constant to the calculus of variations. I hope you will do me the justice to believe that I have not the slightest notion what all these things can be; I am sure, if they mean anything wicked, I am sorry for having written them; but really my friend talks so much of them, that it is impossible to be in his company a quarter of an hour without hearing something about them. He returned me my books however, with some remarks, of which I send you the substance. He says that he found Sir Walter generally accurate enough, at least for ordinary readers; but that in one instance he had come to a false conclusion, which, says he, is not excusable even in poetry. On looking at the point in

question, I certainly found by an almanac that my friend was right. The case is as follows :

In the Lay of the Last Minstrel, the Lady of Brank-some says to William of Deloraine ;

“ For this will be St. Michael’s night,
And though stars be dim, the moon is bright ;
And the Cross, of bloody red
Will point to the grave of the mighty dead.”

My friend has always expressed his wonder that people should put short lines, ending with the same letters, in pairs under each other ; and when I have told him that was poetry, has always answered that a mere definition does not give properties unless they existed before, and has inquired what is the fundamental axiom from which the method is deduced. Really, sir, I have not been able to answer him, because I do not know what an axiom is. However, to proceed, he says that the preceding proposition, as he calls it, together with the following, make out his case. “The moon on the east oriel shone through slender shafts,” &c. &c. is immaterial to the purpose : “the silver light, so pale and faint, showed many a prophet and many a saint, whose image on the glass was dyed ; full in the midst his cross of red, triumphant Michael brandished,” &c. &c. And again ; “Still spoke the monk when the bell tolled one ;” and afterwards, “Lo, warrior ! now the cross of red, points to the grave of the mighty dead.” All this put together, he says, proves that Sir Walter imagined that the moon always shines on St. Michael’s night ; and not only shines, but always throws a shadow in one direction at one o’clock. He says that the reasoning of the Lady of

Branksome consists in inferring that from the simple fact of its being St. Michael's night,—that is, the twenty-ninth of September,—the moon will shine as above, which he says is not true, except at the end of a certain cycle ; and he explains something about Saros and Chaldeans, which made me no wiser. But he said, moreover, that by his tables he could find out for me nearly in what year of Grace this happened ; and that the great Sir Isaac Newton, the prince of philosophers and master of the mint, found out that the dog-star rose — How *was* it he said it rose ? I really have quite forgotten ;* but it rose somehow, and so made him able to settle all chronology, past, present, and future. Well, these astronomers do do wonderful things to be sure ! I suppose it is because they have such very long telescopes.

But he says that though Sir Walter had not a perfectly accurate notion of astronomy, he evidently had a great respect for abstract truth, as he calls it. He greatly admires the character of Owen in Rob Roy, and of Davie Ramsay in the Fortunes of Nigel. He says, the former is impressive when he earnestly declares that “ it is as true as the multiplication table.” This table is an abstract truth, he said ; I am sure it would have been long enough before I guessed that. But he was in raptures with Davie Ramsay's oath,—“ By the bones of the immortal Napier !” I really thought my old friend had a touch of romance. I had heard him speak of the great Lord Napier of Merchiston in Scotland, who interpreted the book of Revelations by logarithms ; and I could easily

* *Heliacally* is the word our correspondent has forgotten.—
EDITOR.

fancy that even a mathematician could not be utterly insensible to the interest which attaches to the remains of a man of genius. But on inquiring farther, I found I was in a curious error. "*Napier's bones*," says he, "or *Napier's rods*, are a contrivance for expediting the performance of multiplication and division." "Oh!" exclaimed I, "I remember all about them now—ten thousand curses on his memory! but I did not know who invented them. They used rods at school which expedited the performance of multiplication and division, to say nothing of the conjugation of verbs both active and passive. But they were not made of bone in my time." My friend again assured me I was wrong, and showed me some little knick-knacks with which, sure enough, he did a question in multiplication quicker than I could have done, even when — used to say, "You, sir, if you don't do that sum quickly, I'll show you up." On seeing this, I really could not help fancying that Sir Walter must have heard mathematicians talk of Napier's bones, till he imagined they swore by them, when, in fact, they only worked by them.

This is the cream of my friend's observations. He added that he was, for the subject, pleased with Sir Walter upon the whole; but that his propositions not being always perfectly consecutive, the thread of the reasoning was sometimes lost. "I cannot," said he, "always see how the enunciations at the head of the proposition apply; nor, owing to the absence of Q. E. D. where it is that the conclusion first appears." I told him that novels always ended with marriage, not with Q. E. D., which he says can prove nothing but that the end of woe is the begin-

ning of mischief. I suspect he is a woman-hater; now I am not, and I like the young ladies in novels particularly: they are so foolish when folly will help out the story, and so wise when it is necessary they should be wise, and so handsome all the time, that I declare the Juliets and Fannys, and "such pretty names," as Dr. Watts says, have divided my "parcel of heart," as Mr. Pickle sen. says, among them. Now, women out of novels are sometimes foolish when they should be wise, and wise when they should be foolish; they have their bad-looking days too. But I should not complain; for all allow they have always (at least before they learned Latin and algebra) behaved with great complaisance to

Your obedient servant,

April 1, 1836.

PETER SIMPLETON.

XII.

PICTURES OF THE MANNERS OF GERMANY DURING THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

THE description of the carnival of Constance during the time the celebrated council was held there, affords a curious instance of the invincible passion for amusement. As long as it lasted, the orders of the council and magistracy were forgotten; the Pope was no longer thought of, and laymen and clergy were busied in diversions. The council itself seemed likely to bring on curious scenes: no ecclesiastical assembly ever debated more important interests; the repose of Christendom, the liberty of conscience, were subjects of discussion, and the question was to bring liberty as well as order into the church. The highest

personages were present : the Emperor represented the wishes of Christendom for the extinction of schism. John Huss and Jerome of Prague defended their cause, which was destined to triumph, and their lives, which they were unable to save. A song of the time, supposed to be chanted by a monk, is a good sample of the popular opinion concerning the persons who then governed the world.

Edit nonna, edit clerus,
 Ad edendum nemo serus ;
 Bibit ille, bibit illa,
 Bibit servus cum ancilla.
 Bibit abbas cum priore,
 Bibit coquus cum factore.
 Et pro rege, et pro papa,
 Bibunt vinum sine aqua.
 Et, pro papa, et pro rege,
 Bibunt omnes sine lege.
 Bibunt primum et secundo
 Donec nihil sit in fundo.

This is not greatly more reverent than the popular adage of Protestant Geneva.

Accipe, cape, rape, sunt tria verba papæ.

From the time when this song was sung in the streets,—that is, from the death of John Huss at the council of Constance, in 1415,—to the day when Luther burned the Pope's bull at Wittemburg in 1520, only a century had elapsed.

XIII.

EXCOMMUNICATION OF HENRY IV, EMPE-
ROR OF GERMANY, BY HILDEBRAND,
STYLED GREGORY VII.

HILDEBRAND, a man of bold and vast genius, equally zealous for religion, and for the rights which he considered inherent in the patrimony of St. Peter, was besieged by Henry in the Tower of Crescentius, anciently the mausoleum of Adrian, now named the Castle of St. Angelo. Fearing he should be abandoned by his nobles, and dreading to fall into the hands of his enemies, he demanded assistance from the bold Robert Guiscard, who had just made himself master of Durazzo, on the coast of Illyria. This Robert Guiscard was one of those bold Norman knights, who, with a handful of heroes like himself, had conquered Apulia and Calabria from the Greeks, driven the Arabs out of Sicily, and taken Epirus and Illyria from Alexis, Emperor of Constantinople. Strengthened by this new alliance, which brought Hildebrand out of his embarrassed position, the Pope hastened to hold a council at Rome, and at the same time deputed the Cardinals of Ostia and Palestrina to assemble in Germany a council, which should adopt the same regulations that were proposed in the council of Rome.

Henry came as far as Nuremburg to meet the legates. What was his surprise when he learned that he was excommunicated, and that the delegates of the Pope could have no interview with him until he had received absolution. He had recourse to arms; but, abandoned by his

troops, he was compelled by his revolted subjects to go and solicit his pardon of the sovereign pontiff.

What a triumph for the son of the carpenter of Ivano ! The most powerful monarch of Europe, forced to traverse the Alps in the depth of winter with his wife, one of his children, and a few faithful friends, approaches as a suppliant the steep rocks whose sides are washed by the little river Lienza, and whose summit is crowned by the formidable fortress of Canossa, which, enclosed by a triple wall, is perched like an eagle's nest on the brink of precipices. In this fortress one of those extraordinary scenes took place, which would appear absolutely incredible, if the writings of the principal personage, the works of contemporary authors, and the frescos of the Vatican had not retraced all its details to us.

It was on the 24th January 1077, the anniversary of the day on which the council of Worms had deposed this very Pope Gregory VII. by the means of Henry IV. During one of those rigorous winters which sometimes afflict the beautiful regions of Italy, Henry stood outside the gate of the first inclosure of the fortress, waiting the effect of the kind mediation of his godfather, the venerable Hugh, Abbot of Cluny, whom he had begged to intercede with Gregory in his favour. The gate opens, he is allowed to enter alone ; he passes the fosse, and the gate is shut again in the face of the persons of his suite. He is then informed, that, before he can obtain his pardon, he must take off all marks of royalty ; remain barefooted on snow and ice, covered with a coarse woollen garment. The night came on, and notwithstanding the humble prayers of Henry, the second gate still remained closed,

On the following day, the young monarch felt the pressure of hunger and cold: "Pardon! pardon!" cried he, loudly imploring the mercy of the vicar of the God of peace, and making the sign revered by Christians. His appeal was vain; the vengeance of the pontiff was not yet satiated, and the second night closed on the desolation of Henry. On the third morning Gregory heard those who surrounded him murmur loudly at his conduct. "This is not," they said, "the severity of an apostle, it is the atrocious cruelty of a tyrant." Women threw themselves at his feet in tears; but he was still inflexible, and the pleasure of humbling a rival banished from his heart every feeling of pity.

Not until the third day, and after signing a deed of submission, was the unhappy Henry, more dead than alive, admitted to hear a solemn mass sung by Gregory in the church. Henry was on his knees. After the consecration the Pontiff broke the holy wafer, and said.

"There are men here, who have accused me of invading the papal chair by unlawful means, and of committing enormous crimes both after and before my accession to the throne of St. Peter, &c. &c. Before the supreme God, judge of the living and dead, I demand, if I am guilty, that this bread of life may be changed for me into poison, and may destroy me in a moment."

XIV. MARIA, THE LAST QUEEN OF GEORGIA.

THE regions extending from the Caspian to the Black Sea comprehend a succession of fertile valleys and lofty mountains, divided by nature into distinct provinces.

The courage of the men and the beauty of the women of these valleys have been celebrated throughout Europe and Asia.

The ancient history of these countries is much enveloped in fable. Christianity was introduced there at an early period ; and the inhabitants were renowned for the undaunted courage with which they resisted all attempts to introduce the religion of Islam among them, and which enabled them to preserve their Christian faith while all the countries round them fell under the yoke of the Mahometans.

Towards the end of the last century, the Georgians and other Christians of the neighbouring provinces, harassed by perpetual combats with the Turks and Persians, implored the protection of Russia. This was readily granted, and the kings and nobles of these countries soon saw themselves in security from the infidels by the help of the soldiers of the Czar. But Russia soon affected to discover that these semi-barbarous chiefs, far from co-operating to preserve tranquillity in their dominions, were, on the contrary, a perpetual source of quarrels and disturbances ; and it being judged that their absence was essential to the prosperity of the country, they were removed to St. Petersburg or elsewhere, and the whole country reduced to be a province of Russia. Georgia was placed under the government of the Prince Tsitsianoff, a relation of the royal family of that country, but who had been long in the Russian service.

Maria, the widow of George, the thirteenth king of Georgia, who died at the commencement of this century, was allowed to remain at Tiflis, the capital of the coun-

try, with her children, in consequence of her great desire to end her days in her native country; but, not satisfied with this indulgence, she endeavoured to escape from the Russian power, by a secret plan which she carried on with great art. She was, however, closely watched by Tsitsianoff: knowing well her turbulent and decided disposition, he had advised the Russian government to oblige the Queen to leave Georgia, and in the mean time he neglected no means of information as to the steps she might take. By magnificent promises, he had gained over to his interest a Georgian noble, who was a follower of the Queen and admitted to her fullest confidence. This traitor, called by the Russians Kalatusoff, discovered to Tsitsianoff all that passed in the palace of Maria, and detailed even her conversations with himself and others.

In her plans of escape Maria was aided by the Pshavi, a courageous and formidable tribe from the mountains of the Caucasus, to the north-east of Tiflis. These mountaineers had chiefly composed the guard of the kings of Georgia, and had always shown much attachment to the royal family. Acquainted with the Queen's design to make her escape, they had determined to receive her, with her children, in the midst of their almost inaccessible mountains; and would probably have succeeded in this generous scheme but for the treason of Kalatusoff, who was unfortunately too much trusted by Maria.

The moment for her escape was arrived. Gadilla, a chief of the Pshavi, a man of extraordinary courage and of gigantic stature, was the person to whom the conduct of the affair was committed. He often came to Tiflis to concert with the Queen the plan of escape, and at last all

was ready. Gadilla had ordered the men of his tribe to be at hand, and had apprised the Queen that they were in arms, and eagerly waiting her arrival in the mountains. Tsitsianoff was informed of all these circumstances by Kalatusoff; but, curious to see Gadilla, he had him arrested and brought before him. The Pshave was conducted to the hall, where he saw only the general and his Armenian interpreter; though Kalatusoff was also present, but hidden under the sofa. After the common salutation, the general demanded of Gadilla what was the motive of his coming to Tiflis, who replied that he came to buy salt. The general then said, "Do not conceal the truth; you have some secret reason for your arrival here." Gadilla answered, "No, I came only to buy salt." "Gadilla," said the general, "thy life depends on thy telling me the truth; and know that, if thou hidest it, I can order thy head to be struck off in a moment." "Cut off my head!" said the Pshave, with a look of anger and contempt; "by whom, then? by that Armenian interpreter?" And then, with his hand on his dagger, he continued: "Have I not my dagger, which never leaves me?" Tsitsianoff, seeing that menace was vain with this intrepid man, rose; and, approaching the Pshave, said with an air of mildness, and putting his hand on his shoulder, "Brave Gadilla, be not in a rage; no harm is intended you; only tell us the truth." But flattery and menaces were used equally in vain; and whilst the Pshave was stoutly denying everything, the general called Kalatusoff from beneath the sofa, hoping to confound Gadilla by the sight of a man in whose presence he had so often consulted with the Queen on the

subject of her evasion. Kalatusoff addressed the Pshave : " Gadilla, it is useless to deny the motive of your visits to Tiflis. Was not I with the Queen yesterday when you came to announce that all was ready for her flight ? that the mules were waiting at Kouki, and ready to transport her to the mountains ?" The Pshave, with a look of cold contempt, said the whole was false, and nothing but lies. He was not allowed to continue. Six grenadiers rushed into the hall, seized his dagger, brutally struck him, and led him away to the fortress. As he was going, Kalatusoff had the meanness to strike him on the face, which called forth from Gadilla the proud menace, that, were he not disarmed, he would sacrifice them all to his vengeance.

Tsitsianoff sought no farther proof of the truth of the plot formed by the Queen. He felt more than ever how necessary her absence was to the welfare and tranquillity of the country, and her departure was fixed for the next day (April 1803). To give a kind of solemnity to her departure, it was ordered that General Lazaref, in full dress, accompanied by an Armenian interpreter, named Sorokin, should proceed very early in the morning with two companies of infantry to the Queen's palace, accompanied by military music, and then should order her to depart with them. Accordingly, early the next day, Lazaref, having presented himself before the dwelling of the Queen, entered without ceremony into her room. The Queen was already awake ; she had learnt, some time before, the cruel order that was to tear her from her country, and to the last moment she retained hopes of evading it. She was seated cross-legged, in the Oriental

manner, on the mattress which forms the Georgian bed ; and her seven young children, the eldest hardly seven years old, were quietly sleeping round her.

Lazaref addressed her by his interpreter in a disrespectful style, with these words : " Get up ; we must depart." The Queen calmly replied, " Why should I get up so early ? Do you not see my children are all asleep round me ? If I wake them suddenly, it will make them ill. Who gave you such a pressing order." Lazaref replied that it was Tsitsianoff. Maria replied merely, " Shame on Tsitsianoff !" In the mean time she had placed on her lap the pillow on which she had rested her head during the night, and under it her husband's dagger. Lazaref, seeing that the Queen was resolved not to rise until her children should awake, approached the cushion on which she was sitting, and seeing her foot, which appeared from underneath the pillow, he stooped down, brutally endeavouring to seize upon it, and to pull her from her seat. Maria at the instant grasped her dagger, and plunged it into the left side of Lazaref with such force that the point came out on the opposite side. She then drew it out and threw it coolly at his face, saying, " Thus perish those who dare to add insult to injury !" Lazaref expired almost instantly. The Armenian interpreter, Sorokin, drew his sabre, and struck the Queen with it several times on the left arm, wounding her deeply in the shoulder. The Queen's mother, Helen, who also slept in the same apartment, awoke at the noise ; and at the sight of blood she ran towards the Queen, embracing her closely. Four officers, alarmed at the tumult, also ran into the chamber ; and finding La-

zaref in this state, they hastened to carry him into the open air. The whole house was soon filled with the soldiery, who tore the Queen from her mother's arms, beating her with the butt-ends of their muskets. She was dragged bleeding out of the house, and thrown with her children into the carriage prepared for her. During her passage through Georgia, and until they had passed the mountains, her carriage was guarded by a considerable armed force. Wherever she passed, the inhabitants eagerly came out to testify their regret at her departure, and with tears bade her farewell. One of her children, Heraclius, complaining of thirst, a Georgian brought a pitcher of water, and presented it to him ; but a soldier beat him, and broke the pitcher. Gabriel, her second son, about six years of age, was heard to say, " Mother, why did you kill that soldier ? " The Queen answered, " To preserve your honour, my son. " " Well then, mother, " answered the child immediately, " say it is I that have killed him, and then they will not hurt you. "

Thus finished the kingdom of Georgia. The Queen Maria arrived in Russia, where she was confined in a convent to expiate her crime. She was afterwards released, and permitted to reside in the country. The traitor Kalatusoff received as his reward one hundred ducats and the rank of an officer. He obtained also the situation of inspector of police in Carthalinia, a district of Georgia, where he died, miserable and hated by every one. Sorokin, who had brutally wounded the Queen with his sabre, was killed in a fight with the Lesgees in 1804. The general Tsitsianoff was assassinated near Baken, on the Caspian Sea, in the year 1806.

XV.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH AS A MATCH-MAKER.

THIS doughty knight, poet, dramatist, and architect, did many other things for the first Duchess of Marlborough besides building Blenheim. Whenever their humours did not clash,—which, however, they did frequently, as the temper of neither of them was of the best,—he seems to have been a sort of factotum to her Grace, and old Sarah regularly employed him in going the rounds of the nobility to make matches for her grand-daughters. The following letter, written by Sir John during one of these negociations, is copied from the Marlborough correspondence in the Coxe papers, which are now preserved in the library of the British Museum. This immense mass of documents was collected by the late Archdeacon Coxe to aid him in the composition of his *Life of the great Duke of Marlborough*. Besides the letter we are about to quote, in which the Duchess only is engaged, there are many others, written by or relating to the Duke, and which do not tend to show him off in a very heroic light. Though most of these are postillated by the archdeacon's own hand, that reverend gentleman did not quote them in his memoir; his object being to draw the dignified portrait of a hero, and to represent John Churchill *en grande tenue*, while, in good truth, not a few of these letters savour more of Thersites than Achilles, and show the hero of Blenheim in grotesque *deshabillé*.

The business-like tone of our knight's letter, so naturally enlivened here and there by outbreaks of temper, will not escape the reader's notice.

SIR J. VANBRUGH TO THE DUCHESS.

MADAM,

Whitehall, Nov. 6th, 1716.

WHEN I came to town from Blenheim, I received a letter from the Duke of Newcastle, out of Sussex, that he would in a day or two be at Claremont; and wanted very much to talk with me. But I having engaged to Mr. Walpole, to follow him into Norfolk, cou'd not stay to see him then: at my return from Mr. Walpole's, which was Friday last, I found another letter from the Duke, that he was at Claremont, and deferred returning back to Sussex till he cou'd see me; so I went down to him yesterday.

He told me the business he had with me was to know if anything more had past on the subject he had write to me at Scarborough relating to Lady H. and what discourse might have happen'd with your Grace upon it at Blenheim. I told him you had not mention'd one word of it to me. He said that was mighty strange, for you had talk'd with Mr. Walters upon it at the Bath, and writ to him since, in such a manner as had put him upon endeavouring to bring a direct negotiation. *He then told me that, before he cou'd come to a resolution of embarking in any treaty, he had waited for an opportunity of discoursing with me once more upon the qualitys and conditions of Lady H. for that, as' I knew his whole views in marriage, and that he had hopes of some other satisfactions in it than many people troubled themselves about, I might judge what a terrible disappointment he should be under if he found himself ty'd for life to a woman not capable of*

being a useful and faithfull friend as well as an agreeable companion ; that what I had often said to him of Lady H. in that respect, had left a strong impression with him : but it being of so high a consequence to him not to be deceived in this great point, on which the happiness of his life wou'd turn, he had desired to discourse with me again upon it in the most serious manner, being of opinion (as he was pleas'd to say) that I cou'd give him a righter character of her than any other friend or acquaintance he had in the world ; and that he was fully perswaded that whatever good wishes I might have for her, or regards to my Lord Marlborough and his family, I would be content with doing her justice, without exceeding in her character, so as to lead him into an opinion of her now, which, by a disappointment hereafter, (should he marry her,) wou'd make him the unhappiest man in the world.

He then desired to know in particular what account I might have heard of her behaviour at the Bath ; and what new observations I might myself have made of her at Blenheim, both as to her person, temper, sense, behaviour, and many other very new enquirys. It wou'd be too long to repeat to your Grace what my answers were to him. It will be sufficient to acquaint you that I think I have left him a disposition to prefer her to all other women.

When he had done with me on these personal considerations, he called Mr. Walters (who was there) into the room, and acquainted him with what had past with your Grace through me at several times, and then spoke his sentiments as to fortune, which Mr. Walters intends to give your Grace an account of, so I need not.

And now, Madam, your Grace must give me leave to end my letter by telling you, that if the Duke of Newcastle was surpris'd to find you had said so much to Mr. Walters at the Bath, and nothing to me on this subject at Blenheim, I was no less surpris'd than he, after the honour you had done me of opening your first thoughts of it to me; and giving me leave to make several steps about it to his friends and relations, as well as to take such a part with himself as you seem'd to think might probably the most contribute towards disposing his inclinations the way you wish'd them.

I don't say this, Madam, to court being further employ'd in this matter, for *match-making is a d——d trade*, and I never was fond of meddling with other people's affairs. But as in this, on your own motion and at your own desire, I had taken a good deal of very hearty pains to serve you, and I think with a view of good success, I cannot but wonder, (*tho' not be sorry*) you shou'd not think it right to continue your commands upon your obedient humble servant,

J. VANBRUGH.

Whatever people may think of the nature of the work in which Sir John was engaged, and which he so unceremoniously tells her Grace was a d——d trade, they cannot accuse the knight of much obsequiousness to the great lady. He treats her on a footing of equality which almost surprises us, and the whole tone of his letter is what we should call blunt, if not rude. The Lady H. of the letter was Lady Henrietta, daughter of the Earl of Godolphin by Sarah's eldest daughter. Perhaps it may be well to mention, for the benefit of those

who do not happen to have Lodge's Peerage at their finger-ends, that the match the architect was employed in making up was finished, and actually took place. Lady Henrietta was married to Thomas Pelham Holles, Duke of Newcastle; but whether our knight gave the finishing hand to the negotiation, or whether that honour was due to "Mr. Walters at the Bath," at whose interference in the matter Sir John was so angry, we cannot at the moment decide. Old Sarah had another granddaughter, whom she lived to make a duchess of: Lady Mary, the sister of Lady Henrietta, was married to Thomas Osborne, Duke of Leeds.



XVI. SARAH, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH,
AND QUEEN ANNE.

THE document we are about to produce is from the same rich repertory as our last. Archdeacon Coxe, in his marginal notes, calls it "a curious letter from the Duchess, (probably to Mr. Maynwaring), very characteristic of her frank and imperious temper, and aversion to the restraint of attending on the Queen." It was written after her own and her husband's fall at court and in the cabinet. Sarah, though an acute woman, does not appear to have discovered all the weaknesses of royalty, and the miseries of being a Queen's favourite, until she had ceased to be one. It was then "sour grapes" with her. The copy of the letter in the Coxe papers is imperfect, and we have omitted a few lines that have no particular interest.

"I have most of the copies of the letters that passed through my hands of any consequence; the letters I mention to the Queen, upon the 12th of June 1710, were only copies of letters from Lord Rochester, Mr. Harley, and all parties, to shew the great sense they had of Lord Marlborough's services to the Queen and to England, all which I hoped might contribute to move her: but I fear you will have some contempt for me when you come to my last expression in my letter of the 12th of June, after so much inhuman usage, and I do assure you that I could not have done it for any thing in the world that related only to myself; and, after what has passed, I do solemnly protest that if it were in my power I would not again be a favou-

rite, which few will believe ; and since I shall never be able to give any demonstration of that truth, I had as good say no more of it. But, as fond as people are of power, I fancy any body that had been shut up so many tedious hours as I have been, with a person that had no conversation, and yet must be treated with respect, would feel something of what I did ; and be very glad, when their circumstances did not want it, to be freed from such a slavery, which must be uneasy at all times, though I do protest that upon the account of her loving me and trusting me so entirely as she did, I had a concern for her which was more than you will easily believe. And I would have served her with the hazard of my life upon any occasion ; but after she put me at liberty, by using me ill, I was very easy, and liked better that any body should have her favour than myself at the price of flattery, without which, I believe, nobody can be well with a King or Queen, unless the world should come to be less corrupt, or they wiser than any I have seen since I was born ; and I was so far from having any inclination to flatter, that I remember I read the Tatler, No. 14, with great pleasure, where he says, ‘ Bless us ! is it possible that when the necessities of life are supplied, a man would flatter to be rich, or circumvent to be powerful ? and then goes on with a great deal very fine, and ends, that ‘tis less despicable to beg a supply to a man’s hunger than his vanity. I must add one thing more, which I had almost forgot, that the Queen never gave any particular reason for all that violent proceeding against Lord Sunderland. She was angry with him, about two years before, for something in the Scotch business, which was

misrepresented to her, but she took his excuse upon it ; and he certainly had said nothing disrespectful or uneasy to her ; and she appeared so well satisfied with him, that, just before he was put out, (after she had allowed my Lord Godolphin to write to my Lord Marlborough upon it,) she took care of his health, and advised some medicine for him to take, I think, for a cold."

" St. Alban's, April 23d, 1711."

In many other of her letters, Sarah treats her Majesty much more severely ; and, scattered through her numerous defences of her own conduct while favourite and comptroller of the Queen's purse, there are numerous passages of the most bitter sarcasm, and withering scorn. She paints the " good Queen Anne," as people once called her, as a selfish, sensual, and low-minded woman ; ignorant and helpless in the extreme, a slattern and a shrew ; weak and yet obstinate ; endowed with worse than plebeian vulgarity of manners, and yet entertaining the highest notions of royal blood, and gentility " by the grace of God." The grain of salt with which all this is to be taken, ought, no doubt, to be a large one.

In one of the papers we have read in the Coxe collection, it is said, " The Queen's friendships were flames of extravagant passion, ending in indifference or aversion. Her love to the Prince (Anne's husband, the Prince of Denmark) seemed in the eyes of the world to be prodigiously great. But if the passion of grief were great, her stomach was much greater ; for that very day he died she eat three very large and hearty meals : so that one would think, *that, as other persons' grief takes away their*

appetite, her appetite took away her grief. * * * I know that in some libels she hath been reproached as one who indulged herself in drinking strong liquors, but, *I believe*, this was utterly groundless, and that she never went beyond such a quantity of *strong* wines as her physicians judged to be necessary for her. * * * Her presents were generally very few and very mean, as, fruits, or venison, or the like, unless in cases where she was directed by precedents in the former reigns."

We have mentioned, in a former part of our Table Talk, that the Duchess employed eminent literary men of the day to write most of her defences and attacks. The paper from which we have last quoted was supposed by Archdeacon Coxe to have been written by St. Priest, and to be part of the identical document Sarah showed to Mr. Walpole, who was somewhat discomfited thereat. What Queen Anne most dreaded after their rupture, was that the Duchess would publish their correspondence, for her Grace gave her to understand she had kept every silly letter her Majesty had addressed her, as well as a copy of every letter she had written to her Majesty. In the Queen's letters there was much to blush at: her fondness of the favourite was puerile, and absolutely a doating; her language, orthography, grammar, and style were below *par* even at those days. Her Majesty concludes a letter on "church livings" with these words, in which the second and third person of possessive pronouns are amusingly confounded. "And this is all I can now trouble my dear, dear Mrs. Freeman with, but that *her* poor, unfortunate Morley will be faithfully *yours* to her last moment." In other parts of this correspondence her Majesty's sensibility is still more maudlin, the tone in which

she speaks of herself more abject, and her grammar worse.

“As to our names—Morley and Freeman,” says Sarah, “the Queen herself was always uneasy if I used the word ‘highness’ or ‘majesty,’ and would say from the first how awkward it was to write every day in the terms of princess, &c. And when she chose the name of Morley for herself, for no reason that I remember but that she liked it, or the sound of it, I am not sure that I did not chuse the other with some regard to my own humour, which it seems in some sort to express.” For many years, the correspondence of these high dames was in no other name or style. Mrs. Morley wrote to her dear Mrs. Freeman, and Mrs. Freeman to her dear Mrs. Morley, and under this travestimento they discussed great state questions, named generals, disposed of church livings, and made or translated bishops.

The Marlborough correspondence, over which we have passed many amused hours, lets us into several secrets not generally recorded in history. We learn, for example, that the vile practice of opening private letters at our post-office, was as common in one part of Queen Anne’s reign, as it was in France during that of Bonaparte, when, as Bourrienne tells us, the practice was universal. Thus, in a letter from the Duke to the Duchess, written from abroad on the 28th of August 1710, just after he had heard of his wife’s disgrace, and the sudden fall of the Godolphin ministry, his Grace says, “I would beg of you not to write anything but what you would not care if it were seen, unless you should have a safe hand of writing.” And again, in a letter, bearing date November the 16th, 1710, from Amen-corner, Paternoster-row, and written to

her Grace by Doctor Hare, the Duke's chaplain, who had got leave of absence from the army, there is this direct allusion to seal-breaking: "But I have heard so much in the little time I have been in London of letters being opened, that I can't persuade myself to let anything of that kind, which has the honour to be addressed to your Grace, run the hazard of coming into other hands, especially since your return to St. James's will now, I presume, in a very little time, give me an opportunity of transmitting to your grace, by a safe hand, my poor sentiments upon the subject."

The "thing of that kind" which the reverend chaplain so prudently withheld, was a comparison between the Whig Ministry that had gone out, and that of the Tories which had come in; a comparison, of course, not very flattering to the latter. In another letter to her Grace this same political parson does not speak too favourably of the political abilities of the bench of bishops. After praising the *honesty* and *good* character of the Archbishop of York, he adds: "I only say this of him as to his being a good man, which does not make one a wise man; and 'tis so very rare to see much political wisdom or abilities of that sort in bishops, that I don't wonder he has not more of it." His reverence, however, deploras that the Whig and Marlborough party "did not keep their hold of a man who had so much influence in the clergy." Dr. Hare bustled among parties to some purpose,—he became Bishop of Chichester, which elevation, by giving him a seat on the prelatial bench in the House of Lords, probably changed his opinion as to the political wisdom of bishops.

XVII.

HISTORY OF THE BUILDING OF THE GREAT
THEATRE OF SAN CARLO AT NAPLES.

THE recollection of the facts related in the following anecdote is calculated to throw a gloom over the splendour of St. Carlo's, at Naples, the finest theatre in the world.

“ Among other things, it was Charles the Third's will that a theatre should be erected, the city hitherto having only mean and inconvenient places of amusement ; and, to add wonder to magnificence, he commanded that it should not only be the largest in Europe, but that it should be built in a marvellously short time. Having received a design from Medrano, he entrusted the execution to a certain Angelo Carasale, a man of low birth, but risen to high fame by his genius in architecture and the many bold and stupendous works he had executed. * * * He began the building in March 1737, and finished it in October, and on the 4th of November, St. Charles's day, the festival of the King, the first opera was performed in it. The interior of the theatre was covered with mirrors ; and the infinite number of wax torches, reflected on all sides, produced as rich and as dazzling a light as that which fable assigns to Olympus. A vast and splendidly ornamented box was constructed for the royal family. On entering the theatre, the King, overcome with surprise and admiration, enthusiastically clapped his hands in praise of the architect, while the loud applauses

of the audience honoured the King as the primary cause of all that magnificence. In the midst of this universal joy, the King summoned Carasale to his box, and, publicly praising him for his work, placed his royal hand on his shoulder as a sign of protection and good-will; and the poor architect, not modest by nature, but reverentially respectful on such an occasion, with gestures and words rendered thanks for the thanks of the King. After this was over, his Majesty said, that as the walls of the theatre almost touched the walls of his palace, it would be very convenient for the royal family if they could pass from one building to the other by means of an interior corridor or passage, without having to go round by the streets. The architect bent his eyes to the ground, and Charles adding, "We will think about it," benignantly dismissed him. When the opera was over, and the King went out of his box, he found Carasale in waiting, who begged his Majesty would return to the palace by the interior passage he wished for. In three hours, throwing down thick walls, constructing bridges and stairs with beams and boards, covering the roughness of the hurried work with carpets and tapestry, and illuminating the whole with wax-lights and looking-glasses, the architect had made a beautiful and scenic path to the royal apartments—a spectacle scarcely less agreeable to the King than the theatre itself. The theatre, which was called San Carlo, after the King—the internal passage,—the merit, the good fortune of Carasale,—were for several days the general subjects of conversation both in court and city. Fatal praises! for, the much envied architect being called upon for his accounts, and not be-

ing able to explain some items in them, was immediately threatened with a prison. He ran to the palace; he spoke with the King, reminding him of the praises he had bestowed, of the applause of the people, of the beauty of the work, and he adduced his actual poverty as a proof of his honesty; and after this he departed with an easy mind, fancying he discovered in the King's countenance an expression of benevolence and satisfaction. But it was not so; for accusations and malicious inquisitions pouring in faster than ever, Carasale (without any trial) was shortly afterwards seized, carried to the castle of St. Elmo, and shut up in a dungeon, where he subsisted during a few months on the scanty assistance of his family, and then on the bitter bread of the fiscal. He languished some years in prison, and died there; his children were lost in the obscurity of poverty, and nothing would remain in our days of the name of Carasale, if the excellence and wonderfulness of his works did not keep alive the memory of the unhappy artist."*—*Storia del Reame di Napoli, del Generale Pietro Colletta*, vol. i.

XVIII. A CURIOUS CUSTOM.

A CURIOUS custom connected with marriage is still kept up by the youths in the parish of Eccles, Berwickshire. Once a year, or oftener, according to circumstances, all the men who have been married within the last twelve-

* The theatre of San Carlo was burnt in the month of January 1816, but all the main walls remained; and as it was reconstructed on the same plan, it may still be considered as the work of Carasale. The interior is now richly gilt, but not lined with mirrors. Our Opera-house is a shabby place compared with it.

month are creeled. This consists in having a creel* or basket suspended to the individual's shoulders, and, while he runs with all his speed from his own house to that of his next new-married neighbour, he is pursued by the unmarried men, who endeavour to fill his basket with stones. The wife following, armed with a knife, strives to relieve her husband of his burden, by cutting the rope which attaches the basket to his person.—*New Statistical Account of Scotland*, No. iv. p. 59.

XIX. THEODORE BEZA ;

OR, HOLY-WATER AND THE POOR-BOX.

FYNES MORYSON, in his *Itinerary*, fol. Lond. 1617, part I. b. ii. ch. 4 ; speaking of Geneva, says,

“ Here I had great contentment to speak and converse with the reverend father Theodore Beza, who was of stature something tall, and corpulent or big-boned, and had a long thick beard as white as snow. He had a grave senator's countenance, and was broad-faced but not fat ; and in general, by his comely person, sweet affability, and gravity, he would have extorted reverence from those that least loved him. I walked with him to the church, and, giving attention to his speech, it happened that in the church-porch I touched the poor-man's box with my fingers ; and this reverend man soon perceived my error, who having used in Italy to dip my fingers towards the holy-water, (according to the manner of the Papists, lest the

* A creel is a large basket, the breadth of a man's back : it is attached by a rope to the shoulders, and, when the back is bent, rests upon the hips.

omitting of so small a matter generally used might make me suspected of my religion, and bring me into dangers of great consequence,) did now in like sort touch the poor-man's box, mistaking it for the font of holy-water. I say, he did soon perceive my error, and, taking me by the hand, advised me hereafter to eschew these ill customs, which were so hardly forgotten.

XX. MACHIAVELLI AVENGED BY THE BOOKSELLERS.

THE following is an amusing bibliopolical anecdote:—A good many years after Machiavelli's death, a certain Jesuit, of the name of Luchesini, published a book, which he entitled "*Sciocchezze scoperte nelle opere del Machiavelli, dal Padre Luchesini*" ("Absurdities discovered in the Works of Machiavelli, by Father Luchesini"). As this title was much too long to put on a label at the back of the volume, the booksellers of that day reduced it to "*Sciocchezze del P. Luchesini*" ("Absurdities of Father Luchesini"); and by this simple abbreviation punished the monk's insolence.

XXI. REMINISCENCES OF THE MARCHIONESS OF CREQUY.

FOUR volumes with the above title, recently published at Paris, offer a considerable harvest of amusement to the lovers of anecdotes, and of striking and curious facts and customs. It is known that the Marchioness of

Crequy, who died within our times at the age of nearly one hundred, was one of the most celebrated women of her day, as well for the charms of her person, as for the superiority of her mind. The famous Princess of Ursini wrote from Rome in 1722, to the Duchess of Tremouille, her niece, "The young Marchioness of Crequy appears to me particularly to be distinguished, inasmuch as she is a lady of a really great mind, a woman of wit without impropriety, very original in her conversation, and perfectly regular in her conduct."

Jean Jaques Rousseau said of her, that she was catholicism in a mob, and high nobility in an undress.

We present a few extracts from her Reminiscences. Some of them may be called "more French Bulls," and classed with the stories already given about the Duc de Laval.*

"When the Abbé de Matignon was at his uncle, the Bishop of Lisieux's, the cathedral was shown to him, and at the same time the remark was made that it was built by the English; 'Oh,' said he, with an air of disgust, 'I could see at once that it was not made here.'"

"The same Abbé, some time afterwards, said to Madame de Fronlay, 'My uncle the Bishop of Lisieux is just dead, thank God! You must make interest with Madame de Maintenon to get me the cordon bleu which my uncle had.' 'How old are you?' said she to him. 'Why,' replied he, 'I am only thirty-two years old, that is a year less than would be required according to the rules; but you can tell Madame de Maintenon that I ought to be thirty-three years old, for my mother miscarried a year before I was born: I have always reckon-

* Vol. i. p. 289.

ed,' continued he, with the air of a person satisfied with having made an important calculation, 'that I was kept back a whole year by that accident.'

"When the Princess of Monaco, his sister-in-law, had given birth to her first child, afterwards Marquis of Baux, he was eager to send the news to his brother, who was with the army; but, as he had forgotten to inquire the sex of the child, he excused himself by saying that the child screamed like an angry owl, which had so distracted him that he was quite unable to say whether he was aunt or uncle."

"The Marechale de Noailles corresponded with the Holy Virgin and the Patriarchs. She always deposited her letters in a pigeon-house at the hotel de Noailles; and, as her letters were always answered, it is supposed that her confessor wrote them. She was occasionally a little offended at the familiar tone assumed by the Virgin Mary; 'My dear Marechale, in the third line,' said she with a half angry air: 'it must be confessed that the term is rather familiar for a little citizen of Nazareth.'"

We also find in the Memoirs of Madame de Crequy some portraits of celebrated persons, which, if they are not perfectly just, are at least marked with a piquant vein of hatred or vexation. Such is, for example, that of the renowned Duke de St. Simon: "He was an ugly raven, sickly, devoured by envy, puffed up by ambition, vain, and always perched upon his ducal coronet." Such also was that of the learned Emilie, Madame de Chatelet, so celebrated by Voltaire: "My cousin Emilie, who was then called Mademoiselle de Treuilly, was three or four years younger than I, but she was at least five or six

inches taller. Her friend Voltaire says she was born in 1706, in order to make her appear four years younger; but she was born on the 17th of December 1702, as it is easy to verify at the church of St. Roch. She was a colossus every way,—a miracle of strength and awkwardness; her feet were terrible, and her hands formidable. Her skin was like a nutmeg-grater. In short, the beautiful Emilie was an ugly life-guard, and must have been mad with algebra and geometry when she allowed Voltaire to speak about her beauty. She was always an intolerable pedant, and aimed at a reputation for transcendent intellect, whilst she mixed up everything that could be driven into her memory, making of it a sort of indigestible hotch-potch."

Sometimes she gives a rapid and eminently characteristic trait like the following, which so completely describes Fontenelle: "M. de Fontenelle had the greatest confidence, and the most tender esteem for—*strawberries*."

Let us also remark that, in the midst of all this aristocratic gossip and drawing-room chat, there is a crowd of striking anecdotes beautifully related. We shall cite only the following, because it is short; not that we prefer it, but because it is soon finished. Voltaire often repeated it, and Fontenelle related it also (which is of more importance as an authority with the Marchioness of Crequy).

"La Fontaine was very ill, and, having received his last sacrament, he asked his good friend Madame Cornuel (the same that Madame de Sévigné speaks of), whether it would not be quite proper that he should be carried in a cart to the gate of Notre-Dame, in his shirt, barefooted,

and with a rope round his neck, as a penance for the tales he had written. 'I must find somebody to carry the torch, for I have not strength to hold it; and I should be glad if one of the tall servants of our neighbour, the President Nicolay, would do it.'

" 'Make yourself easy, and die quietly, my good man,' replied the old lady, who was not very clever, 'you have been always as stupid as a goose.'

" 'It is very true,' replied the great man, 'and it is very lucky for me that it is so. I hope God will forgive me on that account. Do not fail to tell everybody that I sinned from folly, and not from malice. It will be much less scandalous, will it not?' 'Will you let me be quiet, and die in peace?' replied the dame. The Chevalier de la Salitere told Fontenelle that the confessor of La Fontaine, and all the persons present, burst into a laugh; and that the last words of La Fontaine were, 'I see very well that I am become more stupid than God is holy, and that is indeed saying a great deal.'"

XXII.

POLITICAL AND MORAL TESTAMENT, ADDRESSED BY ST. LOUIS TO HIS SON, WHO AFTERWARDS REIGNED BY THE NAME OF PHILIP THE BOLD.

THIS testament, or rather this piece of advice, is mentioned by historians, but we have never seen it given according to the version which we adopt as authentic, according to proofs which we shall shortly produce. Neither

Bellefont, nor Mezerai, nor Robert Gaguin, nor Nicole Gille have seen the original text of this testament. They have all paraphrased it or travestied it, so that it is impossible to recognise in their narrations either the language or the intention of Louis. The inedited chronicles of St. Denis alone give it almost entirely conformable to the version which we shall transcribe. Historians have, moreover, all put this advice in the mouth of the dying King, which is in the first place very improbable, and which is contradicted by the manuscript now before us, wherein it is positively stated that Louis IX. made it and wrote it at Carthage with his own hand. This is one of the most precious manuscripts of the library of St. Genevieve: the first part contains a calendar; and as the fête of St. Louis is not marked in it, we suppose that it is anterior to the 11th August 1297, the day of his canonization, which must bring the age of the manuscript to about the year 1295 or 1296, and corroborates the authority of the version.

The following is a copy of the instructions of St. Louis, on the last leaf but one of the manuscript.

“And he felt well that he should pay the debt of nature, and he commanded him that he should strictly keep the lessons which follow, *which the good King wrote with his own hand.*

“HOW THE KING TAUGHT PHILIP HIS SON.

“1°. To love God. 2°. To beware of committing sin; 3°. Above all, any mortal sin.

“If any adversity or trouble happen to thee, receive it in good patience, and render thanks to our Lord,

and think that thou hast deserved it : and if God give thee abundance of good, thank him humbly. Dear son, have thy heart pitiful and kind towards the poor, and comfort and help them. Listen devoutly to the service of the holy church. Cause good customs to be kept in thy kingdom, and bad ones to be abolished. Do not covet gifts nor taxes from the people except in very great necessity. If thou hast any thought weighing upon thy heart, tell it to thy confessor, or to any wise man who knows how to keep thy secret ; so thou wilt bear the thought of thy heart more lightly. Take care that those of thy house be wise and loyal, and remember the Scripture which says, ' Choose out men who fear God, in whom is justice, and who hate avarice, and thou wilt profit, and govern well thy kingdom.' Suffer not any blasphemy to be uttered in thy presence. Be strict and rigid in maintaining justice towards thy people and thy nation, without turning to one side or to another. If any one shall seek a quarrel against thee, for any injury or any wrong done him by thee, or alleged against thee, let the truth prevail, and command thy judges that thou mayest be considered no more than any other person. If thou hast any thing belonging to another, restore it immediately without delay. Also endeavour to make thy people live in peace and justice, also the good towns and cities of thy realm, and maintain them in the state and freedom in which thy predecessors have kept them ; for, by the strength of thy good cities and of thy good towns, powerful men will fear to undertake evil against thee. I well remember Paris, and the good towns of my realm, which aided me against the barons when I was

newly crowned. Love and honour the holy church. Give to good persons who are of good and pure life, and always act by the advice of good people. Beware of making war against any Christian man, unless forced thereunto; and if he asks mercy of thee, thou shouldst pardon him, and take sufficient amends, that God may approve. Be, my dear son, diligent to have good officers, and inquire often of their actions, and how they behave in their offices. Inquire concerning those of thy own house oftener than of any others, whether they be too covetous or too tyrannical; for, according to nature, the inferiors follow the example of the superiors; that is to say, when the master is wise and well-conducted, all those of his house take example by him, and are better for it. Labour, dear son, that bad believers be taken from the land; and especially keep in a large town Jews and all sorts of people who are against the faith. Take care that the expenses of thy house be reasonable and moderate. Finally, most dear son, I pray thee to honour my soul with many masses and prayers. I give thee all the blessings that a good father can give a son; and may the blessing of our Lord help thee, and give thee grace to do his will."

This testament, an historical piece of some importance, in a moral as well as political point of view, offers a combination of wisdom, benevolence, and simplicity, which may be studied as a complement to the history of St. Louis, and also as a moral view of the state of France in the thirteenth century.

XXIII. TAILLEFER.

THE Chronicle of Robert Wace informs us that the Normans, at the battle of Hastings, gave to the jongleur (minstrel or troubadour), Taillefer the honour of chanting the song of Roland, and that the same individual, by throwing his sword three times into the air, gave the signal to begin the battle which decided the fate of England. These are the words of the Chronicle :

“ Taillefer, qui mult bien chantoit,
 Sor un cheval qui tost aloit,
 Devant le Duc aloit chantant,
 De Karlemaine et de Rollant,
 Et d'Olivier et des vassaux,
 Qui moururent a Roncevaux.”

i. e. “ Taillefer, who sang very well, upon a horse which went swiftly, went before the Duke, singing of Charlemagne, and of Roland, and of Oliver, and of the vassals who died at Roncevalles.”

XXIV. FAVOURITES, AND RELAXATIONS OF
 JAMES THE FIRST; WITH A WORD ON
 COURT FOOLS.

SIR ANTHONY WELDON gives the following account of the manner in which Archee Armstrong exerted his powers of entertainment for behoof of his royal master James the First. It occurs in the description of the rise of Buckingham, which is so interesting that the passage seems worth quoting entire.

“ For now began to appeare a glimring of a new favourite, one Mr. George Villiers, a younger son (by a second venter) of an ancient knight in Leicestershire as I take it; his father of an ancient family, his mother but of a meane, and a waiting gentle-woman, whom the old man fell in love with and married, by whom he had three sons, all raised to the nobility by meanes of their brother favourite. This gentleman was come also but newly from travell, and at that time did beleeve it a great fortune to marry a daughter of Sir Roger Astons, and in truth it was the highest of his ambition, and for that only end was an hanger-on upon the court; the gentle-woman loved him so well, as could all his friends have made her (for her great fortune) but an hundred markes’ joynture, she had married him presently, in dispight of all her friends; and no question would have had him without any joynture at all.

“ But, as the Fates would have it, before the closing up of this match, the King cast a glancing eye towards him, which was easily perceived by such as observed their prince’s humour; and then the match was laid aside, some assuring him a great fortune was comming towards him. Then one gave him his place of cup-bearer, that he might be in the King’s eye; another sent to his mercer and taylor to put good cloathes on him; a third, to his sempster for curious linnen; and all as prefacive insinuations to obtaine office upon his future rise: then others tooke upon them to be his bravoës, to undertake his quarrels upon affronts put on him by Somerset’s faction: so all hands helped to the piecing up this new favourite.

“ Then begun the King to eat abroad, who formerly

used to eat in his bed-chamber, or if by chance supped in his bed-chamber, after supper would come forth to see pastimes and fooleries; in which Sir Ed. Zouch, Sir George Goring, and Sir John Finit were the chiefe and master fools; and surely this fooling got them more than any others' wisdome, farre above them in desert. Zouch his part was to sing bawdy songs, and tell bawdy tales; Finit's, to compose these songs. Then was a set of fidlers brought to court on purpose for this fooling; and Goring was master of the game for fooleries, sometimes presenting David Droman, and Archee Armstrong the King's foole, on the back of the other fools, to tilt one at another till they fell together by the eares; sometimes the property was presented by them in antick dances. But Sir John Millicent (who was never known before) was commended for notable fooling, and so was he indeed the best extemporary foole of them all: with this jollity was this favourite ushered in. — *Court of K. James by Sir A. W.* 12mo, Lond. 1651, p. 82.

Archee Armstrong, the court fool in chief, continued to be employed after the demise of the modern Solomon; but, as we have mentioned in a preceding part of our Table Talk,* he incurred the displeasure of his Grace of Canterbury, and was thereupon disgraced and banished the court by Charles the First, with whom he had once been a very great favourite. Indeed, when Charles, as Prince of Wales, went on his fool's errand to Madrid for a wife, not being able to do without the society of the jester, he took Archee Armstrong with him, or caused him to follow to the Spanish capital. James Howell, who

* See vol. i. p. 136.

was at Madrid at the time, tells the following story in a letter dated July 10th, 1623 :

“ Our cousin Archee hath more privilege than any, for he often goes with his fool's coat where the Infanta is with her *meninas* and ladies of honour, and keeps a blowing and blustering amongst them, and flurts out what he lists.

“ One day they were discoursing what a marvellous thing it was, that the Duke of Bavaria, with less than fifteen thousand men, after a very toilsome march, should dare to encounter the Palsgrave's army, consisting of above twenty-five thousand, and to give them an utter discomfiture, and take Prague presently after. Whereunto Archee answered, that he would tell them a stranger thing than that: ‘ Was it not a strange thing,’ quoth he, ‘ that in the year 88, there should come a fleet of one hundred and forty sails from Spain to invade England, and that ten of these could not go back to tell what became of the rest?’ ”—*Howell's Letters*.

Archee, though a professional buffoon, was a presbyterian, and as such was opposed to Charles's match with the catholic Infanta.

XXV. A PIC-NIC.

It would not be easy to ascertain when this species of entertainment became fashionable ; but we have an account of a very distinguished pic-nic that took place more than two centuries ago, on occasion of the birthday of Charles, Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I.

Manwairing, in a letter to the famous Earl of Arundel, who was another of those choice, luxurious, and prodigal

spirits, whose "expenses were without any measure, and always exceeded very much his immense revenue," gives a short description of this singular banquet. The letter is dated Nov. 22, 1618.

"The Prince his birthday has been solemnized here, by the few marquisses and lords which found themselves here, and (to supply the want of lords) knights and squires were admitted to a consultation, wherein it was resolved that such a number should meet at Gamiges, *and bring every man his dish of meat.* It was left to their own choice what to bring: some chose to be substantial, some curious, some extravagant. Sir George Goring's invention bore away the bell; and that was four huge brawny pigs, piping hot, bitted and harnessed with ropes of sarsiges, all tied to a monstrous bag pudding."

This letter is curious in more respects than one. The facetious Goring here mentioned was the "bloody Goring" of the civil war some sixteen years after, and the most haughty, fierce, and cruel of all the commanders on the royal side. He, however, had begun life as a jester and buffoon in the court of James the First, where his antics obtained him more favour and promotion than other men's wisdom and important services procured to them.—*See Court Fools.*

Sir George Goring was vice-chamberlain to the Queen of Charles the First, and was created Earl of Norwich in 1644, when the civil war was at its height. In 1649, after the death of Charles, Goring was brought to trial; but his life, which by a hundred actions he had deserved to forfeit, was spared in the House of Commons by the casting vote of the Speaker.

XXVI.

ARCHBISHOP LAUD AND VENISON PIES.

THE following letter is copied from the original in the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. We should hardly have expected to find the name of this stately and tyrannical churchman connected with stale pastry; but gourmands may think the better of his natural disposition, from seeing with what equanimity he talks of two choice venison pies that had miscarried, and reached him "as moldye as if they had been sent from a farre countrye." It must be remembered, however, that Laud really "got these things often;" and, besides roebucks of his own, had abundant means of purchasing the venison of other men. His resignation, therefore, was not so exemplary as that of Oliver Goldsmith when he lost his "haunch;" which loss caused us the gain of an admirable poem.

SALUTEM IN CHRISTO.

SIR,

Nowe I knowe to whome I am beholding for twoe younge roebucke pyes, and I thanke you heartily for them. They came not as you intended, but I will take leave to tell you how they came. The twoe pyes came to me a little before Christmas, as moldye as if they had been sent from a farre countrye. No direction at all came with them, but only that they came from Duresme; soe I thought they had been my lord bishop's kindnes, and either I did give him thanks for them, or intended to

doe. Nowe in the midle of May came your letters, by which I understand the pyes came from you, and truly I thanke you as heartily as if they had come to me in very good case, for soe I knowe you intended them. And with these thanks I leave you to the grace of God and rest.

Your loveing freinde,

“*Lambeth, June 3, 1634.*”

“W. CANT.”

(Addressed)

“To my very loveing freind Sir William Bellasys, sheriff of the bishopricke of Durham,” these.

XXVII. WHETHER CLAUDE LORRAINE WAS A PASTRY-COOK.

SOME curious instances might be afforded of the continuance and perpetuation by authors of a mistake once made. The following is singular.—Sandraat, who was a contemporary of Claude, wrote his life in Latin, and from this source all subsequent writers have supplied themselves. Sandraat says that Claude, being found dull at learning, was taken from school, and put under a painter of eatables—“*à parentibus suis in disciplinam tradebatur, pictori cuidam artocreatum.*” This latter part has always been translated, “put him apprentice to a ‘*pastry-cook.*’” Every modern life of Claude has it so, and many of the great masters in the art and mystery of pastry have no doubt glorified greatly in having had so illustrious a brother. How “*cuidam pictori artocreatum*” came to be translated into a pastry-cook, it is useless now to consider. The fact is, both in Germany and Italy, the painting of signs for shops and other places where eatables are sold

was an extensive trade, and is even now practised by many, as the signs on the shutters and doors throughout Germany and in parts of Italy prove; the representation of rolls, pies, cakes, sausages, &c. being often "done to the life."

XXVIII.

ON THE FAMILY OF LORD BACON.

In the *Biographia Britannica*, the father of Sir Nicholas Bacon is styled "Robert Bacon, of Drinkston, Esq." and an attempt is made to show that he was an offshoot of "an ancient and honourable family" established in Suffolk about the time of the Norman Conquest. The existence of this family as one of some standing in that county, is proved by a reference to Camden; and the descent from it of the celebrated Bacons—the Lord Keeper and the Lord Chancellor—rests on the doubtful authority of a manuscript genealogy in the hands of one of their descendants. At any rate, the following statements relative to this Robert Bacon, the grandfather of the author of the *Novum Organum Scientiarum*, extracted word for word from some manuscript notes of a Life of Sir Nicholas Bacon, in the hand-writing of Bishop Kennet,* among the Lansdown MSS. in the British Museum, are sufficiently curious, and decisive of the humble station of the family immediately before its elevation.

"There was a Popish libel written in Latin, and published in divers languages and countries, against her

* Mus. Brit. Kennet's Coll. Lansdown MSS. No. 981. Plut. 78. G. page 169.

Majesty's proclamation for the search and apprehension of seminary priests * and their receivers, by John Philopatri, as he called himself, in 1592.

“The author aggravates the miseries of England, and ascribes them all to their severities against the Catholics, and makes the instruments of that severity and persecution to be Sir Nicholas Bacon, the Lord Treasurer, the Earl of Leicester, Sir Francis Walsingham, and Sir Christopher Hutton; and therefore rails against all of them, though the Lord Treasurer was the only man then living.

“Speaking of Nicholas Bacon, he was very angry that he and my Lord Treasurer had helpt one another, by the assistance of Sir Anthony Cooke, their father-in-law, and Sir John Cheek, King Edward's schoolmaster, by whom they came both first in favour. He saith that Sir Nicholas Bacon's father, servant to the Abbot of Bury, and keeper of his sheep and cattle, put his son to Gray's Inn, where first he was under-butler; and after, by the augmentation court and attorneyship of the wards, he came to be Lord Keeper, wherein he shewed himself so corrupt and partial for bribery, as never man before or since in that place: for which he allegeth a protestation of Plowden, the famous lawyer, made at the Chancery bar, Bacon being present, that he would never return thither so long as so corrupt a judge should sit in that place; which he performed.

“The Lord Treasurer, in a letter written in his own defence, saith of Sir Nicholas Bacon, that albeit his father

* A priest educated at a seminary; a seminarist.

“O my conscience, a *seminary*, he kisses the sticks.”

B. Jonson, Barthol. Fair.

was no man of living, (*i. e.* of real estate) yet was he accounted so wealthy as he left two of his sons stocks of money to be honest merchants; and to the third, who was afterwards Lord Keeper, maintenance for his study in Gray's Inn."

The authority which the Bishop of Peterborough transcribes, is a manuscript in the British Museum,* entitled "An advertisement written to a secretary of my Lord Treasurer's in England, by an English Intelligencer, as he passed through Germany into Italy, concerning a book written in Latin, and published in divers languages and countries, against her Majesty's late proclamation for search and apprehension of seminary priests and their receivers, 1592." This "advertisement" consists of an account of the charges of the Catholics, and the answers of the Lord Treasurer, whose letter it is said the Catholics had intercepted and published. Of course, the testimony of John Philopatri, an anonymous partisan, whose statement is obviously false about Sir Nicholas Bacon having been an under-butler, and very doubtful in regard to his having been guilty of bribery is not to be relied on: the malignant assertions of such a writer are perfectly worthless as evidence, except as the occasion of the admissions and explanations of Lord Burhley, the brother-in-law of Sir Nicholas Bacon, that, though the station of the father of Sir Nicholas Bacon was humble, he yet died wealthy enough to set up two of his sons as "honest merchants," and to maintain the third during the time of his studies.

* Harleian MSS. 35. 66. d.

XXIX. DURHAM-HOUSE AND YORK-HOUSE.

ON the south side of the Strand, a short distance to the west of Waterloo Bridge, are a terrace and several streets called Adam-street, James-street, Robert-street, and the Adelphi-terrace. They are named after Robert and James Adam, two brothers, architects in London, who rose to considerable employment and respectability towards the end of the last century. This site was formerly occupied by two old buildings of some note and interest,—Durham-house and York-house. The contrast between the present buildings and those which stood in former times on the same spot, in the derivation of their names, the purposes to which they are applied, and the scenes and associations to which they give rise, will be pleasingly interesting to the reader who wishes to have his daily walks in the streets of London as full of charming recollections as wealth and genius have made them of agreeable sights.

When Durham-house was first erected by one of the bishops of Durham, for the accommodation of himself and his successors, is not known. The house, of which the following facts are narrated by Stowe, in his Survey of London, was built early in the sixteenth century.

“Among other things memorable concerning this house, is this one:—In the year of Christ 1540, the 32 of Henry the 8, on May-day, a great and triumphant jousting was holden at Westmenster, which had been formerly proclaimed in France, Flanders, Scotland, and Spain, for all comers that would undertake the challengers of Eng-

land, which were Sir John Dudley, Sir Thomas Seymer, Sir Thomas Peynings, and Sir George Carew, knights; and Anthony Kingston and Richard Cromwell, esquires: all which came into the lists that day richly appalled, and their horses trapped all in white velvet. There came against them the said day 46 defendents or undertakers; viz. the Earl of Surrey foremost, Lord William Howard, Lord Clinton, and Lord Cromwell, son and heir to Thomas Cromwell Earl of Essex, and Chamberlain of England, with others: and that day, after the jousts were performed, the challengers rode into this Durham-house, where they kept open household, and feasted the King and Queen,



with her ladies and all the court. The second day, Anthony Kingston and Richard Cromwell were made knights there.

“ The third day of May, the said challengers did tourney on horseback with swords, and against them 49 defendants; Sir John Dudley and the Earl of Surrey running first, which at the first course lost their gauntlets: and that day Sir Richard Cromwell overthrew Master Palmer and his horse in the field, to the great honour of the challengers.

“ The fifth of May, the challengers fought on foot at the barriers, and against them came 50 defendants which fought valiently; but Sir Richard Cromwell overthrew that day, at the barriers, Master Culpepper in the field: and on the 6th day the challengers broke up their household. In this time of their housekeeping, they had not only feasted the King, Queen, ladies, and all the court, as is afore showed; but also they cheered all the knights and burgesses of Commons House in the parliament, and entertained the mayor of London, with the aldermen and their wives, at a dinner, &c. The King gave to every one of the said challengers and their heirs for ever, in reward of their valient activity, 100 marks, and a house to dwell in, of yearly revenue out of the land pertaining to the hospital of St. John of Jerusalem.”—*Stowe*, 1633, p. 494.

York-house was the next to the west of Durham-house. In the words of *Stowe*: “ Next beyond this Durham-house is one other great house, sometime belonging to the Bishop of Norwich, and was his London lodging, which now pertaineth to the Archbishop of Yorke by this occasion :—In the year 1529, when Cardinal Wolsey, Arch-

bishop of York, was indicted in the premunire, whereby King Henry the VIII. was entitled to his goods and possessions, he also seized into his hands the said archbishop's house, commonly called York-place, and changed the name thereof into Whitehall: whereby the archbishops of Yorke being dispossessed, and having no house of repair about London, Queen Mary gave unto Nicholas Heth, then Archbishop of Yorke, and to his successors, Suffolk-house in Southwark, lately built by Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, as I have shewed.

“ This house the said archbishop sold, and bought the aforesaid house, of old time belonging to the bishops of Norwich, which of this last purchase is now called York-house: the lord chancellors or lord keepers of the great seal of England have been lately there lodged.” *

In Queen Elizabeth's time some attempts were made to induce Sandys, Archbishop of York, to part with York-house; which he resisted. It was however occupied by Sir Nicholas Bacon, the lord keeper, in 1560; and in it his youngest son, Lord Bacon, by the learned and pious Lady Anne Cooke, his second wife, was born.

In James the First's time it was occupied successively by Thomas Viscount Brackly, the lord chancellor, and by Francis Viscount of St. Albans. In the second year of this reign, an exchange was made of it by Archbishop Toby Mathew, of York, for some lands and tenements in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields.

“ When Lord Bacon was high chancellor of England,

* Stowe's Survey, p. 373, et seq. Edit. 1598.

he procured from the King, York-house, for the place of his residence, for which he seems to have had an affection, as being the place of his birth, and where his father had lived all the time he possessed the high office of lord keeper of the great seal. Here, in the beginning of the year 1620, he kept his birthday with great splendor and magnificence, which gave occasion to the compliment expressed in the short poem below. The verse indeed, like most of Jonson's, is somewhat harsh ; but there is much good sense and a vein of poetry to recommend it to our notice. The reader will observe, the poem implies a very beautiful fiction ; the poet starting as it were, on his entering York-house, at the sight of the *Genius* of the place performing some mystery, which he discovers from the gaiety of his look, and takes occasion from thence to form the congratulatory compliment."—*Gifford's Jonson*, vol. viii. p. 440.

LORD BACON'S BIRTHDAY.

“ HAIL, happy Genius of this ancient pile !
 How comes it all things so about thee smile,—
 The fire, the wine, the men ? and in the midst
 Thou stand'st as if some mystery thou didst !
 Pardon ! I read it in thy face,—the day
 For whose returns, and many, all these pray ;
 And so do I. This is the sixtieth year
 Since Bacon and thy lord was born here ;
 Son to the grave, wise keeper of the seal,—
 Fame and foundation of the English weal.
 What then his father was, that since is he ;
 Now with a title more to the degree,—
 England's high chancellor : the destined heir,
 In his soft cradle, to his father's chair :

Whose even thread the Fates spin round and full,
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool
'Tis a brave cause of joy ; let it be known :
For 't were a narrow gladness, kept thine own.
Give me a deep-crowned bowl, that I may sing,
In raising him, the wisdom of my King."

XXX.

THE CICERONE OF WINDSOR CASTLE.

I WAS proud of Windsor, and my great delight was to show the lions to strangers. There were always two staple commodities of this nature—the Round Tower, and the State Apartments of the Castle—which were not affected by any of the changes of the times.

The Round Tower has an historical interest of a certain kind about it, from having been the prison of the captive Kings of France and Scotland in the reign of Edward the Third.

As we grow older, this sort of charm becomes very worthless; for, after all, there is just as much philosophical interest in the wars of the Fantees and the Ashantees, as in those of the French and the English for the disputed succession to a crown, the owner or pretender to which never dreamt that the possession or the winning imposed the least obligation to provide for the good of the people from whom they claimed allegiance. However, I used to feel this sort of interest in the place; and when they showed me the armour of John of France, and David of Scotland, (as genuine, I dare say, as any of those which

Dr. Meyrick has consigned to plebeian shoulders, and much later eras,) I felt very proud of my country for having so gloriously carried fire and sword to the dwellings of peaceful and inoffensive lieges. The Round Tower is a miserably furnished, dreary sort of place; and only repays a visit by the splendid view from its top. But it once had a charm, which, like many other charms of our boyhood, has perished for ever.

There was a young lady, a dweller within "the proud keep," to whom was intrusted the daily task of expounding to inquiring visitants the few wonders of the place. Amongst the choicest of them was some dingy tapestry, which, for aught I know, still adorns the walls, on which were delineated various passages of the piteous story of Hero and Leander. The fair guide thus discoursed thereon, with the volubility of an Abbé Barthelémi, though with a somewhat different measure of knowledge:—"Here, ladies and gentlemen, is the whole lamentable history of Hero and Leander. Hero was a nun: she lived in that old ancient nunnery which you see. There you see the lady abbess chiding Hero for her love of Leander. And now, ladies and gentlemen, look at Leander swimming across St. George's channel, while Hero, from the nunnery window, holds out a large flambeau. There you see the affectionate meeting of the two lovers; and then the cruel parting. Ladies and gentlemen, Leander perished as he was swimming back. His body was picked up by Captain Vanslom, of his Majesty's ship *Britannia*, and carried into Gibraltar, where it was decently buried. And this, ladies and gentlemen, is the true history of

Hero and Leander, which you see on that tapestry." Alas, for the march of intellect! such guides are every day getting more and more scarce; and we shall have nothing for our pains in the propagation of knowledge, but to yawn over sober sense for the rest of our lives.—
Knight's Quarterly Magazine.

XXXI. THE SAPIENT PIG.

THE following epigram appeared in the Morning Chronicle at the time that Toby the sapient pig was exhibited in town.

I passed through London's gorgeous shops,
And London's daily fogs,
And wondered at her essenced fops,
And educated hogs.

Methinks, if these would change, 'twere well,
And might improve the nation,
Did pigs aspire to savoury smell,
And men to education.

XXXII. A PRACTICAL SARCASM.

THIS is another anecdote told of the late Rev. Robert Hall. When discussing one day the necessity of Church reform with a clergyman who, after being educated by the Dissenters, obtained a conviction of the purity of the Established Church, and a lucrative living within her pale, at the same time, Mr. Hall illustrated this kind of logical process in a way unsurpassed in the history of

sarcasm. This gentleman's constant refuge, when hard driven by the arguments of Mr. Hall, was, "I can't see it,"—"I don't see it,"—"I can't see that at all." At last, Mr. Hall took a letter from his pocket, and wrote on the back of it with his pencil in small letters the word "God." "Do you see that?" "Yes." He then covered it with a piece of gold. "Do you see it now?" "No." "I must wish you good morning, sir," said Hall; and left him to his meditations.

XXXIII. A GREAT MAN IN DISGUISE.

MANY years ago it happened that the elder Vernet, the painter, was travelling from Marseilles to Paris in the *coche-voiturin*, an extra-heavy diligence, which performed the journey in three weeks. Among the passengers packed up in its ample cavities, Vernet took particular notice of a fat man, with a red and vulgar face, whose wits seemed as thick as his body; and resolving to amuse himself with this grotesque creature, he showed him a great deal of politeness, which the fat man returned awkwardly, but good-humouredly. They soon came to a hill; and, as the poor jades would have been totally unable to drag up the *coche-voiturin* with its fat and lean cargo, the passengers got out. As they were walking, they passed near a ditch of no great width, and Vernet, who was a good leaper, offered to bet that he would clear it.

"What!" cries the fat man, much surprised, "could you clear that?"

"To be sure I could; it's not wide."

"I should like to see you set about it."

"Why so?" says Vernet, clearing it.

"You've done it, sure enough," said the fat man; "I should like to try too; you have put me in spirits, and I think I could get over."

"You!" cried the painter, bursting into a loud laugh; "I should like to see *you* set about it. I will bet our dinner that you tumble in."

"Come now, don't frighten me beforehand. Let me see: our dinner,—that comes to a good deal."

"Three francs, I believe."

"That's a good bit of money; never mind, I'll try. Done."

After cutting half a dozen queer faces, the fat man leaped, and plumped down a foot farther than Vernet had gone.

"I must have my revenge," cries Vernet, rather piqued; "you won't refuse me, I hope."

"Oh no! It was a mere chance, and may not happen again: at any rate people must play fairly, and to-morrow we will leap for our dinner once more."

The next day another opportunity of trying their agility presented itself, and the fat man won by a trifle, as he had done the day before, and was again delighted with his astonishing luck; while Vernet, more and more mortified at the triumph of his antagonist, renewed the contest every day, and lost every day without exception. But everything must have an end, and our travellers had arrived at their last stage; on which the fat man went up to Vernet and said: "Sir, I owe you a thousand thanks for your kindness in paying for my din-

ner almost all the way from Marseilles here ; and I wish to show you my gratitude. If you should like to have orders for Nicolet's theatre, I shall be happy to present you with them ; for I am engaged as clown there, and am to come out in two days—which may consolè you for being beaten. You leap beautifully ; but if you did it twice as well, I should have won just the same, for I have some master-strokes in reserve, which I should have made use of to exemplify the proverb (which of course you know) that says “ from good to better, as they do at Nicolet's.”

XXXIV. A FEW PARALLEL PASSAGES.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir ! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery ; Marry, go before to field, he 'll be your follower.

Romeo and Juliet, act iii. sc. 1.

Pand. Friend ! you ! pray you a word : do not you follow the young lord Paris ?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Troilus and Cressida, act iii. sc. 1.

The King himself has followed her,—

When she has walked before.

Goldsmith's Elegy on Mrs. Blaize.

Mer. Ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man.—*Romeo and Juliet*, act iii. sc. 1.

Here Whiteford reclines, and deny it who can,

Though he merrily lived, he is now a grave man.

Goldsmith's Postscript to Retaliation.

Quintilian (lib. viii. cap. 2.) censures Virgil for the antithetical expression in the line

Hunc ego si potui tantum sperare dolorem.

It is imitated, however, by Racine (Andromaque, v. 5. 31.)

Grace aux Dieux ! mon malheur passe mon espérance.

Dr. Johnson said of Lord Chesterfield, that he was a wit among lords, but only a lord among wits. This antithesis, and many others of the same kind, may perhaps be traced to a Greek epigrammatist. Addressing a man whom he greets with the titles of *Τεκνον αναιδειης, αμαθεσατε, θρεμμα μοριης*, (“Child of impudence, most ignorant, nurseling of folly,”) he tells him that he is a grammarian among the followers of Plato; but that if one inquires about the doctrines of Plato, he again becomes a grammarian.

Εν μὲν γραμματικοῖς σὺ Πλατωνικὸς· ἀν δὲ Πλάτωνος
Δογματὰ τίς ζητῆ, γραμματικὸς σὺ καλῖν.

Le premier qui fut roi fut un soldat heureux.—*Racine*.

Yet what can they see in the longest kingly line in Europe, save that it runs back to a successful soldier? says Cromwell in Woodstock.—(Vol. ii. p. 371. *Uniform edition*.)

XXXV. A MILE.

A mile is one of those words which, when rendered into other languages, demand an explanatory translator. Thus,

if the precept "After supper walk a mile," were done into Swedish or Danish by a mere dictionary translator, those who obeyed it would perform the tenth part of an equatorial degree.

The celebrated German Encyclopædia, the *Conversations-Lexicon*, informs us that

A degree contains,

10	Norwegian miles.
$10\frac{2}{3}$	Danish.
$10\frac{2}{3}$	Swedish.
$13\frac{1}{2}$	Hungarian.
15	German.
$19\frac{2}{3}$	Dutch (Uuren or hours.)
20	Spanish miles.
$26\frac{2}{3}$	Castilian.
60	Italian.
60	English geographical miles.
$66\frac{2}{3}$	Turkish berri.
$69\frac{1}{2}$	English miles.
$104\frac{1}{2}$	Russian wersts.
250	Chinese li.

A degree also contains $17\frac{1}{2}$ Spanish, and 20 French, Dutch, or English sea-leagues.

So far the Lexicon of Conversation, which almost exhausts the subject, but not quite, for we may add ;

First, That 11 common Irish miles make 14 English ones ; and a degree therefore contains nearly 55.

Second, That the Dutch method of reckoning distance by hours, i. e. by the supposed time that it will take to

perform it, is very usual in Germany, especially in the south. A *stunde* (hour) means half a German mile, or $\frac{2}{10}$ English miles.

Third, That *mile* is derived from *mille* a thousand ; the common phrase for a mile in Latin writers being *mille passus*, a thousand paces.

XXXVI. HONOUR TO POETS.

ACCORDING to an old English writer, Philo-Judæus, in his book *De Plantatione Noe*, says, “that when God had made the whole world’s mass, he created poets to celebrate and set out the Creator himself, and all his creatures.”

Old William Winstanley calls our poets, “our English sons of Apollo, and darlings of the Delian deity.”

“And indeed what is it that so masters oblivion, and causeth the names of the dead to live, as the divine strains of sacred poesie? How are the names forgotten of those mighty monarchs, the founders of the Egyptian pyramids, when that ballad-poet, Thomas Elderton, who did arm himself with ale, (as old father Ennius did with wine,) is remembered in Mr. Camden’s Remains? Having this made to his memory,

Hic situs est sitiens atque ebrîus Eldertonus,
Quid dico ? hic situs est ;—hic potius sitis est.”

We question whether many of our readers ever before heard of Thomas Elderton, whose name has outlived those of the “mighty monarchs, the founders of the Egyptian Pyramids.” But there he is, in a crypt of Mr. Camden’s Remains ; and have we not now restored him

to day-light, like a lost mummy, in our book of Table Talk? Honest Master William was fain to admit that all verse-makers did not deserve such a glorious immortality as the ale-bibbing Thomas Elderton. He says, "Poets there be whose wide mouths speak nothing but bladders and bombast—treating only of trifles; the Muse's haberdashers of small wares,

Whose wits are but a tavern tympany
The shavings and the chips of poetry.

Indeed, such pedlars to the Muses, whose verse run like the tap, and whose invention ebbs and flows like the barrel, deserve not the name of poets."

Winstanley's estimate of the writings and character of the great Milton, is exceedingly amusing:

"John Milton," he says, "was one, whose natural parts might deservedly give him a place amongst the principal of our English poets, having written two heroick poems and a tragedy; namely, *Paradice Lost*, *Paradice Regain'd*, and *Sampson Agonista*. But his fame is gone out like a candle in a snuff, and his memory will always stink, which might have ever lived in honourable repute, had not he been a notorious traytor, and most impiously and villanously bely'd that blessed martyr, King Charles the First."—*Lives of the Poets*, p. 196. (Ed. 1687.)

A much greater favourite than Milton with Will Winstanley, was one Thomas Randolph, another of the now illustrious obscure, of whom he gives the following instructive details.

"This famous poet was born at *Houghton*, in *Northamptonshire*, and was first bred in *Westminster School*,

then fellow in *Trinity Colledge*, in *Cambridge*. He was one of such a pregnant wit, that the Muses may seem not only to have smiled, but to have been tickled at his nativity,—such the festivity of his poems of all sorts. Yet was he also sententiously grave, as may appear by many of his writings, not only in his *Necessary Precepts*, but also in several other of his poems: take one instance in the conclusion of his commendatory verses to Mr. *Feltham*, on his excellent Book of *Resolves*.

'Mongst thy Resolves, put my resolves in too ;
 Resolve who will, this I resolve to do,—
 That, should my errors chuse another line
 Whereby to write, I mean to live by thine.

His extraordinary indulgence to the too liberal converse with the multitude of his applauders, drew him to such an immoderate way of living, that he was seldom out of gentlemen's company ; and as it often happens that in drinking high quarrels arise, so there chanced some words to pass betwixt Mr. *Randolph* and another gentleman, which grew to be so high, that the gentleman, drawing his sword, and striking at Mr. *Randolph*, cut off his little finger, whereupon, in an extemporary humour, he instantly made these verses :

Arithmetick nine digits, and no more,
 Admits of ; then I have all my store :
 But what mischance hath ta'en from my left-hand,
 It seems did only for a cypher stand ;
 Hence, when I scan my verse if I do miss,
 I will impute the fault only to this,—
 A finger's loss, I speak it not in sport,
 Will make a verse a foot too short.

“ That he was of a free, generous disposition, not regarding at all the riches of the world, may be seen in the first poem of his book, speaking of the inestimable content he enjoyed in the Muses, to those of his friends which dehorted him from poetry :

‘ Go, sordid earth, and hope not to bewitch
My high-born soul, which flies a nobler pitch ;
Thou canst not tempt her with adulterate show,
She bears no appetite that flags so low,’ &c.

“ His poems, published after his death, and ushered into the world by the best wits of those times, passed the test with general applause, and have gone through several impressions : to praise one, were in some sort to dispraise the other,—being indeed all praiseworthy. His *Cambridge Duns* facetiously pleasing, as is also his *Parley with his Empty Purse* ; in their kind not outdone by any. He was by *Ben. Jonson* adopted for his son, and that as is said upon this occasion.

“ Mr. *Randolph*, having been at *London* so long as that he might truly have had a parley with his *Empty Purse*, was resolved to go see *Ben. Jonson* with his associates, which, as he heard, at a set time kept a club together at the *Devil Tavern*, near Temple Bar : accordingly, at the time appointed he went thither, but being unknown to them, and wanting money, which to an ingenious spirit is the most daunting thing in the world, he peeped in the room where they were ; which being espied by *Ben. Jonson*, and seeing him in a scholar’s threadbare habit, ‘ *John Bo-peep*,’ says he, ‘ come in,’ which accordingly he did ; when immediately they began to rhyme upon the meanness of his clothes, asking him if he could not make a

verse? and withal to call for a quart of sack: there being four of them, he immediately thus replied,

'I, *John Bo-peep*, to you four sheep,
With each one his good fleece;
If that you are willing to give me five shilling,
'Tis fifteen-pence a piece.'

"By *Jesus!*" quoth *Ben. Jonson*, (his usual oath,) 'I believe this is my son *Randolph*; which being made known to them, he was kindly entertained into their company, and *Ben. Jonson* ever after called him son.

"He wrote, besides his poems, the *Muses' Looking-glass*, *Jealous Lovers*, and *Hey for Honesty*, down with *Knavery!* comedies; *Amintas*, a pastoral; and *Aristippus*, an interlude.—P. 142 of same edition.

The literary history of these days is soaked through and through with sack and ale, and the best part of the lives of "the best wits of those times" seems to have been passed in taverns. It was scarcely needful for *Winstanley* to tell us that where there was so much drinking there was plenty of brawling and fighting. In an epigram of *Sir Aston Cokaine's*, addressed to his cousin, "Mr. Charles Cotton, the younger," *Randolph* is placed in very good company.

"Donne, Suckling, *Randolph*, *Drayton*, *Massinger*,
Habington, *Sandys*, *May*, my acquaintance were:
Jonson, *Chapman*, and *Holland* I have seen,
And with them too should have acquainted been.
What needs this catalogue? They are dead and gone;
And to me you are all of them in one."

From "*Poems of diverse sorts*, 8vo. 1658," as quoted by *Sir Egerton Brydges*, in "*Restituta*," vol. ii. p. 33.



XXXVII. TAYLOR, THE WATER-POET.

THIS choice "son of Apollo and darling of the Delian deity," was called the Water-poet, not because he drank water, (an evil practice not consonant with the spirit of the age,) but because he went upon water. In short, he was a London waterman, and, during a part of his poetical existence, he got his living by rowing on the Thames. Pope has given him a lift towards immortality, with other deady-lively writers, in his Dunciad.

"Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
Once swan of Thames, though now he sings no more."

Book iii. v. 18.

But his contemporary and boon-companion Will Winstanley says, more in detail, "Some perhaps may think this person (John Taylor) unworthy to be ranked

amongst those sons of Apollo whom we mentioned before ; but to them we shall answer, that, had he had learning according to his natural parts, he might have equalled, if not exceeded, many who claim a great share in the temple of the Muses. Indeed, for aught I can understand, he never learned no further than his *Accidence*, as we may learn from his own words in one of his books:

‘ I must confess I do want eloquence,
 And never scarce did learn my *accidence* ;
 For, having got from *possum* to *posset*,
 I there was gravel’d, could no further get.’

“ He was born in Gloucestershire, where he went to school with one Green ; who, as John Taylor saith, loved new milk so well, that, to be sure to have it new, he went to the market to buy a cow, but his eyes being dim, he cheapened a bull, and asking the price of the beast, the owner and he agreed ; and, driving it home, would have his maid to milk it, which she attempting to do” * * * * *

(Here delicacy makes us interrupt a quotation, where Winstanley in prose, and John Taylor in verse, tell in broad terms what befel the maid and her milking-pail.)

“ He was afterwards bound apprentice to a waterman of London, a laborious trade : and yet though it be said that *ease is the nurse of poetry*, yet did he not only follow his calling, but also plyed his writings, which in time produced above fourscore books,* which I have seen ; besides several others unknown to me ; some of which were dedicated to King James, and King Charles

* “ He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I.”—*Notes to Dunciad*.

the First, and by them well accepted, considering the meanness of his education to produce works of ingenuity. He afterwards kept a publick-house in Phoenix-alley, by Long-acre,* continuing very constant in his loyalty to the King, upon whose doleful murder he set up the sign of the *Mourning Crown*; but that being counted malignant in those times of rebellion, he pulled down that, and hung up his own picture, under which were writ these two lines :

‘ There ’s many a king’s head hang’d up for a sign,
And many a saint’s head too, then why not mine ?’

“ He dyed about the year 1654, upon whom one bestowed this epitaph :

‘ Here lies the Water-poet, honest John,
Who rowed on the streams of Helicon ;
Where having many rocks and dangers past,
He at the haven of heaven arriv’d at last.’

Winstanley’s Lives of the Poets, p. 167. (ed. 1687.)

Sir Egerton Brydges, in his “ *Censura Litteraria*,” has given a long list of the Water-poet’s pieces ; and in his “ *Restituta*,” the same diligent explorer of the recon-dite and dusty paths of literature has laid before us a marvellous exploit of old John’s, (in his character of a waterman, not in his poetical capacity,) together with an abstract of another work of Taylor’s not entered in the “ *Censura*.”

* “ He afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an ale-house in Long Acre.”—*Notes to the Dunciad*. Ned Ward was a wit, and the calling of tapsters or of publicans seems to have been a pretty common resource for poor wits and poets. If they had poets only for their customers, we doubt whether they prospered much.

This scarce tract is entitled, "John Taylor's last voyage and adventure, performed from the twentieth of July last, 1641, to the tenth of September following. In which time he past, with a sculler's boat, from the citie of London to the cities and townes of Oxford, Gloucester, Shrewsbury, Bristol, Bathe, Monmouth, and Hereford. The manner of his passages and entertainment to and fro, truly described. With a short touch of some wandring, and some fixed schismatiques; such as are Brownists, Anabaptists, Famalies, Humorists, and Foolists, which the author found in many places of his voyage and journey. Printed at London by F. L. for John Taylor, and may be had at the shoppe of Thomas Baites in the Old Baily, 1641, 8°. pp. 32."

Some people who are acquainted with the run of our English rivers, and the paucity of canals in those days, may wonder how John made this voyage; but the truth is, whenever it suited him, he put his boat into a waggon, and *voyaged* on dry land until he came to another river. Thus, on reaching the head of the Isis, or the spot above Oxford, where that river ceased to be navigable, he hired a waggon which carried him with his boat and boys to the stream of the Stroud. On his return, when he reached Hereford, he fell into "a quandary or brown study," as to whether it were better to sell his boat there, and return to London by land, or to bring the memorable wherry home again, either by land or water, or both, or how he could. His love of fame surmounted his dread of difficulties, and he resolved that the boat should be restored to its parent Thames, on which he had so long rowed and rhymed. The following extract

will give an idea of the course he pursued, and of his manner of writing prose.

“ On Friday, the 27 of August, I passed doune the river of Wye to a place called Jackson Weare, where with great entertainment and welcome I was lodged, and my men also, at the house of one Master Aperley, dwelling there; to whom for many favours I doe acknowledge myselfe to be extraordinarily beholding. And on the Saturday I came to Lidbrook, to my former hoste, Master Mosse, where understanding and knowing the passage down Wye and up Severne to be very long and dangerous, especially if stormy weather should arise; the boate being split, torne, and shaken, that she did leake very much. These things considered; and that I was within five miles of Severne by land to Newnham, and that by water thither there was no lesse than 50 miles, I hired a wayne from Lidbrook to Newnham; and on Monday, the 30 of August, I past up Severne by Gloucester; and, working all night, came in the morning betimes to Tewxbury, into another river called Avon; which, by the great charge and industry of Master Sands, is made navigable many miles up into the country. Tuesday, the 31 of August, I came to a market-towne in Worcestershire, called Pershore. On the first of September, I came to the auncient town of Evesholm, (corruptly called Esham,) and seeing that river to bee further out of my way home, I hired another wayne from Esham to Burford, where I found a crooked brook called Windrush: in which brook, after one night's lodging, with my appendixes, having taken each of us to Burford bait, we passed many strange letts and hindrances into the river

of Isis or Thames. Againe, at Newbridge, 12 or 14 miles from Oxford by water: by which university I past to Abingdon, the fourth of September, where I stayed till Wednesday the eight day: from thence was I with my boate at home, on the Friday following. And thus, in lesse than twenty days' labour, 1200 miles were past to and fro; in most hard, difficult, and many dangerous passages, for the which I give God most humble and hearty prayse and thanks."

The account of this famous voyage was not all in prose; the subjoined lines from it, may give an idea of John's verse:

"Of rivers many writers well have done:
 Grave Camden, Drayton's Polyolbion;
 And painefull Speede doth in his mappes declare
 Where all these brookes and waters were and are."

And again, where he speaks of former exploits in the boating line,

"And with a pair of oares, to that intent
 I once from London into Lincoln went:
 Whereas a passage* seven miles was cut thorowe
 From Lincoln into Trent, and to Gainsborowe.
 That way I went, and into Humber past
 To Hull, from thence to Ouse, and Yorke at last.
 Another voyage to the West againe,
 I, with a wherry, past the raging maine
 From London to the Isle of Wight, and thence
 To Salisbury—with time and coynes expense."

* Called the Foss-dyke.

XXXVIII. WHETHER ADAM WAS CREATED
IN SPRING OR AUTUMN.

THE Rabbins have written as earnestly on this subject as on the question of our first father's stature. Some of them are perfectly convinced that, as Adam was created a full-grown man with a good appetite, and with no mother to nurse him, and without any knowledge of cooking, he must have been born in the autumn when the fruits of the earth were all ripe, and edible without any preparation. Other Rabbins, however, have maintained with equal confidence, that he must have been born in spring—the season that represents youth and hope,—the season proper to the propagation of birds, beasts, and fishes ; and not in autumn, which is the symbol of maturity, decay, and corruption. The hour of the day in which he opened his eyes to this “beautiful visible world,” they have fixed to a nicety—it was at nine o'clock in the morning exactly. According to the most generally received Rabbinical tradition, he transgressed in the very hour of his creation, and only remained six hours in Paradise, being expelled at three o'clock in the afternoon precisely.

The shortness of this time would have sadly interfered with Milton's poem, not allowing of his exquisite descriptions of sunrise and sunset in the terrestrial Paradise. But other Rabbins prolong the term to six, eight, or ten days ; while a few are of opinion that Adam remained in Paradise thirty-four years !—*Bibliotheca Rabbinnica*.

XXXIX.

SOLDIERS MUST ENJOY THEMSELVES.

ADAGE OF NAPOLEON'S GENERALS.*

Extract from the *Ricoglitore Italiano e Straniero*, Rivista mensile, Gennajo 1835. Milano. "La Defunta."
—A fragment of an inedited drama.

Carlo to Giacomo.—"In Spain I really may say I lived; in Spain I enjoyed myself.

Giacomo.—"Yes! with death at your heels!"

Carlo.—"Do you suppose we thought anything of death? We often risked our lives for a mere glass of brandy; sometimes even for a jest, a caprice, a pastime. I shall never forget the night of the 25th of April 1811. We were encamped a few miles from Tarragona. I was corporal in a regiment commanded by Colonel P., and was one of his favourites, because he saw I feared nothing. On that evening the Colonel had invited several superior officers to supper. I attended the feast, as I was looked upon as a friend of the Colonel. After despatching a Mayence ham and three young pigs, and many bottles of various Spanish wines, our mirth became wild and unruly. 'I wager,' said the Colonel, 'that the nuns of the neighbouring monastery, who are said to live well, have not had a better supper than ours.' 'Where is this

* *Il faut que les soldats s'amusement*, or, *Il faut que les soldats aient leurs jouissances*, were words frequently used by Bonaparte's commanders, and in the mouths of some of them they were meant to excuse any kind of atrocity.

convent?' asked Major B. 'On the summit of the mountain close by, above the village where the brigands (the patriots) are now. It is a rich monastery, and the land produces the best wine in Catalonia.' 'I wish,' said the other, 'we had two dozen of their bottles to finish our supper.' 'Well thought!' replied the Colonel, and he fixed his eyes upon me. 'Comrade, dost thou hear? art thou capable of so much?' 'Yes, Colonel,' I said without hesitation; 'not only the bottles, but the nuns too, if you like.' I was taken at my word amidst laughter and vivas; the Colonel gave me ten men of the light company, well armed, who had drank deep, and a Spanish guide. In an hour's time we were at the foot of the mountain. The wind blew piercing cold; and as the fumes of the wine dissipated, we perceived all the difficulty of our undertaking. The only path to the monastery was through the village where the insurgents were. I told the Spanish guide to lead us by another way. 'There is no other way, señor.' I put a pistol to his breast; he grumbled, and took us round outside of the village, and in a few minutes we were at the foot of an almost perpendicular cliff formed of huge masses, jutting one above the other. 'At the top of that cliff is the garden of the convent,' said the guide. 'I know of no other way.' 'Then go on first.' The Spaniard crossed himself, and began climbing. We followed him silently, one after the other. When we were half-way up, I heard behind me a long shrill cry; then a noise of something rolling down the precipice; then a deep silence, interrupted by a distant moan, which died away amidst the howling of the wind. It was

one of our men, who had missed his footing. We said not a word. At last we arrived at the foot of a low wall which ran up the mountain. Beyond it was the garden of the monastery. We leaped into it. The greatest silence reigned within the building. We entered the portico; we tried the doors, the windows; they were all fast, and strongly bolted; there was no means of getting admission. My comrades were cursing the Colonel and his whims, and I felt mortified and maddened. At last, as I was groping about, I perceived behind the building a large quantity of wood piled up against the wall. A sudden thought struck me. I opened the lantern we had, and applied the candle to the dry wood. It soon blazed up; the wind blew the flame over the opposite side of the building towards the village, and we in the garden were screened from it. Soon after the building itself took fire. We heard shrill cries; the windows were opened, and female voices cried out 'To the garden!' We concealed ourselves behind some palings in an angle of the garden remote from the fire. We heard the nuns running down the staircase, the bolts drawn out, and at last we saw a crowd of about twenty women, half naked, who rushed frantic towards the end of the garden where we were. We fell upon them. 'Ah!' cried one, "los Franzeses!" and she was answered by a cry of horror from the whole group. We drew our swords, and imposed silence. 'We have the nuns, but not the bottles,' said one of my comrades; and he took in his arms one of the nuns, and ran back into the building. Time pressed; the bells of the village

church were sounding the alarm, and we heard people ascending towards the convent. Had we left any of the nuns behind, they would have informed the villagers, and our retreat would have been cut off. We drove or lifted the nuns, half dead with fear, up the wall to the top of the cliff by which we had ascended. The sight of the precipice under their feet made them delirious with terror; no threats, nor blows with the flats of our swords, could keep them quiet. They knelt down at our feet, and begged us to give them a few moments to recommend their souls to God; but we could think of nothing else but of the way of effecting our retreat in safety. Meantime we heard a whistle: it was our companion, returning with the nun and a large hamper full of bottles and a long thick rope. We fixed one end of the rope round a projecting crag, and then lowered the hamper down the precipice. 'Now let the nuns go first,' I said, 'and those who will not, must leap.' It was a grotesque and yet terrible sight to see these women, embarrassed with their long wide garments, half dead with fear, taking hold of the rope one after the other and descending the cliff. Six nuns were in the act of descending in this manner, when suddenly a cry, 'Ahi! Santa Maria!' made me look down, and I saw the foremost, who, with her feet on a shelving rock, suspended in the air, as it were, had lost hold of the rope, and was trying to balance herself and catch it again, when the one above her happened to strike her with her feet. She thus lost her balance, caught hold of the garment of the one above; they both shrieked, and tumbled down into

the precipice. A deadly silence followed. The other nuns who were descending stood as if petrified. Those who were standing with us on the summit refused to stir; no threats or prayers were availing; they answered with loud outcries. Delay was fatal, we unanimously resolved: each of us seized one of the renitent nuns, and hurled her down the precipice. They stumbled in their fall upon those who were suspended half-way on the crags, and all rolled down together: there were new shrieks, and a continued rumbling noise, followed by moans, and at last all was still. 'Let us see,' said one of my companions, and he shook the rope. 'There is nothing more seen or heard; they are all gone to Paradise. *Requiescant in pace!*' Two nuns remained still with us, and they happened to be two of the youngest and prettiest. 'I have promised the Colonel to take him nuns, and so I will,' said I, seizing one of the two, and putting her on my back, telling her to hold fast; and in this manner I went down. The other was given in charge to the guide. We now all descended safely with the assistance of the rope. Arrived at the bottom, I felt something soft under my feet; it was the body of one of the nuns. I put down the living one I had on my back, and, drawing my sword, cut off the ears of the dead one. At short distances I found the bodies of the other *nonnettes*, as the French used to call them, and I cut off their ears too. 'What are you going to do with all these ears?' cried one of my companions. 'Carry them to the Colonel, as evidence of the full success of our enterprise.' 'The ears! what a depraved taste!' exclaimed

another. We then hastened by the shortest cut towards the camp, where we arrived about dawn, with the bottles, the two nuns, and the ears. That morning, the Colonel and the Major drank my health in the wine of the convent !”

Such tales are not mere fictions ; we have heard many quite as horrid, as the annals of the war of the Peninsula, and the evidence of thousands of Portuguese and Spaniards yet living, and of Englishmen too, can attest. The armies of Napoleon, in their ruthless career of invasion and conquest, had become demoralised to a most fearful extent. No other European armies could vie with them in this respect. The hero afterwards tells the story of his own early career. He was the son of a Piedmontese captain in the old King's service, who was killed at Samparelliano, in the first French invasion of Italy ! The son was then at college, his guardian defrauded him of one half of his inheritance when he came out of college ; and being left without any check in those revolutionary times, he squandered the rest in three years on wild debauch. “ Reduced to my last ducat, I made up my resolution : Napoleon wanted men and I wanted bread, the contract was soon settled. A few months after, I set off for Spain ; I there found myself in my true element,—danger, battles, plunder, massacre, had nothing strange for me. I felt as if I was restored to the kind of life for which I was born. I had never been so happy among the refinements of luxury and the pleasures of our Italian cities. I was at last made a lieutenant on the field of battle where Napoleon fell ; and I then took the road of Italy, with fifty livres in my pocket, the only remains of the rich booty I

had repeatedly made in Spain." That being soon spent, he thought of embarking for South America, the only part of the world where men were still cutting each others' throats for glory, freedom, or vengeance, or "what you will;" when he saw a lady in a public walk at Milan who fixed his attention. He entered her husband's service as a valet. The lady had a secret gallant; he obtained a clue to the intrigue, and upon this he built a diabolical plan. He repaired to a rendezvous instead of the real Lothario, did violence to his mistress, and at the same time managed to have the other gallant introduced into the husband's apartment. This he considered as revenge, because the lady had looked down upon him with contempt. The blow was fatal to the frail one; she fell ill, and died a few days after. And now the wretch who had been the means of her death was miserable, and bribed a fellow servant to go to steal out of her coffin her long tresses. Here the extract ends.

For such characters the armies of Napoleon were the real element.

XL. THE REAL CASTLE OF OTRANTO.

In that very nice little book of Table-Talk, the "Walpoliana," the author of the romance of the "Castle of Otranto" is made to say, "Lady Craven has just brought me from Italy a most acceptable present, a drawing of the Castle of Otranto. It is odd that that back-window corresponds with the description in my romance. When I wrote it, I did not even know that there was a castle at

Otranto. I wanted a name of some place in the south of Italy, and Otranto struck me in the map."

The drawing must have greatly flattered the castle if it made Horace Walpole believe that the real edifice was in any way so wild and romantic as his fanciful description. In our turn, we may say, "it is odd" that a son of Lady Craven, the donor of the drawing, should have been the first to inform the public that the castle of Otranto is a common-place, unpicturesque, and comparatively modern building, having nothing gothic or baronial about it. The following is Mr. Keppel Craven's sketch.

"The castle of Otranto, a name calculated to awaken feelings of pleasing recollection in an English mind, is far from realising the expectations created by the perusal of the celebrated romance bearing the same appellation. It is now what it ever was, the citadel of this town, a fort of no considerable extent or power, but not entirely deficient in picturesque beauty, especially on the land side. Two large circular towers, features always observable in the fortresses built by Charles the Fifth, rise from the rich foliage of the trees which fill the town ditch, and among which a very high palm is eminently conspicuous. On the opposite wall, a drapery of interwoven creepers exhibits a fine contrast to the colour of the stone of which the edifice is constructed. From its summit the view is extensive, but bare of objects, especially to the south, where a ruined church of St. Nicholas occupies the site of an ancient temple of Minerva, and forms the only feature in the landscape. The wind blew strong from the north, and cast a haze on the distant horizon: when that is not the case, the mountains of Epirus on the opposite coast

are distinctly seen."—*A Tour through the Southern Provinces of the Kingdom of Naples, by the Hon. Richard Keppel Craven*,—chap. viii.

But even this picture is a great deal too favourable, and the view of the castle given in Mr. Craven's book is far too romantic for so common-place a building, which has no hoary antiquity, or anything else to recommend it. When we were last at Otranto, some time after Mr. Craven's visit, the trees had disappeared from the town ditch, the interwoven creepers had been removed in the course of a general scraping the walls had been subjected to, and nothing was wanting but a coat of white-wash to make the castle look quite prim and genteel. We consult our memory and our stray notes in vain for the "very high palm, so eminently conspicuous." Let us not be suspected of an intention to dispraise a book that has afforded us much delight. We have at different times followed Mr. Craven's steps in nearly all the districts he describes, and can vouch for the general correctness of his entertaining work.

If Horace Walpole had travelled in these provinces, where the remains of the feudal times are very numerous, he would have found many a castle more suited to his purpose; and it is rather curious, that at Castro, on the same coast, and only a few miles from Otranto, there exists a real, *bonâ-fide* castle, just such as he, and his follower, Mrs. Radcliffe, delighted to imagine, with dungeons, subterranean passages, dim halls, twisting, whispering corridors, and all other appurtenances of romance.

XLI. CUTTING THE SECOND TEETH.

What makes baby so cross to-day ?

Why, my dear, he 's cutting a tooth.

Domestic Dialogues, vol. cxi. p. 1003.

Most readers will recognise the above quotation, and acknowledge its absolute reality, its prosaic truth ; but few are aware that the second teeth likewise may cut their way into the world under very inauspicious circumstances, or may subsequently excite convulsions by their malposition. A diligent and meritorious physician, however, Dr. Ashburner, has published a number of these cases, which are curious, as well as instructive. Thus, a boy, aged twelve, who was cutting the permanent back grinders of the upper jaw before those of the lower one, was seized with St. Vitus's dance. After this had continued three months, he had an epileptic fit. Dr. Ashburner found a hard cartilaginous space on each side behind his first grinder ; and on this being cut through, he was not only freed from his fit, but cured of his St. Vitus's dance. In another case, a married lady, aged twenty-two, had been afflicted with epilepsy about three years, and was supposed to be past recovery. Dr. A. found that she had seven decayed grinders, one of which was the only wise tooth she had cut. These were extracted, and three hard cartilaginous obstacles to the progress of her teeth were removed ; and the patient has now been free from epilepsy for several years.

But perhaps the most remarkable case of all was one occurring in the person of an eminent provincial phy-

sician. He was fifty-eight years of age, and he had been obliged to give up practice six years before, from being attacked with such fits of obliviousness that he was occasionally not able to recollect even the faces of his patients when they appeared before him. The last molars, above and below, had never been cut, and there were other irregularities in his teeth. "I cut away for him myself some cartilaginous obstructions to the progress of his wise teeth, which appeared, from long pressure, to have suffered in their integrity quite as much as the other teeth. He remained in London about a fortnight after, and told me that he was so much relieved of his oblivious fits as to be able to walk to my house without any want of confidence in himself: he required no companion."

XLII. WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

"When Greek meets Greek,
Then comes the tug of war."

DURING the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, three young men of St. Germain, who had just left school, not knowing any one at court, and having heard that foreigners were always well received there, resolved to disguise themselves as Armenians, and go to see the ceremonies attending the admission of several knights of the order of the Holy Ghost. Their trick was as successful as they expected. When the procession was defiling through the long mirror-gallery, the guards placed them in front, and requested every one to make way for the foreigners. Not content with this, however, they were so rash as to enter the antechamber, where they found M.M. Cardonne and

Ruffin, interpreters of the Oriental languages, as well as the first clerk of the consulates, whose office it was to watch over all that concerned Asiatics who might be in France. The three scholars were immediately surrounded and questioned—first of all in modern Greek. Without being disconcerted, they made signs to show that they did not understand it. They were then addressed in Turkish and Arabic: at last, one of the interpreters, losing all patience, cries out, "Gentlemen, you must surely understand some one of the languages in which we have spoken to you. Where do you come from?" "From St. Germain-en-Laye," replied the boldest. "This is the first time that you have asked us in French."

They then avowed the motive of their disguise: the oldest of them was not eighteen. The story was told to Louis the Fifteenth, who laughed excessively, and ordered them to be imprisoned for a few hours, and then set at liberty with a good scolding.

XLIII. ANECDOTES OF BRUNELLESCHI.

WHEN the great architect Brunelleschi offered himself to build the dome of the cathedral of Florence, the committee of citizens which superintended the building of the church invited the most celebrated architects and engineers of France, Spain, Germany, England, and Italy to come to Florence and give their opinions on the best plan for raising the dome. After nearly a twelvemonth, the "wise men" from the east and west, north and south, assembled at Florence in the year 1420. The most ridiculous

projects were broached in that learned congress. Among other plans, one deserves particular mention: it was proposed to carry a vast quantity of earth inside of the church, and having strewn it with copper and silver coins, to heap it up in the transept, so as to make a mound as high as the intended dome, on which mound the structure was to be raised and supported. When the dome should be completed and safe, the notable projector concluded nothing was more easy than to get rid of the mound of earth beneath. "Only give leave to the people to come in with shovels and barrows, and remove the earth and the money mixed with it; they will soon clear the whole away." There was a ridiculous tradition at the time that the Pantheon of Rome had been built after this fashion. Brunelleschi, who had studied the subject thoroughly, and had been three times to Rome to examine the Pantheon and the other monuments of ancient art, rejected all the plans proposed, and said he would engage to raise a double dome, with internal stairs to ascend to the summit. He was laughed at. He then challenged all present to make an egg stand upright on the table, saying he could do it. A basket of eggs was brought, and behold those grave personages trying to fix the eggs upon one end. After they had all laboured at it for a sufficient time, Brunelleschi took up an egg, and, striking one end of it against the table, made it stand upright. "Oh! in this way we could have done it as well as you," was the general cry. "You will say the same after you have seen the model of my dome," replied Brunelleschi. At last, after many vexations and delays, Brunelleschi obtained the engagement, and the sole di-

rection of the work. As the structure advanced, he perceived that much time was lost by the workmen coming down to their meals; and he had temporary shops or stands erected on the roof of the church to supply the men with provisions and drink. He completed the dome, all except the lantern at the summit, which was executed after his death.

Pope Eugenius the Fourth wrote to Florence for an architect. Cosmo de' Medici sent him Brunelleschi, with a letter, saying that he was a man capable of turning the world. When the Pope saw Brunelleschi, who was a little, ill-favoured, and insignificant-looking man, he exclaimed, "Is this the man who can turn the world?" "If your Holiness gives me a spot where I can fix my lever, I will try," replied Brunelleschi. He was employed by the Pope at Rome, and returned to Florence loaded with presents and honours.

The reader will have observed that two of these anecdotes have been told of other persons. The story of moving the world with a lever, if a fulcrum for it could be found, is as old as the days of Archimedes, or at least of his biographers; and the egg story, which our Hogarth illustrated, is always given to Columbus, who did not distinguish himself as a discoverer till more than seventy years after Brunelleschi's performances at Florence.

XLIV. BULLS AND BARONS.

IF that almost incredibly industrious man, excellent compiler, and, in the main, sound and philosophic reasoner, Muratori, had no other claims on our gratitude

than through the excellent little stories of the old times which he has preserved and embalmed, he would still be entitled to our gratitude; he would still be a man whose immortal memory ought to be drunk on all solemn occasions by all lovers of Table-Talk. How many rich anecdotes, how many delicious traits of manners and customs, neglected by your packed and systematic authors as unworthy of the "dignity of history," would have been lost but for this poor Italian parish-priest and librarian! We dread to think of it!

The following is one amongst his many amusing stories. He gives it on the unquestionable authority of Monaldeschi, a Roman chronicler, contemporary with the events he narrates.

"In the fourteenth century it was the custom of the Romans to bait bulls; that is to say, it was the fashion for the young barons of Rome to fight wild bulls in the ancient amphitheatre of Titus. Lodovico Monaldeschi gives a catalogue of the young barons who, on one occasion, entered into the lists; and he also describes their outward cloaks and armorial bearings." "Lodovico," continues Muratori, "applauds the courage of the combatants; but as to the finish and result of this dangerous encounter, Monaldeschi's own words must explain them. He says, 'they all rushed to the assault, every young baron taking his bull; and of the noblemen there remained eighteen dead, and nine wounded, and of the bulls there died eleven; and to those who were dead very great honours were paid.'"

Query. Was the honour paid to the barons or to the bulls? In point of numbers as to the dead, the barons

had it; but, as being unprejudiced between barons of the middle ages, and bulls of any age, *we* hope honours were divided. Our dear old friend, our "pastor and master," Muratori, pauses and ponders, and makes moral reflections on the folly of these bull-fighting barons. "If indeed," he says, "there was such a lot of noblemen killed on this occasion, I will leave it for others to decide what must have been the wisdom of the middle ages!" He next opines that the ancient Romans were much wiser to get these things done by proxy; *i. e.* by means of hired or forced gladiators.—*Antiquitates Italicæ*, tom. ii.

XLV.

ROYALTY AND A WOODEN SOLDIER.

IN 1806, on the approach of the French, the Bourbon court of Naples made so hasty a retreat into Sicily that they forgot, and left behind them, a superannuated princess of the family, who was half-sister to old King Ferdinand. Though this venerable spinster was of illegitimate birth, she received the honours paid to the royal blood, and was allowed a sentinel of the household troops, who mounted guard at her door, and presented arms at all her exits and her entrances. At first it was feared that the French conquerors, who were not always liberal in these matters, would stop her allowance, and leave the old woman in absolute want. The new King of Naples, Joseph Bonaparte, however, secured her in part of her pensions; but no sooner was she relieved from the fear of starvation, than she was made wretched by what appeared to her an

equal calamity, and this was the refusal on the part of the French to allow her a soldier as a guard of honour. She petitioned over and over again ; she supplicated that this distinction and delight of her life should not, towards its close, be withdrawn from her ; but Napoleon, who had declared in his lordly manner that the Bourbons had everywhere ceased to reign, was not likely to pay royal honours to a neglected off-shoot of that race.

The old woman's heart was absolutely breaking under this privation, when, in a lucky moment, one of the few friends or attendants who remained about her person, thought of substituting a wooden soldier for a soldier of real flesh and blood. Accordingly, a figure was made and dressed up, and, with a musket on its shoulder, was posted at the outer door of the princess's apartment, in an old house she occupied at Portici, not far from the royal villa of that name. This simple contrivance had a happy effect on the old woman, who then thought that all royalty had not departed from her ; but she soon began to complain that the statue did not present arms to her, which, by a very easy exercise of mechanical ingenuity, it might have been made to do. She therefore, after a time, confined herself to her apartments, enjoying at a distance, through unfolded doors, the sight of her mute sentinel, but never exposing herself to the mortifying proofs that he was motionless as well as mute. The recluse died before the restoration of the Bourbons of Naples. In 1816 her wooden sentinel was still to be seen at the old house at Portici.

XLVI.

A FEW MIRACLES OF THE DARK AGES.

AFTER the death of Charles Martel, when his son Pepin had ascended the throne, the clergy began to exclaim loudly against the spoliation of the Church committed by the former. In the letter which, in 858, the bishops addressed to Louis le Germanique, they give the following account of the matter.

“Saint Euchère, bishop of Orleans, who now reposes in the monastery of Saint Trudon, being at his orisons, was carried off into life eternal; and there, among other things which the Lord showed him, he saw Prince Charles delivered to the torments of the damned in the lowest regions of hell. Saint Euchère inquiring of the angel his guide what was the cause of it, the angel replied that it was by the judgment of the saints whose property he had plundered, and who, at the day of the last judgment, will sit with God to judge men. In the mean time, till the coming of that day, the body and soul of Charles are beforehand * a prey to eternal punishment; and he is punished, not only for his own sins, but also for the sins of all those who had given their goods for the

* There is a coincidence here, worth remarking, between the catholic and heathen notions of infernal punishment and justice. Charles is punished before trial. This, at least according to Virgil, appears to have been the practice of Rhadamanthus, chief-justice of the Greek and Roman place of torment:

“Castigatque auditque dolos, subigitque fateri,”

or, as Sir Edward Coke has translated it, “*First he punisheth, and then he heareth,*” &c.

necessities of the servants of Christ and the poor, in order to redeem their souls. Saint Euchère, having come to himself, sent for Saint Boniface, and for Fulrad, abbot of Saint Denis and first chaplain of King Pepin, related these things to them, and told them to go and visit the sepulchre of Charles, in order that, if they did not find his body there, they might believe in the truth of his story. These latter, going to the said monastery of St. Denis, where Charles had been buried, caused his sepulchre to be opened; and behold! suddenly they saw a dragon come out of it, and the tomb was found all blackened within, as if it had been consumed. We have ourselves seen such of the witnesses of that spectacle as lived to our time, and they attested to us with their own mouth what they had seen and heard. Pepin, son of Charles, being informed of the above, convoked the synod at Septines, where a legate of the holy see, named George, presided with St. Boniface ; and there he caused to be restored to the churches all that he could recover of the church property which his father had usurped. And as he could not restore the whole, by reason of the war which he then sustained against Waifer, prince of Aquitaine, he asked the bishops to grant the said property under the title of *precaria*, ordering that the quit-rent of it should be paid with exactness to the churches, as is prescribed in the book of the capitularies of the kings, till the time when the property itself could return to them." *

* *Capit. de Baluze*, tom. ii. p. 109.

XLVII. A FEW MODERN FANATICS.

It is a curious fact, not generally known, that a Jewish tradition, holding out the expectation of a millennium was current before the Christian era, and ascribed by the ancient Rabbins to the prophet Elijah. The duration of the present state of affairs in "this working-day world" was limited by these sagacious calculators to a period of six thousand years. A sabbatical millennium was then to commence; which, hallowed by the personal sovereignty of the Messiah, was to be distinguished by undisturbed peace and universal happiness. Alas! how lamentably voluminous have in all ages been the annals of superstitious credulity. Of this never-dying quality, a large proportion seems inherently to belong to the intellectual conformation of man. By this all-pervading principle, human nature, amidst the varying phases of civilisation, has ever been mainly influenced. From the equator to the poles, credulity, with a ravenous hunger, "that grows by what it feeds on," has unceasingly required, and still continues to demand, new supplies of the supernatural and the marvellous.

From the mental ferment excited by the French Revolution sprung a succession of individuals, apparently self-deluded, who, under the assumption of Divine inspiration, produced a deep impression upon the middle and lower classes by their startling predictions. This was not difficult to accomplish, inasmuch as their enthusiastic ardour had been previously directed into a religious channel by the "awakening" exhortations of Whitfield, Wesley, and their numerous and much more fanatical disciples.

The public attention excited by the well-sustained imposture of George Lukins, the Bristol demoniac, no doubt led the way to succeeding fanatical delusions. Richard Brothers, the Heaven-appointed leader of the Jews to Palestine, next brought forward his exalted pretensions, zealously seconded by Nathaniel Brassey Halhed, his parliamentary patron. Then followed the silly delusion of the "Avignon Prophets,"—a bubble that burst ere it fully expanded. Upon Joanna Southcott, whose sphere of action was wider, and her celebrity of longer continuance, the prophetic mantle next fell. Although illiterate and of low birth, women of family and fortune supplied her wants, and personally officiated as her ministering handmaidens. Her chaplain bore the title of Honourable, as well as the academical distinction of Reverend; large editions of her numerous pamphlets, containing a mere farrago of incomprehensible babble, were sold; her portrait was one of the finest specimens of art that proceeded from the burin of Sharp, a zealous disciple; and among the multitude of her proselytes were many of respectable station and of reputable attainments. Encouraged by the facility with which her absurd pretensions were received, she at length proclaimed herself the chosen vessel by whose agency the second advent of the Messiah was to be accomplished; but the infatuated visionary, probably in a state of premature dotage at sixty-three, mistook the approaches of disease for the workings of miraculous influence, and instead of realizing the expectations of her disciples by giving birth to the promised Shiloh, after an illness of some continuance, actually died of a tympany.

An offset from the same prophetical tree, (the Reve-

rend Mr. Tozer) established at Kennington, near the Elephant and Castle, with "THE HOUSE OF GOD!" pompously inscribed in colossal letters on its front, soon dwindled away, although supported by the pulpit oratory of an "unflinching" mechanic, and backed by the supernatural reveries of an ignorant, but Heaven-favoured youth, whose pictorial representations of some of his innumerable visions garnished the walls of the place.

To an interregnum of some duration, Mr. Irving succeeded, who lost by degrees the prudence and judgment with which he at first exercised his acknowledged talents. His head growing dizzy by the height to which popular applause had so suddenly raised him, he at length assumed for himself and his followers supernatural gifts and Divine manifestations equally startling with those of his illiterate predecessors. The privilege of "*sealing*" her proselytes, which was arrogated by the prophetess, and the incomprehensible jargon she poured forth as inspired productions, both in prose and verse, have been since rivalled by the spiritual vagaries and the "unknown tongue" of the great northern apostle. The continuance of his life, like that of his female prototype, was the only key-stone that kept his followers together. The fabric already totters. The "ANGELS" appointed to govern the churches, witness with dismay evident signs of secession. The expectation of the Millennium, which they confidently announce will commence in 1838,* still

* It appears, both from La Martine's Pilgrimage, and Dr. Hogg's Syria and Palestine, that the expectation of a temporal millennium speedily to commence still exists in the East. The French poet describes Lady Hester Stanhope as confidently expecting to partake of its glory; and the English doctor attributes the same exalted an-

exercises its wonted influence over credulous minds, attracting the sanguine, and inspiring the timid with enthusiasm. When that period shall have passed by without interfering with the current of human affairs, this sect, like its precursors, will quietly sink into oblivion, and will leave only to the next generation a curious subject for philosophical speculation.

XLVIII. COUNTERFEIT KINGS.

JOHNES, in his translation of Froissart's Chronicle, vol. i. p. 421, says that at the battle of Poitiers, "King John was armed in royal armour, and nineteen others like him."

This custom of arming several in like manner to the commander of an army, seems to have been usual, and was probably carried down at least to Richard the Third's time. Shakspeare makes Richard say, in the fourth scene of the last act,

"I think there be *six Richmonds* in the field:
Five have I slain to-day, instead of him."

Also, in the First Part of Henry the Fourth, Douglas says,

"Another King! They grow like Hydra's heads;
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear these colours on them. What art thou
That *counterfeit*'st the person of a King?"

ticipation to a French visionary, who, like her ladyship, has long inhabited Syria. The doctor also describes the Druses as having vague notions of a celestial deliverer, — a belief which is known to prevail widely among some of the less orthodox professors of the Mohammedan faith.

XLIX. SHAM DEVILS NO JOKE.

“ Che sotto l’acqua ha gente che sospira,
E fanno pullular quest’ acqua al summo.”

Dante. Inferno. Canto vii.

GIOVANNI VILLANI, the excellent old Florentine chronicler, tells the following story about sham devils, the events of which happened in Anno Dom. MCCCIV.

“ As, *ab antico*, those of Borgo San Priano had the custom of making divers new games, they this year proclaimed through the land that, whosoever wished to have news from the other world should present himself on such a holiday in the month of May on the Carraja bridge, or on the banks of the river Arno. And then they drew up on the Arno a number of boats and small ships furnished with planks and stages; and they made upon these a figure and lively resemblance of hell, with burning fires, and other pains and torments, and with men dressed up like devils, horrible to see, and with other men stark naked, that represented souls in the wicked place. And they represented divers torments and tortures, with screaming and shouting, and a very great tempest of noise; all which seemed an odious thing and fearful to hear and see. And, for the novelty of this new game, a multitude of citizens did resort thereunto, and the Carraja bridge, which was then of wood, from pile to pile, became so loaded with people, that it gave way in several places, and presently fell in with all the people that were upon it. Hence many people died there, and drowned in Arno,

and many more spoiled their limbs and persons ; so that the game, from a mockery, turned into serious truth." — *Histor. Fior.* lib. viii. cap. 70.

Honest John, no doubt, thought that the poor fellows, who died in seeing sham devils, went "to the wicked place;" but, for our own part, though we disapprove of such a spectacle, we hope they found better quarters.

People have sought out or fancied an amusing variety of sources for the original idea of Dante's poem "L'Inferno." The learned Denina was of opinion that the great poet borrowed his plan from this identical masquerade ; but it appears from Giovanni Villani that Dante had left Florence two years before the exhibition, and previously to his departure had written the seven first cantos of his Hell. "The truth therefore," as is well remarked by a writer in the Edinburgh Review, "is probably the very reverse of Denina's conjecture,—that the idea of the show was suggested to the people of Florence by the beginning of their fellow-citizen's poem. Tiraboschi and Mr. Sismondi, indeed, are both of this opinion ; and we may add, that even in 1295 Dante, in his little work entitled "La Vita Nuova," gives distinct hints of the design of his great poem." *Ed. Rev.* vol. xxx. p. 329.

L. AN IRISH MAIDEN ASSIZE.

THE following is copied, *verbatim et literatim*, Italics and all, from the Dublin Evening Post, of April 5th, 1828.

"Sligo Assizes.—Our assizes has, we might say, proved a *maiden one* : there have been two capital verdicts re-

corded it is true; but one (Tiernan) is a mere boy, and the crime of the other is not marked by any feature of criminality that would call for our particular reprobation, any more than the circumstances of crime might seem to demand."

LI.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF BACON,
BY A CONTEMPORARY.

My Lord Chancellor Bacon is lately dead of a long languishing weakness: he died so poor that he scarce left money to bury him, which, though he had a great wit, did argue no great wisdom; it being one of the essential properties of a wise man to provide for the main chance. I have read that it had been the fortunes of all *poets* commonly to die beggars; but for an orator, a lawyer, and philosopher, as he was, to die so, 'tis rare. It seems the same fate befel him that attended Demosthenes, Seneca, and Cicero, (all great men,) of whom the two first fell by corruption. The fairest diamond may have a flaw in it, but I believe he died poor out of a contempt of the pelf of fortune, as also out of an excess of generosity which appeared, as in divers other passages, so once when the King had sent him a stag, he sent up for the under-keeper, and having drunk the King's health to him in a great silver-gilt bowl, he gave it him for his fee.

He wrote a pitiful letter to King James, not long before his death, and concludes, "Help me, dear sovereign lord and master, and pity me so far, that I who have been born to a *bag*, be not now in my age forced in effect to bear

a *wallet*; nor that I who desire to live to study, may be driven to study to live ;” which words, in my opinion, argued a little abjection of spirit, as his former letter to the Prince did of profaneness, wherein he hoped that as the *Father* was his *Creator*, the *Son* will be his *Redeemer*. I write not this to derogate from the noble worth of the Lord Viscount Verulam, who was a rare man ; a man *reconditæ scientiæ, et ad salutem literarum natus*, and I think the eloquentest that was born in this isle. They say he shall be the last Lord Chancellor, as Sir Edward Coke, was the last Lord Chief Justice of England ; for ever since they have been termed Lord Chief Justices of the King’s Bench : so hereafter they shall be only Keepers of the great seal, which, for title and office, are deposable ; but they say the Lord Chancellor’s title is indelible.*

LII.

WHY GREAT PRIESTS RODE UPON MULES,
AND HAD MULES, &c. IN THEIR ARMS.

“ *Isti magni abbates et abbatissæ debent in suis armis portare leopardos, mulos, burdones, vel titiros, pro eo, quod ipsi habent et portant instrumenta episcoporum, ut mitram et crucem, ut muli, leopardi, et tales bestię portant instrumenta generativa equorum et leonum, non tamen eis utuntur naturaliter, neque habent ipsum actum*

* See *Epistolæ Ho-Helianæ* : or, Familiar Letters, Domestic and Foreign. By James Howell, Esq. ; one of the clerks of his late Majesty’s (Charles I.) most honourable privy council.

vel generationis exercitium." Upton says this has also relation to the mules upon which the Popes and ecclesiastics then rode.

Upton, de studio rei militaris, quoted in Dr. Fiddes' *Hist. Collect.* pp. 89, 91.



POPE ON HIS MULE.

LIII. THE WIG RIOT.

IN the year 1764, owing to changes in the fashion, people gave over the use of that very artificial appendage the wig, and wore their own hair when they had any. In consequence of this, the wig-makers, who had become very numerous in London, were suddenly thrown out of work, and reduced to great distress. For some time both town and country rang with their calamities, and their complaints that men should wear their own hair instead of perruques; and at last it struck them that some legislative enactment ought to be procured in order to oblige gentlefolks to wear wigs, for the benefit of the suffering wig-trade. Accordingly they drew up a petition for relief, which, on the 11th of February 1765, they carried to St. James's to present to his Majesty George the Third. As they went processionally through the town, it was observed that most of these wig-makers, who wanted to force other people to wear them, wore no wigs themselves; and this striking the London mob as something monstrously unfair and inconsistent, they seized the petitioners, and cut off all their hair *par force*.

Horace Walpole, who alludes to this ludicrous petition, says, "Should one wonder if carpenters were to remonstrate, that since the peace their trade decays, and that there is no demand for wooden legs?"—*Letters to the Earl of Hertford*.

LIV. THE DIVINE RIGHT OF KINGS.

“ May you, my Cam and Isis, preach it long,
The right Divine of kings to govern wrong !”—*Dunciad*.

THE claim of the “ Divine right of kings” is very old ; and, although we think we can show that those persons are in error who found it upon the authority of Holy Writ, there is mention made of it in a book probably as old as some portions of the Old Testament.

In Homer we find *passim* the different cases of *διοτρεφέων βασιλῶν*.

Also,

Σκηπτούχος βασιλεὺς, ὃντι Σαῦς κῦδος ἴδαιεν.

Iliad, α', 279.

“ The sceptre-bearing king, to whom Jupiter has given honour.”

And,

Θυμὸς δὲ μέγας ἔστι διοτρεφίης βασιλῆος
Τιμὴ δ' ἔκ Διὸς ἔστι φιλιῖ δὲ ἰ μνηστῖα Σαῦς.

Iliad, β', 196.

Of which, for the behoof of the English reader, we subjoin two translations ; neither of which, however, it is observable, contains a translation ; of the word *διοτρεφέος*.

“ Deep-rooted is the anger of a king,
To whom high Jove committed bath the law,
And justice left to his distributing.”—*Hobbes*.

“ Jove loves our chief, from Jove his honour springs ;
Beware ! for dreadful is the wrath of kings.”—*Pope*.

Pope in his preface says, that Hobbes's poetry is “ too mean for criticism.” Why did *his* “ poetry” let him omit

the forcible and poetical epithet "Jove-nourished"? It is also worth remarking that Hobbes has made Homer say more than he does say. Homer says that Jupiter gives kings honour and loves them; but nothing, here at least, about committing to them the law.

The following is Damm's explanation of the word *διοτρεφής*.

"*Διοτρεφής* est generalis titulus magni regis, à Jove nutritus, Jovis alumnus, *von Gottes gnaden* (by the grace of God)." — *Damm, Lexicon Græcum*.

The Divine-right men, however, were not satisfied with the authority of old Homer, who after all was but a poet, and a poor benighted heathen. They wanted higher authority. Accordingly, about the time when, in modern Europe, kings began to make pretensions to "Divine and indefeasible right," some of them had recourse to the Jewish Scriptures for arguments or rather authorities; for it is one of those transcendent subjects that are above argument, and, for the full enjoyment of them, demand a "prostration of the understanding and the will."

In the sixteenth century, modern royalty had assumed throughout Europe that form and consistency which immediately led to the promulgation of the doctrine of "Divine right." In England it made considerable progress under the Tudor dynasty, as it did in France under the latter princes of the House of Valois. But it was under the fostering hands of the Stuarts in England, and the three first Bourbon kings in France, that it reached its highest elevation in the political firmament. James the First, the British Solomon as he was denominated, wrote a treatise for the express purpose of setting the

point at rest ; and it is a curious fact in the history of letters, that the royal author in question, in attempting to prove a certain proposition, has proved, not that, but the exact converse of it.

We shall first give a speech of Henry the Eighth, which shows what pretensions he made to Divine right ; then one of Queen Elizabeth, which will be found very interesting ; and then we shall consider the state of the question under the Stuarts.

“ A Speech made by King Henry the 8th to the House of Commons the 23 of December 1546, and in the 38 yeare of his raigne.

“ Although my chauncellor for the time being, hath before this time used very eloquently, and substantially, to make answer to such orations as hath beene set forth in this high court of parliament, yet is he not so able to open and set forth my mind and meaning, and the secrets of my heart, in so plain and ample a manner as I myselfe am, and can doe : wherefore I, taking upon me to answer your eloquent oration, Mr. Speaker, say that where you, in the name of our beloved Commons, have both prayed and extolled me for the notable quality that you have conceived to be in mee, I most heartily thank you all that you have put me in remembrance of my duty, which is to endeavour my selfe to obtaine and get such excellent qualities and necessary vertues as a prince or governor should and ought to have ; of which gifts I recognise my selfe both bare and barren : but of such small qualities as God hath indewed me withal, I render to his goodnesse my most humble thanks, intending with all my wit and diligence to get and acquire to me such notable vertues,

and princely qualities, as you have alledged to be incorporated in my person. These thanks for your loving admonition and good counsell first remembered, I eftsoones thanke you againe, because that you, considering our great chardge, not for our pleasure, but for our defence, not for our gaine, but to our great cost, which wee have lately sustained, as well in defence of your and our enemies, as for the conquest of that fortresse, which was to this realme most displeasent and noysome, and shall be by God's grace hereafter to our nation most profitable and pleasant, have freely of your owne minds granted to us a certaine subsidie here in an act specified, which verely wee take in good part, regarding more your kindnesse, then the profit thereof; as hee that setteth more by your loving hearts than by your substance: besides this hearty kindnesse, I cannot a little rejoyce when I consider the perfect trust and confidence which you have put in mee, as men having undoubted hope and unfained beleefe in my good doings and just proceedings; for you, without my desire or request, have committed to mine order and dispositions all chantries, colledges, hospitals, and other places, specified in a certain act, firmly trusting that I will order them to the glory of God and the profit of the commonwealth. Surely if I, contrary to your expectation, should suffer the ministers of the church to decay, or learning, which is so great a juell, to be minished, or poore and miserable to be unreleevd, you might say that I, being put in so speciall a trust as I am in this case, were no trusty friend to you, nor charitable to mine even Christian, neither a lover of the publicke wealth, nor

yet one that feared God, to whom account must be rendered of all our doings; doubt not, I pray you, but your expectation shall be served more godly and goodly then you will wish or desire, as hereafter you shall plainly perceive. Now, sithence I find such kindnesse on your part towards mee, I cannot chuse but love and favour you; affirming that no prince in the world more favour-eth his subjects than I doe you, nor no subjects or commons more loved and obeyed their soveraigne lord then I perceive you doe me; for whose defence my treasure shall not be hidden, nor, if necessity require, my person shall not be unadventured: yet, although I wish you, and you wish me, to be in this perfect love and concord, this friendly amity cannot continue, except both you, my lords temporall and my lords spirituall, and you, my loving subjects, studie and take pains to amend one thing, which surely is amisse and farre out of order (to which I must heartily require you), which is, that charity and concord is not among you, but disorder and dissention beareth rule in every place. St. Paul saith to the Corinthians, in the 13 ch. 'Charity is gentle, charity is not envious, charity is not proud,' and so forth, in the said chapter. Behold, then, what love and charity is among you, when the one calleth another heretick and anabaptist, and hee calleth him againe papist, hypocrit, and pharisee! Be these tokens of charity amongst you? are these signes of fraternite love betweene you? No, no; I assure you that this lacke of charity amongst yourselves will be the hindrance and asswaging of the fervent love betweene us, as I said before: except this wound be salved, and clearly made whole, I must needs judge the fault and occasion

of this discord to be partly by negligence of you, the fathers and preachers of the spirituality; for if I know a man which liveth in adultery, I must judge him a lecherous and a carnall person; if I see a man boast and brag himselfe, I cannot but deeme him a proud man. I see here daily that you of the clergy preach one against another, teach one contrary to another, envy one against another without charity or discretion; some be too stiffe in their old *mumpsimus*, other be too usie and curious in their new *sumpsimus*; thus all men almost bee in variety and discord, and few or no preaching truly and sincerely the word of God, according as they ought to doe, shall judge you charitable persons doing this: no, no, I cannot so doe. Alas! how can the poore soules live in concords, when your preachers sow amongst them in your sermons debate and discord! Of you they looke for light, and you bring them to darkenesse. Amend these crimes, I exhort you, and set out God's word, both by true preaching and good example giving; or else I, whom God hath appointed his vicar* and high minister here, will see these divisions extinct, and these enormities corrected, according to my very duty; or else I am an unprofitable servant and an untrue officer. Although I say the spirituall men be in some fault that charity is not kept amongst you, yet you of the temporality be not clear and unspotted of malice and envy; for you rayle on bishops, speake scandalously of priests, and rebuke and taunt preachers, both contrary to good order and Christian fraternity. If you know surely that a bishop or

* A pretty sort of type of the Godhead.

preacher erreth or teacheth perverse doctrine, come and declare it to some of our councell, or to us, to whom is committed by God* the high authority to reforme and order such causes and behaviours, and be not judges your selves of your fantastick opinions and vaine expositions; for in such high causes you may lightly erre: and although you be permitted to reade Holy Scripture, and to have the word of God in your mother-tongue, you must understand it is licensed you so to doe only to informe your own consciences and instruct your children and family, and not to dispute and make Scripture a rayling and taunting stock against priest and preachers, as many light persons doe. I am very sorry to know and heare how unreverently that most precious juell the word of God is disputed, rymed, sung, and jangled in every ale-house and taverne, contrary to the true meaning and doctrine of the same; and yet I am even as much sorry that the readers of the same follow it in doing it so faintly and coldly; for of this I am sure, that charity was never so faint amongst you, and vertuous and godly living was never lesse used, nor God himselfe amongst Christians was never lesse revered, honoured, or served; therefore, as I said before, be in charity one with another, like brother and brother; love, dread, and fear God; to the which I, as your suprem head and soveraigne lord, exhort and require you; and then I doubt not but that love and league that I speake of in the beginning shall never be discouraged or broken betweene us. Now to the making of lawes which wee have now

* Divine right again! Hal is quite Homeric and Hobbish.

made and concluded, I exhort you the makers to be as diligent in putting them in execution as you were in making and furthering of the same; or else your labour shall be in vaine and your common-wealth nothing relieved. Now to your petition concerning our royall assent to be given to such acts as hath passed both the Houses, they shall bee read openly, that yee may heare them."

[Brit. Mus. King's Pamphlets, vol. iv. small quarto, entitled Parliamentary Speeches, A°. 1641-2, 2. Jan. Sept. Article 40.]

The following is a noble speech, and more resembles the message of the American president, than the usual kings' speeches of our own or any time. The language in general is pure and nervous, and not unworthy of the tone of a patriarch explaining to his tribe what he believed it his duty to do for their happiness. It will be observed that there is less of the Divine-right language than in the preceding, and less still than in what will be quoted presently. But for the old spelling, and a few words that are not in use now, such as 'conserve,' 'culp,' 'lapse of an error,' the reader would find little difference between the language and that of the present day, save perhaps, in its greater simplicity and force. If it be her own composition, which there seems no reason to doubt, it does honour to the character of the Queen and stateswoman, and will remain a distinguished monument of her noble spirit and masculine intellect.

"Queene Elizabeth's Speech to her last Parliament.

"The 30 of November 1601, her Majestie being set under state in the Councill-Chamber at Whitehall, the

Speaker, accompanied with Privy Councelleurs, besides Knights and Burgesses of the Lower House to the number of eight-score, presenting themselves at her Majestie's feet, for that so graciously and speedily shee had heard and yeilded to her subjects' desires, and proclaimed the same in their hearing as followeth:—

“ Mr. Speaker,

“ Wee perceive your comming is to present thanks unto us; know I accept them with no lesse joy then your loves can have desire to offer such a present, and doe more esteeme it then any treasure or riches, for those wee know how to prize, but loyaltie, love, and thanks, I account them invaluable; and though God hath rayseed mee high, yet this I account the glorie of my crowne, that I have reigned with your loves. This makes that I doe not so much rejoyce that God hath made mee to bee a Queene, as to bee a Queene over so thankfull a people, and to bee the meane under God to conserve you in safety and preserve you from danger, yea, to bee the instrument to deliver you from dishonour, from shame, and from infamie; to keepe you from out of servitude, and from slaverye under our enemies, and cruell tyranny, and vile oppression intended against us: for the better withstanding wherof, wee take very acceptably your intended helpes, and chiefly in that it manifesteth your loves and largenesse of heart to your soveraigne. Of selfe I must say this, I never was any greedy scrappingrasper, nor a strict fast-holding prince, nor yet a ster; my heart was never set upon any worldly goods, onely for my subjects' good. What you doe bestow on me, I will not hoard up, but receive it to bestow on

you againe; yea, mine owne properties I account yours to bee expended for your good, and your eyes shall see the bestowing of it for your welfare.

“ Mr. Speaker, I would wish you and the rest to stand up,* for I feare I shall yet trouble you with longer speech.

“ Mr. Speaker, you give me thankes, but I am more to thanke you; and I charge you, thanke them of the Lower House from me, for, had I not received knowledge from you, I might a (have) fallen into the lapse of an error, onely for want of true information.

“ Since I was Queene yet, did I never put my pen to any grant but upon pretext and semblance made me that it was for the good and availe of my subjects generally, though a private profit to some of my ancient servants who have deserved well; but that my grants shall bee made grievances to my people, and oppressions to be privileged under colour of our pattents, our princely dignitie shall not suffer it.

“ When I heard it, I could give no rest unto my thoughts untill I had reformed it; and those varlets, lewd persons, abusers of my bountie, shall know I wil not suffer it. And, Mr. Speaker, tell the House from mee, I take it exceeding gratefull, that the knowledge of these things are come unto mee from them. And though amongst them the principall members are such as are not touched in private, and therefore need not speake from any feeling of the grieffe, yet we have heard that other gentlemen also of the House, who stand as free, have

‡ Whence it appears that all this while the poor devils were on their marrow-bones.

spoken as freely in it ; which gives us to know that no respects or intrests have moved them other then the mindes they beare to suffer no diminution of our honour, and our subjects' love unto us. The zeale of which affection, tending to ease my people, and knit their hearts unto us, I embrace with a princely care farre above all earthly treasures. I esteem my people's love, more then which I desire not to merit : and God that gave me here to sit, and placed mee over you, knowes that I never respected myselfe, but as your good was concerned in mee ; yet what dangers, what practises, and what perills I have passed, some, if not all of you know : but none of these things doe moove mee, or ever made mee feare ; but it is God that hath delivered me.

“ And in my governing this land, I have ever set the last judgment day before mine eyes, and so to rule as I shall be judged, and answer before a higher Judge, to whose judgement-seat I doe appeale in that never thought was cherished in my heart that tended not to my people's good.

“ And if my princely bountie have beene abused, and my grants turned to the hurt of my people, contrary to my will and meaning, or if any in authoritie under mee have neglected, or converted what I have committed unto them, I hope God will not lay their culps * to my charge.

“ To be a king, and weare a crown, is a thing more glorious to them that see it, then it is pleasant to them

* *Faults*, from the Latin *culpa*. Probably the word never was English. Elizabeth was a scholar, and in this, perhaps, showed, as scholars are apt to do, a little pedantry.

that beare it: for myselfe, I never was so much inticed with the glorious name of a king, or the royall authoritie of a queene, as delighted that God hath made me his instrument to maintaine his truth and glorie, and to defend this kingdome from dishonour, dammage, tyrannie, and oppression. But should I ascribe any of these things unto my selfe, or my sexly * weakenesse, I were not worthy to live, and of all most unworthy of the mercies I have received at God's hands; but to God onely and wholly all is given and ascribed.

“ The cares and trouble of a crowne I cannot more fitly resemble then to the drugges of a learned physitian, perfumed with some aromaticall savour, or to bitter pills guilded over, by which they are made more exceptable or lesse offensive, which, indeed, are bitter and unpleasant to take; and for my owne part, were it not for conscience sake to discharge the dutie that God hath layd upon me, and to maintaine his glorie and keepe you in safetie, in mine owne disposition I should be willing to resigne the place I hold to any other, and glad to be freed of the glory with the labors, for it is not my desire to live nor to reign longer then my life and reigne shall bee for your good. And though you have had and may have many mightier and wiser princes sitting in this seat, yet you never had nor shall have any that will love you better.

“ Thus, Mr. Speaker, I commend mee to your loyall loves, and yours to my best care and your further counsels; and I pray you Mr. Controullor, and Mr. Secretary,

* A good word, which we do not recollect ever to have met with elsewhere.

and you of my councell, that before these gentlemen depart into their countreys you bring them all to kisse my hand."

[Brit. Mus. King's Pamphlets, vol. iv. small quarto, intitled Parliamentary Speeches, A°. 1641-2. Jan. Sept. Article 15.]

The whole of this speech, both in the sentiments and the turn of expression, bespeaks a superior mind. It breathes a spirit almost worthy of a Trajan, a Marcus Aurelius, or a Turgot.

The work of King James, to which we referred above, is, "The Trew Law of Free Monarchies, or The Reciprook and Mutuall Duetie betwixt a Free King and his naturall Subjects;"* from which we shall take the liberty to lay before our readers a few choice morsels, as a sort of fore-taste to the main argument of our discourse. And first, we desire to call attention to the words in the title, "*Free Monarchies*," which denote a very different thing from free people, or even free constitutions; meaning that the King is free to do what he pleases, in other words, is the sovereign, and the government a pure monarchy.

His Majesty thus commences: "As there is not a thing so necessarie to be knowne by the people of any land, next the knowledge of their God, as the right knowledge of their alleageance, according to the form of gov^t established among them, especially in a monarchie, (which forme of gov^t as resembling the Divinitie, approacheth nearest to perfection, as all the learned and wise men from the beginning have agreed upon; unitie being the perfection of all things,) so hath the ignorance,

* King James's Works, p. 191. folio, 1616.

and (which is worse) the seduced opinion of the multitude blinded by them who think themselves able to teach and instruct the ignorants, procured the wracke and overthrow of sundry flourishing commonwealths, and heaped heavy calamities, threatening utter destruction, upon others.

“ Kings are called gods by the propheticall King David, because they sat upon God his throne in the earth, and have the count of their administration to give unto him.” Again; “ By the law of nature the King becomes naturall father to all his lieges at his coronation.”

Having briefly expounded what he conceives to be the relation which the King bears to his “ lieges,” the kingly penman proceeds to the other branch of this “ mutuall and reciproock band;” “ the ground whereof,” he says, “ I take out of the words of Samuel, dited by God’s spirit, when God had given him commandment to hear the people’s voice in choosing and anointing them a king. And because that piece of Scripture, *being well understood* (!) is so pertinent for our purpose, I have insert here in the very words of the text.

“ 9. Now therefore hearken to their voice: howbeit yet testifie unto them, and shew them the manner of the king that shall reign over them.

“ 10. So Samuel told all the words of the Lord unto the people that asked a king of him.

“ 11. And he said, This shall be the manner of the king that shall reign over you: he will take y^r sons, and appoint them to his charets, and to be his horsemen, and some shall run before his charet.

“ 12. Also, he will make them his captains over thou-

sands, and captains over fifties, and to eare his ground, and to reap his harvest, and to make instruments of war, and the things that serve for his charets :

“ ‘ 13. He will also take y^r daughters, and make them apothecaries, and cooks, and bakers.

“ ‘ 14. And he will take y^r fields, and y^r vineyards, and y^r best olive trees, and give them to his servants.

“ ‘ 15. And he will take the tenth of y^r seed, and of y^r vineyards, and give it to his eunuchs, and to his servants.

“ ‘ 16. And he will take y^r menservants, and y^r maid-servants, and the chief of y^r young men, and y^r asses, and put them to his work.

“ ‘ 17. He will take the tenth of y^r sheep, and ye shall be his servants.

“ ‘ 18. And ye shall cry out at that day because of y^r king, whom ye have chosen you : and the Lord God will not hear you at that day.

“ ‘ 19. But the people w^d not hear the voice of Samuel, but did say : Nay, but there shall be a king over us.

“ ‘ 20. And we also will be like all other nations, and our king shall judge us, and go out before us, and fight our battles.*”

King James infers from the above that kings have a Divine right to do unto their subjects all that is there enumerated ; and further, that since the godly kings of the Jews did all that, and more also, without any rebellion being encouraged by the prophets against them, they are accountable to no human power for their actions.

* King James's Works, p. 191. folio, 1616.

“ Now then, since the erection of this kingdom and monarchie among the Jewes, and the law thereof, may and ought to bee a paterne to all Christian and well-founded monarchies, as being founded by God himselfe, who by his oracle, and out of his own mouth, gave the law thereof: what liberty can broiling spirits and rebellious minds claim justly to ag^t any Christian monarchie; since they can claim to no greater libertie on their part, nor [than] the people of God m^t have done, and no great^r tyranny was ever executed by any prince or tyrant, whom they can object, nor [than] was here forewarned to the people of God; (and yet all rebellion countermanded unto them;) if tyrannizing over men’s persons, sonnes, daughters, and servants; redacting noble houses, and men and women of noble blood, to slavish and servile offices; and extortion and spoile of their lands and goods to the prince’s own private use and commoditie, and of his courtiers and servants, may be called a tyrannie.

“ And that this proposition, grounded upon the Scripture, may the more clearly appear to be trew by the practise oft proved in the same booke, we never reade that ever the prophets persuaded the people to rebell ag^t the prince, how wicked so ever he was.”*

Let us see, then, how much this argument in favour of the Divine right of kings, drawn from the expressed will of the Divinity, is worth. The Jews had previously lived under a comparatively good government; but in their ignorance and stiffneckedness they sought to have a king, to be in the fashion of the nations around them.

* King James’s Works, p. 199.

God made use of every argument to turn them from such an idea ; and, as the argument most likely to come home to their rude breasts, he placed before them a vivid picture of the oppression and hardship they must expect from the king they clamoured for. What a strange obliquity of understanding to take this for an argument in favour of the Divine right of kings !

Moreover, as to his not encouraging the Jews to rebel against their kings, bad as they were, even if this were true, it proves nothing, since those rude and ignorant men were not likely to improve their condition, bad as it was, by the disorders of incessant rebellion. But the fact is not so ; for God by his prophets repeatedly deposed bad kings, and altogether changed the line of succession, in order to show to the kings even of that day that they were to enjoy their high office only *quamdiu se bene gesserint* ; and thus doing exactly what the somewhat more advanced people of these later, though not yet mature ages, are now beginning to do, and what the bedarkened people of those early and infant ages of the world, sometimes styled “venerable antiquity,” were incapable of doing for themselves. So that, altogether, nothing could have gone more completely against the royal logician than the argument on which he has mainly founded his theory of the Divine and indefeasible right of kings.

It is instructive, as well as curious and interesting, to observe the different use made of the above passage of Scripture, by one of our earliest constitutional lawyers. Sir John Fortescue, lord chief justice and lord high chancellor of England under King Henry the Sixth, in his work on “the Difference between an absolute and limited

Monarchy," or, as he terms it, "the Difference between *Dominium Regale* and *Dominium Politicum et Regale*," has the following passage :

"The children of Ysraell, as saith Saynt Thomas, after that God had chosyn them *in populum peculiarem et regnum sacerdotale*, were rulid by hym under jugs (judges) *regaliter et politice*,* unto the tyme that they desyryd to have a king, as than had al the Gentylys, which wee cal Panymys, that had a kyng, a man that reynyd on them *regaliter tantum* ; with which desyer God was gretly offendyd, as wel for their folye as for their unkyndness, that sithen they had a kyng, which was God, that reynid upon them politykly and royally, and yet w^d chaunge hym for a kyng, a very man, that w^d reynge upon them royally. And therefore God manasyd [menaced] them, and made them to be fearyd, with thonders and other ferefull thyngs from the heavn. And whan they w^d not leve their foly, the desyer, he chargyd the prophete Samuell to declare unto them the lawe of such a kyng as they askyd ; wh^c, amongs other thyngs, said that he w^d take from them their lands and goods, and gyfe them to hys servaunts ; and also set their children in his works and labours, &c. Whereas, before

* "There be two kynds of kyngdomys, of the wh^c that one ys a lordship, callid in Latyne *Dominium Regale*, and that other is callid *Dominium Politicum et Regale*. And they dyversen, in that the first may rule his people by such lawys as he makyth hymself ; and therfor he may set upon them talys and other impositions, such as he wyl hymself, with^t their assent. The second may not rule hys people by other lawys than such as they assenten unto ; and therfor he may set upon them non impositions with^t their own assent."—*Difference*, &c. pp. 1, 2, 3.

that tyme, while they were rulyd only by God, royally and politykly, under jugs, hyt* was not lefull to any man for to take from them any of their goods, or to greive their children that had not offendyd. Whereby it may appere, that in those days, *regimen politicum et regale* was dystyngwyd à *regimine tantum regali*; and that it was better to the people to be ruld politykly and royally than to be ruld only royally."†

As it was the object of King James's book to show this species of monarchy, which prevailed among the Jews, and which Fortescue calls *regimen regale*, or absolute monarchy, to be good, and the great purpose of his life to persuade his subjects that the English government was no other than this; so was it the object of Fortescue's book to show this sort of government to be bad, and to prove, moreover, that the English government was not this—not an absolute, but a limited monarchy.‡

It is worthy of remark that Hobbes, notwithstanding his usual sagacity, has been led into nearly the same error in the application of the above passage of Scripture as King James; and it is a curious example how much, when the "wish is father to the thought," the thought

* A perfect Saxon word, hȳt or hȳt.

† *Difference*, &c. pp. 4, 5, 6.—edit. Lond. 1714.

‡ A parallel instance, which most remarkably shows to what difference uses the same things may be put, occurs to us. "Kings," says Heylyn the churchman, "are God's deputies on earth, and, like him, love a cheerful giver."—*Life of Laud*, p. 184. "Forced consecrations," says Milton the republican, "out of another man's estate are no better than forced vows, hateful to God, who loves a cheerful giver."—*Considerations touching the likeliest means to remove Hirelings out of the Church*.

is apt to be an erroneous one. It shows also the consequence of the practice of that age, of attempting to find authority for everything in Holy Writ. In fact, as regarded the authority of the Scripture, the Puritans and Republicans brought it to their support with about as much plausibility as the High-church and Divine-right men did to theirs. It became a sword that cut both ways. After quoting some of the verses of Samuel quoted above, Hobbes says, "This is absolute power, and summed up in the last words, *you shall be his servants*. Againe, when the people heard what power their king was to have, yet they consented thereto, and sayd thus, '*We will be as all other nations, and our king shall judge our causes, and goe before us to conduct our wars.*' Here is confirmed the right that soveraignes have, both to the *militia* and to all *judicature*, in which is contained as absolute power as one man can possibly transferre to another."—*Leviathan*, chap. 20.

It is important, however, to note the difference between the ideas entertained respectively by King James and Hobbes of a sovereign. With James, the sovereign was some individual like himself, the Lord's anointed, and the representative only of his own narrow interests, as of his own follies and vices. With Hobbes, the sovereign might be either one man or an assembly of men—and he was the representative of the interests, as of the power and the majesty of the whole people. These are his words:—"The office of the soveraign (be it a monarch or an assembly) consisteth in the end for which he was trusted with the soveraign power, namely, the procuration of *the safety of the people*, to which he is

obliged by the law of nature ; and to render an account thereof to God, the author of that law, and to none but him."—*Leviathan*, chap. 30, *ad init.* He then enters into a long enumeration of the duties of the sovereign, the first and most important of which he holds to be "publique instruction and the making and executing of good lawes."

The truth is, Hobbes was neither, as he has been called, "the apologist of tyranny" nor of "Divine right ;" but he held that an established government, whether a government of one or of many, cannot be disobeyed by its subjects, consistently with the common weal, or with the law of God, as known through utility or the Scriptures ; and it was to support this position he made the above quotation. The error of Hobbes was, his not making sufficient allowance for the case of exception in which disobedience is prompted by the same principle which, in ordinary cases, prescribes submission ; into which he was led partly no doubt by his extreme timidity. Hobbes cannot, however, be viewed as a Divine-right man at all. In the concluding part of the "*Leviathan*," he manifestly considers possession as nine-tenths of the law, in the case of sovereignty ; and determines the point at which subjects may withdraw their obedience to the sovereign to be that at which the sovereign can no longer afford them protection ; for which he was keenly attacked by Clarendon, as thereby affording assistance to the usurpation of Cromwell.

Allusion has been made above to the fulsome compliments paid by courtiers to kings by Divine right.

We shall now give a few of these, for the instruction as well as amusement of our readers ; though it grieves us, for the sake of religion and philosophy, to say, that in the very front rank of these, we must say, blasphemous sycophants, stand the "head of the law," and some of the heads of the church. There are many proofs extant of the shameful servility of Bacon towards King James ; but we need go no farther than the very dedication of the *Novum Organum*. He there says :—

"Quando Salomonem in plurimis referas, judiciorum gravitate, regno pacifico, cordis latitudine, librorum denique, quos composuisti, nobili varietate."

But the bishops beat the chancellor hollow.

One of them, speaking of the *mignon* Buckingham, in a passage which we shall quote presently, calls him "the disciple whom he (King James) so loved." Laud always speaks of the King, whether James or Charles, in his "Diary," as if he had something of the Divine nature in him : it is "his most Sacred Majesty," or "his Majesty of most Sacred Memory." In a prayer composed by him on the birth of the Prince of Wales (the blessed Charles II.), in 1630, he says, "Double his father's graces, O Lord, upon him, *if it be possible*."

The following is a character drawn of James by Williams, Bishop of Lincoln, then Lord Keeper, in a sermon that he preached at his funeral.

"I dare presume to say you never read in your lives of two kings more fully parallel'd amongst themselves, and better distinguished from all other kings besides themselves. King Solomon is said to be *unigenitus coram matre sua*, the only son of his mother, Prov. iv. 3. So

was King James. Solomon was of a complexion white and ruddy, Cant. v. 10. So was King James. Solomon was an infant king, *puer parvulus*, a little child, 1 Chron. xxii. 5. So was King James a king at the age of thirteen months. Solomon began his reign in the life of his predecessor, 1 Kings i. 32. So, by the force and compulsion of that state, did our late sovereign King James. Solomon was twice crowned and anointed a king, 1 Chron. xxix. 22. So was King James. Solomon's minority was rough through the quarrells of the former sovereign; so was that of King James. Solomon was learned above all princes of the East, 1 Kings iv. 20. So was King James above all the princes in the universal world. Solomon was a writer in prose and verse, 1 Kings iv. 32. So, in a very pure and exquisite manner, was our sweet sovereign King James. Solomon was the greatest patron we ever read of to church and churchmen; and yet no greater (let the house of Aaron now confess) than King James. Solomon was honoured with ambassadors from all the kings of the earth, 1 Kings iv. *ult.* And so, you know, was King James. Solomon was a main improver of his home commodities, as you may see in his trading with Hiram, 1 Kings v. 9. And, God knows, it was the daily study of King James. Solomon was a great maintainer of shipping and navigation, 1 Kings x. 14. A most proper attribute to King James. Solomon beautified very much his capital city with buildings and water-works, 1 Kings ix. 15. So did King James. Every man lived in peace under his vine and his fig-tree in the days of Solomon, 1 Kings iv. 25. And so they did in the blessed days of King James.

And yet, towards his end, King Solomon had secret enemies, Razan, Hadad, and Jeroboam, and prepared for a war upon his going to his grave, as you may see in the verse before my text. So had, and so did, King James. Lastly, before any hostile act we read of in the history, King Solomon died in peace, when he had lived about sixty years, as Lyra and Tostatus are of opinion; and so, you know, did King James.

“And as for his words and eloquence, you know it well enough; it was rare and excellent in the highest degree. Solomon, speaking of his own faculty in this kind, divides it into two several heads,—a ready invention, and an easy discharge and expression of the same. ‘God hath granted me to speak as I would, and to conceive as it meet, for the things spoken of.’ Wisd. vii. 15. And this was eminent in our late sovereign. His invention was as quick as his first thoughts, and his words as ready as his invention. God hath given him to conceive; the Greek word in that place is *ἐνδυσμηθῆναι*, that is, to make an enthymem or a short syllogism; and that was his manner. He would first wind up the whole substance of his discourse into one solid and massive conception, and then spread it and dilate it to what compass he pleased,—‘*profluenti et quæ principem deceret eloquentia,*’ (as Tacitus said of Augustus,)—in a flowing and a princely kind of elocution. Those speeches of his in the Parliament, Star-Chamber, Council-Table, and other public audiences of the State, (of which, as of Tully’s orations, ‘*ea semper optima, quæ maxima,*’ the longest still was held the best,) do prove him to be the most powerful speaker that ever swayed the scepter of this kingdom.

In his style you may observe the Ecclesiastes, in his figures the Canticles, in his sentences the Proverbs, and in his whole discourse Reliquum verborum Salomonis, all the rest that was admirable in the eloquence of Solomon.

“How powerful did he charge the Prince with the care of religion and justice, the two pillars (as he termed them) of his future throne? How did he recommend unto his love, the nobility, the clergy, and the commonalty in the general? How did he thrust, as it were, into his inward bosom, his bishops, his judges, his near servants, and that disciple* of his whom he so loved in particular? And concluded with that heavenly advice to his son, concerning that great act of his future marriage, to marry like himself, and marry where he would: but if he did marry the daughter of that King, he should marry her person, but he should not marry her religion.” — *Rushworth*, vol. i. pp. 160-1.

Now what was in reality the man who, by virtue of Divine right, was thus highly extolled by such grave authorities as the Lord High Chancellor Bacon, the Lord Keeper and Lord Bishop Williams, and the Lord Primate of all England, Laud? The evidence is conclusive as regards the answer to that question: but it is also voluminous; too much so for this place. Much of it too is unfit for publication. Much, however, of a very significant description, has been published, under the sanction too of most respectable names — ex. gr. Sir David Dalrymple, (Lord Hailes,) and Sir Walter Scott, (edition of Somers's Tracts.)

There is a small volume, entitled “Memorials, and

* Duke of Buckingham. [Note in the original.]

Letters relating to the history of Britain in the reign of James the First, published from the originals,—Glasgow, 1762,” with a short preface, signed Dav. Dalrymple, purporting that the collection is made from many volumes of letters and memorials, relating to the history of Britain during the seventeenth century, preserved in the library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh; from which, as it is very little known, and certainly tends to throw some new lights on certain historical characters, we shall cull a few flowers, or weeds, as the reader may please to consider them; and be it remarked that, in so doing, the decency of modern manners totally precludes even the most distant allusion to some of the vices of this modern Solomon.

The first extract we shall give is the postscript to a letter from the Duke of Buckingham to King James. It begins “Dear dad and gossip,” and is signed “Your Majesty’s most humble slave and dog, Stinie.”

“Here is a gentleman, called Sir Francis Leake, who hath likewise a philosopher’s stone; ’tis worth but eight thousand; he will give it me, if you will make him a baron. I will, if you command not the contrary, have his patent ready for you to sign, when I come down; he is of good religion, well-born, and hath a good estate. I pray you burn this letter.”—*Memorials and Letters*, p. 127.

In one of the letters from Buckingham to James, the favourite, says:—

“Yesterday we got hither so early, that I had time to see over a good part of my works here. This afternoon I will see the rest. I protest to God, the chiefest plea-

sure I have in them is, that I hope they will please you, and that they have all come by and from you. *I am now going to give my Redeemer thanks for my Maker.*"—*Ibid* p. 131.

Buckingham often descends again from divinity to dust, as in the following:—

"But if these reasons were not, I pray your sowship how can you spend these ten days better in any other place."—*Harleian MSS. in the British Museum.* No. 6987. fol. 106.

The next letter, which we give entire, shows the fulsome flattery which was administered to this image of the godhead, by those whom he delighted to honour.

Duke of Buckingham to King James.

"Dear Dad and Gossip,

"Though I have received three or four letters from you since I wrote last, yet, as Tom Badger says, I am not behind-hand with you; for I have made a hundred answers to them in my mind; yet none that could satisfy my mind, for kinder letters never servant received from master; and for so great a King to descend so low as to his humblest slave and servant to communicate himself in a style of such good fellowship, with expressions of more care than servants have of masters, than physicians have of their patients, (which hath largely appeared to me in sickness and in health,) of more tenderness than fathers have of children, of more friendship than between equals, of more affection than between lovers of the best kind, man and wife, what can I return! nothing but silence: for if I speak, I must be saucy, and say this, or

short of what is due,—My purveyor, my good fellow, my physician, my maker, my friend, my father, my all, I heartily and humbly thank you for all you do, and all I have. Judge what unequal language this is in itself, but especially considering the thing that must speak it, and the person to whom it must be spoken. Now, tell me whether I have not done discreetly, to be silent all this while; 'tis time I should be so again, or else commit a fault in wearying him that never wearies to do me good. Then thus I'll end. I begin my journey to-morrow. I shall have the Prince to wait of. We shall ly at Theobald's. The one will hunt hinds and does, the other survey the trees, walks, ponds, and deer. The next day after, lay ourselves at your feet, there crave your blessing; then give an account of Theobald's park to the best of men, though not of the kind of man yet made by man, more than man, like a man, both artificial man, and my most natural sovereign, who by innumerable favours hath made me,

“Your Majesty's

“Both humble slave and dog,

“STINIE.”

But it would lead us too far from our present subject to go at more length here into an examination of this man's unworthiness to claim the Divine attributes, which were so liberally bestowed upon him by his base and servile courtiers, clerical as well as lay. We shall conclude with a few morsels culled from a book,—one of those presented by George the Third to the British Museum, —entitled, “The Royal Charter granted unto Kings by

God himself, and collected out of his Holy Word in both Testaments. By T. B. Dr. in Divinitie. Whereunto is added by the same author, A short Treatise wherein Episcopacy is proved to be *jure divino*. London, 1649."

It would be no use attempting to lay before the reader an account of the method and arrangement, where method and arrangement are none, or, if any, belong, as Hobbes said of Bishop Bramhall's style, to "the kingdom of darkness," with the affairs of which we are not much acquainted. We shall therefore pick out a brick or two here and there, which, as the author's performance is not so much a regular building as a mass of rubbish, may be considered as a fair sample of the whole.

The following is an example of the learned doctor's genius for division; he is talking of Saul:—

" God *first*, sent,
 And *secondly*, shewed,
 And *thirdly*, chose,
 And *fourthly*, anointed,
 And *fifthly*, found them out a king, before

ever it is said, they made him."—p. 2.

We should have thought the fifth number of this grand enumeration should have come first. Not so the doctor. He anoints his king before he finds him, as, no doubt, he would fry his fish before he caught them.

There have been disputes among divines as to who Melchizedec, king of Salem was. Dr. T. B. knows all about him. He says, p. 5.—"Neither will we speak of the king, or the first of the kings of Judah or Israel; but we will go along with the first king that ere was read of, (if there be not books antienter than the books of Moses,)

and that was Melchizedec, king of Salem: this Melchizedec is said to have neither father nor mother; it could not be said so in regard of his person, for wee all know who he was, and who his father and mother were."

Who was he then? and what is the doctor's inference?

"He was Sem, the oldest son of Noah; but it was said so, in respect of his office; showing us that kings, they are not the offspring of men, but an emanation from the Deity; and teaching us, that as kings are not of the people's making, so they ought not to be of the people's marring; and as they are not the founders, so they ought not to be the confounders. . . . If thou destroyest that which another hath built, thou maist chance to be sued for dilapidations. If a limner draw a picture, he may alter and change it, and if he dislike it, rase it out at his pleasure; or, if a carver or engraver dislikes his own handywork, he may destroy it when he pleases; but if God makes a man after his own image, and creates him after his own similitude, wee offend God in a high degree when we cut off or deface the least part or member of his handywork.

"Now kings are lively representations, living statues, or pictures drawn to the life, of the great Deity: these pictures, for their better continuance, are done in oyle; the colours of the crown never fade, they are no water colours."—p. 6.

In the 2nd chapter the learned doctor discusses the question, whether the people can make "an anointed king, or not," and, as might be surmised, determines it in the negative. "For my own part," says he, p. 9;

"I should be ashamed to weere a crown on my head, when the people must raign, and the king stand under the penthouse ; and I had as leve they should make me a *Jack-a-lent*, for apprentices to throw their cudgels at me, as to make me a king to be controuled by their masters, and every tribune of the people ; for, as an invitation to a dinner where there is no meat is but a distastfull banquet, so the name of a king, without its adjuncts, is but a savourless renown."

Chapter III. treats of the "Anointing of kings."

"Anointing is a sacred signature, betokening sovereignty, obedience to the throne, submission to the scepter, allegiance to the crown ; and supremacy to the oyle must needs be given, for oyle will have it : pour oyle, and wine, and water, and vinegar, or what other liquour you please, together, oyle will be sure to be the uppermost."—p. 13.

As Swift held the coat to be the man, our doctor holds the "oyle" to be the king. He is nothing without the "oyle." At p. 17, by a somewhat bold figure, he denominates kings "sons of oyle!" Prince Henry, however, calls Falstaff an "oily rascal."

From the above circumstance the doctor informs us that "some have maintained that a king is *mixta persona cum sacerdote* : whether he be so or no I will not here insist ; but sure I am, that there is much divinity in the very name and essence of kings." The worthy doctor has a penchant for rhetoric, which he evidently takes to be, according to the definition of Hobbes, "the art of garnishing speech, whereby it is beautified and made fine."

At p. 15, the doctor says, that kings, "by reason of their proximity and neernes unto God, in some respects are most commonly of more discerning spirits than ordinary men." He admits however, p. 17, "that the king hath a soul to be saved as well as others."

The doctor sums up his chapter on Oyle in the following weighty manner:—

"Lastly, Kings are the Lord's anointed, because they are anointed with his own oyle, *oleo sancto meo*, with my holy oyl have I anointed him, *Psal. lxxxix. 20*. It is not with any common or vulgar oyl, or oyl that any laies claim to but himself; but it is *oleo meo*, my oyl: neither is it oyl that was fetched out of any common shop or warehouse; but it is *oleo sancto*, with holy oyl, oyl out of the sanctuary: and no question but this is a main reason (if they would speak out) why some have such an aking tooth at the sanctuaries; because they maintain in them oyl for the anointing of kings: but if the alabaster box were broken, the ointment w^d soon be lost; if they c^d persuade the king out of the church into the barne, they w^d soon pull a reed out of the thatch, to put into his hand instead of a scepter; or if they c^d get him to hear sermons under a hedge, there w^d not be materials wanting to make a crown of thorns to pleat it on his head."—p. 23.

"Oyle," however, is the doctor's hobby. He returns to it again by a wonderful stretch of ingenuity, in the following chapter, at p. 33, where he is proving that bad kings, as well as good, are to be held sacred and divine. "When in the cave of Engiddi, David m^t have cut off Saul's head; like precious oyntment! he descends only

to the skirts of his garment, and with a *quid feci?* checks himself, and beshrews his heart that he had done so much," &c. After adducing many such cases from Holy Writ, (and be it carefully remarked that all the cases which tell against him, he thinks may be explained away,) our doctor comes to the conclusion "that no faults or pretences whatsoever can make it lawful to depose, or so much as to touch, the Lord's anointed."

Chap. xiii., entitled, "Of the necessity and excellency of monarchy," commences in the following noble strain:

"*A Jove principium*, let us begin with Heaven: I behold its monarchy in the unity of the blessed Trinity; though there be three persons, yet there must be but one God, for the avoiding of that wh^h we are fallen into, a confounding of persons, and dividing of substance. Descend lower, and consider the angels, and you shall find one arch-angel above the rest, as the angel's monarch. Lower yet, to those senselesse and inanimate rulers of the day and night,—the sun and moon, and you shall not find (or so much as the appearance of such a thing) more suns or moons in the same firmament than one, with^t a prodegie or portent of some dire and direfull event. Come down to the regions, and you shall find in the head of the highest region a prince of the aire. Come to the lowest, and you shall find amongst the wing'd inhabitants thereof the soveraigne eagle as the king of birds. Come amongst the beasts of the field, and the lion will soon let you know that there is a king of beasts. Run into the sea, and there is a king of fishes. Descend into hell, and there is a prince of devils: and shall only man be independent?"—p. 85.

Dr. T. B. then attempts to show, (and in this part of his discourse he talks more like a man of this world than in the others,) that liberty, as it was called, is either anarchy or the worst sort of tyranny; and "that there is no such thing as a free state in the world." He then instances several oligarchical governments, which he says he himself visited; and which he takes as examples of free states. His object is to show, from the case of such states as Venice, that there is no law to curb or punish the members of the oligarchy, which is perfectly true; and the same thing as saying that the sovereign, whether one, a few, or many, being the author of the law, either as having made it himself, or sanctioning it, though made by others who preceded him in the sovereignty, is not subject to the law; in other words, is not subject to himself. With the following anecdote, illustrative of the state of things at Venice,—(and a very apt illustration it is,) which we do not recollect to have seen before, unless the similar contrivances that are not unfrequent in the old dramatists can be considered as of the same stock,—we shall conclude.

"There was a nobleman who was an Austrian both by birth and family, who, being a traveller, chanc'd to cast his eyes upon a fair and virtuous lady, who in every respect were deserving of each other. This nobleman had no sooner made his mind known unto this *paragon* for beauty, but he was soon obstructed with a corival, who was a *nobile Venetiano*; who, perceiving his mistresses affections to this stranger to be more liberally expressed than unto him, contrives his death, and soon effects it. Shee, loving her martyr more than either others conceived,

or shee herself could brook so great a crosse concerning them, studies revenge ; and, being an Italian, found herself easily prompted by her own natural inclination : she pretends much love, that she might the better put in execution her greatest hatred ; she gets him into a chamber, where she praises him to rest himself in a chair, wherein he was no sooner sat, but his arms and thighs were caught with springs ; and, being thus fastened, she murders him with her owne hands, and flies for sanctuary to the next nunnery within the Pope's dominions ; leaving behind her, by the murdered, these words written with her own hand in a piece of paper, '*Because there is no justice to be executed against a noble Venetian, I have been both judge and executioner myself.*'"—pp. 105-6.

So much for the arguments on which has been supported "The right Divine of kings to govern wrong."

LV. HOMO VERMIS.

THIS is the title of a short copy of verses at the end of "the Reformed Virginia Silk-worm," 4to, Lond. 1655. They are not unlike some lines in Pope's Works.

"We all are creeping worms of th' earth :
 Some are Silk-worms, great by birth,
 Glow-worms some, that shine by night,
 Slow-worms others, apt to bite ;
 Some are Muck-worms, slaves to wealth,
 Maw-worms some, that wrong the health ;
 Some, to the public no good-willers,
 Cancker-worms, and Caterpillars.

Found about the earth we're crawling :
 For a sorry life we're sprawling :
 Putrid stuff we suck, it fills us ;
 Death then sets his foot and kills us."

LVI. WHO FIRST DOUBLED THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE?

IN this enlightened age the reply of every schoolboy to this query will be, "Why, Vasco de Gama, to be sure." In Portugal, however, a much more ancient navigator has been mentioned. Vieyra, an old preacher of great renown at Lisbon, said in one of his sermons, "One man only passed the Cape of Good Hope before the Portuguese. And who was he? and how?—it was Jonas in the whale's belly. The whale went out of the Mediterranean, because he had no other course; he kept the coast of Africa on the left, scoured along Ethiopia, passed by Arabia, took port in the Euphrates on the shores of Nineveh, and, making his tongue serve as a plank, landed the prophet there."

Dr. Southey says that the sermons of Vieyra, perhaps more than any other compositions in any language, display the strength and the weakness of the human mind.

LVII. BERKELEY AND THE PRIESTS.

"It may not be amiss to record a little incident that befell Mr. Berkeley in this city, (Leghorn 1714), with the relation of which he used sometimes to make himself merry among his friends. Basil Kennett, the author of

the 'Roman Antiquities,' was then chaplain to the English factory at Leghorn, the only place in Italy where English service is tolerated by the government; which favour had lately been obtained from the Grand Duke at the particular instance of Queen Anne. This gentleman requested Mr. Berkeley to preach for him one Sunday. The day following, as Berkeley was sitting in his chamber, a procession of priests in surplices, and with all other formalities, entered the room, and, without taking the least notice of the wondering inhabitant, marched quite round it, muttering certain prayers. His fears immediately suggested to him that this could be no other



BISHOP BERKELEY.

than a visit from the Inquisition, who had heard of his officiating before heretics, without licence, the day before. As soon as they were gone, he ventured with much caution to inquire into the cause of this extraordinary appearance, and was happy to be informed that this was the season appointed by the Romish calendar for solemnly blessing the houses of all good catholics from rats and other vermin ; a piece of intelligence which changed his terror into mirth."—*Life of Bishop Berkeley, by Rev. Dr. Hoek, 1776, Lond. p. 6.*

LVIII. TRAITS OF LOUIS XIV.

LOUIS XIV. issued an edict concerning duels, in 1679 ; in which it is said that " whereas it has been reported to us, that there are men of ignoble birth, and who have never borne arms, who have, nevertheless, the insolence to call out noblemen, and when these noblemen refuse to give them satisfaction, on account of the inequality of their respective conditions, the said challengers engage other noblemen to fight on their behalf ; which fights often terminate in murder, the more detestable that it proceeds from an abject cause : we will and ordain that, in such cases of challenge and duel, especially if followed by serious wounds or death, the said ignoble persons or *roturiers*, convicted of having excited and provoked similar disorders, shall, without remission, be hung and strangled, and all their property, moveable and immoveable, be confiscated ; and with regard to the noblemen who shall thus have taken the part of ignoble and unworthy persons, they shall be also put to death in the

like manner." This edict was confirmed under the regency, in February 1723. Five centuries before, in times comparatively barbarous, and when the institutions of the country and the system of society were essentially feudal, Louis IX, on the occasion of an accusation by a villain against a noble, allowed them to try the truth of the charge by single combat, in which the nobleman should fight on horseback, and the villain on foot; but he ordered at the same time that the loser, whichever he might be, should be immediately suspended to the gallows.

The French feudal nobility, from the oldest times of the monarchy, were essentially fond of war through vanity, ignorance of the arts of peace, restlessness, or want of money. This ruling passion caused the crusades, the never-ending Italian expeditions, and the civil and religious wars in France itself. "The French," says Brantôme, and in his time the French meant the French nobility, "have always been ready to come to blows either against foreigners or against each other. For which reason, the Burgundians and the Flemings are wont to say that when the French are asleep the Devil is rocking them." Louis XIV. broke the power of his nobility, and made courtiers of them; but, at the same time, he imbibed their prejudices and tastes. In his "Instructions for the use of the Dauphin," he says, that "the sight of so many gentlemen around him ready to fight in his service, urged him to find employment for their valour." He adopted the principle that "a King of France is essentially military, and that from the moment he sheathes his sword he ceases to reign." In

his letter to the Marquis de Villars, dated January 1688, he says, "that the noblest and most agreeable occupation of a sovereign is to aggrandize his territory." Accordingly, he was, during the greater part of his long reign, engaged in destructive war, in which he was generally the aggressor. His father left him an army of fifty thousand men, which he raised to four hundred thousand. He gave the first example, which he compelled other powers to adopt, of those immense standing armies which have cost Europe so dear ever since. He kept, likewise, foreign legions, in which he enrolled Irish, Germans, Piedmontese, Corsicans, Poles, Hungarians, and even Swedes,—all the malcontents and the runaways of the rest of Europe. While he smothered all liberty in France, he excited revolt in Ireland, in Hungary, in Transylvania, in Sicily, and even in England against his submissive ally, Charles II. "I encouraged," he says, in his Instructions to the Dauphin, the remnant of Cromwell's party, in order to excite through it some fresh disturbances in London." He looked upon the words of treaties as "forms of politeness which ought not to be taken to the letter." Such was the "Great King," and such his policy, which Napoleon adopted a century later, and carried on on a much larger scale. "I am the state," said Louis XIV: "I am the representative of France," exclaimed Napoleon. The influence of Louis XIV. on the politics of our own days has not been sufficiently noticed. The ruling demagogues of the French Revolution, the men of the Convention and of the Directory, were disciples of that overbearing and unprincipled school founded by Louis XIV; they

followed the same principles of policy, under the name of liberty and republican forms. Their boasted equality was the equality of despotism,—the equality of Turkey.

The sensual and the dark rebel in vain,
Slaves by their own compulsion. In mad game
They burst their manacles, and wear the name
Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain.

COLERIDGE.

LIX. NOTES ON NAPOLEON.

WE have often been struck at the excessive warmth of Frenchmen whenever the merits of Napoleon were discussed by foreigners; and yet, Napoleon's reputation does not belong exclusively to France, and the French need not assume the task of doing justice to it as their monopoly. Other nations in Europe feel an equal interest in it. Italy is surely entitled to claim some share of Bonaparte's fame. But Napoleon, emperor, we consider as belonging to Europe at large. The broad basis of his power stretched over the territories of half-a-dozen nations,—French, Italians, Belgians, Dutch, Swiss, Germans, Poles: the gigantic structure of his empire was raised by the arms, not only of thirty millions of Frenchmen, but of eighty millions of people of different countries. At the zenith of his power, just before the Russian campaign, he had a hundred thousand Italians, eighty thousand Poles, sixteen thousand Swiss, and a hundred thousand Germans and Dutch, serving in his armies, besides those Spaniards and Portuguese who still followed his banner. France, therefore, even in its extended sense,

including Belgium and the left bank of the Rhine, did hardly furnish one half of his armed multitudes. His civil and diplomatic agents, no insignificant instruments of his power, were taken from among the natives of all the countries above mentioned. How can the head, the mover of such a system, be considered as exclusively French? During the ten years of his imperial sway, his armies lived at the expense of Europe; they were cantoned over Italy, Spain, and Germany; and they, by his own acknowledgment, constituted Napoleon's chosen people. "I must consult, above all, the feelings of my army," he said to Fouché in 1812. "I am all *of* my army and *for* my army, and I would rather destroy all Italy than give up two of my soldiers," he said to Admiral Truguet in the council of state on the occasion of a debate on the colonies. When, in 1813, his foreign auxiliaries forsook him, he felt that there was an end of his empire. He would not consent to restrict himself to France alone; he must be either emperor of the West, or nothing. We do not mean here to discuss the wisdom or justice of the claim: we only mention it to prove that Napoleon was an European character; and that we have all a right to judge him, without the French, or any other people, making it a national question, or taxing our judgments with national partiality. And, indeed, after his fall, some of his most zealous admirers, and even advocates, have been found among English writers, and some of his most severe censors among the French. Surely we may now, twenty years after his disappearance from the political stage, express our opinion of Napoleon's conduct towards the countries subject to his

sway,—towards mankind, in fact,—without the French fancying themselves bound to maintain, *vi et armis*, the perfection of that extraordinary man's character, and the absolute wisdom of his political conduct. His military renown is certainly identified with that of France; and we really believe that in no other country, with no other troops, he would have attained that giddy height from which he ruled awhile over one half of the civilized world: the French may well rest satisfied with sharing that most brilliant part of his fame, and need not gratuitously load themselves with the responsibility attached to his acts as a statesman and ruler in the countries he conquered, or as a politician towards those nations against which he was engaged in hostilities. Europe has paid dearly enough for the right of judging its last conqueror.

Bonaparte's mind was vast rather than lofty; it could embrace the earth, but it did not rise above the earth's surface; it held little or no communion with things above. A sceptic and indifferentist in religion by his own acknowledgment, he looked down upon all moral and metaphysical science, which he sneeringly called ideology; he had but an indifferent opinion of men in general, and a contemptuous one of women. Of the principles of commerce and of political economy he was totally ignorant: he once told a deputation from the merchants of Hamburgh, who complained of their losses in consequence of his absurd Continental system, "that the more failures there were at Hamburgh, Amsterdam, Bordeaux, &c., the more England would be distressed, and the sooner she would be reduced to sue for peace." His taste in literature was not very exalted; in the ca-

catalogue of his travelling library, compiled under his own direction, the tales of Marmontel and of Florian are carefully noted down, while the works of Rousseau are formally excluded: among the epic poets, Lucan and the *Henriade* are inserted; but Virgil, Camoens, and Milton are not. Milton's great poem, except two or three passages, he called a rhapsody. His dislike of Tacitus, whom he accused of falsehood and calumny, is well known. He seems, however, to have relished Corneille, Moliere, and Racine; but his favourite book of poetry was that which goes by the name of Ossian. He was angry against Voltaire for having praised Shakspeare. "I have read their Shakspeare," he said, (N.B. in a French translation,) "and I find nothing in it, nothing which can be compared to Corneille or Racine." Alfieri, of course, he could not bear. He was in his earlier years a great reader of novels. A general officer, who was with him at the time of the famous passing of the St. Bernard in 1800, on entering his apartment at Martigny, found him with a book in his hand, which proved to be the *Adventures of Guzman d'Alfarache*, the Spanish *picaro*, or beggar-thief. In modern history, he seems to have had a somewhat better choice; but his reading was confined to French historians who, with few and chiefly recent exceptions, abound in declamation, and are not remarkable for discrimination and accuracy. Hence we find him adopting many exaggerated notions against foreign countries, which he afterwards found out by experience to be erroneous when he visited them himself. He acknowledged to De Pradt, at Valladolid in 1809, that he did not know Spain,—that he had been quite deceived concerning that country;

and he made a similar admission concerning Russia after his fatal expedition. Who can say but that the wrong judgments he had read concerning those countries stimulated him to his unjust and ill-judged attacks upon them ?

In his early Italian campaigns he appears likewise to have been almost frantic with prepossessions against Venice ; he talked of nothing but of Inquisition, Council of Ten, *pozzi* and *piombi*, the canal Orfano, the lion's mouth and the tortures, as if these things had really existed in his time in all the fearful reality of the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries. This impression, derived from superficial information, probably contributed to his ungenerous and shameful treatment of that republic ; and after all he was obliged to acknowledge to the Directory, that the immense majority of the Venetian citizens lived perfectly satisfied under their old government, and that " there were not three hundred democrats in all Venice." It is amusing to see how easy he fancied it was for a man to become acquainted with a country by means of books. When he sent De Pradt on his Polish embassy, he told him, " You know Poland ; of course you have read Rulhiere !" And here we must observe he had certainly hit upon one of the best existing works on old Poland, though Rulhiere is accused of many inaccuracies by the Poles. On another occasion, he made a pompous but perfectly fruitless appeal to the Hungarians in 1809, " to assemble according to their ancient customs in the fields of Rakos, and to choose a native king among themselves." He judged of the Hungarians from the French and the northern Italians, the only two people he really knew. Of England, its

national character and social system, he seems to have remained profoundly ignorant to the last day of his life. He was also evidently mistaken in his estimate of the German character: he had scanned its surface, but did not dive into its depth. After witnessing for years their patient resignation under his worrying and overbearing dictatorship, he was taken by surprise at the noble rousing of that great people in 1813. In fact, no man could calculate better than Napoleon material resistance, and his own means of overcoming it; but of moral resistance, of the spiritual energy of nations, he had but a very imperfect notion, because he had not experienced it either in France or Italy. It was this moral resistance which he rashly faced in Spain, and which he himself afterwards roused in Germany, in Russia, and over the whole continent. We remember a French gentleman, employed under his government in Italy, saying at the beginning of 1809, on some allusion to the affairs of Spain, "Our Emperor is mistaken with regard to public opinion, and public opinion will prove his ruin."

His estimate of the relative importance and power of nations was deduced from the material elements, extent, population, military resources. In all the insolent pride of physical force, he used to consider all states under ten millions of people as incapable of having a will of their own, and he treated it as an impertinence on their part if they pretended to assert their independence. This was his language to Switzerland, to Sweden, to Holland, to Portugal, to the minor German and Italian states. In his positive mathematical view of things, to attempt resistance with inferior means appeared to be a sort of

crime which deserved to be visited by destruction. When the Crown Prince of Sweden, Bernadotte, remonstrated in a temperate but dignified note against his unprovoked invasion of Pomerania in January 1812, Napoleon, enraged at the bold language of independence from an inferior power, cried out, "Submit to your degradation, or die with arms in your hands." It was lucky for Sweden that the Baltic protected her from his aggression, or he would have sent some of his proconsuls to destroy the peace of that happy country. It is in his treatment of the minor European states that Napoleon's conduct shows itself in all its odious bearing, and rouses the indignation of every right-hearted man who studies the records of those calamitous times. There, and not in his character of ruler of France or Italy, he appears truly a tyrant. The essential distinction between Napoleon Emperor of France and King of Italy, and Napoleon the ruthless conqueror and despot of the remainder of Europe, has been lost sight of in the general estimate of his character by most writers. It is his utter disregard for the rights or feelings of the weaker states that gives to his victorious career a cast of Asiatic barbarism very different from that of other conquerors of modern Europe. It was justly and feelingly observed by Sir James Macintosh, in his defence of Peltier, that since the time of Charles the Fifth, in all the wars between France, Austria, and Spain, during the long and warlike reign of Louis the Fourteenth, not one independent country of Europe, even of the smallest extent,—and he instanced the little republic of Geneva as a striking example,—had been erased from the list of states ; there had been change

of dynasties, and partial accessions of territory, but no state had been swamped and its name lost; while, in a few years of the French Republic and of Bonaparte, the number of independent republics and principalities which had disappeared from the map of Europe might be counted by dozens. And this remark was made before the fullness of Napoleon's aggressions, — before the epoch of his empire.

This material view of the strength of nations gave him, even in the early part of his consulate, a bias towards a Russian alliance. Previous to the peace of Luneville, in 1801, he said to the council of state: "France can only ally itself with Russia: that power sways the Baltic and the Black Sea; it holds in its hands the key of Asia. The Emperor of such a nation is truly a great prince. If Paul is eccentric, he has at least a will of his own." This project of a Russian alliance has continued to our days, after all the vicissitudes of thirty years, to be a favourite scheme with some of the politicians of Napoleon's school. In the *Nouveaux Mélanges Politiques*, by General Richemont, published in 1830, we find it strenuously advocated: "The natural ally of France in opposition to Austria and England is Russia, as the conquests of the latter power cannot endanger France, and might promote its commercial and maritime interests." And we have read something to the same purpose lately, in some of the French *Liberal* as well as Carlist papers. But, in fact, both Liberalism and Carlism in France are strongly mixed with the old leaven of Napoleonism. The intellectual, honest, sincere alliance of England and France finds its chief opposers in the disciples of the

material school of politics formed by that great but mistaken man. And yet that man has been spoken of, and by Englishmen among the rest, as the ill-requited champion of European civilization and intellectual progress!

Napoleon's personal feelings were far better than the principles of conduct he had thought fit to prescribe to himself; and his natural strong sense was much superior to his information. Whenever he discussed subjects in which his ruling passion was not interested, he did it with a clearness, a simplicity, and occasionally a sort of modesty, which made him appear almost amiable. We have only to read his opinions delivered in the council of state on the discussion of the civil code, or some of his conversations at St. Helena, to be impressed with an interest in his favour. When taken away from politics, he became all at once equitable, impartial, and kind. The same may be said of his domestic and social feelings, whenever he did not think himself obliged to stifle them from "state reasons." His brother Lucien has lately given us an interesting account of his parting interview with him at Mantua in 1811. After Lucien had refused, for the last time, the offer of a crown of some of the conquered states, because Napoleon told him that, if he accepted it, he must be prepared to be entirely subservient to his own policy and to the predominance of France; and to sacrifice to them, if necessary, the lives, the wealth, and the happiness of the people entrusted to him; Napoleon, "in whom the impassible countenance of a statesman contrasted with the softened voice of a brother, told me, while giving me his farewell embrace, that I must either adopt his system or prepare to leave

the Continent, where he could no longer tolerate my silent opposition."

In Las Cases' *Memoirs*,—a work singularly interesting for the scrupulous though credulous faithfulness of the writer, and its total absence of critical judgment, and which has been not unaptly compared to Boswell's *Life of Johnson*,—the following passage is found under date February 18th, 1816. "About five o'clock, the Emperor went out to walk in the garden (at Longwood.) He began to draw a sketch of the happiness of a private man in easy circumstances, peacefully enjoying life in his native province, in the house and lands which he had inherited from his ancestors. We could not refrain from smiling at the tranquil domestic picture, and some of us got our ears pinched for it. 'Felicity of this kind,' resumed the Emperor, 'is now unknown in France except by tradition. The Revolution has destroyed it. The old families have been deprived of this happiness, and the new ones have not yet been long enough established in the enjoyment of it. The picture which I have sketched has now no real existence.' He observed that to be driven from one's native home—from the fields in which we had roamed in childhood, to possess no paternal abode, was in reality to be deprived of one's country." It did not occur to this strange-minded man at the time how many thousands and tens of thousands he had reduced to this desolate condition, not in France, but in Spain, in Germany, in Southern Italy, and wherever he had extended the desolating track of his conquests, his confiscations, his forced contributions, his military executions, and his conscription!

LX. A QUEER TRANSLATION FROM
VITRUVIUS.

MISTRANSLATIONS from the Greek and Latin would fill a very large chapter; but the following from the Latin, condensed in a very small space, may serve as a specimen.

Vitruvius, in the preface to his second book on Architecture, says, that the architect Dinocrates, not being introduced to Alexander the Great so soon as he wished, determined upon attracting the notice of the King by the following scheme: — “Fuerat enim amplissima statura, facie grata, forma dignitateque summa. His igitur naturæ muneribus confusus, *vestimenta posuit in hospitio*, et oleo corpus perunxit, caputque coronavit populea fronde, lævum humerum pelle leonina textit, *dextraque clavam tenens*, inessit contra tribunal Regis jus dicentis.” In the translation of Vitruvius by W. Newton, fol. Lond. 1791, vol. i. p. 21, the passage is thus rendered: “He was very large of stature, had an agreeable countenance, and a dignity in his form and deportment. Trusting to these gifts of nature, *he clothed himself in the habit of an host*,* anointed his body with oil, crowned his head with boughs of poplar, put a lion’s skin over his left shoulder, and, *holding one of the claws in his right hand*,† approached the tribunal where the King was administering justice.”

* He deposited his clothes at his inn.

† Holding a club in his right hand.

Dinocrates is the architect who proposed to Alexander to cut Mount Athos into the form of a statue, holding a city in one hand and in the other a bason, into which all the waters of the mountain should empty themselves.

In his masquerade equipment, with his lion's skin, club, &c. we may suppose he meant to represent Hercules.

LXI. THEATRES AT VENICE, IN 1608.

“ I WAS at one of their playhouses, where I saw a comedy acted. The house is very beggarly and base, in comparison of our stately playhouses in England: neither can their actors compare with us for apparell; shewes, and musick. Here I observed certaine things that I never saw before; *for I saw women acte, a thing that I never saw before, though I have heard that it hath been sometimes used in London;* and they performed it with as good a grace, action, gesture, and whatsoever convenient for a player, as ever I saw any masculine actor. Also their noble and famous courtezans came to this comedy, but so disguised that a man cannot know them: for they wore double maskes upon their faces, to the end they might not be seene; one maske reaching from the toppe of their forehead to their chinne and under their necke; another with twiskes of downy or woolly stuffe covering their noses. And as for their neckes round about, they were so covered and wrapped with cobweb lawn and other things, that no part of their skin could be discerned. Upon their heads they wore little blacke felt caps, very like to those of the *Clarisse-moes*; also each of them wore a black, short taffeta

cloake. They were so graced that they sate on high, alone by themselves, in the best roome of all the playhouse. If any man should be so resolute as to unmaske one of them but in merriment onely to see their faces, it is said that, were he never so noble or worthy a personage, he shoulde be cut in pieces before he should come forth of the roome, especially if he were a stranger. I saw some men also in the playhouse disguised in the same manner with double vizards ; those were said to be the favourites of the same courtezans. They sit not here in galleries, as we doe in London ; for there is but one or two little galleries in the house, wherein the courtezans only sit. But all the men doe sit beneath in the yard or court ; every man upon his several stoole, for which he payeth a gazet." *—*Coryat's Crudities.*

LXII. THE MODERN CORNARO.

EVERY one has heard of Lewis Cornaro. He was a rakish Venetian, who, at the age of forty, finding that he had lived too fast, as the phrase is, determined to follow the advice of his physicians and pursue a more temperate course of life. He diminished the quantity of

* Gazet, or more properly *Gazzetta*, an old Venetian coin of small value, from which we have derived our word *Gazette*, a newspaper. Mr. d'Israeli says that the gazetta (*gazzetta*) was the common price of the newspapers at Venice ; but as the Venetian papers were in manuscript, (according to Mr. d'Israeli " even to our own days,") and as, on the same authority, the coin was only worth an English farthing, it seems rather more probable that a *gazzetta* was the price paid for the loan or reading of a newspaper.—See *Curiosities of Literature* : art. " *Origin of Newspapers.*"

his food until his daily allowance was reduced to half the yolk of an egg, and by his rigid abstinence revived so effectually, that he lived to the age of one hundred. His death took place in 1566. A more recent instance of a similar abstinence is recorded in the Medical Transactions of the College of Physicians.

Thomas Wood, a miller of Billericay, in Essex, was in the habit of eating voraciously of fat meat three times a day, and he also swallowed large quantities of butter, cheese, and strong ale. For a long time he suffered no inconvenience from his gluttony, but in his forty-fourth year he began to be disturbed in his sleep, had a constant thirst, great lowness of spirits, and many other bad symptoms. The most formidable one was a sense of suffocation, which often attacked him, especially after meals. He grew worse, until the month of August 1764, when he was in the forty-fifth year of his age. At this time Mr. Powley, a neighbouring clergyman, put the *Life of Cornaro* into his hands. The miller read it, and was convinced; but, believing that a bit-by-bit reform was the best, he retrenched his diet by degrees. At first, he confined himself to a pint of ale a-day, and used animal food sparingly. His health immediately improved; so that, after he had pursued this regimen for two months, he diminished his allowance of ale by one half, and was still more sparing of gross animal food. On the 4th of January 1765 he discontinued the use of malt liquor; and between this period and July 31, 1767, he successively gave up meat, butter, cheese, and all drinks whatever, excepting what he took in the form of medicine.

After the last-mentioned date, his diet was chiefly confined to pudding made of sea-biscuit.

“ The poor diet to which he has accustomed himself is now as agreeable to his palate as his former food used to be ; and he has the additional satisfaction to find his health established, his spirits lively, his sleep no longer disturbed by frightful dreams, and his strength of muscles so far improved that he can carry a quarter of a ton weight, which weight he in vain attempted to carry when he was about the age of thirty years. His voice, which was entirely lost for several years, is now become clear and strong. In short, to use his own expression, he is metamorphosed from a monster to a person of a moderate size ; from the condition of an unhealthy, decrepit old man, to perfect health, and to the vigour and activity of youth. His flesh is now firm, his complexion well-coloured, and, what is very remarkable,” says Dr. Baker, the relator of the case, “ the integuments of his belly, which I expected to have found loose and pendulous, are contracted nearly in proportion to his diminished bulk.” “ Prejudiced by a commonly prevailing superstition, Mr. Wood never suffered himself to be weighed, either during the state of his extreme corpulence or since his reduction ; but it is conjectured that he has lost ten, or perhaps eleven, stone weight.”

A very remarkable point in the regimen of this strong-minded and strong-bodied miller was the time he allotted to sleep: he went to bed at eight in the evening, or earlier, and rose at one or two in the morning, sleeping no more than five or six hours.

“ I have thrice had an opportunity,” says Dr. Baker, “ of examining his pulse, about ten o’clock in the morning, after his having walked six hours. The first time, I counted 45 pulsations in a minute ; the next time, 47 ; the last, only 44.”

This is about 30 pulsations slower than the ordinary pulse of a healthy man, and in most persons a walk of six hours would certainly quicken the action of the heart.

The most extraordinary part of the case, however, is Mr. Wood’s entire abstinence from drink, of which there is, we believe, no other well-authenticated instance. The narration goes as far as the 22nd of August 1771, when the miller, then in his fifty-second year, was still pursuing the same system, and still deriving the same advantages from it.

LXIII. ON THE DECLINE AND FALL OF SERENADING.

A SERENATA, as explained by the great dictionary della Crusca, is that singing and playing lovers make by night *al sereno* before the houses of their ladies.

In former times, the practice was very general in Spain and Italy among the great and high-born. A serenata, indeed, was held to be an essential part of gallantry ; and the towns of the south, during the beautiful nights of summer, were kept musical from midnight to day-dawn by amorous cavaliers. As all knights had not good voices, many of them employed vocalists ; but during many ages the proudest of them thought it not beneath

them to take a part in the concert. One of the earliest serenaders we read of in Italy was perhaps the loftiest of them all. This was Manfredi, son of the Emperor Frederic the Second, who afterwards became King of Naples and Sicily, and whose misfortunes were made immortal by the genius of Dante.

According to Matteo Spinelli, a chronicler of the thirteenth century, this accomplished prince, before he succeeded to the cares of a crown, resided a good deal at the pleasant town of Barletta, on the shores of the Adriatic sea; "and there it was his wont to stroll by night through the town, singing songs and ballads, and so he breathed the cool air, and with him there went two Sicilian musicians who were great makers of ballads and romances."*

We know not how it has happened, but the fact is obvious in Spain and Italy, that the practice, after a decline which commenced about the middle of the last century, has fallen into disuse and out of fashion with the upper classes, and is almost confined now to the lowest class.

At Venice, which used to take the lead, the chief serenaders now are barbers, and they rarely take the field, whilst

"Tasso's echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier."

In Naples, where the exquisite moonlight nights inspire love with music, its most natural voice, if you hear a guitar in the streets, it is almost sure to be in the hands

* "Spesso la notte esciva per Barletta cantando strambotti e canzoni, ed iva pigliando lo fresco, e con esso ivano due musici Siciliani che erano grandi romanzieri."

of an amorous coachman or sentimental barber. The style and execution of these minstrels rarely entitle them to a hearing; and, so far from meeting the respect paid in the olden time to serenaders, they are not unfrequently saluted from windows and house-tops in the same manner that Gil Blas was when going to serenade Donna Mergelina, "*on lui coiffa d'une cassolette qui ne chatouillait point l'odorat.*"

Le Sage, in making his hero learn to play the guitar of an old serving-man as soon as he becomes a barber, would be perfectly in point and character now a-days. The barbers of Naples use an instrument called a mandolina much more commonly than the guitar, which they call (we know not why) *la chitarra Francese*. The mandolina is smaller than the guitar; its strings are of wire and not of gut; and they are played upon, not by the fingers, but by a piece of wood or a quill. The notes of the instrument are sharp, tinkling, and disagreeable; and, though the taste of the upper classes is excellent, the popular music of the Neapolitans has little to recommend it.

At Rome, where the popular taste is better, very pretty street music is sometimes heard by night, and young mechanics and servants sing airs regularly distributed into parts with much feeling and ability. A modern traveller observes: "Here the serenade is a compliment of gallantry by no means confined to the rich. It is customary for a lover, even of the lowest class, to haunt the dwelling of his mistress, chanting a *rondo*, or roundelay, during the period of his courtship."*

* Diary of an Invalid.

truth, this accomplished writer might have said that there too the compliment, instead of being monopolized by the rich, was almost confined to the poor. He only recollects the serenades of mechanics, and during our own different stays at Rome we seldom indeed heard street-music by night from any other class. A Roman nobleman would no more think of thrumming the guitar under his mistress's window in the Corso or the Piazza di Spagna, than an English lord would of doing the like in Grosvenor-square.



MINSTRELS.

LXIV. COMMON USE OF PLATE IN THE TIME OF HENRY VIII.

A WRITER in the early part of the sixteenth century tells us that in his time, in the reign of Henry the Eighth, the luxury of the table had descended even to citizens, and that there were few whose tables were not daily provided with spoons, cups, and a saltcellar of silver. Those of a higher sphere affected a greater profusion of plate; but the quantity accumulated by Cardinal Wolsey, though the precious metals are now so copious, still continues to excite our surprise. At Hampton Court, where he feasted the French ambassadors and their splendid retinue in 1528, two cupboards, extending across the banquet chambers, were piled to the top with plate and illuminated; yet, without encroaching on these ostentatious repositories, a profuse service remained for the table. Two hundred and eighty beds were provided for the guests; every chamber had a bason and ewer of silver, beside other utensils.

LXV. WAXEN FIGURES OF SOME OF THE KINGS OF FRANCE.

MR. COLE of Milton, upon his visit to the Abbey of St. Denis, near Paris, Nov. 22, 1765, says, in his *Diary*: "Mr. Walpole had been informed by M. Mariette, that in this treasury were several wax figures of some of the later kings of France, and asked one of the monks for leave to see them, as they were not commonly shown. or

much known. Accordingly, in four cupboards, above those in which the jewels, crosses, busts, and curiosities were kept, were eight ragged figures of so many monarchs of this country to Louis the Thirteenth, which must be very like, as their faces were taken off in wax immediately after their decease. The monk told us, that *the great Louis the Fourteenth's face was so excessively wrinkled that it was impossible to take one off from him.*"

LXVI. CABRIOLETS AND OMNIBUSES.

CABRIOLETS were introduced into London May 1st, 1820, and their number increased in the June following. The first were painted uniformly of a chocolate colour. In the latter part of 1823 their number was again increased, and gigs and other vehicles began to be substituted for them; and they became of all colours. Side-seats for the drivers were now universally adopted; an arrangement not made in the Paris cabriolets, from which the introduction of ours was derived.

Omnibuses.—These vehicles, as well as the street cabriolets, were borrowed from the French. In 1829 there were many of them driving about the streets and environs of Paris, where they were distinguished by different names, according to their colour, construction, or the fancy of the owners. There were the "*Ecossaises*," painted of a tartan pattern; "*Les Dames Blanches*," which were nearly white all over; "*Les Tricycles*," that went upon three wheels, &c. &c.

In 1830 they were introduced in London, and at first only ran on the New Road from Paddington to the

Bank; but they were soon multiplied in all directions. In the course of the same year they were assured of a place in French history; for during the revolution of July, the people fighting in the streets of Paris made an extensive use of them in forming their barricades against the King's troops.

According to the laudable custom of our Londoners, who shorten every word they can, *Omnibus* has been already reduced to *Buss*.

LXVII. LAWYER'S FEE.

IN Taylor the Water-poet's time, an angel was a lawyer's fee. See his *Sculler*, epigr. 21.

“ My lawyer said the case was plain for me,
The Angell told him, so he took for fee;
But yet my Angell and my Lawyer lied,
For at my judgement I was damnified.”

LXVIII. A DESULTORY CHAPTER ON EATING,

WITH ANECDOTES OF A FEW DISTINGUISHED
GOURMANS AND GOURMETS.

THERE has lately been a great deal of good writing on that important subject “the Table;” and a leading review,* throwing aside its Greek, its orthodoxy, and politics, has found room for the insertion of certain gastronomic articles which cannot be too much commended. We look upon this as a good sign of the times, and feel quite confident the reviewers will gain more converts by teach-

* The Quarterly.

ing his Majesty's lieges how to enjoy themselves, than by inciting them to quarrel and fight with one another about matters which can never be half so intelligible, or a tenth part so valuable, as a good dinner.

The recent harvest made by our contemporaries has not so cropped and laid bare this vast field, but that there still remains abundant room for gleaning. We shall therefore proceed to pick up a few ears of corn, and tie them together, just as we find them scattered in our books and our memory.

The Count du Broussin.—Most of the later writers on this great subject seem to have forgotten the Count du Broussin, who was, however, a very distinguished man in his day, and one of the great improvers of *la cuisine Française*.

The count was accustomed to boast that he had acquired the fulness of culinary science, and yet he every day made some new discovery in the province of good eating. As an experimentalist he was indefatigable, devoting as much time and toil to find out a new dish as the alchemists did to discover the immortal elixir or the philosopher's stone. He could so disguise the natural taste of fish, flesh, and fowl that nobody could tell what he was eating. Whenever he had produced a new combination of sauces, or made any other lucky hit in gastronomy, he invited the friends of whose taste he had the highest opinion, to deliberate and pass judgment on the dish; and this was done with more solemnity, and with much more sincerity, than people felt in criticising an epic poem or a new tragedy. With the count, the word *goût*, or taste, had only its single, original, and physical mean-

ing; and he esteemed men according to the delicacy and discrimination of their palates. His favourites were the Duke de Lesdiguières and the Count d'Olonne, who were critical and erudite in the science of cooking. When he had to give what he called a *repas d'érudition* (a learned dinner) to the duke and count, he was up by four o'clock in the morning, directing, ordering, counter-ordering, feeling, seeing, smelling, and tasting; now puzzling himself as to the precise seasoning for a soup, and now racking his invention to produce a new *goût* in an *entremets*. Like most good eaters, he was a good-natured man; but woe unto the *chef*, *garçon de cuisine*, or other servant, that neglected or disobeyed his orders on these occasions. He would storm like a madman; the least of his threats to the delinquent being to whip him, send him to the pillory, and cut off his ears.

Nor did the count's cares end with the cooking of the dinner, he was equally particular as to the manner of its serving up; and, above all things, he was anxious that the table should stand most mathematically horizontal, as he had discovered that the least deviation from the straight line,—the slightest dip on this side or that, affected the flavour and delicacy of some dishes. He was therefore to be seen with rule and line, compasses, and level in hand, setting the dinner-table on what he called its proper legs.

One day, when, as we may suppose, the erudite duke and count were not present, he said solemnly to his guests, "Gentlemen, do you taste the mule's hoof in that *omelette aux champignons*?" The guests were all astonished at this apostrophe. "Poor ignorant creatures!"

rejoined Broussin, "must I teach you that the champignons employed in this omelette have been crushed by the foot of a mule? *That* brings champignons (mushrooms) to the last point of perfection!"

Despréaux, who tells this story, was once obliged to give the *savant gourmand* a dinner. The poor satirist was terrified at the idea. "You must send me a fairy," said he, "to enable me, with my simple household, to regale you according to your superiority of taste." "Not at all, not at all!" replied the count, "give us just what you like; we shall be satisfied with a poet's dinner." The Duke de Vitry, and Messrs. de Barillon and de Gourville, were of the party, which went off marvellously well. As he took his leave, Broussin said with much emotion, "My dear Despréaux, you may boast of having given us a dinner without a fault."

Du Broussin was more of a *gourmet* than a *gourmand*; and here we may as well explain the delicate distinction made by the French, our masters in this science. A *gourmet* is one who is studious and *recherché* in what he eats, and who will by no means throw away his appetite on common fare: he, moreover, too highly appreciates the qualities of a good stomach ever to injure them by over-feeding. A *gourmand*, on the contrary, is one who cares more for quantity than quality; who eats good things if he can get them, but always a great deal.

Diners-out.—Some men again, with a taste that might do honour to a prince, are so unfortunately situated that they can only afford to pay for the dinner of a peasant. Nothing, therefore, is left for them but to dine at the expense of other people, like Monsieur Pique-assiette, in the

admirable French farce of that name. But it is not every man that can gain an easy access to the tables of the givers of good dinners, or keep it when he has got it. To do this, patience, watchfulness, steadiness of purpose, complacent humour, and a variety of peculiar talents, are required. There is, however, one little rule which parasites will find useful, and that is, always to set off the savouriness of a good dish against the unsavouriness of a remark, and the smiles of a well-covered table against the frowns and sneers of the presiding Amphitryon and the rest of the company. "The marquis calls me a fool," said an abbé, a finished master of the art; "but I am not such a fool as to quarrel with his *pâté-de-foie gras*."

A man of this humour may do, a great deal in the way of dining out, particularly in some countries on the Continent, where each wealthy family keeps a sort of open table one day in the week. Nothing more therefore is necessary to dine well every day, than to get a footing in seven houses having different feast-days; but we believe the more experienced and successful of these diners-out do not consider themselves well provided unless they have nine or ten families to count upon, which leaves them two or three as a *corps de reserve*, in case of sickness, death, bankruptcy, or the like, in any of the other houses. "Our day is Thursday," said a good dinner-giver in our hearing; "but you can't dine with us, as it is your day at the duchess's."

"I beg your pardon," replied the parasite, "the duchess has got the quinsy, and my Thursdays will be disengaged for two or three weeks to come."

“ Then come and make penitence with us.”*

The Abbé C——. In our time an old abbé carried this art, “ *di scroccare pranzi,*”† to its utmost perfection ; and he knew every man and woman that ever gave a good dinner. He kept a correct register of all the dishes for which each house was celebrated, and of the days when they were likely to have their best dinners. A *dîner maigre*, or repast without meat, is a serious thing with all gourmets, as it is exquisite, mediocre, or detestable, according to the science of the cook and the taste of his masters. Our abbé had therefore taken note, “ always to dine with the Duke di C—— and the Countess R—— on Fridays and Saturdays, and oftener during Lent, because their *dîners maigres* are the best !” He had also established a gossiping acquaintance with every cook of any distinction, and would generally contrive to learn from them what was in cogitation for the day’s or the morrow’s dinner. We met him one morning perplexed in the extreme : “ Timpano of macaroni with Abruzzi truffles, at Don Domenico’s ; red mullets and pheasants from Persano, at the baron’s ! which shall I prefer ?”

But the manner in which he cajoled and kept in good favour with the cooks, who, in the south of Italy are now, as in the days of the great Apicius, very frequently Sicilians, was truly admirable.

“ *In tempo degli antichi Romani*—in the times of the ancient Romans,” he would say, “ the Sicilians were the first cooks in the world. *Cuoco Siciliano*, that was

* *Venite far penitenza con noi.* A modest Italian idiom, frequently followed by a capital dinner.

† To dine at other people’s expense.

enough! And they are the best cooks still. Ah, yes! the Sicilians were always a people of genius! and *di grazia*, Mastro Antonio, couldn't ye contrive to send up a double dish of chickens' livers the next time I dine at the house?"

If good dinners could have kept a man alive, the abbé would have lived for ever; but, alas! it was not so, and one day he died. A wit composed his epitaph in Italian doggerel rhyme, the sense of which may be thus rendered into English:

"Here lies the abbé, who lived seventy years and odd. And what, in seventy years and odd, did he do? He ate more good dinners for nothing than any man that ever lived, but at last he paid for a dinner and it choked him."

He was certainly a great man in his way, though not particularly distinguished out of it. One of the best of his sayings was the following:

"It is a vulgar error to say, that where there is dinner for two, there is dinner enough for three:—it ought to be, where there is dinner for three, there is *perhaps* enough for two."

Cook versus chaplain.—The Prince di ——, at whose table this prince of parasites often dined, although he paid for them, was as fond of good dinners as the abbé, and had a Sicilian cook of surpassing excellence. Once having occasion to visit his estates in the provinces, he sent on the *chef* and his assistants and casseroles in a van some days before him, with orders to wait for him at a town near the foot of some mountains where the carriage-road ended. When the prince reached the appointed place, his first enquiry was for the dear cook, the second whether the imple-

ments of his art had arrived safe. The next day, being mounted on mules, the whole party, including, besides the chef and his aides-de-camp, the prince's chaplain, steward, valet, two footmen, a groom, and some soldiers as an escort, took a bridle-road across the mountains, which in many places was rather dangerous, being flanked by rocks and precipices. Having seen the *batterie de cuisine* safely packed on one beast, and the cook mounted on another, the prince said, "Take good care of yourself, for, if anything should happen to you, what shall I do for a dinner in these barbarous parts!" and having so warned the chef, he went and placed himself at the head of the cavalcade. As the road or path became worse and worse, he turned round now and then to cry, "Have a care of those casseroles! Cook, mind what you are about!" But at a point where the path had turned round the shoulder of a rock, which prevented his seeing along the lengthened line, then marching in Indian-file fashion, his nerves sustained a sad shock, for on a sudden he heard the snort of a mule and the scream of a man, and then a plump and a splashing as if some one had fallen over the precipice into the torrent below. Pale, and with his knees knocking against his saddle, he turned back to see what it was, exclaiming as he went, "The cook! the cook! holy Virgin, the cook!" "No, your excellency!" replied a voice along the line; "it is Don Prosdocimo!" "Ah! only the chaplain!" said the prince: "God be thanked!"

Montmor.—It is quite natural that Paris, which boasts so many excellent cooks, should have a reasonable number of parasites and diners-out. There indeed the latter

art has been systematised in that excellent and useful little book entitled "*L'art de dîner en ville.*"

In the old days of the Bourbons, few of the French parasites were more notorious than Montmor, who was, however, a man of wit as well as a scholar and glutton.

One day that Lignière attacked him about his continual dinings-out, he said, "What would you have me do? I am so pressed!" "I believe you," rejoined Lignière, "nothing is more pressing than *gourmandise.*"

On another occasion, he was asked why he ran so eagerly after good dinners and festivals; "Because they will not run after me," he replied, and then added this ingenious piece of etymology; "Our ancestors called their feasts *festins*, from the Latin verb *festinare*, to hurry or make haste, in order to show that people ought always to make haste in going to them."

The Scottish Heliogabalus.—The most distinguished dinner-giver of these realms, in the olden time, was John Hay, the famous Earl of Carlisle who flourished in the reigns of James the First and Charles the First. He was a Scotchman by birth, and has not unappropriately been styled "the Scottish Heliogabalus." The money he spent in feasting was enormous; but he was born to no fortune, and got his money by means of his talent for giving dinners, his taste, splendour, and agreeable manners. His wealth went as it came; and, like that recent Apicius, Cambacères, feasting and dinner-giving were his *political* vocation, and the whole business of his life. His diplomacy—and he was a diplomatist of no mean fame—all lay in this; and he may almost be called the inventor of the "diplomatic dinner"—a most admirable contrivance which has

been improved in modern times, and, by keeping envoys and plenipotentiaries in good-humour, has no doubt greatly contributed to the maintenance of the peace of Europe. When the peace of England was disturbed, and the great civil war which interrupted dinner-giving, was on the point of breaking out, his lordship, his occupation being gone or going, shut up his cook's recipe-books and bills of fare, and wisely departed this life. His whole history is a speculum and shining example for all gourmands and bons-vivans, present and to come.

We have said he was born to no fortune. He was the younger brother of a poor but noble Scotch family, and went at an early age to seek his fortune in France, where, his genius following its proper bent, he picked up correct notions in gastronomy and the difficult art of managing banquets and collations. On the accession of James the First, he hurried over from Paris to London; became one of the numerous Scottish candidates for place and pensions and the royal favour, and was one of the few who were not disappointed. His success arose immediately out of his knowledge of the human palate, and the intimate connexion that exists between the stomach and the heart and affection of princes. While other supplicants wasted their time in exposing past services rendered to the royal cause, or puzzled their brains in devising schemes that might merit the royal patronage, Master Jemie Hay gave the King a dinner, and that did his business at once. This fact is well authenticated by contemporary historians, and Weldon, among others, says, that his first favour arose from "a most strange and costly feast" which he gave the King. But Hay's choice

cookery and magnificent expenditure did more than this—they conciliated the esteem and affection of the English nobility and courtiers, who were most rancorously jealous of all Scotch favourites and courtiers; nor, though his rise was astonishingly rapid, and the enormous sums he received from the sovereign notorious, did they ever show any hatred or malice against him. Never, surely, was the value of the gastronomic science more triumphantly displayed. Even national prejudices and court jealousies disappeared before Hay's *savoir-vivre*, which was a *savoir-manger*; and, in eating his dinners, the English could forget he was a Scotchman, his rivals that he was a favourite who had outstripped them in the race after wealth, titles, and honours. First of all, he was created Lord Hay; then a gentleman of the bed-chamber; then, through the mediation of King James, who, as Clarendon says, "was in this office a most *prevalent prince*," (meaning thereby that he married his favourites to whomsoever he chose,) he obtained the hand of the sole child and heiress of Lord Denny. To all these were added many court favours and preferments; he had a grant of the island of Barbadoes, he was made knight of the garter, and was successively created an English Baron, Viscount Doncaster, and finally Earl of Carlisle. After the death of his first wife, he married a beautiful young lady, daughter to the Earl of Northumberland. With every fresh rise his magnificence increased, and the sumptuousness of his repasts seemed, in the eyes of the world, to prove him a man made for the highest fortunes, and fit for any rank.

"Atticus, eximie si coenat, lautus habetur."

Abundant as were Lord Carlisle's means, they were not adequate to his expenditure ; but he eked them out as men of his genius are wont to do, having, as Clarendon says, "no bowels in the point of running in debt and borrowing all he could." Such peccadilloes as breaking a few paltry tradesmen, and ruining a few admiring friends, are not to be judged of severely, particularly when we bear in mind facts of a sublime extravagance like the following.

"It was not enough for his ambition that his suppers should please the taste alone, the eye also must be gratified ; and this was his device. The company was ushered in to a table covered with the most elegant art and the greatest profusion ; all that the silver-smith, the shewer, the confectioner, or the cook could produce. While the company was examining and admiring this delicate display, the viands of course grew cold, and unfit for such choice palates. The whole, therefore,—called the ANTE-SUPPER,—was suddenly removed, and another supper, quite hot, and containing the exact duplicate of the former, was served in its place."*

Another writer of the time (Osborne) relates that at one of the feasts he gave to James, one of the King's attendants ate to his own share a pie which cost ten pounds of the money of that day. We should think, however, that this particular dish, like some of the preparations of the ancient Romans, was not very nice though very dear,—"ambergrease, magesterial of pearl, and musk" being mentioned among the materials of which the pie was

* Weldon ; Court of King James, p. 271.

composed. And yet it would not perhaps be safe to deliver a decided opinion on this point, as it is the *main d'œuvre*, the *main de maître*, that make the excellence of a dish, and not the condiments. There is no knowing how scientifically a great cook may have distributed his musk and his ambergrease ; but, not having tasted of such a dish, we are inclined to say, generally, that we should prefer a small Perigord pie, scented with truffles, and which may be bought in perfection for about two pounds sterling. We, however, should not have read Doctor Lister on Apicius to good purpose, did we venture flatly to condemn Lord Carlisle's pie. That learned doctor and antiquary severely reprehends Latinus Latinius, a very able Italian critic, for calling some of Apicius's messes (in which asafœtida was an ingredient) preposterous and disgusting. "These messes," says Doctor Lister with an air of stern authority, "are not immediately to be rejected because they may be displeasing to some."

Lord Carlisle, moreover, was just as splendid and expensive in his clothing as in his feeding. The magnificence of his dresses surpassed the power of description ; and old Wilson, in detailing the materials and fashion of "one of the meanest of his suites," says, that "it was, nevertheless, so fine as to look like romance, and savour rather of fancy than reality."

When he travelled, this all-accomplished epicurean took his cooks with him, and sent on couriers to make magnificent preparations for his reception. He could thus convert a road-side inn into a very temple of luxury and gastronomy. Among other instances of his gigantic profusion it is recorded, that when journeying in Holland, he

munificently paid the innkeepers of the road he did *not* travel, because they might, in ignorance of his route, have made preparations for him. He knew that to make preparations for my Lord of Carlisle was no trifle.

He was two or three times sent as ambassador extraordinary to the Emperor of Germany and King of France. Weldon informs us that, on the occasion of his public entry into Paris, his horse was loosely shod with silver, so that at each curvet he cast his shoes about, which were picked up and pocketed by the people; and that a silversmith walked by his side, in order "to take other such shoes out of a tawny velvet bag, and tack them on, to last till he should come to another occasion to prance and cast them off." This was surely a sublime improvement on the royal practice of scattering a few silver coins among the mob. By such means Carlisle gained a golden reputation out of doors, and among the people: for indoor practice, and for winning the hearts of the great, he counted on his dinners and the magnificence of his services. Although King James had been deplorably poor in Scotland at one part of his reign, and had known what it was to dine off haggis, and sheep's heads, and similar abominations, it appears that he encouraged this lavish expenditure, and gave Carlisle large sums in order that they should be so spent, just as James's son, the ill-fated Charles I, did afterwards.

We cannot better conclude this sketch of the Earl of Carlisle than in the words of his contemporary Clarendon:

"He was surely a man of the greatest expense in his own person of any in the age he lived; and introduced

more of that expense in the excess of clothes and diet than any other man ; and was indeed the original of all those inventions from which others did but transcribe copies. He had a great universal understanding, and could have taken as much delight in any other way, if he had thought any other as pleasant and worth his care. But he found business was attended with more rivals and vexations ; and, he thought, with much less pleasure, and not more innocence.

“ He left behind him the reputation of a very fine gentleman, and a most accomplished courtier ; and, after having spent in a very jovial life above four hundred thousand pounds, which upon a strict computation he received from the crown, he left not a house nor acre of land to be remembered by. And when he had in his prospect (for he was very sharp-sighted, and saw as far before him as most men) the gathering together of that cloud in Scotland, which shortly after covered both kingdoms, he died with as much tranquillity of mind, to all appearance, as used to attend a man of more severe exercise of virtue ; and with as little apprehension of death, which he expected many days.”*

Fortunate to the last, he left the world just in time. A few months after his death, in the year 1636, the open quarrel about episcopacy began in Scotland, and that concerning ship-money in England, which two causes hurried on the revolution. Had Carlisle lived on to the time of the Republicans and Roundheads, he would have been reduced to beggary and obscurity, and might have hanged himself as did that Roman Carlisle, Apicius, after

* History of the Rebellion, book i.

he had spent an immense estate in feasting and other luxuries.

The earl was about sixty years of age. For thirty-two years, *i. e.* from 1704 to 1736, his life was one continued feast, so that he may be said to have had a very good time of it.

When the illustrious Marshal de Bassompierre was in England in 1626, as ambassador from the court of France, he tells us of being introduced to a "handsome collation" at Hampton Court, by the Earl of Carlisle; and as the marshal was a critical judge of good eating, and spent almost as much money in revelry as the earl, he would hardly have called handsome what was not in reality magnificent. On other occasions, he tells us of dining and supping with my Lord Carlisle, who treated him very sumptuously.

A few weeks after Carlisle's collation, the favourite (the Duke of Buckingham) took Bassompierre to dine with the Lord Mayor, "who," says the marshal, "that day gave a dinner to more than eight hundred persons." After dinner, Bassompierre went to walk in Moorfields, which was then one of our fashionable promenades.

Good Dinners cure Satire.—Your learned men and your poets, though not always able to command the means of procuring one, have generally shown a great respect for a good dinner, and in all probability this respect has been the greater in proportion to their difficulties. In Italy, at least in modern times, poets have hardly been able to fill their bellies in any way, and the bread they eat is furnished by an ostentatious charity

or patronage. This made Alfieri say of a satirical poet who had attacked him,

“ Losco, fosco, io ti conosco,
Se avessi pane, non avresti tosco.”

“ Squint-eyed, gloomy fellow, I know thee,
If thou hadst bread, thou would'st not have venom.”

And this, considering that Alfieri was a count, and a rich man, and as bitter a satirist as ever lived to boot; was being rather hard upon the poor poet, who could not reasonably be expected to be good-natured *on bread*, even if he had had bread enough. If the count could have forgotten his own case, he might have said to the satirist, “ My dear fellow ! if you had a good dinner every day, you would cease to be venomous ;” for nothing takes away this sort of venom so soon as *la bonne cuisine*.

It is a popular saying in the East, that the stings of serpents are only dangerous when the creatures are fasting or under-fed, and serpents as well as poets are closely connected with Apollo. There are exceptions to this, as to every other rule. It is said of the French savant, poet, and gourmand Montmor, already mentioned, that the more he feasted the worse tempered he became ; but this man, partaking of the nature of the boa-constrictor, set no bounds to his appetite, and, like the boa, his over-repletion was rather irksome and uneasy to himself than dangerous to others. With all his Greek and Latin, Montmor did not comprehend the golden rule of our friend the abbé, which was to this effect : “ If the dinner be good, always eat as much as you can ; but if it be *divine*, never eat more than you can bear, even though it

cost you nothing, and you know not where to get another next day."

Dinners of French Academicians.—When l'Académie Française was first founded, notwithstanding the pensions granted by the Cardinal de Richelieu, which might have enabled each of them to get a dinner for himself, there were several members not rich enough to give dinners to their brother academicians, — a lapse seldom overlooked by learned bodies. Antoine Furetière was among the unlucky members, and he was expelled; or, as our French authors say, "rejected from the bosom of the academy." It would be unfair in us to say that he was rejected for this sole defect, seeing that he had besides the demerits of a bad temper and a disputed dictionary.* But then his temper might have been better, if he could have done as others did;—even the sins of his heterodox lexicon might have been forgotten over orthodox dinners; and, if he could only have kept a good table for his *confrères*, nathless he might have kept his seat in the academy. We are the more inclined to this belief by what happened after his expulsion. Furetière in his indignation published a poem entitled "*Les Couches de l'Académie*," or, "The Lyings-in of the Academy:" which is a production in advance of his age, showing the evil effects on literature of court patronage, monopoly, and bodies corporate. But it was spiteful, nevertheless.

One of those most severely attacked, and who most caustically replied to him, was François Charpentier, a

* Furetière finished a dictionary by himself, while the "Forty" were making slow progress with theirs. Some people preferred Furetière's to the "*Dictionnaire de l'Académie Française*."

distinguished member of the Academy. Charpentier, giving a *laisser-aller* to more solemn, but less important matters, stuck to the dinner! for Furetière hinted that he had given dinners to Charpentier, which Charpentier swore he had never eaten. We beg the reader's attention to the solemnity of Charpentier's protest and denunciation, and to the remarkable fact that there was once a Frenchman *that did not like soup*.

"It is almost impossible," says Charpentier, "to preserve the tranquillity of one's mind, and to spare a man who never spares us. We have, however, been friends, Furetière and I, and pretty proofs he gives me of it in his books! I cannot read without indignation a certain passage wherein he says, '*that a good soup would make us good friends again.*' I never dined once at Furetière's, but he has dined more than ten times at my table. I was so little anxious that he should keep a debtor and creditor account of these dinners, and he was so far from being able to give a dinner in return, that every time I met him he only begged me to name the day when I should have time to go and dine with him; and this was merely a compliment which he continued to pay me for a very long time, without anything else. Being at last quite tired with his asking me to fix *the day*, I begged him, in a joke (*a serious one*), to name *the year* in which I should dine with him; and this he failed to do. So that, never having eaten *any soup* within his doors, I do not know why he should pretend to regale me with a mess *I dislike*."

Death by Fish.—In the letters of the tender, melancholy, and fastidious Gray, there is frequently a forcibly-

displayed sense of the ridiculous, and at times a most withering spirit of sarcasm, which we might wonder to find in the author of the *Elegy* in a country churchyard, were we not aware of the opposite qualities that meet in all men, and in men of genius in particular.

In one of his letters, after inviting a friend to visit him at college, *because everybody belonging to it is away*, he goes on to describe the death of a Cambridge doctor who had been a great glutton.

"Cambridge," he says, "is a delight of a place now there is nobody in it. I do believe you would like it if you knew what it was without inhabitants. It is they, I assure you, that get it an ill name and spoil all. Our friend Dr. — (one of its nuisances) is not expected here again in a hurry. He is gone to his grave with five fine mackerel (large and full of roe) in his belly. He eat them all at one dinner; but his fate was a turbot on Trinity Sunday, of which he left little for the company besides bones. He had not been hearty all the week; but after this sixth fish he never held up his head more, and a violent looseness carried him off. They say he made a very good end."—*Letter cix. Mason's edition.*

A Hint to those who Dine with. "the Worshipful" in the City.—A stranger, dining with one of our very luxurious city companies, had himself helped to the first dish of meat that stood near him; and being hungry, and making no calculations as to the choicer dishes which were to follow, began to eat his slices of the plain joint with great gusto. "God bless my soul!" exclaimed a more experienced glutton, "surely you are not going to throw away that beautiful appetite upon a leg of mutton!"

The stranger blushed up to the ears ; laid down his knife and fork, and waited for the venison.

Neapolitan Bons-vivans.—Though there may be greater gluttons than the good citizens of Naples, the Neapolitans are very fond, not only of eating, but of talking what they eat.

When there is a dead pause, or when the conversation is about to take a melancholy turn, nothing is more common than for one of the party to smack his lips and say, “ *Parliamo di cose allegre,*—let us speak of merry things ! What have you had for dinner to-day ? ” or, “ What are you going to have for dinner to-day ? ” as the hour may be when the conversation takes place.

No sooner is this key-note struck, than one after the other they all begin to count their dishes on their fingers, and run through a gamut of “ green-green maccaroni,”—“ stupendous ragouts ”—“ exquisite fries,”—“ magnificent fish,” &c. &c.

The unction with which they speak, the energy of their delivery and gesticulation, the well-rounded periods, and the sounding superlatives of the Italian language, all render their dialogues very striking.

A good many years ago we were talking with the old Bishop of Gallipoli, who was a happy mixture of the *gourmand* and *gourmet*—the stately churchman and the bon-vivant, about the city of Sorrento, the birth-place of the poet Tasso :

“ Ah ! Sorrento ! ” said this holy father in God ; “ speak to me of that ! I have lived there, and shall never forget its veal ! — *Quello poi, è un paese dove troverete tutto chè il cuor dell' uomo possa desiderare.*

Vitello squisitissimo, butirro stupendissimo, vini sincerissimi, donne freschissime, latte deliziosoissimo, acqua sanissima! Ma che vitello!"

Our own language breaks down under such an effort, but the following is a translation of the words :

"Ay! that's a country where you will find everything that the heart of man can desire. Most exquisite veal, most stupendous butter, most sincere wines, most fresh (*complexioned*) women, most delicious milk, most wholesome water! But, oh! what veal!"

There is an old Neapolitan joke to this effect :

Query. *Chi sono i cittadini?*" (Who are the citizens?)

Answer. "*I porci.*" (The pigs.)

And, for some reason we could never discover, for that town is less infested by swine, and the manners of the people are much less swinish than in many other places in the kingdom, the Neapolitans say, "The pigs are the citizens of Sorrento;" or, "The citizens of Sorrento are pigs."

When our close corporations were in their "most high and palmy state," when gourmandising was the order of the day; and your overseers of the poor would eat a child* at a sitting, surely it might have been said that the citizens of — were pigs.

As the good people of London go to Greenwich and Blackwall, to eat white-bait; to Putney, to eat eel-pie; and to other places for other luxuries; so do the Neapolitans migrate to the Granatella at Portici, to eat red

* We believe this expression was figurative.

mullet ; to the Sarno, to eat eels ; to the Fusaro lake, to eat oysters ; to the Madonna degli Angeli, to feast upon pig's fry ; and (not to mention many other high-places and temples of gluttony) to the country between the city and Mount Vesuvius, to expatiate upon fresh figs and artichokes. The houses of entertainment in all these places are of the commonest and coarsest description, being mere *taverne*, or pot-houses ; for the word " tavern," which we have applied to the best of our public-houses, means in Italian the worst. And *apropos* to this change of meaning ; we remember some Italians were much puzzled in reading in the newspapers, that English princes, royal dukes, marquisses, and lords, the very pink of our nobility, thought nothing of dining at the *Taverna di Londra*, (the London Tavern,) which to their ears sounded every bit as vulgar as " The Pig and Tinder-box," or, " The Cat and Mutton." But to return to the Neapolitan *taverne*, they are much frequented at the proper seasons by the great body of the citizens ; nor do the nobility and gentry hesitate to make small private parties to them, or place themselves, for the time being, on an equality with the rest of mine host's customers.

Old Nicolo Capasso, a poet and wit of the last century, was a great frequenter of these rustic places of entertainment, where form and ceremony disappear, and hilarity and the effect of good cheer are increased by everybody's being perfectly at his ease, as we all more or less feel ourselves on a stray holiday in a primitive, rudely furnished inn, rather than in a splendid hotel, or ceremonious private dining-room. One of the most favoured of Nicola's haunts was a small public-house not far from

the suburbs of Naples, which was called "*La taverna de' Carcioffi*," or the "Artichoke tavern;" and there, on a bright sunny festival-day, he would collect the choicest wits and humorists of the capital, and drink *brindisi*, or rhymed impromptu toasts, until the house rang again.

The Boniface of this humble tenement had often and earnestly begged Capasso to write him a poetical inscription to place over his door; and the poet, full of the *genius loci*, finally gave him one in the Neapolitan dialect and the following words:

"Manyammo, amici miei, manyammo e bevimmo,
 Finchè dura l' uoglio nella lantierna!
 Chi sà sè all' auto munno ci vedimmo?
 Chi sà sè all' auto munno c'è tavierna?"

or,

Let us eat, my friends, let us eat and drink,
 While the oil lasts in the lantern!
 For who knows whether we shall meet in the next world?
 Who knows whether, in the other world, there is a public-house?

And here we will conclude this desultory chapter on eating, though not from lack of matter.

LXIX.

WHEN A STRANGER ENTERS A ROOM,

SAY the anecdote books of the last century, the first question asked about him varies according to the country in which he happens to be. In France it is, "Is he received at court?"—in England, "How much has he a year?" (where other MSS. read, "What sort of a person is he?")—in Holland, "Is he solvent?"—and in Ger-

many, "Is he of gentle blood?" The German question runs, "Ist er stiftmässig?" *i. e.* "Is he capable of being elected a canon?"—which in some establishments would require the stranger to be able to show noble descent for sixteen generations on both his father's and mother's side.

LXX. A HAPPY REPARTÉE.

WE have given elsewhere * a lucky saying of Atterbury, the celebrated bishop of Rochester; but the following seems to us perfect in its kind.

The bishop happened to say, in the House of Lords, while speaking on a certain bill then under discussion, that "he had prophesied last winter this bill would be attempted in the present session; and he was sorry to find he had proved a true prophet." My Lord Coningsby, who spoke after the bishop, and always spoke in a passion, desired the House to remark, "that one of the right reverend had set himself forth as a prophet; but, for his part, he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that furious prophet—Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass."

Atterbury, in reply, with great wit and calmness, exposed this rude attack, concluding thus: "Since the noble lord has discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel: I am sure that I have been reproved by nobody but his lordship."—*Political and Literary Anecdotes of his own Times, by Doctor William King, Principal of St. Mary, Oxon.*

* Vol. i. p. 242.

LXXI. THE CEREMONIAL OF MAKING
THE KING'S BED.

THE following account of the old ceremony of making the King's bed in the time of Henry the Eighth, was sent to the Society of Antiquaries, in 1776, by Mr. J. C. Brooke, of the Heralds' College, F.S.A. &c. In a letter to the president, he says,—

“ It is extracted from an original manuscript, elegantly written, beautifully illuminated, and richly bound, which was some time in the library of Henry Duke of Norfolk, earl marshal of England, to whom it came by descent from Thomas, the great Duke of Norfolk, beheaded in the reign of Queen Elizabeth ; who married Mary, daughter and coheir of Henry Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, lord chamberlain to King Henry the Eighth. It contains the whole duty of the lord chamberlain, and of the officers in his department ; is the original copy kept for the information of that earl ; and had been compiled by order of, and approved by, the King himself in council.”

“ THE OOLDE ORDRE OF MAKYNG THE KYNGES BEDD NOT TO BE USED NOR DONE, BUT AS HYS GRACE WOLL COMAUND AND APOYNTE FROM TYME TO TYME HERAFTER.

“ *Furste*, a groome or a page to take a torche, and to goo to the warderobe of the kynges bedd, and bryng theym of the warderobe with the kynges stuff unto the chambr for makyng of the same bedde. Where as aught to be a gentylman-usher, iiii yeomen of the chambr for to make the same bedde. The groome to stande at the bedds feete with his torch. They of the warderobe opennyng the kinges stuff of hys bedde upon a fayre

sheete, bytween the sayde groome and the bedds fote, iii yeomen, or two at the leste, in every syde of the bedde; the gentylman-usher and parte commaundyng theym what they shall doo. A yoman with a dagger to searche the strawe of the kynges bedde that there be none untreuth therein. And this yoman to caste up the bedde of downe upon that, and oon of theym to tomble over yt for the serche thereof. Then they to bete and tuffe the sayde bedde, and to laye oon then the bolster without touchyng of the bedd where as it aught to lye. Then they of the warderobe to delyver theym a fustyan takyng the saye therof. All theys yomen to laye theyr hands theroon at ones, that they touch not the bedd, tyll yt be layed as it sholde be by the comaundement of the ussher. And so the furste sheet in lyke wyse, and then to trusse in both sheete and fustyan rownde about the bedde of downe. The warderoper to delyver the second sheete unto two yomen, they to crosse it over theyr arme, and to stryke [a] the bedde as the ussher shall more playnly shewe unto theym. Then every yoman layeing hande upon the sheete, to laye the same sheete upon the bedde. And so the other fustyan upon or ii with suche coverynge as shall content the kyng. Thus doon, the ii yomen next to the bedde to lay down agene the overmore fustyan, the yomen of the warderobe delyverynge theym a pane sheete, the sayde yoman therewythall to cover the sayde bedde. And so then to laye down the overmost sheete from the beddes heed. And then the sayd ii yomen to lay all the overmost clothes of

[a] Stroak, from the Saxon, *strapan*, *levigare*.

a quarter of the bedde. Then the warderoper to delyver unto them such pyllowes as shall please the kyng. The sayd yoman to laye theym upon the bolster and the heed sheet with whych the sayde yoman shall cover the sayde pyllowes. And so to trusse the endes of the said sheete under every end of the bolster. And then the sayd warderoper to delyver unto them ii lytle small pyllowes, werwythall the squyres for the bodye or gentylman-ussher shall give the saye to the warderoper, and to the yoman whych have layde on hande upon the sayd bedde. And then the sayd ii yomen to lay upon the sayde bedde toward the bolster as yt was bifore. They making a crosse and kysynge yt where there handes were. Then ii yomen next to the feete to make the feers as the ussher shall teche theym. And so then every of them sticke up the aungel about the bedde, and to lette downe the corteyns of the sayd bedde, or sparver. [b]

“Item, a squyer for the bodye or gentylman-ussher aught to sett the kynges sword at hys beddes heed.

“Item, a squyer for the bodye aught to charge a secret groome or page, to have the keypyng of the sayde bedde with a lyght unto the time the kyng be disposed to goo to yt.

“Item, a groome or page aught to take a torche, whyle the bedde ys yn making, to feche a loof of brede, a pott with ale, a pott wyth wine, for them that maketh the bedde, and every man.

“Item, the gentylman-ussher aught to forbede that no manner of man do sett eny dysse upon the kinge’s

[b] Sparver, a camp, or turn-up bed, from *rpappan*, *obdere*, to shut, or close up.

bedde, for fere of hurtyng of the kinge's ryche counterpoynt that lyeth therupon. And that the sayd ussher take goode heede, that noo man wipe or rubbe their handes uppon none arras of the kynges, wherby they myght bee hurted, in the chambr where the kyng ys specially. and in all other."—*Archæologia*, vol. iv. p. 311.

LXXII.

THE APHORISMS OF HIPPOCRATES.

THE lapse of more than two thousand years, though it has diminished the authority of the Father of Physic, has not lessened the admiration of his genius, which has been expressed by every qualified critic. Hippocrates amply merits the noble title of the Father of the art of healing, though it is obvious that it is not in his writings that we are to seek the first rude notions of physic. Some healing herbs, some rough chirurgical attempts, must have been used to soothe pain or avert death for many a long century before the sage of Cos: not only does all history, sacred and profane, bear testimony to this, but it is evident from the texture of his works. We see in them the exquisite finish of the sculptor, rather than the rough hewing of the stone-cutter. Yet does Hippocrates deserve the praise which countless generations have lavished upon him of having invented the *art* which he professed; for in his hands the scattered precepts of the Eastern Brahmin, of the Egyptian priest, of the Greek demi-god *Æsculapius*, kindled by the Promethean fire of his own genius, became one living whole,

and astonished a grateful world. We may imagine him at one time culling the surgical anthology of Podalirius and Machaon, those heroes of the Trojan war, who, like the arrows in the old mythus, were equally potent in curing as in causing wounds; at another time, we learn that he copied from the Egyptian temples those inscriptions by which patients had recorded the remedies that had restored them to health; at another, the great master reveals the fruits of his own vast experience, and, with a candour which it is easier to praise than to imitate, selects the most instructive, that is, the most unsuccessful cases for relation.

In all these instances, however, his writings have that homogeneousness which is the touchstone of true genius, the diagnostic mark (to use a medical term) by which the great and original thinker is distinguished from the mere compiler: his style, too, has the fluency which naturally results from an abundance of materials; and the fastidious Athenians, when they revered the stranger from Cos as little lower than a tutelary deity, (just as when they ascribed the history of Herodotus to the inspiration of the Muses,) might have been influenced by the graces of the author, as well as by the success of the physician. He wrote in the Ionic dialect; and as Homer made this form of Greek the language of epic poetry, so the fame of Hippocrates consecrated its melodious variations to the service of physic.

Some few writers think it necessary to depreciate his merits lest we should be tempted to imitate his practice: but, for our part, we would rather retain what is instructive, even in an obsolete medical creed, and not

follow those zealous iconoclasts, who, in banishing superstition from the temple, would "break down all the carved work thereof with axes and hammers."

When we praise the style of Hippocrates, we praise it as far as it can be discerned through the corruptions of the text; for, if any student is unconscious of his obligations to the patient critics who have smoothed the way for his perusal of the ancient poets and historians, we would recommend him to try his hand at the Greek physicians. He will respect Elmsley, and adore Porson, and heartily wish that a Hermann or a Schneider would clear up Hippocrates and Aretæus. For want of an editor, they are in the state of those heroes of the olden time, forgotten, says Horace, for want of a poet:

" ——— Omnes illachrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longâ
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro."

Even the aphorisms, though the editions are more numerous than the leaves which strew the ground in autumn, are replete with errors introduced by ignorant transcribers. A great number of the aphorisms have the air of being violently transplanted from the other works of the author, and several are repeated in substance and almost in words: this is especially the case in the eighth section, which is perhaps altogether spurious.

A few examples may serve to give our readers some notion of the tone and manner of these celebrated axioms.

"Extreme remedies are very appropriate for extreme diseases."—§ i. 6.

"Spontaneous lassitude denotes disease."—§ ii. 5.

“ The fat are more apt to die suddenly than the lean.”
—§ ii. 44.

“ When pain arises in two different places, the stronger one obscures the other.”—§ ii. 46.

(It is on this principle that the gout is said to cure the tooth-ache; and that the nervous and irritable usually derive benefit from blistering and other excoriations.)

“ The south wind causes deafness, dimness of sight, heaviness of the head, weariness, and a sense of relaxation: such are the symptoms which the sick experience when it prevails. But should the wind be from the north, coughs, sore throats, constipation, dysuria, shivering, and pains in the side and chest [are frequent.] When it prevails, we must expect such things in diseases.”—§ iii. 5.

“ Autumn is unfavourable to the consumptive.”—§ iii. 10. (On account of the rapid changes of temperature?)

The list of aperients, which is now of enormous length, was so scanty in those early ages, that Hippocrates seems to have been obliged to make use of hellebore as an ordinary purgative, though he well knew its occasional violence, for he says, “ hellebore is dangerous to those whose flesh is healthy, for it causes convulsions.”—§ iv. 16.

In a subsequent aphorism, he informs us that “ convulsions caused by hellebore are fatal.”—§ v. 1.

“ When convalescents suffer pain, abscesses form in the situation of the pain.”

“ But, if any part was in pain before the illness, the disease fixes itself there.”—§ iv. 32 and 33.

“Ulcers on the bodies of the dropsical are not easily healed.”—§ vi. 8.

(And therefore the practice sometimes recommended of evacuating the fluid from dropsical limbs by numerous incisions and punctures is by no means void of danger.)

“It is a bad thing for cough to supervene upon dropsy.”—§ vi. 35.

(Because it probably proceeds from the fluid collected in the abdomen pressing upon and irritating the diaphragm.)

LXXIII. STRAITS OF THERMOPYLÆ.

THERE was a vast assembly at Marlborough-house, and a throng in the doorway. My Lady Talbot said, “Bless me! I think this is like the Straits of Thermopylæ!” My Lady Northumberland replied, “I don’t know what *Street* that is, but I wish I could get my — through here.”—*H. Walpole’s Letters to the Earl of Hertford.*

LXXIV. MORBUS ANATOMICUS.

THE DISSECTOR’S DISEASE.

It is highly probable that the virus with which dissectors are often so unfortunate as to inoculate themselves is as various in quality as it is in effect; and it is equally, or even more probable, that the difference in effect may frequently depend on the difference in the constitutions of the inoculated. Whatever is received, say the schoolmen, is received in proportion to the recipient; a rule which is eminently true in the reception of diseases or infection. Thus, when the atmosphere is im-

pregnated with the poison of cholera, the effects on individuals vary from an attack which prostrates its victim in a few hours, to a slight diarrhœa, or a simple uneasiness.

A scarlet fever is sometimes a noisome distemper, raging like a pestilence ; at others, a mere blush upon the skin. The plague itself is perhaps nothing more than a typhus fever at its acme of aggravation ; and thus, too, the dissector's malady has numerous species and several very distinct genera.

Sometimes it fortunately happens that the disease is chiefly, though not entirely, local ; matter forms under the tendons of the pricked finger, and the absorbent glands in the vicinity become inflamed, but to no great extent, as the disease is cut short by a few free incisions, which evacuate the matter ; and the headache and fever soon disappear. In another form of the disease, the superficial absorbent glands are affected, but not in consequence of the confinement of matter within the finger ; and the inflammation is out of all proportion to the apparent cause. The accompanying symptoms are also more violent than in the kind just described ; for there is severe headache and vomiting, with a hot skin, a furred tongue, and a rapid, bounding pulse. A vesicle, which is usually healed by the third or fourth day, forms upon the wound. The pain attending this form of the disease is sometimes so great, that two cases are recorded in the *Mémoires de l'Académie des Sciences*, where the patients sank under it ; while, on the other hand, it is sometimes so trifling that the patient rather complains of inability to move the affected limb than of actual pain in it. If

the disease be slight, the red lines along the arm, which mark the course of the inflamed glands, disappear in three or four days, and the glands themselves soon begin to diminish in size. In more unfavourable cases of this genus the glands suppurate, and the patient recovers with difficulty, or is perhaps destroyed by hectic fever. A fatal termination is not common, however; for Mr. Travers tells us, that, of twenty deaths which take place after wounds received in dissection, not above one arises from the inflammation of the superficial absorbents, and yet this inflammation is perhaps the most common form of the morbus anatomicus.

If the deep-seated absorbents should be affected instead of the superficial ones, the red lines along the arm will be wanting, the symptoms will be those of the preceding genus in a severe form, and the disease will be longer in attaining its period of maturation.

Lastly, in the most fatal and characteristic form of the disease, the cellular membrane (the loose and spongy texture lying beneath the skin) becomes the seat of diffuse inflammation, and the patient too often sinks beneath the shock, though no part vulgarly supposed to be vital is attacked. A case of this kind is given in an excellent MS. essay on the morbus anatomicus, by Mr. Philip Fernandez, which is now lying before us. The patient was a pupil of St. George's Hospital, who pricked his finger while examining the victim of a fatal attack of peritonitis.* There was exquisite tenderness and some

* *Peritonitis*, inflammation of the peritoneum, the membrane which lines the internal surface of the abdomen and covers its viscera. It has been long observed, that wounds received in dissecting those who have died of peritonitis are peculiarly fatal.

swelling about the pectoral muscle, but no appearance of inflammation in or near the wound. Death took place a week after the accident.*

Two questions naturally suggest themselves to every inquirer on this subject; the first being—Is inoculation from putrid bodies more dangerous than from recent ones? Experience gives Theory a hard rap on the knuckles when delivering her answer, for fresh bodies are the most dangerous. It fortunately happens, however, that Theory is always able to follow Experience, and it is easy to allege that the danger depends on a virus which is decomposed by putrefaction.

The second question is—Can the morbus anatomicus be communicated otherwise than by inoculation? And here Experience, in the person of Mr. Travers, speaks as follows: A laundress, while washing the sheets of a patient who had died of this disease, was overcome by what she described as a peculiar faint smell; she was instantly seized with violent pain in the shoulder, and a large abscess afterwards formed in the arm-pit. Moreover, several persons in the same house with a gentleman suffering from diffuse inflammation (including his nurse)

* The appearances observed on examination may interest some of our readers. There was no morbid appearance in the finger, hand, or fore-arm; but, on dissecting off the pectoral muscle, a large quantity of lymph and pus was found, not forming a distinct abscess, but occupying the cellular membrane. The principal seat of the suppuration was in the immediate vicinity of the axillary plexus of nerves, around which a considerable quantity of pus was accumulated. Some of the glands were inflamed, but not more than might naturally be expected in parts surrounded by pus. The stomach and intestines were much distended with air, but there was no certain evidence of actual inflammation having existed in them.

were attacked with typhus fever, complicated with various anomalous symptoms. Though the case of the laundress might be attributed to inoculation, the other ones must evidently submit to a different interpretation.

An important point, still to be considered, is the treatment of the dissector's disease; and here, as in many other cases, the doctors disagree so totally, that if we learn nothing else from the discrepancy of their opinions, at least we must not refuse to be taught the fact that medicine is an art still in its infancy. An ingenious surgeon, Mr. Shaw, recommends that the patient should be kept for some days in a state of intoxication with porter and opium; while another man of note, Dr. Duncan, extols large bleedings and other depletory measures. Either one of these two extremes can but rarely be requisite. *Inter utrumque vola.* If the pain is great, the pulse strong, and the patient not exhausted by the depressing atmosphere of a dissecting-room, bleed once or twice; in ordinary cases, be content with opium and aperients. Of course it will be advisable to give vent to the confined matter by free incisions, and afterwards to support the patient by cordials and stimulants, by mutton chops and old port, just as when an ordinary abscess has been evacuated.

But how is the disease to be prevented? The anatomical forceps of Captain Bagnold, by rendering the sewing up of bodies more easy, will prevent many a puncture. But, supposing a puncture to have been made, how are its ill effects to be guarded against? The best antidotes are to suck the wound, and then to apply some caustic to it. So great is the efficacy and the reputation

of this remedy, that Chaussier advises the dissector to have a phial of muriate of antimony always in his pocket. The experiments of Sir David Barry have shown that the application of a cupping-glass prevents the absorption of poisons, and this prophylactic may therefore be used in very suspicious cases. Lastly, the dissector must be sustained by a generous diet; and though we would not recommend him to follow the prescription which is fathered upon the old physicians, and get drunk once a month, we would certainly advise, that, at least once a month, he should quit his subject and his scalpels, enjoy the uncontaminated air of the country, and, in Horatian phrase, "wash away his ills with sweet wine."

LXXV. TRANSLATABLE PUNS.

ADDISON has given an excellent test by which we may know whether a piece of real wit has been achieved, or merely a pun perpetrated. We are to endeavour to translate the doubtful production into another language: and if it passes through this ordeal unharmed, it is true wit; if not, it is a pun. Like most tests, however, this fails occasionally; for there are some few puns that, in spite of the prohibitory law, can smuggle themselves into the regions of true wit,—just as foreigners, who have perfectly learned the language of a country, can enter as natives, and set alien acts at defiance.

We will give two or three examples of these slippery fellows, who, to use a modern phrase, have succeeded in driving a coach-and-six through Addison's Act.

The lectures of a Greek philosopher were attended by

a young girl of exquisite beauty. One day, a grain of sand happened to get into her eye, and, being unable to extricate it herself, she requested his assistance. As he was observed to perform this little operation with a zeal which, perhaps, a less sparkling eye might not have commanded, somebody called out to him, *Μη την κορην διαφθειρης, i. e.* Do not spoil the pupil.

Cicero said of a man who had ploughed up the ground in which his father was buried, *Hoc est verè colere monumentum patris*—This is really cultivating one's father's memory.

A punster, being requested to give a specimen of his art, asked for a subject. "The King." "The King is not a subject," he replied. This holds good in French likewise—(*Le Roi n'est pas un sujet.*)

The last two cases belong to a class which is, perhaps, more extensive than is commonly supposed; where the two senses of the word are allied by an easy metaphor, and may consequently be found in more than one language. We will give another of the same kind.

Erskine was reproached with his propensity of punning, and was told that puns were the lowest kind of wit. "True," said he, "and therefore they are the foundation of all wit."

Madame de Lamotte was condemned to be marked with a hot iron on both shoulders, as well as to perpetual imprisonment, for her frauds in the affair of Marie Antoinette's diamond necklace. At the end of ten months, however, she made her escape from l'Hôpital, where she was confined, by the aid of a *sœur*, who said, when quitting her, "Adieu, Madame, prenez-garde de vous faire

re-marquer." (Farewell, Madam; take care not to be *re-marked*.)

A French editor, when quoting this, observes, "Nous ajouterons qu'il faut bien avoir la fureur de dire de tristes bons-mots pour en faire sur un pareil sujet."

At a time when public affairs were in a very unsettled state, M. de G——, who squinted terribly, asked Talleyrand how things were going on.

"Mais, comme vous voyez, Monsieur." (Why, as you see, sir.)

Another pun, attributed to the same great master, is not only translatable, but is much better in English than in French. During the reign of Bonaparte, when an arrogant soldiery affected to despise all civilians, Talleyrand asked a certain general what was meant by calling people *pequins*. "*Nous appellons pequin tout ce qui n'est pas militaire*," said the general. (We call everybody who is not a soldier, a *pequin*,—a miserable creature.) "*Eh! oui*," replied Talleyrand, "*comme nous autres nous appellons militaires tous ceux qui ne sont pas civiles*." (Oh! yes! as we call military all those who are not civil.)

LXXVI.

DIALECTS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

BALBI, a learned Venetian, has written a work containing some account of *all the languages* in the world, which he divides according to their varieties and dialects. He expatiates on the dialects of the Turks, Abyssinians, Laplanders, and a hundred others, and comes at length

to the English, of which he speaks in the following terms:—

“The English language has the four following dialects, subdivided into several subdialects and varieties.

“I. The English, properly so called, which, polished by Chaucer in the fourteenth century, became the written and general language of the whole nation. Its principal subdialects are the Cockney of the city of London, the Oxford, the Somerset, the Welsh, and the Irish; also the Jowring, spoken in Berkshire, and the rustic idiom of Suffolk and Norfolk.

“II. The Anglo-Northumbrian, which might be also called the Dano-English, from the great number of Danish words it has preserved, in which must be distinguished the three subdialects of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

“III. The Scotch, or Anglo-Scandinavian, in which must also be distinguished the Scotch, properly so called, or Lowland Scotch, spoken formerly at the courts of the Scottish kings, in which James the Fifth wrote some pretty poems; in which Ramsay has composed a pastoral, whose artless grace sometimes recalls all the charm of the *Aminta* of Tasso; and which Burns has recently ennobled by songs full of nerve and originality: the Border tongue, a mixed idiom, spoken in the frontier provinces of the south of Scotland, remarkable for its ballads and popular songs; and the idiom of the Orkney Islands, which is mingled with many Norwegian words.

“IV. The ultra-European English, spoken in all the English colonies and in the United States. It is the

idiom spoken by the greatest number of the inhabitants of the New World."

After this very learned account of the dialects of our own tongue, the information upon the Esquimaux and other strange tongues, may be supposed to be rather suspicious,

LXXVII. HUMAN FECUNDITY.

HALLER tells that it is not unusual for a woman to produce two children at a birth, that three are somewhat rarer, and the number never exceeds five. (" Non raro femina geminos fœtus parit; rarius paulo tres, neque unquam supra quinque."—*Physiologia*, 929.

This eminent physiologist should certainly have said *multo* instead of *paulo*; for in truth triplets are so rare, that no successful attempt has hitherto been made to calculate the average frequency of their occurrence.

With twins the case is different; they probably occur about once in eighty times. Thus we learn from Dr. Merriman that the average of twin-births has been stated,

By Dr. Clarke, at the Dublin Lying-in Hospital,	
as	1 in 56½
By Dr. Bland, at the Westminster Dispensary	„ 80
By Professor Boer, in the Vienna Lying-in	
Hospital	„ 80
By Dr. Denman, at the British Hospital	„ 91
By Dr. Denman, at the Middlesex Hospital	„ 93
By Mr. Burns, in his own practice	„ 95
By M. Tenon, surgeon to the Salpêtrière at Paris	„ 96
By Madame Boivin, at the Hospice de la	
Maternité	„ 132

The greater the number of children, the smaller is the chance of their surviving ; but there is one well-known instance of quadruplets living for several years. The wife of a pauper, near Bromsgrove in Worcestershire, bore four girls at a birth, (in 1819, we believe,) and we recollect seeing them when they had attained the age of six years. It was the common practice for the stages to stop at the cottage-door ; and the passengers showered their sixpences or shillings on the fortunate parents, raised from pauperism to comfort by their singular fertility.

The second wife of Dr. Rigby, an eminent writer on uterine hemorrhage, bore him four children at a birth ; but we do not recollect whether they survived ; probably not.

Borellus (quoted by Dr. Merriman) tells of the wife of a nobleman in Languedoc, who bore eight children at a birth. But Borellus has a taste for the marvellous. (Anno 1650: Uxor nobilis D. Darre unico puerperio octo fetus enixa est probè conformatos, quod valdè in his regionibus insolens est: tres enim tantum vitales simul enixos videram.)

“ Quod valdè in his regionibus insolens est.”—Which is extremely unusual in this part of the country !

There is a story of a countess in Holland who bore three hundred and sixty-five children at a birth ; and we are assured, in the true Munchausen style, that the fact is engraved upon her tombstone. A poor woman with twins had asked charity of the countess ; and being harshly refused, and even reproached for her fertility, had prayed that the lady might bear as many children as there were days in the year. The countess fulfilled the

malediction and died. The explanation of the tale (as suggested by Dr. Ramsbotham) seems to be, that hydatids were mistaken for children.

The story of a Russian peasant who had eighty-seven children by two wives, which is to be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for September 1783, has lately been sent the round of the newspapers, and, if we mistake not, is told as something new.

LXXVIII.

ECONOMY IN QUEEN ANNE'S DRESSES,

WITH A FEW COURT PRACTICES.

THE following amusing details are extracted from another of the Duchess of Marlborough's elaborate defences of her own conduct. They let us into the secret of divers little underhand practices which, we fear, are not yet wholly obsolete in any court in Europe. In justice to her grace Sarah, it should be mentioned that the Queen admitted the correctness of her accounts, and was obliged to acknowledge that cheating, in that way, was not among her faults.

We have copied from the Coxe MSS., but the substance of what follows, though differently arranged and expressed, was published in "An Account of the Conduct of the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough, from her first coming to court to the year 1710, in a letter from herself to my Lord ——." This defence, which appears to be the only one Sarah herself ever sent to press, was brought out in 1742, twenty-eight years after the demise of Queen Anne, and within little more than a year of her own

death. In this printed work there is an allusion made to the MS. we have preferred copying from, as it was written nearer to the time of the events, and with rather more vivacity than the corrected and frequently reconsidered document which was published so long after. At page 316 of that work, Sarah says, "The calumnies against me were so gross, and yet so greedily devoured by the credulity of party rage, that I thought it became me to write and publish something in my own justification; and the substance of what I am now going to say was contained in a sort of memorial, which for that purpose I drew up in 1712. I have already mentioned by what means I was then dissuaded from making it public, and the reasons that now induce me to pursue that design." [If we calculate according to the new style, the memorial could not have been written in 1712, for there is a statement in it that shows it was written abroad; and though the Duke left England in November 1712, her grace certainly did not join him until after the 5th of February following: besides which, the reference to Swift's Deanery fixes the date of the MS. in 1713.

"The chief accusations," says her grace, or the "good hand" she employed on the manuscript memorial, "that have been made against me, are with respect either to my accounts of the robes and the management of the privy purse, or to the advantages I have been supposed to make of the Queen's favour, and particularly in the disposal of titles and employments; or to the manner of my leaving the court.

"As to the first, the whole nine years' accounts is pass'd in the Exchequer, and every acquittance has been

examined there, even for so small a sum as twenty shillings pay'd to any tradesman ; which is such a care and exactness as never before was used by any master or mistress of the robes ; and I remember, upon the passing the first accounts, there was a representation from Auditor Harley's office to the Treasury that they had never seen any such accounts. The same was acknowledged by Mr. Tayler and all the clerks of that board ; and I have a letter from the present lord treasurer in which he says *that his brother Mr. E. Harley had made a collection of the expenses of the robes for forty-six years, which he would bring me, and by which I should see I had manag'd better for the crown than any that went before me by a great sum ;* and he added many things which are not so proper for me to repeat ; but I have his letter, and the account of forty-six years which he sent me ; and there were great encomiums made to the Queen of me upon that occasion. Notwithstanding which, my lord treasurer has thought fit to order the Examiner to represent me in print as a pickpocket all over England ; and for that honest service, and some others, her Majesty has lately made him a dean.* Upon this villainous proceeding, before I left England, I sent to Mr. Burton, who was formerly a clarke in Sir Allen Apsley's office. He professes himself to be a great Tory,

* "Meaning Swift. The word *lately* proves it was written in 1713."—*Note of Archdeacon Cox in MSS.*

In her printed "Account of the conduct, &c." this direct reference to Swift and the Examiner is suppressed, and it is merely said that Mr. Harley, afterwards lord treasurer and Earl of Oxford, "hired his creatures to misrepresent me (*her Grace*) throughout all the nation as a pick-pocket."

and therefore, tho' he is a man indeed of a general good character, he is not very likely to be partial in my favour; however, at my request, he brought me copies of all the expences of the late Queen Mary's robes, and those which he found in the books of this present Queen when she was only Lady Ann. By the first it appears, that in nine years I saved the Queen *near a hundred thousand pounds*, when all things were computed; for in those times the salaries and many other things relating to the robes were not put into the accounts of the robes, but were paid in other offices, as appear'd both from those accounts which Auditor Harley, and those also which Mr. Burton gave me; whereas my method was to put the salaries, and the whole charge of the robes, into my own accounts, which did not come to half the sum every year, that Lady Ann spent when her clothes were under the direction of the Countess of Rochester. All which may be prov'd by the Exchequer roles, and by the books and clarks in the several offices. I have left my books of accounts in England, but I remember the whole charge of this Queen's robes in the nine years came to *thirty-two thousand and some odd hundred pounds*,* with the expence of the coronation, hire of jewels, salaries, travelling charges, and all manner of expences upon that head; which is so small a thing in comparison of what had al-

* In the printed "Account," the expenses for dressing Queen Mary, (Anne's sister and immediate predecessor,) are set down at £12,604. 12s. 2d. for the first year of her reign; and £11,131. 9s. 1d. for the second year. In the same book the duchess says boastingly; "It evidently appears that by my economy in the nine years I served her Majesty, I saved her near £90,000." (In clothes alone!)

ways been the charge from that office, that 'tis strange that any body could ever think of misrepresenting me upon that subject. But I have been so unlucky as to be accused both ways, and there are some that have been angry at me for the methods I took to prevent cheats and save the Queen's money, and have represented me as having been hard upon trades-people, which makes me think it not amiss to give some account of that matter, and to shew how I came to reduce that expence of the robes so considerably as I did. First, it is *notoriously known* that in all former reigns the chief trades-people, as drapers, mercers, lacemen, &c. gave money to serve (or have the custom of) the crown; by which a great sum of money was rais'd; and for fear of accidents by the death of the prince or the master of the robes, they were obliged to put down large prices for their goods, which could not well be disputed upon that account. But as the people that I made use of were at no expence, *not so much as poundage*, I did not think it reasonable to allow them to exceed more than a shilling or two in the pound, because what they furnish'd was for the Queen, since they were paid regularly, and ran no manner of hazard, nor had any more trouble in serving than when they sold their goods to the most ordinary people. But those that had the honour *to see the Queen*, and to make her cloaths, had *more than double* what they had from the first quality. And that was all I thought I could allow of in an office where I was so entirely trusted. I always signed the tradesmen's bills at the same time that they delivered me their goods, to prevent all mistakes or abuses; and they were paid by Mrs.

Thomas, a woman of whose honesty I had great experience, to whom I gave the employment of being chief of the robes, which I made worth to her between two and three hundred pounds a year; telling her that she must never take any thing, but *if people offer'd to corrupt her with money according to the old customes*, she must refuse it, and say that they were not obliged to her; for she served the Queen, not them, and had a very good salary for it.* And I am very confident that she followed this direction as long as I was in the office, where she is continued still. I appeal to her, tho' a great Tory, also for the truth of what I have said as to that office and to the trades-people, the most considerable of which I will put down that you may enquire of them, if it happens to come easily in your way:—Mr. Vernon, Mr. Inchly, Mr. Sands, upon Ludgate Hill, Mr. Alexander, in Covent Garden, all mercers; Mrs. Deuett, Mrs. Tumbs, and Mr. Bagshaw, Indian shops; Mr. Elliott, a lace-man in the Strand, who has left off his trade, but his nephew keeps his shop and can tell where he lives. I should hope this is sufficient to satisfy the strictest inquisitors, nay even our honest commissioners of accounts. And though the privy purse is not subject to any account by law, I took the same care in that office as in the robes, having acquittances from all people, and from the Queen herself for all the money pay'd to her own hands, and a discharge from her Majesty upon every account in these words: *I have examined these accounts, and am satisfied that they*

* In the printed "Account," it is stated that Mrs. Thomas had no salary, but that the duchess made her place worth from two to three hundred a year in "old clothes and other little advantages."

are right. Ann R. The money of the privy purse was paid upon my notes by Mr. Coggs, a goldsmith over against St. Clement's church, who was ordered never to take any poundage, which had been constantly paid before in all reigns; but I thought it barbarous to deduct from charity, and mean in my circumstances to be the better for any body I paid money to, and therefore I introduced a thing that had never before been practised in any court. The allowance of the privy purse was twenty thousand pounds a year, which was not half the sum of King William's, and was very little considering how many pensions were paid out of it, how great a charge settled by custom, the Queen's bountys, play-money, healing-gold, and charitys. But there never was any addition to that sum till about two years before I left the office, when great part of the money was dispos'd of by Abigail,* tho' I carry'd it to the Queen; and when I could not be suspected to be the better for it, 'twas increased to five hundred pounds a week, which came to about twenty-six thousand pounds a year."—*Brit. Mus. Coxe's Papers*, vol. xlv. fol. 2. [*Add. MS.* 9121.]

Swift, as intimated in Archdeacon Coxe's Note (p.246.) received his deanery, which he ever held as a most incompetent reward for his services to the anti-Marlborough and Tory party, in the course of 1713;† but he

* This was the name invariably bestowed by the vindictive duchess on Lady Masham, who had succeeded to the favour and places she had enjoyed. The contemptuous term, however, does not occur in the published defence of her conduct.

† The warrant for the deanery of St. Patrick was signed 23rd of February, but he did not go to Ireland and take possession till June 1713.

had given his great offence to the duchess nearly three years before, or immediately after his venal quarrel with the Whigs for their not giving him church promotion so rapidly as he wished. In the "Examiner," of November 23rd, 1710, he published a paper reflecting most severely on the Duke of Marlborough's insatiable avarice, and enormous peculations. The duke, he said, had had £540,000 of the public money for doing work for which a warrior of ancient Rome (*an odd enough parallel!*) would have received only £994 11s. 10d. ! and at the end of his paper there was an innuendo that the duchess, in the execution of her office as mistress of the robes during eight years, had purloined no less than £22,000 a year.

After such an attack it will not excite surprise that the irate and implacable Sarah should call Dean Swift a scurvy scoundrel whose proper promotion would be the gallows.

It may amuse some of our readers to see how Swift made out his curious account. Here is the account itself, as copied from the Examiner in a volume in reply to Sarah's, entitled "The other side of the Question," and published in the same year.

A Bill of Roman Gratitude.		£	s.	d.
Imprim.				
	For frankincense and earthen pots to burn it in	4	10	0
	A Bull for Sacrifice	8	0	0
	An Embroidered Garment	50	0	0
	A Crown of Laurel	0	0	2
	A Statue	100	0	0
	A Trophy	80	0	0
	1000 Copper Medals, value one halfpenny each	2	1	8
	A Triumphal Arch	500	0	0
	A Triumphal Car, valued as a modern coach	100	0	0
	Casual Charges at the Triumph	150	0	0
		<hr/>		
		£994	11	10

A Bill of British Ingratitude.

Imprim.	£	s.	d.
Woodstock	40,000	0	0
Blenheim	200,000	0	0
Post Office Grant	100,000	0	0
Mildenheim	30,000	0	0
Jewels, &c.	60,000	0	0
Pall Mall Grant, the Wr. Rangership, &c.	10,000	0	0
Employments	100,000	0	0
	£540,000	0	0

The anonymous author of "The other side of the Question," does not name Swift, but says this account was drawn up many years ago in the Examiner, for the use of the Marlborough family, "by one of the greatest wits that ever did honour to human nature."

LXXIX.

THERAPEUTIC EFFECTS OF THE PASSIONS.

EVERY one knows the influence of the depressing passions on the human frame. A beaten army has always more sick (exclusively of the wounded) than a victorious one; and in civil life, the effects of losses and chagrin in destroying the digestion, and wasting the strongest constitution, are but too familiar to the commonest observer. But the picture has a brighter side. Hope and success are finer tonics than any to be found in the pharmacopœia, and even fear may boast its cures. Boerhaave, so runs the tale, succeeded in curing an epidemic convulsion among the children of a poor-house by the fear of a red-hot poker. The fits had spread by sympathy and imitation; and this great physician, mistrusting the ordinary

remedies in so grave a case, heated his instrument, and threatened to burn the first who should fall into a fit. The convulsions did not return. Muretus, the celebrated scholar, was attacked with fever at a small country inn. He was visited by two physicians; and one of them supposing from the poverty of Muretus's appearance, that he would not understand Latin, said to the other, "*Faciamus experimentum in corpore vili*"—"Let us try an experiment on this mean person." As soon as they were gone, Muretus got out of bed, huddled on his clothes, scampered off as fast as he could, and was cured of his fever by his fright. A similar instance is related by a recent writer. (Griffin on functional affections of the spinal cord.) A girl of the name of Dalton being attacked with typhus fever, was sent to the Limerick fever hospital. A week afterwards, her brother was seized with the same disease, and was sent to the same institution. "On getting out of the car at the gate of the hospital, he was assisted up stairs by the nurses, but in his way was met by some persons who were descending with a coffin on their shoulders. The sick man inquired whose body they were removing, when one of the bearers inadvertently answered, 'a girl of the Daltons.' The brother, horror-struck, sprung from between his conductors, dashed down the stairs, passed the gate of the hospital, and never ceased running until he reached his cabin in Pallas-Kerry—a distance of about twelve miles. He flung himself on the bed immediately, fell into a sound sleep, and awoke in the morning free from illness."

Under the head of hope or faith we may rank the cures of the ague by charms and amulets, and the success

of homœopathy in many maladies, (though in this case the strict regulation of the diet must share the praise.) Other instances abound: take one of an imaginary disease healed by an imaginary remedy. "So late as the middle of the sixteenth century, the celebrated Fracastoro found the robust bailiff of his landed estate groaning, and with the aspect of a person in the extremity of despair, suffering the very agonies of death, from a sting in the neck, inflicted by an insect which was believed to be a tarantula. He kindly administered, without delay, a portion of vinegar and Armenian bole, the great remedy of those days for the plague and all kinds of animal poisons; and the dying man was, as if by a miracle, restored to life and the power of speech. Now, since it is quite out of the question that the bole could have anything to do with the result in this case, notwithstanding Fracastoro's belief in its virtues, we can only account for the cure by supposing that a confidence in so great a physician prevailed over this fatal disease of the imagination, which would otherwise have yielded to scarcely any other remedy except the *tarantella*."—*Hecker on the Dancing Mania, translated by Dr. Babington.*

The most beautiful instance, however, that we have met with, is one in which the cure depended on the combination of the pleasures of hope and of memory: we are indebted for it to Dr. Armstrong's lectures. "Rush, who has been called the American Sydenham, mentions a very remarkable and interesting case, showing the influence over typhus fever which is produced by cheerful impressions on the mind. When a youth, he was educated in the country, in a very remote part of which he

was in the habit of visiting, in company with a farmer's daughter, various scenes of beauty and sublimity, and, among others, the nest of an eagle in a romantic situation. For some time these visits were very frequent. Rush afterwards left the school, and settled in Philadelphia, where he found his former associate a married woman. Many years after, she had an attack of typhus fever, under which she lay in a complete state of insensibility, apparently lost to all surrounding objects. In this state Rush, then a physician, was called to visit her. He took her by the hand, and said, with a strong and cheerful voice, 'The eagle's nest!' The words revived an association of ideas comprehending the actions of her youth. She immediately grasped his hand, opened her eyes, and from that hour recovered rapidly."

LXXX. NOT PARTICULAR.

THAT accomplished rake and courtier, the Mareschal de Bassompierre, tells a most amusing story about the facility with which French noblemen in the sixteenth century changed sides and fought for any party that allowed them the privilege of using their swords. Fighting was then a qualification indispensable in a gentleman; and, provided they could but fight, the ruffling gallants of those days seem hardly to have cared for whom, or for what. There are many stories of the same kind, but we know none so rich as the following. We must premise that Bassompierre and his brother had gone to Italy to complete their *education*, as was then the custom with many of the French nobility; for the best masters of riding,

dancing, fencing, fortification, and gunnery, were supposed to be the Italians. It was in the year 1597 when the Bassompierres had arrived at Loretto to visit the *Santa Casa* there.

“Many French gentlemen,” says the Mareschal, “besides ourselves met at Loretto, and all of a sudden we took it into our heads to go to the wars in Hungary against the Turks, before returning home to France; and after pledging our words to one another, the day after Christmas-day, we took the road and set out all together: that is to say, Messieurs de Bourlemont and d’Amblise, brothers, Messieurs de Foucaud and Chassenuel, brothers, Messieurs de Clermont d’Entraques, the Baron de Crapados, my brother, and I. But as the disposition of the French is fickle and changeable, when we had got three days’ journey from Loretto, some of those whose purse was not well garnished for so long a journey, or who wished to get sooner home, suggested that it was silly in us to go so far for a war, when there was one close at hand; that we were actually in the midst of the army of the Pope, marching to the conquest of Ferrara, which had fallen to his holiness by the death of the Duke Alfonso. It was added, that Don Cesare d’Este kept possession of Ferrara against all right; that this war for the Pope was not less just and holy than the war in Hungary; and was so near, that in eight days we might be fighting, whereas, if we went to Hungary, the armies there would not take the field for four months to come.

“These persuasions prevailed on our minds, and we concluded that the very next day we would go to Forli, to offer all together our services to Cardinal Alamanni,

the Legate of the army, and that I should address him in the name of the rest ; which I did as best I could. But the Legate received us in such a meagre manner, and made us so little welcome, that the very same evening at our lodging we could not sufficiently manifest our resentment and wrath at his contemptuous treatment. And then my late brother began to say that verily we had got what we deserved ; that not being the Pope's subjects, nor in any way obliged to serve in his wars, we had inconsiderately gone to offer to assail a prince of the house of Este, to which France had so many obligations, and which had always been so courteous to foreigners, especially to Frenchmen. He went on to say that the princes of that house were nearly related to the kings of France, and to the houses of Nemours and Guise ; and that if we were good for anything, we would go and offer our services to that poor prince Don Cesare, whom the Pope unjustly wished to deprive of a state that had been possessed by a long line of his ancestors.

“ These words once said were not only approved of by all the rest of the company, but we came to a firm determination to go the very next day straight to Ferrara, and throw ourselves into that place. All which I have wished to represent here in order to make known the inconstant and volatile temper of the French, and to show *en suite* that Fortune is most times the mistress and directress of our actions, since we, whose design it had been to try our first arms against the *Turk*, were now carrying them against the *Pope* !

“ In this manner we arrived on New-year's eve, 1598, at Bologna, where we found the Chevalier Verdely and

some others, who joined us to go to Ferrara and fight against his holiness. On the third day we arrived at Ferrara, where we were lodged and received in the Duke Don Cesare's palace with all sort of honour and good cheer. We found already arrived there the Count of Sommerive, second son of the Duke of Mayne, and some other French gentlemen who had come to offer themselves to Don Cesare, but *he* was so little resolved on war that he often told us what small means he had to carry it on ; that he had found no money in the coffers of the deceased duke ; that the King of Spain had already declared himself for the Pope, and that in his opinion the King of France would do the same ; that the Venetians, who urged him on to war, would not support him openly, and that what they promised under hand was no great thing.

“ At last, on Twelfth-day, as, with a great troop of lords and gentlemen, Don Cesare was entering a large church near the palace, to hear mass, all the priests, on seeing us arrive, left their altars without finishing their masses which they had begun, and retired before us as if we had been excommunicated wretches.

“ This completely upset Don Cesare's irresolute design of keeping possession of Ferrara ; and, as soon as dinner was over, he sent the Duchess of Urbino, sister to the deceased Duke Alfonso, to treat with the Pope's legate. We Frenchmen, reflecting on this, took our leave of Don Cesare on the morrow, to go, every one where he thought best.”—*Memoires du Mareschal de Bassompierre*, vol. i. p. 39. *Edition de Cologne.*

LXXXI. A MODEST REQUEST.

A COMMON saying among certain of the Irish is, that they are "the boys fit for any thing." The hero of the following anecdote must have thought himself one of that gifted set.

When the Duke of Ormonde was appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland in the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, a certain Irish baronet, a man of some interest in his country, requested his grace would give him a bishoprick, or a regiment of horse, or make him lord chief justice of the King's Bench—he was not particular which.—*Dr. W. King's Polit. and Lit. Anecdotes of his own times.*

LXXXII.

OLIVER CROMWELL AT CAMBRIDGE.

DOCTOR PECK's "Desiderata" furnish us with the following curious entries in the College Book. They were copied for the Doctor by a friend.

Mr. Oliver Cromwell, (afterwards Lord Protector of England,) his admission in Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, 23rd April, 1616, with a copy of a remarkable character drawn by some unknown hand.

"E. Registro Coll: Syd. Suss. Cant.

"Oliverus Cromwell, Huntingdoniensis, admissus ad commeatum sociorum, Aprilis vicesimo tertio, 1616. Tutore Mr^o. Richardo Howlet."

Between this entry and the next is crowded in a smaller hand or letter—

“Hic fuit grandis ille impostor, carnifex perditissimus, qui pientissimo rege Carolo 1^o nefaria coede sublato, ipsum usurpavit thronum, et tria regna, per quinq. ferme annorum spatium, sub Protectoris nomine indomita tyrannide vexavit.”

LXXXIII.

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD IN 1632.

ARTHUR Wilson, the author of a “History of Great Britain, being the life and reign of James the First,” has left us some curious notes on the sobriety and decorum of the great Alma Mater, whither he had retired in 1632, after meeting with some disappointments in the world, for the sake of quiet and study. He says, “But that which was most burthensome to mee in this my retreat, was the debaucherie of the University: for the most eminent scholars of the towne, especially of St. John’s College, (being of my acquaintance,) did worke upon mee with such endearments as took the name of civilities (yett day and night would witness our madnesse); and I must confesse, the whole time of my life besides did never so much transport mee with drinking as that short time I lived in Oxford, and that *with some of the gravest bachelors of divinity there.*”—*From Wilson’s Diary, as published in Peck’s “Desiderata Curiosa.”*

LXXXIV. PLAIN DEALING.

DURING Sir Robert Walpole's administration, when bribery was common if not universal, there was one particular question which he wanted to carry in the House of Commons, to which he knew there would be violent opposition, and which was disliked by some of his own dependents. As he was passing through the Court of Requests, he met a member of the opposite party, whose avarice he imagined would not reject a large bribe. He took him aside, and said, "Such a question comes on this day; give me your vote, and here is a bank-bill of two thousand pounds," which he put into his hands. The member made this answer: "Sir Robert, you have lately served some of my particular friends; and when my wife was last at court, the King was very gracious to her, which must have happened at your instance. I should therefore think myself very ungrateful (*putting the bank-bill into his pocket*) if I were to refuse the favour you are now pleased to ask me."—*Dr. W. King's Polit. and Lit. Anecdotes of his own times.*

LXXXV. CAVALIERS AND ROUNDHEADS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in more than one of his works, has given us powerful descriptions of the virulent hatred that existed between the two great parties in our civil war, and of the reckless violence of some of the Royalists when their cause was lost. It appears, indeed, that no Roundhead, or adherent of Cromwell or the Common-

wealth, could travel in those parts of the Continent where the Cavaliers had taken refuge, without certain insult and the risk of assassination. In turning over, in the Library of the British Museum, the collection of newspapers and tracts of the period, which belonged to George III, and in a few instances are postillated by his own hand, we have found numerous details regarding the contests and assaults that were continually made between the years 1648 and 1658 upon the Roundheads *abroad*, for *at home* the Cavaliers were too weak to indulge frequently in such manifestations of party feeling. We have selected a few specimens for the amusement of our readers, not from the horrid and tragical parts of the story, but from such passages as may make them smile, at the same time they deplore that a similar spirit of hatred should ever have prevailed between countrymen and brothers.

It is but fair to state that our extracts, which are simple and *naïve* even to drollery, are taken from Roundhead publications. No doubt the Cavaliers might tell a somewhat different tale. It will be well also to remark, that at the period when the events took place, (in 1652,) the Royalists were exasperated by many and recent misfortunes, among which the victories of Cromwell over Charles II. in Scotland and at Worcester, and the sale of the forfeited estates of the Cavaliers, were not the least.

The inactivity or indifference of the Dutch authorities at the Hague, probably arose from the circumstance of their government being on very bad terms with the English Commonwealth, which had just sent the two ambassadors (the principal objects of the Cavaliers' spite) to demand satisfaction for injuries received;—a satisfaction

which was not obtained until Blake and Monk, and Cromwell's other captains, had beaten the Dutch in seven naval engagements. The ambassadors were Oliver St. John, and Walter Strickland, two very conspicuous republicans.

Our first extract is from the *Mercurius Politicus*, a weekly paper in small quarto, which generally consists of eight pages, and has for its motto, "In Defence of the Commonwealth, and for information of the People."

"From the Hague.

"My last to you from hence, told you of the insolent carriage of the Cavaliers, and divers French desperadoes; which is no whit abated: for lately, as two of your embassadours' gentlemen were going home in the evening, they hapned to light upon three Frenchmen, who taking occasion to juggle them, without speaking, drew forth their pistols and fired; but God be thanked they mist them; whereupon my lords' gentlemen drew, and then there arose a great tumult in the street, and the people having separated them, demanded their cause of quarrell, whereupon the French, to justifie their own actions, laid the blame upon the embassadours' gentlemen, and so the business was husht up. Young *Dorislans*, and a cousin of my Lord *Fairfax*, likewise named *Fairfax*, are threaten'd above all others. There are several *Scotchmen*, likewise, that have taken a develish oath, protesting the death of my Lord *St. John*; [threaten'd folk live long;] but no doubt, the wisdom of this state will take order to curb and quiet these ranting humours. Many *Scots* and *English* Cavaliers come daily rushing into town, as if

some design were a brewing. And they report up and down here, that *Cromwell* is dead, and that *Massey* hath routed and kild two thousand of his men, and an hundred such incredible stories, wherein the Royalists abound, even to the making of themselves ridiculous. Yet this doth effect so much, that it often puts our cautious statesmen to a stand, and makes some stagger, till they are certified by the next week or the next fortnight's post of the contrary; and then (perhaps) the Cavaliers have some other new story on foot, which takes off their resolutions for another fortnight." * * *

"The last of March, *stylo novo*, a fast was kept at my lord embassadour's, to implore a blessing upon our present proceeding; Mr. *Dingley*, Mr. *Nye*, and Mr. *Goodwin* exercised severally; and at supper we fell into an English mode of dyet, with great contentment and abundance; for then my lords began the world upon their own account.

"The first of *April*, some of the gentlemen went with my Lord *St. John* to the new house, who was not very well for want of ayr; for the old house was little and close.

"The second, being the Lord's day, we had two sermons, the one preached by Mr. *Nye*, the other by Mr. *Dingley*; and that morning information came to my lords, desiring Mr. *Dorislau*s to have a care of himself, for there were some threatned his life.

"The third, in the morning, my lords, and most of the gentlemen, some on horseback and the rest in coaches, went into the wood set with many fine walks and trees, to take the air; and, as they entered, they met Prince

Edward (one of the *Queen of Bohemia's** sons) walking on foot, with the princess his sister by the hand. He cal'd to my lords' coach, and told them they were rogues, and grinded his teeth at the rest, calling them dogs. But my Lord *St. John's* groom, following on horseback, leading my lord's saddle-horse in his hand, the prince strook him on the back parts with his hat; but the horse flinging up his heels, had like to have laid his honour at his feet. My lord rode about the wood, and returned to dinner."

Another paper, called "A Perfect Account of the Weekly Intelligence," in relating the same assault, is rather more severe on the young prince.

"The 24th of March, my lords and most of their gentlemen and attendants went, some on horseback and others in coaches, to take the air, and by the way met with a younger son of the Queen of Bohemia's, called Prince Edward, *handing along his lady*; and as my

* The person who bore the empty title of Queen of Bohemia, was the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I. She was married in 1613 to Frederic Prince Palatine, who, in 1620, by accepting the crown of Bohemia, involved himself in ruin, and lost not only Bohemia but his hereditary states. For many years his wife and family were wanderers from court to court, and the expense of their maintenance chiefly fell upon England; but in 1648, (four years before the events described in our text,) the lower palatinate was restored to Prince Charles Lewis, eldest surviving son of Frederic and Elizabeth, and brother to Prince Edward, who "struck my lord's saddle-horse," as also of the Princes Rupert and Maurice, who did more serious injury to Englishmen during the wars between their uncle Charles I. and the parliament. The vain efforts made by James I. and Charles I. for the recovery of the palatinate, cost us much money and not a little disgrace.

lords' coach and other coaches went by, he *made monkey-like mouths at them, and with a squeaking voice called them dogs, rogues, traitors, &c. &c.*; and with his hat struck my lord's saddle-horse on the buttocks, who returned it again with both his heels, as high as his head, and missed not much of leaving the print of his shoes in his breast."

The Mercurius Politicus continues on another day:

"It seems the embassadours complained to some of the States of the ill language which Prince *Edward* gave them yesterday; whereupon it was ordered, that three of them should go to the Queen of *Bohemia*, to let her know how ill they resented the business, and to know of her whether they were not masters of their own country? and to enquire how the prince durst break any order they had made? and withall, to certifie her, that he should severely suffer for his contempt. This message being delivered to the Queen, in the presence of her son *Edward*, he would willingly have excused the business, and said that some of the embassadours' followers gave him (as he was walking with a lady) the first affront, which was the occasion that he returned them that uncivil language.

"It is reported that the same prince is going towards *Franckendale*, for the letters that came this week from *Germany* inform us that the King of *Spain* hath sent an express for the restoring of *Franckendale* to the Prince Elector. But the States are resolved [before he departeth] to bring him before a court of justice, to teach him to keep a better tongue in his head another time; and we expect to have him severely dealt withal. The

Queen's court is grown very mute about this business, and Prince *Edward* is much startled at it.

"The States have referred Prince *Edward's* business to be determined speedily in a court of justice; and without question it concerns them to see us have justice in this particular; for it was *England* received the affront done by that petty prince, whose nursing was paid for out of the *English* exchequer; and therefore we are confident those in power here among the *Dutch* cannot but consult so far with their own honors as to make the vindication answerable to the crime."

The very next week the *Mercurius Politicus* continues the subject, opening in a somewhat solemn manner.

"When a nation hath cast off the yoke of *tyranny* or *kingship*, and newly obtained their *liberty*, it must look to have all those for enemies that were familiars and retainers to the *tirant*; who, having lost their preferments, wil never rest, but seek all opportunities to re-establish themselves upon the ruins of *liberty*, and aspire again unto a tyranny; that, exercising an arbitrary power, they may be inabled to take the more sharp revenge against all those that had a hand in their expulsion." * * *

"We hear no great matter is like to be done in the business of Pr. *Edward*, that French cuckow with the Pythagorean frontlet, for affronting my lords ambassadors; only, the States will let him know they take it ill, and bid him keep a better tongue in his head another time. He intended this week to have gon for *Germany*, but hath put it off til the next, because they should not think he went for fear of anything that they could do.

to him: for he saith, though he had affronted them with his brow antlers of the French graft upon his German head-piece, the States could not punish him, because (forsooth), being a freeborn property (called prince) of the empire, he would be tried at a Diet. So it seems he makes nothing of it, and cares not what my lords can do to him: his mother, Madam of *Bohemia*, is much troubled at it, not for our sakes, but her own, that it should be done just at this time, when she is about suing for monies from the States; and she fears it may be a means to hinder them from doing anything for her.

“ Last Tuesday night, my Lord Strickland’s coachman, and another of his men, were set upon, almost at the dore of our house, by half a dozen. The coachman received a cut upon the head, and the other lost his sword. The gentlemen watch by turns in my lord’s house; for the Cavaliers rant as if they intended to act some tragedy or other before we depart: more and more of them come still into the town, where many of the *Dutch* themselves likewise are very bitter against us.

“ A great many of our young sparks that came over with us, are going to travel up and down the country, to see fashions. It would be too tedious to relate all the passages; but, in short, many are the dangers we daily go through: we dare hardly peep out of dores in an evening; so that, if you know any blades which keep ill hours in *England*, you may do well to send them over to wait on my lords ambassadors for a cure.

“ We are informed that my Lord *Brederode* came yesterday in the afternoon, and fetcht Prince *Edward* out in his coach and took him along to *Viana*. This is

a trick to send him away packing, that so he might not suffer disgrace for affronting of my lords.

“ It is a strange thing, that nothing can be said or done at my lords ambassadors’, but it is presently known at the Queen of *Bohemia* and Princess Royal’s courts. One of the two knights before mentioned, being taxed at court for dining with my lords, he, like a wise politician, forswore it to the Queen of *Bohemia*. It hapned, that one of my lords’ gentlemen went to see a ladie that lives at court, and being taken notice of, and known to belong to my lords, he was hist out of dores. The Queen (to shew her thanks to England, and zeal to her wretched family,) declared hereupon, that if any durst come into her court, she should have them flung down stairs, and kickt out of dores.

“ We perceive my lords ambassadors are like to have no answer to their main business till the General Assembly meet again, which will be about a fortnight hence. At the end whereof, such as your successes chance to be, such may be their demeanour. But things will (I believe) be put home, our stomachs not being to be staid with fair words and ayrye promises.”

Of the adventures which next follow we hardly know what to think, except that James Apsley was a wag that wanted to mystify and terrify both master and man.

“ On Monday night last there came to my lord’s one Col. *James Apsley*, a young son of Sir *Allan Apsley’s*, that was Lieutenant of the Tower when my lord was a prisoner there. He desired to speak with my Lord *St. John* ; but the porter knowing him, told him it was not

for such as he to have admission at that time of night. While they were disputing it, one of the gentlemen that came over with my lord, (who had formerly known *Apsley*,) passed by, and, hearing them somewhat loud, stept to the dore. *Apsley*, pretending to him that he had somewhat of concernment to impart unto my lord, the gentleman acquainted Mr. *Walter St. John* with it, who went up to my lord and told him. My lord, having formerly received some civilities from his father and mother, said he would not be so disrespectful as not to see him, and bad him call him up. When he came into the chamber, he desired the gentlemen might withdraw, that he might speak with my lord in private. My lord desired the gentlemen to go forth, which they did, all but Mr. *Walter St. John*, whom he would have had gon forth likewise. He made a long impertinent discourse to my lord, and kept his hands still under his hat and fumbling in his pocket; which caused my lord to stand close up to him and watch his motions. When he saw he could not possibly accomplish his designe, (for we guest afterwards, laying circumstances together, that he intended when he had made his attempt to have leapt out of the window into the street, where he had his comrades attending him,) he told my lord there were gentlemen that had vowed to kill him, but he would not discover their names, because that would be to be false to his party; and that when it was attempted, it would be done with that strength and resolution, that it would not be easie to escape it; and so he took his leave.

“ When he came to the dore, he whistled, and then came ten or twelve to him out of the walks, (for we are

hard by the park,) and within a quarter of an hour after he sent for Mr. *St. John's* man, who hath been several times here with him at *Roterdam* about his own affairs. He went to him without sword or cloak, and *Apsley* led him above a quarter of a mile from the house, and there told him he did confess he was beholden to him for severall civilities ; and so embracing him took an opportunity to cast a rope over his head, and swore, *Dam him ! he must be hanged.* But the fellow had a long periwig on, which he slipt off, together with the halter, and went his way. Within half an houre, *Apsley* brought it back to the dore, and desired to speak with Mr. *Walter St. John* ; but it was not thought convenient to open the dore. The next morning *Apsley* sent the fellow a letter to this effect:—*Sir, I did very much wonder to see you the last night surprised with so sudden a fear, which (I confess), when I perceived, I did as foolishly encrease : but I would not have you conceive I intended you any mischief, my design being only to bring you to Mr. Nevill (a name that the fellow never heard of,) who desires to speak with you.*

“ My lord acquainted the States with this by letter. They sent an account this day by *Minheer Catz*, that they had sent to apprehend him, but could not find him ; yet, if he were in *Holland*, they resolved to have him and make him exemplary. They have sent to all places within their jurisdiction to have him apprehended.”

The next week the same subject is continued in the *Mercurius*. Some of the doings at the Hague remind us of the wild frolics of the Royalists in Walter Scott's “ *Woodstock.*”

“ You heard in my last of *Apsley's* designe : he is fled and cannot be heard of. * * *

“ We have not yet made any progress, this being *Annual Jubilee*, and a time of feasting amongst the *Dutch* ; so that the States sate not again untill Saturday ; nor have the commissioners appointed to treat with my lords been here since Saturday was se'nnight ; wherefore we have little else to communicate, save *the abuses offered to ourselves and servants* ; yet few of our affronters will stand to it in the daytime, as hath appeared in some slight quarrels among the servants and footmen, and some of the rascality.

“ Yet on *Sunday* night last there was a great company gathered about the gate, who broke the windows with stones, threatening highly. On *Monday*, in the afternoon, there was some quarrel at the dore, and swords drawn, wherein our servants were engaged, and shewed more spirit than discretion : for the *French* lacqueys (who began the quarrel) retired still backward, and our men follow'd without fear or wit, till they had gotten a street and a halfe from our own dore toward the *court* ; whither I suppose the French drew them, on purpose to insnare them ; but they were timely called off, and followed only with a volley of stones and curses. But in the evening, about eight or nine a clock, no lesse (I am confident) than three hundred gathered about the dore, where they continued till twelve, which was till they were dispersed by the town-guard (as they say) ; but I scarce beleieve it, because wee hear of none that were apprehended. The stones and the brick-batts flew about the windows and over the walls pretty currantly. The *porter* got a knock

on the pate which broke his head, as he stood within the dore, which was all the harm God suffered them to do us; but their threats were high. They moved sometimes toward the gates with a full crie, *Fall on, fall on, fall on*; and truly we did expect a storme, for which we were very ill provided, haveing not three charges of powder apeece for our guns in the house, nor guns enough to stand the encounter of half that number of men if furnished with any resolution.

“ There were two or three sent to the top of the house to discover the multitude and their actions; one of them, seeing some (as he affirmed) endeavouring with levers to throw down the great gates, let fly among them,—we understand no hurt was done; but at length they vanished. The next morning the magistrates of the town published a proclamation against these tumults for the future, and offered a guard, which my lords neither accepted nor refused: onely told the messenger they thought they had been sufficiently guarded by the law and custom of nations; and therefore they expected protection, which was promised: but it had come too late, if the *rake-hels* had pursued their business, who (as the honest sort of people say here) are set on by the *Papists* and *French* about the town; and they would make us believe that the town is very tender of us. We are told this day that last night they took the chief actor in the former uproar, who is likely to be hanged.”



LXXXVI.

MACHIAVELLI IN HIS RETIREMENT.

THIS extraordinary man, after filling some of the highest offices of the Florentine government, and associating with the first men of his age, was, in his forty-third year, driven into an obscure retirement, where his only companions were rustics, and his main resource his books. It will not be uninteresting to show how his naturally active, restless mind adapted itself to circumstances, and found occupation and amusement in the most trivial things. We should observe, however, that as he had not long before been put to the torture by the

Medici, the destroyers of his country's liberty, and had only recently emerged from a dungeon, whence he had expected to pass to the scaffold, the common blessings of sun and air must have had unusual charms for him, and the hills, the woods, the waters of fair Tuscany must have been relished with a zest unknown to those who had never breathed

“The accursed breath of dungeon-dew.”

The place of his retreat was a small farm, called La Strada, near to the town of San Casciano, on the road from Florence to Rome. In a letter written on the 10th of December 1513, to his friend Francesco Vettori, who was then ambassador at Rome, Machiavelli says,

“Here I am then in the country; and since my last misfortunes † I have not been, putting them altogether, twenty days in Florence. Up till now I have been killing thrushes. Getting up before daylight, I prepared my snares, and set off with a heap of cages at my back. * * * I caught at least two, and at most seven, thrushes. In this manner I passed all the month of September; and, though the amusement was a queer and vulgar one, I was very sorry when it failed me. I will now tell you the life I have led since. I rise with the sun; I walk to a wood of mine, which I am cutting; I stay there a couple of hours, inspecting the work done the preceding day, and gossiping with the woodmen. * * * On leaving the wood, I go to a fountain, and thence to the spot where my bird-nets and snares are, with a book in my hand, either Dante or Petrarca, or one of the minor Latin poets,—Tibullus,

† Namely, his imprisonment and torture.

Ovid, or one of that sort. I read the tales of their loves, I recall the memory of my own, and am happy for a while with these thoughts. Then I go to the road-side public house; I talk with the passers-by, ask them the news of their villages, hear many things from them, and reflect on the different tastes and fantasies of men. This brings about the dinner-hour, when I come home and eat with my people such food as my poor estate and miserable patrimony afford. After dinner I return to the public-house, where I usually find united the host, a butcher, a miller, and a lime-kiln man. I put myself on a level with them for the rest of the day, and we play at cards and tric-trac. A thousand disputes arise among us—a thousand quarrels not unaccompanied by abuse. In general all this is about the winning or the losing of a farthing; and yet we make noise enough to be heard as far off as at San Casciano. By thus plunging myself in this low life, I quiet the effervescence of my brain, and give free course to the malignancy of Fortune, letting her tread me under foot, in order to see whether at last she will not be ashamed of so doing."

Those who have been in the habit of most incorrectly considering the great Niccolo Machiavelli merely in the light of a crafty politician, and the advocate of an atrocious tyranny which his soul loathed, and against which it was his object to put mankind on their guard, will no doubt be much surprised at all this simplicity of taste, *naïveté*, familiarity, and *bonhomie*; but the letters of the Florentine secretary are full of these qualities, and also abound with merry stories and lively remarks that would fill a volume of choice Table-Talk.

At the very time, however, that Niccolo wrote the letter we have quoted from, he was employed on the works which have immortalized his name; and the political treatise called "Il Principe" (The Prince), by which he is best known to foreigners, was among the number of these. He trifled away his days, but his nights he gave to intense study. We hardly know where to look for so vivid a picture of devotion to learning, of reverence to the master-minds of antiquity, and a complete absorption in their works, as is contained in this same letter to the ambassador Vettori. The practice of dressing himself for his studies, as if he were really going to meet the sages of old in body as well as in spirit, and enjoy a personal intercourse with Plato and Thucydides, and Livy and Tacitus, and the warriors and statesmen of Greece and Rome, appears to us to be a peculiarly delicate trait of character.

"When evening closes in," he continues, "I return home, and shut myself up in my study; but, before entering there, I cast off, on the threshold, my rustic dress covered with mud and dirt, and put on clothes fit for courts and senates,* and thus decently attired I enter the ancient courts of the ancient men, where, being by them affectionately received, I feed on that food which *solum* is mine, and for which I was born. I do not blush to discourse with those sages, and ask them the motives of their actions; and they, in their benevolence, answer my questions. Then, for an interval of four hours, I feel no tedium, no annoyance; I forget all my sorrows, I cease to dread poverty, death does not terrify me; I transfuse the

* "Mi metto panni reali e curiali."

whole of myself into books and times that are past. And, as Dante says, 'No one acquires a science unless he retains what he is taught,' so have I noted down all that store of knowledge which I have collected in these conversations with the ancients; and have composed a little work on princely governments, in which I penetrate the subject as profoundly as I can, discussing what a principality is, how many kinds there are, how they are acquired, how kept, how lost; and if any poor speculation of mine ever pleased you, this should not displease you."

Machiavelli lived for nearly fourteen years longer; but, though he was recalled to Florence, and even employed on some important missions, he died at last in that poverty which nothing but his love of letters and research had made supportable. He left a widow and five children. A letter of his son Pietro's, which has been preserved, concludes with this short and sad sentence: "Our father has left us in extreme poverty, as you know."

LXXXVII. PRESSING TO DEATH,

AND PRAYING AND FASTING.

IN a number of Oliver Cromwell's Newspaper, "The Perfect Account of the Daily Intelligence," dated April 16th, 1651, we find this horrid instance of torture:

"Mond. April 14th.—This session, at the Old Bailey, were four men pressed to death that were all in one robbery, and, out of obstinacy and contempt of the court, stood mute and refused to plead; from whence we may

perceive the exceeding great hardness some men are grown unto, who do not only swerve from instructions, exhortations, and goodnesse, but become so lewd and insolent that they render themselves the proper subjects for whom severe laws were first invented and enacted."

The very next paragraph in the paper is to the following effect :

" Those of the congregate churches, and many other godly people in London and parts adjacent, have appointed Friday the 25th instant as a day of solemn fasting and prayer, for a blessing upon the armies at land, the fleet at sea, and negociations abroad."

LXXXVIII. A MERCIFUL SCHOOL-MASTER.

THE Reverend William Budworth, vicar of Brewood, and the very learned master of the free grammar-school of Brewood, has been honourably distinguished among the pedagogues of the last century on account of the mildness of his discipline. It is quaintly said, " he never once in his life sent a boy home with anything like a piece of buckram attached to his posteriors, common as it was with those famous tutors Osbalston and Busby."—*Nichols' Literary Anecdotes of the XVIIIth Century.*

In the context to this passage, however, Mr. Nichols says that Budworth was a prey to hypochondriasis; that when the fit was on him, he was meekness itself; but that, " on the convalescent turn, a different change of temper took place, and he would chastise pretty severely."

We must regret that the unseemly and disgraceful

system of school punishment here alluded to is not yet wholly superseded ; and that the amount of torture a boy receives is still left to depend on the moods and turns of his master's health and spirits.

LXXXIX. THE NEW REMEDIES.

“ IN spite of the opposition of the physicians of the seventeenth century,” says Magendie, “ in spite of the celebrated decree of the parliament which proscribed tartar emetic, in spite even of the witty sarcasms of Guy Patin, the utility of antimonial preparations has long been recognised ; in this instance, at least, prejudice yielded to evidence.”

The new remedies of our own days, of which some have established their reputation, and others are still struggling for existence, have not had the same difficulties to contend with, which antimony so happily surmounted. They have not been opposed by acts of parliament, nor by pointed sarcasms ; but then they have had two other adversaries almost as formidable,—the first being the force of habit, and the second the natural repugnance which every one feels to give remedies where a mistake in the fraction of a grain might be highly dangerous. Nevertheless, in many instances, the merits of the new remedies have triumphed over every obstacle, as Magendie observes in the preface to the eighth edition of his *Formulary*. “ *Le sort des substances inscrites dans les premières éditions de cet ouvrage est désormais assuré ; vieilles habitudes, routine, répugnances, tout a disparu devant la vérité simple et utile.*” (The destiny of the substances mentioned in the early editions of this work is

henceforth certain ; old habits, routine, and dislike have all disappeared before the simple and useful truth.) The following are some of these therapeutic novelties :

Strychnine.—This substance is procured from the *strychnos nux vomica*, the *fabia St. Ignatii*, or the *upas Tieuté*. When obtained from the first, it is always mixed with brucine ; it may be procured much purer from the second, and perfectly so from the third. The power of strychnine, like that of the substances from which it is derived, is almost confined to the spinal marrow and the nerves which spring from it, and affects the head, if at all, only in a secondary manner. An over-dose produces tetanus and death ; a medicinal one ($\frac{1}{3}$ of a grain three times a day, for example) restores the sensation of paralytic limbs, and has sometimes accomplished a cure in very desperate cases.

The salts of strychnine, that is, the products formed by its combinations with acids, are even more active than their base. The sulphate of strychnine produces marked effects in doses of $\frac{1}{12}$ of a grain.

One of Dr. Bardsley's patients in Lancashire, who was experiencing the return of sensation in his paralysed limbs under the use of strychnine, asked if there was not something *quick* in the pills ; *quick for alive* being still in use in that part of England.

Brucine.—There are some interesting points in the history of this alkaloid. One of the best vegetable tonics is the *Cusparia* bark, formerly called *Angustura* bark. Something, however, which resembled it sufficiently to pass for it, was found to be so poisonous that in several Continental states all the stores of *Angustura* bark were

ordered to be burnt. It was discovered, on accurate examination, that the genuine drug had been mixed with another bark possessing poisonous qualities, and that in some samples the false *Angustura* alone was present. This destructive substitute was the bark of the *brucea antidysenterica*, or, according to others, of some species of *strychnos*. In 1819, MM. Pelletier and Caventou discovered brucine in the bark of the *brucea antidysenterica*; it is an alkaloïd which possesses in a less degree the remarkable powers of strychnine. Like strychnine, it stimulates the spinal cord and produces tetanus; but twelve grains of brucine are scarcely equal to one of the more potent alkaloïd. The two substances, as we before remarked, exist together in the various species of *strychnos*; and Magendie remarks that, in the *fabâ St. Ignatii* and the *upas Tieuté*, brucine plays the same part with reference to strychnine, that cinchonine does with reference to quinine; for the strongest kinds of Peruvian bark contain the greatest proportion of quinine, just as the *St. Ignatius's* bean and the *upas Tieuté*, which are much more active than the *nux vomica*, contain much strychnine and little brucine: in the *upas Tieuté*, indeed, the strychnine is almost pure.

Morphia.—Of all narcotics, opium is unquestionably the most valuable; yet it has some attendant disadvantages; it constipates, and often causes head-ache. Attempts had long been made to separate the good and evil principles of opium; and the black drop, the *liquor opii sedativus*, and other preparations, had in some degree effected their object. The discovery of morphia is another step gained in this important investigation. As morphia is almost insoluble, it is usually combined with

acetic, or sulphuric, or muriatic acid; so that it is the acetate, or sulphate, or muriate of morphia which is administered. A quarter of a grain of any of these salts is perhaps equal to a grain of opium.*

Another principle, which promises to be useful, was discovered in opium about three years since. It is named *codeine*, from *κωδεία*, a poppy-head. Codeine is less powerful than morphia, but has succeeded, according to Magendie, in cases where every other therapeutic agent had failed.

Emetine.—This is the principle to which ipecacuanha owes its emetic powers; it may also be procured from the root of the violet. Emetine, when perfectly pure, is a medicine of great power, two grains being sufficient to kill a large dog. A sixteenth or an eighth of a grain is sometimes sufficient to cause vomiting in a man. Like ipecacuanha it is used as a cough medicine, in which case the doses are of course very small. Thus Magendie recommends eight grains of pure emetine and four ounces

* As some few of our readers may wish to know how these new abridgements of medicine are procured, we will give as an example M. Robiquet's method of obtaining morphia.

1. A very concentrated solution of opium is boiled for a quarter of an hour with a little magnesia, in the proportion of about two hundred grains of magnesia to a pound of opium. An abundant greyish precipitate is formed, which is filtered, and washed with cold water. It is then dried, and digested in weak alcohol, which is kept hot, but not allowed to boil. But little morphia and much colouring matter are thus removed. The precipitate, after having been again filtered and washed with a little cold alcohol, is boiled in highly rectified alcohol. The solution is filtered while hot, and as it cools it deposits crystallized morphia, which is deprived of its colouring matter by repeated crystallizations, and the employment of animal charcoal.

of sugar to be made into nine-grain lozenges, each of which will contain about $\frac{1}{3}$ of a grain of pure emetine.

The Febrifuge Alkalies.—Two of these are contained in *cinchona* (Peruvian bark), one being called cinchonine, and the other quinine; both of these are present in many kinds of *cinchona*, but the absolute quantity of both, as well as the relative quantity of each, vary extremely in different species. Thus, in a pound of one species Dr. Michaelis found thirty-two grains of cinchonine and sixty-four of quinine; in a pound of another, eighteen grains of cinchonine and eight of quinine; and in a pound of another, two hundred and eighty-six of quinine and no cinchonine.

Both these alkalies possess, like *cinchona*, the power of curing ague: the quinine is by far the most used; but, as it is scarcely soluble in water, it is the sulphate of quinine which is commonly prescribed. The sulphate of quinine dissolves in water, slightly acidulated with sulphuric acid, and with the addition of tincture of orange-peel forms an elegant though intensely bitter mixture.

The sulphate of quinine, when exposed to the temperature of boiling water for some time, becomes luminous and highly electrical; the sulphate of cinchonine possesses the same properties in a less degree.

These alkalies are certainly valuable additions to the *materia medica*; for many patients who could not, or would not, take *cinchona* in substance, can easily digest two grains of the sulphate of quinine. It is in vain,*

* “ Quel praticien donnerait aujourd'hui le quinquina en poudre ou en extrait, de préférence au sulfate de quinine ou à la salicine? ”
—*Magendis*.

however, to imagine, with some enthusiastic physicians, that cinchona can be entirely discarded ; partly because the alkalies which they would substitute are much more expensive, and partly because it is not always advantageous to get rid of the other principles with which the alkalies are associated in cinchona. Nevertheless, fruitful as modern analysis has been in discoveries of this kind, it may be doubted whether any one of them, even morphia itself, is more important than that of quinine.

Salicine.—This is another febrifuge medicine ; it is obtained from the bark of the willow. The dose is about twelve grains in the four-and-twenty hours. It sometimes succeeds when the sulphate of quinine has failed, and *vice versâ*. — *Ilicine*, derived from the *ilex aquifolium* (common holly) is also said to cure agues. It is remarkable that, in the language of medicine, *febrifuge* signifies curing agues, and not curing continued fever : the reason probably being, that at the time when this word received its acceptation, agues were the commonest kind of fever ; the reverse being the fact at present.

Veratrine.—Four-and-twenty years ago, when the *eau médicinale d'Husson* was at the acme of its reputation, Mr. James Moore wrote two letters, in which he endeavoured to show, by a number of curious facts, that this specific for the gout was indebted for its powers to white hellebore (*veratrum album*). It afterwards appeared that the bulb of the meadow-saffron (*colchicum autumnale*), and not the white hellebore, was the principal ingredient. Mr. Moore's ingenious supposition, however, though wrong in form, was right in substance ;

for the veratrum and the colchicum both owe their virtue to the same alkaloid — veratrine.

This potent remedy acts with extreme violence even in very minute doses, and its effects are most marked when applied to a mucous membrane. A small quantity put into the mouth excites most abundant salivation; if snuffed up into the nose, it causes sneezing of dangerous intensity; a quarter of a grain introduced into the intestinal canal produces abundant evacuations.

Magendie once gave two grains of veratrine, within four-and-twenty hours, to a patient without producing hypercatharsis; but then in this case the patient was a man who had had an apoplectic fit some time before. Magendie justly cites this as an instance of the way in which the effects of medicines are modified by the state of the nervous system; for he himself, having only tasted the potion which contained the two grains, experienced for several hours an insupportable acrimony in his mouth and pharynx, which was not quite gone on the following day: the patient had not felt anything of the kind.

An ointment made with four grains of veratrine to the ounce, may be employed externally in cases of tic douloureux or obstinate chronic rheumatism. It is a violent and unmanageable remedy in all its forms.

Prussic acid. — This most dangerous of all medicines was discovered by Scheele in 1780, but was first used by Professor Brera of Padua in 1809. It derives its name from having been originally made from Prussian blue; and, in like manner, its synonym *hydrocyanic* (acid) is derived from ἕδωγ, water, and κυανός, blue. A single

drop of pure Prussic acid is sufficient to kill a strong dog; but what is commonly called by that name is much diluted, sometimes containing only three per cent. of real acid. Even this, however, is dangerously and destructively powerful, requiring such caution in the prescriber and compounder as is not always to be found. Several of the French forms of Prussic acid are exceedingly strong, and it unfortunately happens that there is a syrup of hydrocyanic acid in the Parisian codex, (pharmacopœia,) much stronger than one of the same name in common use. Some years since, seven epileptic patients, in one of the Parisian hospitals, lost their lives from this cause. Their physician had prescribed a moderate dose of the syrup, meaning the common one; but the attendant administered the syrup of the codex, and in three quarters of an hour the unhappy victims of a defective nomenclature were no more. It is to Prussic acid that bitter almonds, laurel leaves, peach blossoms, &c. &c. owe their poisonous qualities.

Iodine is an elementary substance, discovered by M. Courtois in 1813. It is obtained from the mother-water of kelp, but exists also in sponge and a great number of sea-weeds. Iodine is of a bluish-black colour, resembling bits of shining coal, with which it is said to be sometimes adulterated: this fraud may easily be detected, as iodine dissolves in alcohol, and is converted into vapour of a beautiful violet colour at a temperature of about 350° of Fahrenheit. It is upon this circumstance that its name is founded, which is derived from *ιωδης*, of a violet colour. As burnt sponge, which contains iodine, was long known to be the best remedy in the treatment

of bronchocele (*goitre*), Dr. Coindet tried the effects of iodine in the same disease; and as these were very encouraging, and his testimony has been confirmed by that of innumerable practitioners, iodine continues to be the remedy most frequently employed in bronchocele. It is administered with great advantage in scrofula, and many disagreeable eruptions are cured by iodine with less expense of constitution than by mercury.

Iodine, by combining with hydrogen, forms hydriodic acid; and this again, by combining with potash, forms the hydriodate of potash, a milder remedy than iodine, and employed in larger doses in the same diseases.

Iodine alone will hardly dissolve in water, but its solution is easily accomplished by the assistance of the hydriodate of potash; the solution of the two combined forms the ioduretted hydriodate of potash, a useful medicine.

Like other good things, iodine has been abused, and especially by persons who have undertaken the management of their own cases. Thus Dr. Zinck tells us, that "As soon as it was known that the tincture of iodine would cure *goitre*, it was used at Lausanne in inconceivable quantities, to such an extent, that I may say without much exaggeration, that the phial of tincture of iodine took the place of the *bon-bons* box, for many carried it about with them. With a few exceptions, everybody used it, including those who were afraid that they might have the *goitre*; and the medicine was sold in the apothecaries' shops without a physician's prescription. I have reckoned up with M. Bischoff, an apothecary of our town, that we are quite within the mark if we estimate

at ten pounds' weight the iodine which he used in making the tincture which he sold the first year; and the other apothecaries sold it too. Many persons sent for it from Geneva, erroneously supposing that it would be better. This mania for taking iodine had its victims; but, as a general fact, we had but few in comparison with the great number of persons who used the tincture without any precaution; all those who sank under it had overdosed the remedy."

The quantity of iodine stated in the above quotation to have been used by Bischoff the *pharmacien*, is very great; for ten pounds are seventy thousand grains, and a grain is a common dose, and perhaps more than a proper one.

The combinations of iodine with lime, iron, arsenic, barytes, zinc, sulphur, and mercury, have been medicinally used, but can hardly be considered as established remedies.

Bromine has many analogies with iodine, and like it exists in many marine substances. It has been found in mother-water of salt-pits, in sea-water, in the waters of a great number of springs, and in sea animals and vegetables.

We do not know that any one uses bromine in this country. Magendie says that he employs it when iodine seems not sufficiently active, or when patients have become accustomed to its action.

Chlorine takes its name from its colour, for it is derived from *χλωρος*, green; it is a greenish-yellow gas of a pungent taste and smell. Its specific gravity is 2.4216. It was discovered by Scheele in 1774; but

Sir Humphry Davy first showed that it was an elementary body. This gas, diluted with water, has been administered internally in scarlet and typhus fever, and, mingled with the steam of hot water, has been inhaled in phthisis and other diseases. The late Mr. Thackrah of Leeds, who wrote so ably on the diseases of workmen, tried this expedient in the bronchitis, to which flaxmen are peculiarly subject. (*Bronchitis* means inflammation of the bronchi, the ramifications of the windpipe.)

“The inhalation of chlorine gas we have tried rather extensively among the workers in flax, suffering from chronic bronchitis. Sixteen of these men I induced to come every evening, after the day’s work, to an apartment, the atmosphere of which we impregnated with chlorine, by pouring muriatic acid on manganese. Here they remained at first for a quarter of an hour, and afterwards for about an hour. One individual declared, the second evening, that he had not slept so soundly for several years as he did the night after inhaling; and, on the fifth evening, all the men declared their breathing freer, and the cough considerably reduced. Those who previously could obtain little unbroken sleep, had better nights; and others had regained appetite. The plan, from accidental circumstances, was omitted for three evenings,—a recurrence of cough and dyspnoea was the speedy result; they gladly, therefore, returned to the inhalation of the chlorine, and continued it for several weeks with the most marked advantage. They have since resolved, on the approach of next winter, to take a room to themselves, adjoining their mill or houses, for the purpose of the regular inhalation of chlorine. Two

hatters, labouring under similar diseases, joined the flaxmen, and experienced the same benefit." (*Thackrah*, on the effects of arts, trades, &c. 2nd edit. p. 227.)

Chlorine may also be employed as a disinfecting agent, but for this purpose its combinations with lime and soda (the chloride of lime and the chloride of soda) are more commonly used.

It must be confessed, however, that if these healthful gases are set free with too liberal a hand, they are as disagreeable as the rankest fumes of animal putridity; used in moderation, however, chloruretted lotions are admirable expedients in those cancerous and gangrenous sores which render the unhappy patient an object of disgust to himself as well as to all around him.

Mannite.—When manna is treated with boiling alcohol, filtered, and allowed to cool, crystals of the most beautiful whiteness are gradually precipitated; these are mannite. This substance may be advantageously substituted for manna, as it possesses its laxative powers without its nauseous smell. Magendie informs us that the dose for children is two drachms; half an ounce he found too much.

Gentianine, Solanine, Lupuline.—We mention these three together, because they are of little importance.

Gentianine is the bitter principle of gentian, and may be made into a tincture with alcohol, or a syrup with sugar; but seems to possess no advantage over the extract, or tincture, or infusion of gentian.

Solanine is an alkali extracted from the *solanum nigrum* (common nightshade), and the *solanum dulcamara*, (bitter-sweet); but, according to Magendie, no one

but M. Desfosses has ever been able to procure this alkali, and, though several skilful chemists have performed the processes which he indicates, they have obtained nothing but a little phosphate of lime and vegetable matter without any trace of solanine. We rather think that Magendie is mistaken in this matter. Solanine has been procured by Otto of Brunswick from the bud of the potato, which is also a species of solanum.

Lupuline.—The active properties of the hop reside in a yellow dusty substance of an aromatic odour which may be separated from the strobiles by means of a sieve. It is called lupuline from the Linnean name of the hop (*humulus lupulus*). Some writers assert that it is narcotic; but others, among whom is Magendie, deny this.

Croton Oil.—What Horace says of words, in that well-known passage—

Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, &c.

may be applied to medicines. Croton oil, for example, which Magendie has inserted in his work on new medicines, was introduced into Europe, as he remarks, in 1630. In 1632, Artus Gyselius extolled its use in dropsy; and Rumphius, in the *Herbarium Amboinense*, (Amsterdam, 1750,) says that a drop of this oil taken in Canary wine was a common aperient. This medicine, however, had fallen into oblivion, and was re-introduced in our times by Dr. Conwell.

Croton oil is one of the most active of purgatives; a single drop will sometimes produce twenty evacuations, and it is therefore generally reserved for those serious

cases, (apoplexy or dropsy for example,) where ordinary medicines are too feeble, and where, in the language of the Father of physic, an extreme disease demands an extreme remedy. Like all violent cathartics, croton oil often produces vomiting, though Magendie never saw this effect from its use.

Piperine is a febrifuge substance, but not an alkali, procured from black pepper. According to Dr. Meli, who used it in the Ravenna hospital, it cures agues with more certainty than the sulphate of quinine, and in smaller doses. Few practitioners have employed it.

Lactucarium, or *Extract of Lettuce*.—Some persons with irritable stomachs, who are unable to digest other salad herbs, feel no uneasiness when they have eaten lettuce; this immunity apparently arises from the narcotic matter which it contains. The extract of lettuce has now been used for some time, and enjoys a certain reputation as one of the milder narcotics. The dose is five grains or more. Magendie calls it *thridace* from $\theta\gamma\iota\delta\alpha\zeta$, a lettuce.

The Salts of Gold.—The preparations of gold were recommended by Fallopius in the sixteenth century; they had been forgotten, however, until the attention of physicians was recalled to them by Dr. Chrestien of Montpellier, about the year 1810. They are used in some diseases instead of mercury, and have also been administered in scrofula. The following four preparations are those chiefly employed: the chloride of gold, the chloride of gold and soda, the oxide of gold, and the oxide of gold made by means of tin, otherwise called Cassius's purple. According to Dr. Chrestien, the chloride of gold is far

more active than corrosive sublimate, but it does not affect the gums so much. The doses of these preparations are almost infinitesimal, so that eating gold by way of physic is not so expensive as might be expected. Thus, when the chloride of gold and soda is taken in the form of pill, from $\frac{1}{10}$ to $\frac{1}{10}$ of a grain is the quantity swallowed daily. When the same medicine is mixed with fat and rubbed in, from $\frac{1}{5}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ of a grain may be considered an average daily dose.

The salts of platinum are used in the same manner.

Grenadine is a neutral substance (i. e. neither acid nor alkaline,) extracted from the bark of the pomegranate root. It does not appear to have been tried as yet; but the bark itself is a celebrated remedy against tape-worm. The bark or peel of the fruit is equally efficacious. Magendie tells us, that, the day before the remedy is administered, the patient is to take an ounce and a half, or two ounces, of castor-oil mixed with equal parts of syrup of lemons. Two ounces of the bark of the root are to be boiled in two pints of water till they are reduced to one, and then strained. The decoction is to be divided into three equal parts, to be taken with the interval of half or three-quarters of an hour between them. The patient is kept on low diet till the medicine has been administered, and the tape-worm is generally discharged an hour or so after the third dose.

The word *grenadine* is derived from *grenadier*, the French name for the pomegranate-tree.

Ethereal Tincture of Fern.—This remedy has been used with great success against tape-worm. The root of the fern itself was the specific for the disclosure of which

Madame Noufer received a reward. She followed it up, however, with a brisk purge of calomel, scammony, and gamboge.

A better remedy, probably, than either fern or pomegranate bark is the oil of turpentine; an ounce of this seldom fails in expelling the tape-worm.

Phosphorus.—This highly dangerous remedy is far from a new one, having been used as long since as the year 1748, and at intervals up to the present time. The first case in which it was administered is one narrated by Dr. Mentz in a treatise published in 1751. A malignant petechial fever had been followed by an obstinate diarrhœa, great anxiety about the præcordia, general prostration of strength, and delirium. Two grains of phosphorus were administered in a bolus of theriaca.* They immediately produced repose, sleep, and easy perspiration. In the evening and the next morning the medicine was repeated, with three grains in each dose. The perspiration became abundant and had a sulphureous smell. Every function was soon re-established, and the disease ceased.

Now for the other side of the picture. Alphonso Leroy, in the first volume of the *Mémoires de la Société Médicale d'Emulation*, narrates an experiment which he made upon himself, and from which he narrowly escaped. Having seen that the German physicians gave phosphorus in doses of from six to twelve grains a day, mixed with

* *Theriaca* is the treacle of old pharmacy; not the dregs left in refining sugar, but a compound of honey, opium, and aromatics. The *Theriaca Andromachi*, for instance, was called Venice treacle. This meaning of the word *treacle* is more ancient than the present one.

confections, he took three in a bolus of theriaca. He soon repented of his imprudence, when he reflected that phosphorus when warmed does not require more air than the stomach contains to cause a burn sufficient to penetrate that organ. He was very uncomfortable for two hours, but he swallowed small and frequent doses of very cold water, and the uneasiness went off. The urine became extremely red.

Dr. Christison, in his treatise on poisons, mentions a case where a young man was poisoned by a grain and a half. The best method of administering phosphorus is to dissolve an ounce of it in a pound of olive or almond oil; the solution is to be perfumed with oil of bergamot and kept in the dark. The dose is from twenty-five to thirty drops taken in the course of twenty-four hours, in emulsions or mucilaginous drinks.

Phosphoric acid forms an essential part of the bones, and has been used with success by Dr. Lentin in caries of the bones. He diluted it with eight times the quantity of water, and applied it as a dressing to ulcers extending down to carious bones.

Lactic Acid.—The existence of this as a separate substance was long doubted by many chemists, who supposed it to be merely a modification of acetic acid. The question is now, however, settled in the affirmative, and lactic acid promises to become a valuable therapeutic agent. One of its most remarkable properties is that of dissolving phosphate of lime, especially that which is contained in the bones. Magendie has used it with advantage in dyspepsia, and observes that it would be rational to try its powers in cases of white gravel consisting of phosphate of lime.

Oil of Mustard.—This is a volatile oil distilled from the seeds of black mustard. When mixed with equal parts of spirits of wine and rubbed upon the skin, it is an excellent rubefacient, and may be added to the long list of external stimulants.

Creosote, which is obtained from tar water, or from the destructive distillation of wood, has been used with great success in a variety of diseases. Internally it has arrested violent hemorrhages, and externally it has proved of great benefit as a lotion. If used without dilution, it is a caustic. We forbear to dilate upon its properties here, as we shall dedicate an article to the subject.

It would be easy to add many other new substances to this long catalogue: such as *santonine*, obtained from the *artemisia santonica* (Tartarian southernwood); *colchicine*, from the *colchicum autumnale* (meadow-saffron); *hyoscyamine*, from the *hyoscyamus niger* (common henbane); *daturine*, from the *datura stramonium* (thorn-apple); *atropine* from the *atropa belladonna* (deadly nightshade); and *delphine*, from the seeds of the *delphinium staphis-agria* (stavesacre). It would be equally easy to enter into more details concerning the medicines previously enumerated; but we refrain from doing so: for the account which we have given will probably be thought sufficiently long by the general reader. Those who wish for farther information will find much interesting matter on most of the new remedies in Magendie's *Formulaire*, a work to which we have been indebted for the greater part of the preceding abstract.

XC. BRUCE BEATEN.

CERTAIN readers who do not place that implicit reliance in the veracity of travellers which they ought, are startled at Bruce's account of the Abyssinians' cutting beef-steaks from living cows and bullocks, that after the operation go to graze as if nothing had happened. What will sceptics like these say to the following story, told by an Eastern traveller of high reputation ?

A WELL-KNOWN FACT.—Every year there arrives in these parts of the river a great quantity of fish: the people cut off all the flesh on one side of them, eat it, and let them go. Well! the year following, the same creatures return and offer the other side, which they had preserved untouched: it is then discovered that new flesh has replaced the old.—*Travels of Abou-el-Cassim.*

For the sake of those who are fond of geographical precision, we may mention that this river of marvellous fish is set down as one that flows from Mount Caucasus into the Euxine or Black Sea.

XCI. DOCTOR DALE.

“ THIS makes me think on that famous civilian Doctor Dale, who, being employed in Flanders by Q. Elizabeth, sent in a packet to the secretary of state two letters, one to the *Queen*, the other to his *wife*; but that which was meant for the *Queen* was superscribed, *To his dear wife*; and that for his wife, *To her most Excellent Majesty*: so that the *Queen* having open'd his letter, she found it

beginning with *Sweet-heart*, and afterwards with *My Dear*, and *Dear Love*, with such expressions ; acquainting her with the state of his body, and that he began to want money. You may easily guess what motions of mirth this mistake rais'd ; but the Doctor by this *oversight* (or *cunningness* rather) got a supply of money. * *

And since I am fallen upon Doctor Dale, who was a witty kind of drole, I will tell you, instead of news, (for there is little *good* stirring now,) another facetious tale of his ; and familiar *tales* may become *familiar letters* well enough. When Q. Elizabeth did first propose to him that foreign employment to *Flanders*, among other encouragements she told him that he should have 20s. *per diem* for his expenses : ' Then, madam,' said he, ' I will spend 19s. a day.' ' What will you do with the odd shilling ?' *the Queen reply'd*. ' I will reserve that for my *Kate*, and for *Tom* and *Dick* ;' meaning his wife and children ! This induc'd the Queen to enlarge his allowance."—*Epistolæ Ho-Eliañæ*.

XCII. A LEGAL DEFINITION.

" THERE was one arraigned before me at Cambridge for burglary, and upon the evidence it appeared that he crept down a chimney ; I was doubtful whether this were burglary, and so were some others ; but upon examination it appeared, that, in his creeping down, some of the bricks of the chimney were loosened, and fell down in the room, which put it out of question, and direction was given to find it burglary ; but the jury acquitted him of the whole fact."—*Hale's Pleas of the Crown*, i. 552.

N.B. This would be a good interpretation now.

XCIII.

SOUNDS INAUDIBLE BY CERTAIN EARS.

DR. WOLLASTON says that in the natural and healthy state of the human ear there seems to be no limit to the power of discerning low sounds, whereas acute ones are often inaudible by persons not otherwise deaf. His attention was called to this circumstance by finding a person insensible to the sound of a small organ-pipe, which was far within the limits of his own hearing. This person's hearing terminated at a note four octaves above the middle E of the piano-forte. Others again cannot hear the chirping of the grasshopper, the cricket, the sparrow, and the bat; the latter being about five octaves above the middle E of the piano. The limit of Wollaston's own hearing was about six octaves above the middle E. The range of human hearing includes more than nine octaves, the whole of which are distinct to most ears, though the vibrations of a note at the higher extreme are six hundred or seven hundred times more frequent than those which constitute the gravest audible sound; and as vibrations incomparably more frequent may exist, we may imagine, says Wollaston, that animals like the grylli, whose powers appear to commence nearly where ours terminate, may hear still sharper sounds which we do not know to exist; and that there may be insects hearing nothing in common with us, but endued with a power of exciting, and a sense that perceives, the same vibrations which constitute our ordinary sounds, but so remote that the animal who perceives them may be said to possess another sense, agreeing with our own solely in the medium by

which it is excited, and possibly wholly unaffected by those slower vibrations of which we are sensible.

[If there is no limit to the power of discerning low sounds, the "gravest audible sound" is a nonentity, and we ought to read "the gravest known sound."]

XCIV. VESTRIS, THE GOD OF DANCING.

THE first Vestris, the founder of a mighty dynasty of dancers, was a native of Provence, or, according to others, an Italian. Be this as it may, he could never pronounce French properly; and when he modestly took to himself the title of the "God of dancing," he always called it "*le Diou de la danse.*" There were innumerable anecdotes current in Paris, all showing the sublime conceit and self-satisfaction of this hero, who really considered dancing as the first of human arts and sciences, and himself as the greatest dancer that had ever been created to enchant the world. The following are told in Baron de Grimm's correspondence.

When young Vestris made his debut, his father, *le Diou de la danse*, dressed in the richest and strictest court costume, with his sword at his side, and his chapeau-bras under his arm, presented himself with his son at the front of the stage, and, after having addressed the pit, in terms full of dignity, on the sublimity of his art, and the noble hopes inspired by the august heir of his genius, he turned with an imposing aspect to the young candidate, and said to him, "Now then, my son, show your talent to the public; your father sees you!"—(*Votre père vous regarde!*)

In consequence of being engaged in one of those insurrections against managers and cabinet ministers which were frequent among the dancers of the Opera in the times of Louis XV. and Louis XVI, Vestris junior was sent to Fort l'Evêque. Nothing so pathetic was ever seen as the parting of father and son: "Allez," said the *Dieu de la danse*, "go, my son! This is the most glorious day of your life. Take my carriage, and ask for the apartment of my friend the King of Poland; I will pay all!"

We forget whether it was on this or on an earlier occasion that Vestris senior said, "Well! this is the first difference that ever took place between the house of Vestris and the house of Bourbon!"

Young Vestris was the son of the *Dieu de la danse* by Mademoiselle Allard, also a dancer at the Opera, and hence the Parisians gave him the compound name of Vestrallard. One night he excelled himself in a new ballet, on which his father, who was watching every new step and turn, exclaimed in rapture, "If he goes on in this way I have a great gift in store for him—I will allow him to bear my own name!" The *Dieu de la danse*, like certain other gods we read of, was not a constant lover. Dauberval, another artiste of reputation, who had shared his favours with Mademoiselle Allard, was also forcibly struck with the young prodigy, and was heard to say with a mixture of spite, regret, and admiration, "*Quel talent! C'est le fils de Vestris, et ce n'est pas le mien! Hélas! je ne l'ai manqué que d'un quart d'heure!*"

XCV. PRYNNE'S HISTRIO-MASTIX.

THE work of William Prynne, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, for which Archbishop Laud cut off his ears, written against the immoral tendency of the stage-plays of his age, since it must be considered as representing the opinion of a large, and that the more sober and reflecting, portion of his countrymen, shows that the English dramatic literature of Prynne's age was by many considered as immoral as the French novel and dramatic literature of the present day (not without reason) have been lately represented as being in the Quarterly Review. Prynne's work to which we allude is the "Histrio-Mastix; the Players' Scourge, or Actors' Tragedie;" wherein he attempts to show "by divers arguments, and by the authority of sundry texts of Scripture; of the whole primitive Church; of 55 synods and councils; of 71 Fathers and Christian writers before the year of our Lord 1200; of above 150 foreign and domestic Protestant and Popish authors since; of 40 Heathen philosophers, &c.; and of our own English statutes, magistrates, universities, writers, preachers; that popular stage-plays are sinful, lewd, ungodly spectacles, and most pernicious corruptions."* We shall confine our extracts to the English authorities.

After quoting the testimonies of thirty fathers of the church, that stage-plays foment those carnal lusts which draw both actors and spectators on to actual uncleanness, to their eternal ruin; and so, by necessary consequence,

* The edition from which we quote is that of London, 1633.

are utterly unlawful for Christians to act, to see, to hear ; Prynne thus proceeds :

“ If any stage-frequenting, play-adoring Christian be so incredulous as not to give credit to these alleaged fathers ; let him then listen to some counsels, some modern Christian authors, some ancient Pagans, who averre the self-same truth, whose joynt concurrent authorities he cannot deny.”

Of the reign of Elizabeth and James he cites the following authors, among which it is to be remarked are several church dignitaries, and two or three bishops ; which proves that the opinions were held by some of what the Quarterly Review would admit to be the respectable classes of society, and were not entirely confined to the “ low puritanical rabble.” We give part of the quotations, which are curious, omitting certain passages which are not much to the point.

“ Doctor Reinolds, in his preface to his 6 Theses, and in his overthrow of Stage-players thorowout: Printed 1599, and now reprinted, 1629. Doctor Sparkes, in his Rehearsall Sermon at Paul's Crosse, April 29, 1579. Master Perkins, in his Treatise of Conscience, c. 3, and on the 7th Commandment. Master Stubs, in his Anatomy of Abuses, page 101 to 107. Master Northbrooke, in his Treatise against Vaine Playes and Enterludes, page 57 to 77. A booke intituled The Church of evill men and women, whereof Lucifer is the head, and the members are all dissolute Players and Sinners. Printed by Richard Pinson, in 8°. A Treatise of Dances, printed in 8°. 1581 ; wherein it is showed that dances are as it were accessaries, or dependants, or things annexed unto

whoredome; where also by the way is proved that playes are joyned and knit together in a ranke with them. The second and third Blast of Retrait from Playes and Theaters pag. 1, 2, 3, 4. 43. 44. 53, 54, 55; 56. 89. 92. 96. 98 to 103. (all pregnant places to our purpose): Printed by authority, London, 1580. Master Gosson, in his Schoole of Abuse. Two bookes, the one intituled, The Myrror for Magistrates of Citties; the other, The Counter-blast to Stage-playes: by an uncertaine Author. John Field, in his Declaration of God's Judgment shewed at Paris Garden, January the 13th 1587: Printed by Henry Carre, 1588. J. G., in his refutation of Haywood's Apologie for Actors. Master Thomas Beard, in his Theater of God's Judgments, cap. 34. Master Elton and Master Dod, on the 7 Commandment. Bishop Baily, in his preface to the Practice of Piety. Bishop Hall, in his Epistles; Decad. 6. Epist. 6. J. P. Minister of Feversham, in his booke intituled The Covenant betweene God and Man. Exposition on the 7 Commandment. Doctor Layton, in his Speculum Bellicari, cap. 45. Master Brinaly, in his True Watch; part 3, Abomination 19, p. 73, 74. Master John Downham, in his Guide to Godlinesse, lib. 3. cap. 21. sect. 5; and in his Summe of Divinity, lib. 1. cap. 11, page 203. And Richard Rawledge, in his Scourging of Tiplers, pag. 2, 3, 4. Passing by all these," continues Prynne, "with a briefe quotation of their names and workes, to which you may resort, as being too tedious to recite at large; I shall onely relate unto you what four other authors of our owne have written concerning the lewde effects of stage-playes.

“The first of them is reverend Bishop Babington, who writes thus of playes.* These prophane and wanton stage-playes or enterludes, what an occasion they are of adultery and uncleannesse by gesture, by speech, by convayances, by devices to attaine to so ungodly desires, the world knoweth by too much hurt, by long experience. They corrupt the eyes with alluring gestures; the eyes, the heart; and the heart, the body; till all be horrible before the Lord. *Histrionicis gestibus inquinantur omnia* (saith Chrysostome). These players' behaviour polluteth all things; and of their playes he saith: they are the feasts of Satan, the inventions of the devill, &c. Councels have decreed very sharply against them; and polluted bodies by these filthy occasions have on their death-beds confessed the danger of them, lamented their owne foule and grievous faults, and left their warning for ever with us to beware of them. But I referre you to them that, upon good knowledge of the abominations of them, have written largely and well against them. If they be dangerous in the day-time, more dangerous are they in the night certainly; if on a stage and in open courts, much more in chambers and private houses:† for there are many roomes besides that where the play is; and peradventure the strangenesse of the place, and lacke of light to guide them, causeth error in their way, more then good Christians should in their houses suffer.' Thus this right godly prelate of our church, who makes stage-playes a breach of the 7 commandment,

* Exposition upon the Commandments: Com. 7. In his works at large, printed at London 1622; the last part, p. 60 and 67.

† “Note this well, O yee lascivious persons, who harbour players in your private houses.”

because they are the frequent occasions both of contemplative and actual fornication, and the inducement to it.

“The second is one Master Stephen Gosson, (once a professed play poet; yea, a great patron and admirer of playes and players,† as himselfe confeseth, till God had called him to repentance, and opened his eyes to see their abominableness:) who, among other things, writeth thus of stage-playes.‡ ‘As I have already discovered the corruption of playes, by the corruption of their causes,—the efficient, the matter, the forme, the end; so will I conclude the effects that this poyson workes among us. The devill is not ignorant how mightily these outward spectacles effeminate and soften the hearts of men; vice is learned with beholding; sinne is tickled, desire pricked; and those impressions of minde are secretly conveyed over to the gazers, which the players counterfeit on the stage. As long as we know our selves to be flesh beholding those examples in theatres that are incident to flesh, we are taught by other men’s examples how to fall, and they that come honest to a play may depart infected. * * *

“‘ Mine eyes throughly beheld the manner of theatres when I wrote playes myselfe,§ and found them to be the very markets of b * * * y; where choyce without shame hath beene as free, as it is for your money in the

† “In his Anatomy of Abuses; in his epistles prefixed to his Playes Confuted in five actions; and so thorowout these bookes of his.”

‡ “Playes Confuted, action 5.”

§ “Note this, and note it so as to believe it, because the author testifieth it from his owne experience.”

Royall Exchange to take a short stocke or a long, a faling band or a French ruffe. The first building of theatres was to ravish the Sabines; and that they were continued in w * * * m ever after, Ovid confesseth in these words:

Scilicet ex illo solennia more theatra,
Nunc quoque formosis insidiosa manent.

De Arte Amandi, lib. 1.

As at the first, so now; theatres are snares for faire women. And as I told you long ago, in my Schoole of Abuses,† our theatres and play-houses in London are as full of secret adultery as they were in Rome.' * * *

“ The third of them is Master John Brinsly, an eminent worthy divine; who writes thus of stage-playes.‡ ‘ But to passe over these also, with all other unlawfull flockings and lewde sports upon the sabbath, by every of which the worke of the Lord is hindered, as every one must needs acknowledge, what defence can we make for that concourse that is ordinary to those wanton playes in such places even upon that day? in which are the continuall sowings of all atheisme, and throwing the very firebrands of all filthy and noysome lusts into the hearts of poore simple soules, the stirring up and blowing the coales of concupiscence to kindle and increase the fire thereof, to breake out into an hideous flame untill it§ burne downe to Hell. Aske but your owne hearte as in

† “ Quod nota.”

‡ “ The 3 part of the True Watch, edit. 2. London 1623. chap. ii. Abomination, 30, pag. 302.”

§ “ Concourse to plays and the vileness of them. The inevitable danger of frequenters of plays.”

the presence of the Lord, and you will need no further witness. And how can it be otherwise? how can you take these firebrands of Hell into your bosomes, and not be burnt? Is not every filthy speech, every w * * h gesture, such a firebrand cast by Satan into the heart of every wanton beholder, as a brand cast into a bundle of tow, or into a barrell of gunpowder, to sett all on fire of a sudden?† Thy protection is gone, whosoever thou art, that adventrest hither, for thou art out of thy wayes. These are not the wayes of the Lord, and much lesse upon his sabbath, when thou shouldest be amongst his people, and doing his worke, where his angels waite for thee, his owne presence expects thee.

‡“How then shouldest thou possibly escape when thou wilt offer thy heart naked unto these fiery darts of Satan? How canst thou thinke to be delivered from that flame into thy soule; that fire in the infernall lake, that river of brimstone that shall never be consumed nor quenched, when thou wilt desperately cast thy selfe headlong into the midst thereof? How can it be but that such must needs bring fagots and firebrands to set in the gates of our Hierusalem?”

“The fourth of them is Mr. Robert Bolton, a reverend learned minister of our church, now living; who writes thus of stage playes.§ ‘Lastly, let those examine themselves at this marke, who offer themselves to these sinfull occasions, breeders of many strange and fearefull mischiefes, I meane prophane and obscene

† “Such are from under God’s protection.”

‡ “They cannot think to escape.”

§ “A Discourse of True Happinesse, pp. 73, 74.”

playes. Pardon me, beloved, I cannot passe by these abominable spectacles without particular indignation. For I have ever esteemed them (since I had any understanding in the wayes of God) the grand empoysoners of grace, ingenuousnesse, and all manly resolution; greater plagues and infections to your soules, then the contagious pestilence to your bodies; the inexpiable staine and dishonor to this famous city; the noysome wormes that canker and blast the generous and noble buds of this land; and doe, by a slie and bewitching insinuation, so empoyson all seeds of vertue, and so weaken and emasculate all the operations of the soule, with a prophane, if not an unnatural dissolutenesse,* that whereas they are planted in these worthy houses of law, to be fitted and enabled for great and honourable actions for the publike good, and the continuance of the glory and happiness of this kingdome, they licentiously dissolve into wicked vanities and pleasures; and all hope of ever doing good either unto God, the church, their country, or owne soules, melteth as the winter ice, and floweth away as unprofitable waters. These infamous spectacles are condemned by all kinde of sound learning, both divine and humane. Distinctions devised for their upholding and defence may give some shallow and weake contentment to partiall and sensuall affections possest with prejudice; but how shall they be able to satisfie a conscience sensible of all appearance of evill? How can they preserve the inclinableness of our corrupt nature from the infection of these schooles of lewdnesse, and sinckes of all sinne,

* "Let innes-of-court gentlemen observe this."

as (to omit divines, counsels, fathers, moralists, because the point is not directly incident,) even a politician,* calls them. Alas, are not our wretched corruptions raging and fiery enough, being left to themselves, dispersed at their naturall liberty; but they must be united at these accursed theatres, as in a hollow glasse, to set on fire the whole body of our naturall viciousnesse at once, and to enrage it further with lust, fiercenesse, and effeminate-nesse, beyond the compasse of nature? † Doth any man think it possible that the power of saving grace, or the pure spirit of God, can reside in his heart, that willingly and with full consent feeds his inward concupis- cence with such variety of sinfull vanities and lewd occasions, which the Lord himselfe hath pronounced to be an abomination ‡ unto him? How can any man, that ever felt in his heart the love or feare of so dreadfull a Majesty as the Lord of heaven and earth, endure to be present, especially with delight and contentment, at oathes, blasphemies, obscenities, and the abusing some- times of the most precious things in the booke of God, (whereat we should tremble,) to most base and scurrill jests? Certainly, every childe of God is of a most noble and heroicke spirit, and therefore is most impatient of hearing any wrong, indignity, or dishonor, offered to the word, name, or glory of his Almighty Father, &c. Thus this grave reverend divine in prooffe of my assumption." §

* "Theatra definire possumus, turpitudinis vitiorumq. omnium sentinam ac scholam.—Bodin, De Repub. lib. 6, cap. 1."

† "Marke this, O play-haunters, and then judge yourselves."

‡ "Deut. xxii. 5."

§ Prynne's *Histrio-Mastix*, Lond. 1663, part i. p. 358, et seq.

Archbishop Laud and the Star-Chamber certainly dealt harshly with poor Prynne, who, however, was singularly unfortunate, or very bold, in choosing the moment for publishing his book. It came out just at the time that Henrietta Maria, the queen of Charles I, was rehearsing a part, which she afterwards acted, in a play with her maids of honour. Hence every abusive term was held to be directed against her Majesty, and Prynne's offence deemed little short of high treason. In Sir Henry Ellis's interesting collection there is a letter of the time written by Mr. Pory to Sir Thomas Puckering, which contains the following court news :

“ That which the Queen's Majesty, some of her ladies, and all her maides of honour are now practising upon, is a pastorall penned by Mr. Walter Montague, wherein her Majesty is pleased to acte a parte, aswell for her recreation as for the exercise of her English. Ben Jonson (who, I thought, had bene dead) hath written a play against next terme, called the Magnetick Lady.” And in another letter in the same collection, from Mr. Gresley to Sir Thomas Puckering, Prynne's case is thus stated : “ Mr. Prynne, an Utter Barrister of Lincoln's Inne, is brought into the High Commission Court and Star-Chamber, for publishing a booke (a little before the Queene's acting of her play) of the Unlawfulness of Plaies, wherein, in the table of his booke, and his brief additions thereunto, he hath these words, ‘ Women actors notorious w——s,’ * * * which wordes it is thought by some will cost him his eares, or heavily punished and deeply fined.”—*Original Letters, illustrative of English History*, vol. vi. p. 270 and p. 280.

Prynne's writings did indeed cost him his ears, and something more ; but the punishments so barbarously heaped upon him, and Burton and Bastwick, became burning coals on the head of Laud, and contributed more than any other single circumstance to the execution of that prelate, and the march of the revolution which brought his royal master also to the scaffold.

XCVI. PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

It is related of Fagou, physician to Louis XIV. that in the middle of an oration on the pernicious effects of tobacco, he paused, and, taking his snuff-box from his pocket, refreshed himself with a pinch, to enable him to renew his argument.

XCVII. ON THE FORTUNATE MARRIAGES OF THE HOUSE OF AUSTRIA.

Bella gerant alii ; tu, felix Austria, rube ;
Nam quæ Mars aliis, dat tibi regna Venus.

XCVIII. THE TRIPARTITE EMPIRE.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER said, that the French had the dominion of the land, the English of the sea, and the Germans of the air.

XCIX. AS RICH AS A JEW.

“WE are apt to say in a proverbial way, ‘as rich as a Jew ;’ but the Jews, take them in general, are not a rich people. There have been always some few among them that were immensely wealthy, and it was from the observation of these that the observation arose.”—*Pegge*.

The learned antiquary is probably mistaken in his explanation ; for had the reason been the one which he assigns, namely, the great wealth of a few, it would have been far more natural to say “as rich as a lord,” or, “as rich as a duke.” The truth seems to be, that as the Jews long monopolized the trades of bill-broker, money-changer, &c., the vulgar, dazzled by the large quantity of specie possessed by such persons, by a very natural mistake confounded capital with income ; and because a Jew usurer had more ready money than the first nobleman in the land, they imagined him to be more opulent ; though the money constituted the whole capital of the former, and only a part of the revenue of the latter.

C. SISTER LANGUAGES.

WE do not recollect where we met with the following antithesis, but it seems just as well as elegant.

“Ce sont deux sœurs que la langue Italienne et l’Espagnole, celle-ci est la prude, et l’autre la coquette.”

CI. OLD BARBERS.

A DIALOGUE IN 1583.

The Speakers are Theodorus and Amphilogus.

Theod.—WHAT say you of the barbers and trimmers of men; are they so neate, and so fine fellows as they are said to be?

Amphil.—There are no finer fellows under the sunne, nor experter in their noble science of barbing than they be; and therefore, in the fulness of their overflowing knowledge, (oh! ingenious heads, and worthie to be dignified with the diademe of follie and vain curiositie!) they have invented such strange fashions and monstrous manners of cuttings, trimmings, shavings, and washings, that you would wonder to see. They have one maner of cut called the French cut, another the Spanish cut; one the Dutch cut, another the Italian; one the newe cut, another the old; one the bravado fashion, another of the meane fashion; one a gentleman's cut, another the common cut; one cut of the court, another of the country; with infinite the like vanities, which I overpasse. They have also other kinds of cuts innumerable; and therefore when you come to be trimmed they will aske you whether you will be cut to looke terrible to your enemie, or amiable to your freend; grime and sterne in countenance, or pleasant and demure (for they have divers kinds of cuts for all these purposes, or else they lie). Then when they have

done all their feats, it is a world to consider how their mowchatowes must be preserved and laid out, from one cheke to another, yea almost from one eare to another, and turned up like two hornes towards the forehead. Besides that, when they come to the cutting of the haire, what snipping and snapping of the cycers is there; what tricking, and trimming, what rubbing, what scratching, what combing and clawing, what trickling and toying, and all to tawe out money, you may be sure. And when they come to washing, oh! how gingerly they behave themselves therein; for then shall your mouth be bossed with the lather, or fome that riseth of the balles (for they have their sweete balles wherewithall they use to washe); your eyes closed must be anointed therewith also. Then snap go the fingers; ful bravely, God wot. Thus, this tragedy ended, comes me warme clothes to wipe and dry him withall; next, the eares must be picked, and closed together againe artificially forsooth; the hair of nostrils cut away, and every thing done in order comely to behold. The last action in this tragedie is the payment of monie. And least these cunning barbers might seeme unconscionable in asking much for their paines, they are of such a shamefast modestie, as they will aske nothing at all, but, standing to the curtesie and liberaltie of the giver, they will receive all that comes, how much soever it be, not giving anie againe, I warrant you; for take a barber with that fault, and strike off his head. No, no, such fellows are *Raræ in terris, nigrisque similimi cygnis*,—Rare birds upon the earth, and as geason as black swans. You shall have also your Orient perfumes

for your nose, your fragrant waters for your face, wherewith you shall bee all to besprinkled: your musicke againe, and pleasant harmonie shall sound in your eares, and all to tickle the same with vaine delight. And in the end your cloke shall be brushed, and, God be with you, gentleman!

Theod.—All these curious conceits, in my judgement, are rather done for to allure and provoke the minds of men to be bountifull and liberall towards them, than for any good else which they bring either to the bodie or health of man.

Amphil.—True it is that you say; and therefore you must needs thinke they are maisters of their science that can invent all these knacks to get money withall. But yet I must needs say (these nisities set apart) barbers are verie necessarie, for otherwise men should grow verie ouglisom and deformed, and their haire would in processe of time overgrowe their faces, rather like monsters, than comlie sober Christians. And if it be said that any man may cut off the haire one of another, I answer, they may so, but yet not in such comelie and decent maner as these barbers exercised therein can doe; and besides, they knowe that a decorum in everie thing is to be observed. And therefore I cannot but marvell at the beastliness of some ruffians (for they are no sober Christians) that will have their haire to growe over their faces like monsters and savage people, nay, rather like madmen than otherwise, hanging downe over their shoulders, as women's haire doth; which indeed is an ornament to them, being given as a sign of subjection, but in man it is a shame and reproach, as the apostle proveth. And

thus much of barbers and their science."—*Anatomic of Abuses, &c. made dialogwise by Phillip Stubbes.*

Mr. d'Israeli calls Stubbes a "morose puritan;" but in good truth Master Phill is a very amusing fellow.

CII.

USE OF GLASS IN THE TIME OF QUEEN
ELIZABETH AND JAMES I.

WITH A BIT OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

"It is a world to see in these our days, wherein gold and silver most aboundeth, how that our gentilitie, as lothing those mettals (because of the plenty) do now rather choose Venice glass. The poorest also will have glass if they may, but sith the Venecian is somewhat too deer for them, they content themselves with such as are made at home of ferne and burned stone; but in fine all go one way, that is, to shards, at the last; so that our great expenses in glasses (beside that they breed much strife toward such as have the charge of them) are worst of all bestowed in mine opinion, because their peeces do turn unto no profit. If the philosopher's stone were once found, and one part hereof mixed with forty of molten glass, it would induce such a metalllicall toughness thereunto, that a fall should nothing hurt in such manner: yet it might peradventure bunch or batter it; nevertheless that inconvenience were quickelie to be redressed by the hammer. But whither am I slipped?"—*Holinshed, Description of England.*

During the reign of the sapient James, the use of glass

vessels became still more extensive ; but the art of making them still remained matter of wonderment to Englishmen. In a letter written to his brother from Venice, and dated June, 1621, James Howell saith,

“The art of glass-making here is very highly valued, for whosoever be of that profession are gentlemen *ipso facto* ; and it is not without reason, it being a rare kind of knowledge and chymistry to transmute dust and sand (for they are the only main ingredients) to such a diaphanous pellucid dainty body as you see a crystal glass is, which hath this property above gold, or silver, or any other mineral, to admit no poison ;† as also, that it never wastes or loses a whit of its first weight, tho’ you use it never so long. When I saw so many sorts of curious glasses made here, I thought upon the compliment which a gentleman put upon a lady in England, who, having five or six comely daughters, said, *He never saw in his life such a dainty cupboard of crystal glasses.* The compliment proceeds, it seems, from a saying they have here, *That the first handsome woman that ever was made, was made of Venice glass ;* which implies *beauty*, but *brittleness* withal, (and *Venice* is not unfurnished with some of that mould, for no place abounds more with lasses and glasses.) * * * * But when I pry’d into the materials, and observ’d the furnaces and calcinations, the transubstantiations, the liquefactions that are incident to this art, my thoughts were rais’d to a higher speculation ;

† A superstitious notion long prevailed that a pure Venetian glass would crack or burst to pieces if poison were put into it. This was a good way of keeping up their price when poisoning was common.

that if this small furnace-fire hath virtue to convert such a small lump of dark dust and sand into such a precious clear body as crystal, surely that grand universal fire which shall happen at the day of judgment, may, by its violent ardor *vitriify* and turn to one lump of crystal the whole body of the earth; nor am I the first that fell upon this conceit."

In another letter, addressed to "Dr. Fr. Mansell, at All Souls in Oxford," Howell again alludes to the glass-trade at Venice, into which it appears one of King James's courtiers had entered as a speculator.

"Your honourable uncle *Sir Robert Mansell*, who is now in the *Mediterranean*, hath been very notable to me, and I shall ever acknowledge a good part of my education from him. He hath melted vast sums of money in the glass-business, a business indeed more proper for a merchant than a courtier. I heard the king should say, That he wonder'd *Robin Mansel*, being a seaman, whereby he hath got so much honour, should fall from *water* to tamper with *fire*, which are two contrary elements. My father fears that this glass employment will be too brittle a foundation for me to build a fortune upon."—*Epistolæ Ho-Eliaicæ*.

The Queen of the Adriatic, that now purchases glass from Germany, Bohemia, and England, supplied all Europe with the superior kinds of that commodity in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

CIII.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A LEARNED
 DIVINE AND ANTIQUARY OF THE
 EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

June 25th, 1766.—Foggy. My beautiful parrot died at ten at night, without knowing the cause of his illness, he being very well last night.

Feb. 1. Saturday.—Fine day and cold. Will Wood junior carried three or four loads of dung into the clay-pit close. Baptised William, the son of William Grace, blacksmith, who I married about six months before.

March 3. Monday.—I baptised Sarah, the bastard daughter of the widow Smallwood of Eton, aged near 50, whose husband died above a year ago.

6. Thursday.—Very fine weather. My man was blooded. I sent a loin of pork and a spare-rib to Mr. Cartwright in London.

8. Saturday.—Very fine weather, and Mr. Cartwright brought me a quarter of house-lamb from London.

27. Thursday.—I sent my two French wigs to my London barber to alter them, they being made so miserably I could not wear them.

June 17. Tuesday.—Windy, cold, and rainy. I went to our new archdeacon's visitation at Newport-Pagnel. I took young H. Travel with me, in order that he might hear the organ at Newport, he being a great psalm-singer. Mr. Tanquerary, rector of Bow-Brick-Hill, preached the sermon before the archdeacon, who gave a charge. The most numerous appearance of clergy that I remember :

forty-four dined with the archdeacon, and, *what is extraordinary, not one smoked tobacco.* My new coach-horse very *ungain.*

Aug. 16th. Saturday.—Cool day. Tom reaped for Joe Holdom. I cudgelled Jem for staying so long on an errand at Newton Longueville.”

The Rev. William Cole, author of “*Athenæ Cantabrigienses,*” (for our diarist was no less a personage,) was at this time, we believe, vicar of Burnham in Buckinghamshire. He was not at all in the dotage of age (as might indeed be presumed from his vigour in cudgelling), being only fifty-two years old. He was a favourite companion and correspondent and intimate friend of the fastidious Horace Walpole, of the poet Gray, and other distinguished men of the period. He left to the British Museum one hundred folio volumes of MSS., all neatly written with his own hand; enjoining that they were not to be opened till twenty years after his death.

CIV. FANS.

THOMAS CORYAT’S story about the use of forks in Italy, and his introduction of those cleanly and convenient implements into England, whereby, and “for no other cause,” he obtained the nickname of *Furcifer*, is very generally known. The following description of fans by the same odd, fantastic traveller, which goes to prove that paper fans were not used in England at the time of his tour (1608), and that we borrowed them as well as forks from the Italians, has been less noticed.

“ Here I will mention a thing, that altho’ perhaps it will seeme but frivolous to divers readers that have already travelled in Italy, yet because unto many that neither have beene there, nor ever intend to go thither while they live, it will be a meere novelty, I will not let it passe unmentioned. The first Italian fannes that I saw in Italy did I observe in this space betwixt Pizighiton and Cremona ; but afterwards I observed them common in most places of Italy where I travelled. These fannes *both men and women* of the country doe carry, to coole themselves withall in the time of heat, by the often fanning of their faces. Most of them are very elegant and pretty things. For whereas the fanne consisteth of a painted piece of paper and a little wooden handle ; the paper, which is fastened into the top, is on both sides most curiously adorned with excellent pictures, either of amorous things tending to dalliance, having some witty Italian verses or fine emblems written under them ; or of some notable Italian city, with a briefe description thereof added thereunto. These fans are of a meane price, for a man may buy one of the fairest of them for so much money as countervaieth our English groate.”—*Coryat’s Crudities.*

In the south of Italy *men* still continue to use the fan, and in hot weather one may often see a captain of dragoons, moustached and “ bearded like the pard,” fanning himself with all the graces and dexterity of a young coquette. The fans in general use are not such “ elegant and pretty things” as Coryat found ; but, such as they are, an active trade is carried on in them by old men

and little boys, who hawk them about the streets, and always take their stand by the doors of the theatres and coffee-houses when the evening is particularly close and melting.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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