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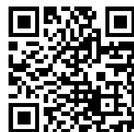

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Isaac Disraeli

CURIOSITIES

OF

LITERATURE.

SEVENTH EDITION, CORRECTED

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.

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CURIOSITIES

OF

Literature.

INQUISITION.

INNOCENT the Third, a pope as enterprising as he was successful in his enterprises, having sent Dominic with some missionaries into Languedoc, these men so irritated the heretics they were sent to convert, that most of them were assassinated at Toulouse in the year 1200. He called in the aid of temporal arms, and published against them a crusade, granting, as was usual with the popes on similar occasions, all kinds of indulgences and pardons to those who should arm against these *Mahometans*, so he styled these unfortunate men. Once all were Turks when they were not catholics! Raymond, Count of Toulouse, was constrained to submit. The inhabitants were passed on the edge of the sword, without distinction of age or sex.

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It was then he established that scourge of Europe, THE INQUISITION: for having considered that though all might be compelled to submit by arms, numbers might remain who would profess particular dogmas, he established this sanguinary tribunal solely to inspect into all families, and INQUIRE concerning all persons who they imagined were unfriendly to the interests of Rome. Dominic did so much by his persecuting inquiries, that he firmly established the inquisition at Toulouse.

Not before the year 1484 it became known in Spain. To another Dominican, John de Torquemada, the court of Rome owed this obligation. As he was the confessor of Queen Isabella, he had extorted from her a promise that if ever she ascended the throne, she would use every means to extirpate heresy and heretics. Ferdinand had conquered Grenada, and had expelled from the Spanish realms multitudes of unfortunate Moors. A few remained, whom, with the Jews, he compelled to become Christians: they at least assumed the name; but it was well known that both these nations naturally respected their own faith, rather than that of the Christians. This race was afterwards distinguished as *Christianos Novos;* and in forming marriages, the blood of the Hidalgo was considered to lose its purity by mingling with such a suspicious source.

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Torquemada pretended that this dissimulation would greatly hurt the interests of the holy religion. The queen listened with respectful diffidence to her confessor; and at length gained over the king to consent to the establishment of this unrelenting tribunal. Torquemada, indefatigable in his zeal for the holy seat, in the space of fourteen years that he exercised the office of chief inquisitor, is said to have prosecuted near eighty thousand persons, of whom six thousand were condemned to the flames!

Voltaire attributes the taciturnity of the Spaniards to the universal horror such proceedings spread. "A general jealousy and suspicion took possession of all ranks of people: friendship and sociability were at an end! Brothers were afraid of brothers, fathers of their children."

The situations and the feelings of one imprisoned in the cells of the inquisition are forcibly painted by Orobio, a mild, and meek, and learned man, whose controversy with Limborch is well known. When he escaped from Spain he took refuge in Holland, was circumcised, and died a philosophical Jew. He has left this admirable description of himself in the cell of the inquisition. "Inclosed in this dungeon I could not even find space enough to turn myself about; I suffered so much that I felt my brain disordered. I frequently asked my-

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self, am I really Don Bathazaar Orobio, who used to walk about Seville at my pleasure, who so much enjoyed myself with my wife and children? I often imagined that all my life had only been a dream, and that I really had been born in this dungeon! The only amusement I could invent was metaphysical disputations. I was at once opponent, respondent, and præses!"

In the cathedral at Saragossa is the tomb of a famous inquisitor; six pillars surround this tomb, to each is chained a Moor, as preparatory to his being burnt. On this St. Foix ingeniously observes, "If ever the Jack Ketch of any country should be rich enough to have a splendid tomb, this might serve as an excellent model."

The inquisition, as Bayle informs us, punished heretics by *fire*, to elude the maxim, *Ecclesia non novit sanguinem;* for, burning a man, say they, does not *shed his blood!* Otho, the bishop at the Norman invasion, in the tapestry worked by Matilda the queen of William the Conqueror, is represented with a *mace* in his hand, for the purpose, that when he *despatched* his antagonist, he might not *spill blood*, but only break his bones! Religion has had her quibbles as well as law.

The establishment of this despotic order was resisted in France; but it may perhaps surprise the reader that a recorder of London in a speech

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urged the necessity of setting up an inquisition in England! It was on the trial of Penn the quaker, in 1670, who was acquitted by the jury, which seems highly to have provoked the said recorder. "*Magna Charta,*" writes the prefacer to the trial, "with the recorder of London, is nothing more than *Magna F——!*" It appears that the jury after being kept two days and two nights to change their verdict, were in the end both fined and imprisoned. Sir John Howell, the recorder, said, "Till now I never understood the reason of the policy and prudence of the Spaniards in suffering the inquisition among them; and certainly it will not be well with us, till something *like unto the Spanish inquisition be in England.*" Thus it will ever be, while both parties struggling for the pre-eminence, rush to the sharp extremity of things, and annihilate the trembling balance of the constitution. But the adopted motto of Lord Erskine must ever be that of every Briton, "*Trial by jury.*"

So late as the year 1761, Gabriel Malagrida, an old man of seventy, was burnt by these evangelical executioners. His trial was printed at Amsterdam, 1762, from the Lisbon copy. And for what was this unhappy Jesuit condemned? Not, as some have imagined, for his having been concerned in a conspiracy against the king of Portugal. No other charge is laid to him in this trial, but that of

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having indulged certain heretical notions, which any other tribunal but that of the inquisition would have looked upon as the delirious fancies of an old fanatic. Will posterity believe that in the eighteenth century an aged visionary was led to the stake for having said, amongst other extravagancies, that "The holy Virgin having commanded him to write the life of Anti-Christ, told him that he, Malagrida, was a second John, but more clear than John the Evangelist: that there were to be three Anti-Christs, and that the last should be born at Milan, of a monk and a nun, in the year 1920; and that he would marry Proserpine, one of the infernal furies."

For such ravings as these the unhappy old man was burnt in recent times. Granger assures us that in his remembrance a *horse* that had been taught to tell the spots upon cards, the hour of the day, &c. by significant tokens, was, together with his *owner*, put into the inquisition for *both* of them dealing with the devil! A man of letters declared that, having fallen into their hands, nothing perplexed him so much as the ignorance of the inquisitor and his council; and it seemed very doubtful whether they had read even the scriptures.

One of the most interesting anecdotes relating to the terrible inquisition, exemplifying how the use of the diabolical engines of torture force men

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to confess crimes they have not been guilty of, is related by a Portuguese gentleman.

A nobleman in Lisbon having heard that his physician and friend was imprisoned by the inquisition, under the stale pretext of Judaism, addressed a letter to one of them to request his freedom, assuring the inquisitor that his friend was as orthodox a christian as himself. The physician, notwithstanding this high recommendation, was put to the torture; and, as was usually the case, at the height of his sufferings confessed every thing they wished. This enraged the nobleman, and feigning a dangerous illness, he begged the inquisitor would come to give him his last spiritual aid.

As soon as the Dominican arrived, the lord, who had prepared his confidential servants, commanded the inquisitor in their presence to acknowledge himself a Jew, to write his confession, and to sign it. On the refusal of the inquisitor the nobleman ordered his people to put on the inquisitor's head a red-hot helmet, which to his astonishment, in drawing aside a screen, he beheld glowing in a small furnace. At the sight of this new instrument of torture, "Luke's iron crown," the monk wrote and subscribed the abhorred confession. The nobleman then observed, "See now the enormity of your manner of proceeding with unhappy men!

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My poor physician, like you, has confessed Judaism; but with this difference, only torments have forced that from him, which fear alone has drawn from you!"

The inquisition has not failed of receiving its due praises. Macedo, a Portuguese Jesuit, has discovered the "Origin of the *Inquisition*" in the terrestrial Paradise, and presumes to allege, that God was the first who began the functions of an *inquisitor* over Cain and the workmen of Babel! Macedo, however, is not so dreaming a personage as he appears; for he obtained a professor's chair at Padua for the arguments he delivered at Venice against the pope, which were published by the title of "The literary Roarings of the Lion at St. Mark;" besides he is the author of 109 different works; but it is curious to observe how far our interest is apt to prevail over our conscience,—Macedo praised the Inquisition up to heaven, while he sank the pope to nothing!

Among the great revolutions of this age, and since the last edition of these volumes, the inquisition in Spain and Portugal is abolished—but its history enters into that of the human mind; and the history of the inquisition by Limborch, translated by Chandler, with a very curious "Introduction," loses none of its value with the philosophical mind. This monstrous tribunal of human

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opinions aimed at the sovereignty of the intellectual world without intellect.

SINGULARITIES OBSERVED BY VARIOUS NATIONS IN THEIR REPASTS.

THE philosophical compiler of *L'Esprit des Usages et des Coutumes,* has arranged the greater part of the present article.

The Maldivian islanders eat alone. They retire into the most hidden parts of their houses; and they draw down the cloths that serve as blinds to their windows, that they may eat unobserved. This custom probably arises from the savage, in the early periods of society, concealing himself to eat: he fears that another with as sharp an appetite, but more strong than himself, should come and ravish his meal from him. The ideas of witchcraft are also widely spread among barbarians; and they are not a little fearful that some incantation may be thrown among their victuals.

In noticing the solitary meal of the Maldivian islander, another reason may be alleged for this misanthropical repast. They never will eat with any one who is inferior to them in birth, in riches, or dignity; and as it is a difficult matter to settle this equality, they are condemned to lead this unsociable life.

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On the contrary, the islanders of the Philippines are remarkably sociable. Whenever one of them finds himself without a companion to partake of his meal, he runs till he meets with one; and we are assured that, however keen his appetite may be, he ventures not to satisfy it without a guest.

Savages, (says Montaigne) when they eat, "*S'essuyent les doigts aux cuisses, à la bourse des génitoires, et à la plante des pieds.*" We cannot forbear exulting in the polished convenience of napkins!

The tables of the rich Chinese shine with a beautiful varnish, and are covered with silk carpets very elegantly worked. They do not make use of plates, knives, and forks: every guest has two little ivory or ebony sticks, which he handles very adroitly.

The Otaheiteans, who are naturally sociable, and very gentle in their manners, feed separately from each other. At the hour of repast, the members of each family divide; two brothers, two sisters, and even husband and wife, father and mother, have each their respective basket. They place themselves at the distance of two or three yards from each other; they turn their backs, and take their meal in profound silence.

The custom of drinking at different hours from those assigned for eating, is to be met with amongst many savage nations. It was originally begun

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from necessity. It became a habit, which subsisted even when the fountain was near to them. A people transplanted, observes our ingenious philosopher, preserve in another climate modes of living which relate to those from whence they originally came. It is thus the Indians of Brazil scrupulously abstain from eating when they drink, and from drinking when they eat.

When neither decency nor politeness are known, the man who invites his friends to a repast is greatly embarrassed to testify his esteem for his guests, and to present them with some amusement; for the savage guest imposes on him this obligation. Amongst the greater part of the American Indians, the host is continually on the watch to solicit them to eat, but touches nothing himself. In New France, he wearies himself with singing, to divert the company while they eat.

When civilization advances, men wish to show their confidence to their friends: they treat their guests as relations; and it is said that in China the master of the house, to give a mark of his politeness, absents himself while his guests regale themselves at his table with undisturbed revelry.

The demonstrations of friendship in a rude state have a savage and gross character, which it is not a little curious to observe. The Tartars pull a man by the ear to press him to drink, and they

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continue tormenting him till he opens his mouth, then they clap their hands and dance before him.

No customs seem more ridiculous than those practised by a Kamschatkan, when he wishes to make another his friend. He first invites him to eat. The host and his guest strip themselves in a cabin which is heated to an uncommon degree. While the guest devours the food with which they serve him, the other continually stirs the fire. The stranger must bear the excess of the heat as well as of the repast. He vomits ten times before he will yield; but, at length obliged to acknowledge himself overcome, he begins to compound matters. He purchases a moment's respite by a present of clothes or dogs; for his host threatens to heat the cabin, and to oblige him to eat till he dies. The stranger has the right of retaliation allowed to him: he treats in the same manner, and exacts the same presents. Should his host not accept the invitation of him whom he had so handsomely regaled, in that case the guest would take possession of his cabin, till he had the presents returned to him which the other had in so singular a manner obtained.

For this extravagant custom a curious reason has been alleged. It is meant to put the person to a trial, whose friendship is sought. The Kamtschadale, who is at the expense of the fires, and

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the repast, is desirous to know if the stranger has the strength to support pain with him, and if he is generous enough to share with him some part of his property. While the guest is employed on his meal, he continues heating the cabin to an insupportable degree; and for a last proof of the stranger's constancy and attachment he exacts more clothes and more dogs. The host passes through the same ceremonies in the cabin of the stranger; and he shows, in his turn, with what degree of fortitude he can defend his friend. The most singular customs would appear simple, if it were possible for the philosopher to understand them on the spot.

As a distinguishing mark of their esteem, the negroes of Ardra drink out of one cup at the same time. The king of Loango eats in one house, and drinks in another. A Kamschatkan kneels before his guest; he cuts an enormous slice from a sea-calf; he crams it entire into the mouth of his friend, furiously crying out, "*Tana!*"—There! and cutting away what hangs about his lips, snatches and swallows it with avidity.

A barbarous magnificence attended the feasts of the ancient monarchs of France. After their coronation or consecration, when they sat at table, the nobility served them on horseback.

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MONARCHS.

SAINT CHRYSOSTOM has this very acute observation on *kings:* many monarchs are infected with the strange wish that their successors may turn out bad princes. Good kings desire it, as they imagine, continues this pious politician, that their glory will appear the more splendid by the contrast; and the bad desire it, as they consider such kings will serve to countenance their own misdemeanors.

Princes, says Gracian, are willing to be *aided,* but not *surpassed;* which maxim is thus illustrated.

A Spanish lord having frequently played at chess with Philip II. and won all the games, perceived, when his majesty rose from play, that he was much ruffled with chagrin. The lord when he returned home, said to his family,—"My children, we have nothing more to do at court: there we must expect no favour; for the king is offended at my having won of him every game of chess."—As chess entirely depends on the genius of the players, and not on fortune, King Philip the chess-player conceived he ought to suffer no rival.

This appears still clearer by the anecdote told of the Earl of Sunderland, minister to George I. who was partial to the game of chess. He once

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played with the Laird of Cluny, and the learned Cunningham, the editor of Horace. Cunningham, with too much skill and too much sincerity, beat his lordship. "The Earl was so fretted at his superiority and surliness, that he dismissed him without any reward. Cluny allowed himself sometimes to be beaten; and by that means got his pardon, with something handsome besides."

In the criticon of Gracian, there is a singular anecdote relative to kings.

A great Polish monarch having quitted his companions when he was hunting, his courtiers found him, a few days after, in a market-place, disguised as a porter, and lending out the use of his shoulders for a few pence. At this they were as much surprised, as they were doubtful at first whether the *porter* could be his *majesty*. At length they ventured to express their complaints, that so great a personage should debase himself by so vile an employ. His majesty having heard, answered them,—"Upon my honour, gentlemen, the load which I quitted is by far heavier than the one you see me carry here: the weightiest is but a straw, when compared to that world under which I laboured. I have slept more in four nights than I have during all my reign. I begin to live, and to be king of myself. Elect whom you choose. For me, who am so well, it were madness to return

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to *court.*" Another Polish king, who succeeded this philosophic *monarch* and *porter,* when they placed the sceptre in his hand, exclaimed,—" I had rather manage an *oar!*" The vacillating fortunes of the Polish monarchy present several of these anecdotes; their monarchs appear to have frequently been philosophers; and as the world is made, an excellent philosopher proves but an indifferent king.

Two observations on kings were made to a courtier with great *naïveté* by that experienced politician the Duke of Alva.—" Kings who affect to be familiar with their companions make use of *men* as they do of *oranges;* they take oranges to extract their juice; and when they are well sucked they throw them away. Take care the king does not do the same to you; be careful that he does not read all your thoughts; otherwise he will throw you aside to the back of his chest, as a book of which he has read enough." " The squeezed orange," the king of Prussia applied in his dispute with Voltaire.

When it was suggested to Dr. Johnson that kings must be unhappy because they are deprived of the greatest of all satisfactions, easy and unreserved society, he observed that this was an ill-founded notion. " Being a king does not exclude a man from such society. Great kings have always been

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social. The king of Prussia, the only great king at present (this was THE GREAT Frederic) is very social. Charles the Second, the last king of England who was a man of parts, was social; our Henries and Edwards were all social."

The marquis of Halifax in his character of Charles II. has exhibited a *trait* in the Royal character of a good-natured monarch; that *trait*, is *sauntering*. I transcribe this curious observation, which introduces us into a levee.

"There was as much of laziness as of love in all those hours which he passed amongst his mistresses, who served only to fill up his seraglio, while a bewitching kind of pleasure, called SAUNTERING, was the sultana queen he delighted in.

"The thing called SAUNTERING is a stronger temptation to princes than it is to others.—The being galled with importunities, pursued from one room to another with asking faces; the dismal sound of unreasonable complaints and ill-grounded pretences; the deformity of fraud ill-disguised:—all those would make any man run away from them, and I used to think it was the motive for making him walk so fast."

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OF THE TITLES OF ILLUSTRIOUS, HIGHNESS, AND EXCELLENCE.

THE title of *illustrious* was never given, till the reign of Constantine, but to those whose reputation was splendid in arms, or in letters. Adulation had not yet adopted this noble word into her vocabulary. Suetonius composed a book to record those who had possessed this title; and, as it was *then* bestowed, a moderate volume was sufficient to contain their names.

In the time of Constantine, the title of *illustrious* was given more particularly to those princes who had distinguished themselves in war; but it was not continued to their descendants. At length, it became very common; and every son of a prince was *illustrious*. It is now a convenient epithet for the poet.

There is a very proper distinction to be made between the epithets of ILLUSTRIOUS, and FAMOUS.

Niceron has entitled his celebrated work, *Memoires pour servir à l'histoire des Hommes* ILLUSTRES *dans la Republique des Lettres*. The epithet ILLUSTRIOUS is always received in an honourable sense; yet in those Memoirs are inserted many authors who have only written with the design of combating religion and morality. Such writers as

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Vanini, Spinosa, Woolston, Toland, &c. had been better characterised under the more general epithet of FAMOUS; for it may be said, that the ILLUSTRIOUS are FAMOUS, but that the FAMOUS are not always ILLUSTRIOUS. In the rage for TITLES the ancient lawyers in Italy were not satisfied by calling kings ILLUSTRES; they went a step higher, and would have emperors to be *super-illustres*, a barbarous coinage of their own.

In Spain, they published a book of *titles* for their kings, as well as for the Portuguese; but Selden tells us, that " their *Cortesias* and giving of titles grew at length, through the affectation of heaping great attributes on their princes, to such an insufferable forme, that a remedie was provided against it." This remedy was an act published by Philip III. which ordained that all the *Cortesias*, as they termed these strange phrases, they had so servilely and ridiculously invented, should be reduced to a simple subscription, "To the king our lord," leaving out those fantastical attributes which every secretary had vied with his predecessors in increasing their number.

It would fill three or four of the present pages to transcribe the titles and attributes of the Grand Signior, which he assumes in a letter to Henry IV. Selden, in his Titles of Honour, first part, p. 140, has preserved it, This " emperor of vic-

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torious emperors," as he styles himself, at length condescended to agree with the emperor of Germany, in 1606, that in all their letters and instruments they should be only styled *father* and *son:* the emperor calling the sultan his son; and the sultan the emperor, in regard of his years, his *father*.

Formerly, says Houssaie, the title of *highness* was only given to kings; but now it has become so common, that all the great houses assume it. All the great, says a modern, are desirous of being confounded with princes, and are ready to seize on the privileges of royal dignity. We have already come to *highness*. The pride of our descendants, I suspect, will usurp that of *majesty*.

Ferdinand, king of Arragon, and his queen Isabella, of Castile, were only treated with the title of *highness*. Charles was the first who took that of *majesty:* not in his quality of king of Spain, but as emperor. St. Foix informs us, that kings were usually addressed by the titles of *most illustrious*, or *your serenity*, or *your grace*; but that the custom of giving them that of *majesty*, was only established by Louis XI. a prince the least majestic in all his actions, his manners, and his exterior—a severe monarch, but no ordinary man, the Tiberius of France; whose manners were of the most sordid nature:—in public au-

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diences he dressed like the meanest of the people, and affected to sit on an old broken chair, with a filthy dog on his knees. In an account found of his household, this *majestic* prince has a charge made him, for two new sleeves sewed on one of his old doublets.

Formerly kings were apostrophized by the title of *your grace*. Henry VIII. was the first, says Houssaie, who assumed the title of *highness;* and at length *majesty*. It was Francis I. who saluted him with this last title, in their interview in the year 1520, though he called himself only the first gentleman in his kingdom!

So distinct were once the titles of *highness* and *excellence*, that when Don Juan, the brother of Philip II. was permitted to take up the latter title, and the city of Granada saluted him by the title of *highness*, it occasioned such serious jealousy at court, that had he persisted in it, he would have been condemned for treason.

The usual title of *cardinals*, about 1600, was *seignoria illustrissima;* the Duke of Lerma, the Spanish minister and cardinal in his old age, assumed the title of *excellencia reverendissima*. The church of Rome was in its glory, and to be called *reverend* was then accounted a higher honour than to be styled the *illustrious*. But by use *illustrious* grew familiar, and *reverend* vulgar,

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and at last the cardinals were distinguished by the title of *eminent.*

After all these historical notices respecting these titles, the reader will smile when he is acquainted with the reason of an honest curate, of Montferrat, who refused to bestow the title of *highness* on the duke of Mantua, because he found in his breviary these words, *Tu solus Dominus, tu solus Altissimus;* from all which he concluded, that none but the Lord was to be honoured with the title of *highness!* The "Titles of Honour" of Selden is a very curious volume, and as the learned Usher told Evelyn, the most valuable work of this great scholar. The best edition is a folio of about 1000 pages. Selden vindicates the right of a king of England to the title of *emperor.*

"And never yet was TITLE did not move;
And never eke a mind, *that* TITLE did not love."

TITLES OF SOVEREIGNS.

IN countries where despotism exists in all its force, and is gratified in all its caprices, either the intoxication of power has occasioned sovereigns to assume the most solemn and the most fantastic titles; or the royal duties and functions were considered of so high and extensive a nature, that the

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people expressed their notion of the pure monarchical state, by the most energetic descriptions of oriental fancy.

The chiefs of the Natches are regarded by their people as the children of the sun, and they bear the name of their father.

The titles which some chiefs assume are not always honourable in themselves; it is sufficient if the people respect them. The king of Quiterva calls himself the *great lion;* and for this reason lions are there so much respected, that they are not allowed to kill them, but at certain royal huntings.

The king of Monomotapa is surrounded by musicians and poets, who adulate him by such refined flatteries as *lord of the sun and moon; great magician;* and *great thief!*

The Asiatics have bestowed what to us appear as ridiculous titles of honour on their *princes.* The king of Arracan assumes the following ones; " Emperor of Arracan, possessor of the white elephant, and the two ear-rings, and in virtue of this possession legitimate heir of Pegu and Brama; lord of the twelve provinces of Bengal, and the twelve kings who place their heads under his feet."

His majesty of Ava is called *God:* when he writes to a foreign sovereign he calls himself the king of kings, whom all others should obey, as he is the cause of the preservation of all animals; the

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regulator of the seasons, the absolute master of the ebb and flow of the sea, brother to the sun, and king of the four and twenty umbrellas! These umbrellas are always carried before him as a mark of his dignity.

The titles of the king of Achem are singular though voluminous. The most striking ones are sovereign of the universe, whose body is luminous as the sun; whom God created to be as accomplished as the moon at her plenitude; whose eye glitters like the northern star; a king as spiritual as a ball is round; who when he rises shades all his people; from under whose feet a sweet odour is wafted, &c. &c.

Dr. Davy, in his recent history of Ceylon, has added to this collection the authentic titles of the Kandyan sovereign. He too is called *Dewo* (God). In a deed of gift he proclaims his extraordinary attributes. " The protector of religion, whose fame is infinite, and of surpassing excellence, exceeding the moon, the unexpanded jessamine-buds, the stars, &c.; whose feet are as fragrant to the noses of other kings as flowers to bees; our most noble patron and god by custom, &c."

After a long enumeration of the countries possessed by the king of Persia, they give him some poetical distinctions; *the branch of honour; the mirror of virtue;* and *the rose of delight.*

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ROYAL DIVINITIES.

There is a curious dissertation in the "Memoires de l'Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres," by the Abbé Mongault, "on the divine honours which were paid to the governors of provinces during the Roman republic;" during their life-time these originally began in gratitude, and at length degenerated into flattery. These facts curiously show how far the human mind can advance, when led on by customs that operate invisibly on it, and blind us in our absurdities. One of these ceremonies was exquisitely ridiculous. When they voted a statue to a proconsul, they placed it among the statues of the gods in the festival called *Lectisternium;* from the ridiculous circumstances of this solemn festival. On that day the gods were invited to a repast, which was however spread in various quarters of the city, to satiate mouths more mortal. The gods were however taken down from their pedestals, laid on beds ornamented in their temples; pillows were placed under their marble heads; and while they reposed in this easy posture they were served with a magnificent repast. When Cæsar had conquered Rome, the servile senate put him to dine with the gods! Fatigued by, and ashamed of these honours, he desired the senate to erase from his statue in

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the capitol, the title they had given him of a *demi-god!*

We know that the first Roman emperors did not want flatterers, and that the adulations they sometimes lavished were extravagant. But perhaps few know that they were less offensive than the flatterers of the third century under the Pagan, and of the fourth under the Christian emperors. Those who are acquainted with the character of the age of Augustulus, have only to throw their eyes on the one, and the other *code*, to find an infinite number of passages which had not been bearable even in that age. For instance, here is a law of Arcadius and Honorius, published in 404:

"Let the officers of the palace be warned to abstain from frequenting tumultuous meetings; and that those who, instigated by a *sacrilegious* temerity, dare to oppose the authority of *our divinity*, shall be deprived of their employments, and their estates confiscated." The letters they write are *holy*. When the sons speak of their fathers, it is "Their father of *divine* memory;" or "Their *divine* father." They call their own laws *oracles*, and *celestial* oracles. So also their subjects address them by them by the titles of "*Your perpetuity, your eternity.*" And it appears by a law of Theodore the Great, that the emperors at length added this to their titles. It begins, "If any magistrate after having concluded a public

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work, put his name rather than that of *our perpetuity*, let him be judged guilty of high-treason." All this reminds one of "the celestial empire" of the Chinese.

Whenever the great Mogul made an observation, Bernier tells us that some of the first omrahs lifted up their hands, crying, "Wonder! wonder! wonder!" And a proverb current in his dominions was, "If the king saith at noonday it is night, you are to say, behold the moon and the stars!" Such adulation, however, could not alter the general condition and fortune of this unhappy being, who became a sovereign without knowing what it is to be one. He was brought out of the seraglio to be placed on the throne, and it was he rather than the spectators, who might have truly used the interjection of astonishment!

DETHRONED MONARCHS.

FORTUNE never appears in a more extravagant humour than when she reduces monarchs to become mendicants. Half a century ago it was not imagined that our own times should have to record many such instances. After having contemplated *kings* raised into *divinities*, we see them now depressed as *beggars*. Our own times, in two op-

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posite senses, may emphatically be distinguished as *the age of kings*.

In Candide or the Optimist, there is an admirable stroke of Voltaire's. Eight travellers meet in an obscure inn, and some of them with not sufficient money to pay for a scurvy dinner. In the course of conversation, they are discovered to be *eight monarchs* in Europe, who had been deprived of their crowns!

What added to this exquisite satire was, that there were eight living monarchs at that moment wanderers on the earth;—a circumstance which has since occurred.

Adelaide, the widow of Lothario king of Italy, one of the most beautiful women in her age, was besieged in Pavia by Berenger, who resolved to constrain her to marry his son after Pavia was taken; she escaped from her prison with her almoner. The archbishop of Reggio had offered her an asylum: to reach it, she and her almoner travelled on foot through the country by night, concealing herself in the day-time among the corn, while the almoner begged for alms and food through the villages.

The Emperor Henry IV. after having been deposed and imprisoned by his son, Henry V. escaped from prison; poor, vagrant, and without aid, he entreated the bishop of Spires to grant him a lay

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prebend in his church. "I have studied," said he, "and have learned to sing, and may therefore be of some service to you." The request was denied, and he died miserably and obscurely at Liege, after having drawn the attention of Europe to his victories and his grandeur.

Mary of Medicis, the widow of Henry the Great, mother of Louis XIII. mother-in-law of three sovereigns, and regent of France, frequently wanted the necessaries of life, and died at Cologne in the utmost misery. The intrigues of Richelieu compelled her to exile herself, and live an unhappy fugitive. Her petition exists with this supplicatory opening: "Supplie Marie, Reine de France et de Navarre, disant, que depuis le 23 Fevrier elle aurait été arretée prisonniere au chateau de Compiegne, sans être ni accusée ni soupçonnée, &c." Lilly, the astrologer, in his Life and Death of King Charles the First, presents us with a melancholy picture of this unfortunate monarch. He has also described the person of the old queen mother of France.

"In the month of August, 1641, I beheld the old queen mother of France departing from London, in company of Thomas earl of Arundel. A sad spectacle of mortality it was, and produced tears from mine eyes and many other beholders, to see an aged, lean, decrepit, poor queen ready

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for her grave, necessitated to depart hence, having no place of residence in this world left her, but where the courtesy of her hard fortune assigned it. She had been the only stately and magnificent woman of Europe: wife to the greatest king that ever lived in France; mother unto one king and unto two queens."

In the year 1595, died at Paris, Antonio king of Portugal. His body is interred at the Cordeliers, and his heart deposited at the Ave-Maria. Nothing on earth could compel this prince to renounce his crown. He passed over to England, and Elizabeth assisted him with troops, but at length he died in France in great poverty. This dethroned monarch was happy in one thing, which is indeed rare: in all his miseries he had a servant, who proved a tender and faithful friend, and who only desired to participate in his misfortunes, and to soften his miseries; and for the recompense of his services he only wished to be buried at the feet of his dear master. This hero in loyalty, to whom the ancient Romans would have raised altars, was Don Diego Bothei, one of the greatest lords of the court of Portugal, and who drew his origin from the kings of Bohemia.

Hume supplies me with an anecdote of singular royal distress. He informs us that the queen of England, with her son Charles, had " a moderate

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pension assigned her; but it was so ill paid, and her credit ran so low, that one morning when the Cardinal de Retz waited on her she informed him that her daughter, the princess Henrietta, was obliged to lie abed for want of a fire to warm her. To such a condition was reduced, in the midst of Paris, a queen of England, and daughter of Henry IV. of France!" We find another proof of her excessive poverty. Salmasius, after publishing his celebrated political book, in favour of Charles II. the *Defensio Regia*, was much blamed by a friend for not having sent a copy to the widowed queen of Charles, who, he writes, though poor, would yet have paid the bearer!

The daughter of James the First, who married the Elector Palatine, in her attempts to get her husband crowned, was reduced to the utmost beggary, and wandered frequently in disguise as a mere vagrant.

A strange anecdote is related of Charles VII. of France. Our Henry V. had shrunk his kingdom into the town of Bourges. It is said, that having told a shoemaker after he had just tried a pair of his boots, that he had no money to pay for them, Crispin had such callous feelings that he refused his majesty the boots! "It is for this reason," says Comines, "I praise those princes who are on good terms with the lowest of their people;

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for they know not at what hour they may want them."

Many monarchs of this day have probably experienced more than once the truth of the reflection of Comines.

We may add here, that in all conquered countries the descendants of royal families have been found among the dregs of the populace. An Irish prince has been discovered in the person of a miserable peasant; and in Mexico, its faithful historian Clavigero notices, that he has known a locksmith who was a descendant of its ancient kings, and a tailor of one of its noblest families.

FEUDAL CUSTOMS.

Barbarous as the feudal customs were, they were the first attempts at organizing European society. The northern nations, in their irruptions and settlements in Europe, were barbarians independent of each other, till a sense of public safety induced these hords to confederate. But the private individual reaped no benefit from the public union; on the contrary, he seems to have lost his wild liberty in the subjugation; he in a short time was compelled to suffer from his chieftain; and the curiosity of the philosopher is excited by contemplating in the feudal customs a

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barbarous people carrying into their first social institutions their original ferocity. The institution of forming cities into communities at length gradually diminished this military and aristocratic tyranny; and the freedom of cities, originating in the pursuits of commerce, shook off the yoke of insolent lordships. A famous ecclesiastical writer of that day, who had imbibed the feudal prejudices, calls these communities, which were distinguished by the name of *libertates* (hence probably our municipal term the *liberties*), as "execrable inventions, by which, contrary to law and justice, slaves withdrew themselves from that obedience which they owed to their masters." Such was the expiring voice of aristocratic tyranny! This subject has been ingeniously discussed by Robertson in his preliminary volume to Charles V.; but the following facts constitute the picture which the historian leaves to be gleaned by the minuter inquirer.

The feudal government introduced a species of servitude which till that time was unknown, and which was called the servitude of the land. The bondmen or serfs, and the villains or country servants, did not reside in the house of the lord: but they entirely depended on his caprice; and he sold them, as he did the animals, with the field where they lived, and which they cultivated.

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It is difficult to conceive with what insolence the petty lords of those times tyrannized over their villains: they not only oppressed their slaves with unremitted labour, instigated by a vile cupidity; but their whim and caprice led them to inflict miseries without even any motive of interest.

In Scotland they had a shameful institution of maiden-rights; and Malcolm the Third only abolished it, by ordering that they might be redeemed by a quit-rent. The truth of this circumstance Dalrymple has attempted, with excusable patriotism, to render doubtful. There seems however to be no doubt of the existence of this custom; since it also spread through Germany, and various parts of Europe; and the French barons extended their domestic tyranny to three nights of involuntary prostitution. Montesquieu is infinitely French, when he could turn this shameful species of tyranny into a *bon mot*; for he coldly observes on this, "*C'etoit bien ces trois nuits la, qu'il falloit choisir; car pour les autres on n'auroit pas donné beaucoup d'argent.*" The legislator in the wit forgot the feelings of his heart.

Others, to preserve this privilege when they could not enjoy it in all its extent, thrust their leg booted into the bed of the new-married couple. This was called the *droit de cuisse*. When the bride was in bed, the esquire or lord performed

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this ceremony, and stood there, his thigh in the bed, with a lance in his hand: in this ridiculous attitude he remained till he was tired; and the bridegroom was not suffered to enter the chamber, till his lordship had retired. Such indecent privileges must have originated in the worst of intentions; and when afterwards they advanced a step in more humane manners, the ceremonial was preserved from avaricious motives. Others have compelled their subjects to pass the first night at the top of a tree, and there to consummate the marriage; to pass the bridal hours in a river; or to be bound naked to a cart, and to trace some furrows as they were dragged; or to leap with their feet tied over the horns of stags.

Sometimes their caprice commanded the bridegroom to appear in drawers at their castle, and plunge into a ditch of mud; and sometimes they were compelled to beat the waters of the ponds to hinder the frogs from disturbing the lord!

Wardship, or the privilege of guardianship enjoyed by some lord, was one of the barbarous inventions of the feudal ages; the guardian had both the care of the person, and for his own use the revenue of the estates. This feudal custom was so far abused in England, that the king sold these lordships to strangers; and when the guardian had fixed on a marriage for the infant, if the youth

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or maiden did not agree to this, they forfeited the value of the marriage; that is, the sum the guardian would have obtained by the other party had it taken place. This cruel custom was a source of domestic unhappiness, particularly in love-affairs, and has served as the ground-work of many a pathetic play by our elder dramatists.

There was a time when the German lords reckoned amongst their privileges, that of robbing on the highways of their territory; which ended in raising up the famous Hanseatic Union to protect their commerce against rapine and avaricious exactions of toll.

Geoffrey, lord of Coventry, compelled his wife to ride naked on a white pad through the streets of the town; that by this mode he might restore to the inhabitants those privileges of which his wantonness had deprived them. This anecdote some have suspected to be fictitious from its extreme barbarity; but the character of the middle-ages will admit of any kind of wanton barbarism.

When the abbot of Figeac makes his entry into that town, the lord of Montbrun, dressed in a harlequin's coat, and one of his legs naked, is compelled by an ancient custom to conduct him to the door of his abbey, leading his horse by the bridle.

The feudal barons frequently combined to share among themselves those children of their villains

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who appeared to be the most healthy and serviceable, or who were remarkable for their talents; and not unfrequently sold them in their markets.

The feudal servitude is not, even in the present enlightened times, abolished in Poland, in Germany, and in Russia. In those countries the bondmen are still entirely dependent on the caprice of their masters. The peasants of Hungary or Bohemia frequently revolt, and attempt to shake off the pressure of feudal tyranny.

An anecdote of comparatively recent date displays their unfeeling caprice. A lord or prince of the northern countries passing through one of his villages, observed a small assembly of peasants and their families amusing themselves with dancing. He commands his domestics to part the men from the women, and confine them in the houses. He orders the coats of the women to be drawn up above their heads, and tied with their garters. The men were then liberated, and those who did not recognize their wives in that state received a severe castigation.

Absolute dominion hardens the human heart; and nobles accustomed to command their bondmen will treat their domestics as slaves, as the capricious or inhuman West Indians are known to do their domestic slaves. Those of Siberia punish theirs by a free use of the cudgel or rod. The Abbé Chappe

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saw two Russian slaves undress a chambermaid, who had by some trifling negligence given offence to her mistress: after having uncovered as far as her waist, one placed her head betwixt his knees; the other held her by the feet: while both armed with two sharp rods, violently lashed her back till it pleased the domestic tyrant to decree *it was enough!*

After a perusal of these anecdotes of feudal tyranny, we may exclaim with Goldsmith—

"I fly from PETTY TYRANTS—to the THRONE."

Mr. Hallam's recent view of the "State of Europe during the Middle-Ages," renders this short article superfluous in a philosophical view.

JOAN OF ARC.

Of the Maid of Orleans I have somewhere read that a bundle of faggots was substituted for her, when she was supposed to have been burnt by the Duke of Bedford. None of our historians notice this anecdote; though some have mentioned that after her death an impostor arose, and was even married to a French gentleman, by whom she had several children. Whether she deserved to have been distinguished by the appellation of *The Maid of*

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Orleans we have great reason to suspect; and some in her days, from her fondness for man's apparel, even doubted her *sex*. We know little of one so celebrated as to have formed the heroine of epics. The following epitaph on her I find in Winstanley's "Historical Rarities;" and which, possessing some humour, merits to be rescued from total oblivion.

"Here lies *Joan* of *Arc;* the which
Some count *saint*, and some count *witch;*
Some count *man*, and something *more;*
Some count *maid*, and some a *whore*.
Her *life*'s in question, wrong or right;
Her *death* 's in doubt, by laws or might.
Oh, innocence! take heed of it,
How thou too near to guilt doth sit.
(Meantime, *France* a wonder saw—
A woman rule, 'gainst salique law!)
But, reader, be content to stay
Thy censure till the judgment day;
Then shalt thou know, and not before,
Whether *saint*, *witch*, *man*, *maid*, or *whore*."

GAMING.

Gaming appears to be an universal passion. Some have attempted to deny its universality; they have imagined that it is chiefly prevalent in cold climates, where such a passion becomes most

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capable of agitating and gratifying the torpid minds of their inhabitants.

The fatal propensity of gaming is to be discovered, as well amongst the inhabitants of the frigid and torrid zones, as amongst those of the milder climates. The savage and the civilized, the illiterate and the learned, are alike captivated by the hope of accumulating wealth without the labours of industry.

Barbeyrac has written an elaborate treatise on gaming, and we have two quarto volumes by C. Moore, on suicide, gaming, and duelling, which may be put on the shelf by the side of Barbeyrac. All these works are excellent sermons, but a sermon to a gambler, a duellist, or a suicide! A dice-box, a sword and pistol, are the only things that seem to have any power over these unhappy men, for ever lost in a labyrinth of their own construction.

I am much pleased with the following thought. "The ancients (says the author of Amusemens serieux et comiques) assembled to see their gladiators kill one another; they classed this among their *games!* What barbarity! But are we less barbarous, we who call a *game* an assembly who meet at the faro table where the actors themselves confess they only meet to destroy one another?" In both these cases the philosopher may perhaps

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discover their origin in one cause, that of the listless perishing with *ennui* requiring an immediate impulse of the passions; and very inconsiderate on the fatal means which procures the desired agitation.

The most ancient treatise by a modern on this subject, according to Barbeyrac, was that of a French physician, one Eckeloo, who published it in 1569, entitled *De Alea, sive de curanda ludendi in pecuniam cupiditate*, that is, "of games of chance, or the malady of playing for money." The treatise itself is only worth noticing from the circumstance of the author being himself one of the most inveterate gamblers; he wrote this work to convince himself of this folly. But in spite of all his solemn vows, the prayers of his friends, and his own book perpetually quoted before his face, he was a great gamester to his last hour! The same circumstance happened to Sir John Denham. They had not the good sense of old Montaigne, who gives us the reason why he gave over gaming. "I used to like formerly games of chance with cards and dice; but of that folly I have long been cured; merely because I found that whatever good countenance I put on when I lost I did not feel my vexation the less." Goldsmith fell a victim to this madness. To play any game well requires serious study, time, and experience. If a man of letters

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plays deeply, he will be duped even by shallow fellows, or by professed gamblers.

Dice, and that little pugnacious animal the *cock*, are the chief instruments employed by the numerous nations of the East, to agitate their minds and ruin their fortunes; to which the Chinese, who are desperate gamesters, add the use of *cards*. When all other property is played away, the Asiatic gambler scruples not to stake his *wife* or his *child*, on the cast of a die, or courage and strength of a martial bird. If still unsuccessful, the last venture he stakes is *himself*.

In the island of Ceylon, *cock-fighting* is carried to a great height. The Sumatrans are addicted to the use of dice. A strong spirit of play characterizes a Malayan. After having resigned every thing to the good fortune of the winner, he is reduced to a horrid state of desperation; he then loosens a certain lock of hair, which indicates war and destruction to all the raving gamester meets. He intoxicates himself with opium; and working himself up into a fit of phrenzy, he bites and kills every one who comes in his way. But as soon as this lock is seen flowing it is *lawful* to fire at the person, and to destroy him as fast as possible. I think it is this which our sailors call "To run a muck." Thus Dryden writes—

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"Frontless, and satire-proof, he scours the streets,
And *runs* an Indian *muck* at all he meets."

Thus also Pope—

"Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To *run a muck*, and tilt at all I meet."

Johnson could not discover the derivation of the word *muck*. To "run a muck" is an old phrase for attacking madly and indiscriminately: and has since been ascertained to be a Malay word.

To discharge their gambling debts, the Siamese sell their possessions, their families, and at length themselves. The Chinese play *night* and *day*, till they have lost all they are worth; and then they usually go and hang themselves. Such is the propensity of the Japanese for high play, that they were compelled to make a law, that, "Whoever ventures his money at play, shall be put to death." In the newly-discovered islands of the Pacific Ocean, they venture even their hatchets, which they hold as invaluable acquisitions, on running-matches.—"We saw a man," says Cook, "beating his breast and tearing his hair in the violence of rage, for having lost three hatchets at one of these races, and which he had purchased with nearly half his property."

The ancient nations were not less addicted to

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gaming; Persians, Grecians, and Romans; the Goths, the Germans, &c. To notice the modern ones were a melancholy task: there is hardly a family in Europe which cannot record, from their own domestic annals, the dreadful prevalence of this passion.

Gamester and *cheater* were synonymous terms in the time of Shakespeare and Jonson: they have hardly lost much of their double signification in the present day.

The following is a curious picture of a gambling-house, from a contemporary account, and appears to be an establishment more systematic than the "hells" of the present day.

"A list of the officers established in the most notorious gaming-houses," from the DAILY-JOURNAL, Jan. 9th, 1731.

1st. A COMMISSIONER, always a proprietor, who looks in of a night; and the week's account is audited by him and two other proprietors.

2d. A DIRECTOR, who superintends the room.

3d. An OPERATOR, who deals the cards at a cheating game, called Faro.

4th. Two CROWPEES, who watch the cards, and gather the money for the bank.

5th. Two PUFFS, who have money given them to decoy others to play.

6th. A CLERK, who is a check upon the PUFFS,

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to see that they sink none of the money given them to play with.

7th. A SQUIB is a puff of lower rank, who serves at half-pay salary while he is learning to deal.

8th. A FLASHER, to swear how often the bank has been stript.

9th. A DUNNER, who goes about to recover money lost at play.

10th. A WAITER, to fill out wine, snuff candles, and attend the gaming-room.

11th. An ATTORNEY, a Newgate solicitor.

12th. A CAPTAIN, who is to fight any gentleman who is peevish for losing his money.

13th. An USHER, who lights gentlemen up and down stairs, and gives the word to the porter.

14th. A PORTER, who is generally a soldier of the Foot Guards.

15th. An ORDERLY MAN, who walks up and down the outside of the door, to give notice to the porter, and alarm the house at the approach of the constable.

16th. A RUNNER, who is to get intelligence of the justice's meeting.

17th. LINK-BOYS, COACHMEN, CHAIRMEN, or others who bring intelligence of the justices' meetings, or of the constables being out, at half-a-guinea reward.

18th. COMMON-BAIL, AFFIDAVIT-MEN, RUFFIANS, BRAVOES, ASSASSINS, *cum multis aliis.*

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The "Memoirs of the most famous Gamesters from the reign of Charles II. to Queen Anne, by T. Lucas, Esq. 1714," appears to be a bookseller's job; but probably a few traditional stories are preserved.

THE ARABIC CHRONICLE.

The Arabic chronicle of Jerusalem is only valuable from the time of Mahomet. For such is the stupid superstition of the Arabs, that they pride themselves on being ignorant of whatever has passed before the mission of their Prophet. The most curious information it contains is concerning the crusades: according to Longerue, who said he had translated several portions of it, whoever would be versed in the history of the crusades should attend to this chronicle, which appears to have been written with impartiality. It renders justice to the christian heroes, and particularly dwells on the gallant actions of the Count de Saint Gilles.

Our historians chiefly write concerning *Godfrey de Bouillon;* only the learned know that the Count *de Saint Gilles* acted there so important a character. The stories of the *Saracens* are just the reverse: they speak little concerning Godfrey, and eminently distinguish Saint Gilles.

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Tasso has given into the more vulgar accounts, by making the former so eminent, at the cost of the other heroes, in his Jerusalem Delivered. Thus Virgil transformed by his magical power the chaste Dido into a lover; and Homer the meretricious Penelope into a moaning matron. It is not requisite for poets to be historians, but historians should not be so frequently poets. The same charge, I have been told, must be made to the Grecian historians. The Persians are viewed to great disadvantage in Grecian history. It would form a curious inquiry, and the result might be unexpected to some, were the Oriental student to comment on the Grecian historians. The Grecians were not the demi-gods they paint themselves to have been, nor those they attacked the contemptible multitudes they describe. These boasted victories might be diminished. The same observation attaches to Cæsar's account of his British expedition. He never records the defeats he frequently experienced. The national prejudices of the Roman historians have undoubtedly occasioned us to have a very erroneous conception of the Carthaginians, whose discoveries in navigation and commercial enterprises were the most considerable among the ancients. We must indeed think highly of that people, whose works on agriculture, which

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they had raised into a science, the senate of Rome ordered to be translated into Latin. They must indeed have been a wise and grave people.—Yet they are stigmatized by the Romans for faction, cruelty and cowardice; and their bad faith has come down to us in a proverb; but Livy was a Roman! and there is a patriotic malignity!

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

If we except the belief of a future remuneration beyond this life for suffering virtue, and retribution for successful crimes, there is no system so simple, and so little repugnant to our understanding, as that of the metempsychosis. The pains and the pleasures of this life are by this system considered as the recompense or the punishment of our actions in an anterior state: so that, says St. Foix, we cease to wonder that among men and animals, some enjoy an easy and agreeable life, while others seem born only to suffer all kinds of miseries: preposterous as this system may appear, it has not wanted for advocates in the present age, which indeed has revived every kind of fanciful theories. Mercier, in *L'an deux mille quatre cents quarante*, seriously maintains the present one.

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If we seek for the origin of the opinion of the metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls into other bodies, we must plunge into the remotest antiquity; and even then we shall find it impossible to fix the epoch of its first author. The notion was long extant in Greece before the time of Pythagoras. Herodotus assures us that the Egyptian priests taught it; but he does not inform us of the time it began to spread. It probably followed the opinion of the immortality of the soul. As soon as the first philosophers had established this dogma, they thought they could not maintain this immortality without a transmigration of souls. The opinion of the metempsychosis spread in almost every region of the earth; and it continues, even to the present time, in all its force amongst those nations who have not yet embraced christianity. The people of Arracan, Peru, Siam, Camboya, Tonquin, Cochin-China, Japan, Java, and Ceylon, still entertain that fancy, which also forms the chief article of the Chinese religion. The Druids believed in transmigration. The bardic triads of the Welsh are full of this belief; and a Welsh antiquary insists that by an emigration which formerly took place, it was conveyed to the Bramins of India from Wales! The Welsh bards tell us that the souls of men transmigrate into the bodies of those animals whose habits and characters they

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most resemble, till after a circuit of such chastising miseries, they are rendered more pure for the celestial presence; for man may be converted into a pig or a wolf, till at length he assumes the inoffensiveness of the dove.

My learned friend Sharon Turner, the accurate and philosophical historian of our Saxon ancestors, has explained, in his "Vindication of the ancient British Poems," p. 231, the Welsh system of the metempsychosis. Their bards mention three circles of existence. The circle of the all-inclosing circle, holds nothing alive or dead, but God. The second circle, that of felicity, is that which men are to pervade after they have passed through their terrestrial changes. The circle of evil is that in which human nature passes through those varying stages of existence which it must undergo before it is qualified to inhabit the circle of felicity.

The progression of man through the circle of evil is marked by three infelicities: Necessity, oblivion, and deaths. The deaths which follow our changes, are so many escapes from their power. Man is a free agent, and has the liberty of choosing; his sufferings and changes cannot be foreseen. By his misconduct he may happen to fall retrograde into the lowest state from which he had emerged. If his conduct in any one state, instead of improving his being, had made it worse, he fell back into a

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worse condition to commence again his purifying revolutions. Humanity was the limit of the degraded transmigrations. All the changes above humanity produced felicity. Humanity is the scene of the contest, and after man has traversed every state of animated existence, and can remember all that he has passed through, that consummation follows which he attains in the circle of felicity. It is on this system of transmigration that Taliessin, the Welsh bard, who wrote in the sixth century, gives a recital of his pretended transmigrations. He tells how he had been a serpent, a wild ass, a buck, or a crane, &c.; and this kind of reminiscence of his former state, this recovery of memory, was a proof of the mortal's advances to the happier circle. For to forget what we have been, was one of the curses of the circle of evil. Taliessin therefore, adds Mr. Turner, as profusely boasts of his recovered reminiscence as any modern sectary can do of his state of grace and election.

In all these wild reveries there seems to be a moral fable in the notion, that the clearer a man recollects what a *brute* he has been, it is a certain proof that he is in an improved state!

According to the authentic Clavigero, in his history of Mexico, we find the Pythagorean transmigration carried on in the west, and not less fan-

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cifully than in the countries of the east. The people of Tlascala believe that the souls of persons of rank went after their death to inhabit the bodies of *beautiful and sweet singing birds,* and those of the *nobler quadrupeds;* while the souls of inferior persons were supposed to pass into *weazels, beetles,* and such other *meaner animals.*

There is something not a little ludicrous in the description Plutarch gives at the close of his treatise on "the delay of heavenly justice." Thespesius saw at length the souls of those who were condemned to return to life, and whom they violently forced to take the form of all kinds of animals. The labourers charged with this transformation, forged with their instruments certain parts; others, a new form; and made some totally disappear; that these souls might be rendered proper for another kind of life and other habits. Among these he perceived the soul of Nero, which had already suffered long torments, and which stuck to the body by nails red from the fire. The workmen seized on him to make a viper of, under which form he was now to live, after having devoured the breast that had carried him.—But in this Plutarch only copies the fine reveries of Plato.

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SPANISH ETIQUETTE.

THE etiquette or rules to be observed in the royal palaces is necessary, writes Baron Bielfield, for keeping order at court. In Spain it was carried to such lengths as to make martyrs of their kings. Here is an instance, at which, in spite of the fatal consequences it produced, one cannot refrain from smiling.

Philip the Third was gravely seated by the fire-side: the fire-maker of the court had kindled so great a quantity of wood, that the monarch was nearly suffocated with heat, and his *grandeur* would not suffer him to rise from the chair; the domestics could not *presume* to enter the apartment, because it was against the *etiquette*. At length the Marquis de Potat appeared, and the king ordered him to damp the fires: but *he* excused himself; alleging that he was forbidden by the *etiquette* to perform such a function, for which the duke D'Usseda ought to be called upon, as it was his business. The duke was gone out; the *fire* burnt fiercer; and the *king* endured it, rather than derogate from his *dignity*. But his blood was heated to such a degree, that an erysipelas of the head appeared the next day, which, succeeded by a violent fever, carried him off in 1621, in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

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The palace was once on fire; a soldier, who knew the king's sister was in her apartment, and must inevitably have been consumed in a few moments by the flames, at the risk of his life rushed in, and brought her highness safe out in his arms: but the Spanish *etiquette* was here wofully broken into! The loyal soldier was brought to trial, and as it was impossible to deny that he had entered her apartment, the judges condemned him to die! The Spanish Princess however condescended, in consideration of the circumstance, to *pardon* the soldier, and very benevolently saved his life!

When Isabella, mother of Philip II. was ready to be delivered of him, she commanded that all the lights should be extinguished; that if the violence of her pain should occasion her face to change colour, no one might perceive it. And when the midwife said, "Madam, cry out, that will give you ease," she answered in *good Spanish*, "How dare you give me such advice? I would rather die than cry out."

> "Spain gives us *pride*—which Spain to all the earth
> May largely give, nor fear herself a dearth!"
>
> CHURCHILL.

Philip the Third was a weak bigot, who suffered himself to be governed by his ministers. A patriot wished to open his eyes, but he could not pierce

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through the crowds of his flatterers; besides, that the voice of patriotism heard in a corrupted court would have become a crime never pardoned. He found, however, an ingenious manner of conveying to him his censure. He caused to be laid on his table one day, a letter sealed, which bore this address—"To the King of Spain, Philip the Third, at present in the service of the Duke of Lerma."

In a similar manner, Don Carlos, son to Philip the Second, made a book with empty pages, to contain the voyages of his father, which bore this title—"The Great and Admirable Voyages of the King Mr. Philip." All these voyages consisted of going to the Escurial from Madrid, and returning to Madrid from the Escurial. Jests of this kind, at length, cost him his life.

THE GOTHS AND HUNS.

The terrific honours which these ferocious nations paid to their deceased monarchs are recorded in history, by the interment of Attila, king of the Huns; and Alaric, king of the Goths.

Attila died in 453, and was buried in the midst of a vast champaign in a coffin which was inclosed in one of gold, another of silver, and a third of iron.

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With the body were interred all the spoils of the enemy, harnesses embroidered with gold and studded with jewels; rich silks, and whatever they had taken most precious in the palaces of the kings they had pillaged: and that the place of his interment might for ever remain concealed, the Huns deprived of life all who assisted at his burial!

The Goths had done nearly the same for Alaric in 410, at Cosenca, a town in Calabria. They turned aside the river Vasento; and having formed a grave in the midst of its bed where its course was most rapid, they interred this king with prodigious accumulations of riches. After having caused the river to reassume its usual course, they murdered, without exception, all those who had been concerned in digging this singular grave.

OF VICARS OF BRAY.

The vicar of Bray, in Berkshire, was a papist under the reign of Henry the Eighth, and a protestant under Edward the Sixth; he was a papist again under Mary, and once more became a protestant in the reign of Elizabeth. When this scandal to the gown was reproached for his versatility of religious creeds, and taxed for being a

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turncoat and an unconstant changeling, as Fuller expresses it, he replied, "Not so neither! for if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle; which is, to live and die the vicar of Bray!"

This vivacious and reverend hero has given birth to a proverb peculiar to his county, "The vicar of Bray will be vicar of Bray still." But how has it happened that this *vicar* should be so notorious, and one in much higher rank, acting the same part, should have escaped notice? Dr. *Kitchen*, bishop of Llandaff, from an idle abbot under Henry VIII. was made a busy bishop; protestant under Edward, he returned to his old master under Mary; and at last took the oath of supremacy under Elizabeth, and finished as a parliament protestant. A pun spread the odium of his name; for they said that he had always loved the *kitchen* better than the *church!*

DOUGLAS.

It may be recorded as a species of Puritanic savageness and Gothic barbarism, that no later than in the year 1757, a man of genius was persecuted because he had written a tragedy which tended by no means to hurt the morals; but on

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the contrary, by awakening the piety of domestic affections with the nobler passions, would rather elevate and purify the mind.

When Home, the author of the tragedy of Douglas, had it performed at Edinburgh, and because some of the divines, his acquaintance, attended the representation, the clergy, with the monastic spirit of the darkest ages, published the present paper, which I shall abridge for the contemplation of the reader, who may wonder to see such a composition written in the eighteenth century.

"On Wednesday, February the 2d, 1757, the Presbytery of Glasgow came to the following resolution. They having seen a printed paper, intituled, 'An admonition and exhortation of the reverend Presbytery of Edinburgh;' which, among other *evils* prevailing, observing the following *melancholy* but *notorious* facts: that one who is a minister of the church of Scotland, did *himself* write and compose *a stage-play*, intituled, 'The tragedy of Douglas,' and got it to be acted at the theatre of Edinburgh; and that he with several other ministers of the church were present; and *some* of them *oftener than once*, at the acting of the said play before a numerous audience. The presbytery being *deeply affected* with this new and strange appearance, do publish these sentiments,

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&c." Sentiments with which I will not disgust the reader; but which they appear not yet to have purified and corrected, as they have shown in the case of Logan and other Scotchmen, who have committed the crying sin of composing dramas!

CRITICAL HISTORY OF POVERTY.

Mr. Morin, in the memoirs of the French academy, has formed a little history of Poverty, which I abridge.

The writers on the genealogies of the gods have not noticed this deity's, though admitted as such in the pagan heaven, while she has had temples and altars on earth. The allegorical Plato has pleasingly narrated, that at the feast which Jupiter gave on the birth of Venus, Poverty modestly stood at the gate of the palace to gather the fragments of the celestial banquet; when she observed the god of riches, inebriated with nectar, roll out of the heavenly residence and passing into the Olympian gardens, threw himself on a vernal bank. She seized this opportunity to become familiar with the god. The frolicksome deity honoured her with his caresses; and from this amour sprung the god of love, who resembles his father in jollity and mirth,

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and his mother in his nudity. The allegory is ingenious. The union of poverty with riches, must inevitably produce the most delightful of pleasures.

The golden age, however, had but the duration of a flower; when it finished, poverty began to appear. The ancestors of the human race, if they did not meet her face to face, knew her in a partial degree; the vagrant Cain encountered her. She was firmly established in the patriarchal age. We hear of merchants who publicly practised the commerce of vending slaves, which indicates the utmost degree of poverty. She is distinctly marked by Job: this holy man protests, that he had nothing to reproach himself with respecting the poor, for he had assisted them in their necessities.

In the scriptures, legislators paid great attention to their relief. Moses, by his wise precautions, endeavoured to soften the rigours of this unhappy state. The division of lands, by tribes and families; the septennial jubilees; the regulation to bestow at the harvest time a certain portion of all the fruits of the earth for those families who were in want; and the obligation of his moral law to love one's neighbour as one's self; were so many mounds erected against the inundations of poverty. The Jews under their Theocracy had few or no mendicants. Their kings were unjust; and rapaciously

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seizing on inheritances which were not their right, increased the numbers of the poor. From the reign of David there were oppressive governors, who devoured the people as their bread. It was still worse under the foreign powers of Babylon, of Persia, and the Roman emperors. Such were the extortions of their publicans, and the avarice of their governors, that the number of mendicants dreadfully augmented; and it was probably for that reason that the opulent families consecrated a tenth part of their property for their succour, as appears in the time of the evangelists. In the preceding ages no more was given, as their casuists assure us, than the fortieth or thirtieth part; a custom which this unfortunate nation still practise. If there are no poor of their nation where they reside, they send it to the most distant parts. The Jewish merchants make this charity a regular charge in their transactions with each other; and at the close of the year render an account to the poor of their nation.

By the example of Moses, the ancient legislators were taught to pay a similar attention to the poor. Like him they published laws respecting the division of lands; and many ordinances were made for the benefit of those whom fires, inundations, wars, or bad harvests had reduced to want. Convinced that *idleness* more inevitably introduced

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poverty than any other cause, it was rigorously punished; the Egyptians made it criminal, and no vagabonds or mendicants were suffered under any pretence whatever. Those who were convicted of slothfulness, and still refused to labour for the public when labour was offered to them, were punished with death. The Egyptian taskmasters observed that the Israelites were an idle nation, and obliged them to furnish bricks for the erection of those famous pyramids, which are probably the works of men who otherwise had remained vagabonds and mendicants.

The same spirit inspired Greece. Lycurgus would not have in his republic either *poor* or *rich:* they lived and laboured in common. As in the present times, every family has its stores and cellars, so they had public ones, and distributed the provisions according to the ages and constitutions of the people. If the same regulation was not precisely observed by the Athenians, the Corinthians, and the other people of Greece, the same maxim existed in full force against idleness.

According to the laws of Draco, Solon, &c. a conviction of wilful poverty was punished with the loss of life. Plato, more gentle in his manners, would have them only banished. He calls them enemies of the state; and pronounces as a maxim, that where there are great numbers of mendicants,

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fatal revolutions will happen; for as these people have nothing to lose, they plan opportunities to disturb the public repose.

The ancient Romans, whose universal object was the public prosperity, were not indebted to Greece on this head. One of the principal occupations of their censors was to keep a watch on the vagabonds. Those who were condemned as incorrigible sluggards were sent to the mines, or made to labour on the public edifices. The Romans of those times, unlike the present race, did not consider the *far niente* as an occupation: they were convinced that their liberalities were ill-placed in bestowing them on such men. The little republics of the *bees* and the *ants* were often held out as an example; and the last, particularly where Virgil says, that they have elected overseers who correct the sluggards.

> " ——— Pars agmina cogunt,
> Castigantque moras." VIRGIL.

And if we may trust the narratives of our travellers, the *beavers* pursue this regulation more rigorously and exactly than even these industrious societies. But their rigour, although but animals, is not so barbarous as that of the ancient Germans; who, Tacitus informs us, plunged the idlers and vagabonds in the thickest mire of their

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marshes, and left them to perish by a kind of death which resembled their inactive indispositions.

Yet, after all, it was not inhumanity that prompted the ancients thus severely to chastise idleness: they were induced to it by a strict equity; and it would be doing them injustice to suppose, that it was thus they treated those *unfortunate poor*, whose indigence was occasioned by infirmities, by age, or unforeseen calamities. Every family constantly assisted its branches to save them from being reduced to beggary; which to them appeared worse than death. The magistrates protected those who were destitute of friends, or incapable of labour. When Ulysses was disguised as a mendicant, and presented himself to Eurymachus, this prince observing him to be robust and healthy, offered to give him employment, or otherwise to leave him to his ill fortune. When the Roman emperors, even in the reigns of Nero and Tiberius, bestowed their largesses, the distributors were ordered to except those from receiving a share whose bad conduct kept them in misery; for that it was better the lazy should die with hunger than be fed in idleness.

Whether the police of the ancients was more exact, or whether they were more attentive to practise the duties of humanity, or that slavery

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served as an efficacious corrective of idleness; it clearly appears how little was the misery, and how few the numbers of their poor. This they did too, without having recourse to hospitals.

At the establishment of christianity, when the apostles commanded a community of wealth among their disciples, the miseries of the poor became alleviated in a greater degree. If they did not absolutely live together, as we have seen religious orders, yet the rich continually supplied their distressed brethren: but matters greatly changed under Constantine. This prince published edicts in favour of those christians who had been condemned in the preceding reigns to slavery, to the mines, the galleys, or prisons. The church felt an inundation of prodigious crowds of these miserable men, who brought with them urgent wants and corporeal infirmities. The christian families were then not numerous; they could not satisfy these claimants. The magistrates protected them: they built spacious hospitals, under different titles, for the sick, the aged, the invalids, the widows, and orphans. The emperors, and the most eminent personages, were seen in these hospitals examining the patients; they assisted the helpless; they dressed the wounded. This did so much honour to the new religion, that Julian the Apostate in-

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troduced this custom among the pagans. But the best things are seen continually perverted.

These retreats were found insufficient. Many slaves, proud of the liberty they had just recovered, looked on them as prisons; and under various pretexts, wandered about the country. They displayed with art the scars of their former wounds, and exposed the imprinted marks of their chains. They found thus a lucrative profession in begging, which had been interdicted by the laws. The profession did not finish with them: men of an untoward, turbulent, and licentious disposition, gladly embraced it. It spread so wide that the succeeding emperors were obliged to institute new laws; and individuals were allowed to seize on these mendicants for their slaves and perpetual vassals: a powerful preservative against this disorder. It is observed in almost every part of the world, but ours; and prevents that populace of beggary which disgraces Europe. China presents us with a noble example. No beggars are seen loitering in that country. All the world are occupied, even to the blind and the lame; and only those who are incapable of labour, live at the public expense. What is done *there* may also be performed *here*. Instead of that hideous, importunate, idle, licentious poverty, as pernicious to the police

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as to morality, we should see the poverty of the earlier ages, humble, modest, frugal, robust, industrious, and laborious. Then, indeed, the fable of Plato might be realised: Poverty may be embraced by the god of Riches; and if she did not produce the voluptuous offspring of Love, she would become the fertile mother of Agriculture, and the ingenious mother of the Arts and Manufactures.

SOLOMON AND SHEBA.

A RABBIN once told me of an ingenious invention, which in the Talmud is attributed to Solomon; and this story shows that there are some pleasing tales in that immense compilation.

The power of the monarch had spread his wisdom to the remotest parts of the known world. Queen Sheba, attracted by the splendour of his reputation, visited this poetical king at his own court; there, one day to exercise the sagacity of the monarch, Sheba presented herself at the foot of the throne; in each hand she held a wreath; the one was composed of natural, and the other of artificial flowers. Art, in the labour of the mimetic wreath, had exquisitely emulated the lively hues of nature; so that at the distance it was held by

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the queen for the inspection of the king, it was deemed impossible for him to decide, as her question imported, which wreath was the production of nature, and which the work of art. The sagacious Solomon seemed perplexed; yet to be vanquished, though in a trifle, by a trifling woman, irritated his pride. The son of David, he who had written treatises on the vegetable productions "from the cedar to the hyssop," to acknowledge himself outwitted by a woman, with shreds of paper and glazed paintings! The honour of the monarch's reputation for divine sagacity seemed diminished, and the whole Jewish court looked solemn and melancholy. At length, an expedient presented itself to the king; and it must be confessed worthy of the naturalist. Observing a cluster of bees hovering about a window, he commanded that it should be opened: it was opened; the bees rushed into the court, and alighted immediately on one of the wreaths, while not a single one fixed on the other. The baffled Sheba had one more reason to be astonished at the wisdom of Solomon.

This would make a pretty poetical tale. It would yield an elegant description, and a pleasing moral; that *the bee* only *rests* on the natural beauties, and never *fixes* on the *painted flowers*, however inimitably the colours may be laid on. Applied

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to the *ladies*, this would give it pungency. In the "Practical Education" of the Edgeworths, the reader will find a very ingenious conversation of the children about this story.

HELL.

OLDHAM, in his "Satires upon the Jesuits," a work which would admit of a curious commentary, alludes to their "lying legends," and the innumerable impositions they practised on the credulous. I quote a few lines in which he has collected some of those legendary miracles, which I have noticed in the first volume, art. LEGENDS, and the amours of the Virgin Mary are detailed in Vol. III. art. *Religious Nouvellettes.*

Tell, how *blessed Virgin* to come down was seen,
Like play-house punk descending in machine,
How she writ *billet-doux* and *love-discourse*,
Made *assignations*, *visits*, and *amours*;
How hosts distrest, her *smock* for *banner* wore,
Which vanquished foes!—
——— how *fish* in conventicles met,
And *mackerel* were with *bait of doctrine* caught:
How cattle have judicious hearers been!—
How *consecrated hives* with bells were hung,
And *bees* kept mass, and holy *anthems sung!*

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How *pigs* to th' *rosary* kneel'd, and *sheep* were taught
To bleat *Te Deum* and *Magnificat;*
How *fly-flap*, of church-censure houses rid
Of insects, which at *curse of fryar* died.
How *ferrying cowls* religious pilgrims bore
O'er waves, without the help of sail or oar;
How *zealous crab*, the *sacred image* bore,
And swam a catholic to the distant shore.
With shams like these the giddy rout mislead,
Their folly, and their superstition feed.

All these are allusions to the extravagant fictions in "the Golden Legend." Among other gross impositions to deceive the mob, Oldham likewise attacks them for certain publications on topics not less singular. The tales he has recounted, Oldham says, are only baits for children, like toys at a fair; but they have their profounder and higher matters for the learned and the inquisitive. He goes on:

One undertakes by scales of miles to tell
The bounds, dimensions, and extent of HELL;
How many German leagues that realm contains!
How many chaldrons Hell each year expends
In coals for roasting Hugonots and friends!
Another frights the rout with useful stories
Of wild Chimeras, limbo's PURGATORIES!
Where bloated souls, in smoky durance hung,
Like a Westphalia gammon or neat's tongue,
To be redeemed with masses and a song.

Satyr IV.

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The readers of Oldham, for Oldham must ever have readers among the curious in our poetry, have been greatly disappointed in the pompous edition of a Captain Thompson, which illustrates none of his allusions. In the above lines Oldham alludes to some singular works.

Treatises and topographical descriptions of HELL, PURGATORY, and even HEAVEN, were once the favourite researches among certain zealous defenders of the Romish church, who exhausted their ink-horns in building up a Hell to their own taste, or for their particular purpose. We have a treatise of Cardinal Bellarmin, a jesuit, on *Purgatory;* he seems to have the science of a surveyor, among all the secret tracks and the formidable divisions of "the bottomless pit."

Bellarmin informs us that there are beneath the earth four different places, or a profound place divided into four parts. The deepest of these places is *Hell;* it contains all the souls of the damned, where will be also their bodies after the resurrection, and likewise all the demons. The place nearest Hell is *Purgatory,* where souls are purged, or rather where they appease the anger of God by their sufferings. He says that the same fires and the same torments are alike in both these places, the only difference between *Hell* and *Purgatory* consisting in their duration. Next to *Pur-*

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gatory is the *limbo* of those *infants* who die without having received the sacrament; and the fourth place is the *limbo* of the *fathers;* that is to say, of those *just men* who died before the death of Christ. But since the days of the Redeemer, this last division is empty, like an apartment to be let. A later catholic theologist, the famous Tillemont, condemns *all the illustrious pagans* to the *eternal torments of Hell!* because they lived before the time of Jesus, and therefore could not be benefited by the redemption! Speaking of young Tiberius, who was compelled to fall on his own sword, Tillemont adds, "Thus by his own hand he ended his miserable life, *to begin another, the misery of which will never end!*" Yet history records nothing bad of this prince. Jortin observes that he added this *reflection* in his later edition, so that the good man as he grew older grew more uncharitable in his religious notions. It is in this manner too that the Benedictine editor of Justin Martyr speaks of the illustrious pagans. This father, after highly applauding Socrates, and a few more who resembled him, inclines to think that they are not fixed in *Hell.* But the Benedictine editor takes great pains to clear the good father from the shameful imputation of supposing that a *virtuous pagan might be saved* as well as a Benedictine monk! For a curious specimen of this

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odium theologicum, see the censure of the Sorbonne on Marmontel's Belisarius.

The adverse party, who were either philosophers or reformers, received all such information with great suspicion. Anthony Cornellius, a lawyer in the 16th century, wrote a small tract, which was so effectually suppressed, as a monster of atheism, that a copy is now only to be found in the hands of the curious. This author ridiculed the absurd and horrid doctrine of *infant damnation*, and was instantly decried as an atheist, and the printer prosecuted to his ruin! Cælius Secundus Curio, a noble Italian, published a treatise *De Amplitudine beati regni Dei*, to prove that *Heaven* has more inhabitants than *Hell*, or in his own phrase that the *elect* are more numerous than the *reprobate*. However we may incline to smile at these works, their design was benevolent. They were the first streaks of the morning light of the Reformation. Even such works assisted mankind to examine more closely, and hold in greater contempt, the extravagant and pernicious doctrines of the domineering papistical church.

THE ABSENT MAN.

With the character of Bruyere's Absent Man the reader is well acquainted. It is translated in the

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Spectator, and it has been exhibited on the theatre. The general opinion runs that it is a fictitious character, or at least one the author has too highly coloured. It was well known however to his contemporaries to be the Count De Brancas. The present anecdotes concerning the same person have been unknown to, or forgotten by, Bruyere; and are to the full as extraordinary as those which characterize *Menalcas*, or the Absent Man.

The count was reading by the fireside, (but Heaven knows with what degree of attention,) when the nurse brought him his infant child. He throws down the book; he takes the child in his arms. He was playing with her, when an important visitor was announced. Having forgot he had quitted his book, and that it was his child he held in his hands, he hastily flung the squalling innocent on the table.

The count was walking in the street, and the Duke de la Rochefoucault crossed the way to speak to him.—"God bless thee, poor man!" exclaimed the count. Rochefoucault smiled, and was beginning to address him:—"Is it not enough," cried the count, interrupting him, and somewhat in a passion; "is it not enough that I have said, at first, I have nothing for you? Such lazy beggars as you hinder a gentleman from walking the streets." Rochefoucault burst into a loud laugh, and awakening the Absent Man from his lethargy,

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he was not a little surprised, himself, that he should have taken his friend for an importunate mendicant! La Fontaine is recorded to have been one of the most absent of men; and Furetiere relates a circumstance which, if true, is one of the most singular distractions possible. La Fontaine attended the burial of one of his friends, and some time afterwards he called to visit him. At first he was shocked at the information of his death, but recovering from his surprise, he observed—"It is true enough! for now I recollect I went to his funeral."

WAX-WORK.

We have heard of many curious deceptions occasioned by the imitative powers of wax-work. A series of anatomical sculptures in coloured wax was projected by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, under the direction of Fontana. Twenty apartments have been filled with those curious imitations. They represent in every possible detail, and in each successive stage of denudation, the organs of sense and reproduction; the muscular, the vascular, the nervous, and the bony system. They imitate equally well the form, and more exactly the colouring of nature than injected pre-

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parations; and they have been employed to perpetuate many transient phenomena of disease, of which no other art could have made so lively a record.

There is a species of wax-work, which, though it can hardly claim the honours of the fine arts, is adapted to afford much pleasure. I mean figures of wax, which may be modelled with great truth of character.

Menage has noticed a work of this kind. In the year 1675, the Duke de Maine received a gilt cabinet, about the size of a moderate table. On the door was inscribed, "*The Apartment of Wit.*" The inside exhibited an alcove and a long gallery. In an arm-chair was seated the figure of the duke himself composed of wax, the resemblance the most perfect imaginable. On one side stood the Duke de la Rochefoucault, to whom he presented a paper of verses for his examination. Mr. De Marcillac, and Bossuet Bishop of Meaux, were standing near the arm-chair. In the alcove, Madame de Thianges and Madame de la Fayette sat retired reading a book. Boileau, the satirist, stood at the door of the gallery, hindering seven or eight bad poets from entering. Near Boileau stood Racine, who seemed to beckon to La Fontaine to come forwards. All these figures were formed of wax; and this philosophical baby-house,

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interesting for the personages it imitated, might induce a wish in some philosophers to play once more with one.

There was lately an old canon at Cologne who made a collection of small wax models of characteristic figures, such as, personifications of misery, in a haggard old man with a scanty crust and a brown jug before him; or of avarice, in a keen-looking Jew miser counting his gold, which were done with such a spirit and reality that a Flemish painter, a Hogarth or Wilkie, could hardly have worked up the *feeling* of the figure more impressively. All these were done with a truth and expression which I could not have imagined the wax capable of exhibiting, says the lively writer of "an Autumn on the Rhine." There is something very infantine in this taste; but I have preserved it long in life, and only lament that it is very rarely gratified by such close copiers of nature as was this old canon of Cologne.

PASQUIN AND MARFORIO.

All the world have heard of these *statues*: they have served as vehicles for the keenest satire in a land of the most uncontrolled despotism. The *statue of Pasquin* (from whence the word

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pasquinade) and that of *Marforio* are placed in Rome in two different quarters. *Marforio*'s is an ancient *statue* that lies at its whole length: either *Panarium Jovum*; or the river *Rhine*. That of *Pasquin* is a marble *statue*, greatly mutilated, which stands at the corner of the palace of the Ursinos, supposed to be the figure of a gladiator. Whatever they may have been is now of little consequence: to one or other of these *statues*, during the concealment of the night, are affixed those satires or lampoons which the authors wish should be dispersed about Rome without any danger to themselves. When *Marforio* is attacked, *Pasquin* comes to his succour; and when *Pasquin* is the sufferer, he finds in *Marforio* a constant defender. Thus, by a thrust and a parry, the most serious matters are disclosed; and the most illustrious personages are attacked by their enemies, and defended by their friends.

Misson, in his travels in Italy, gives the following account of the origin of the name of the statue of *Pasquin*:—

A satirical tailor, who lived at Rome, and whose name was *Pasquin*, amused himself with severe raillery, liberally bestowed on those who passed by his shop; which in time became the lounge of the newsmongers. The tailor had precisely the talents to head a regiment of satirical

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wits, and had he had time to *publish*, he would have been the Peter Pindar of his day; but his genius seems to have been satisfied to rest cross-legged on his shopboard. When any lampoons or amusing bon-mot were current at Rome, they were usually called from his shop, *pasquinades*. After his death this statue of an ancient gladiator was found under the pavement of his shop. It was soon set up; and by universal consent was inscribed with his name; and they still attempt to raise him from the dead, and keep the caustic tailor alive, in the marble gladiator of wit.

There is a very rare work, with this title:—"Pasquillorum, Tomi Duo." The first containing the verse, and the second the prose pasquinades, published at Basle, 1544. The rarity of this collection of satirical pieces is entirely owing to the arts of suppression practised by the papal government. Sallengre, in his Literary Memoirs, has given an account of this work; his own copy had formerly belonged to Daniel Heinsius, who, in two verses written in his hand, describes its rarity and the price it cost:

> Roma meos fratres igni dedit, unica Phœnix
> Vivo, aureisque veneo centum Heinsio.

"Rome gave my brothers to the flames, but I survive a solitary Phœnix. Heinsius bought me for a hundred golden ducats."

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This collection contains a great number of pieces composed at different times, against the popes, cardinals, &c. They are not indeed materials for the historian, and they must be taken with grains of allowance; but Mr. Roscoe might have discovered in these epigrams and puns, that of his hero Leo X. and the more than infamous Lucretia of Alexander VI.; even the corrupt Romans of the day were capable of expressing themselves with the utmost freedom *. Of these three respectable personages we find several epitaphs. Of Alexander VI. we have an apology for his conduct.

Vendit Alexander Claves, altaria, Christum,
Emerat ille prius, vendere jure potest.

"Alexander *sells* the keys, the altars, and Christ;
As he *bought* them first, he had a right to *sell them!*"

* It appears by a note in Mr. Roscoe's Catalogue of his Library, that three of the sarcastic epigrams here cited, are given in the Life of Leo X. At this distance of time I cannot account for my own inadvertency. It has been, however, the occasion of calling down from Mr. Roscoe an admirable reflection, which I am desirous of preserving, as a canon of criticism. "It is much safer, in general, to speak of the contents of books *positively* than *negatively*, as the latter requires that *they should first be read.*" I regret that our elegant and nervous writer should have considered a casual inadvertence as worth his attention.

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On Lucretia:—

Hoc tumulo dormit Lucretia nomine, sed re
Thais; Alexandri filia, sponsa, nurus!

"Beneath this stone sleeps Lucretia by name, but by nature Thais; the daughter, the wife, and the daughter-in-law of Alexander!"

Leo X. was a frequent butt for the arrows of Pasquin:—

Sacra sub extremâ, si forte requiritis, horâ
Cur Leo non potuit sumere; vendiderat.

"Do you ask why the Lion did not take the sacrament on his death-bed?—How could he? He had sold it!"

Many of these satirical touches depend on puns. Urban VII, one of the *Barberini* family, pillaged the pantheon of brass to make cannon, on which occasion Pasquin was made to say:—

Quod non fecerunt *Barbari* Romæ, fecit *Barberini.*

On Clement VII, whose death was said to be occasioned by the prescriptions of his Physician:

Curtius occidit Clementem, Curtius auro
Donandus, per quem publica parta salus.

"Dr. Curtius has killed the pope by his remedies; he ought to be paid as a man who deserves well of the state."

Another calls Dr. Curtius, "The Lamb of God who annuls or takes away all worldly sins."

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The following, on Paul III, are singular conceptions:—

Papa Medusæum caput est, coma turba Nepotum:
Perseu cæde caput, Cæsaries periit.

"The pope is the head of Medusa; the horrid tresses are his nephews; Perseus, cut off the head, and then we shall be rid of these serpent-locks."

Another is sarcastic—

Ut canerent data multa olim sunt Vatibus æra:
Ut taceam, quantum tu mihi, Paule, dabis?

"Heretofore money was given to poets that they might sing: how much will you give me, Paul, to be silent?

This collection contains, among other classes, passages from the Scriptures which have been applied to the court of Rome; to different nations and persons; and one of "*Sortes Virgilianæ per Pasquillum collectæ*,"—passages from Virgil frequently happily applied; and those who are curious in the history of those times, will find this portion interesting. The work itself is not quite so rare as Daniel Heinsius imagined; the price might now reach from five to ten guineas.

Marforio is a statue of *Mars*, found in the *Forum*; which the people have corrupted into *Marforio*. These statues are placed at opposite ends of the town, so that there is always sufficient time to make Marforio reply to the gibes and jeers

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of Pasquin, in walking from one to the other. I am obliged for this information to my friend Mr. Duppa, the elegant biographer of Michael Angelo.

FEMALE BEAUTY AND ORNAMENTS.

The ladies in Japan gild their teeth; and those of the Indies paint them red. The pearl of teeth must be dyed black to be beautiful in Guzurat. In Greenland the women colour their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of a Muscovite may be, she would think herself very ugly if she was not plastered over with paint. The Chinese must have their feet as diminutive as those of the she-goats; and to render them thus, their youth is passed in tortures. In ancient Persia, an aquiline nose was often thought worthy of the crown; and if there was any competition between two princes, the people generally went by this criterion of majesty. In some countries, the mothers break the noses of their children; and in others press the head between two boards, that it may become square. The modern Persians have a strong aversion to red hair: the Turks, on the contrary, are warm admirers of it. The female Hottentot receives from the hand of her lover, not silks nor

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wreaths of flowers, but warm guts and reeking tripe, to dress herself with enviable ornaments.

In China small round eyes are liked; and the girls are continually plucking their eye-brows that they may be thin and long. The Turkish women dip a gold brush in the tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eye-brows. It is too visible by day, but looks shining by night. They tinge their nails with a rose-colour. An African beauty must have small eyes, thick lips, a large flat nose, and a skin beautifully black. The Emperor of Monomotapa would not change his amiable negress for the most brilliant European beauty.

An ornament for the nose appears to us perfectly unnecessary. The Peruvians, however, think otherwise; and they hang on it a weighty ring, the thickness of which is proportioned by the rank of their husbands. The custom of boring it, as our ladies do their ears, is very common in several nations. Through the perforation are hung various materials; such as green crystal, gold, stones, a single and sometimes a great number of gold rings. This is rather troublesome to them in blowing their noses; and the fact is, some have informed us, that the Indian ladies never perform this very useful operation.

The female head-dress is carried in some countries to singular extravagance. The Chinese fair

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carries on her head the figure of a certain bird. This bird is composed of copper, or of gold, according to the quality of the person: the wings spread out, fall over the front of the head-dress, and conceal the temples. The tail, long and open, forms a beautiful tuft of feathers. The beak covers the top of the nose; the neck is fastened to the body of the artificial animal by a spring, that it may the more freely play, and tremble at the slightest motion.

The extravagance of the Myantses is far more ridiculous than the above. They carry on their heads a slight board, rather longer than a foot, and about six inches broad: with this they cover their hair, and seal it with wax. They cannot lie down, nor lean, without keeping the neck straight; and the country being very woody, it is not uncommon to find them with their head-dress entangled in the trees. Whenever they comb their hair, they pass an hour by the fire in melting the wax; but this combing is only performed once or twice a year.

The inhabitants of the land of Natal wear caps, or bonnets, from six to ten inches high, composed of the fat of oxen. They then gradually anoint the head with a purer grease, which mixing with the hair, fastens these *bonnets* for their lives.

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MODERN PLATONISM.

Erasmus in his age of religious revolution expressed an alarm, which in some shape has been since realized. He strangely, yet acutely observes, that "*literature* began to make a great and happy progress; but," he adds, "I fear two things, that the study of *Hebrew* will promote *Judaism*, and the study of *philology* will revive paganism." He speaks to the same purpose in the Adages, c. 189, as Jortin observes, p. 90. Blackwell in his curious Life of Homer, after showing that the ancient oracles were the fountains of knowledge, and that the *god* of *Delphi* actually was believed by the votaries, from the oracle's perfect acquaintance with the country, parentage, and fortunes of the suppliant, and many predictions having been verified; that besides all this, the oracles that have reached us discover a wide knowledge of every thing relating to Greece;—he is at a loss to account for a knowledge that he thinks has something divine in it: it was a knowledge to be found nowhere in Greece but among the oracles. He would account for this phenomenon, by supposing there existed a succession of learned men devoted to this purpose. He says, "Either we must admit the knowledge of the priests, or turn *converts to*

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the ancients, and believe in the *omniscience of Apollo, which in this age I know nobody in hazard of.*" Yet to the astonishment of this writer, were he now living, he would have witnessed this incredible fact! Even Erasmus himself might have wondered.

We discover the origin of MODERN PLATONISM, as it may be distinguished, among the Italians. About the middle of the fifteenth century, some time before the Turks had become masters of Constantinople, a great number of philosophers flourished. *Gemisthus Pletho* was one distinguished by his genius, his erudition, and his fervent passion for *platonism.* Mr. Roscoe notices Pletho; "His discourses had so powerful an effect upon Cosmo de Medici, who was his constant auditor, that he established an academy at Florence for the sole purpose of cultivating this new and more elevated species of philosophy." The learned Marsilio Ficino translated Plotinus, that great archimage of *platonic mysticism.* Such were Pletho's eminent abilities, that in his old age those whom his novel system had greatly irritated, either feared or respected him. He had scarcely breathed his last when they began to abuse Plato and our Pletho. The following account is written by George of Trebizond.

"Lately has arisen amongst us a second Mahomet:

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and this second, if we do not take care, will exceed in greatness the first, by the dreadful consequences of his wicked doctrine, as the first has exceeded Plato. A disciple and rival of this philosopher in philosophy, in eloquence, and in science, he had fixed his residence in the Peloponnese. His common name was *Gemisthus*, but he assumed that of *Pletho*. Perhaps Gemisthus, to make us believe more easily that he was descended from heaven, and to engage us to receive more readily his doctrine and his new law, wished to change his name, according to the manner of the ancient patriarchs; of whom it is said, that at the time the name was changed they were called to the greatest things. He has written with no vulgar art, and with no common elegance. He has given new rules for the conduct of life, and for the regulation of human affairs; and at the same time has vomited forth a great number of blasphemies against the Catholic religion. He was so zealous a platonist that he entertained no other sentiments than those of Plato, concerning the nature of the gods, souls, sacrifices, &c. I have heard him myself, when we were together at Florence, say, that in a few years all men on the face of the earth would embrace with one common consent, and with one mind, a single and simple religion, at the first instructions which should be given by a single preaching.

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And when I asked him if it would be the religion of Jesus Christ, or that of Mahomet? he answered, 'Neither one nor the other; but a *third*, which will not greatly differ from *paganism*.' These words I heard with so much indignation, that since that time I have always hated him: I look upon him as a dangerous viper; and I cannot think of him without abhorrence."

The pious writer of this account is too violently agitated: he might, perhaps, have bestowed a smile of pity or contempt; but the bigots and fanatics are not less insane than the impious themselves.

It was when Pletho died full of years and honours, that the malice of his enemies collected all its venom. A circumstance that seems to prove that his abilities must have been great indeed to have kept such crowds silent: and it is not improbable, this scheme of impiety was less impious than some people imagined. Not a few catholic writers lament that his book was burnt, and greatly regret the loss of Pletho's work; which, they say, was not meant to subvert the christian religion, but only to unfold the system of Plato, and to collect what he and other philosophers had written on religion and politics.

Of his religious scheme, the reader may judge by this summary account. The general title of the volume ran thus: "This book treats of the

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laws of the best form of government, and what all men must observe in their public and private stations, to live together in the most perfect, the most innocent, and the most happy manner." The whole was divided into three books. The titles of the chapters where paganism was openly inculcated, are reported by Gennadius, who condemned it to the flames, but who has not thought proper to enter into the manner of his arguments, &c. The impiety and the extravagance of this new legislator appeared above all, in the articles which concerned religion. He acknowledges a plurality of gods: some superior, whom he placed above the heavens; and the others inferior, on this side the heavens. The first existing from the remotest antiquity; the others younger, and of different ages. He gave a king to all these gods; and he called him ΖΕΥΣ, or *Jupiter*, as the pagans named this power formerly. According to him, the stars had a soul; the demons were not malignant spirits; and the world was eternal. He established polygamy, and was even inclined to a community of women. All his work was filled with such reveries, and with not a few impieties, which my pious author will not venture to give.

What the intentions of Pletho were, it would be rash to determine. If the work was only an arrangement of paganism, or the platonic philosophy,

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it might have been an innocent, if not a curious volume. He was learned and humane, and had not passed his life entirely in the solitary recesses of his study.

To strain human curiosity to the utmost limits of human credibility, a *modern Pletho* has arisen in Mr. *Thomas Taylor*, who, consonant to the platonic philosophy, in the present day religiously professes *polytheism!* At the close of the eighteenth century, be it recorded, were published many volumes, in which the author affects to avow himself a zealous Platonist, and asserts he can prove that the christian religion is a "bastardized and barbarized Platonism!" The divinities of Plato are the divinities to be adored, and we are to be taught to call God Jupiter; the Virgin, Venus; and Christ, Cupid! And the Iliad of Homer allegorized, is converted into a Greek bible of the arcana of nature! Extraordinary as this literary lunacy may appear, we must observe, that it stands not singular in the annals of the history of the human mind. The Florentine academy which Cosmo founded, had, no doubt, some classical enthusiasts; but who, perhaps according to the political character of their country, were prudent and reserved. The platonic furor, however, appears to have reached other countries. The following remarkable anecdote has been given by St. Foix, in his

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" Essais historiques sur Paris." In the reign of Lewis XII. a scholar named Hemon de la Fosse, a native of Abbeville, by continually reading and admiring the Greek and Latin writers, became mad enough to persuade himself that it was impossible that the religion of such great geniuses as Homer, Cicero, and Virgil was a false one. On the 25th of August, 1503, being at church, he suddenly snatched the host from the hands of the priest, at the moment it was raised, exclaiming; " what! always this folly!" He was immediately seized and put in prison. In the hope that he would abjure his extravagant errors, they delayed his punishment; but no exhortation nor intreaties availed. He persisted in maintaining that Jupiter was the sovereign God of the universe, and that there was no other paradise than the Elysian fields. He was burnt alive, after having first had his tongue pierced, and his hand cut off. Thus perished an ardent and learned youth, who ought only to have been condemned as a Bedlamite.

Dr. More, the most rational of our modern Platonists, abounds, however, with the most extravagant reveries, and was inflated with egotism and enthusiasm, as much as any of his mystic predecessors. He conceived that he held an intercourse with the divinity itself! that he had been shot as a fiery dart into the world, and he hoped

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he had hit the mark. He carried his self-conceit to such extravagance, that he thought his urine smelt like violets, and his body in the spring season had a sweet odour; a perfection peculiar to himself. These visionaries indulge the most fanciful vanity.

ANECDOTES OF FASHION.

A VOLUME on this subject might be made very curious and entertaining, for our ancestors were not less vacillating, and perhaps more capriciously grotesque, though with infinitely less taste than the present generation. Were a philosopher and an artist, as well as an antiquary, to compose such a work, much diversified entertainment, and some curious investigation of the progress of the arts and taste, would doubtless be the result; the subject otherwise appears of trifling value; the very farthing pieces of history.

The origin of many fashions was in the endeavour to conceal some deformity of the inventor; hence the cushions, ruffs, hoops, and other monstrous devices. If a reigning beauty chanced to have an unequal hip, those who had very handsome hips, would load them with that false rump which the other was compelled by the unkindness

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of nature to substitute. Patches were invented in England in the reign of Edward VI. by a foreign lady, who in this manner ingeniously covered a wen on her neck. When the Spectator wrote, full-bottomed wigs were invented by a French barber, one Duviller, whose name they perpetuated, for the purpose of concealing an elevation in the shoulder of the Dauphin. Charles VII. of France introduced long coats to hide his ill-made legs. Shoes with very long points, full two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet Duke of Anjou, to conceal a large excrescence on one of his feet. When Francis I. was obliged to wear his hair short, owing to a wound he received in the head, it became a prevailing fashion at court. Others on the contrary adapted fashions to set off their peculiar beauties, as Isabella of Bavaria, remarkable for her gallantry, and the fairness of her complexion, introduced the fashion of leaving the shoulders and part of the neck uncovered.

Fashions have frequently originated from circumstances as silly as the following one. Isabella, daughter of Philip II. and wife of the Archduke Albert, vowed not to change her linen till Ostend was taken; this siege, unluckily for her comfort, lasted three years; and the supposed colour of the archduchess's linen gave rise to a fashionable colour, hence called *L'Isabeau*, or the Isabella; a

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kind of whitish-yellow-dingy. Or sometimes they originate in some temporary event: as after the battle of Steenkirk, where the allies wore large cravats, by which the French frequently seized hold of them, a circumstance perpetuated on the medals of Louis XIV., cravats were called Steenkirks; and after the battle of Ramillies, wigs received that denomination.

The *court* in all ages and in every country are the modellers of fashions, so that all the ridicule, of which these are so susceptible, must fall on them, and not upon their servile imitators the *citizens*. This complaint is made even so far back as in 1586, by Jean des Caures, an old French moralist, who, in declaiming against the fashions of his day, notices one, of the ladies carrying *mirrors fixed to their waists*, which seemed to employ their eyes in perpetual activity. From this mode will result, according to honest Des Caures, their eternal damnation. "Alas! (he exclaims,) in what an age do we live: to see such depravity which we see, that induces them even to bring into church these *scandalous mirrors hanging about their waists!* Let all histories divine, human, and profane be consulted; never will it be found that these objects of vanity were ever thus brought into public by the most meretricious of the sex. It is true, at present none but the ladies of the court venture

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to wear them; but long it will not be before *every citizen's daughter*, and every *female servant*, will wear them!" Such in all times has been the rise and decline of fashion; and the absurd mimickry of the *citizens*, even of the lowest classes, to their very ruin, in straining to rival the *newest fashion*, has mortified and galled the courtier.

On this subject old Camden, in his Remains, relates a story of a trick played off on a citizen, which I give in the plainness of his own venerable style. "Sir Philip Calthrop purged John Drakes, the *shoemaker of Norwich*, in the time of King Henry VIII. of the *proud humour* which our *people have to be of the gentlemen's cut.* This knight bought on a time as much fine French tawny cloth as should make him a gown, and sent it to the taylor's to be made. John Drakes, a shoemaker of that town, coming to this said taylor's, and seeing the knight's gown cloth lying there, liking it well, caused the taylor to buy him as much of the same cloth and price to the same intent, and further bade him to *make it of the same fashion, that the knight would have his made of.* Not long after, the knight coming to the taylor's to take measure of his gown, perceiving the like cloth lying there, asked of the taylor whose it was? Quoth the taylor, it is John Drakes the *shoemaker*, who will have it *made of the self-same fashion that your's*

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is made of! 'Well!' said the knight, 'in good time be it! I will have mine made as *full of cuts as thy shears can make it.*' 'It shall be done!' said the taylor; whereupon, because the time drew near, he made haste to finish both their garments. John Drakes had no time to go to the taylor's till Christmas day, for serving his customers, when he hoped to have worn his gown; perceiving the same to be *full of cuts*, began to swear at the taylor, for the making his gown after that sort. 'I have done nothing,' quoth the taylor, 'but that you bid me, for as Sir Philip Calthrop's garment is, even so have I made yours!' 'By my latchet!' quoth John Drakes, '*I will never wear gentlemen's fashions again!*'"

Sometimes fashions are quite reversed in their use in one age from another. Bags, when first in fashion in France, were only worn *en dishabille;* in visits of ceremony, the hair was tied by a riband and floated over the shoulders, which is exactly reversed in the present fashion. In the year 1735 the men had no hats but a little chapeau de bras; in 1745 they wore a very small hat; in 1755 they wore an enormous one, as may be seen in Jeffrey's curious "Collection of Habits in all Nations." Old Puttenham, in his very rare work, "The Art of Poesie," p. 239, on the present topic gives some curious information. "Henry VIII.

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caused his own head, and all his courtiers to be *polled*, and his *beard* to be *cut short; before that time* it was thought *more decent*, both for old men and young, to be *all shaven*, and weare *long haire*, either rounded or square. Now *again at this time* (Elizabeth's reign,) the young gentlemen of the court have *taken up the long haire* trayling on their shoulders, and think this more decent; for what respect I would be glad to know."

When the fair-sex were accustomed to behold their lovers with beards, the sight of a shaved chin excited feelings of horror and aversion; as much indeed as, in this less heroic age, would a gallant whose luxuriant beard should

"Stream like a meteor to the troubled air."

When Louis VII. to obey the injunctions of his bishops, cropped his hair, and shaved his beard, Eleanor, his consort, found him, with this unusual appearance, very ridiculous, and soon very contemptible. She revenged herself as she thought proper, and the poor shaved king obtained a divorce. She then married the Count of Anjou, afterwards our Henry II. She had for her marriage dower the rich provinces of Poitou and Guyenne; and this was the origin of those wars which for three hundred years ravaged France, and cost the French three millions of men. All

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which, probably, had never occurred, had Louis VII. not been so rash as to crop his head and shave his beard, by which he became so disgustful in the eyes of our Queen Eleanor.

We cannot perhaps sympathize with the feelings of her majesty, though at Constantinople she might not have been considered quite unreasonable. There must be something more powerful in *beards* and *mustachios* than we are quite aware of; for when these were in fashion, with what enthusiasm were they not contemplated! When *mustachios* were in general use, an author, in his Elements of Education, published in 1640, thinks that "hairy Excrement," as Armado in "Love's Labour Lost" calls it, contributed to make men valorous. He says, "I have a favourable opinion of that young gentleman who is *curious in fine mustachios.* The time he employs in adjusting, dressing, and curling them, is no lost time; for the more he contemplates his mustachios, the more his mind will cherish, and be animated by masculine and courageous notions." The best reason that could be given for wearing the *longest and largest beard* of any Englishman, was that of a worthy clergyman in Elizabeth's reign, "that no act of his life might be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance."

The grandfather of the Mrs. Thomas, the Corinna of Cromwell, the literary friend of Pope,

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by her account, "was very nice in the mode of that age, his valet being some hours every morning in *starching his beard*, and *curling his whiskers*; during which time he was always read to." Taylor, the water poet, humorously describes the great variety of beards in his time, which extract may be found in Grey's Hudibras, Vol. I. p. 300. The *beard*, says Granger, dwindled gradually under the two Charles's, till it was reduced into *whiskers*, and became extinct in the reign of James II. as if its fatality had been connected with that of the house of Stuart.

The hair has in all ages been an endless topic of the declamation of the moralist, and the favourite object of fashion. If the *beau monde* wore their hair luxuriant, or their wig enormous, the preachers, as in Charles the Second's reign, instantly were seen in the pulpit with their hair cut shorter, and their sermon longer, in consequence; respect was however paid by the world to the size of the *wig*, in spite of the *hair-cutter* in the pulpit. Our judges, and till lately our physicians, well knew its magical effect. In the reign of Charles II. the hair-dress of the ladies was very elaborate; it was not only curled and frizzled with the nicest art, but set off with certain artificial curls, then too emphatically known by the pathetic term of *heart-breakers* and *love-locks*. So late as William and Mary, lads, and

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even children wore wigs; and if they had not wigs, they curled their hair to resemble this fashionable ornament. Women then were the hair-dressers.

It is observed by the lively Vigneul de Marville, that there are flagrant follies in fashion which must be endured while they reign, and which never appear ridiculous till they are out of fashion. In the reign of Henry III. of France, they could not exist without an abundant use of comfits. All the world, the grave and the gay, carried in their pockets a *comfit-box*, as we do snuff-boxes. They used them even on the most solemn occasions: when the Duke of Guise was shot at Blois, he was found with his comfit-box in his hand.—Fashions indeed have been carried to so extravagant a length as to have become a public offence, and to have required the interference of government. Short and tight breeches were so much the rage in France, that Charles V. was compelled to banish this disgusting mode by edicts which may be found in Mezeray. An Italian author of the fifteenth century supposes an Italian traveller of nice modesty would not pass through France, that he might not be offended by seeing men whose clothes rather exposed their nakedness than hid it. It is curious that the very same fashion was the complaint in the remoter period of our Chaucer, in his Parson's Tale.

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In the reign of our Elizabeth the reverse of all this took place; then the mode of enormous breeches was pushed to a most laughable excess. The beaus of that day stuffed out their breeches with rags, feathers, and other light matters, till they brought them out to a most enormous size. They resembled wool-sacks, and in a public spectacle, they were obliged to raise scaffolds for the seats of these ponderous beaus. To accord with this fantastical taste the ladies invented large hoop farthingales.—Two lovers aside could surely never have taken one another by the hand. In a preceding reign the fashion ran on square-toes; insomuch that a proclamation was issued that no person should wear shoes above six inches square at the toes! Then succeeded picked-pointed shoes! The nation was again, in the reign of Elizabeth, put under the royal authority. "In that time," says honest John Stowe, "he was held the greatest gallant that had the *deepest ruff* and *longest rapier:* the offence to the eye of the one, and hurt unto the life of the subject that came by the other—this caused her Majestie to *make proclamation against them both,* and to *place selected grave citizens at every gate, to cut the ruffes, and breake the rapiers points* of all passengers that exceeded a yeard in length of their rapiers, and a nayle of a yeard in depth of their ruffes." These "grave citizens," at

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every gate cutting the ruffes and breaking the rapiers, must doubtless have encountered in their ludicrous employment some stubborn opposition; but this regulation was, in the spirit of that age, despotic and effectual. The late Emperor of Russia ordered the soldiers to stop every passenger who wore pantaloons, and with their hangers to cut off, upon the leg, the offending part of these superfluous breeches; so that a man's legs depended greatly on the adroitness and humanity of a Russ or a Cossack; however this war against *pantaloons* was very successful, and obtained a complete triumph in favour of the *breeches* in the course of the week.

A shameful extravagance in dress has been a most venerable folly. In the reign of Richard II. their dress was sumptuous beyond belief. Sir John Arundel had a change of no less than 52 new suits of cloth of gold tissue. The prelates indulged in all the ostentatious luxury of dress. Chaucer says, they had "chaunge of clothing everie daie." Brantome records of Elizabeth, Queen of Philip II. of Spain, that she never wore a gown twice; this was told him by her majesty's own *tailleur,* who from a poor man soon became as rich as any one he knew. Our own Elizabeth left no less than three thousand different habits in

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her wardrobe when she died. She was possessed of the dresses of all countries.

The catholic religion has ever considered the pomp of the clerical habit as not the slightest part of its religious ceremonies; their devotion is addressed to the eye of the people. In the reign of our catholic Queen Mary, the dress of a priest was costly indeed; and the sarcastic and good-humoured Fuller gives, in his Worthies, the will of a priest, to show the wardrobe of men of his order, and desires that the priest may not be jeered for the gallantry of his splendid apparel. He bequeaths to various parish churches and persons, "My vestment of crimson sattin—my vestment of crimson velvet—my stole and fanon set with pearl —my black gown faced with taffeta, &c."

Chaucer has minutely detailed in "The Persone's Tale," the grotesque and the costly fashions of his day; and the simplicity of the venerable satirist will interest the antiquary and the philosopher. Much, and curiously, have his caustic severity or lenient humour descanted on the "moche superfluitee," and "wast of cloth in vanitee," as well as "the disordinate scantnesse." In the spirit of the good old times he calculates "the coste of the embrouding or embroidering; endenting or baring; ounding or wavy; paling or

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imitating pales; and winding or bending; the costlewe furring in the gounes; so much pounsouing of chesel to maken holes (that is punched with a bodkin); so moche dagging of sheres (cutting into slips); with the superfluitee in length of the gounes trailing in the dong and in the myre, on horse and eke on foot, as wel of man as of woman—that all thilke trailing," he verily believes, which wastes, consumes, wears threadbare, and is rotten with dung, are all to the damage of "the poor folk," who might be clothed only out of the flounces and draggle-tails of these children of vanity. But then his Parson is not less bitter against "the horrible disordinat scantnesse of clothing," and very copiously he describes, though perhaps in terms, and with a humour too coarse for me to transcribe, the consequences of these very tight dresses. Of these persons, among other offensive matters, he sees "the buttokkes behind as if they were the hinder part of a sheape in the ful of the mone." He notices one of the most grotesque of all modes; that one they then had of wearing a parti-coloured dress: one stocking, part white and part red; so that they looked as if they had been flayed; or white and blue; or white and black; or black and red; that this variety of colours seems as if their members had been cor-

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rupted by St. Anthony's fire, or by cancer, or other mischance!

The modes of dress during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were so various and ridiculous, that they afforded perpetual food for the eager satirist. Extravagant as some of our fashions are, they are regulated by a better taste.

The conquests of Edward III. introduced the French fashions into England; and the Scotch adopted them, by their alliances with the French court, and close intercourse with that nation.

Walsingham dates the introduction of French fashions among us, from the taking of Calais in 1347; but we appear to have possessed such a rage for imitation in dress, that an English beau was actually a fantastical compound of all the fashions in Europe, and even Asia, in the reign of Elizabeth. In Chaucer's time the prevalence of French fashions was a common topic with our satirist; and he notices the affectation of our female citizens in speaking the French language: a stroke of satire which, after more than four centuries, is not yet obsolete. A superior education, and a residence at the west end of the town, begin, however, to give another character to the daughters of our citizens. In the prologue to the Prioresse, Chaucer has these humorous lines:—

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Entewned in her voice full seemly,
And French she spake full feteously;
After the Scole of Stratford at Bowe,
The *French of Paris* was to her unknowe.

A beau of the reign of Henry IV. has been made out by the laborious Henry. I shall only observe, that they wore then long-pointed shoes to such an immoderate length, that they could not walk till they were fastened to their knees with chains. Luxury improving on this ridiculous mode, these chains the English beau of the fourteenth century had made of gold and silver; but the grotesque fashion did not finish here; for the tops of their shoes were carved in the manner of a church window. The ladies of that period were not less fantastical.

The wild variety of dresses worn in the reign of Henry VIII. is alluded to in a print of a naked Englishman holding a piece of cloth hanging on his right arm, and a pair of shears in his left hand. It was invented by Andrew Borde, a facetious wit of those days. The print bears the following inscription:

I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Musing in my mind, what rayment I shall were;
For now I will were this, and now I will were that,
And now I will were, what I cannot tell what.

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At a lower period, about the reign of Elizabeth, we are presented with a curious picture of a man of fashion. I make this extract from Puttenham's very scarce work on The Arte of Poetry, p. 250. This author was a travelled courtier, and has interspersed his curious work with many lively anecdotes, and correct pictures of the times.—This is his fantastical beau in the reign of Elizabeth. "May it not seeme enough for a courtier to know how to *weare a feather* and *set his cappe* aflaunt; his *chain en echarpe*; a straight *buskin, al Inglese*; a loose *à la Turquesque*; the cape *alla Spaniola*; the breech *à la Françoise*, and by twentie maner of new-fashioned garments, to disguise his body and his face with as many countenances, whereof it seems there be many that make a very arte and studie, who can shew himselfe most fine, I will not say most foolish or ridiculous." So that a beau of those times wore in the same dress a grotesque mixture of all the fashions in the world. About the same period the *ton* ran in a different course in France.—There, fashion consisted in an affected negligence of dress; for Montaigne honestly laments in Book i. Cap. 25.—"I have never yet been apt to imitate the *negligent garb* which is yet observable among the *young men* of our time; to wear my *cloak on one shoulder*, my *bonnet on one side*, and *one stocking* in something *more disorder*

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than the other, meant to express a manly disdain of such exotic ornaments, and a contempt of art."

The fashions of the Elizabethan age have been chronicled by honest John Stowe. Stowe was originally a *tailor,* and when he laid down the shears, and took up the pen, the taste and curiosity for *dress* was still retained. He is the grave chronicler of matters not grave. The chronology of ruffs, and tufted taffetas; the revolution of steel poking-sticks, instead of bone or wood used by the laundresses; the invasion of shoe-buckles, and the total rout of shoe-roses; that grand adventure of a certain Flemish lady, who introduced the art of starching the ruffs with a yellow tinge into Britain; while Mrs. Montague emulated her in the royal favour, by presenting her highness the queen with a pair of black silk stockings, instead of her cloth hose, which her majesty now for ever rejected; the heroic achievements of the Right Honourable Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who first brought from Italy the whole mystery and craft of perfumery, and costly washes; and among other pleasant things besides, a perfumed jerkin, a pair of perfumed gloves trimmed with roses, in which the queen took such delight, that she was actually pictured with those gloves on her royal hands, and for many years after, the scent was called the Earl of Oxford's Perfume. These, and oc-

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currences as memorable, receive a pleasant kind of historical pomp in the important, and not incurious, narrative of the antiquary and the tailor. The toilet of Elizabeth was indeed an altar of devotion, of which she was the idol, and all her ministers were her votaries: it was the reign of coquetry, and the golden age of millinery! But of grace and elegance, they had not the slightest feeling! There is a print by Vertue, of Queen Elizabeth going in a procession to Lord Hunsdon. This procession is led by Lady Hunsdon, who no doubt was the leader likewise of the fashions; but it is impossible, with our ideas of grace and comfort, not to commiserate this unfortunate lady, whose standing-up wire ruff, rising above her head; whose stays, or boddice, so long waisted as to reach to her knees, and the circumference of her large hoop farthingale, which seems to enclose her in a capacious tub, mark her out as one of the most pitiable martyrs of ancient modes. The amorous Sir Walter Raleigh must have found some of her maids of honour the most impregnable fortification his gallant spirit ever assailed: a *coup de main* was impossible.

I shall transcribe from old Stowe a few extracts, which may amuse the reader:—

" In the second yeere of Queen Elizabeth 1560, her *silke woman*, Mistris Mountague, presented

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her majestie for a new yeere's gift, *a paire of black knit silk stockings,* the which, after a few days wearing, pleased her highnesse so well, that she sent for Mistris Mountague, and asked her where she had them, and if she could help her to any more, who answered, saying, 'I made them very carefully of purpose only for your majestie, and seeing these please you so well, I will presently set more in hand.' 'Do so, (quoth the queene,) for *indeed I like silk stockings so well, because they are pleasant, fine, and delicate, that henceforth I will wear no more* CLOTH STOCKINGS—and from that time unto her death the queene never wore any more *cloth hose,* but only silke stockings; for you shall understand that King Henry the Eight did weare onely cloath hose, or hose cut out of ell-broade taffaty, or that by great chance there came a pair of *Spanish silk stockings* from Spain. King Edward the Sixt had a *payre of long Spanish silke stockings* sent him for a *great present.*— Dukes' daughters then wore gownes of satten of Bridges (Bruges) upon solemn dayes. Cushens, and window pillows of welvet and damaske, formerly only princely furniture, now be very plenteous in most citizens' houses."

"Milloners or haberdashers had not then any *gloves imbroydered,* or trimmed with gold, or silke; neither gold nor imbroydered girdles and hangers,

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neither could they *make any costly wash* or *perfume,* until about the fifteenth yeere of the queene, the Right Honourable Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, came from *Italy,* and brought with him gloves, sweete bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other *pleasant things;* and that yeere the queene had a *pair of perfumed gloves* trimmed onely with four tuffes, or *roses of coloured silk.* The queene tooke such pleasure in those gloues, that she was pictured with those gloves upon her handes, and for many years after, it was called '*The Earl of Oxford's perfume.*'"

In such a chronology of fashions, an event not less important surely was the origin of *starching;* and here we find it treated with the utmost historical dignity.

"In the year 1564, Mistris Dinghen Van den Plasse, borne at Tænen in Flaunders, daughter to a worshipfull knight of that province, with her husband came to London for their better safeties, and there professed herselfe a *starcher,* wherein she excelled, unto whom her owne nation presently repaired, and payed her very liberally for her worke. Some very few of the best and most curious wives of that time, observing the *neatnesse and delicacy of the Dutch for whitenesse and fine wearing of linen,* made them *cambricke ruffs,* and sent them to Mistris Dinghen to *starch,* and after

awhile they made them *ruffes of lawn*, which was at that time a stuff most strange, and wonderfull, and thereupon rose a *general scoffe* or *by-word*, that shortly they would make *ruffs of a spider's web;* and then they began to send their daughters and nearest kinswomen to Mistris Dinghen to *learne how to starche;* her usuall price was at that time, foure or five pound, to teach them how *to starch*, and twenty shillings how to *seeth starch*."

Thus Italy, Holland, and France, supplied us with such fashions and refinements. But in those days they were, as I have shown from Puttenham, as *extravagant dressers* as any of their present supposed degenerate descendants. Stowe affords us another curious extract. "Divers noble personages made them *ruffes, a full quarter of a yeard deepe*, and two lengthe in one ruffe. This *fashion* in *London* was called the *French fashion;* but when Englishmen came to *Paris*, the *French* knew it not, and in derision called it *the English monster*." An exact parallel this of many of our own Parisian modes in the present day; and a circumstance which shows the same rivality in fashion in the reign of Elizabeth, as in that of George IV.

This was the golden period of cosmetics. The beaux of that day, it is evident, used the abominable art of painting their faces as well as the women. Our old comedies abound with perpetual

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allusions to oils, tinctures, quintessences, pomatums, perfumes, paint white and red, &c. One of their prime cosmetics was a frequent use of the *bath*, and the application of *wine*. Strutt quotes from an old MS. a recipe to make the face of a beautiful red colour. The person was to be in a bath that he might perspire, and afterwards wash his face with wine, and "so should be both faire and roddy." In Mr. Lodge's "Illustrations of British History," I observe a letter from the Earl of Shrewsbury, who had the keeping of the unfortunate Queen of Scots. The earl notices that the queen *bathed in wine*, and complains of the expense, and requires a further allowance. A learned Scotch professor informed me, on my pointing out this passage, that *white wine* was used for these purposes. They also made a bath of *milk*. Elder beauties *bathed in wine*, to get rid of their wrinkles; and perhaps not without reason, wine being a great astringent. Unwrinkled beauties *bathed in milk*, to preserve the softness and sleekness of the skin. Our venerable beauties of the Elizabethan age were initiated coquettes; and the mysteries of their toilette might be worth unveiling.

The reign of Charles II. was the dominion of French fashions. In some respects the taste was a little lighter, but the moral effect of dress, and

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which no doubt it has, was much worse. The dress of this French queen was very inflammatory; and the nudity of the beauties of the portrait-painter, Sir Peter Lely, has been observed. The queen of Charles II. exposed her breast and shoulders without even the glass of the lightest gauze; and the tucker, instead of standing up on her bosom, is with licentious boldness turned down, and lies upon her stays. This custom of baring the bosom was much exclaimed against by the authors of that age. That honest divine, Richard Baxter, wrote a preface to a book, entitled "A just and seasonable reprehension of *naked breasts and shoulders*." In 1672 a book was published, entitled, "New instructions unto youth for their behaviour, and also a discourse upon some innovations of habits and dressing; *against powdering of hair, naked breasts, black spots* (or patches), and other unseemly customs." A whimsical fashion now prevailed among the ladies, of strangely ornamenting their faces with abundance of black patches cut into grotesque forms, such as a coach and horses, owls, rings, suns, moons, crowns, cross and crosslets. The author has prefixed *two ladies' heads;* the one representing *Virtue,* and the other *Vice. Virtue* is a lady modestly habited, with a black velvet hood, and a plain white kerchief on her neck, with a border. *Vice* wears no handkerchief,

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her stays cut low, so that they display great part of the breasts; and a variety of fantastical patches on her face.

The innovations of fashions in the reign of Charles II. were watched with a jealous eye by the remains of those strict puritans, who now could only pour out their bile in such solemn admonitions. They affected all possible plainness and sanctity. When courtiers wore monstrous wigs, they cut their hair short; when they adopted hats, with broad plumes, they clapped on round black caps, and screwed up their pale religious faces; and when shoe-buckles were revived, they wore strings to their shoes. The sublime Milton, perhaps, exulted in his intrepidity of still wearing latchets! The Tatler ridicules Sir William Whitlocke for his singularity in still affecting them. "Thou dear *Will Shoestring*, how shall I draw thee? Thou dear outside, will you be *combing your wig*, playing with your *box*, or picking your teeth, &c." *Wigs* and *snuff-boxes* were then the rage. Steele's own wig, it is recorded, made at one time a considerable part of his annual expenditure. His large black periwig cost him, even at that day, no less than forty guineas!—We wear nothing at present in this degree of extravagance. But such a wig was the idol of fashion, and they were performing perpetually their worship with infinite self-compla-

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cency; then combing their wigs in public was the very spirit of gallantry and rank. The hero of Richardson, youthful and elegant as he wished him to be, is represented waiting at an assignation, and describing his sufferings in bad weather by lamenting that " his *wig* and his linen were dripping with the hoar frost dissolving on them." Even Betty, Clarissa's lady's maid, is described as " tapping on her *snuff-box*," and frequently taking *snuff*. At this time nothing was so monstrous as the head-dresses of the ladies in Queen Anne's reign: they formed a kind of edifice of three stories high; and a fashionable lady of that day much resembles the mythological figure of Cybele, the mother of the gods, with three towers on her head.

It is not worth noticing the changes in fashion, unless to ridicule them. However, there are some who find amusement in these records of luxurious idleness; these thousand and one follies! Modern fashions, till very lately a purer taste has obtained among our females, were generally mere copies of obsolete ones, and rarely originally fantastical. The dress of *some* of our *beaux* will only be known in a few years hence by their *caricatures*. In 1751 the dress of a *dandy* is described in the Inspector. A *black* velvet coat, a *green* and silver waistcoat, *yellow* velvet breeches, and *blue* stockings. This too was the æra of *black silk breeches*; an extraordinary

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novelty, against which "some frowsy people attempted to raise up *worsted* in emulation." A satirical writer has described a buck about forty years ago; one could hardly have suspected such a gentleman to have been one of our contemporaries. "A coat of light green, with sleeves too small for the arms, and buttons too big for the sleeves; a pair of Manchester fine stuff breeches, without money in the pockets; clouded silk stockings, but no legs: a club of hair behind larger than the head that carries it; a hat of the size of sixpence on a block not worth a farthing."

As this article may probably arrest the volatile eyes of my fair readers, let me be permitted to felicitate them on their improvement in elegance in the forms of their dress; and the taste and knowledge of art which they frequently exhibit. But let me remind them that there are certain principles independent of all fashions, which must be cherished at all times. Tacitus remarks of Poppea, the consort of Nero, that she concealed *a part of her face;* to the end that, the imagination having fuller play by irritating curiosity, they might think higher of her beauty, than if the whole of her face had been exposed. The sentiment is beautifully expressed by Tasso, and it will not be difficult to remember it:—

"Non copre sue bellezze, e non l'espose."

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I conclude by preserving a poem, written in my youth, not only because the great poet of this age has honoured it by placing it in "The English Minstrelsy," but as a memorial of some fashions which have become extinct in my own days.

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO LAURA, ENTREATING HER NOT TO PAINT, TO POWDER, OR TO GAME, BUT TO RETREAT INTO THE COUNTRY.

Ah, LAURA! quit the noisy town,
And FASHION's persecuting reign:
Health wanders on the breezy down,
And Science on the silent plain.

How long from Art's reflected hues
Shalt thou a mimic charm receive?
Believe, my fair! the faithful muse,
They spoil the blush they cannot give.

Must ruthless art, with torturous steel,
Thy artless locks of gold deface,
In serpent folds their charms conceal,
And spoil, at every touch, a grace?

Too sweet thy youth's enchanting bloom,
To waste on midnight's sordid crews:
Let wrinkled age the night consume:
For age has but its hoards to lose!

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Sacred to love and sweet repose,
Behold that trellis'd bower is nigh!
That bower the lilac walls enclose,
Safe from pursuing Scandal's eye.

There, as in every lock of gold
Some flower of pleasing hue I weave,
A goddess shall the muse behold,
And many a votive sigh shall heave.

So the rude Tartar's holy rite
A feeble MORTAL once array'd;
Then trembled in that mortal's sight,
And own'd DIVINE the power he MADE *.

A SENATE OF JESUITS.

IN a book intituled "Interêts et Maximes des Princes et des Etats Souverains, par M. Le Duc de Rohan; Cologne, 1666," an anecdote is recorded concerning the jesuits; so much the more curious, as neither Puffendorf nor Vertot have noticed it in their histories, though its authority cannot be higher.

* The *Lama,* or God of the Tartars, is composed of such frail materials as mere mortality; contrived, however, by the power of priestcraft, to appear immortal; the *succession of Lamas* never failing!

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When Sigismond, king of Sweden, was elected king of Poland, he made a treaty with the states of Sweden, by which he obliged himself to pass every fifth year in that kingdom. By his wars with the Ottoman court, with Muscovy, and Tartary, obliged to remain in Poland to encounter such powerful enemies, he failed, during fifteen years, of accomplishing his promise. To remedy this in some shape, by the advice of the jesuits, who had gained the ascendant over him, he created a senate to reside at Stockholm, composed of forty chosen jesuits, to decide on every affair of state. He published a declaration in their favour, presented them with letters-patent, and invested them with the royal authority.

While this senate of jesuits was at Dantzic, waiting for a fair wind to set sail for Stockholm, he published an edict, that they should receive them as his own royal person. A public council was immediately held. Charles, the uncle of Sigismond, the prelates, and the lords, resolved to prepare for them a splendid and magnificent entry.

But in a private council, they came to very contrary resolutions: for the prince said, he could not bear that a senate of priests should command, in preference to all the honours and authority of so many princes and lords, natives of the country. All the others agreed with him in rejecting this

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holy senate. The archbishop rose, and said, "Since Sigismond has disdained to be our king, we also must not acknowledge him as such; and from this moment we should no longer consider ourselves as his subjects. His authority is *in suspenso,* because he has bestowed it on the jesuits who form this senate. The people have not yet acknowledged them. In this interval of resignation on the one side, and assumption of the other, I absolve you all of the fidelity the king may claim from you as his Swedish subjects." When he had said this, the prince of Bithynia addressing himself to Prince Charles, uncle of the king, said, "I own no other king than you; and I believe you are now obliged to receive us as your affectionate subjects, and to assist us to hunt these vermin from the state." All the others joined him, and acknowledged Charles as their lawful monarch.

Having resolved to keep their declaration for some time secret, they deliberated in what manner they were to receive and to precede this senate in their entry into the harbour, who were now on board a great galleon, which had anchored two leagues from Stockholm, that they might enter more magnificently in the night, when the fireworks they had prepared would appear to the greatest advantage. About the time of their reception, Prince Charles, accompanied by twenty-

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five or thirty vessels, appeared before the senate. Wheeling about and forming a caracol of ships, they discharged a volley, and emptied all their cannon on the galleon of this senate, which had its sides pierced through with the balls. The galleon immediately filled with water and sunk, without one of the unfortunate jesuits being assisted; on the contrary, their assailants cried to them that this was the time to perform some miracle, such as they were accustomed to do in India and Japan; and if they chose, they could walk on the waters!

The report of the cannon and the smoke which the powder occasioned, prevented either the cries or the submersion of the holy fathers from being observed: and as if they were conducting the senate to the town, Charles entered triumphantly; went into the church, where they sung *Te Deum;* and to conclude the night, he partook of the entertainment which had been prepared for this ill-fated senate.

The jesuits of the city of Stockholm having come, about midnight, to pay their respects to the fathers of the senate, perceived their loss. They directly posted up *placards* of excommunication against Charles and his adherents, who had caused the senate of jesuits to perish. They solicited the people to rebel; but they were soon expelled the

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city, and Charles made a public profession of Lutheranism.

Sigismond, king of Poland, began a war with Charles in 1604, which lasted two years. Disturbed by the invasions of the Tartars, the Muscovites, and the Cossacs, a truce was concluded; but Sigismond lost both his crowns, by his bigoted attachment to Roman Catholicism.

THE LOVER'S HEART.

The following tale is recorded in the Historical Memoirs of Champagne, by Bougier. It has been a favourite narrative with the old romance writers; and the principal incident, however objectionable, has been displayed in several modern poems. It is probable, that the *true* history will be acceptable, for its tender and amorous incident, to the fair reader.

I find it in some shape related by Howel, in his "Familiar Letters," in one addressed to Ben Jonson. He recommends it to him as a subject "which peradventure you may make use of in your way;" and concludes by saying, "In my opinion, which vails to yours, this is choice and rich stuff for you to put upon your loom, and make a curious web of."

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The Lord De Coucy, vassal to the Count De Champagne, was one of the most accomplished youths of his time. He loved, with an excess of passion, the lady of the Lord Du Fayel, who felt a reciprocal affection. With the most poignant grief this lady heard from her lover, that he had resolved to accompany the king and the Count De Champagne to the wars of the Holy Land; but she would not oppose his wishes, because she hoped that his absence might dissipate the jealousy of her husband. The time of departure having come, these two lovers parted with sorrows of the most lively tenderness. The lady, in quitting her lover, presented him with some rings, some diamonds, and with a string that she had woven herself of his own hair, intermixed with silk and buttons of large pearls, to serve him, according to the fashion of those days, to tie a magnificent hood which covered his helmet. This he gratefully accepted.

In Palestine, at the siege of Acre, in 1191, in gloriously ascending the ramparts, he received a wound, which was declared mortal. He employed the few moments he had to live in writing to the Lady Du Fayel; and he poured forth the fervour of his soul. He ordered his squire to embalm his heart after his death, and to convey it to his be-

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loved mistress, with the presents he had received from her hands in quitting her.

The squire, faithful to the dying injunction of his master, returned to France, to present the heart and the presents to the lady of Du Fayel. But when he approached the castle of this lady, he concealed himself in the neighbouring wood, till he could find some favourable moment to complete his promise. He had the misfortune to be observed by the husband of this lady, who recognized him, and who immediately suspected he came in search of his wife with some message from his master. He threatened to deprive him of his life, if he did not divulge the occasion of his return. The squire assured him that his master was dead; but Du Fayel not believing it, drew his sword on him. This man, frightened at the peril in which he found himself, confessed every thing; and put into his hands the heart and letter of his master. Du Fayel, prompted by the fellest revenge, ordered his cook to mince the heart; and having mixed it with meat, he caused a ragout to be made, which he knew pleased the taste of his wife, and had it served to her. The lady ate heartily of the dish. After the repast, Du Fayel inquired of his wife if she had found the ragout according to her taste: she answered him that she had found it excellent.

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"It is for this reason, that I caused it to be served to you, for it is a kind of meat which you very much liked. You have, Madam," the savage Du Fayel continued, "eaten the heart of the Lord De Coucy." But this she would not believe, till he showed her the letter of her lover, with the string of his hair, and the diamonds she had given him. Then shuddering in the anguish of her sensations, and urged by the darkest despair, she told him—"It is true that I loved that heart, because it merited to be loved: for never could it find its superior; and since I have eaten of so noble a meat, and that my stomach is the tomb of so precious a heart, I will take care that nothing of inferior worth shall ever be mixed with it." Grief and passion choked her utterance. She retired to her chamber: she closed the door for ever; and refusing to accept of consolation or food, the amiable victim expired on the fourth day.

THE HISTORY OF GLOVES.

The present learned and curious dissertation is compiled from the papers of an ingenious antiquary, from the "Present State of the Republic of Letters." Vol. X. p. 289.

The antiquity of this part of dress, will form

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our first inquiry; and we shall then show its various uses in the several ages of the world.

It has been imagined that gloves are noticed in the 108th Psalm, where the royal prophet declares, he will cast his *shoe* over Edom; and still farther back, supposing them to be used in the times of the Judges, Ruth iv. 7, where the custom is noticed of a man taking off his *shoe* and giving it to his neighbour, as a pledge for redeeming or exchanging any thing. The word in these two texts usually translated *shoe* by the Chaldee paraphrast in the latter, is rendered *glove*. Casaubon is of opinion that *gloves* were worn by the Chaldeans, from the word here mentioned being explained in the Talmud Lexicon, *the clothing of the hand*. But are not these mere conjectures, and has not the Chaldean paraphrast taken a liberty in his version?

Xenophon gives a clear and distinct account of *gloves*. Speaking of the manners of the Persians, as a proof of their effeminacy, he observes, that not satisfied with covering their head and their feet, they also guarded their hands against the cold with *thick gloves*. *Homer*, describing Laertes at work in his garden, represents him with *gloves on his hands, to secure them from the thorns*. *Varro*, an ancient writer, is an evidence in favour of their antiquity among the Romans. In lib. ii. cap. 55.

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de Re Rustica, he says, that olives gathered by the naked hand, are preferable to those gathered with *gloves. Athenæus* speaks of a celebrated glutton who always came to table with *gloves* on his hands, that he might be able to handle and eat the meat while hot, and devour more than the rest of the company.

These authorities show, that the ancients were not strangers to the use of *gloves,* though their use was not common. In a hot climate to wear gloves implies a considerable degree of effeminacy. We can more clearly trace the early use of gloves in northern than in southern nations. When the ancient severity of manners declined, the use of *gloves* prevailed among the Romans; but not without some opposition from the philosophers. *Musonius,* a philosopher, who lived at the close of the first century of christianity, among other invectives against the corruption of the age, says, *It is shameful that persons in perfect health should clothe their hands and feet with soft and hairy coverings.* Their convenience, however, soon made the use general. *Pliny* the younger informs us, in his account of his uncle's journey to Vesuvius, that his secretary sat by him ready to write down whatever occurred remarkable; and that he had *gloves* on his hands, that the coldness of the weather might not impede his business.

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In the beginning of the ninth century, the use of *gloves* was become so universal, that even the church thought a regulation in that part of dress necessary. In the reign of *Lewis le Debonnaire,* the council of Aix ordered that the monks should only wear *gloves* made of sheep-skin.

That time has made alterations in the form of this, as in all other apparel, appears from the old pictures and monuments.

Gloves, beside their original design for a covering of the hand, have been employed on several great and solemn occasions: as in the ceremony of *investitures,* in bestowing lands, or in conferring *dignities.* Giving possession by the delivery of a *glove,* prevailed in several parts of Christendom in later ages. In the year 1002, the bishops of Paderborn and Moncerco were put into possession of their sees by receiving a *glove.* It was thought so essential a part of the episcopal habit, that some abbots in France presuming to wear *gloves,* the council of Poitiers interposed in the affair, and forbad them the use, on the same principle as the ring and sandals; these being peculiar to bishops, who frequently wore them richly adorned on their backs with jewels.

Favin observes, that the custom of blessing *gloves* at the coronation of the kings of France, which still subsists, is a remain of the eastern

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practice of investiture by *a glove.* A remarkable instance of this ceremony is recorded. The unfortunate *Conradin* was deprived of his crown and his life by the usurper *Mainfroy.* When having ascended the scaffold, the injured prince lamenting his hard fate, asserted his right to the crown, and as a token of investiture, threw his *glove* among the crowd; intreating it might be conveyed to some of his relations, who would revenge his death. It was taken up by a knight, and brought to Peter king of Arragon, who in virtue of this glove was afterwards crowned at Palermo.

As the delivery of *gloves* was once a part of the ceremony used in giving possession, so the depriving a person of them was a mark of divesting him of his office, and of degradation. The Earl of Carlisle, in the reign of Edward the Second, impeached of holding a correspondence with the Scots, was condemned to die as a traitor. Walsingham, relating other circumstances of his degradation, says, "His spurs were cut off with a hatchet; and his *gloves* and shoes were taken, off, &c."

Another use of *gloves* was in a duel; he who threw one down, was by this act understood to give defiance, and he who took it up, to accept the challenge.

The use of single combat, at first designed only

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for a trial of innocence, like the ordeals of fire and water, was in succeeding ages practised for deciding rights and property. Challenging by the *glove* was continued down to the reign of Elizabeth, as appears by an account given by Spelman of a duel appointed to be fought in Tothill Fields, in the year 1571. The dispute was concerning some lands in the county of Kent. The plaintiffs appeared in court, and demanded single combat. One of them threw down his *glove*, which the other immediately taking up, carried it off on the point of his sword, and the day of fighting was appointed; this affair was however adjusted by the queen's judicious interference.

The ceremony is still practised of challenging by a *glove* at the coronation of the kings of England, by his majesty's champion entering Westminster Hall completely armed and mounted.

Challenging by the *glove* is still in use in some parts of the world. In Germany, on receiving an affront, to send a *glove* to the offending party, is a challenge to a duel.

The last use of *gloves* was for carrying the *hawk*, which is very ancient. In former times, princes and other great men took so much pleasure in carrying the hawk on their hand, that some of them have chosen to be represented in this attitude. There is a monument of Philip the First of

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France still remaining; on which he is represented at length, on his tomb, holding a *glove* in his hand.

Chambers says that, formerly, judges were forbid to wear *gloves* on the bench. No reason is assigned for this prohibition. Our judges lie under no such restraint; for both they and the rest of the court make no difficulty of receiving *gloves* from the sheriffs, whenever the session or assize concludes without any one receiving sentence of death, which is called a *maiden assize;* a custom of great antiquity.

Our curious antiquary has preserved a singular anecdote concerning *gloves.* Chambers informs us, that it is not safe at present to enter the stables of princes without pulling off our *gloves.* He does not tell us in what the danger consists; but it is an ancient established custom in Germany, that whoever enters the stables of a prince, or great man, with his *gloves* on his hands, is obliged to forfeit them, or redeem them by a fee to the servants. The same custom is observed in some places at the death of the stag; in which case if the *gloves* are not taken off they are redeemed by money given to the huntsmen and keepers. The French king never failed of pulling off one of his *gloves* on that occasion. The reason of this ceremony seems to be lost.

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We meet with the term *glove-money* in our old records; by which is meant, money given to servants to buy *gloves*. This probably is the origin of the phrase *giving a pair of gloves*, to signify making a present for some favour or service.

Gough in his "Sepulchral Monuments" informs us that gloves formed no part of the female dress till after the Reformation; I have seen some so late as in Anne's time richly worked and embroidered.

There must exist in the Denny family some of the oldest gloves extant, as appears by the following glove anecdote.

At the sale of the Earl of Arran's goods, April 6th, 1759, the gloves given by Henry VIII. to Sir Anthony Denny were sold for 38*l.* 17*s.*; those given by James I. to his son Edward Denny for 22*l.* 4*s.*; the mittens given by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Edward Denny's Lady, 25*l.* 4*s.*: all which were bought for Sir Thomas Denny of Ireland, who was descended in a direct line from the great Sir Anthony Denny, one of the executors of the will of Henry VIII.

RELICS OF SAINTS.

When relics of saints were first introduced, the relique-mania was universal: they bought and they

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sold, and, like other collectors, made no scruple to *steal* them. It is entertaining to observe the singular ardour and grasping avidity of some, to enrich themselves with these religious morsels; their little discernment, the curious impositions of the vender, and the good faith and sincerity of the purchaser. The prelate of the place sometimes ordained a fast to implore God that they might not be cheated with the relics of saints, which he sometimes purchased for the holy benefit of the village or town.

Guibert de Nogen wrote a treatise on the relics of saints; acknowledging that there were many false ones, as well as false legends, he reprobates the inventors of these lying miracles. He wrote his treatise on the occasion of *a tooth* of our Lord's, by which the monks of St. Medard de Soissons pretended to operate miracles. He asserts that this pretension is as chimerical as that of several persons, who believed they possessed the navel, and other parts less decent, of — the body of Christ!

A monk of Bergsvinck has given a history of the translation of Saint Lewin, a virgin and a martyr: her relics were brought from England to Bergs. He collected with religious care the facts from his brethren, especially from the conductor of these relics from England. After the history of the translation, and a panegyric of the saint, he

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relates the miracles performed in Flanders since the arrival of her relics. The prevailing passion of the times to possess fragments of saints is well marked, when the author particularizes with a certain complacency all the knavish modes they used to carry off those in question. None then objected to this sort of robbery; because the gratification of the reigning passion had made it worth while to supply the demand.

A monk of Cluny has given a history of the translation of the body of St. Indalece, one of the earliest Spanish bishops; written by order of the abbot of St. Juan de la Penna. He protests he advances nothing but facts; having himself seen, or learnt from other witnesses, all he relates. It was not difficult for him to be well informed, since it was to the monastery of St. Juan de la Penna that the holy relics were transported, and those who brought them were two monks of that house. He has authenticated his minute detail of circumstances by giving the names of persons and places. His account was written for the great festival immediately instituted in honour of this translation. He informs us of the miraculous manner by which they were so fortunate as to discover the body of this bishop, and the different plans they concerted to carry it off. He gives the itinerary of the two monks who accompanied the holy remains. They

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were not a little cheered in their long journey by visions and miracles.

Another has written a history of what he calls the translation of the relics of Saint Majean to the monastery of Villemagne. *Translation* is in fact only a softened expression for the robbery of the relics of the saint committed by two monks, who carried them off secretly to enrich their monastery; and they did not hesitate at any artifice, or lie, to complete their design. They thought every thing was permitted to acquire these fragments of mortality, which had now become a branch of commerce. They even regarded their possessors with an hostile eye. Such was the religious opinion from the ninth to the twelfth century. Our Canute commissioned his agent at Rome to purchase *Saint Augustine's arm* for one hundred talents of silver and one of gold! a much greater sum, observes Granger, than the finest statue of antiquity would have then sold for.

Another monk describes a strange act of devotion attested by several contemporary writers. When the saints did not readily comply with the prayers of their votaries, they flogged their relics with rods, in a spirit of impatience which they conceived was proper to make them bend into compliance.

Theofroy, abbot of Epternac, to raise our ad-

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miration, relates the daily miracles performed by the relics of saints, their ashes, their clothes, or other mortal spoils, and even by the instruments of their martyrdom. He inveighs against that luxury of ornaments which was indulged under a religious pretext: "It is not to be supposed that the saints are desirous of such a profusion of gold and silver. They wish not that we should raise to them such magnificent churches, to exhibit that ingenious order of pillars which shine with gold; nor those rich ceilings, nor those altars sparkling with jewels. They desire not the purple parchment of price for their writings, the liquid gold to embellish the letters, nor the precious stones to decorate their covers; while you have such little care for the ministers of the altar." The pious writer has not forgotten *himself* in this partnership-account with *the saints*.

The Roman church not being able to deny, says Bayle, that there have been false relics, which have operated miracles, they reply, that the good intentions of those believers who have recourse to them obtained from God this reward for their good faith! In the same spirit, when it was shown that two or three bodies of the same saint are said to exist in different places, and that therefore they all could not be authentic; it was answered, that they were all genuine! for God had multiplied and

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miraculously reproduced them for the comfort of the faithful! A curious specimen of the intolerance of good sense.

When the Reformation was spread in Lithuania, Prince Radzivil was so affected by it, that he went in person to pay the pope all possible honours. His holiness on this occasion presented him with a precious box of relics. The prince having returned home, some monks intreated permission to try the effects of these relics on a demoniac, who had hitherto resisted every kind of exorcism. They were brought into the church with solemn pomp, and deposited on the altar, accompanied by an innumerable crowd. After the usual conjurations, which were unsuccessful, they applied the relics. The demoniac instantly recovered. The people called out *a miracle!* and the prince, lifting his hands and eyes to heaven, felt his faith confirmed. In this transport of pious joy, he observed that a young gentleman, who was keeper of this treasure of relics, smiled, and by his motions ridiculed the miracle. The prince, indignantly, took our young keeper of the relics to task; who, on promise of pardon, gave the following *secret intelligence* concerning them. In travelling from Rome he had lost the box of relics; and not daring to mention it, he had procured a similar one, which he had filled with the small bones of dogs and

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cats, and other trifles similar to what were lost. He hoped he might be forgiven for smiling, when he found that such a collection of rubbish was idolized with such pomp, and had even the virtue of expelling demons. It was by the assistance of this box that the prince discovered the gross impositions of the monks and the demoniacs, and Radzivil afterwards became a zealous Lutheran.

The elector Frederic, surnamed *the wise*, was an indefatigable collector of relics. After his death, one of the monks employed by him, solicited payment for several parcels he had purchased for our *wise* elector; but the times had changed! He was advised to give over this business; the relics for which he desired payment they were willing *to return;* that the price had fallen considerably since the reformation of Luther; and that they would be more esteemed, and find a *better market* in Italy than in Germany!

Stephens, in his Traité preparatif à l'Apologie pour Herodote, c. 39, says, " A monk of St. Anthony having been at Jerusalem, saw there several relics, among which were a bit of the finger of the Holy Ghost, as sound and entire as it had ever been; the snout of the seraphim that appeared to St. Francis; one of the nails of a cherubim; one of the ribs of the *verbum caro factum* (the word made flesh); some rays of the star which appeared

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to the three kings in the east; a vial of St. Michael's sweat when he was fighting against the devil; a hem of Joseph's garment, which he wore when he cleaved wood, &c.:" all which things, observes our treasurer of relics, I have brought very devoutly with me home. Our Henry III. who was deeply tainted with the superstition of the age, summoned all the great in the kingdom to meet in London. This summons excited the most general curiosity, and multitudes appeared. The king then acquainted them that the great master of the Knights Templars had sent him a phial containing *a small portion of the precious blood of Christ* which he had shed upon the *cross!* and *attested to be genuine* by the seals of the patriarch of Jerusalem and others. He commanded a procession the following day, and the historian adds, that though the road between St. Paul's and Westminster abbey was very deep and miry, the king kept his eyes constantly fixed on the phial. Two monks received it, and deposited the phial in the abbey, "which made all England shine with glory, dedicating it to God, and St. Edward."

Lord Herbert, in his Life of Henry VIII. notices the *great fall of the price of relics* at the dissolution of the monasteries. "The respect given to relics, and some pretended miracles, fell; insomuch; as I find by our records, that *a piece of*

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St. Andrew's finger, (covered only with an ounce of silver,) being laid to pledge by a monastery for forty pounds, was left unredeemed at the dissolution of the house; the king's commissioners, who upon surrender of any foundation undertook to pay the debts, refusing to return the price again." That is, they did not choose to repay the *forty pounds*, to receive *a piece of the finger of St. Andrew.*

About this time the property of relics suddenly sunk to a South-sea bubble; for shortly after the artifice of the Rood of Grace, at Boxley in Kent, was fully opened to the eye of the populace; and a far-famed relic at Hales in Gloucestershire, of the blood of Christ, was at the same time exhibited. It was showed in a phial, and it was believed that none could see it who were in mortal sin; and after many trials usually repeated to the same person, the deluded pilgrims at length went away fully satisfied. This relic was the *blood of a duck*, renewed every week, and put in a phial; one side was *opaque*, and the other *transparent*; the monk turned either side to the pilgrim as he thought proper. The success of the pilgrim depended on the generous oblations he made; those who were scanty in their offerings were the longest to get a sight of the blood: when a man was in despair, he usually became more generous!

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PERPETUAL LAMPS OF THE ANCIENTS.

No. 379, of the Spectator, relates an anecdote of one having opened the sepulchre of the famous Rosicrucius. There he discovered a lamp burning, which a statue of clock-work struck into pieces. Hence the disciples of this visionary said, that he made use of this method to show "that he had re-invented the ever-burning lamps of the ancients."

Many writers have made mention of these wonderful lamps; Marville appears to give a satisfactory account of the nature of these flames.

It has happened frequently, that inquisitive men, examining with a flambeau ancient sepulchres which had been just opened, the fat and gross vapours, engendered by the corruption of dead bodies, kindled as the flambeau approached them, to the great astonishment of the spectators, who frequently cried out *a miracle!* This sudden inflammation, although very natural, has given room to believe that these flames proceeded from *perpetual lamps*, which some have thought were placed in the tombs of the ancients, and which, they said, were extinguished at the moment that these tombs opened, and were penetrated by the exterior air.

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The accounts of the perpetual lamps which ancient writers give, has occasioned several ingenious men to search after their composition. Licetus, who possessed more erudition than love of truth, has given two receipts for making this eternal fire by a preparation of certain minerals. An opinion in vogue amongst those who are pleased with the wonderful, or who only examine things superficially. More credible writers maintain, that it is possible to make lamps perpetually burning, and an oil at once inflammable and inconsumable; but Boyle, assisted by several experiments made on the air-pump, found that these lights, which have been viewed in opening tombs, proceeded from the collision of fresh air. This reasonable observation conciliates all, and does not compel us to deny the accounts.

The story of the lamp of Rosicrusius, even if it ever had the slightest foundation, only owes its origin to the spirit of party, which at the time would have persuaded the world, that Rosicrusius had at least discovered something; but there is nothing certain in this amusing invention.

The reason adduced by Marville is satisfactory for his day; and for the opening of sepulchres with flambeaux. But it was reserved for the modern discoveries made in natural philosophy, as well as those in chemistry, to prove that air was

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not only necessary for a medium to the existence of the flame, which indeed the air-pump had already shown; but also as a constituent part of the inflammation, and without which a body otherwise very inflammable in all its parts, cannot however burn but in its superficies, which alone is in contact with the ambient air.

NATURAL PRODUCTIONS RESEMBLING ARTIFICIAL COMPOSITIONS.

Some stones are preserved by the curious, for representing distinctly figures traced by nature alone, and without the aid of art.

Pliny mentions an agate, in which appeared, formed by the hand of nature, Apollo amidst the nine Muses holding a harp. Majolus assures us, that at Venice another is seen, in which is naturally formed the perfect figure of a man. At Pisa, in the church of St. John, there is a similar natural production, which represents an old hermit in a desert, seated by the side of a stream, and who holds in his hands a small bell, as St. Anthony is commonly painted. In the temple of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, there was formerly on a white marble the image of St. John the Baptist covered with the skin of a camel, with this only imperfec-

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tion, that nature had given but one leg. At Ravenna, in the church of St. Vital, a cordelier is seen on a dusky stone. They found in Italy a marble, in which a crucifix was so elaborately finished, that there appeared the nails, the drops of blood, and the wounds, as perfectly as the most excellent painter could have performed. At Sneilberg, in Germany, they found in a mine a certain rough metal, on which was seen the figure of a man, who carried a child on his back. In Provence they found in a mine, a quantity of natural figures of birds, trees, rats, and serpents; and in some places of the western parts of Tartary, are seen on divers rocks, the figures of camels, horses, and sheep. Pancirollus, in his Lost Antiquities, attests, that in a church at Rome, a marble perfectly represented a priest celebrating mass, and raising the host. Paul III. conceiving that art had been used, scraped the marble to discover whether any painting had been employed: but nothing of the kind was discovered. "I have seen," writes a friend, "many of these curiosities. They are *always helped out* by art. In my father's house was a gray marble chimney-piece, which abounded in portraits, landscapes, &c. the greatest part of which was made by myself." My learned friend the Rev. Stephen Weston possesses a very large collection, many certainly untouched by art.

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One stone appears like a perfect cameo of a Minerva's head; another shows an old man's head, beautiful as if the hand of Raphael had designed it. Both these stones are transparent. Some exhibit portraits.

There is preserved in the British Museum, a black stone, on which nature has sketched a resemblance of the portrait of Chaucer. Stones of this kind, possessing a sufficient degree of resemblance, are rare; but art appears not to have been used. Even in plants, we find this sort of resemblance. There is a species of the orchis found in the mountainous parts of Lincolnshire, Kent, &c. Nature has formed a bee, apparently feeding in the breast of the flower, with so much exactness, that it is impossible at a very small distance to distinguish the imposition. Hence the plant derives its name, and is called the BEE-FLOWER. Langhorne elegantly notices its appearance:

"See on that flowret's velvet breast,
  How close the busy vagrant lies!
His thin-wrought plume, his downy breast,
  Th' ambrosial gold that swells his thighs.

"Perhaps his fragrant load may bind
  His limbs;—we'll set the captive free—
I sought the LIVING BEE to find,
  And found the PICTURE of a BEE."

The late Mr. Jackson of Exeter wrote to me on

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this subject: "This orchis is common near our sea-coasts; but instead of being exactly like a BEE, *it is not like it at all.* It has a general resemblance to a *fly*, and by the help of imagination, may be supposed to be a fly pitched upon the flower. The mandrake very frequently has a forked root, which may be fancied to resemble thighs and legs. I have seen it helped out with nails on the toes."

An ingenious botanist, a stranger to me, after reading this article, was so kind as to send me specimens of the *fly* orchis, *ophrys muscifera*, aud of the *bee* orchis, *ophrys apifera*. Their resemblance to these insects when in full flower is the most perfect conceivable; they are distinct plants. The poetical eye of Langhorne was equally correct and fanciful; and that too of Jackson, who differed so positively. Many controversies have been carried on, from a want of a little more knowledge; like that of the BEE *orchis* and the FLY *orchis;* both parties prove to be right.

Another curious specimen of the playful operations of nature is the mandrake; a plant indeed, when it is bare of leaves, perfectly resembling that of the human form. The ginseng tree is noticed for the same appearance. This object the same poet has noticed:

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"Mark how that rooted mandrake wears
His human feet, his human hands;
Oft, as his shapely form he rears,
Aghast the frighted ploughman stands."

He closes this beautiful fable with the following stanza, not unapposite to the curious subject of this article:

"Helvetia's rocks, Sabrina's waves,
Still many a shining pebble bear:
Where nature's studious hand engraves
The PERFECT FORM, and leaves it there."

THE POETICAL GARLAND OF JULIA.

HUET has given a charming description of a present made by a lover to his mistress; a gift which romance has seldom equalled for its gallantry, ingenuity, and novelty. It was called the Garland of Julia. To understand the nature of this gift, it will be necessary to give the history of the parties.

The beautiful Julia d'Angennes was in the flower of her youth and fame, when the celebrated Gustavus, king of Sweden, was making war in Germany with the most splendid success. Julia expressed her warm admiration of this hero. She

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had his portrait placed on her toilette, and took pleasure in declaring that she would have no other lover than Gustavus. The Duke de Montausier was, however, her avowed and ardent admirer. A short time after the death of Gustavus, he sent her, as a new-year's gift, the POETICAL GARLAND, of which the following is a description.

The most beautiful flowers were painted in miniature by an eminent artist, one Robert, on pieces of vellum, all of an equal size. Under every flower a sufficient space was left open for a madrigal on the subject of that flower there painted. The duke solicited the wits of the time to assist in the composition of these little poems, reserving a considerable number for the effusions of his own amorous muse. Under every flower he had its madrigal written by a penman, N. du Jarry, who was celebrated for beautiful writing. It is decorated by a frontispiece, which represents a splendid garland composed of these twenty-nine flowers; and on turning the page a Cupid is painted. These were magnificently bound, and inclosed in a bag of rich Spanish leather. This gift, when Julia awoke on new-year's day, she found lying on her toilette; it was one quite to her taste, and successful to the donor's hopes.

Of this Poetical Garland, thus formed by the hands of Wit and Love, Huet says, "As I had

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long heard of it, I frequently expressed a wish to see it: at length the duchess of Uzez gratified me with the sight. She locked me in her cabinet one afternoon with this garland; she then went to the queen, and at the close of the evening liberated me. I never passed a more agreeable afternoon."

One of the prettiest inscriptions of these flowers is the following, composed for

THE VIOLET.

Modeste en ma couleur, modeste en mon sejour,
Franche d'ambition, je me cache sous l'herbe;
Mais, si sur votre front je puis me voir un jour,
La plus humble des fleurs, sera la plus superbe.

Modest my colour, modest is my place,
Pleased in the grass my lowly form to hide;
But mid your tresses might I wind with grace,
The humblest flower would feel the loftiest pride.

The following is some additional information respecting " the Poetical Garden of Julia."

At the sale of the library of the Duke de la Valliere, in 1784, among its numerous literary curiosities this garland appeared. It was actually sold for the extravagant sum of 14,510 livres! though in 1770 at Gaignat's sale, it only cost 780 livres. It is described, " a manuscript on vellum, composed of twenty-nine flowers painted by one Ro-

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bert, under which are inserted madrigals by various authors." But the Abbe Rive, the superintendant of the Valliere library, published in 1779 an inflammatory notice of this garland; and as he and the duke had the art of appreciating, and it has been said *making* spurious literary curiosities, this notice was no doubt the occasion of the maniacal price.

In the revolution of France, this literary curiosity found its passage into this country. A bookseller offered it for sale at the enormous price of 500*l.* sterling! No curious collector has been discovered to have purchased this unique; which is most remarkable for the extreme folly of the purchaser who gave the 14,510 livres for poetry and painting not always exquisite. The history of the garland of Julia is a child's lesson for certain rash and inexperienced collectors, who may here

> "Learn to do well by others' harm."

TRAGIC ACTORS.

MONTFLEURY, a French player, was one of the greatest actors of his time for characters highly tragic. He died of the violent efforts he made in

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representing Orestes in the Andromache of Racine. The author of the "Parnasse reformé" makes him thus express himself in the shades. There is something extremely droll in his lamentations, with a severe raillery on the inconveniencies to which tragic actors are so liable.

"Ah! how sincerely do I wish that tragedies had never been invented! I might then have been yet in a state capable of appearing on the stage; and if I should not have attained the glory of sustaining sublime characters, I should at least have trifled agreeably, and have worked off my spleen in laughing! I have wasted my lungs in the violent emotions of jealousy, love, and ambition. A thousand times have I been obliged to force myself to represent more passions than Le Brun ever painted or conceived. I saw myself frequently obliged to dart terrible glances; to roll my eyes furiously in my head, like a man insane; to frighten others by extravagant grimaces; to imprint on my countenance the redness of indignation and hatred; to make the paleness of fear and surprise succeed each other by turns; to express the transports of rage and despair; to cry out like a demoniac; and consequently to strain all the parts of my body to render them fitter to accompany these different impressions. The man then who would know of what I died, let him not

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ask if it were of the fever, the dropsy, or the gout; but let him know that it was of *the Andromache!*"

The Jesuit Rapin informs us, that when Mondory acted Herod in the Mariamne of Tristan, the spectators quitted the theatre mournful and thoughtful; so tenderly were they penetrated with the sorrows of the unfortunate heroine. In this melancholy pleasure, he says, we have a rude picture of the strong impressions which were made by the Grecian tragedians. Mondory indeed felt so powerfully the character he assumed, that it cost him his life.

Some readers will recollect the death of Bond, who felt so exquisitely the character of Lusignan in Zara, which he personated when an old man, that Zara, when she addressed him, found him *dead* in his chair!

The assumption of a variety of characters, by a person of irritable and delicate nerves, has often a tragical effect on the mental faculties. We might draw up a list of ACTORS, who have fallen martyrs to their tragic characters. Several have died on the stage, and, like Palmer, usually in the midst of some agitated appeal to the feelings.

Baron, who was the French Garrick, had a most elevated notion of his profession; he used to say, that tragic actors should be nursed on the lap of queens! Nor was his vanity inferior to his

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enthusiasm for his profession; for, according to him, the world might see once in a century a *Cæsar,* but that it required a thousand years to produce a *Baron!* A variety of anecdotes testify the admirable talents he displayed. Whenever he meant to compliment the talents or merit of distinguished characters, he always delivered in a pointed manner the striking passages of the play, fixing his eye on them. An observation of his respecting actors is not less applicable to poets and to painters. "RULES," said this sublime actor, "may teach us not to raise the arms above the head; but if PASSION carries them, it will be well done; PASSION KNOWS MORE THAN ART."

Betterton, although his countenance was ruddy and sanguine, when he performed Hamlet, at the appearance of the ghost, through the violent and sudden emotion of amazement and horror in the presence of his father's spectre, instantly turned as white as his neckcloth, while his whole body seemed to be affected with a strong tremor: had his father's apparition actually risen before him, he could not have been seized with more real agonies. This struck the spectators so forcibly, that they felt a shuddering in their veins, and participated in the astonishment and the horror so apparent in the actor. Davies in his Dramatic Miscellanies records this fact; and in the Richard-

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soniana, we find that the first time Booth attempted the ghost when Betterton acted Hamlet, that actor's look at him struck him with such horror that he became disconcerted to that degree, he could not speak his part. Here seems no want of evidence of the force of the ideal presence in this marvellous acting: these facts might deserve a philosophical investigation.

Le Kain, the French actor, who retired from the Parisian stage, covered with glory and gold, was one day congratulated by a company on the retirement which he was preparing to enjoy. "As to glory," modestly replied this actor, "I do not flatter myself to have acquired much. This kind of reward is always disputed by many, and you yourselves would not allow it, were I to assume it. As to the money, I have not so much reason to be satisfied; at the Italian theatre their share is far more considerable than mine; an actor there may get twenty to twenty-five thousand livres, and my share amounts at the most to ten or twelve thousand." "How! the devil!" exclaimed a rude chevalier of the order of St. Louis, who was present, "How the devil! a vile stroller is not content with twelve thousand livres annually, and I, who am in the king's service, who sleep upon a cannon and lavish my blood for my country, I must consider myself as fortunate in having obtained a

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pension of one thousand livres." "And do you account as nothing, Sir, the liberty of addressing me thus?" replied Le Kain, with all the sublimity and conciseness of an irritated Orosmane.

The memoirs of Mad[lle] Clairon display her exalted feeling of the character of a sublime actress; she was of opinion, that in common life the truly sublime actor should be a hero, or heroine off the stage. "If I am only a vulgar and ordinary woman during twenty hours of the day, whatever effort I may make, I shall only be an ordinary and vulgar woman in Agrippina, or Semiramis, during the remaining four." In society she was nicknamed the Queen of Carthage, from her admirable personification of Dido in a tragedy of that name.

JOCULAR PREACHERS.

These preachers, whose works are excessively rare, form a race unknown to the general reader. I shall sketch the characters of these pious buffoons, before I introduce them to his acquaintance. They, as it has been said of Sterne, seemed to have wished, every now and then, to have thrown their wigs into the faces of their auditors.

These preachers flourished in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries; we are therefore

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to attribute their extravagant mixture of grave admonition with facetious illustration, comic tales which have been occasionally adopted by the most licentious writers, and minute and lively descriptions, to the great simplicity of the times, when the grossest indecency was never concealed under a gentle periphrasis, but every thing was called by its name. All this was enforced by the most daring personalities, and seasoned by those temporary allusions which neither spared, nor feared even the throne. These ancient sermons therefore are singularly precious, to those whose inquisitive pleasures are gratified by tracing the *manners* of former ages. When Henry Stephens, in his apology for Herodotus, describes the irregularities of the age, and the minutiæ of national manners, he effects this chiefly by extracts from these sermons. Their wit is not always the brightest, nor their satire the most poignant; but there is always that prevailing *naiveté* of the age, running through their rude eloquence, which interests the reflecting mind. In a word, these sermons were addressed to the multitude; and therefore they show good sense and absurdity; fancy and puerility; satire and insipidity; extravagance and truth.

Oliver Maillard, a famous cordelier, died in 1502. This preacher having pointed some keen traits in his sermons at Louis XI. the irritated

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monarch had our cordelier informed that he would throw him into the river. He replied undaunted, and not forgetting his satire: "The king may do as he chooses; but tell him that I shall sooner get to paradise by water, than he will arrive by all his post-horses." He alluded to travelling by post, which this monarch had lately introduced into France. This bold answer, it is said, intimidated Louis; it is certain that Maillard continued as courageous and satirical as ever in his pulpit.

The following extracts are descriptive of the manners of the times.

In attacking rapine and robbery, under the first head he describes a kind of usury, which was practised in the days of Ben Jonson, and I am told in the present, as well as in the times of Maillard. "This," says he, "is called a palliated usury. It is thus. When a person is in want of money, he goes to a treasurer (a kind of banker or merchant,) on whom he has an order for 1000 crowns; the treasurer tells him that he will pay him in a fortnight's time, when he is to receive the money. The poor man cannot wait. Our good treasurer tells him, I will give you half in money and half in goods. So he passes his goods that are worth 100 crowns for 200." He then touches on the bribes which these treasurers and clerks in office took,

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excusing themselves by alleging "the little pay they otherwise received. All these practices be sent to the devils!" cries Maillard, in thus addressing himself to the *ladies.* "It is for *you* all this damnation ensues. Yes! yes! you must have rich satins, and girdles of gold out of this accursed money. When any one has any thing to receive from the husband, he must first make a present to the wife of some fine gown, or girdle, or ring. If you ladies and gentlemen who are battening on your pleasures, and wear scarlet clothes, I believe if you were closely put in a good press, we should see the blood of the poor gush out, with which your scarlet is dyed."

Maillard notices the following curious particulars of the mode of *cheating in trade* in his times.

He is violent against the apothecaries for their cheats. They mix ginger with cinnamon, which they sell for real spices; they put their bags of ginger, pepper, saffron, cinnamon, and other drugs in damp cellars, that they may weigh heavier; they mix oil with saffron, to give it a colour, and to make it weightier. He does not forget those tradesmen who put water in their wool, and moisten their cloth that it may stretch; tavern-keepers, who sophisticate and mingle wines; to the very butchers who blow up their meat, and who mix hog's lard with the fat of their meat. He

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terribly declaims against those who buy with a great allowance of measure and weight, and then sell with a small measure and weight; and curses those who, when they weigh, press the scales down with their finger. But it is time to conclude with Master Oliver! His catalogue is, however, by no means exhausted; and it may not be amiss to observe, that the present age have retained every one of the sins which are here alleged.

The following extracts are from Menot's sermons, which are written like Maillard's, in a barbarous Latin mixed with old French.

Michael Menot died in 1518. I think he has more wit than Maillard, and occasionally displays a brilliant imagination; with the same singular mixture of grave declamation and farcical absurdities. He is called in the title-page the *golden-tongued.* It runs thus, *Predicatoris qui lingua aurea, sua tempestate nuncupatus est, Sermones quadragesimales, ab ipso olim Turonis declamati. Paris,* 1525, 8vo.

When he compares the church with a vine, he says, " There were once some Britons and Englishmen who would have carried away all France into their country, because they found our wine better than their beer; but as they well knew that they could not always remain in France, nor carry

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away France into their country, they would at least carry with them several stocks of vines; they planted some in England; but these stocks soon degenerated, because the soil was not adapted to them." Notwithstanding what Menot said in 1500, and that we have tried so often, we are still flattering ourselves that if we plant vineyards we may have English wine.

The following beautiful figure describes those who live neglectful of their aged parents, who had cherished them into prosperity. "See the trees flourish and recover their leaves; it is their root that has produced all; but when the branches are loaded with flowers and with fruits, they yield nothing to the root. This is an image of those children who prefer their own amusements, and to game away their fortunes, than to give to their old parents the cares which they want."

He acquaints us with the following circumstances of the immorality of that age: "Who has not got a mistress besides his wife? The poor wife eats the fruits of bitterness, and even makes the bed for the mistress." Oaths were not unfashionable in his day. "Since the world has been world, this crime was never greater. There were once pillories for these swearers; but now this crime is so common, that the child of five years

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can swear; and even the old dotard of eighty, who has only two teeth remaining, can fling out an oath!"

On the power of the fair sex of his day, he observes, "A father says, my son studies; he must have a bishoprick, or an abbey of 500 livres. Then he will have dogs, horses, and mistresses, like others. Another says, I will have my son placed at court, and have many honourable dignities. To succeed well, both employ the mediation of women; unhappily the church and the law are entirely at their disposal. We have artful Dalilahs who shear us close. For twelve crowns and an ell of velvet given to a woman, you gain the worst law-suit, and the best living."

In his last sermon, Menot recapitulates the various topics he had touched on during Lent. This extract will present a curious picture, and impress the mind with a just notion of the versatile talents of these preachers.

"I have told *ecclesiastics* how they should conduct themselves; not that they are ignorant of their duties; but I must ever repeat to girls, not to suffer themselves to be duped by them. I have told these ecclesiastics that they should imitate the lark; if she has a grain she does not remain idle, but feels her pleasure in singing, and in singing, always is ascending towards heaven. So they

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should not amass; but elevate the hearts of all to God; and not do as the frogs who are crying out day and night, and think they have a fine throat, but always remain fixed in the mud.

"I have told the *men of the law* that they should have the qualities of the eagle. The first is, that this bird when it flies fixes its eye on the sun; so all judges, counsellors, and attorneys, in judging, writing, and signing, should always have God before their eyes. And secondly, this bird is never greedy; it willingly shares its prey with others; so all lawyers, who are rich in crowns after having had their bills paid, should distribute some to the poor, particularly when they are conscious that their money arises from their prey.

"I have spoken of the *marriage state,* but all that I have said has been disregarded. See those wretches who break the hymeneal chains, and abandon their wives! they pass their holidays out of their parishes, because if they remained at home they must have joined their wives at church; they like their prostitutes better; and it will be so every day in the year! I would as well dine with a Jew or a heretic, as with them. What an infected place is this! Mistress Lubricity has taken possession of the whole city; look in every corner, and you'll be convinced.

"For you *married women!* If you have heard

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the nightingale's song, you must know that she sings during three months, and that she is silent when she has young ones. So there is a time in which you may sing and take your pleasures in the marriage state, and another to watch your children. Don't damn yourselves for them; and remember it would be better to see them drowned, than damned.

"As to *widows*, I observe, that the turtle withdraws and sighs in the woods, whenever she has lost her companion; so must they retire into the wood of the cross, and having lost their temporal husband, take no other but Jesus Christ.

"And to close all, I have told *girls* that they must fly from the company of men, and not permit them to embrace, nor even touch them. Look on the rose, it has a delightful odour; it embalms the place in which it is placed; but if you grasp it underneath, it will prick you till the blood issues. The beauty of the rose is the beauty of the girl. The beauty and perfume of the first invite to smell and to handle it, but when it is touched underneath it pricks sharply; the beauty of a girl likewise invites the hand; but you, my young ladies! you must never suffer this, for I tell you that every man who does this, designs to make you harlots."

These ample extracts will, I hope, convey the

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same pleasure to the reader, which I have received by collecting them from their scarce originals, little known even to the curious. Menot, it cannot be denied, displays a poetic imagination, and a fertility of conception, which distinguishes him among his rivals. The same taste and popular manner came into our country, and were suited to the simplicity of the age. In 1527, our Bishop Latimer preached a sermon, in which he expresses himself thus:—" Now, ye have heard what is meant by this *first card*, and how ye ought to *play*. I purpose again to *deal* unto you another *card of the same suit;* for they be of so nigh affinity, that one cannot be *well played* without the other." It is curious to observe about a century afterwards, as Fuller informs us, that when a country clergyman imitated these familiar allusions, the taste of the congregation had so changed that he was interrupted by peals of laughter!

Even in more modern times have Menot and Maillard found an imitator in little Father André, as well as others. His character has been variously drawn. He is by some represented as a kind of buffoon in the pulpit; but others more judiciously observe, that he only indulged his natural genius, and uttered humorous and lively things, as the good father observes himself, to keep the attention of his audience awake. He was not al-

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ways laughing, "He told many a bold truth," says the author of Guerre des Auteurs anciens et modernes, "that sent bishops to their dioceses, and made many a coquette blush.—He possessed the art of biting when he smiled; and more ably combated vice by his ingenious satire, than by those vague apostrophes, which no one takes to himself. While others were straining their minds to catch at sublime thoughts, which no one understood, he lowered his talents to the most humble situations, and to the minutest things. From them he drew his examples and his comparisons; and the one and the other never failed of success." Marville says, that "his expressions were full of shrewd simplicity. He made very free use of the most popular proverbs. His comparisons and figures were always borrowed from the most familiar and lowest things." To ridicule effectually the reigning vices, he willingly employed quirks or puns rather than sublime thoughts, and he was little solicitous of his choice of expression. Gasparo Gozzi, in Italy, had the same power in drawing unexpected inferences from vulgar and familiar occurrences. It was by this art WHITEFIELD obtained so many followers. In Piozzi's British Synonymes, Vol. II. p. 205, we have an instance of Gozzi's manner. In the time of Charles II. it became fashionable to

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introduce humour into sermons. Sterne seems to have revived it in his sermons; South's sparkle perpetually with wit and pun.

Far different, however, are the characters of the sublime preachers, of whom the French have preserved the following descriptions.

We have not any more, Bourdaloue, La Rue, and Massillon; but the idea which still exists of their manner of addressing their auditors may serve instead of lessons. Each had his own peculiar mode, always adapted to place, time, circumstance, to their auditors, their style, and their subject.

Bourdaloue, with a collected air, had little action; with eyes generally half closed, he penetrated the hearts of the people by the sound of a voice uniform and solemn. The tone with which a sacred orator pronounced the words, *Tu es ille vir*, "Thou art the man," in suddenly addressing them to one of the kings of France, struck more forcibly than their application. Madame De Sevigné describes our preacher, by saying, "Father Bourdaloue thunders at Notre Dame."

Le Rue appeared with the air of a prophet. His manner was irresistible, full of fire, intelligence, and force. He had strokes perfectly original. Several old men, his contemporaries, still shuddered

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at the recollection of the expression which he employed in an apostrophe to the God of vengeance, *Evaginare gladium tuum!*

The person of Massillon is still present to many. It seems, say his admirers, that he is yet in the pulpit with that air of simplicity, that modest demeanour, those eyes humbly declining, those unstudied gestures, that passionate tone, that mild countenance of a man penetrated with his subject, and conveying to the mind the most brilliant light, and to the heart the most tender emotions. Baron, the tragedian, coming out from one of his sermons, truth forced from his lips a confession humiliating to his profession: "My friend," said he to one of his companions, "this is an *orator!* and we are *only actors*."

MASTERLY IMITATORS.

THERE have been found occasionally some artists who could so perfectly imitate the spirit, the taste, the character, and the peculiarities of great masters, that they have not unfrequently deceived the most skilful connoisseurs. Michael Angelo sculptured a sleeping Cupid, of which having broke off an arm, he buried the statue in a place where he knew it would soon be found. The critics were

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never tired of admiring it, as one of the most precious relics of antiquity. It was sold to the Cardinal of St. George, to whom Michael Angelo discovered the whole mystery, by joining to the Cupid the arm which he had reserved.

An anecdote of Peter Mignard is more singular. This great artist painted a Magdalen on a canvas fabricated at Rome. A broker, in concert with Mignard, went to the Chevalier de Clairville, and told him as a secret that he was to receive from Italy a Magdalen of Guido, and his master-piece. The chevalier caught the bait, begged the preference, and purchased the picture at a very high price.

He was informed he had been imposed upon, and that the Magdalen was painted by Mignard. Mignard himself caused the alarm to be given, but the amateur would not believe it; all the connoisseurs agreed it was a Guido, and the famous Le Brun corroborated this opinion.

The chevalier came to Mignard:—"Some persons assure me that my Magdalen is your work!" —"Mine! they do me great honour. I am sure that Le Brun is not of this opinion."—"Le Brun swears it can be no other than a Guido. You shall dine with me, and meet several of the first connoisseurs."

On the day of meeting, the picture was again

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more closely inspected. Mignard hinted his doubts whether the piece was the work of that great master; he insinuated that it was possible to be deceived; and added, that if it was Guido's, he did not think it in his best manner. "It is a Guido, sir, and in his very best manner," replied Le Brun with warmth; and all the critics were unanimous. Mignard then spoke in a firm tone of voice: "And I, gentlemen, will wager three hundred louis that it is not a Guido." The dispute now became violent: Le Brun was desirous of accepting the wager. In a word, the affair became such that it could add nothing more to the glory of Mignard. "No, sir," replied the latter, "I am too honest to bet when I am certain to win. Monsieur Le Chevalier, this piece cost you 2000 crowns: the money must be returned,—the painting is *mine*." Le Brun would not believe it. "The proof," Mignard continued, "is easy. On this canvas, which is a Roman one, was the portrait of a cardinal; I will show you his cap."—The chevalier did not know which of the rival artists to credit. The proposition alarmed him. "He who painted the picture shall repair it," said Mignard. He took a pencil dipped in oil, and rubbing the hair of the Magdalen, discovered the cap of the cardinal.—The honour of the ingenious painter could no longer be disputed; Le Brun

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vexed, sarcastically exclaimed, "Always paint Guido, but never Mignard."

There is a collection of engravings by that ingenious artist Bernard Picart, which has been published under the title of *The Innocent Impostors.* Picart had long been vexed at the taste of his day, which ran wholly in favour of antiquity, and no one would look at, much less admire, a modern master. He published a pretended collection, or a set of prints, from the designs of the great painters; in which he imitated the etchings and engravings of the various masters, and much were these prints admired as the works of Guido, Rembrandt, and others. Having had his joke, they were published under the title of *Impostures Innocens.* The connoisseurs however are strangely divided in their opinion of the merit of this collection. Gilpin classes these "Innocent Impostors" among the most entertaining of his works, and is delighted by the happiness with which he has outdone in their own excellences the artists whom he copied; but Strutt, too grave to admit of jokes that twitch the connoisseurs, declares that they could never have deceived an experienced judge, and reprobates such kinds of ingenuity, played off at the cost of the venerable brotherhood of the cognoscenti!

The same thing was however done by Goltzius,

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who being disgusted at the preference given to the works of Albert Durer, Lucas of Leyden, and others of that school, and having attempted to introduce a better taste, which was not immediately relished, he published what was afterwards called his *master-pieces*. These are six prints in the style of these masters, merely to prove that Goltzius could imitate their works, if he thought proper. One of these, the Circumcision, he had painted on soiled paper, and to give it the brown tint of antiquity, had carefully smoked it, by which means it was sold as a curious performance, and deceived some of the most capital connoisseurs of the day, one of whom bought it as one of the finest engravings of Albert Durer. Even Strutt acknowledges the merit of Goltzius's *master-pieces!*

To these instances of artists I will add others of celebrated authors. Muretus rendered Joseph Scaliger, a great stickler for the ancients, highly ridiculous by an artifice which he practised. He sent some verses which he pretended were copied from an old manuscript. The verses were excellent, and Scaliger was credulous. After having read them, he exclaimed they were admirable, and affirmed that they were written by an old comic poet, Trabeus. He quoted them, in his commentary on Varro *de Re Rustica*, as one of the most precious fragments of antiquity. It was then, when he had fixed his foot firmly in the trap, that

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Muretus informed the world of the little dependence to be placed on the critical sagacity of one so prejudiced in favour of the ancients, and who considered his judgment as infallible.

The Abbé Regnier Desmarais, having written an ode, or, as the Italians call it, Canzone, sent it to the Abbé Strozzi at Florence, who used it to impose on three or four academicians of Della Crusca. He gave out that Leo Allatius, librarian of the Vatican, in examining carefully the MSS. of Petrarch preserved there, had found two pages slightly glued, which having separated, he had discovered this ode. The fact was not at first easily credited; but afterwards the similarity of style and manner rendered it highly probable. When Strozzi undeceived the public, it procured the Abbé Regnier a place in the academy, as an honourable testimony of his ingenuity.

Pere Commire, when Louis the XIVth resolved on the conquest of Holland, composed a Latin fable, intitled "The Sun and the Frogs," in which he assumed with such felicity the style and character of Phædrus, that the learned German critic Wolfius was deceived, and innocently inserted it in his edition of that fabulist.

Faminius Strada would have deceived most of the critics of his age, if he had given as the remains of antiquity the different pieces of history and poetry which he composed on the model of

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the ancients, in his *Prolusiones Academicæ.* To preserve probability he might have given out that he had drawn them from some old and neglected library; he had then only to have added a good commentary, tending to display the conformity of the style and manner of these fragments with the works of those authors to whom he ascribed them.

Sigonius was a great master of the style of Cicero, and ventured to publish a treatise *de consolatione*, as a composition of Cicero recently discovered; many were deceived by the counterfeit, which was performed with great dexterity, and was long received as genuine; but he could not deceive Lipsius, who, after reading only ten lines, threw it away, exclaiming, "*Vah! non est Ciceronis!*" The late Mr. Burke succeeded more skilfully in his "Vindication of Natural Society," which for a long time passed as the composition of Lord Bolingbroke: so perfect is this ingenious imposture of the spirit, manner, and course of thinking, of the noble author. I believe it was written for a wager, and fairly won.

EDWARD THE FOURTH.

Our Edward the Fourth was a gay and voluptuous prince; and probably owed his crown to

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his handsomeness, his enormous debts, and passion for the fair sex. He had many Jane Shores. Honest Philip de Comines, his contemporary, says, "That what greatly contributed to his entering London as soon as he appeared at its gates, was the great debts this Prince had contracted, which made his creditors gladly assist him; and the high favour in which he was held by the *Bourgeoises*, into whose good graces he had frequently glided, and who gained over to him their husbands, who, I suppose, for the tranquillity of their lives, were glad to depose, or to raise monarchs.—Many ladies and rich citizens' wives, of whom formerly he had great privacies and familiar acquaintance, gained over to him their husbands and relations."

This is the description of his voluptuous life; we must recollect, that the writer had been an eye-witness, and was an honest man; while modern historians only view objects through the colouring medium of their imagination.

"He had been during the last twelve years more accustomed to his ease and pleasure than any other prince who lived in his time. He had nothing in his thoughts but *les dames*, and of them more than was *reasonable*; and hunting-matches, good eating, and great care of his person. When he went in their seasons to these hunting-matches,

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he always had carried with him great pavilions for *les dames*, and at the same time gave splendid entertainments; so that it is not surprising that his person was as jolly as any one I ever saw. He was then young, and as handsome as any man of his age; but he has since become enormously fat."

Since I have got old Philip in my hand, the reader will not, perhaps, be displeased, if he attends to a little more of his *naiveté*, which will appear in the form of a *conversazione* of the times. He relates what passed between Edward and the king of France:

" When the ceremony of the oath was concluded, our king, who was desirous of being friendly, began to say to the king of England, in a laughing way, that he must come to Paris, and be jovial amongst our ladies; and that he would give him the Cardinal de Bourbon for his confessor, who would very willingly absolve him of any *sin* which perchance he might commit. The king of England seemed well pleased at the invitation, and laughed heartily; for he knew that the said cardinal was *un fort bon compagnon.* When the king was returning, he spoke on the road to me; and said, that he did not like to find the king of England, so much inclined to come to Paris. 'He is,' said he, 'a very *handsome* king: he likes the women too much. He may, probably,

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find one at Paris that may make him like to come too often, or stay too long. His predecessors have already been too much at Paris and in Normandy;' and that 'his company was not agreeable *this side of the sea;* but that, beyond the sea, he wished to be *bon frere et amy.*'"

I have called Philip de Comines *honest.* The old writers, from the simplicity of their style, usually receive this honourable epithet; but sometimes they deserve it as little as most modern memoir-writers. No enemy is indeed so terrible as a man of genius. Comines's violent enmity to the Duke of Burgundy, which appears in these Memoirs, has been traced by the minute researchers of anecdotes; and the cause is not honourable to the memoir-writer, whose resentment was implacable. De Comines was born a subject of the Duke of Burgundy, and for seven years had been a favourite; but one day returning from hunting with the Duke, then Count de Charolois, in familiar jocularity he sat himself down before the prince, ordering the prince to pull off his boots. The count laughed and did this, but in return for Comines's princely amusement, dashed the boot in his face, and gave Comines a bloody nose. From that time he was mortified in the court of Burgundy by the nickname of the *booted head.* Comines long felt a rankling wound in his mind; and

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after this family quarrel, for it was nothing more, he went over to the king of France, and wrote off his bile against the Duke of Burgundy in those "Memoirs," which give posterity a caricature likeness of that prince, whom he is ever censuring for presumption, obstinacy, pride, and cruelty. This Duke of Burgundy however, it is said, with many virtues, had but one great vice, the vice of sovereigns, that of ambition!

The impertinence of Comines had not been chastised with great severity; but the nickname was never forgiven: unfortunately for the duke, Comines was a man of genius. When we are versed in the history of the times, we shall often discover that memoir-writers have some secret poison in their hearts. Many, like Comines, have had the boot dashed on their nose. Personal rancour wonderfully enlivens the style of Lord Orford and Cardinal de Retz. Memoirs are often dictated by its fiercest spirit; and then histories are composed from memoirs. Where is TRUTH? Not always in histories and memoirs!

ELIZABETH.

THIS great queen, says Marville, passionately admired handsome persons, and he was already

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far advanced in her favour who approached her with beauty and grace. She had so unconquerable an aversion for ugly and ill-made men, who had been treated unfortunately by nature, that she could not endure their presence.

When she issued from her palace, her guards were careful to disperse from before her eyes hideous and deformed people, the lame, the hunch-backed, &c. in a word, all those whose appearance might shock her fastidious sensations.

" There is this singular and admirable in the conduct of Elizabeth, that she made her pleasures subservient to her politics, and she maintained her affairs by what in general occasions the ruin of princes. So secret were her amours, that even to the present day their mysteries cannot be penetrated; but the utility she drew from them is public, and always operated for the good of her people. Her lovers were her ministers, and her ministers were her lovers. Love commanded, love was obeyed; and the reign of this princess was happy, because it was a reign of *Love,* in which its chains and its slavery are liked!"

The origin of Raleigh's advancement in the queen's graces, was by an act of gallantry. Raleigh spoiled a new plush cloak, while the queen stepping cautiously on it, shot forth a smile, in which he read promotion. Captain Raleigh soon

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became Sir Walter, and rapidly advanced in the queen's favour.

Hume has furnished us with ample proofs of the *passion* which her courtiers feigned for her, and which, with others I shall give, confirm the opinion of Vigneul Marville, who did not know probably the *reason* why her amours were never discovered; which, indeed, never went further at the highest than boisterous or extreme gallantry. Hume has preserved in his notes a letter written by Raleigh. It is a perfect amorous composition. After having exerted his poetic talents to exalt *her charms* and *his affection*, he concludes, by comparing her majesty, who was then *sixty*, to Venus and Diana. Sir Walter was not her only courtier who wrote in this style. Even in her old age she affected a strange fondness for music and dancing, and a kind of childish drollery, by which however her court seemed a court of love, and she the sovereign. A curious anecdote in a letter of the times has reached us. Secretary Cecil, the youngest son of Lord Burleigh, seems to have perfectly entered into her character. Lady Derby wore about her neck and in her bosom a portrait; the queen espying it, inquired about it, but her ladyship was anxious to conceal it. The queen insisted on having it, and discovering it to be the portrait of young Cecil, she snatched it away, and tying it upon her

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shoe, walked long with it; afterwards she pinned it on her elbow, and wore it some time there. Secretary Cecil hearing of this, composed some verses and got them set to music; this music the queen insisted on hearing. In his verses Cecil sung that he repined not, though her majesty was pleased to grace others; he contented himself with the favour she had given him, by wearing his portrait on her feet and her elbow! The writer of the letter adds, "All these things are very secret." In this manner she contrived to lay the fastest hold on her able servants, and her servants on her.

Those who are intimately acquainted with the private anecdotes of those times, know what encouragement this royal coquette gave to most who were near her person. Dodd, in his Church History, says, that the Earls of Arran and Arundel, and Sir William Pickering, "were not out of hopes of gaining Queen Elizabeth's affections in a matrimonial way."

She encouraged every person of eminence: she even went so far on the anniversary of her coronation, as publicly to take a ring from her finger, and put it on the Duke of Alençon's hand. She also ranked amongst her suitors, Henry the Third of France, and Henry the Great.

She never forgave Buzenval for ridiculing her bad pronunciation of the French language; and

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when Henry IV. sent him over on an embassy, she would not receive him. So nice was the irritable pride of this great queen, that she made her private injuries matters of state.

"This queen," writes Du Maurier, in his *Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire de Hollande*, "who displayed so many heroic accomplishments, had this foible, of wishing to be thought beautiful by all the world. I heard from my father, that having been sent to her, at every audience he had with her majesty, she pulled off her gloves more than a hundred times to display her hands, which indeed were very beautiful and very white."

Another anecdote, not less curious, relates to the affair of the Duke of Anjou and our Elizabeth, and one more proof of her partiality for handsome men. The writer was Lewis Guyon, a contemporary of the times he notices.

"Francis Duke of Anjou being desirous of marrying a crowned head, caused proposals of marriage to be made to Elizabeth queen of England. Letters passed betwixt them, and their portraits were exchanged. At length her majesty informed him, that she would never contract a marriage with any one who sought her, if she did not first *see his person.* If he would not come, nothing more should be said on the subject. This prince, over-pressed by his young friends, (who were as

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little able of judging as himself,) paid no attention to the counsels of men of maturer judgment. He passed over to England without a splendid train. The said lady contemplated his *person:* she found him *ugly,* disfigured by deep scars of the *small-pox,* and that he also had an *ill-shaped nose,* with *swellings in the neck!* All these were so many reasons with her, that he could never be admitted into her good graces."

Puttenham, in his very rare book of the "Art of Poesie," p. 248, notices the grace and majesty of Elizabeth's demeanour, "her stately manner of walk, with a certaine granditie rather than gravitie, marching with leysure, which our sovereign ladye and mistresse is accustomed to doe generally, unless it be when she walketh apace for her pleasure, or to catch her a heate in the cold mornings."

By the following extract from a letter from one of her gentlemen, we discover that her usual habits, though studious, were not of the gentlest kind, and that the service she exacted from her attendants was not borne without concealed murmurs. The writer groans in secrecy to his friend. Sir John Stanhope writes to Sir Robert Cecil in 1598. "I was all the afternowne with her majestie, *at my booke,* and then thinking to rest me, went in agayne with your letter. She was pleased with the Filo-

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sofer's stone, and hath ben *all this daye reasonably quyett.* Mr. Grevell is absent, and I am tyed so as I cannot styrr, but shall be *at the wourse* for yt, these two dayes!"

Puttenham, p. 249, has also recorded an honourable anecdote of Elizabeth, and characteristic of that high majesty which was in her thoughts, as well as in her actions. When she came to the crown, a knight of the realm who had insolently behaved to her when Lady Elizabeth, fell upon his knees to her, and besought her pardon, suspecting to be sent to the Tower: she replied mildly, "Do you not know that we are descended of the *lion,* whose nature is not to harme or prey upon the mouse, or any other such small vermin?"

Queen Elizabeth was taught to write by the celebrated *Roger Ascham.* Her writing is extremely beautiful and correct, as may be seen by examining a little manuscript book of prayers, preserved in the British Museum. I have seen her first writing-book preserved at Oxford in the Bodleian Library; the gradual improvement of her majesty's hand-writing, is very honourable to her diligence; but the most curious thing is the paper on which she tried her pens; this she usually did by writing the name of her beloved brother Edward; a proof of the early and ardent attachment she formed to that amiable prince.

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The education of Elizabeth had been severely classical; she thought, and she wrote in all the spirit of the great characters of antiquity; and her speeches and her letters are studded with apophthegms, and a terseness of ideas and language, that give an exalted idea of her mind. In her evasive answers to the commons, in reply to their petition to her majesty to marry, she has employed an energetic word. "Were I to tell you that I do not mean to marry, I might say less than I intend; and were I to tell you that I do mean to marry, I might say more than it is proper for you to know; therefore I give you an *answer*, ANSWERLESS!"

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

The Chinese language is like no other on the globe; it is said to contain not more than about 330 words, but it is by no means monotonous, for it has four accents, the even, the raised, the lessened, and the returning, which multiply every word into four; as difficult, says Mr. Astle, for an European to understand, as it is for a Chinese to comprehend the six pronunciations of the French E. In fact they can so diversify their monosyllabic words by the different *tones* which they give them,

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that the same character differently accented, signifies sometimes ten or more different things.

From the twenty-ninth volume of the *Lettres Edifiantes et Curieuses* I take the present critically humorous account of this language.

P. Bourgeois, one of the missionaries, attempted, after ten months residence at Pekin, to preach in the Chinese language. These are the words of the good father. "God knows how much this first Chinese sermon cost me! I can assure you, this language resembles no other. The same word has never but one termination; and then adieu to all that in our declensions distinguishes the gender, and the number of things we would speak; adieu, in the verbs, to all which might explain the active person, how and in what time it acts, if it acts alone or with others: in a word, with the Chinese the same word is substantive, adjective, verb, singular, plural, masculine, feminine, &c. It is the person who hears who must arrange the circumstances, and guess them. Add to all this, that all the words of this language are reduced to three hundred and a few more; that they are pronounced in so many different ways, that they signify eighty thousand different things, which are expressed by as many different characters. This is not all: the arrangement of all these monosyllables appears to be under no general rule; so

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that to know the language after having learnt the words, we must learn every particular phrase: the least inversion would make you unintelligible to three parts of the Chinese.

"I will give you an example of their words. They told me *chou* signifies a *book:* so that I thought whenever the word *chou* was pronounced, a *book* was the subject. Not at all! *Chou*, the next time I heard it, I found signified a *tree*. Now I was to recollect, *chou* was a *book*, or a *tree*. But this amounted to nothing: *chou*, I found, expressed also *great heats; chou* is to *relate; chou* is the *Aurora; chou* means to be *accustomed; chou* expresses the *loss of a wager*, &c. I should not finish, were I to attempt to give you all its significations.

"Notwithstanding these singular difficulties, could one but find a help in the perusal of their books, I should not complain. But this is impossible! Their language is quite different from that of simple conversation. What will ever be an insurmountable difficulty to every European, is the pronunciation: every word may be pronounced in five different tones; yet every tone is not so distinct that an unpractised ear can easily distinguish it. These monosyllables fly with amazing rapidity; then they are continually disguised by elisions, which sometimes hardly leave any thing of two monosyllables. From an aspirated

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tone, you must pass immediately to an even one; from a whistling note to an inward one; sometimes your voice must proceed from the palate; sometimes it must be guttural, and almost always nasal. I recited my sermon at least fifty times to my servant, before I spoke it in public; and yet I am told, though he continually corrected me, that, of the ten parts of the sermon, (as the Chinese express themselves,) they hardly understood three. Fortunately, the Chinese are wonderfully patient; and they are astonished that any ignorant stranger should be able to learn two words of their language."

It is not less curious to be informed, as Dr. Hager tells us in his Elementary Characters of the Chinese, that "Satires are often composed in China, which, if you attend to the *characters*, their import is pure and sublime; but if you regard the *tone* only, they contain a meaning ludicrous or obscene." He adds, "In the Chinese *one word* sometimes corresponds to three or four thousand characters; a property quite opposite to that of our language, in which *myriads* of different *words* are expressed by the *same letters*."

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MEDICAL MUSIC.

In the Philosophical Magazine for May 1806, we find that "several of the medical literati on the continent are at present engaged in making inquiries and experiments upon the *influence of music in the cure of diseases.*" The learned Dusaux is said to lead the band of this new tribe of *amateurs* and *cognoscenti.*

The subject having excited my curiosity, though I since have found that it is no new discovery, the reader ought to receive indulgently the profit of my discoveries; all which I do not wish to pass on him for more than they are worth.

There is a curious article in Dr. Burney's History of Music, "On the medicinal Powers attributed to Music by the Ancients," which he derived from the learned labours of a modern physician, M. Burette, who doubtless could play a tune to, as well as prescribe one to his patient. He conceives that music can relieve the pains of the sciatica, and that independent of the greater or less skill of the musician; by flattering the ear, and diverting the attention, and occasioning certain vibrations of the nerves, it can remove those obstructions which occasion this disorder. M. Burette, and many modern physicians and philo-

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sophers, have believed that music has the power of affecting the mind, and the whole nervous system, so as to give a temporary relief in certain diseases, and even a radical cure. De Mairan, Bianchini, and other respectable names, have pursued the same career. But the ancients record miracles!

Some years ago, the Rev. Dr. Mitchell of Brighthelmstone wrote a dissertation, "*De Arte Medendi, apud Priscos Musices ope atque Carminum,*" printed for J. Nichols 1783. He writes under the assumed name of Michael Gaspar; but whether this learned dissertator be grave or jocular, more than one critic has not been able to resolve me. I suspect it to be a satire on the parade of learning of certain German *eruditi*, who prove any point by the weakest analogies and the most fanciful conceits. The following summary will convey an idea of this dissertation.

Amongst barbarous or half-civilized nations, diseases have been generally attributed to the influence of evil spirits. The depression of mind which is generally attendant on sickness, and the delirium accompanying certain stages of disease, seem to have been considered as especially denoting the immediate influence of a demon. The effect of music in raising the energies of the mind, or what we commonly call animal spirits, was

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obvious to early observation. Its power of attracting strong attention, may in some cases have appeared to affect even those who laboured under a considerable degree of mental disorder. The accompanying depression of mind was considered as a part of the disease, perhaps rightly enough, and music was prescribed as a remedy to remove the symptom; when experience had not ascertained the probable cause. Homer, whose heroes exhibit high passions, but not refined manners, represents the Grecian army as employing music to stay the raging of the plague. The Jewish nation, in the time of King David, appear not to have been much further advanced in civilization; accordingly we find David employed in his youth to remove the mental derangement of Saul by his harp. The method of cure was suggested as a common one in those days, by Saul's servants; and the success is not mentioned as a miracle. Pindar, with poetic licence, speaks of Æsculapius healing acute disorders with soothing songs; but Æsculapius, whether man or deity, or between both, is a physician of the days of barbarism and fable. Pliny scouts the idea that music should affect real bodily injury, but quotes Homer on the subject; mentions Theophrastus as suggesting a tune for the cure of the hip gout, and Cato, as entertaining a fancy that it had a good effect when

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limbs were out of joint, and that Varro thought it good for the gout. Aulus Gellius cites a work of Theophrastus, which recommends music as a specific for the bite of a viper. Boyle and Shakspeare mention the effects of music super vesicam. Kircher's "Musurgia," and Swinburne's Travels, relate the effects of music on those who are bitten by the tarantula. Sir W. Temple seems to have given credit to the stories of the power of music over diseases.

The ancients indeed record miracles; at least none in "the golden legend" appear to be more so than the tales they relate of the medicinal powers of music. A fever is removed by a song, and deafness is cured by a trumpet, and the pestilence is chased away by the sweetness of an harmonious lyre. That deaf people can hear best in a great noise, is a fact alleged by some moderns, in favour of the ancient story of curing deafness by a trumpet. Dr. Willis tells us, says Dr. Burney, of a lady who could *hear* only while *a drum was beating*, insomuch that her husband, the account says, hired a drummer as her servant, in order to enjoy the pleasure of her conversation.

Music and the sounds of instruments, says the lively Vigneul de Marville, contribute to the health of the body and the mind, they assist the circulation of the blood, they dissipate vapours, and open the

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vessels so that the action of perspiration is freer. He tells a story of a person of distinction, who assured him, that once being suddenly seized by violent illness, instead of a consultation of physicians, he immediately called a band of musicians, and their violins played so well in his inside, that his bowels became perfectly in tune, and in a few hours were harmoniously becalmed. I once heard a story of Farinelli the famous singer, who was sent for to Madrid, to try the effect of his magical voice on the king of Spain. His majesty was buried in the profoundest melancholy, nothing could raise an emotion in him; he lived in a total oblivion of life; he sate in a darkened chamber, entirely given up to the most distressing kind of madness. The physicians ordered Farinelli at first to sing in an outer room; and for the first day or two this was done, without any effect on the royal patient. At length it was observed, the king, awakening from his stupor, seemed to listen; on the next day tears were seen starting in his eyes; the day after he ordered the door of his chamber to be left open—and at length the perturbed spirit entirely left our modern Saul, and the *medicinal voice* of Farinelli effected what no other medicine could.

I now prepare to give the reader some *facts*, which he may consider as a trial of credulity.—

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Their authorities are however not contemptible.—Naturalists assert that animals and birds, as well as "knotted oaks," as Congreve informs us, are sensible to the charms of music. This may serve as an instance:—An officer was confined in the Bastile. He begged the governor to permit him the use of his lute, to soften, by the harmonies of his instrument, the rigours of his prison. At the end of a few days, this modern Orpheus, playing on his lute, was greatly astonished to see frisking out of their holes great numbers of mice; and descending from their woven habitations, crowds of spiders, who formed a circle about him, while he continued breathing his soul-subduing instrument. His surprise was at first so great, that he was petrified with astonishment; when having ceased to play, the assembly, who did not come to see his person, but to hear his instrument, immediately broke up. As he had a great dislike to spiders, it was two days before he ventured again to touch his instrument. At length, having conquered, for the novelty of his company, his dislike of them, he recommenced his concert, when the assembly was by far more numerous than at first; and in the course of farther time, he found himself surrounded by a hundred *musical amateurs.* Having thus succeeded in attracting this company, he treacherously contrived to get rid of them at his

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will. For this purpose he begged the keeper to give him a cat, which he put in a cage, and let loose at the very instant when the little hairy people were most entranced by the Orphean skill he displayed.

The Abbé Olivet has described an amusement of Pelisson during his confinement in the Bastile, which consisted in feeding a spider, which he discovered forming its web in the corner of the small window. For some time he placed his flies at the edge, while his valet, who was with him, played on a bag-pipe: little by little, the spider used itself to distinguish the sound of the instrument, and issued from its hole to run and catch its prey. Thus calling it always by the same sound, and placing the flies at a still greater distance, he succeeded, after several months, to drill the spider by regular exercise, so that it at length never failed appearing at the first sound to seize on the fly provided for it, even on the knees of the prisoner.

Marville has given us the following curious anecdote on this subject. He says, that doubting the truth of those who say it is natural for us to love music, especially the sound of instruments, and that beasts themselves are touched with it, being one day in the country I inquired into the truth; and, while a man was playing on the trump marine, made my observations on a cat, a dog, a

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horse, an ass, a hind, cows, small birds, and a cock and hens, who were in a yard, under a window on which I was leaning. I did not perceive that the cat was the least affected, and I even judged, by her air, that she would have given all the instruments in the world for a mouse, sleeping in the sun all the time; the horse stopped short from time to time before the window, raising his head up now and then, as he was feeding on the grass; the dog continued for above an hour seated on his hind legs, looking steadfastly at the player; the ass did not discover the least indication of his being touched, eating his thistles peaceably; the hind lifted up her large wide ears, and seemed very attentive; the cows slept a little, and after gazing, as though they had been acquainted with us, went forward; some little birds who were in an aviary, and others on the trees and bushes, almost tore their little throats with singing; but the cock, who minded only his hens, and the hens, who were solely employed in scraping a neighbouring dunghill, did not show in any manner that they took the least pleasure in hearing the trump marine.

A modern traveller assures us, that he has repeatedly observed in the island of Madeira, that the lizards are attracted by the notes of music, and that he has assembled a number of them by

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the powers of his instrument. He tells us also, that when the negroes catch them, for food, they accompany the chase by whistling some tune, which has always the effect of drawing great numbers towards them. Stedman, in his expedition to Surinam, describes certain sibyls among the negroes, who among several singular practices can charm or conjure down from the tree certain serpents, who will wreath about the arms, neck, and breast of the pretended sorceress, listening to her voice. The sacred writers speak of the charming of adders and serpents; and nothing, says he, is more notorious than that the eastern Indians will rid the houses of the most venomous snakes, by charming them with the sound of a flute, which calls them out of their holes. These anecdotes, which may startle some, seem to be fully confirmed by Sir William Jones, in his curious dissertation on the musical modes of the Hindus.

"After food, when the operations of digestion and absorption give so much employment to the vessels, that a temporary state of mental repose must be found, especially in hot climates, essential to health, it seems reasonable to believe that a few agreeable airs, either heard or played without effort, must have all the good effects of sleep, and none of its disadvantages; *putting the soul in tune*, as Milton says, for any subsequent exertion; an

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experiment often successfully made by myself. I have been assured by a credible eye-witness, that two wild antelopes used often to come from their woods to the place where a more savage beast, Siràjuddaulah, entertained himself with concerts, and that they listened to the strains with an appearance of pleasure, till the monster, in whose soul there was no music, shot one of them to display his archery. A learned native told me, that he had frequently seen the most venomous and malignant snakes leave their holes upon hearing tunes on a flute, which, as he supposed, gave them peculiar delight. An intelligent Persian declared he had more than once been present, when a celebrated lutenist, surnamed Bulbul, (i. e. the nightingale,) was playing to a large company, in a grove near Schiraz, where he distinctly saw the nightingales trying to vie with the musician, sometimes warbling on the trees, sometimes fluttering from branch to branch, as if they wished to approach the instrument, and at length dropping on the ground in a kind of ecstasy, from which they were soon raised, he assured me, by a change of the mode."

Jackson of Exeter, in reply to the question of Dryden, " What passion cannot music raise or quell?" sarcastically returns, " What passion *can* music raise or quell?" Would not a savage, who

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had never listened to a musical instrument, feel certain emotions at listening to one for the first time? But civilized man is, no doubt, particularly affected by *association of ideas,* as all pieces of national music evidently prove.

The RANS DES VACHES, mentioned by Rousseau, in his Dictionary of Music, though without any thing striking in the composition, has such a powerful influence over the Swiss, and impresses them with so violent a desire to return to their own country, that it is forbidden to be played in the Swiss regiments, in the French service, on pain of death. There is also a Scotch tune, which has the same effect on some of our North Britons. In one of our battles in Calabria, a bagpiper of the 78th Highland regiment, when the light infantry charged the French, posted himself on their right, and remained in his solitary situation during the whole of the battle, encouraging the men with a famous Highland charging-tune; and actually upon the retreat and complete rout of the French changed it to another, equally celebrated in Scotland upon the retreat of and victory over an enemy. His next-hand neighbour guarded him so well that he escaped unhurt. This was the spirit of the "Last Minstrel," who infused courage among his countrymen, by possessing it in so animated a degree and in so venerable a character.

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MINUTE WRITING.

The Iliad of Homer in a nutshell, which Pliny says that Cicero once saw, it is pretended might have been a fact, however to some it may appear impossible. Ælian notices an artist who wrote a distich in letters of gold, which he enclosed in the rind of a grain of corn.

Antiquity and modern times record many such penmen, whose glory consisted in writing in so small a hand that the writing could not be legible to the naked eye. One wrote a verse of Homer on a grain of millet, and another, more indefatigably trifling, transcribed the whole Iliad in so confined a space, that it could be enclosed in a nutshell. Menage mentions, he saw whole sentences which were not perceptible to the eye without the microscope; and pictures and portraits, which appeared at first to be lines and scratches thrown down at random; one of them formed the face of the Dauphiness, with the most pleasing delicacy and correct resemblance. He read an Italian poem, in praise of this princess, containing some thousands of verses, written by an officer in a space of a foot and a half. This species of curious idleness has not been lost in our own country; where this minute writing has equalled any on record.

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Peter Bales, a celebrated calligraphist in the reign of Elizabeth, astonished the eyes of beholders by showing them what they could not see; for in the Harleian MSS. 530, we have a narrative of "a rare piece of work brought to pass by Peter Bales, an Englishman, and a clerk of the chancery;" it seems by the description to have been the whole Bible "in an English walnut no bigger than a hen's egg. The nut holdeth the book: there are as many leaves in his little book as the great Bible, and he hath written as much in one of his little leaves as a great leaf of the Bible." We are told that this wonderfully unreadable copy of the Bible was "seen by many thousands." There is a drawing of the head of Charles I. in the library of St. John's College at Oxford, wholly composed of minute written characters, which at a small distance resemble the lines of an engraving. The lines of the head, and the ruff, are said to contain the book of Psalms, the Creed, and the Lord's prayer. In the British Museum we find a drawing representing the portrait of Queen Anne, not much above the size of the hand. On this drawing appear a number of lines and scratches, which the librarian assures the marvelling spectator, includes the entire contents of a thin *folio*, which on this occasion is carried in the hand.

On this subject it may be worth noticing, that

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the learned Huet asserts that he, like the rest of the world, for a long time considered as a fiction the story of that industrious writer who is said to have enclosed the Iliad in a nutshell. But having examined the matter more closely, he thought it possible. One day in company at the Dauphin's, this learned man trifled half an hour in proving it. A piece of vellum, about ten inches in length and eight in width, pliant and firm, can be folded up and enclosed in the shell of a large walnut. It can hold in its breadth one line, which can contain 30 verses, and in its length 250 lines. With a crow-quill the writing can be perfect. A page of this piece of vellum will then contain 7500 verses, and the reverse as much; the whole 15,000 verses of the Iliad. And this he proved in their presence, by using a piece of paper, and with a common pen. The thing is possible to be effected; and if on any occasion paper should be most excessively rare, it may be useful to know, that a volume of matter may be contained in a single leaf.

NUMERAL FIGURES.

The learned, after many contests, have at length agreed that the numeral figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7,

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8, 9, usually called *Arabic*, are of *Indian* origin. The Arabians do not pretend to have been the inventors of them, but borrowed them from the Indian nations. The numeral characters of the Bramins, the Persians, and the Arabians, and other eastern nations, are similar. They appear afterwards to have been introduced into several European nations, by their respective travellers, who returned from the east. They were admitted into calendars and chronicles, but they were not introduced into charters, says Mr. Astle, before the sixteenth century. The Spaniards, no doubt, derived their use from the Moors who invaded them. In 1240, the Alphonsean astronomical tables were made by the order of Alphonsus X. by a Jew, and an Arabian; they used these numerals, from whence the Spaniards contend that they were first introduced by them.

They were not generally used in Germany until the beginning of the fourteenth century; but in general the forms of the cyphers were not permanently fixed there till after the year 1531. The Russians were strangers to them, before Peter the Great had finished his travels in the beginning of the present century.

The origin of these useful characters with the Indians and Arabians, is attributed to their great

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skill in the arts of astronomy and of arithmetic, which required more convenient characters than alphabetic letters, for the expressing of numbers.

Before the introduction into Europe of these Arabic numerals, they used alphabetical characters, or *Roman numerals.* The learned authors of the Nouveau Traité Diplomatique, the most valuable work on every thing concerning the arts and progress of writing, have given some curious notices on the origin of the Roman numerals. They say, that originally men counted by their fingers; thus to mark the first four numbers they used an I, which naturally represents them. To mark the fifth, they chose a V, which is made out by bending inwards the three middle fingers, and stretching out only the thumb and the little finger; and for the tenth they used an X, which is a double V, one placed topsyturvy under the other. From this the progression of these numbers is always from one to five, and from five to ten. The hundred was signified by the capital letter of that word in Latin C—centum. The other letters D for 500, and M for a 1000, were afterwards added. They subsequently abbreviated their characters, by placing one of these figures before another; and the figure of less value before a higher number, denotes that so much may be deducted from the greater number; for instance, IV signifies five

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less one, that is four; IX ten less one, that is nine; but these abbreviations are not found amongst the most ancient monuments. These numerical letters are still continued by us, in recording accounts in our exchequer.

That men counted originally by their fingers, is no improbable supposition; it is still naturally practised by the vulgar of the most enlightened nations. In more uncivilized states, small stones have been used, and the etymologists derive the words *calculate* and *calculation* from *calculus*, which is the Latin term for a pebble-stone, and by which they denominated their counters used for arithmetical computations.

Professor Ward, in a learned dissertation on this subject in the Philosophical Transactions, concludes, that it is easier to falsify the Arabic cyphers than the Roman alphabetic numerals; when 1375 is dated in Arabic cyphers, if the 3 is only changed, three centuries are taken away; if the 3 is made into a 9 and take away the 1, four hundred years are added. Such accidents have assuredly produced much confusion among our ancient manuscripts, and still do in our printed books; which is the reason that Dr. Robertson in his histories has always preferred writing his dates in *words*, rather than confide them to the care of a negligent printer. Gibbon observes, that some remarkable

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mistakes have happened by the word *mil.* in MSS. which is an abbreviation for *soldiers*, or *thousands*; and to this blunder he attributes the incredible numbers of martyrdoms, which cannot otherwise be accounted for by historical records.

ENGLISH ASTROLOGERS.

A BELIEF in judicial astrology can now only exist in the people, who may be said to have no belief at all; for mere traditional sentiments can hardly be said to amount to a *belief*. But a faith in this ridiculous system in our country is of late existence; it was a favourite superstition with the learned, and as the ingenious Tenhove observes, whenever an idea germinates in a learned head, it shoots with additional luxuriances.

When Charles the First was confined, Lilly the astrologer was consulted for the hour which would favour his escape.

A story, which strongly proves how greatly Charles the Second was bigoted to judicial astrology, and whose mind was certainly not unenlightened, is recorded in Burnet's History of his Own Times.

The most respectable characters of the age, Sir William Dugdale, Elias Ashmole, Dr. Grew, and

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others, were members of an astrological club. Congreve's character of Foresight, in Love for Love, was then no uncommon person, though the humour now is scarcely intelligible.

Dryden cast the nativities of his sons; and, what is remarkable, his prediction relating to his son Charles took place. This incident is of so late a date, one might hope it would have been cleared up: but, if it is a fact, we must allow it affords a rational exultation to its irrational adepts.

In 1670, the passion for horoscopes and expounding the stars prevailed in France among the first rank. The new-born child was usually presented naked to the astrologer, who read the first lineaments in its forehead, and the transverse lines in its hand, and thence wrote down its future destiny. Catherine de Medicis brought Henry IV. then a child, to old Nostradamus, whom antiquaries esteem more for his chronicle of Provence, than his vaticinating powers. The sight of the reverend seer, with a beard which "streamed like a meteor in the air," terrified the future hero, who dreaded a whipping from so grave a personage. Will it be credited that one of these magicians having assured Charles IX. that he would live as many days as he should turn about on his heels in an hour, standing on one leg, that his majesty every morning performed that solemn exercise for an

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hour. The principal officers of the court, the judges, the chancellors, and generals, likewise, in compliment, standing on one leg and turning round!

It has been reported of several famous for their astrologic skill, that they have suffered a voluntary death merely to verify their own predictions; this has been said of *Cardan*, and *Burton* the author of the Anatomy of Melancholy.

It is curious to observe the shifts to which astrologers are put when their predictions are not verified. Great *winds* were predicted, by a famous adept, about the year 1586. No unusual storms however happened. Bodin, to save the reputation of the art, applied it as a *figure* to some *revolutions* in the *state;* and of which there were instances enough at that moment. Among their lucky and unlucky days, they pretend to give those of various illustrious persons and of families. One is very striking.—Thursday was the unlucky day of our Henry VIII. He, his son Edward VI. Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, all died on a Thursday! This fact had, no doubt, great weight in this controversy of the astrologers with their adversaries.

The life of Lilly the astrologer, written by himself, is a curious work. He is the Sidrophel of Butler. It contains so much artless narrative, and

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at the same time so much palpable imposture, that it is difficult to know when he is speaking what he really believes to be the truth. In a sketch of the state of astrology in his day, those adepts, whose characters he has drawn, were the lowest miscreants of the town. They all speak of each other as rogues and impostors. Such were Booker, George Wharton, Gadbury, who gained a livelihood by practising on the credulity of even men of learning so late as in 1650, to the eighteenth century. In Ashmole's Life an account of these artful impostors may be found. Most of them had taken the air in the pillory, and others had conjured themselves up to the gallows. This seems a true statement of facts. But Lilly informs us, that in his various conferences with *angels*, their voice resembled that of the *Irish!*

The work is curious for the anecdotes of the times it contains. The amours of Lilly with his mistress are characteristic. He was a very artful man, by his own accounts; and admirably managed matters which required deception and invention.

Astrology greatly flourished in the time of the civil wars. The royalists and the rebels had their *astrologers,* as well as their *soldiers!* and the predictions of the former had a great influence over the latter.

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On this subject, it may gratify curiosity to notice three or four works, which bear an excessive price. The price cannot entirely be occasioned by their rarity, and I am induced to suppose that we have still adepts, whose faith must be strong, or whose scepticism weak.

These Chaldean sages were nearly put to the rout by a quarto park of artillery, fired on them by Mr. John Chamber in 1691. Apollo did not use Marsyas more inhumanly than his scourging pen this mystical race, and his personalities made them feel more sore. However, a Norwich knight, the very Quixote of astrology, arrayed in the enchanted armour of his occult authors, encountered this pagan in a most stately carousal. He came forth with "A Defence of Judiciall Astrologye, in answer to a treatise lately published by Mr. John Chamber. By Sir Christopher Heydon, Knight, printed at Cambridge 1603." This is a handsome quarto of about 500 pages. Sir Christopher is a learned and lively writer, and a knight worthy to defend a better cause. But his Dulcinea had wrought most wonderfully on his imagination. This defence of this fanciful science, if science it may be called, demonstrates nothing, while it defends every thing. It confutes, according to the knight's own ideas: it alleges a few scattered facts in favour of astrological predictions,

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which may be picked up in that immensity of fabling which disgraces history. He strenuously denies, or ridicules, what the greatest writers have said against this fanciful art, while he lays great stress on some passages from obscure authors, or what is worse, from authors of no authority. The most pleasant part is at the close, where he defends the art from the objections of Mr. Chamber by recrimination. Chamber had enriched himself by medical practice, and when he charges the astrologers with merely aiming to gain a few beggarly pence, Sir Christopher catches fire, and shows by his quotations, that if we are to despise an art, by its professors attempting to subsist on it, or for the objections which may be raised against its vital principles, we ought by this argument most heartily to despise the medical science and medical men! He gives here all he can collect against physic and physicians, and from the confessions of Hippocrates and Galen, Avicenna, and Agrippa, medicine appears to be a vainer science than even astrology! Sir Christopher is a shrewd and ingenious adversary; but when he says he means only to give Mr. Chamber oil for his vinegar, he has totally mistaken its quality.

This defence was answered by Thomas Vicars in his "Madnesse of Astrologers."

But the great work is by Lilly; and entirely

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devoted to the adepts. He defends nothing; for this oracle delivers his dictum, and details every event as matters not questionable. He sits on the tripod; and every page is embellished by a horoscope, which he explains with the utmost facility. This voluminous monument of the folly of the age, is a quarto valued at some guineas! It is entitled, "Christian Astrology, modestly treated of in three books, by William Lilly, student in Astrology, 2d edition, 1659." The most curious part of this work is "a Catalogue of most astrological authors." There is also a portrait of this arch rogue, and astrologer! an admirable illustration for Lavater!

Lilly's opinions, and his pretended science, were such favourites with the age, that the learned Gataker wrote professedly against this popular delusion. Lilly, at the head of his star-expounding friends, not only formally replied to, but persecuted Gataker annually in his predictions, and even struck at his ghost, when beyond the grave. Gataker died in July, 1654, and Lilly having written in his almanac of that year for the month of August this barbarous Latin verse:—

Hoc in tumbo, jacet presbyter et nebulo.

Here in this tomb lies a presbyter and knave!

he had the impudence to assert that he had predicted Gataker's death! But the truth is, it was

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an epitaph like lodgings to let: it stood empty ready for the first passenger to inhabit. Had any other of that party of any eminence died in that month, it would have been as appositely applied to him. But Lilly was an exquisite rogue, and never at a fault. Having prophesied in his almanac for 1650, that the parliament stood upon a tottering foundation, when taken up by a messenger, during the night he contrived to cancel the page, printed off another, and showed his copies before the committee, assuring them that the others were none of his own, but forged by his enemies.

ALCHYMY.

I HAVE seen an advertisement in a newspaper, from a pretender of the hermetic art. With the assistance of "a *little money*," he could "*positively*" assure the lover of this science, that he would repay him "*a thousand-fold!*" This science, if it merits to be distinguished by the name, has doubtless been an imposition, which, striking on the feeblest part of the human mind, has so frequently been successful in carrying on its delusions.

Mrs. Thomas, the Corinna of Dryden, in her life has recorded one of these delusions of alchymy.

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From the circumstances it is very probable the sage was not less deceived than his patroness.

An infatuated lover of this delusive art met with one who pretended to have the power of transmuting lead to gold: that is, in their language, the *imperfect* metals to the *perfect one.* This hermetic philosopher required only the materials, and time, to perform his golden operations. He was taken to the country residence of his patroness. A long laboratory was built, and, that his labours might not be impeded by any disturbance, no one was permitted to enter into it. His door was contrived to turn on a pivot; so that, unseen, and unseeing, his meals were conveyed to him, without distracting the sublime contemplations of the sage.

During a residence of two years, he never condescended to speak but two or three times in the year to his infatuated patroness. When she was admitted into the laboratory, she saw, with pleasing astonishment, stills, immense caldrons, long flues, and three or four Vulcanian fires blazing at different corners of this magical mine; nor did she behold with less reverence the venerable figure of the dusty philosopher. Pale and emaciated with daily operations and nightly vigils, he revealed to her, in unintelligible jargon, his progresses; and having sometimes condescended to explain the

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mysteries of the arcana, she beheld, or seemed to behold, streams of fluid, and heaps of solid ore, scattered around the laboratory. Sometimes he required a new still, and sometimes vast quantities of lead. Already this unfortunate lady had expended the half of her fortune in supplying the demands of the philosopher. She began now to lower her imagination to the standard of reason. Two years had now elapsed, vast quantities of lead had gone in, and nothing but lead had come out. She disclosed her sentiments to the philosopher. He candidly confessed he was himself surprised at his tardy processes; but that now he would exert himself to the utmost, and that he would venture to perform a laborious operation, which hitherto he had hoped not to have been necessitated to employ. His patroness retired, and the golden visions of expectation resumed all their lustre.

One day as they sat at dinner, a terrible shriek, and one crack followed by another, loud as the report of cannon, assailed their ears. They hastened to the laboratory; two of the greatest stills had burst, and one part of the laboratory and the house were in flames. We are told that after another adventure of this kind, this victim to alchymy, after ruining another patron, in despair swallowed poison.

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Even more recently we have a history of an alchymist in the life of Romney, the painter. This alchymist, after bestowing much time and money on preparations for the grand projection, and being near the decisive hour, was induced, by the too earnest request of his wife, to quit his furnace one evening, to attend some of her company at the tea-table. While the projector was attending the ladies his furnace blew up! In consequence of this event, he conceived such an antipathy against his wife, that he could not endure the idea of living with her again.

Henry VI. was so reduced by his extravagancies, that Evelyn observes in his Numismata, he endeavoured to recruit his empty coffers by *alchymy*. The *record* of this singular proposition contains "the most solemn and serious account of the feasibility and virtues of the *philosopher's stone*, encouraging the search after it, and dispensing with all statutes and prohibitions to the contrary." This record was very probably communicated (says an ingenious antiquary) by Mr. Selden, to his beloved friend Ben Jonson, when he was writing his comedy of the Alchymist.

After this patent was published, many promised to answer the king's expectations so effectually (the same writer adds) that the next year he published *another patent*; wherein he tells his subjects,

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that the *happy hour* was drawing nigh, and by means of THE STONE, which he should soon be master of, he would pay all the debts of the nation in real *gold and silver*. The persons picked out for his new operators were as remarkable as the patent itself, being a most "miscellaneous rabble" of friars, grocers, mercers, and fishmongers!

This patent was likewise granted *authoritate parliamenti*.

Prynne, who has given this patent in his *Aurum Reginæ*, p. 135, concludes with this sarcastic observation—"A project never so seasonable and necessary as now!" And this we repeat, and our successors will no doubt imitate us!

Alchymists were formerly called *multipliers;* as appears from a statute of Henry IV. repealed in the preceding record. The statute being extremely short, I give it for the reader's satisfaction.

"None from henceforth shall use to *multiply* gold or silver, or use the *craft of multiplication;* and if any the same do, he shall incur the pain of felony."

Every philosophical mind must be convinced that alchymy is not an art, which some have fancifully traced to the *remotest times;* it may be rather regarded, when opposed to such a distance of time, as a modern imposture. Cæsar commanded the treatises of alchymy to be burnt throughout

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the Roman dominions: Cæsar, who is not less to be admired as a philosopher than as a monarch.

Mr. Gibbon has this succinct passage relative to alchymy: "The ancient books of alchymy, so liberally ascribed to Pythagoras, to Solomon, or to Hermes, were the pious frauds of more recent adepts. The Greeks were inattentive either to the use or the abuse of chemistry. In that immense register, where Pliny has deposited the discoveries, the arts, and the errors of mankind, there is not the least mention of the transmutations of metals; and the persecution of Dioclesian is the first authentic event in the history of alchymy. The conquest of Egypt, by the Arabs, diffused that vain science over the globe. Congenial to the avarice of the human heart, it was studied in China, as in Europe, with equal eagerness and equal success. The darkness of the middle ages ensured a favourable reception to every tale of wonder; and the revival of learning gave new vigour to hope, and suggested more specious arts to deception. Philosophy, with the aid of experience, has at length banished the study of alchymy; and the present age, however desirous of riches, is content to seek them by the humbler means of commerce and industry."

Elias Ashmole writes in his diary—"May 13, 1653. My father Backhouse (an astrologer who

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had adopted him for his son—a common practice with these men) lying sick in Fleet-street, over against Saint Dunstan's church, and not knowing whether he should live or die, about eleven of the clock, told me in *syllables* the true matter of the *philosopher's stone*, which he bequeathed to me as a *legacy*." By this we learn that a miserable wretch knew the art of *making gold*, yet always lived a beggar; and that Ashmole really imagined he was in possession of the *syllables of a secret!* he has however built a curious monument of the learned follies of the last age, in his "Theatrum Chemicum Britannicum." Though Ashmole is rather the historian of this vain science, than an adept, it may amuse literary leisure to turn over this quarto volume, in which he has collected the works of several English alchymists, subjoining his commentary. It affords a curious specimen of Rosicrucian mysteries; and Ashmole relates stories, which vie for the miraculous, with the wildest fancies of Arabian invention. Of the philosopher's stone he says, he knows enough to hold his tongue, but not enough to speak. This stone has not only the power of transmuting any imperfect earthy matter into its utmost degree of perfection, and can convert the basest metals into gold, flints into stone, &c. but it has still more occult virtues, when the arcana have been entered into, by the choice

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fathers of hermetic mysteries. The vegetable stone has power over the natures of man, beast, fowls, fishes, and all kinds of trees and plants, to make them flourish and bear fruit at any time. The magical stone discovers any person wherever he is concealed; while the angelical stone gives the apparitions of angels, and a power of conversing with them. These great mysteries are supported by occasional facts, and illustrated by prints of the most divine and incomprehensible designs, which we would hope were intelligible to the initiated. It may be worth showing, however, how liable even the latter were to blunder on these mysterious hieroglyphics. Ashmole, in one of his chemical works, prefixed a frontispiece, which, in several compartments, exhibited Phœbus on a lion, and opposite to him a lady, who represented Diana, with the moon in one hand and an arrow in the other, sitting on a crab; Mercury on a tripod, with the scheme of the heavens in one hand, and his caduceus in the other. These were intended to express the materials of the stone, and the season for the process. Upon the altar is the bust of a man, his head covered by an astrological scheme dropped from the clouds; and on the altar are these words, Mercuriophilus Anglicus, i. e. the English lover of hermetic philosophy. There is a tree, and a little creature gnawing the root, a

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pillar adorned with musical and mathematical instruments, and another with military ensigns. This strange composition created great inquiry among the chemical sages. Deep mysteries were conjectured to be veiled by it. Verses were written in the highest strain of the Rosicrucian language. *Ashmole* confessed he meant nothing more than a kind of *pun* on his own name, for the tree was the *ash*, and the creature was a *mole*. One pillar tells his love of music and free-masonry, and the other his military preferment, and astrological studies! He afterwards regretted that no one added a second volume to his work, from which he himself had been hindered, for the honour of the family of Hermes, and "to show the world what excellent men we had once of our nation, famous for this kind of philosophy, and masters of so transcendant a secret."

Modern chemistry is not without a *hope*, not to say a *certainty*, of verifying the golden visions of the alchymists. Dr. Girtanner, of Gottingen, has lately adventured the following prophecy: "In the *nineteenth century* the transmutation of metals will be generally known and practised. Every chemist and every artist will *make gold;* kitchen utensils will be of silver, and even gold, which will contribute more than any thing else to *prolong life*, poisoned at present by the oxyds of copper,

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lead, and iron, which we daily swallow with our food." Phil. Mag. Vol. VI. p. 383. This sublime chemist, though he does not venture to predict that universal *elixir*, which is to prolong life at pleasure, yet approximates to it. A chemical friend writes to me, that "The *metals* seem to be *composite bodies*, which nature is perpetually preparing; and it may be reserved for the future researches of science to trace, and perhaps to imitate, some of these curious operations."

TITLES OF BOOKS.

If it were inquired of an ingenious writer what page of his work had occasioned him most perplexity, he would often point to the *title page*. That curiosity which we would excite, is most fastidious to gratify. Yet such is the perversity of man, that a modest simplicity will fail to attract; we are only to be allured by paint and patches, and yet we complain that we are duped!

Among those who appear to have felt this irksome situation, are most of our periodical writers. The "Tatler" and the "Spectator" enjoying priority of conception, have adopted titles with characteristic felicity; but perhaps the invention of the authors begins to fail in the "Reader," the

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"Lover," and the "Theatre!" Succeeding writers were as unfortunate in their titles, as their works; such are the "Universal Spectator," and the "Lay Monastery." The copious mind of Johnson could not discover an appropriate title, and indeed in the first "Idler," acknowledged his despair. The "Rambler" was so little understood, at the time of its appearance, that a French journalist has translated it "*Le Chevalier Errant*," and when it was corrected to *L'Errant*, a foreigner drank Johnson's health one day, by innocently addressing him by the appellation of Mr. Vagabond! The "Adventurer" cannot be considered as a fortunate title; it is not appropriate to those pleasing miscellanies, for any writer is an adventurer. The "Lounger," the "Mirror," and even the "Connoisseur," if examined accurately, present nothing in the titles descriptive of the works. As for the "World," it could only have been given by the fashionable egotism of its authors, who considered the world as merely a little circuit round Saint James's Street. When the celebrated father of all reviews, *Les Journal des Sçavans*, was first published, the very title repulsed the public. The author was obliged in his succeeding volumes to soften it down, by explaining its general tendency. He there assures the curious, that not only men of learning and taste, but the humblest mechanic

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may find a profitable amusement. An English novel, published with the title of "The Champion of Virtue," could find no readers; it was quaint, formal, and sounded like "The Pilgrim's Progress." It afterwards passed through several editions under the happier invitation of "The Old English Baron." "The Concubine," a poem by Mickle, could never find purchasers, till it assumed the more delicate title of "Sir Martyn."

As a subject of literary curiosity, some amusement may be gathered from a glance at what has been doing in the world, concerning this important portion of every book. Baillet, in his "Decisions of the Learned," has made very extensive researches, for the matter was important to a student of Baillet's character.

The Jewish and many oriental authors were fond of allegorical titles, which always indicate the most puerile age of taste. The titles were usually adapted to their obscure works. It might exercise an able enigmatist to explain their allusions; for we must understand by "The Heart of Aaron," that it is a commentary on several of the prophets. "The Bones of Joseph" is an introduction to the Talmud. "The Garden of Nuts," and "The Golden Apples," are theological questions, and "The Pomegranate with its Flower," is a treatise of ceremonies, not any more practised. Jortin

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gives a title, which he says of all the fantastical titles he can recollect, is one of the prettiest. A rabbin published a catalogue of rabbinical writers, and called it *Labia Dormientium*, from Cantic. vii. 9. " Like the best wine of my beloved that goeth down sweetly, causing *the lips of those that are asleep to speak*." It hath a double meaning, of which he was not aware, for most of his rabbinical brethren talk very much like *men in their sleep*.

Almost all their works bear such titles as bread —gold—silver—roses—eyes—&c. in a word, any thing that signifies nothing.

Affected title-pages were not peculiar to the orientalists: the Greeks and the Romans have shown a finer taste. They had their Cornucopias or horns of abundance.—Limones or meadows—Pinakidions or tablets—Pancarpes or all sorts of fruits; titles not unhappily adapted for the miscellanists. The nine books of Herodotus, and the nine epistles of Æschines, were respectively honoured by the name of a Muse; and three orations of the latter, by those of the Graces.

The modern fanatics have had a most barbarous taste for titles. We could produce numbers from abroad, and at home. Some works have been called, " Matches lighted at the divine Fire," —and one " The Gun of Penitence:" a collection of passages from the fathers, is called " The Shop

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of the Spiritual Apothecary:" we have "The Bank of Faith," and "The Sixpennyworth of Divine Spirit:" one of these works bears the following elaborate title; "Some fine Baskets baked in the Oven of Charity, carefully conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit, and the sweet Swallows of Salvation." Sometimes their quaintness has some humour. One Sir Humphrey Lind, a zealous puritan, published a work which a Jesuit answered by another, entitled "A pair of Spectacles for Sir Humphrey Lind." The doughty knight retorted, by "A Case for Sir Humphrey Lind's Spectacles."

Some of these obscure titles have an entertaining absurdity; as "The Three Daughters of Job," which is a treatise on the three virtues of patience, fortitude, and pain. "The Innocent Love, or the holy Knight," is a description of the ardours of a saint for the Virgin. "The Sound of the Trumpet," is a work on the day of judgment; and "A Fan to drive away Flies," is a theological treatise on purgatory.

We must not write to the utter neglect of our title; and a fair author should have the literary piety of ever having "the fear of his title-page before his eyes." The following are improper titles. Don Matthews, chief huntsman to Philip IV. of Spain, entitled his book "The Origin and

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Dignity of the Royal House," but the entire work relates only to hunting. De Chanterene composed several moral essays, which being at a loss how to entitle, he called " The Education of a Prince." He would persuade the reader in his preface, that though they were not composed with a view to this subject, they should not, however, be censured for the title, as they partly related to the education of a prince. The world were too sagacious to be duped; and the author in his second edition acknowledges the absurdity, drops " the magnificent title," and calls his work " Moral Essays." Montaigne's immortal history of his own mind, for such are his " Essays," have assumed perhaps too modest a title, and not sufficiently discriminative. Sorlin equivocally entitled a collection of essays, " The Walks of Richelieu," because they were composed at that place; " the Attic Nights" of Aulus Gellius were so called, because they were written in Attica. Mr. Tooke in his grammatical " Diversions of Purley," must have deceived many.

A rhodomontade title-page was a great favourite in the last century. There was a time when the republic of letters was over-built with " Palaces of Pleasure," " Palaces of Honour," and " Palaces of Eloquence;" with " Temples of Memory," and " Theatres of human Life," and " Amphitheatres of Providence;" " Pharoses, Gardens, Pictures,

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Treasures." The epistles of Guevara dazzled the public eye with their splendid title, for they were called "Golden Epistles;" and the "Golden Legend" of Voragine had been more appropriately entitled leaden.

They were once so fond of novelty, that every book recommended itself by such titles as "A new Method; new Elements of Geometry; the new Letter Writer, and the new Art of Cookery." The title which George Gascoigne, who had great merit in his day, has given to his collection, may be considered as a specimen of the titles of his times. They were printed in 1576. He calls his, "A hundred sundrie flowres bounde vp in one small poesie; gathered partly by translation in the fyne and outlandish gardens of Euripides, Ovid, Petrarke, Ariosto, and others; and partly by invention out of our own fruitefull orchardes in Englande; yielding sundrie sweet savours of tragicall, comicall, and morall discourses, both pleasaunt and profitable to the well-smelling noses of learned readers."

To excite the curiosity of the pious, some writers employed artifices of a very ludicrous nature. Some made their titles rhyming echoes; as this one of a father, who has given his works under the title of *Scalæ Alæ animi;* and *Jesus esus novus Orbis, &c.* Some have distributed them according

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to the measure of time, as one Father Nadasi, the greater part of whose works are *years*, *months*, *weeks*, *days*, and *hours*. Some have borrowed their titles from the parts of the human body; and others have used quaint expressions, such as, *Think before you leap—We must all die—Compel them to enter, &c.* Some of our pious authors appear not to have been aware that they were burlesquing religion. One Massieu having written a moral explanation of the solemn anthems sung in Advent, which begin with the letter o, published this work under the punning title of *La douce Moelle, et la Sausse friande des* os *Savoureux de L'Avent.*

The Marquis of Carraccioli, a religious writer, not long ago published a book with the ambiguous title of *La Jouissance de soi meme.* Seduced by the epicurean title-page, the sale of the work was continual with the libertines, who, however, found nothing but very tedious essays on religion and morality. In the sixth edition the marquis greatly exults in his successful contrivance; by which means he had punished the vicious curiosity of certain persons, and perhaps had persuaded some, whom otherwise his book might never have reached.

It is not an injudicious observation of Baillet, that if a title be obscure, it raises a prejudice against the author; we are apt to suppose that

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an ambiguous title is the effect of an intricate or confused mind. He censures the following one: the Ocean Macro-micro-cosmick of one Sachs. To understand this title, a grammarian would send an inquirer to a geographer, and he to a natural philosopher; neither would probably think of recurring to a physician, to inform one that this ambiguous title signifies the connexion which exists between the motion of the waters, with that of the blood. He also censures Leo Allatius for a title which appears to me not inelegantly conceived. This writer has entitled one of his books the *Urban Bees;* it is an account of those illustrious writers who flourished during the pontificate of one of the Barberinis. To connect the allusion, we must recollect that the *bees* were the arms of this family, and Urban VIII. the Pope designed.

The false idea which a title conveys is alike prejudicial to the author and the reader. Titles are generally too prodigal of their promises, and their authors are contemned; but the works of modest authors, though they present more than they promise, may fail of attracting notice by their extreme simplicity. In either case, a collector of books is prejudiced; he is induced to collect what merits no attention, or he passes over those valuable works whose titles may not happen to be interesting. It is related of Pinelli, the celebrated

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collector of books, that the booksellers permitted him to remain hours, and sometimes days, in their shops to examine books before he bought them. He was desirous of not injuring his precious collection by useless acquisitions; but he confessed that he sometimes could not help suffering himself to be dazzled by magnificent titles, nor to be deceived by the simplicity of others, which the modesty of their authors had given to them. After all, it is not improbable, that many authors are really neither so vain, nor so honest, as they appear; and that magnificent, or simple titles, have been given from the difficulty of forming any others.

It is too often with the Titles of Books, as with those painted representations exhibited by the keepers of wild beasts; where, in general, the picture itself is more curious and interesting than the inclosed animal.

LITERARY FOLLIES.

The Greeks composed lypogrammatic works; works in which one letter of the alphabet is omitted. A lypogrammatist is a letter-dropper. In this manner Tryphiodorus wrote his Odyssey: he had not α in his first book; nor β in his second;

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and so on with the subsequent letters one after another. This Odyssey was an imitation of the lypogrammatic Iliad of Nestor. Among other works of this kind, Athenæus mentions an ode by Pindar, in which he had purposely omitted the letter S; so that this inept ingenuity appears to have been one of those literary fashions which are sometimes encouraged even by those who should first oppose such progresses into the realms of nonsense.

There is in Latin a little prose work of Fulgentius, which the author divides into twenty-three chapters, according to the order of the twenty-three letters of the Latin alphabet. From A to O are still remaining. The first chapter is without A; the second without B; the third without C; and so with the rest. Du Chat, in the Ducatiana, says, there are five novels in prose of Lopes de Vega; the first without A, the second without E, the third without I, &c. Who will attempt to examine them?

The Orientalists are not without this literary folly. A Persian poet read to the celebrated Jami a gazel of his own composition, which Jami did not like: but the writer replied it was notwithstanding a very curious sonnet, for the *letter Aliff* was not to be found in any one of the words!

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Jami sarcastically replied, "You can do a better thing yet; take away *all the letters* from every word you have written."

To these works may be added the *Ecloga de Calvis*, by Hugbald the Monk. All the words of this silly work begin with a C. It is printed in Dornavius. *Pugna Porcorum;* all the words beginning with a P, in the Nugæ Venales. *Canum cum cattis certamen;* the words beginning with a C: a performance of the same kind in the same work. Gregorio Leti presented a discourse to the Academy of the Humorists at Rome, throughout which he had purposely omitted the letter R, and he entitled it the exiled R. A friend having requested a copy, as a literary curiosity, for so he considered this idle performance, Leti, to show it was not so difficult a matter, replied by a copious answer of seven pages, in which he had observed the same severe ostracism against the letter R! Lord North, one of the finest gentlemen in the court of James I., has written a set of Sonnets, each of which begins with a successive letter of the alphabet. The Earl of Rivers in the reign of Edward IV. translated the Moral Proverbs of Christiana of Pisa, a poem of about two hundred lines, the greatest part of which he contrived to conclude with the letter E; an instance

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of his lordship's hard application, and the bad taste of an age which, Lord Orford observes, had witticisms and whims to struggle with, as well as ignorance.

It has been well observed of these minute triflers that extreme exactness is the sublime of fools, whose labours may be well called, in the language of Dryden,

> "Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry."

And Martial says,

> Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,
> Et stultus labor est ineptiarum.
>
> 'Tis a folly to sweat o'er a difficult trifle,
> And for silly devices invention to rifle.

I shall not dwell on the wits who composed verses in the forms of hearts, wings, altars, and true-love knots; or as Ben Jonson describes their grotesque shapes,

> "A pair of scissars and a comb in verse."

Tom Nash, who loved to push the ludicrous to its extreme, in his amusing invective against the classical Gabriel Harvey, tells us that "he had writ verses in all kinds; in form of a pair of gloves, a pair of spectacles, and a pair of pot-hooks, &c."

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They are not less absurd, who expose to public ridicule the name of their mistress by employing it to form their acrostics. I have seen some of the latter, where *both sides* and *cross-ways*, the name of the mistress or the patron has been sent down to posterity with eternal torture. The great difficulty where *one name* is made out *four times* in the same acrostic, must have been to have found words by which the letters forming the name should be forced to stand in their particular places. It might be incredible that so great a genius as Boccaccio could have lent himself to these literary fashions; yet one of the most gigantic of acrostics may be seen in his works; it is a poem of fifty cantos! of which Guinguené has preserved a specimen in his Literary History of Italy, vol. iii. p. 54. Puttenham, in that very scarce book, "The Art of Poesie," p. 75, gives several odd specimens of poems in the forms of lozenges, rhomboids, pillars, &c. Some of them from Oriental poems communicated by a traveller. Puttenham is a very lively writer, and has contrived to form a defence for describing and making such trifling devices. He has done more: he has erected two pillars himself to the honour of Queen Elizabeth; every pillar consists of a base of eight syllables, the shaft or middle of four, and the capital is equal with the base. The only difference

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between the two pillars, consists in this; in the one "ye must read upwards," and in the other the reverse. These pillars, notwithstanding this fortunate device and variation, may be fixed as two columns in the porch of the vast temple of literary folly.

It was at this period when *words* or *verse* were tortured into such fantastic forms, that the trees in gardens were twisted and sheared into obelisks and giants, peacocks or flower-pots. In a copy of verses "To a hair of my mistress's eye-lash," the merit next to the choice of the subject, must have been the arrangement or the disarrangement of the whole poem into the form of a heart. With a pair of wings many a sonnet fluttered, and a sacred hymn was expressed by the mystical triangle. *Acrostics* are formed from the initial letters of every verse; but a different conceit regulated *chronograms*, which were used to describe *dates*—the *numeral letters* in whatever part of the word they stood were distinguished from other letters by being written in capitals. In the following chronogram from Horace,

—*feriam sidera vertice,*

by a strange elevation of CAPITALS the *chrono-*

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grammatist compels even Horace to give the year of our Lord thus,

— feriaM siDera VertIce. MDVI.

The Acrostic and the Chronogram are both ingeniously described in the mock Epic of the Scribleriad. The *initial letters* of the acrostics are thus alluded to in the literary wars:

Firm and compact, in three fair columns wove
O'er the smooth plain, the bold *acrostics* move;
High o'er the rest, the TOWERING LEADERS rise
With *limbs gigantic*, and *superior size*.

But the looser character of the *chronogram*, and the disorder in which they are found, are ingeniously sung thus:

Not thus the *looser chronograms* prepare,
Careless their troops, undisciplined to war;
With *rank irregular, confused* they stand,
The CHIEFTAINS MINGLING with the vulgar band.

He afterwards adds others of the illegitimate races of wit:

To join these squadrons, o'er the champain came
A numerous race of no ignoble name;
Riddle, and *Rebus*, Riddle's dearest son,
And *false Conundrum* and *insidious Pun*.

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Fustian, who scarcely deigns to tread the ground,
And *Rondeau*, wheeling in repeated round.
On their fair standards by the wind display'd,
Eggs, altars, wings, pipes, axes were pourtray'd.

I find the origin of *Bouts-rimés*, or "Rhiming Ends," in Goujet's Bib. fr. xvi. p. 181. One Dulot, a foolish poet, when sonnets were in demand, had a singular custom of preparing the rhymes of these poems to be filled up at his leisure. Having been robbed of his papers, he was regretting most the loss of three hundred sonnets: his friends were astonished that he had written so many which they had never heard. "They were *blank sonnets*," he replied; and explained the mystery by describing his *Bouts-rimés*. The idea appeared ridiculously amusing; and it soon became fashionable to collect the most difficult rhymes, and fill up the lines.

The *Charade* is of such recent birth, that it has not yet opened its mystical conceits; nor can I discover the origin of this species of logogriphes: it was not known in France so late as in 1771, in the last edition of the great Dictionnaire de Trevoux, where the term appears as the name of an Indian sect of a military character, and has no connexion with our charades.

Anagrams were another whimsical invention;

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with the *letters* of any *name* they contrived to make out some entire word, descriptive of the character of the person who bore the name. These anagrams, therefore, were either injurious or complimentary. When in fashion, lovers made use of them continually: I have read of one, whose mistress's name was Magdalen, for whom he composed, not only an Epic under that name, but as a proof of his passion, one day he sent her three dozen of anagrams only on her lovely name. Scioppius imagined himself fortunate that his adversary *Scaliger* was perfectly *Sacrilege* in all the oblique cases of the Latin language; on this principle Sir John *Wiat* was made out, to his own satisfaction,—*a wit.* They were not always correct when a great compliment was required; the poet *John Cleveland* was strained hard to make *Heliconian dew.* This literary trifle has, however, in our own times, been brought to singular perfection; and several, equally ingenious and caustic, will readily occur to the reader.

Verses of grotesque shapes have sometimes been contrived to convey ingenious thoughts. Pannard, a modern French poet, has tortured his agreeable vein of poetry into such forms. He has made some of his Bacchanalian songs take the figures of *bottles* and others of *glasses.* These objects are

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perfectly drawn by the various measures of the verses which form the songs. He has also introduced an *echo* in his verses which he contrives so as not to injure their sense. This was practised by the old French bards in the age of Marot, and this poetical whim is ridiculed by Butler in his Hudibras, Part I. Canto 3. Verse 190. I give an example of these poetical echoes. The following ones are ingenious, lively, and satirical.

Pour nous plaire, un plu*met*
Met
Tout en usage :
Mais on trouve sou*vent*
Vent
Dans son langage.

On y voit des Com*mis*
Mis
Comme des Princes,
Après être ve*nus*
Nuds
De leurs Provinces.

I must notice the poetical whim of Cretin, a great poet in his day: he died in 1525. He brought into fashion punning or equivocal rhimes, such as the following which Marot addressed to him, and which, indulging the same rhiming folly

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as his own, are superior for a glimpse of sense, though very unworthy of their author:

> L'homme sotart, et *non sçavant*
> Comme un Rotisseur, *qui lave oye,*
> La faute d'autrui, *nonce avant*
> Qu'il la cognoisse, ou *qu'il la voye,* &c.

In the following nonsensical lines of Du Bartas, this poet imagined that he imitated the harmonious notes of the lark:

> La gentille aloüette, avec son tirelire,
> Tirelire à lire, et tireliran tire,
> Vers la voute du ciel, puis son vol vers ce lieu,
> Vire et desire dire adieu Dieu, adieu Dieu.

The French have an ingenious kind of Nonsense Verses called *Amphigourie.* This word is composed of a Greek adverb signifying *about,* and of a substantive signifying *a circle.* The following is a specimen: it is elegant in the selection of words, and what the French called richly rhimed—in fact it is fine poetry, but it has no meaning whatever! Pope's Stanzas, said to be written by a *person of quality,* to ridicule the tuneful nonsense of certain Bards, and which Gilbert Wakefield mistook for a serious composition, and wrote two pages of Commentary to prove this song was disjointed,

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obscure, and absurd, is an excellent specimen of these *Amphigouries.*

AMPHIGOURIE.

Qu'il est heureux de se defendre
Quand le cœur ne s'est pas rendu !
Mais qu'il est facheux de se rendre
Quand le bonheur est suspendu !
Par un discours sans suite et tendre,
Egarez un cœur eperdu ;
Souvent par un mal-entendu
L'amant adroit se fait entendre.

IMITATED.

How happy to defend our heart
When Love has never thrown a dart !
But ah ! unhappy when it bends,
If pleasure her soft bliss suspends !
Sweet in a wild disordered strain,
A lost and wandering heart to gain !
Oft in mistaken language wooed
The skilful lover's understood.

These verses have such a resemblance to meaning, that Fontenelle having listened to the song imagined he had a glimpse of sense, and requested to have it repeated. " Don't you perceive, said Madame Tencin, that they are *Nonsense Verses?*" The malicious wit, never without a retort, replied

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"They are so much like the fine verses I have heard here, that it is not surprising I should be for once mistaken!"

In the "Scribleriad" we find a good account of *the Cento.* A Cento primarily signifies a cloak made of patches. In poetry it denotes a work wholly composed of verses, or passages promiscuously taken from other authors, only disposed in a new form or order, so as to compose a new work and a new meaning. Ausonius has laid down the rules to be observed in composing *Centos.* The pieces may be taken either from the same poet, or from several; and the verses may be either taken entire or divided into two: one half to be connected with another half taken elsewhere; but two verses are never to be taken together. Agreeable to these rules he has made a pleasant nuptial *Cento* from Virgil.

The Empress Eudoxia wrote the life of Jesus Christ in centos taken from Homer; Proba Falconia from Virgil. Among these grave triflers may be mentioned Alexander Ross, who published "Virgilius Evangelizans, sive historia Domini et Salvatoris nostri Jesu Christi Virgilianis verbis et versibus descripta." It was republished in 1769.

A more difficult whim is that of "*Reciprocal Verses,*" which give the same words whether read

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backwards or forwards. The following lines by Sidoneus Apollinaris were once infinitely admired:

> "*Signa te signa temere me tangis et angis.*"
>
> "*Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.*"

The reader has only to take the pains of reading the lines backwards, and he will find himself just where he was after all his fatigue.

Capitaine Lasphrise, a French self-taught poet, whose work preceded Malherbe's, boasts of his inventions; among other singularities, one has at least the merit of *la difficulté vaincue*, and might in ingenious hands be turned to some account. He asserts that this novelty is entirely his own; it consists in the last word of every verse forming the first word of the following verse:

> Falloit-il que le ciel me rendit amoureux,
> Amoureux, jouissant d'une beauté craintive,
> Craintive à recevoir la douceur excessive,
> Excessive au plaisir qui rend l'amant heureux?
> Heureux si nous avions quelques paisiblês lieux
> Lieux ou plus surement l'ami fidelle arrive,
> Arrive sans soupcon de quelque ami attentive,
> Attentive à vouloir nous surprendre tous deux.—

Francis Colonna, an Italian Monk, is the author of a singular book entitled "The Dream of Poliphilus," in which he relates his amours with a lady of the name of Polia. It was considered improper

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to prefix his name to the work; but being desirous of marking it by some peculiarity, that he might claim it at any distant day, he contrived that the initial letters of every chapter should be formed of those of his name and of the subject he treats. This odd invention was not discovered till many years afterwards: when the wits employed themselves in decyphering it, unfortunately it became a source of literary altercation, being susceptible of various readings. The most correct appears thus: POLIAM FRATER FRANCISCUS COLUMNA PERAMAVIT. "Brother Francis Colonna passionately loved Polia." This gallant Monk, like another Petrarch, made the name of his mistress the subject of his amatorial meditations; and as the first called his Laura, his Laurel, this called his Polia, his Polita.

A few years afterwards Marcellus Palingenius Stellatus employed a similar artifice in his ZODIACUS VITÆ, "The Zodiac of Life;" the initial letters of the first twenty-nine verses of the first book of this poem forming his name, which curious particular is not noticed by Warton in his account of this work.—The performance is divided into twelve books, but has no reference to astronomy, which we might naturally expect. He distinguished his twelve books by the twelve names of the celestial signs, and probably extended or confined them

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purposely to that number, to humour his fancy. Warton however observes, " this strange pedantic title is not totally without a *conceit*, as the author was born at *Stellada* or *Stellata*, a province of Ferrara, and from whence he called himself Marcellus Palingenius Stellatus." The work itself is a curious satire on the Pope and the Church of Rome. It occasioned Bayle to commit a remarkable *literary blunder*, which I shall record in its place. Of Italian conceit in those times, of which Petrarch was the father, with his perpetual play on words and on his *Laurel*, or his mistress *Laura*, he has himself afforded a remarkable example. Our poet lost his mother, who died in her thirty-eighth year: he has commemorated her death by a sonnet composed of thirty-eight lines. He seems to have conceived that the exactness of the number was equally natural and tender.

Are we not to class among *literary follies* the strange researches which writers, even of the present day, have made in *Antediluvian* times? Forgeries of the grossest nature have been alluded to, or quoted as authorities. A *book of Enoch* once attracted considerable attention; this curious forgery has been recently translated: the Sabeans pretend they possess a work written by *Adam!* and this work has been *recently* appealed to in favour of a visionary theory! Astle gravely

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observes, that "with respect to *Writings* attributed to the *Antediluvians*, it seems not only decent but rational to say that we know nothing concerning them." Without alluding to living writers, Dr. Parsons, in his erudite "Remains of Japhet," tracing the origin of the alphabetical character, supposes that *letters* were known to *Adam!* Some too have noticed astronomical libraries in the Ark of Noah! Such historical memorials are the deliriums of learning, or are founded on forgeries.

Hugh Broughton, a writer of controversy in the reign of James the First, shows us in a tedious discussion on Scripture chronology, that Rahab was a harlot at *ten* years of age; and enters into many grave discussions concerning the *colour* of Aaron's *Ephod*, the language which *Eve* first spoke, and other classical erudition. This writer is ridiculed in Ben Jonson's Comedies:—he is not without rivals even in the present day! Covarruvias, after others of his school, discovers that when male children are born they cry out with an A, being the first vowel of the word *Adam*, while the female infants prefer the letter E, in allusion to *Eve;* and we may add that, by the pinch of a negligent nurse, they may probably learn all their vowels. Of the pedantic triflings of commentators, a controversy among the Portuguese on the works of Camoens is not the least.

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Some of these profound critics who affected great delicacy in the laws of Epic poetry, pretended to be doubtful whether the poet had fixed on the right time for a *king's dream;* whether, said they, a king should have a propitious dream on his *first going to bed* or at the *dawn of the following morning?* No one seemed to be quite certain; they puzzled each other till the controversy closed in this felicitious manner, and satisfied both the night and the dawn critics. Barreto discovered that an *accent* on one of the words alluded to in the controversy would answer the purpose, and by making king Manuel's dream to take place at the dawn would restore Camoens to their good opinion, and preserve the dignity of the poet.

Chevreau begins his History of the World in these words: "Several learned men have examined in *what season* God created the world, though there could hardly be any season then, since there was no sun, no moon, nor stars. But as the world must have been created in one of the four seasons, this question has exercised the talents of the most curious, and opinions are various. Some say it was in the month of *Nisan,* that is, in the spring: others maintain that it was in the month of *Tisri,* which begins the civil year of the Jews, and that it was on the *sixth day* of this month, which answers to our *September,* that

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Adam and *Eve* were created, and that it was on a *Friday*, a little after four o'clock in the afternoon!" This is acccording to the Rabbinical notion of the eve of the sabbath.

The Irish antiquaries mention *public libraries* that were before the flood; and Paul Christian Ilsker, with profounder erudition, has given an exact catalogue of *Adam's*. Messieurs O'Flaherty, O'Connor, and O'Halloran, have most gravely recorded as authentic narrations the wildest legendary traditions; and more recently, to make confusion doubly confounded, others have built up what they call theoretical histories on these nursery tales. By which species of black art they contrive to prove that an Irishman is an Indian, and a Peruvian may be a Welshman, from certain emigrations which took place many centuries before Christ, and some about two centuries after the flood! Keating, in his "History of Ireland," starts a favourite hero in the giant Partholanus, who was descended from Japhet, and landed on the coast of Munster 14th May, in the year of the world 1978. This giant succeeded in his enterprise, but a domestic misfortune attended him among his Irish friends:—his wife exposed him to their laughter by her loose behaviour, and provoked him to such a degree that he killed two favourite greyhounds; and this the learned hi-

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storian assures us was the *first* instance of female infidelity ever known in Ireland!

The learned, not contented with Homer's poetical pre-eminence, make him the most authentic historian and most accurate geographer of antiquity, besides endowing him with all the arts and sciences to be found in our Encyclopædia. Even in surgery a treatise has been written to show by the variety of the *wounds* of his heroes, that he was a most scientific anatomist; and a military scholar has lately told us that from him is derived all the science of the modern adjutant and quarter-master-general; all the knowledge of *tactics* which we now possess; and that Xenophon, Epaminondas, Philip, and Alexander, owed all their warlike reputation to Homer!

To return to pleasanter follies. Des Fontaines, the journalist, who had wit and malice, inserted the fragment of a letter which the poet Rousseau wrote to the younger Racine whilst he was at the Hague. These were the words: "I enjoy the conversation within these few days of my associates in Parnassus. Mr. Piron is an excellent antidote against melancholy; *but*"—&c. Des Fontaines maliciously stopped at this *but*. In the letter of Rousseau it was, "but unfortunately he departs soon." Piron was very sensibly affected at this equivocal *but*, and resolved

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to revenge himself by composing one hundred epigrams against the malignant critic. He had written sixty before Des Fontaines died: but of these only two attracted any notice.

Towards the conclusion of the fifteenth century, Antonio Cornezano wrote a hundred different sonnets on one subject; "the eyes of his mistress!" to which possibly Shakespeare may allude, when Jaques describes a lover, with his

> "Woeful ballad,
> Made to his mistress' eyebrow."

Not inferior to this ingenious trifler is Nicholas Franco, well known in Italian literature, who employed himself in writing two hundred and eighteen satiric sonnets, chiefly on the famous Peter Aretin. This lampooner had the honour of being hanged at Rome for his defamatory publications. In the same class are to be placed two other writers. Brebeuf, who wrote one hundred and fifty epigrams against a painted lady. Another wit, desirous of emulating him, and for a literary bravado, *continued* the same subject, and pointed at this unfortunate fair three hundred more, without once repeating the thoughts of Brebeuf! There is a collection of poems called "*La* PUCE *des grand jours de Poitiers.*" The FLEA of the carnival of

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Poitiers. These poems were all written by the learned Pasquier upon a FLEA which he found one morning in the bosom of the famous Catherine des Roches!

Not long ago, a Mr. and Mrs. Bilderdik, in Flanders, published poems under the singular title of "White and Red."—His own poems were called white, from the colour of his hair, and those of his lady red, in allusion to the colour of the rose. The idea must be Flemish!

Gildon, in his "Laws of Poetry," commenting on this line of the Duke of Buckingham's "Essay on Poetry,"

> "Nature's chief master-piece is *writing well*:"

very profoundly informs his readers "That what is here said has not the least regard to the *penmanship*, that is, to the fairness or badness of the hand-writing," &c., and proceeds throughout a whole page, with a panegyric on a *fine hand-writing!* Dull men seem to have at times great claims to originality!

Littleton, the author of the Latin and English Dictionary, seems to have indulged his favourite propensity to punning so far as even to introduce a pun in the grave and elaborate work of a Lexicon. A story has been raised to account for it, and it has been ascribed to the impatient interjec-

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tion of the lexicographer to his scribe, who, taking no offence at the peevishness of his master, put it down in the Dictionary. The article alluded to is, "CONCURRO, to run with others; to run together; to come together; to fall foul on one another; to CON*cur*, to CON*dog*."

Mr. Todd, in his Dictionary, has laboured to show "the inaccuracy of this pretended narrative." Yet a similar blunder appears to have happened to Ash. Johnson, while composing his Dictionary, sent a note to the Gentleman's Magazine to inquire the etymology of the word *curmudgeon.* Having obtained the information, he records in his work the obligation to an anonymous letter-writer. "Curmudgeon, a vitious way of pronouncing, *cœur mechant.* An unknown correspondent." Ash copied the word into his Dictionary in this manner: "Curmudgeon: from the French *cœur,* unknown; and *mechant,* a correspondent." This singular negligence ought to be placed in the class of our *literary blunders;* but these form a pair of lexicographical anecdotes.

Two singular literary follies have been practised on Milton. There is a *prose version* of his "Paradise Lost," which was innocently *translated* from the French version of his Epic! One Green published a specimen of a *new version* of the "Paradise Lost" into *blank verse!* For this purpose he

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has utterly ruined the harmony of Milton's cadences, by what he conceived to be "bringing that amazing work somewhat *nearer the summit of perfection.*"

A French author, when his book had been received by the French Academy, had the portrait of Cardinal Richelieu engraved on his title-page, encircled by a crown of *forty rays*, in each of which was written the name of the celebrated *forty academicians.*

The self-exultations of authors, frequently employed by injudicious writers, place them in ridiculous attitudes. A writer of a bad dictionary, which he intended for a Cyclopædia, formed such an opinion of its extensive sale, that he put on the title-page the words "*first edition,*" a hint to the gentle reader that it would not be the last. Desmarest was so delighted with his "Clovis," an Epic Poem, that he solemnly concludes his preface with a thanksgiving to God, to whom he attributes all its glory! This is like that conceited member of a French parliament, who was overheard, after his tedious harangue, muttering most devoutly to himself, "*Non nobis Domine.*"

Several works have been produced from some odd coincidence with the *name of their authors.* Thus De Saussay has written a folio volume, consisting of panegyrics of persons of eminence, whose

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christian names were *Andrew*; because *Andrew* was his own name. Two Jesuits made a similar collection of illustrious men whose christian names were *Theophilus* and *Philip*, being their own. *Anthony Sanderus* has also composed a treatise of illustrious *Anthonies!* And we have one *Buchanan*, who has written the lives of those persons who were so fortunate as to have been his namesakes.

Several forgotten writers have frequently been intruded on the public eye, merely through such trifling coincidences as being members of some particular society, or natives of some particular country. Cordeliers have stood forward to revive the writings of Duns Scotus, because he had been a Cordelier; and a Jesuit compiled a folio on the antiquities of a country, merely from the circumstance that the founder of his order, Ignatius Loyola, had been born there. Several of the classics are violently extolled above others, merely from the accidental circumstance of their editors having collected a vast number of notes, which they resolved to discharge on the public. County histories have been frequently compiled, and provincial writers have received a temporary existence, from the accident of some obscure individual being an inhabitant of some obscure town.

On such literary follies Malebranche has made this refined observation. The *critics*, standing in

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some way connected with *the author*, their *self-love* inspires them, and abundantly furnishes eulogiums which the author never merited, that they may thus obliquely reflect some praise on themselves. This is made so adroitly, so delicately, and so concealed, that it is not perceived.

The following are strange inventions, originating in the wilful bad taste of the authors. OTTO VENIUS, the master of Rubens, is the designer of *Le Theatre moral de la Vie Humaine.* In this emblematical history of human life, he has taken his subjects from Horace; but certainly his conceptions are not Horatian. He takes every image in a *literal* sense. If Horace says, "*Misce stultitiam* CONSILIIS BREVEM," behold Venius takes *brevis* personally, and represents folly as a *little short child!* of not above three or four years old! In the emblem which answers Horace's "*Raro antecedentem scelestum deseruit* PEDE PŒNA CLAUDO," we find Punishment with *a wooden leg.*— And for "PULVIS ET UMBRA SUMUS," we have a dark burying vault, with *dust* sprinkled about the floor, and a *shadow* walking upright between two ranges of urns. For "*Virtus est vitium fugere, et sapientia prima stultitiâ caruisse,*" most flatly he gives seven or eight Vices pursuing Virtue, and Folly just at the heels of Wisdom. I saw in an

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English Bible printed in Holland, an instance of the same taste: the artist, to illustrate "Thou seest the *mote* in thy neighbour's eye, but not the *beam* in thine own," has actually placed an immense beam which projects from the eye of the caviller to the ground!

As a contrast to the too obvious taste of VENIUS, may be placed Cesare di RIPA, who is the author of an Italian work, translated into most European languages, the *Iconologia;* the favourite book of the age, and the fertile parent of the most absurd offspring which Taste has known. Ripa is as darkly subtile as Venius is obvious; and as far-fetched in his conceits as the other is literal. Ripa represents Beauty by a naked lady, with her head in a cloud; because the true idea of beauty is hard to be conceived! Flattery, by a lady with a flute in her hand, and a stag at her feet, because stags are said to love music so much, that they suffer themselves to be taken, if you play to them on a flute. Fraud, with two hearts in one hand, and a mask in the other:—his collection is too numerous to point out more instances. Ripa also describes how the allegorical figures are to be coloured; Hope is to have a sky-blue robe, because she always looks towards heaven. Enough of these *Capriccios!*

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LITERARY CONTROVERSY.

In the article Milton, in the preceding volume, I had occasion to give some strictures on the asperity of literary controversy: the specimens I brought forward were drawn from his own and Salmasius's writings. If to some the subject has appeared exceptionable, to me, I confess, it seems useful, and I shall therefore add some other particulars; for this topic has many branches. Of the following specimens the grossness and malignity are extreme; yet they were employed by the first scholars in Europe.

Martin Luther was not destitute of genius, of learning, or of eloquence; but his violence disfigured his works with invectives, and singularities of abuse. The great reformer of superstition had himself all the vulgar ones of his day: he believed that flies were devils; and that he had had a buffeting with Satan when his left ear felt the prodigious beating. Hear him express himself on the Catholic divines: "The Papists are all asses, and will always remain asses. Put them in whatever sauce you choose, boiled, roasted, baked, fried, skinned, beat, hashed, they are always the same asses."

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Gentle and moderate, compared with a salute of his Holiness.—"The Pope was born out of the Devil's posteriors. He is full of devils, lies, blasphemies, and idolatries; he is anti-Christ; the robber of churches; the ravisher of virgins; the greatest of pimps; the governor of Sodom, &c. If the Turks lay hold of us, then we shall be in the hands of the Devil; but if we remain with the Pope, we shall be in hell.—What a pleasing sight would it be to see the Pope and the Cardinals hanging on one gallows, in exact order, like the seals which dangle from the bulls of the Pope! What an excellent council would they hold under the gallows!"

Sometimes, desirous of catching the attention of the vulgar, Luther attempts to enliven his style by the grossest buffooneries: "Take care, my little Popa! my little ass! go on slowly: the times are slippery: this year is dangerous: if thou fallest, they will exclaim, See! how our little Pope is spoilt!" It was fortunate for the cause of the Reformation that the violence of Luther was softened in a considerable degree at times by the meek Melancthon: he often poured honey on the sting inflicted by the angry bee. Luther was no respecter of kings; he was so fortunate, indeed, as to find among his antagonists a crowned head; a great good fortune for an obscure controver-

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sialist, and the very *punctum saliens* of controversy. Our Henry VIII. wrote his book against the new doctrine: then warm from scholastic studies, Henry presented Leo X. with a work highly creditable to his abilities, and no inferior performance according to the genius of the age. Collier, in his Ecclesiastical History, has analysed the book, and does not ill describe its spirit: "Henry seems superior to his adversary in the vigour and propriety of his style, in the force of his reasoning, and the learning of his citations. It is true he leans *too much* upon his character, argues in his *garter-robes*, and writes as 'twere with his *scepter*." But Luther in reply abandons his pen to all kinds of railing and abuse. He addresses Henry VIII. in the following style: "It is hard to say if folly can be more foolish, or stupidity more stupid, than is the head of Henry. He has not attacked me with the heart of a king, but with the impudence of a knave. This rotten worm of the earth having blasphemed the majesty of my king, I have a just right to bespatter his English majesty with his own dirt and ordure. This Henry has lied." Some of his original expressions to our Henry VIII. are these: "Stulta, ridicula, et verissimè *Henriciana*, et *Thomistica* sunt hæc—Regem Angliæ Henricum istum plane mentiri, &c.—Hoc agit inquietus Satan, ut nos a

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Scripturis avocet per *sceleratos Henricos*, &c."—He was repaid with capital and interest by an anonymous reply, said to have been written by Sir Thomas More, who concludes his arguments by leaving Luther in language not necessary to translate: "cum suis furiis et furoribus, cum suis merdis et stercoribus cacantem cacatumque." Such were the vigorous elegancies of a controversy on the Seven Sacraments! Long after, the court of Rome had not lost the taste of these "bitter herbs;" for in the bull of the canonisation of Ignatius Loyola in August, 1623, Luther is called *monstrum teterrimum et detestabilis pestis.*

Calvin was less tolerable, for he had no Melancthon! His adversaries are never others than knaves, lunatics, drunkards, and assassins! Sometimes they are characterized by the familiar appellatives of bulls, asses, cats, and hogs! By him Catholic and Lutheran are alike hated. Yet, after having given vent to this virulent humour, he frequently boasts of his mildness. When he reads over his writings, he tells us, that he is astonished at his forbearance; but this, he adds, is the duty of every Christian! at the same time, he generally finishes a period with—"Do you hear, you dog? Do you hear, madman?"

Beza, the disciple of Calvin, sometimes imitates the luxuriant abuse of his master. When he

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writes against Tilleman, a Lutheran minister, he bestows on him the following titles of honour: "Polyphemus; an ape; a great ass who is distinguished from other asses by wearing a hat; an ass on two feet; a monster composed of part of an ape and wild ass; a villain who merits hanging on the first tree we find." And Beza was, no doubt, desirous of the office of executioner!

The Catholic party is by no means inferior in the felicities of their style. The Jesuit Raynaud calls Erasmus "the Batavian buffoon," and accuses him of nourishing the egg which Luther hatched. These men were alike supposed by their friends to be the inspired regulators of Religion!

Bishop Bedell, a great and good man, respected even by his adversaries, in an address to his clergy, observes, "Our calling is to deal with errors, not to disgrace the man with scolding words. It is said of Alexander, I think, when he overheard one of his soldiers railing lustily against Darius his enemy, that he reproved him, and added, 'Friend, I entertain thee to fight against Darius, not to revile him;' and my sentiments of treating the Catholics," concludes Bedell, "are not conformable to the practice of Luther and Calvin; but they were but men, and perhaps we must

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confess they suffered themselves to yield to the violence of passion."

The Fathers of the church were proficients in the art of abuse, and very ingeniously defended it. St. Austin affirms that the keenest personality may produce a wonderful effect, in opening a man's eyes to his own follies. He illustrates his position with a story, given with great simplicity, of his mother Saint Monica with her maid. Saint Monica certainly would have been a confirmed drunkard, had not her maid timely and outrageously abused her. The story will amuse.—"My mother had by little and little accustomed herself to relish wine. They used to send her to the cellar, as being one of the soberest in the family: she first sipped from the jug and tasted a few drops, for she abhorred wine, and did not care to drink. However, she gradually accustomed herself, and from sipping it on her lips she swallowed a draught. As people from the smallest faults insensibly increase, she at length liked wine, and drank bumpers. But one day being alone with the maid who usually attended her to the cellar, they quarrelled, and the maid bitterly reproached her with being a *drunkard!* That *single word* struck her so poignantly that it opened her understanding; and reflecting on the

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deformity of the vice, she desisted for ever from its use."

To jeer and play the droll, or, in his own words, *de boufonner*, was a mode of controversy the great Arnauld defended as permitted by the writings of the holy fathers. It is still more singular, when he not only brings forward as an example of this ribaldry, Elijah *mocking* at the false divinities, but *God* himself *bantering* the first man after his fall. He justifies the injurious epithets which he has so liberally bestowed on his adversaries by the example of Jesus Christ and the apostles! It was on these grounds also that the celebrated Pascal apologized for the invectives with which he has occasionally disfigured his Provincial Letters. A Jesuit, famous for twenty folios which contain his works, has collected "An Alphabetical Catalogue of the Names of *Beasts* by which the Fathers characterized the Heretics." It may be found in *Erotemata de malis ac bonis Libris*, p. 93, 4to. 1653, of Father Raynaud. This list of brutes and insects, among which are a vast variety of serpents, is accompanied by the names of the heretics designated!

Ware, in his Irish Writers, informs us of one Henry Fitzsermon, an Irish Jesuit, who was imprisoned for his papistical designs and seditious preaching. During his confinement he proved

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himself to be a great amateur of controversy. He said " he felt like a *bear* tied to a stake, and wanted somebody to *bait* him." A kind office, zealously undertaken by the learned *Usher*, then a young man. He *engaged* to *dispute* with him *once a week* on the subject of *antichrist!* They met several times. It appears that *our bear* was out-worried, and declined any further *dog-baiting*. This spread an universal joy through the Protestants in Dublin. Such was the spirit of those times, which appears to have been very different from our own. Dr. Disney gives an anecdote of a modern bishop who was just advanced to a mitre; his bookseller begged to republish a popular theological tract of his against another bishop, because he might now meet him on equal terms. My lord answered—" Mr. * * * no more controversy now!" Our good bishop resembled Baldwin, who, from a simple monk, arrived to the honour of the see of Canterbury. The successive honours successively changed his manners. Urban the Second inscribed his brief to him in this concise description—*Balduino Monastico ferventissimo, Abbate calido, Episcopo tepido, Archiepiscopo remisso!*

On the subject of literary controversies we cannot pass over the various sects of the scholastics; a volume might easily be compiled of their fero-

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cious wars, which in more than one instance were accompanied by stones and daggers. The most memorable, on account of the extent, the violence, and duration of their contests, are those of the NOMINALISTS and the REALISTS.

It was a most subtle question assuredly, and the world thought for a long while that their happiness depended on deciding, whether universals, that is *genera*, have a real essence, and exist independent of particulars, that is *species*:—whether, for instance, we could form an idea of asses, prior to individual asses? Rosseline, in the eleventh century, adopted the opinion that universals have no real existence, either before, or in individuals, but are mere names and words by which the kind of individuals is expressed. A tenet propagated by Abelard, which produced the sect of the *Nominalists*. But the *Realists* asserted that universals existed independent of individuals,—though they were somewhat divided between the various opinions of Plato and Aristotle. Of the Realists the most famous were Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus. The cause of the Nominalists was almost desperate, till Occam in the fourteenth century revived the dying embers. Louis XI. adopted the Nominalists, and the Nominalists flourished at large in France and Germany; but unfortunately Pope John XXIII. patronised the Real-

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ists, and throughout Italy it was dangerous for a Nominalist to open his lips. The French king wavered, and the Pope triumphed; his majesty published an edict in 1474, in which he silenced for ever the Nominalists, and ordered their books to be fastened up in their libraries with iron chains, that they might not be read by young students! The leaders of that sect fled into England and Germany, where they united their forces with Luther and the first Reformers.

Nothing could exceed the violence with which these disputes were conducted. Vives himself, who witnessed the contests, says that "when the contending parties had exhausted their stock of verbal abuse, they often came to blows; and it was not uncommon in these quarrels about *universals*, to see the combatants engaging not only with their fists, but with clubs and swords, so that many have been wounded, and some killed."

I add a curious extract from John of Salisbury, on this war of words, which Mosheim has given in his Ecclesiastical History. He observes on all this terrifying nonsense, "that there had been more time consumed in it, than the Cæsars had employed in making themselves masters of the world; that the riches of Crœsus were inferior to the treasures that had been exhausted in this controversy; and that the contending parties,

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after having spent their whole lives on this single point, had neither been so happy as to determine it to their satisfaction, nor to make in the labyrinths of science where they had been groping, any discovery that was worth the pains they had taken." It may be added that Ramus having attacked Aristotle, for "teaching us chimeras," all his scholars revolted; the parliament put a stop to his lectures, and at length having brought the matter into a law court, he was declared to be "insolent and daring"—the king proscribed his works, he was ridiculed on the stage, and hissed at by his scholars. When at length, during the plague, he opened again his schools, he drew on himself a fresh storm by reforming the pronunciation of the letter Q, which they then pronounced like K—Kiskis for Quisquis, and Kamkam for Quamquam. This innovation was once more laid to his charge: a new rebellion! and a new ejection of the Anti-Aristotelian! The brother of that Gabriel Harvey who was the friend of Spenser, and with Gabriel had been the whetstone of the town-wits of his time, distinguished himself by his wrath against the Stagyrite. After having with Gabriel predicted an earthquake, and alarmed the kingdom, which never took place, (that is the earthquake, not the alarm) the wits buffeted him. Nash says of him that "Tarlton at the theatre

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made jests of him, and Elderton consumed his ale-crammed nose to nothing, in bear-baiting him with whole bundles of ballads." Marlow declared him to be "an ass fit only to preach of the iron age." Stung to madness by this lively nest of hornets, he avenged himself in a very cowardly manner—he attacked Aristotle himself! for he set *Aristotle* with his *heels upwards* on the school gates at Cambridge, and with *asses ears* on his head!

But this controversy concerning Aristotle and the school divinity was even prolonged so late as in the last century. Father De Benedictis, a Jesuit, and professor in the college at Naples, published in 1688 four volumes of peripatetic philosophy, to establish the principles of Aristotle. The work was exploded, and he wrote an abusive treatise under the *Nom de guerre* of Benedetto Aletino. A man of letters, Constantino Grimaldi, replied. Aletino rejoined; he wrote letters, an apology for the letters, and would have written more for Aristotle than Aristotle himself perhaps would have done. However, Grimaldi was no ordinary antagonist, and not to be outwearied. He had not only the best of the argument, but he was resolved to tell the world so, as long as the world would listen. Whether he killed off Father Benedictis is not affirmed; but the latter

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died during the controversy. Grimaldi however afterwards pursued his ghost, and buffeted the father in his grave. This enraged the University of Naples; and the Jesuits, to a man, denounced Grimaldi to Pope Benedict XIII. and Cardinal D'Althan, the Viceroy of Naples. On this the Pope issued a bull prohibiting the reading of Grimaldi's works, or keeping them, under pain of excommunication; and the cardinal, more active than the bull, caused all the copies which were found in the author's house to be thrown *into the sea!* The author with tears in his eyes beheld them expatriated, and hardly hoped their voyage would have been successful. However, all the little family of the Grimaldis were not drowned —for a storm arose, and happily drove ashore many of the floating copies, and these falling into good and charitable hands, the heretical opinions of poor Grimaldi against Aristotle and school divinity were still read by those who were not out-terrified by the Pope's bulls. The *salted* passages were still at hand, and quoted with a double zest against the Jesuits!

We now turn to writers whose controversy was kindled only by subjects of polite literature. The particulars form a curious picture of the taste and character of the age.

" There is," says Joseph Scaliger, that great

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critic and reviler, "an art of abuse or slandering, of which those that are ignorant may be said to defame others much less than they show a willingness to defame."

"Literary wars," says Bayle, "are sometimes as lasting as they are terrible." A disputation between two great scholars was so interminably violent, that it lasted thirty years! He humorously compares its duration to the German war which lasted as long.

Baillet, when he refuted the sentiments of a certain author, always did it without naming him; but when he found any observation which he deemed commendable, he quoted his name. Bayle observes, that "this is an excess of politeness, prejudicial to that freedom which should ever exist in the republic of letters; that it should be allowed always to name those whom we refute; and that it is sufficient for this purpose that we banish asperity, malice, and indecency."

After these preliminary observations, I shall bring forward various examples where this excellent advice is by no means regarded.

Erasmus produced a dialogue, in which he ridiculed those scholars who were servile imitators of Cicero; so servile, that they would employ no expression but what was found in the works of that writer; every thing with them was

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Ciceronianized. This dialogue is written with great humour. Julius Cæsar Scaliger, the father, who was then unknown to the world, had been long looking for some occasion to distinguish himself; he now wrote a defence of Cicero, but which in fact was one continued invective against Erasmus: he there treats the latter as illiterate, a drunkard, an impostor, an apostate, a hangman, a demon hot from hell! The same Scaliger, acting on the same principle of distinguishing himself at the cost of others, attacked Cardan's best work *De Subtilitate:* his criticism did not appear till seven years after the first edition of the work, and then he obstinately stuck to that edition, though Cardan had corrected it in subsequent ones; but this Scaliger chose, that he might have a wider field for his attack. After this, a rumour spread that Cardan had died of vexation from our Julius Cæsar's invincible pen; then Scaliger pretended to feel all the regret possible for a man he had killed, and whom he now praised: however, his regret had as little foundation as his triumph; for Cardan outlived Scaliger many years, and valued his criticisms too cheaply to have suffered them to have disturbed his quiet. All this does not exceed the *invectives* of Poggius, who has thus entitled several literary libels composed against some of his adversaries, Laurentius Valla,

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Philelphus, &c. who returned the poisoned chalice to his own lips; declamations of scurrility, obscenity, and calumny, which are noticed in Mr. Shepherd's Life of Poggius.

Scioppius was a worthy successor of the Scaligers: his favourite expression was, that he had trodden down his adversary.

Scioppius was a critic, as skilful as Salmasius or Scaliger, but still more learned in the language of abuse. He was regarded as the Attila of authors. He boasted that he had occasioned the deaths of Casaubon and Scaliger; and such was the impudence of this cynic, that he attacked with repeated satires our James the First, who, as Arthur Wilson informs us, condemned his writings to be burnt in London. Detested and dreaded as the public scourge, Scioppius, at the close of his life, was fearful he should find no retreat in which he might be secure.

The great Casaubon employs the dialect of St. Giles's in his furious attacks on the learned Dalechamps, the Latin translator of Athenæus. To this great physician he stood more deeply indebted than he chose to confess; and to conceal the claims of this literary creditor, he called out *Vesanum! Insanum! Tiresiam!* &c. It was the fashion of that day with the redoubtable and ferocious heroes of the literary republic, to over-

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whelm each other with invective; and to consider their own grandeur to consist in the bulk of their books, and their triumphs in reducing their brother giants into puny dwarfs. In science, Linnæus had a dread of controversy—conqueror or conquered we cannot escape without disgrace! Mathiolus would have been the great man of his day, had he not meddled with such matters. Who is gratified by "the mad Cornarus," or "the flayed Fox?" titles which Fuchsius and Cornarus, two eminent botanists, have bestowed on each other. Some who were too fond of controversy, as they grew wiser, have refused to take up the gauntlet.

The heat and acrimony of verbal critics have exceeded description. Their stigmas and anathemas have been long known to bear no proportion against the offences to which they have been directed. "God confound you," cried one grammarian to another, "for your theory of impersonal verbs!" There was a long and terrible controversy formerly, whether the Florentine dialect was to prevail over the others. The academy was put to great trouble, and the Anti-cruscans were often on the point of annulling this supremacy; *una mordace scritura* was applied to one of these literary canons; and in a letter of those times the following paragraph appears: "Pescetti is preparing to give a second answer to Beni,

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which will not please him; I now believe the prophecy of Cavalier Tedeschi will be verified, and that this controversy, begun with pens, will end with poniards!"

Fabretti, an Italian, wrote furiously against Gronovius, whom he calls *Grunnovius:* he compared him to all those animals whose voice was expressed by the word *Grunnire, to grunt.* Gronovius was so malevolent a critic, that he was distinguished by the title of the "Grammatical Cur."

When critics venture to attack the person as well as the performance of an author, I recommend the salutary proceedings of Huberus, the writer of an esteemed Universal History. He had been so roughly handled by Perizonius, that he obliged him to make the *amende honorable* in a court of justice.

Certain authors may be distinguished by the title of Literary Bobadils, or fighting authors. It is said of one of our own celebrated writers, that he drew his sword on a reviewer; and another, when his farce was condemned, offered to fight any one of the audience who hissed. Scudery, brother of the celebrated Mademoiselle Scudery, was a true Parnassian bully. The first publication which brought him into notice was his edition of the works of his friend Theophile. He

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concludes the preface with these singular expressions—"I do not hesitate to declare, that, amongst all the dead, and all the living, there is no person who has any thing to show that approaches the force of this vigorous genius; but if, amongst the latter, any one were so extravagant as to consider that I detract from his imaginary glory, to show him, that I fear as little as I esteem him, this is to inform him, that my name is

DE SCUDERY."

A similar rhodomontade is that of Claude Trellon, a poetical soldier, who begins his poems by challenging the critics; assuring them that if any one attempts to censure him, he will only condescend to answer sword in hand. Father Macedo, a Portuguese Jesuit, having written against Cardinal Norris, on the monkery of St. Austin, it was deemed necessary to silence both parties. Macedo, compelled to relinquish the pen, sent his adversary a challenge, and according to the laws of chivalry, appointed a place for meeting in the wood of Boulogne. Another edict to forbid the duel! Macedo then murmured at his hard fate, which would not suffer him, for the sake of St. Austin, for whom he had a particular regard, to spill neither his *ink* nor his *blood*.

ANTI, prefixed to the name of the person attacked, was once a favourite title to books of

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literary controversy. With a critical review of such books Baillet has filled a quarto volume; yet, such was the abundant harvest, that he left considerable gleanings for posterior industry.

Anti-Gronovius was a book published against Gronovius, by Kuster. Perizonius, another pugilist of literature, entered into this dispute on the subject of the Æs grave of the ancients, to which Kuster had just adverted at the close of his volume. What was the consequence? Dreadful!—Answers and rejoinders from both, in which they bespattered each other with the foulest abuse. A journalist pleasantly blames this acrimonious controversy. He says, "To read the pamphlets of a Perizonius and a Kuster on the Æs grave of the ancients, who would not renounce all commerce with antiquity? It seems as if an Agamemnon and an Achilles were railing at each other. Who can refrain from laughter, when one of these commentators even points his attacks at the very name of his adversary? According to Kuster, the name of Perizonius signifies a *certain part* of the human body. How is it possible, that with such a name he could be right concerning the Æs grave? But does that of Kuster promise a better thing, since it signifies a beadle; a man who drives dogs out of churches?—What madness is this!"

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Corneille, like our Dryden, felt the acrimony of literary irritation. To the critical strictures of D'Aubignac it is acknowledged he paid the greatest attention, for, after this critic's *Pratique du Theatre* appeared, his tragedies were more artfully conducted. But instead of mentioning the critic with due praise, he preserved an ungrateful silence. This occasioned a quarrel between the poet and the critic, in which the former exhaled his bile in several abusive epigrams, which have, fortunately for his credit, not been preserved in his works.

The lively Voltaire could not resist the charm of abusing his adversaries. We may smile when he calls a blockhead, a blockhead; a dotard, a dotard; but when he attacks, for a difference of opinion, the *morals* of another man, our sensibility is alarmed. A higher tribunal than that of criticism is to decide on the *actions* of men.

There is a certain disguised malice, which some writers have most unfairly employed in characterising a contemporary. Burnet called Prior, *one Prior*. In Bishop Parker's History of his own Times, an innocent reader may start at seeing the celebrated Marvell described as an outcast of society; an infamous libeller; and one whose talents were even more despicable than his person. To such lengths did the hatred of party, united

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with personal rancour, carry this bishop, who was himself the worst of time-servers. He was, however, amply repaid by the keen wit of Marvell in "The Rehearsal transposed," which may still be read with delight, as an admirable effusion of banter, wit, and satire. Le Clerc, a cool ponderous Greek critic, quarrelled with Boileau about a passage in Longinus, and several years afterwards, in revising Moreri's Dictionary, gave a short sarcastic notice of the poet's brother; in which he calls him the elder brother of *him who has written the book entitled "Satires of Mr. Boileau D' Espreaux!"*—the works of the modern Horace, which were then delighting Europe, he calls, with simple impudence, a book entitled Satires!

The works of Homer produced a controversy, both long and virulent, amongst the wits of France. This literary quarrel is of some note in the annals of literature, since it has produced two valuable books; La Motte's "Reflexions sur la Critique," and Madame Dacier's "Des Causes de la Corruption de Goût." Of the rival works it has been said that La Motte wrote with feminine delicacy, and Madame Dacier like an University pedant. "At length," as the author of *Querelles Litteraires* informs us, "by the efforts of Valincour, the friend of art, of artists, and of peace,

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the contest was terminated." Both parties were formidable in number, and to each he made remonstrances, and applied reproaches. La Motte and Madame Dacier, the opposite leaders, were convinced by his arguments, made reciprocal concessions, and concluded a peace. The treaty was formally ratified at a dinner, given on the occasion by a Madame De Staël, who represented " Neutrality." Libations were poured to the memory of old Homer, and the parties were reconciled.

LITERARY BLUNDERS.

When Dante published his " Inferno," the simplicity of the age accepted it as a true narrative of his descent into hell.

When the Utopia of Sir Thomas More was first published, it occasioned a pleasant mistake. This political romance represents a perfect, but visionary republic, in an island supposed to have been newly-discovered in America. " As this was the age of discovery," says Granger, " the learned Budæus, and others, took it for a genuine history; and considered it as highly expedient, that

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missionaries should be sent thither, in order to convert so wise a nation to Christianity."

It was a long while after publication that many readers were convinced that Gulliver's Travels were fictitious.

But the most singular blunder was produced by the ingenious "Hermippus Redivivus" of Dr. Campbell, a curious banter on the hermetic philosophy and the universal medicine; but the grave irony is so closely kept up throughout this admirable treatise, that it deceived for a length of time the most learned of that day. His notion of the art of prolonging life, by inhaling the breath of young women, was eagerly credited. A physician, who himself had composed a treatise on health, was so influenced by it, that he actually took lodgings at a female boarding-school, that he might never be without a constant supply of the breath of young ladies. The late Mr. Thicknesse seriously adopted the project. Dr. Kippis acknowledges that after he read the work in his youth, the reasonings and the facts left him several days in a kind of fairy land. I have a copy with manuscript notes by a learned physician, who seems to have had no doubts of its veracity. After all, the intention of the work was long doubtful; till Dr. Campbell informed a friend it was a mere jeu d'esprit; that

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Bayle was considered as standing without a rival in the art of treating at large a difficult subject, without discovering to which side his own sentiments leaned; and Dr. Campbell had likewise read more uncommon books than most men; he wished to rival Bayle, and at the same time to give the world much unknown matter. He has admirably succeeded, and with this key the whole mystery is unlocked.

Palavicini, in his History of the Council of Trent, to confer an honour on M. Lansac, ambassador of Charles IX. to that council, bestows on him a collar of the order of the Saint Esprit; but which order was not instituted till several years afterwards, by Henry III. A similar voluntary blunder is that of Surita, in his *Annales de la Corona de Aragon.* This writer represents, in the battles he describes, many persons who were not present; and this, merely to confer honour on some particular families.

A book was written in praise of Ciampini by Ferdinand Fabiani, who, quoting a French narrative of travels in Italy, took for the name of the author the following words, found at the end of the title-page, *Enrichi de deux Listes;* that is, "Enriched with two Lists;" on this he observes, "that Mr. Enriched with two lists has not failed

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to do that justice to Ciampini which he merited." The abridgers of Gesner's Bibliotheca ascribe the romance of Amadis to one *Acuerdo Olvido;* Remembrance, Oblivion. Not knowing that these two words placed on the title-page of the French version of that book, formed the translator's Spanish motto!

D'Aquin, the French king's physician, in his Memoir on the Preparation of Bark, takes *Mantissa,* which is the title of the Appendix to the History of Plants by Johnstone, for the name of an author, and who, he says, is so extremely rare, that he only knows him by name.

Lord Bolingbroke imagined, that in those famous verses, beginning with *Excudent alii,* &c. Virgil attributed to the Romans the glory of having surpassed the Greeks in historical composition: according to his idea, those Roman historians whom Virgil preferred to the Grecians, were Sallust, Livy, and Tacitus. But Virgil died before Livy had written his history, or Tacitus was born.

An honest friar, who compiled a church history, has placed in the class of ecclesiastical writers, Guarini, the Italian poet; this arose from a most risible blunder: on the faith of the title of his celebrated amorous pastoral, *Il Pastor fido,* "The

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Faithful Shepherd," our good father imagined that the character of a curate, vicar, or bishop, was represented in this work.

A blunder has been recorded of the monks in the dark ages, which was likely enough to happen when their ignorance was so dense. A rector of a parish going to law with his parishioners about paving the church, quoted this authority from St. Peter—*Paveant illi, non paveam ego;* which he construed, *They are to pave the church, not I.* This was allowed to be good law by a judge, himself an ecclesiastic too!

One of the grossest literary blunders of modern times is that of the late Gilbert Wakefield, in his edition of Pope. He there takes the well known "Song by a Person of Quality," which is a piece of ridicule on the glittering tuneful nonsense of certain poets, as a serious composition. In a most copious commentary, he fatigues himself to prove that every line seems unconnected with its brothers, and that the whole reflects disgrace on its author, &c. A circumstance which too evidently shows how necessary the knowledge of modern literary history is to a modern commentator, and that those who are profound in verbal Greek are not the best critics on English writers.

Prosper Marchand has recorded a pleasant mistake of Abbé Bizot, the author of the medallic

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history of Holland. Having met with a medal, struck when Philip II. set forth his *invincible Armada*, on which was represented the King of Spain, the Emperor, the Pope, Electors, Cardinals, &c. with their eyes covered with a bandage, and bearing for inscription this fine verse of Lucretius:

> O cæcas hominum mentes! O pectora cæca!

prepossessed with the false prejudice, that a nation persecuted by the pope and his adherents could not represent them without some insult, he did not examine with sufficient care the ends of the bandages which covered the eyes and waved about the heads of the personages represented on this medal; he rashly took them for *asses ears*, and as such they are engraved!

Mabillon has preserved a curious literary blunder of some pious Spaniards, who applied to the Pope for consecrating a day in honour of *Saint Viar*. His holiness, in the voluminous catalogue of his saints, was ignorant of this one. The only proof brought forwards for his existence was this inscription:

S. VIAR.

An antiquary, however, hindered one more festival in the Catholic calendar, by convincing them

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that these letters were only the remains of an inscription erected for an ancient surveyor of the roads; and he read their saintship thus;

PRÆFECTUS VIARUM.

Maffei, in his comparison between Medals and Inscriptions, detects a literary blunder in Spon, who, meeting with this inscription,

Maxime VI. Consule.

takes the letters VI for numerals, which occasions a strange anachronism. They are only contractions of *Viro Illustri*—VI.

As absurd a blunder was this of Dr. Stukeley on the coins of Carausius; finding a battered one with a defaced inscription of

FORTVNA AVG.

he read it

ORIVNA AVG.

And sagaciously interpreting this to be the *wife* of Carausius, makes a new personage start up in history; he contrives even to give some *theoretical Memoirs* of the *August Oriuna!*

In the Valeriana we find, that it was the opinion

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of Father Sirmond, that St. Ursula and her eleven thousand Virgins were all created out of a blunder. In some ancient MS. they found *St. Ursula et Undecimilla V. M.* meaning St. Ursula and Undecimilla, Virgin Martyrs; imagining that *Undecimilla* with the *V.* and *M.* which followed was an abbreviation for *Undecem Millia Martyrum Virginum*, made out of *Two Virgins* the whole *Eleven Thousand!*

Pope, in a note on Measure for Measure, informs us, that its story was taken from Cinthio's Novels, *Dec.* 8. *Nov.* 5. That is, *Decade* 8, *Novel* 5. The critical Warburton, in his edition of Shakespeare (as the author of Canons of Criticism observes) puts the words in full length thus, *December* 8, *November* 5.

Voltaire has given in his Philosophical Dictionary, article *Abus des Mots*, a literary anecdote of a singular nature; a complete *qui pro quo.* When the fragments of Petronius made a great noise in the literary world, Meibomius, an erudit of Lubeck, read in a letter from another learned scholar of Bologna, "We have here *an entire Petronius;* I saw it with mine own eyes, and with admiration." Meibomius in post-haste travels to Italy, arrives at Bologna, and immediately inquires for the librarian Capponi. He asks him if it was true that they had at Bologna *an entire*

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Petronius. Capponi assures him that it was a thing which had long been public. Can I see this Petronius? Have the kindness to let me examine it. Certainly, replies Capponi. He leads our erudit of Lubeck to the church where reposes *the body of Saint Petronius.* Meibomius bites his lip, calls for his chaise, and takes his flight.

A French translator, when he came to a passage of Swift, in which it is said that the Duke of Marlborough *broke* an officer; not being acquainted with this Anglicism, he translated it *roué*, broke on a wheel!

Cibber's play of "*Love's last Shift*" was entitled "*La Dernière Chemise de l'Amour.*" A French writer of Congreve's life has taken his *Mourning* for a *Morning* Bride, and translated it *L'Espouse du Matin.*

Sir John Pringle mentions his having cured a soldier by the use of two quarts of *Dog and Duck water* daily; a French translator specifies it as an excellent *broth* made of a duck and a dog! In a recent catalogue compiled by a French writer of *Works on Natural History,* he has inserted the well-known "Essay on *Irish Bulls*" by the Edgeworths. The proof, if it required any, that a Frenchman cannot understand the idiomatic style

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of Shakespeare appears in a French translator, who prided himself on giving a verbal translation of our great poet, not approving of Le Tourneur's paraphrastical version. He found in the celebrated speech of Northumberland in Henry IV.

> Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
> So dull, so dead in look, *so woe-begone*—

which he renders "*Ainsi, douleur! va-t'en!*"

A remarkable literary blunder has been recently committed by the Abbé Gregoire; who affords another striking proof of the errors to which foreigners are liable when they decide on the *language* and *customs* of another country. The abbé, in the excess of his philanthropy, to show to what dishonourable offices human nature is degraded, acquaints us that at London he observed a signboard proclaiming the master as *tueur des punaises de sa majesté!* Bug-destroyer to his majesty! This is no doubt the honest Mr. Tiffin, in the Strand; and the idea which must have occurred to the good abbé was, that his majesty's bugs were hunted by the said destroyer, and taken by hand— and thus human nature was degraded!

A French writer translates the Latin title of a treatise of Philo-Judæus, *Omnis bonus liber est*, Every good man is a free man, by *Tout livre est bon.* It was well for him, observes Jortin, that

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he did not live within the reach of the Inquisition, which might have taken this as a reflection on the *Index Expurgatorius*.

An English translator turned "Dieu *défend* l'adultère," into "God *defends* adultery." Guthrie, in his translation of Du Halde, has "the twenty-sixth day of the *new* moon." The whole age of the moon is but twenty-eight days. The blunder arose from his mistaking the word *neuvieme* (nine) for *nouvelle* or *neuve* (new).

The facetious Tom Browne committed a strange blunder in his translation of Gelli's Circe. When he came to the word *Starne*, not aware of its signification, he boldly rendered it *stares*, probably from the similitude of sound; the succeeding translator more correctly discovered *Starne* to be red-legged partridges!

In Charles II's reign a new collect was drawn, in which a new epithet was added to the king's title, that gave, says Burnet, great offence, and occasioned great raillery. He was styled *our most religious king*. Whatever the signification of *religious* might be in the *Latin* word, as importing the sacredness of the king's person, yet in the *English language* it bore a signification that was no way applicable to the king. And he was asked by his familiar courtiers, what must the nation think when they heard him prayed for as their

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most religious king?—Literary blunders of this nature are frequently discovered in the versions of good classical scholars, who would make the *English* servilely bend to the Latin and Greek; however its genius will not bear the yoke their unskilful hands put on its neck. Milton has been justly censured for his free use of Latinisms and Grecisms.

The blunders of modern antiquaries on sepulchral monuments are numerous. One mistakes *a lion* at a knight's feet for *a water curled dog;* another could not distinguish *censers* in the hands of angels from *fishing-nets; two angels* at a lady's feet were counted as her two cherub-like *babes;* and another has mistaken a *leopard* and a *hedge-hog* for a *cat* and a *rat!* In some of these cases are the antiquaries or the sculptors most to be blamed?

A literary blunder of Thomas Warton is a specimen of the manner in which a man of genius may continue to blunder with infinite ingenuity. In an old romance he finds these lines, describing the duel of Saladin with Richard Cœur de Lion:

> A *Faucon brode* in hande he bare,
> For he thought he wolde thare
> Have slayne Richard.

He imagines this *Faucon brode* means a *falcon bird,* or a hawk, and that Saladin is represented

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with this bird on his fist to express his contempt of his adversary. He supports his conjecture by noticing a Gothic picture, supposed to be the subject of this duel, and also some old tapestry of heroes on horseback with hawks on their fists; he plunges into feudal times where no gentleman appeared on horseback without his hawk. After all this curious erudition, the rough but skilful Ritson inhumanly triumphed by dissolving the magical fancies of the more elegant Warton, by explaining a *Faucon brode* to be nothing more than a *broad faulchion*, which was certainly more useful than a *bird*, in a duel.

Bayle supposes that Marcellus Palingenius, who wrote a poem entitled the *Zodiac;* the twelve books bearing the names of the signs; assumed, from this circumstance, the title of *Poeta Stellatus*. But it appears, that this writer was an Italian and a native of *Stellada*, a town in the Ferrarese. It is probable that his birth-place produced the conceit of the title of his poem: it is a curious instance how a critical conjecture may be led astray by its own ingenuity, when ignorant of the real fact.

END OF VOL. II.

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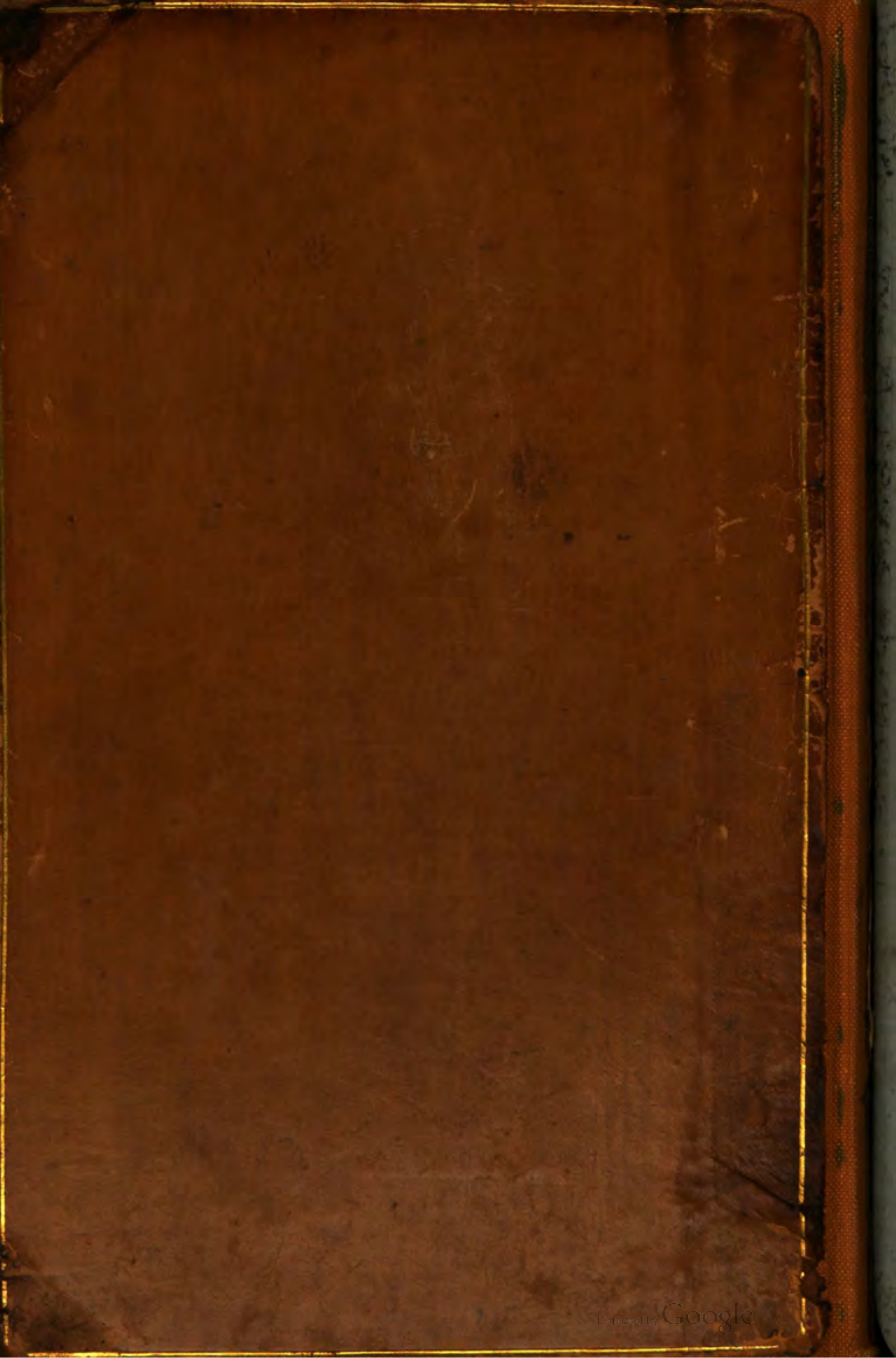

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