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CŪRIOSITIES
OF
L I T E R A T U R E.

SEVENTH EDITION, CORRECTED.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

LONDON:
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CURIOSITIES

OF

Literature.

DIARIES—MORAL, HISTORICAL, AND CRITICAL.

WE converse with the absent by letters, and with ourselves by diaries; but vanity is more gratified by dedicating its time to the little labours which have a chance of immediate notice and may circulate from hand to hand, than by the honester pages of a volume reserved only for solitary contemplation; or to be a future relic of ourselves, when we shall no more hear of ourselves.

Marcus Antoninus's celebrated work entitled *Tῶν εἰς ἑαυτὸν*, *Of the things which concern himself*, would be a good definition of the use and purpose of a diary. Shaftesbury calls a diary, "A Fault-

book," intended for self-correction; and a Colonel Harwood in the reign of Charles I. kept a diary, which, in the spirit of the times, he entitled "Slips, Infirmities, and Passages of Providence." Such a diary is a moral instrument, should the writer exercise it on himself, and on all around him. Men then wrote folios concerning themselves; and it sometimes happened, as proved by many, that I have examined in manuscript, that often writing in retirement they would write when they had nothing to write.

Diaries must be out of date in a lounging age; although I have myself known several who have continued the practice with pleasure and utility. One of our old writers quaintly observes, that "the ancients used to take their stomach-pill of self-examination every night. Some used little books, or tablets, which they tied at their girdles, in which they kept a memorial of what they did, against their night-reckoning." We know that Titus, the delight of mankind as he has been called, kept a diary of all his actions, and when at night he found upon examination that he had performed nothing memorable, he would exclaim, "*Amici! diem perdidimus!*" Friends! we have lost a day!

Among our own countrymen, in times more favourable for a concentrated mind than in this

age of scattered thoughts, and of the fragments of genius, the custom long prevailed; and we their posterity are still reaping the benefit of their lonely hours, and diurnal records. It is always pleasing to recollect the name of Alfred, and we have deeply to regret the loss of a manual which this monarch, so strict a manager of his time, yet found leisure to pursue: it would have interested us more even than his translations, which have come down to us. Alfred carried in his bosom memorandum leaves, in which he made collections from his studies, and took so much pleasure in the frequent examination of this journal, that he called it his *hand-book*, because, says Spelman, day and night he ever had it in hand with him. This manual, as my learned friend Mr. Turner, in his elaborate and philosophical Life of Alfred, has shown by some curious extracts from Malmsbury, was the repository of his own occasional literary reflections. An association of ideas connects two other of our illustrious princes with Alfred.

Prince Henry, the son of James I. our English Marcellus, who was wept by all the Muses, and mourned by all the brave in Britain, devoted a great portion of his time to literary intercourse; and the finest geniuses of the age addressed their works to him, and wrote several at the prince's

suggestion: Dallington, in the preface to his curious "Aphorisms, Civil and Militarie," has described Prince Henry's domestic life: "Myself," says he, "the unabled of many in that academy, for so was his family, had this *especial employment for his proper use*, which he pleased favourably to entertain, and *often to read over*."

The diary of Edward VI., written with his own hand, conveys a notion of that precocity of intellect, in that early educated prince, which would not suffer his infirm health to relax in his royal duties. This prince was solemnly struck with the feeling that he was not seated on a throne to be a trifler or a sensualist; and this simplicity of mind is very remarkable in the entries of his diary; where on one occasion, to remind himself of the causes of his secret proffer of friendship to aid the Emperor of Germany with men against the Turk, and to keep it at present secret from the French court, the young monarch inserts, "This was done on intent to get some friends. The reasonings be in my desk." So zealous was he to have before him a state of public affairs, that often in the middle of the month he recalls to mind passages which he had omitted in the beginning: what was done every day of moment, he retired into his study to set down.—Even James II. wrote with his own hand the daily occurrences of his times, his re-

flections and conjectures; and bequeathed us better materials for history than "perhaps any sovereign prince has left behind him." Adversity had schooled him into reflection, and softened into humanity a spirit of bigotry; and it is something in his favour, that after his abdication he collected his thoughts, and mortified himself by the penance of a diary.—Could a Clive or a Cromwell have composed one? Neither of these men could suffer solitude and darkness; they started at their casual recollections:—what would they have done, had memory marshalled their crimes, and arranged them in the terrors of chronology?

When the national character retained more originality and individuality than our monotonous habits now admit, our later ancestors displayed a love of application, which was a source of happiness, quite lost to us. Till the middle of the last century, they were as great economists of their time, as of their estates; and life with them was not one hurried, yet tedious festival. Living more within themselves, more separated, they were therefore more original in their prejudices, their principles, and in the constitution of their minds. They resided more on their estates, and the metropolis was usually resigned to the men of trade in their Royal Exchange, and the preferment-

hunters among the back-stairs at Whitehall. Lord Clarendon tells us in his "Life" that his grandfather in James the First's time had never been in London after the death of Elizabeth, though he lived thirty years afterwards; and his wife, to whom he had been married forty years, had never once visited the metropolis. On this fact he makes a curious observation; "The wisdom and frugality of that time being such, that few gentlemen made journeys to London, or any other expensive journey, but upon important business, and their wives never; by which providence they enjoyed and improved their estates in the country, and kept good hospitality in their house, brought up their children well, and were beloved by their neighbours." This will appear a very coarse home-spun happiness, and these must seem very gross virtues to our artificial feelings; yet this assuredly created a national character; made a patriot of every country gentleman; and, finally, produced in the civil wars some of the most sublime and original characters that ever acted a great part on the theatre of human life.

This was the age of DIARIES! The head of almost every family formed one. Ridiculous people may have written ridiculous diaries, as Elias Ashmole's; but many of our greatest characters in

public life have left such monuments of their diurnal labours.

These diaries were a substitute to every thinking man for our newspapers, magazines, and annual registers; but those who imagine that *these* are a substitute for the scenical and dramatic life of the diary of a man of genius, like Swift who wrote one, or even of a sensible observer, who lived amidst the scenes he describes, only show that they are better acquainted with the more ephemeral and equivocal labours.

There is a curious passage in a letter of Sir Thomas Bodley, recommending to Sir Francis Bacon, then a young man on his travels, the mode by which he should make his life "profitable to his country and his friends." His expressions are remarkable. "Let all these riches be treasured up, not only in your memory, where time may lessen your stock, but rather in *good writings* and *books of account*, which will keep them safe for your use hereafter." By these *good writings* and *books of account*, he describes the diaries of a student and an observer; these "good writings" will preserve what wear out in the memory, and these "books of account" render to a man an account of himself to himself.

It was this solitary reflection and industry which assuredly contributed so largely to form the

gigantic minds of the Seldens, the Camdens, the Cokes, and others of that vigorous age of genius. When Coke fell into disgrace, and retired into private life, the discarded statesman did not pule himself into a lethargy, but on the contrary seemed almost to rejoice that an opportunity was at length afforded him of indulging in studies more congenial to his feelings. Then he found leisure not only to revise his former writings, which were thirty volumes written with his own hand, but what most pleased him, he was enabled to write a manual, which he called *Vade Mecum*, and which contained a retrospective view of his life, since he noted in that volume the most remarkable occurrences which had happened to him. It is not probable that such a ms. could have been destroyed but by accident; and it might, perhaps, yet be recovered.

“The interest of the public was the business of Camden’s life,” observes Bishop Gibson; and, indeed, this was the character of the men of that age. Camden kept a diary of all occurrences in the reign of James I.; not that at his advanced age, and with his infirm health, he could ever imagine that he should make use of these materials; but he did this, inspired by the love of truth, and of that labour which delights in preparing its materials for posterity. Bishop

Gibson has made an important observation on the nature of such a diary, which cannot be too often repeated to those who have the opportunities of forming one; and for them I transcribe it. "Were this practised by persons of learning and curiosity, who have opportunities of seeing into the public affairs of a kingdom, the short hints and strictures of this kind would often set things in a truer light than regular histories."

A student of this class was Sir Symonds D'Ewes, an independent country gentleman, to whose zeal we owe the valuable journals of parliament in Elizabeth's reign, and who has left in manuscript a voluminous diary, from which may be drawn some curious matters. In the preface to his journals, he has presented a noble picture of his literary reveries, and the intended productions of his pen. They will animate the youthful student, and show the active genius of the gentlemen of that day; the present diarist observes, "Having now finished these volumes, I have already entered upon other and greater labours, conceiving myself not to be born for myself alone,

"Qui vivat sibi solus, homo nequit esse beatus,
Malo mori, nam sic vivere nolo mihi."

He then gives a list of his intended historical

works, and adds, " These I have proposed to myself to labour in, besides divers others, smaller works: like him that shoots at the sun, not in hopes to reach it, but to shoot as high as possibly his strength, art, or skill, will permit. So though I know it impossible to finish all these during my short and uncertain life, having already entered into the thirtieth year of my age, and having many unavoidable cares of an estate and family, yet, if I can finish a little in each kind, it may hereafter stir up some able judges to add an end to the whole :

" Sic mihi contingat vivere, sicque mori."

Richard Baxter, whose facility and diligence, it is said, produced one hundred and forty-five distinct works, wrote, he himself says, " in the crowd of all my other employments." Assuredly the one which may excite astonishment is his voluminous auto-biography, forming a folio of more than seven hundred closely-printed pages; a history which takes a considerable compass, from 1615 to 1684; whose writer pries into the very seed of events, and whose personal knowledge of the leading actors of his times throws a perpetual interest over his lengthened pages. Yet this was not written with a view of publication by himself;

he still continued this work, till time and strength wore out the hand that could no longer hold the pen, and left it to the judgment of others, whether it should be given to the world.

These were private persons. It may excite our surprise to discover that our statesmen, and others engaged in active public life, occupied themselves with the same habitual attention to what was passing around them in the form of diaries, or their own memoirs, or in forming collections for future times, with no possible view but for posthumous utility. They seem to have been inspired by the most genuine passion of patriotism, and an awful love of posterity. What motive less powerful could induce many noblemen and gentlemen to transcribe volumes; to transmit to posterity authentic narratives, which would not even admit of contemporary notice; either because the facts were then well known to all, or of so secret a nature as to render them dangerous to be communicated to their own times. They sought neither fame nor interest; for many collections of this nature have come down to us without even the names of the scribes, which have been usually discovered by accidental circumstances. It may be said, that this toil was the pleasure of idle men:—the idlers then were of a distinct race from our own. There is scarcely a person of reputa-

tion among them, who has not left such laborious records of himself. I intend drawing up a list of such diaries and memoirs; which derive their importance from the diarists themselves. Even the women of this time partook of the same thoughtful dispositions. It appears that the Duchess of York, wife to James II., and the daughter of Clarendon, drew up a narrative of his life: the celebrated Duchess of Newcastle has formed a dignified biography of her husband: Lady Fanshew's *Memoirs* are partially known by some curious extracts; and recently Mrs. Hutchinson's *Memoirs of her Colonel* delighted every curious reader.

Whitelocke's "Memorials" is a diary full of important public matters; and the noble editor, the Earl of Anglesea, observes, that "our author not only served the state, in several stations, both at home and in foreign countries, but likewise conversed with books, and made himself a large provision from his studies and contemplation, like that noble Roman Portius Cato, as described by Nepos. He was all along so much in business, one would not imagine he ever had leisure for books; yet, who considers his studies might believe he had been always shut up with his friend Selden, and the dust of action never fallen on his gown." When Whitelocke was sent on an em-

bassy to Sweden, he journalised it; it amounts to two bulky quartos, extremely curious. He has even left us a History of England.

Yet all is not told of Whitelocke; and we have deeply to regret the loss, or at least the concealment, of a work addressed to his family, which apparently would be still more interesting, as exhibiting his domestic habits and feelings; and affording a model for those in public life, who had the spirit to imitate such greatness of mind, of which we have not many examples. Whitelocke had drawn up a great work, which he entitled "*Remembrances of the Labours of Whitelocke in the Annales of his Life, for the Instruction of his Children.*" To Dr. Morton, the editor of Whitelocke's "*Journal of the Swedish Embassy,*" we owe the notice of this work, and I shall transcribe his dignified feelings in regretting the want of these mss. "Such a work, and by such a father, is become the inheritance of every child, whose abilities and station in life may at any time hereafter call upon him to deliberate for his country—and for his family and person, as parts of the great whole; and I confess myself to be one of those who lament the suppression of that branch of the *Annales* which relates to the author himself in his *private capacity*; they would have afforded great pleasure, as well as instruction, to the world in

their entire form. The first volume, containing the first twenty years of his life, may one day see the light; but the greatest part has hitherto escaped my inquiries." This is all we know of a work of equal moral and philosophical curiosity. The preface, however, to these "Remembrances" has been fortunately preserved, and it is an extraordinary production. In this it appears that Whitelocke himself owed the first idea of his own work to one left by his father, which existed in the family, and to which he repeatedly refers his children. He says, "The memory and worth of your deceased grandfather deserves all honour and imitation, both from you and me; his *LIBER FAMELICUS*, his own story, written by himself, *will be left to you*, and was an encouragement and precedent to this larger work." Here is a family picture quite new to us; the heads of the house are its historians, and these records of the heart were animated by examples and precepts, drawn from their own bosoms; and as Whitelocke feelingly expresses it, "all is recommended to the perusal, and intended for the instruction of my own house, and almost in every page you will find a dedication to you, my dear children."

The habit of laborious studies, and a zealous attention to the history of his own times, produced the Register and Chronicle of Bishop Kennett,

“containing matters of fact, delivered in the words of the most authentic papers and records, all daily entered and commented on:” it includes an account of all pamphlets as they appeared. This history, more valuable to us than to his own contemporaries, occupied two large folios; of which only one has been printed, a zealous labour, which could only have been carried on from a motive of pure patriotism. It is, however, but a small part of the diligence of the bishop, since his own manuscripts form a small library of themselves.

The malignant vengeance of Prynne in exposing the diary of Laud to the public eye lost all its purpose, for nothing appeared more favourable to Laud than this exposition of his private diary. We forget the harshness in the personal manners of Laud himself, and sympathize even with his errors, when we turn over the simple leaves of this diary, which obviously was not intended for any purpose but for his own private eye and collected meditations. There his whole heart is laid open: his errors are not concealed, and the purity of his intentions is established. Laud, who had too haughtily blended the prime minister with the archbishop, still, from conscientious motives, in the hurry of public duties, and in the pomp of public honours, could steal aside into

solitude, to account to God and himself for every day, and "the evil thereof."

The diary of Henry Earl of Clarendon, who inherited the industry of his father, has partly escaped destruction; it presents us with a picture of the manners of the age, from whence, says Bishop Douglas, we may learn that at the close of the last century, a man of the first quality made it his constant practice to pass his time without shaking his arm at a gaming-table, associating with jockies at Newmarket, or murdering time by a constant round of giddy dissipation, if not of criminal indulgence. Diaries were not uncommon in the last age: Lord Anglesey, who made so great a figure in the reign of Charles II., left one behind him; and one said to have been written by the Duke of Shrewsbury still exists.

But the most admirable example is Lord Clarendon's History of his own "Life," or rather of the court, and every event and person passing before him. In this moving scene he copies nature with freedom, and has exquisitely touched the individual character. There that great statesman opens the most concealed transactions, and traces the views of the most opposite dispositions; and though engaged, when in exile, in furthering the royal intercourse with the loyalists, and when, on the restoration, conducting the difficult affairs of a

great nation, a careless monarch, and a dissipated court, yet besides his immortal history of the civil wars, "the chancellor of human nature" passed his life in habitual reflection, and his pen in daily employment. Such was the admirable industry of our later ancestors; their diaries and their memoirs are its monuments!

James II. is an illustrious instance of the admirable industry of our ancestors. With his own hand this prince wrote down the chief occurrences of his times, and often his instant reflections and conjectures. Perhaps no sovereign prince, said Macpherson, has been known to have left behind him better materials for history. We at length possess a considerable portion of his diary, which is that of a man of business and of honest intentions, containing many remarkable facts which had otherwise escaped from our historians.

The literary man has formed diaries purely of his studies, and the practice may be called *journalizing the mind*, in a summary of studies, and a register of loose hints and *sbozzos*, that sometimes happily occur; and like Ringelbergius, that enthusiast for study, whose animated exhortations to young students have been aptly compared to the sound of a trumpet in the field of battle, marked down every night, before going to sleep, what had been done during the studious day. Of this

class of diaries, Gibbon has given us an illustrious model; and there is an unpublished quarto of the late Barré Roberts, a young student of genius, devoted to curious researches, which deserves to meet the public eye. I should like to see a little book published with this title, "*Otium delitiosum in quo objecta vel in actione, vel in lectione, vel in visione ad singulos dies Anni 1629 observata representantur.*" This writer was a German, who boldly published for the course of one year, whatever he read or had seen every day in that year. As an experiment, if honestly performed, this might be curious to the philosophical observer; but to write down every thing, may end in something like nothing.

A great poetical contemporary of our own country does not think that even DREAMS should pass away unnoted; and he calls this register, his *Nocturnals*. His dreams are assuredly poetical; as Laud's, who journalized his, seem to have been made up of the affairs of state and religion;—the personages are his patrons, his enemies, and others; his dreams are scenical and dramatic. Works of this nature are not designed for the public eye; they are domestic annals, to be guarded in the little archives of a family; they are offerings cast before our Lares.

Pleasing, when youth is long expired, to trace
The forms our pencil or our pen design'd ;
Such was our youthful air, and shape and face,
Such the soft image of our youthful mind.

SHENSTONE.

LICENSERS OF THE PRESS.

IN the history of literature, and perhaps in that of the human mind, the institution of the LICENSERS OF THE PRESS, and CENSORS OF BOOKS, was a bold invention, designed to counteract that of the Press itself; and even to convert this newly-discovered instrument of human freedom into one which might serve to perpetuate that system of passive obedience, which had so long enabled modern Rome to dictate her laws to the universe. It was thought possible in the subtilty of Italian *Astuzia* and Spanish monachism, to place a sentinel on the very thoughts, as well as on the persons of authors; and in extreme cases, that books might be condemned to the flames, as well as heretics.

Of this institution, the beginnings are obscure, for it originated in caution and fear; but as the work betrays the workman, and the national physiognomy the native, it is evident that so inquisitorial an act could only have originated in the

inquisition itself*. Feeble or partial attempts might previously have existed, for we learn that the monks had a part of their libraries called the *inferno*, which was not the part which they least visited, for it contained, or hid, all the prohibited books which they could smuggle into it. But this

* Dr. C. Symmons has denounced Sixtus IV. as "the first who placed the press under the control of a state-inquisitor." *Life of Milton*, p. 214. I am not acquainted with his authority; but as Sixtus IV. died as early as 1484, I suspect this writer meant Sixtus V. who was busy enough with this office. Millot, in his *History of France*, mentions that Philip II. had a catalogue printed of books prohibited by the Spanish inquisition; and Paul IV. the following year, 1559, ordered the holy office at Rome to publish a similar catalogue. Such was the origin of what was called the *Index*. However, we have an *Index* printed at Venice in 1543, Peignot's *Livres condamnés*, I. 256. The most ancient at the British Museum is one of Antwerp, 1570. The learned Dr. James, the first chief librarian of the Bodleian, derives this institution from the council of Trent, held in 1542. See "The Mystery of the *Indices Expurgatorii*," p. 372. These Indexes appear to have been very hard to be obtained, for Dr. James says, that the Index of Antwerp was discovered accidentally by Junius, who reprinted it; the Spanish and Portuguese was never known till we took Cadiz; and the Roman Index was procured with great trouble. P. 391.

inquisitorial power assumed its most formidable shape in the council of Trent, when some gloomy spirits from Rome and Madrid, where they are still governing, foresaw the revolution of this new age of books. The triple-crowned pontiff had in vain rolled the thunders of the Vatican, to strike out of the hands of all men the volumes of Wickliffe, of Huss, and of Luther, and even menaced their eager readers with death. At this council Pius IV. was presented with a catalogue of books of which they denounced that the perusal ought to be forbidden: his bull not only confirmed this list of the condemned, but added rules how books should be judged*. Subsequent popes enlarged these catalogues, and added to the rules, as the monstrous novelties started up. Inquisitors of books were appointed; at Rome they consisted of certain cardinals and "the master of the holy palace;" and literary inquisitors were elected at Madrid, at Lisbon, at Naples, and for the Low Countries; they were watching the ubiquity of the human mind. These catalogues of prohibited books were called *Indexes*; and at Rome a body of these literary despots are still called "the Congregation of the Index." The simple *Index* is a list of condemned books never to be opened; but

* This bull is dated March 24, 1564.

the *Expurgatory Index* indicates those only prohibited till they have undergone a purification. No book was to be allowed on any subject, or in any language, which contained a single position, an ambiguous sentence, even a word, which, in the most distant sense, could be construed opposite to the doctrines of the supreme authority of this council of Trent; where it seems to have been enacted, that all men, literate and illiterate, prince and peasant, the Italian, the Spaniard, and the Netherlander, should take the mint-stamp of their thoughts from the council of Trent, and millions of souls be struck off at one blow, out of the same used mould.

The sages who compiled these Indexes, indeed, long had reason to imagine that passive obedience was attached to the human character; and therefore they considered, that the publications of their adversaries required no other notice, than a convenient insertion in their Indexes. But the heretics diligently reprinted them with ample prefaces and useful annotations; Dr. James, of Oxford, republished an Index with due animadversions. The parties made an opposite use of them: while the catholic crossed himself at every title, the heretic would purchase no book which had not been indexed. One of their portions exposed a list of those authors whose heads were

condemned as well as their books; it was a catalogue of men of genius.

The results of these Indexes were somewhat curious. As they were formed in different countries, the opinions were often diametrically opposite to each other. The learned Arias Montanus, who was a chief inquisitor in the Netherlands, and concerned in the Antwerp Index, lived to see his own works placed in the Roman Index; while the inquisitor of Naples was so displeased with the Spanish Index, that he persisted to assert, that it had never been printed at Madrid! Men who began by insisting that all the world should not differ from their opinions, ended by not agreeing with themselves. A civil war raged among the Index-makers; and if one criminated, the other retaliated. If one discovered ten places necessary to be expurgated, another found thirty, and a third inclined to place the whole work in the condemned list. The inquisitors at length became so doubtful of their own opinions, that they sometimes expressed in their licence for printing, that "they tolerated the reading, after the book had been corrected by themselves, till such time as the work should be considered worthy of some farther correction." The expurgatory Indexes excited louder complaints than those which simply condemned books; because the purgers and castrators, as

they were termed, or, as Milton calls them, "the executioners of books," by omitting, or interpolating passages, made an author say, or unsay, what the inquisitors chose; and their editions, after the death of the authors, were compared to the erasures or forgeries in records: for the books which an author leaves behind him, with his last corrections, are like his last will and testament, and the public are the legitimate heirs of an author's opinions.

The whole process of these expurgatory Indexes, that "rakes through the entrails of many an old good author, with a violation worse than any could be offered to his tomb," as Milton says, must inevitably draw off the life-blood, and leave an author a mere spectre! A book in Spain and Portugal passes through six or seven courts before it can be published, and is supposed to recommend itself by the information, that it is published with *all* the necessary privileges. They would sometimes keep works from publication till they had "properly qualified them, *interem se calificam*," which in one case is said to have occupied them during forty years. Authors of genius have taken fright at the gripe of "the master of the holy palace," or the lacerating scratches of the "corrector general por su magestad." At Madrid and Lisbon, and even at Rome, this licensing

of books has confined most of their authors to the body of the good fathers themselves.

The Commentaries on the *Luciad*, by Faria de Souza, had occupied his zealous labours for twenty-five years, and were favourably received by the learned. But the commentator was brought before this tribunal of criticism and religion, as suspected of heretical opinions; when the accuser did not succeed before the inquisitors of Madrid, he carried the charge to that of Lisbon; an injunction was immediately issued to forbid the sale of the Commentaries, and it cost the commentator an elaborate defence, to demonstrate the catholicism of the poet and himself. The Commentaries finally were released from perpetual imprisonment.

This system has prospered to admiration, in keeping them all down to a certain meanness of spirit, and happily preserved stationary the childish stupidity through the nation, on which so much depended.

Nani's *History of Venice* is allowed to be printed, because it contained *nothing against princes*. Princes then were either immaculate, or historians false. The *History of Guicciardini* is still scarred with the merciless wound of the papistic censor; and a curious account of the origin and increase of papal power was long wanting in

the third and fourth book of his history. Velly's History of France would have been an admirable work, had it not been printed at Paris!

When the insertions in the Index were found of no other use than to bring the peccant volumes under the eyes of the curious, they employed the secular arm in burning them in public places. The history of these literary conflagrations has often been traced by writers of opposite parties; for the truth is, that both used them: zealots seem all formed of one material, whatever be their party. They had yet to learn, that burning was not confuting, and that these public fires were an advertisement by proclamation. The publisher of Erasmus's Colloquies intrigued to procure the burning of his book, which raised the sale to twenty-four thousand!

A curious literary anecdote has reached us of the times of Henry VIII. Tonstall, Bishop of London, whose extreme moderation, of which he was accused at the time, preferred burning books to that of authors, which was then getting into practice; to testify his abhorrence of Tindal's principles, who had printed a translation of the New Testament, a sealed book for the multitude, thought of purchasing all the copies of Tindal's translation, and annihilating them in the common flame. This occurred to him when passing

through Antwerp in 1529, then a place of refuge for the Tindalists. He employed an English merchant there for this business, who happened to be a secret follower of Tindal, and acquainted him with the bishop's intention. Tindal was extremely glad to hear of the project, for he was desirous of printing a more correct edition of his version; but the first impression still hung on his hands, and he was too poor to make a new one; he furnished the English merchant with all his unsold copies, which the bishop as eagerly bought, and had them all publicly burnt in Cheapside: which the people not only declared was "a burning of the word of God," but it so inflamed the desire of reading that volume, that the second edition was sought after at any price; and when one of the Tindalists, who was sent here to sell them, was promised by the lord chancellor in a private examination, that he should not suffer if he would reveal who encouraged and supported his party at Antwerp, the Tindalist immediately accepted the offer, and assured the lord chancellor that the greatest encouragement they had was from Tonstall, the Bishop of London, who had bought up half the impression, and enabled them to produce a second!

In the reign of Henry VIII. we seem to have burnt books on both sides; it was an age of un-

settled opinions; in Edward's, the Catholic works were burnt; and Mary had her pyramids of Protestant volumes; in Elizabeth's, political pamphlets fed the flames; and libels in the reign of James I. and his sons.

Such was this black dwarf of literature, generated by Italian craft and Spanish monkery, which, however, was fondly adopted as it crept in among all the nations of Europe. France cannot exactly fix on the æra of her *Censeurs de Livres**; and we ourselves, who gave it its death-blow, found the custom prevail without any authority from our statutes. The practice of licensing books was unquestionably derived from the inquisition, and was applied here first to books of religion. Britain long groaned under the leaden stamp of an *Imprimatur* †, and long witnessed men of genius either suffering the vigorous limbs of their productions to be shamefully mutilated in public, or voluntarily committing a literary suicide in their own manuscripts. Camden declared that he was not suffered to print all his Elizabeth, and sent those passages over to De Thou, the French historian, who printed his history faithfully two

* Peignot's *Dict. des Livres condamnés*, vol. I. p. 266.

† Oxford and Cambridge still grasp at this shadow of departed literary tyranny; they have their *Licensers* and their *Imprimaturs*.

years after Camden's first edition, 1615. The same happened to Lord Herbert's History of Henry VIII. which has never been given according to the original. In the Poems of Lord Brooke, we find a lacuna of the first twenty pages: it was a poem on Religion, cancelled by the order of Archbishop Laud. The great Sir Matthew Hale ordered that none of his works should be printed after his death; as he apprehended, that, in the licensing of them, some things might be struck out or altered, which he had observed, not without some indignation, had been done to those of a learned friend; and he preferred bequeathing his uncorrupted mss. to the Society of Lincoln's Inn, as their only guardians: hoping that they were a treasure worth keeping*. Contemporary authors have frequent allusions to such books, imperfect and mutilated at the caprice or the violence of a licenser.

The laws of England have never violated the freedom and the dignity of its press. "There is no law to prevent the printing of any book in England, only a decree in the star-chamber," said the learned Selden†. Proclamations were

* Burnet's Life of Sir Matthew Hale.

† Sir Thomas Crew's Collection of the Proceedings of the Parliament, 1628, p. 71.

occasionally issued against authors and books; and foreign works were, at times, prohibited. The freedom of the press was rather circumvented, than openly attacked, in the reign of Elizabeth; who dreaded those Roman Catholics who were at once disputing her right to the throne, and the religion of the state. Foreign publications, or "books from any parts beyond the seas," were therefore prohibited*. The press, however, was not free under the reign of a sovereign, whose high-toned feelings, and the exigencies of the times, rendered as despotic in *deeds*, as the pacific James was in *words*. Although the press had then no restrictions, an author was always at the mercy of the government. Elizabeth too had a keen scent after what she called treason, which she allowed to take in a

* The consequence of this prohibition was, that our own men of learning were at a loss to know what arms the enemies of England, and of her religion, were fabricating against us. This was absolutely necessary, which appears by a curious fact in Strype's Life of Whitgift: there we find a licence for the importation of foreign books, granted to an Italian merchant, who was to collect abroad this sort of libels; but he was to deposit them with the archbishop and the privy council, &c. A few, no doubt, were obtained by the curious, Catholic or Protestant. Strype's Life of Whitgift, p. 268.

large compass. She condemned one author (with his publisher) to have the hand cut off which wrote his book; and she hanged another*. It was Sir

* The author, with his publisher, who had their right hands cut off, was John Stubbs of Lincoln's Inn, a hot-headed Puritan, whose sister was married to Thomas Cartwright, the head of that faction. This execution took place upon a scaffold, in the market-place at Westminster. After Stubbs had his right hand cut off, with his left he pulled off his hat, and cried, with a loud voice, "God save the queen!" the multitude standing deeply silent, either out of horror at this new and unwonted kind of punishment, or else out of commiseration of the man, whose character was unblemished. Camden, who was a witness to this transaction, has related it. The author, and the printer, and the publisher, were condemned to this barbarous punishment, on an act of Philip and Mary, *against the authors and publishers of seditious writings*. Some lawyers were honest enough to assert, that the sentence was erroneous, for that act was only a temporary one, and died with Queen Mary; but, of these honest lawyers, one was sent to the Tower, and another was so sharply reprimanded, that he resigned his place as a judge in the common pleas. Other lawyers, as the lord chief justice, who fawned on the prerogative far more than than in the Stuart-reigns, asserted, that Queen Mary was a king; and that an act made by any king, unless repealed, must always exist, because the King of England never dies!

Francis Bacon, or his father, who once pleasantly turned aside the keen edge of her regal vindictiveness; for when Elizabeth was inquiring, whether an author, whose book she had given him to examine, was not guilty of treason? he replied, "Not of treason, madam; but of robbery, if you please; for he has taken all that is worth noticing in him from Tacitus and Sallust." With the fear of Elizabeth before his eyes, Holinshed castrated the volumes of his History. When Giles Fletcher, after his Russian embassy, congratulated himself with having escaped with his head, and, on his return, wrote a book called "The Russian Commonwealth," describing its tyranny, Elizabeth forbade the publishing of the work. Our Russia merchants were frightened, for they petitioned the queen to suppress the work; the original petition with the offensive passages exists among the Lansdowne manuscripts. It is curious to contrast this fact with another better known, under the reign of William III.; then the press had obtained its perfect freedom, and even the shadow of the sovereign could not pass between an author and his work. When the Danish ambassador complained to the king of the freedom which Lord Molesworth had exercised on his master's government, in his Account of Denmark; and hinted that, if a Dane had done the same with

the King of England, he would, on complaint, have taken the author's head off:—"That I cannot do," replied the sovereign of a free people, "but, if you please, I will tell him what you say, and he shall put it into the next edition of his book." What an immense interval between the feelings of Elizabeth and William! with hardly a century betwixt them!

James I. proclaimed Buchanan's history, and a political tract of his, at "the Mercat Cross;" and every one was to bring his copy "to be perusit and purgit of the offensive and extraordinare materis," under a heavy penalty. Knox, whom Milton calls "the Reformer of a Kingdom," was also curtailed; and "the sense of that great man shall, to all posterity, be lost, for the fearfulness, or the presumptuous rashness, of a perfunctory licenser."

The regular establishment of licensers of the press appeared under Charles I. It must be placed among the projects of Laud, and the king, I suspect, inclined to it; for, by a passage in a manuscript letter of the times, I find, that when Charles printed his speech on the dissolution of the parliament, which excited such general discontent, some one printed Queen Elizabeth's last speech, as a companion-piece. This was presented to the king by his own printer, John Bill,

not from a political motive, but merely by way of complaint that another had printed, without leave or license, that which, as the king's printer, he asserted was his own copy-right. Charles does not appear to have been pleased with the gift, and observed, "You printers print any thing." Three gentlemen of the bed-chamber, continues the writer, standing by, commended Mr. Bill very much, and prayed him to come oftener with such rarities to the king, because they might do some good*.

One of the consequences of this persecution of the press was, the raising up of a new class of publishers, under the government of Charles I. those who became noted for, what was then called, "unlawful and unlicensed books." Sparkes, the publisher of Prynne's "Histriomastix," was of this class. I have already entered more particularly into this subject †. The Presbyterian party in parliament, who thus found the press closed on them, vehemently cried out for its freedom: and it was imagined, that when they had ascended into power, the odious office of a licenser of the press would have been abolished; but these pretended friends of freedom, on the contrary, dis-

* A letter from J. Mead to Sir M. Stuteville, July 19, 1628. Sloane MSS. 4178.

† See "Calamities of Authors," vol. II. p. 116.

covered themselves as tenderly alive to the office as the old government, and maintained it with the extremest vigour. Such is the political history of mankind.

The literary fate of Milton was remarkable: his genius was castrated alike by the monarchical and the republican government. The royal licenser expunged several passages from Milton's history, in which Milton had painted the superstition, the pride, and the cunning of the Saxon Monks, which the sagacious licenser applied to Charles II. and the bishops; but Milton had before suffered as merciless a mutilation from his old friends the republicans; who suppressed a bold picture, taken from life, which he had introduced into his History of the Long Parliament and Assembly of Divines. Milton gave the unlicensed passages to the Earl of Anglesea, a literary nobleman, the editor of Whitelocke's Memorials; and the castrated passage, which could not be licensed in 1670, was received with peculiar interest when separately published in 1681*. "If there be found in an

* It is a quarto tract, entitled "Mr. John Milton's Character of the Long Parliament and Assembly of Divines in 1641; omitted in his other works, and never before printed, and very seasonable for these times. 1681." It is inserted in the uncastrated edition of Milton's prose works in 1738. It is a retort

D 2

author's book one sentence of a ventrous edge, uttered in the height of zeal, and who knows whether it might not be the dictate of a divine spirit, yet not suiting every low decrepid humour of their own, they will not pardon him their dash."

This office seems to have lain dormant a short time under Cromwell, from the scruples of a conscientious licenser, who desired the council of state in 1649, for reasons given, to be discharged from that employment. This Mabot, the licenser, was evidently deeply touched by Milton's address for "The Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." The office was, however, revived on the restoration of Charles II.; and through the reign of James II. the abuses of licensers were unquestionably not discouraged: their castrations of books reprinted appear to have been very artful; for in reprinting Gage's "Survey of the West Indies," which originally consisted of twenty-two chapters, in 1648 and 1657, with a dedication to Sir Thomas Fairfax, —in 1677, after expunging the passages in honour of Fairfax, the dedication is dexterously turned

on the *Presbyterian* Clement Walker's History of the *Independents*; and Warburton in his admirable characters of the historians of this period, alluding to Clement Walker, says, "Milton was even with him in the fine and severe character he draws of the *Presbyterian* administration."

into a preface; and the twenty-second chapter being obnoxious for containing particulars of the artifices of "the papalins *," in converting the author, was entirely chopped away by the licenser's hatchet. The castrated chapter, as usual, was preserved afterwards separately. Literary despotism at least is short-sighted in its views, for the expedients it employs are certain of overturning themselves.

On this subject we must not omit noticing one of the noblest and most eloquent prose compositions of Milton; "the Areopagitica; a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." It is a work of love and inspiration, breathing the most enlarged spirit of literature; separating, at an awful distance from the multitude, that character "who was born to study and to love learning for itself, not for lucre, or any other end, but, perhaps, for that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise, which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose PUBLISHED LABOURS advance the good of mankind."

One part of this unparalleled effusion turns on "the quality which ought to be in every licenser." It will suit our new licensers of public opinion, a laborious corps well known, who con-

* So Milton calls the Papists.

stitute themselves without an act of star-chamber. I shall pick out but a few sentences, that I may add some little facts, casually preserved, of the ineptitude of such an officer.

“ He who is made judge to sit upon the birth or death of books, whether they may be wafted into this world or not, had need to be a man above the common measure, both studious, learned, and judicious; there may be else no mean mistakes in his censure. If he be of such worth as behoves him, there cannot be a more tedious and displeasing journey-work, a greater loss of time levied upon his head, than to be made the perpetual reader of unchosen books and pamphlets. There is no book acceptable, unless at certain seasons; but to be enjoined the reading of that at all times, whereof three pages would not down at any time, is an imposition which I cannot believe how he that values time and his own studies, or is but of a sensible nostril, should be able to endure.—What advantages is it to be a man over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only scaped the ferula to come under the fescue of an *Imprimatur*? —if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporising licenser? When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends, as well as any that writ before him; if in this, the most

consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities, can bring him to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings, and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unleased licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labour of book-writing; and if he be not repulsed or slighted, must appear in print like a Punie with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer; it cannot be but a dishonour and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning."

The reader may now follow the stream in the great original; I must, however, preserve one image of exquisite sarcasm.

"Debtors and delinquents walk about without a keeper; but inoffensive books must not stir forth without a visible jailor in their title; nor is it to the common people less than a reproach: for if we dare not trust them with an English pamphlet, what do we but censure them for a giddy, vitious, and ungrounded people, in such a sick and weak state of faith and discretion, as to be able to take nothing but thro' the glisterpipes of a licenser!"

The ignorance and stupidity of these censors

were often, indeed, as remarkable as their exterminating spirit. The noble simile of Milton, of Satan with the rising-sun, in the first book of the *Paradise Lost*, had nearly occasioned the suppression of our national epic: it was supposed to contain a treasonable allusion. The tragedy of *Arminius*, by one Paterson, who was an amanuensis of the poet Thomson, was intended for representation, but the dramatic censor refused a license: as *Edward and Eleanora* was not permitted to be performed, being considered a party work, our sagacious state-critic imagined that Paterson's *own* play was in the same predicament by being in the same hand-writing! The French have retained many curious facts of the singular ineptitude of these censors. Malebranche said, that he could never obtain an approbation for his research after truth, because it was unintelligible to his censors; and, at length Mezeray, the historian, approved of it as a book of geometry. Latterly in France, it is said, that the greatest geniuses were obliged to submit their works to the critical understanding of persons who had formerly been low dependents on some man of quality, and who appear to have brought the same servility of mind to the examination of works of genius. There is something, which, on the principle of incongruity and contrast, becomes exquisitely ludicrous, in

observing the works of men of genius allowed to be printed, and even commended, by certain persons who have never printed their names but to their licenses. One of these gentlemen suppressed a work, because it contained principles of government, which appeared to him not conformable to the laws of Moses. Another said to a geometer, "I cannot permit the publication of your book: you dare to say, that, between two given points, the shortest line is the straight line. Do you think me such an idiot as not to perceive your allusion? If your work appeared, I should make enemies of all those who find, by crooked ways, an easier admittance into court, than by a straight line. Consider their number!" At this moment the censors in Austria appear singularly inept; for, not long ago, they condemned as heretical, two books; of which one, entitled "*Principes de la Trigonometrie*," the censor would not allow to be printed, because the *Trinity*, which he imagined to be included in trigonometry, was not permitted to be discussed: and the other, on the "*Destruction of Insects*," he insisted had a covert allusion to the *Jesuits*, who, he conceived, were thus malignantly designated*.

A curious literary anecdote has been recorded of the learned Richard Turion, who was a contri-

* Peignot's Dict. des Livres condamnés, vol. I. 256.

butor. Compelled to insert in one of his works the qualifying opinions of the censor of the Sorbonne, he inserted them within crotchets. But a strange misfortune attended this contrivance. The printer, who was not let into the secret, printed the work without these essential marks: by which means the enraged author saw his own peculiar opinions overturned in the very work written to maintain them.

These appear trifling minutiae; and yet, like a hair in a watch, which utterly destroys its progress, these little ineptiae obliged writers to have recourse to foreign presses; compelled a Montesquieu to write with concealed ambiguity, and many to sign a recantation of principles which they could never change. The recantation of Selden, extorted from his hand on his suppressed "Historie of Tithes," humiliated a great mind; but it could not remove a particle from the masses of his learning, nor darken the luminous conviction of his reasonings; nor did it diminish the number of those who assented to his principles. Recantations usually prove the force of authority, rather than the change of opinion. When a Dr. Pocklington was condemned to make a recantation, he hit the etymology of the word, while he caught at the spirit—he began thus: "If *canto* be to sing, *recanto* is to sing again." So that he rechant

his offending opinions, by repeating them in his *recantation*.

At the revolution in England, licenses for the press ceased; but its liberty did not commence till 1694, when every restraint was taken off by the firm and decisive tone of the commons. It was granted, says our philosophic Hume, "to the great displeasure of the king and his ministers, who, seeing nowhere, in any government during present or past ages, any example of such unlimited freedom, doubted much of its salutary effects; and, probably, thought that no books or writings would ever so much improve the general understanding of men, as to render it safe to entrust them with an indulgence so easily abused."

And the present moment verifies the prescient conjecture of the philosopher. Such is the licentiousness of our press, that some, not perhaps the most hostile to the cause of freedom, would not be averse to manacle authors once more with an IMPRIMATUR. It will not be denied that Erasmus was a friend to the freedom of the press; yet he was so shocked at the licentiousness of Luther's pen, that there was a time when he considered it as necessary to restrain its liberty. It was then as now. Erasmus had, indeed, been miserably calumniated, and expected future libels. I am glad, however, to observe,

that he afterwards, on a more impartial investigation, confessed that such a remedy was much more dangerous than the disease. To restrain the liberty of the press can only be the interest of the individual, never that of the public; one must be a patriot here: we must stand in the field with an unshielded breast, since the safety of the people is the supreme law. There were, in Milton's days, some who said of this institution, that, although the inventors were bad, the thing, for all that, might be good. "This may be so," replies the vehement advocate for "unlicensed printing." But as the commonwealths have existed through all ages, and have forborne to use it, he sees no necessity for the invention; and held it as a dangerous and suspicious fruit from the tree which bore it. The ages of the wisest commonwealths, Milton seems not to have recollected, were not diseased with the popular infection of publications, issuing at all hours, and propagated with a celerity on which the ancients could not calculate. The learned Dr. *James*, who has denounced the invention of the *Indexes*, confesses, however, that it was not unuseful when it restrained the publications of atheistic and immoral works. But it is our lot to bear with all the consequent evils, that we may preserve the good inviolate; since as the profound Hume has declared,

“ The LIBERTY OF BRITAIN IS GONE FOR EVER, when such attempts shall succeed.”

A constitutional sovereign will consider the freedom of the press as the sole organ of the feelings of the people. Calumniators he will leave to the fate of calumny; a fate similar to those, who, having overcharged their arms with the fellest intentions, find that the death which they intended for others, in bursting, only annihilates themselves.

OF ANAGRAMS AND ECHO VERSES.

THE “ true” modern critics on our elder writers are apt to thunder their anathemas on innocent heads: little versed in the æras of our literature, and the fashions of our wit, popular criticism must submit to be guided by the literary historian.

Kippis condemns Sir Symonds D’Ewes for his admiration of two anagrams, expressive of the feelings of the times. It required the valour of Falstaff to attack extinct anagrams; and our pretended English Bayle thought himself secure, in pronouncing all anagrammatists to be wanting in judgment and taste: yet, if this mechanical critic did not know something of the state and nature of anagrams in Sir Symonds’s

day, he was more deficient in that curiosity of literature, which his work required, than plain honest Sir Symonds in the taste and judgment of which he is so contemptuously deprived. The author who thus decides on the tastes of another age by those of his own day, and whose knowledge of the national literature does not extend beyond his own century, is neither historian nor critic. The truth is, that ANAGRAMS were then the fashionable amusements of the wittiest and the most learned.

Kippis says, and others have repeated, " That Sir Symonds D'Ewes's judgment and taste, with regard to wit, were as contemptible as can well be imagined, will be evident from the following passage taken from his account of Carr Earl of Somerset, and his wife : ' This discontent gave many satirical wits occasion to vent themselves into stinging [stinging] libels, in which they spared neither the persons nor families of that unfortunate pair. There came also two anagrams to my hands, *not unworthy to be owned by the rarest wits of this age.*' These were, one very descriptive of the lady ; and the other, of an incident in which this infamous woman was so deeply criminated.

FRANCES HOWARD,
Car finds a Whore,

THOMAS OVERBURIE,
O! O! base Murther!"

This sort of wit is not falser at least than the criticism which infers that D'Ewes's "judgment and taste were as contemptible as can well be;" for he might have admired these anagrams, which, however, are not of the nicest construction, and yet not have been so destitute of those qualities of which he is so authoritatively divested.

Camden has a chapter in his "Remains" on ANAGRAMS, which he defines to be a dissolution of a (person's) name into its letters, as its elements; and a new connexion into words is formed by their transposition, if possible without addition, subtraction, or change of the letters: and the words must make a sentence applicable to the person named. The ANAGRAM is complimentary or satirical; it may contain some allusion to an event, or describe some personal characteristic.

Such difficult trifles it may be convenient at all times to discard; but, if ingenious minds can convert an ANAGRAM into a means of exercising their ingenuity, the things themselves will necessarily become ingenious. No ingenuity can make an ACROSTIC ingenious; for this is nothing but a mechanical arrangement of the letters of a name, and yet this literary folly long prevailed in Europe.

As for ANAGRAMS, if antiquity can consecrate some follies, they are of very ancient date. They

were classed among the Hebrews, among the cabalistic science; they pretended to discover occult qualities in proper names; it was an oriental practice; and was caught by the Greeks. Plato had strange notions of the influence of *Anagrams* when drawn out of persons' names; and the later platonists are full of the mysteries of the anagrammatic virtues of names. The chimerical associations of the character and qualities of a man with his name anagrammatised may often have instigated to the choice of a vocation, or otherwise affected his imagination.

Lycophron has left some on record: two on Ptolomæus Philadelphus, King of Egypt, and his Queen Arsinoe. The king's name was thus anagrammatised:

ΠΤΟΛΕΜΑΙΟΣ

'Απὸ μέλιτος, MADE OF HONEY:

and the queen's,

ΑΡΣΙΝΟΗ,

'Ἡρας ἰόν. JUNO'S VIOLET.

Learning, which revived under Francis the First in France, did not disdain to cultivate this small flower of wit. Dawcat had such a felicity in making these trifles, that many illustrious persons sent their names to him to be anagrammatised. Le Laboureur, the historian, was extremely pleased

with the anagram made on the mistress of Charles IX. of France. Her name was

Marie Touchet.

JE CHARME TOUT.

which is historically just.

In the assassin of Henry III.

Frere Jacques Clement,

they discovered

C'EST L'ENFER QUI M'A CREE.

I preserve a few specimens of some of our own anagrams. The mildness of the government of Elizabeth, contrasted with her intrepidity against the Iberians, is thus picked out of her title; she is made the English ewe-lamb, and the lioness of Spain.

Elizabetha Regina Angliæ,

ANGLIS AGNA, HIBERIÆ LEA.

The unhappy history of Mary Queen of Scots, the deprivation of her kingdom, and her violent death, were expressed in this Latin anagram:

Maria Steuarda Scotorum Regina.

TRUSA VI REGNIS, MORTE AMARA CADO.

and in

Maria Stevarta.

VERITAS ARMATA.

Another fanciful one on our James I., whose rightful claim to the British monarchy, as the descendant of the visionary Arthur, could only have satisfied genealogists of romance reading :

Charles James Steuart,
CLAIMS ARTHUR'S SEAT.

Sylvester, the translator of Du Bartas, considered himself fortunate when he found in the name of his sovereign, the strongest bond of affection to his service. In the dedication he rings loyal changes on the name of his liege, *James Stuart*; in which he finds *a just master!*

The anagram on Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, on the restoration of Charles II., included an important date in our history :

Georgius Monke, Dux de Aumarle,
Ego Regem reduxi Anº. Sa MDCLVV.

A slight reversing of the letters in a name produced a happy compliment: as in *Vernon* was found *Renoun*; and the celebrated Sir Thomas *Wiat* bore his own designation in his name, *a Wit*. Of the poet *Waller* the anagrammatist said,

“ His brows need not with *Lawrel* to be bound,
Since in his *name* with *Lawrel* he is crown'd.

Randle Holmes, who has written a very extra-

ordinary volume on heraldry, was complimented by an expressive anagram :

Lo, Men's Herald !

These anagrams were often devoted to the personal attachments of love or friendship. A friend delighted to twine his name with the name of his friend. *Crashawe*, the poet, had a literary intimate of the name of *Car*, who was his posthumous editor ; and, in prefixing some elegiac lines, discovers that his late friend *Crashawe* was *Car* ; for so the anagram of *Crashawe* runs : *He was Car*. On this quaint discovery, he has indulged all the tenderness of his recollections :

“ Was *Car* then *Crashawe*, or was *Crashawe Car* ?
 Since both within one name combined are.
 Yes, *Car* 's *Crashawe*, he *Car* ; 'tis *Love* alone
 Which melts two hearts, of both composing one,
 So *Crashawe* 's still the same, &c.

A happy anagram on a person's name might have a moral effect on the feelings : as there is reason to believe, that certain celebrated names have had some influence on the personal character. When one *Martha Nicolson* was found out to be *Soon calm in heart*, the anagram, in becoming familiar to her, might afford an opportune admonition. But, perhaps, the happiest of anagrams was produced on a singular person and

occasion. Lady Eleanor Davies, the wife of the celebrated Sir John Davies, the poet, was a very extraordinary character. She was the Cassandra of her age; and several of her predictions warranted her to conceive she was a prophetess. As her prophecies in the troubled times of Charles I. were usually against the government, she was, at length, brought by them into the court of High Commission. The prophetess was not a little mad, and fancied the spirit of Daniel was in her, from an anagram she had formed of her name,

ELEANOR DAVIES.

REVEAL O DANIEL!

The anagram had too much by an L, and too little by an s; yet *Daniel* and *reveal* was in it, and that was sufficient to satisfy her inspirations. The court attempted to dispossess the spirit from the lady, while the bishops were in vain reasoning the point with her out of the scriptures, to no purpose, she poisoning text against text:—one of the deans of the arches, says Heylin, shot her thorough and thorough with an arrow borrowed from her own quiver: he took a pen, and at last hit upon this excellent anagram:

DAME ELEANOR DAVIES.

NEVER SO MAD A LADIE!

The happy fancy put the solemn court into laughter, and Cassandra into the utmost dejection of spirit. Foiled by her own weapons, her spirit suddenly forsook her; and either she never afterwards ventured on prophesying, or the anagram perpetually reminded her hearers of her state—and we hear no more of this prophetess!

Thus much have I written in favour of Sir Symonds D'Ewes's keen relish of "a stingie anagram;" and on the error of those literary historians, who do not enter into the spirit of the age they are writing on.

We find in the *Scribleriad*, the ANAGRAMS appearing in the land of false wit:

"But with still more disorder'd march advance,
(Nor march it seem'd, but wild fantastic dance),
The uncouth ANAGRAMS, distorted train,
Shifting, in double mazes, o'er the plain."

C. II. 161.

The fine humour of Addison was never more playful than in his account of that anagrammatist, who, after shutting himself up for half a year, and having taken certain liberties with the name of his mistress, discovered, on presenting his anagram, that he had mis-spelt her surname; by which he was so thunderstruck with his misfortune, that in a little time after he lost his senses, which, in-

deed, had been very much impaired by that continual application he had given to his anagram.

One Frenzelius, a German, prided himself on perpetuating the name of every person of eminence who died by an anagram; but by the description of the bodily pain he suffered on these occasions, when he shut himself up for those rash attempts, he seems to have shared in the dying pangs of the mortals whom he so painfully celebrated. Others appear to have practised this art with more facility. A French poet, deeply in love, in one day sent his mistress, whose name was *Magdelaine*, three dozen of anagrams on her single name!

Even old Camden, who lived in the golden age of anagrams, notices the *difficilia quæ pulchra*, the charming difficulty, "as a whetstone of patience to them that shall practise it. For some have been seen to bite their pen, scratch their heads, bend their brows, bite their lips, beat the board, tear their paper, when the names were fair for somewhat, and caught nothing therein." Such was the troubled happiness of an anagrammatist: yet, adds our venerable author, notwithstanding "the sour sort of critics, good anagrams yield a delightful comfort, and pleasant motion in honest minds."

When the mania of making ANAGRAMS pre-

vailed, the little persons at court flattered the great ones at inventing anagrams for them; and when the wit of the maker proved to be as barren as the letters of the name, they dropped or changed them, raving with the alphabet, and racking their wits. Among the manuscripts of the grave Sir Julius Cæsar, one cannot but smile at a bundle emphatically endorsed "Trash." It is a collection of these court-anagrams; a remarkable evidence of that ineptitude to which mere fashionable wit can carry the frivolous.

In consigning this intellectual exercise to oblivion, we must not confound the miserable and the happy together. A man of genius would not consume an hour in extracting even a fortunate anagram from a name, although on an extraordinary person or occasion its appositeness might be worth an epigram. Much of its merit will arise from the association of ideas; a trifler can only produce what is trifling, but an elegant mind may delight by some elegant allusion, and a satirical one by its causticity. We have some recent ones, which will not easily be forgotten.

A similar contrivance, that of ECHO VERSES, may here be noticed. I have given a specimen of these in a modern French writer, whose sportive pen has thrown out so much wit and humour in

his ECHOES*. Nothing ought to be contemned which, in the hands of a man of genius, is converted into a medium of his talents. No verses have been considered more contemptible than these, which, with all their kindred, have been anathematized by Butler, in his exquisite character of "a small poet" in his "Remains," whom he describes as "tumbling through the hoop of an anagram" and "all those gambols of wit." The philosophical critic will be more tolerant than was the orthodox church of wit in that day, which was, indeed, alarmed at the fantastical heresies which were then prevailing. I say not a word in favour of unmeaning ACROSTICS; but ANAGRAMS and ECHO VERSES may be shown capable of reflecting the ingenuity of their makers. I preserve a copy of ECHO VERSES, which exhibit a curious picture of the state of our religious fanatics, the Roundheads of Charles I., as an evidence, that in the hands of a wit, even such things can be converted into the instruments of wit.

At the end of a comedy presented at the entertainment of the prince, by the scholars of Trinity College, Cambridge, in March 1641, printed for James Calvin, 1642, the author, Francis Cole,

* See vol. II. p. 241.

holds in a print a paper in one hand, and a round hat in another. At the end of all is this humorous little poem.

THE ECCHO!

Now Eccho, on what 's religion grounded ?

Round-head !

Whose its professor most considerable ?

Rabble !

How do these prove themselves to be the godly ?

Oddly !

But they in life are known to be the holy.

O lie !

Who are these preachers, men or women-common ?

Common !

Come they from any universitie ?

Citie !

Do they not learning from their doctrine sever ?

Ever !

Yet they pretend that they do edifie;

O fie !

What do you call it then, to fructify ?

Ay.

What church have they, and what pulpits ?

Pitts !

But now in chambers the Conventicle;

Tickle !

The godly sisters shrewdly are helied.

Bellied !

The godly number then will soon transcend.

End!

As for the temples they with zeal embrace them.

Rase them!

What do they make of bishop's hierarchy?

*Archie!**

Are crosses, images, ornaments their scandall?

All!

Nor will they leave us many ceremonies,

Monies!

Must even religion down for satisfaction.

Faction.

How stand they affected to the government civil?

Evil!

But to the king they say they are most loyal.

Lye all.

Then God keep King and State from these same men.

Amen!

ORTHOGRAPHY OF PROPER NAMES.

WE are often perplexed to decide how the names of some of our eminent men ought to be

* An allusion probably to Archibald Armstrong, the fool or privileged jester of Charles I. usually called *Archy*, who had a quarrel with archbishop Laud, and of whom many *arch* things are on record: there is a little jest-book very high-priced and of little worth which bears the title of *Archee's Jest*s.

written; and we find that they are even now written diversely. The truth is that our orthography was so long unsettled among us, that it appears by various documents of the times which I have seen, that persons were at a loss how to write their own names, and most certainly have written them variously. I have sometimes suspected that estates may have been lost, and descents confounded, by such uncertain and disagreeing signatures of the same person. In a late suit respecting the Duchess of Norfolk's estate, one of the ancestors has his name printed *Higden*, while in the genealogy it appears *Hickden*. I think I have seen Ben *Jonson*'s name written by himself with an *h*; and *Dryden* made use of an *i*. I have seen an injunction to printers with the sign manual of Charles II. not to print Samuel *Boteler* esquire's book or poem called *Hudibras* without his consent; but I do not know whether Butler thus wrote his name. As late as in 1660 a Dr. *Crovne* was at such a loss to have his name pronounced rightly, that he tried six different ways of writing it, as appears by printed books; Cron, Croon, Crown, Crone, Croone, and Crovne; all which appear under his own hand, as he wrote it differently at different periods of his life. In the subscription book of the Royal Society he

writes *W. Croone*, but in his will at the Commons he signs *W. Crowne*. *Ray* the naturalist informs us in his letters, p. 72, that he first wrote his name *Wray*, but afterwards omitted the *W*. Dr. *Whitby*, in books published by himself, writes his name sometimes *Whiteby*. And among the Harleian Manuscripts there is a large collection of letters, to which I have often referred; written between 1620 and 1630 by *Joseph Mead*; and yet in all his printed letters, and his works, even within that period, it is spelt *Mede*; by which signature we recognize the name of a learned man better known to us: it was long before I discovered the letter-writer to have been this scholar. *Oldys*, in some curious manuscript memoirs of his family, has traced the family name through a great variety of changes, and sometimes it is at such variance, that the person indicated will not always appear to have belonged to the family. We saw recently an advertisement in the newspapers offering five thousand pounds to prove a marriage in the family of the *Knevetts*, which occurred about 1633. What most disconcerts the inquirers is their discovery that the family name was written in six or seven different ways; a circumstance which I have no doubt will be found in most family names in England.

Fuller mentions that the name of *Villers* was spelt *fourteen* different ways in the deeds of that family.

I shall illustrate this subject by the history of the *names* of two of our most illustrious countrymen, Shakespeare and Rawleigh.

We all remember the day, when a violent literary controversy was opened, nor is it yet closed, respecting the spelling of our poet's name. One great editor persisted in his triumphant discovery, by printing *Shakspeare*, while another would only partially yield, *Shakespeare*; but all parties seemed willing to drop the usual and natural derivation of his name, in which we are surely warranted from a passage in a contemporary writer, who alludes by the name to a conceit of his own, of the *martial* spirit of the poet. The truth seems to be, then, that personal names were written by the ear, since the persons themselves did not attend to the accurate writing of their own names, which they changed sometimes capriciously and sometimes with anxious nicety. Our great poet's name appears *Shakspeare* in the register of Stratford church; it is *Shackspeare* in the body of his will, but that very instrument is indorsed Mr. *Shakspeare's* will. He himself has written his name in two different ways, *Shakespeare* and *Shakspeare*. Mr. Colman says, the poet's name in his own

county is pronounced with the first *a* short, which accounts for this mode of writing the name, and proves that the orthoepy rather than the orthography of a person's name was most attended to; a very questionable and uncertain standard.

Another remarkable instance of this sort is the name of Sir Walter *Rawley*, which I am myself uncertain how to write; although I have discovered a fact which proves how it should be pronounced.

Rawley's name was spelt by himself and by his contemporaries in all sorts of ways. We find it Raleigh, Raleigh, Rawleigh, Raweley, and Rawly; the last of which at least preserves its pronunciation. This great man, when young, appears to have subscribed his name "*Walter Raweley* of the Middle Temple" to a copy of verses, printed among others prefixed to a satire called the *Steel-glass*, in George Gascoigne's *Works*, 1576. Sir Walter was then a young student, and these verses both by their spirit and signature cannot fail to be his; however this matter is doubtful, for the critics have not met elsewhere with his name thus written. The orthoepy of the name of this great man I can establish by the following fact. When Sir Walter was first introduced to James I. on the king's arrival in England, with whom, being united with an opposition party, he was no favourite; the

Scottish monarch gave him this broad reception :
 “ Rawly ! Rawly ! true enough, for I think of thee
 very *Rawly*, mon ! ” There is also an enigma con-
 tained in a distich written by a lady of the times,
 which preserves the real pronunciation of the
 name of this extraordinary man.

“ What’s bad for the stomach, and the word of dis-
 honour,
 Is the name of the man, whom the king will not
 honour.”

Thus our ancient personal names were written
 down by the ear, at a period when we had no
 settled orthography ; and even at a later period,
 not distant from our own times, some persons, it
 might be shown, have been equally puzzled how
 to write their names ; witness the Thomsons,
 Thompsons ; the Wartons, the Whartons, &c.

NAMES OF OUR STREETS.

LORD ORFORD has, in one of his letters, pro-
 jected a curious work to be written in a walk
 through the streets of the metropolis, similar to a
 French work entitled “ Anecdotes des Rues de
 Paris.” I know of no such work, and suspect the
 vivacious writer alluded in his mind to Saint

Foix's "Essais historiques sur Paris," a very entertaining work, of which the plan is that projected by his lordship. We have had Pennant's "London," a work of this description; but, on the whole, this is a superficial performance, as it regards manners, characters, and events. That antiquary skimmed every thing, and grasped scarcely any thing: he wanted the patience of research, and the keen spirit which revivifies the past. Should Lord Orford's project be carried into execution, or rather, should Pennant be hereafter improved, it would be first necessary to obtain the original names, or their meanings, of our streets, free from the disguise in which time has concealed them. We shall otherwise lose many characters of persons, and many remarkable events, of which their original denominations would remind the historian of our streets.

I have noted down a few of these modern misnomers, that this future historian may be excited to discover more.

Mincing-lane was *Mincheon-lane*; from tenements pertaining to the Mincheons, or nuns of St. Helen's, in Bishopsgate-street.

Gutter-lane, corrupted from *Guthurun's-lane*; from its first owner, a citizen of great trade.

Blackwall-hall was *Bakewell's-hall*, from one Thomas Bakewell; and originally called *Basing's-*

haugh, from a considerable family of that name, whose arms were once seen on the ancient building, and whose name is still perpetuated in *Basing's-lane*.

Finch-lane was *Finke's-lane*, from a whole family of this name.

Thread-needle-street was originally *Thrid-needle-street*, as Samuel Clarke dates it from his study there.

Billiter-lane is a corruption of *Belzetter's-lane*; from the first builder or owner.

Crutched-friars was *Crowched* or *Crossed-friars*.

Lothbury was so named from the noise of founders at their work; and, as Howel pretends, this place was called *Lothbury* "disdainedly."

Garlick-hill was *Garlick-hithe*, or *hive*, where garlick was sold.

Fetter-lane has been erroneously supposed to have some connexion with the *fetters* of criminals. It was in Charles the First's time written *Fewtor-lane*, and is so in Howel's *Londinopolis*, who explains it as *Fewtors* (or idle people) lying there as in a way leading to gardens. It was the haunt of these *Faitors*, or "mighty beggars." The *Faitour*, that is, a *defuytor*, or *defaulter*, became *Fewtor*, and in the rapid pronunciation, or conception, of names, *Fewtor* has ended in *Fetter-lane*.

Faitors

Gracechurch-street, sometimes called *Gracious-street*, was originally *Grass-street*, from a herb-market there.

Fenchurch-street, from a fenny or moorish ground by a river-side.

Galley-key has preserved its name, but its origin may have been lost. Howel, in his "Londinopolis," says, "here dwelt strangers called *Galley-men*, who brought wine, &c. in *Galleys*."

Greek-street, says Pennant, "I am sorry to degrade into *Grig-street*;" whether it alludes to the little vivacious eel, or to the merry character of its tenants, he does not resolve.

Bridewell was *St. Bridget's-well*, from one dedicated to Saint Bride or Bridget.

Mary la bonne *Marybone* was *St. Mary-on-the-Bourne*, corrupted to *Mary-bone*; as *Holborn* was *Old Bourne*, or the Old River; *Bourne* being the ancient English for *river*; hence the Scottish *Burn*.

Newington was *New-town*.

Maiden-lane was so called from an image of the virgin, which, in catholic days, had stood there, as Bagford writes to Hearne; and he says, that the frequent sign of the *Maiden-head* was derived from "our Lady's-head."

Lad-lane was originally *Lady's-lane*, from the same personage.

Rood-lane was so denominated from a Rood, or Jesus on the cross, there placed, which was held in great regard.

Piccadilly was named after a hall called *Piccadilla-hall*, a place of sale for *Piccadillies*, or *Turnovers*; a part of the fashionable dress which appeared about 1614. It has preserved its name uncorrupted; for Barnabe Rich, in his "Honestie of the Age," has this passage on "the body-makers that do swarm through all parts, both of London and about London. The body is still pampered up in the very dropsy of excess. He that some fortie years sithens should have asked after a *Pickadilly*, I wonder who would have understood him; or could have told what a *Pickadilly* had been, either fish or flesh."

Piccadilly

Strype notices that in the liberties of Saint Catharine is a place called *Hangman's-gains*; the traders of *Hammes* and *Guynes*, in France, anciently resorted there; thence the strange corruption.

Smithfield is a corruption of *Smoothfield*; smith signifies smooth, from the Saxon *ŕmeð*. An antiquarian friend had seen it described in a deed as *campus planus*, which confirms the original meaning. It is described in Fitz Stephen's account of London, written before the twelfth century, as a plain field, both in reality and name,

where every Friday there is a celebrated rendezvous of fine horses, brought hither to be sold. Thither come to look or buy, a great number of earls, barons, knights, and a swarm of citizens. It is a pleasing sight to behold the ambling nags and generous colts, proudly prancing. This ancient writer continues a minute description, and perhaps gives the earliest one of a horse-race in this country. It is remarkable that *Smithfield* should have continued as a market for cattle for more than six centuries, with only the loss of its vowels.

This is sufficient to show how the names of our streets require either to be corrected, or explained, by their historian. The French, among the numerous projects for the moral improvement of civilized man, had one, which, had it not been polluted by a horrid faction, might have been directed to a noble end. It was to name streets after eminent men. This would at least preserve them from the corruption of the people, and exhibit a perpetual monument of moral feeling, and of glory, to the rising genius of every age. With what excitement and delight may the young contemplatist, who first studies at Gray's Inn, be reminded of *Verulam*-buildings!

The names of streets will often be found connected with some singular event, or the character

of some person. Not long ago, a Hebrew, who had a quarrel with his community, built a neighbourhood at Bethnal-green, and retained the subject of his anger in the name which the houses bear, of *Purim*-place. This may startle some theological antiquary at a remote period, who may idly lose himself in abstruse conjectures on the sanctity of a name, derived from a well-known Hebrew festival; and, perhaps, colonise the spot with an ancient horde of Israelites.

SECRET HISTORY OF EDWARD VERE, EARL OF OXFORD.

It is an odd circumstance in literary research, that I am enabled to correct a story which was written about 1680. The Aubrey papers, recently published with singular faithfulness, retaining all their peculiarities, even to the grossest errors, were memoranda for the use of Anthony Wood's great work. But besides these, the Oxford antiquary had a very extensive literary correspondence, and it is known, that when speechless and dying, he evinced the fortitude to call in two friends to destroy a vast multitude of papers: about two bushels full were ordered for the fire, lighted for the occasion; and, "as he was ex-

piring he expressed both his knowledge and approbation of what was done, by throwing out his hands." These two bushels full were not, however, all his papers; his more private ones he had ordered not to be opened for seven years. I suspect also, that a great number of letters were not burnt on this occasion; for I have discovered a manuscript written about 1720 to 1730, and which, the writer tells us, consists of "Excerpts out of Anthony Wood's papers." It is closely written, and contains many curious facts not to be found elsewhere, as far as I have hitherto discovered. These papers of Anthony Wood probably still exist in the Ashmolean Museum: should they have perished, in that case this solitary manuscript will be the sole record of many interesting particulars not known to the public.

By these I correct a little story, which may be found in the Aubrey papers, Vol. III. 395. It is an account of one Nicholas Hill, a man of great learning, and in the high confidence of a remarkable and munificent Earl of Oxford, travelling with him abroad. I transcribe the printed Aubrey account.

"In his travels with his lord (I forget whether Italy or Germany, but I think the former), a poor man begged him to give him a penny. 'A penny!' said Mr. Hill. 'What do'st say to ten

pounds?' 'Ah! ten pounds,' said the beggar; 'that would make a man happy.' N. Hill gave him immediately ten pounds, and putt it downe upon account. *Item, to a beggar ten pounds to make him happy!*"—The point of this story has been marred in the telling: it was drawn up from the following one, which must have been the original. This extract was made from a letter by Aubrey to A. Wood, dated July 15, 1689. "A poor man asked Mr. Hill, his lordship's steward, once to give him sixpence, or a shilling, for an alms. 'What dost say if I give thee ten pounds?' 'Ten pounds! *that would make a man of me!*' Hill gave it him, and put down in his account, 'Item, £ 10 *for making a man,*' which his lordship inquiring about for the oddness of the expression, not only allowed, but was pleased with it."

This philosophical humorist was the steward of Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, in the reign of Elizabeth. The peer was a person of elegant accomplishments; and Lord Orford, in his "Noble Authors," has given a higher character of him than perhaps he may deserve. He was of the highest rank, in great favour with the queen, and, to employ the style of the day, when all our fashions and our poetry were moulding themselves on the Italian model, he was the "Mirrour of Tuscanismo;" and, in a word, this coxcombical

peer, after a seven years' residence in Florence, returned highly "Italianated." The ludicrous motive of this peregrination is given in the present manuscript account. Haughty of his descent and his alliance, irritable with effeminate delicacy and personal vanity, a little circumstance, almost too minute to be recorded, inflicted such an injury on his pride, that in his mind it required years of absence from the court of England, ere it could be forgotten. Once making a low obeisance to the queen, before the whole court, this stately and inflated peer suffered a mischance, which has happened, it is said, on a like occasion—it was "light as air!" But this accident so sensibly hurt his mawkish delicacy, and so humbled his aristocratic dignity, that he could not raise his eyes on his royal mistress. He resolved from that day to "be a banished man," and resided for seven years in Italy, living in more grandeur at Florence than the Grand Duke of Tuscany. He spent in those years forty thousand pounds. On his return he presented the queen with embroidered gloves and perfumes, then for the first time introduced into England, as Stowe has noticed. Part of the new presents seem to have some reference to the earl's former mischance. The queen received them graciously, and was even painted wearing those gloves; but my authority

states, that the masculine sense of Elizabeth could not abstain from congratulating the noble coxcomb; perceiving, she said, that at length my lord had forgot the mentioning the little mischance of seven years ago!

The peer's munificence abroad was indeed the talk of Europe; but the secret motive of this was as wicked as that of his travels had been ridiculous. This earl of Oxford had married the daughter of Lord Burleigh, and, when this great statesman would not consent to save the life of the Duke of Norfolk, the friend of this earl, he swore to revenge himself on the countess, out of hatred to his father-in-law. He not only forsook her, but studied every means to waste that great inheritance which had descended to him from his ancestors. Secret history often startles us with unexpected discoveries: the personal affectations of this earl induce him to quit a court, where he stood in the highest favour, to domesticate himself abroad; and a family *pique* was the motive of that splendid prodigality which, at Florence, could throw into shade the court of Tuscany itself.

ANCIENT COOKERY AND COOKS.

THE memorable grand dinner given by the classical doctor in Peregrine Pickle has indis-

posed our tastes for the cookery of the ancients; but, since it is often "the cooks who spoil the broth," we cannot be sure but that even "the black Lacedæmonian," stirred by the spear of a Spartan, might have had a poignancy for him, which did not happen on that occasion.

Their cookery must have been superior to our humbler art, since they could find dainties in the tough membraneous parts of the matrices of a sow, and the flesh of young hawks, and a young ass. The elder Pliny tells, that one man had studied the art of fattening snails with paste so successfully, that the shells of some of his snails would contain many quarts*. The same monstrous taste fed up those prodigious goose livers; a taste still prevailing in Italy. Swine were fattened with whey and figs; and even fish in their ponds were increased by such artificial means. Our prize oxen might astonish a Roman, as much as one of their crammed peacocks would ourselves. Gluttony produces monsters, and turns away from nature to feed on unwholesome meats. The flesh of young foxes about autumn, when they fed on grapes, is praised by Galen; and Hippocrates equals the flesh of puppies to that of birds. The humorous Dr. King, who has touched on this subject, suspects that many of

* Nat. Hist. Lib. IX. 56.

the Greek dishes appear charming from their mellifluous terminations, resounding with a *floios* and *toios**.

The numerous descriptions of ancient cookery which Athenæus has preserved indicate an unrivalled dexterity and refinement: and the ancients, indeed, appear to have raised the culinary art into a science, and dignified cooks into professors. They had writers who exhausted their erudition and ingenuity in verse and prose; while some were proud to immortalise their names by the invention of a poignant sauce, or a popular *gateau*. Apicius, a name immortalised, and now synonymous with a gorgier, was the inventor of cakes called Apicians; and one Aristoxenes, after many unsuccessful combinations, at length hit on a peculiar manner of seasoning hams, thence called Aristoxenians. The name of a late nobleman among ourselves is thus invoked every day.

Of these *Eruditæ gulæ*, Arcestratus, a culinary philosopher, composed an epic or didactic poem on good eating. His "Gastrology" became the creed of the epicures, and its pathos appears to have made what is so expressively called "their

* See his Works, collected by Mr. Nichols, vol. I. 159. I have no doubt, that Dr. King's description of the Virtuoso Bentivoglio, with his "bill of fare out of Athenæus," suggested to Smollet his celebrated scene.

mouths water." The idea has been recently successfully imitated by a French poet. Arcestratus thus opens his subject :

" I write these precepts for immortal Greece,
That round a table delicately spread,
Or, three, or four, may sit in choice repast,
Or five at most. Who otherwise shall dine,
Are like a troop marauding for their prey.

The elegant Romans declared, that a repast should not consist of less in number than the Graces, nor of more than the Muses. They had, however, a quaint proverb, which Alexander ab Alexandro has preserved, not favourable even to so large a dinner-party as nine ; it turns on a play of words :

Septem convivium, Novem convicium facere*."

An elegant Roman, meeting a friend, regretted he could not invite him to dinner, " because my *number* is complete."

When Arcestratus acknowledges that some things are for the winter, and some for the summer, he consoles himself, that though we

* Genial. Dierum, II. 283, Lug. 1673. The writer has collected in this chapter a variety of curious particulars on this subject.

cannot have them at the same time, yet, at least, we may talk about them at all times.

This great genius seems to have travelled over land and seas that he might critically examine the things themselves, and improve, with new discoveries, the table-luxuries. He indicates the places for peculiar edibles, and exquisite potables; and promulgates his precepts with the zeal of a sublime legislator, who is dictating a code designed to ameliorate the imperfect state of society.

A philosopher worthy to bear the title of cook, or a cook worthy to be a philosopher, according to the numerous curious passages scattered in Athenæus, was an extraordinary genius, endowed not merely with a natural aptitude, but with all acquired accomplishments. The philosophy, or the metaphysics, of cookery appears in the following passage :

“ Know then, the Cook, a dinner that’s bespoke
Aspiring to prepare, with prescient zeal
Should know the tastes and humours of the guests;
For if he drudges through the common work,
Thoughtless of manner, careless what the place
And seasons claim, and what the favouring hour
Auspicious to his genius may present,
Why, standing midst the multitude of men,
Call we this plodding *fricasseer* a Cook ?
Oh differing far! and one is not the other !

We call indeed the *general* of an army
Him who is charged to lead it to the war;
But the true general is the man whose mind,
Mastering events, anticipates, combines;
Else is he but a *leader* to his men!
With our profession thus: the first who comes
May with a humble toil, or slice, or chop,
Prepare the ingredients, and around the fire
Obsequious, him I call a fricasseer!
But ah! the cook a brighter glory crowns!
Well skill'd is he to know the place, the hour,
Him who invites, and him who is invited,
What fish in season makes the market rich,
A choice delicious rarity! I know
That all, we always find; but always all,
Charms not the palate, critically fine.
Archestratus, in culinary lore
Deep for his time, in this more learned age
Is wanting; and full oft he surely talks
Of what he never ate. Suspect his page,
Nor load thy genius with a barren precept.
Look not in books for what some idle sage
So idly raved; for cookery is an art
Comporting ill with rhetoric; 'tis an art
Still changing, and of momentary triumph!
Know on thyself thy genius must depend.
All books of cookery, all helps of art,
All critic learning, all commenting notes,
Are vain, if void of genius, thou wouldst cook!"
The culinary sage thus spoke; his friend
Demands, "Where is the ideal cook thou paint'st?"

“ Lo, I the man !” the savouring sage replied.
 “ Now be thine eyes the witness of my art !
 This tunny drest, so odorous shall steam,
 The spicy sweetness so shall steal thy sense,
 That thou in a delicious reverie
 Shalt slumber heavenly o’er the attic dish !”

In another passage a Master-Cook conceives himself to be a pupil of Epicurus, whose favourite but ambiguous axiom, that “ Voluptuousness is the sovereign good,” was interpreted by the *bon-vivans* of antiquity in the plain sense.

MASTER COOK.

Behold in me a pupil of the school
 Of the sage Epicurus.

FRIEND.

Thou a sage !

MASTER COOK.

Ay ! Epicurus too was sure a cook,
 And knew the sovereign good. Nature his study,
 While practice perfected his theory.
 Divine philosophy alone can teach
 The difference which the fish *Glociscus* * shows

* The commentators have not been able always to assign known names to the great variety of fish, particularly sea-fish, the ancients used, many of which we should revolt

In winter and in summer ; how to learn
 Which fish to choose, when set the Pleiades,
 And at the solstice. 'Tis change of seasons
 Which threatens mankind, and shakes their changeful
 frame.

This dost thou comprehend? Know, what we use
 In season, is most seasonably good!

FRIEND.

Most learned cook, who can observe these canons?

MASTER COOK.

And therefore phlegm and colics make a man
 A most indecent guest. The aliment

at. One of their dainties was a shell-fish, prickly like a hedge-hog, called *Echinus*. They ate the dog-fish, the star-fish, porpoises or sea-hogs, and even seals. In Dr. Moffet's regiment of diet, an exceeding curious writer of the reign of Elizabeth, republished by Oldys, may be found an ample account of the "sea-fish" used by the ancients.—Whatever the *Glociscus* was, it seems to have been of great size, and a shell-fish, as we may infer from the following curious passage in Athenæus. A father, informed that his son is leading a dissolute life, enraged, remonstrates with his pedagogue;—"Knave! thou art the fault! hast thou ever known a philosopher yield himself so entirely to the pleasures thou tellest me of?" The pedagogue replies by a Yes! and that the sages of the portico are great drunkards, and none know better than they *how to attack a Glociscus*.

Dress'd in my kitchen is true aliment ;
 Light of digestion easily it passes ;
 The chyle soft-blending from the juicy food
 Repairs the solids.

FRIEND.

Ah ! the chyle ! the solids !
 Thou new Democritus ! thou sage of medicine !
 Versed in the mysteries of the Iatric art !

MASTER COOK.

Now mark the blunders of our vulgar cooks !
 See them prepare a dish of various fish,
 Showering profuse the pounded Indian grain,
 An overpowering vapour, gallimaufry !
 A multitude confused of pothering odours !
 But, know, the genius of the art consists
 To make the nostrils feel each scent distinct ;
 And not in washing plates to free from smoke.
 I never enter in my kitchen, I !
 But sit apart, and in the cool direct ;
 Observant of what passes, scullions toil.

FRIEND.

What dost thou there ?

MASTER COOK.

I guide the mighty whole ;
 Explore the causes, prophesy the dish.
 'Tis thus I speak : " Leave, leave that ponderous ham ;
 Keep up the fire, and lively play the flame

Beneath those lobster-patties ; patient here,
 Fix'd as a statue, skim, incessant skim.
 Steep well this small Glociscus in its sauce,
 And boil that sea-dog in a cullender ;
 This eel requires more salt and marjoram ;
 Roast well that piece of kid on either side
 Equal ; that sweetbread boil not over much."
 'Tis thus, my friend, I make the concert play.

FRIEND.

O man of science ! 'tis thy babble kills !

MASTER COOK.

And then no useless dish my table crowds ;
 Harmonious ranged, and consonantly just !

FRIEND.

Ha ! what means this ?

MASTER COOK.

Divinest music all !

As in a concert instruments resound,
 My ordered dishes in their courses chime.
 So Epicurus dictated the art
 Of sweet voluptuousness, and ate in order,
 Musing delighted o'er the sovereign good !
 Let raving stoics in a labyrinth
 Run after virtue ; they shall find no end.
 Thou, what is foreign to mankind, abjure !

FRIEND.

Righthonest Cook ! thou wak'st me from their dreams !

Another Cook informs us that he adapts his repasts to his personages.

I like to see the faces of my guests,
 To feed them as their age and station claim.
 My kitchen changes, as my guests inspire
 The various spectacle; for lovers now,
 Philosophers, and now for financiers.
 If my young royster be a mettled spark,
 Who melts an acre in a savoury dish
 To charm his mistress, scuttle-fish and crabs,
 And all the shelly race, with mixture due
 Of cordials filtered, exquisitely rich.
 For such a host, my friend! expends much more
 In oil than cotton; solely studying love!
 To a philosopher, that animal
 Voracious, solid ham and bulky feet;
 But to the financier, with costly niceness,
 Glociscus rare, or rarity more rare.
 Insensible the palate of old age,
 More difficult than the soft lips of youth
 To move, I put much mustard in their dish;
 With quickening sauces make their stupor keen,
 And lash the lazy blood that creeps within.

Another genius, in tracing the art of Cookery, derives from it nothing less than the origin of society; and I think that some philosopher has defined Man to be "a cooking animal."

Cook.

The art of cookery drew us gently forth

G 2

From that ferocious light, when void of faith
The Anthropophagian ate his brother!
To cookery we owe well-ordered states,
Assembling men in dear society.
Wild was the earth, man feasting upon man,
When one of nobler sense and milder heart
First sacrificed an animal; the flesh
Was sweet; and man then ceased to feed on man!
And something of the rudeness of those times
The priest commemorates: for to this day,
He roasts the victims entrails without salt.
In those dark times, beneath the earth lay hid
The precious salt, that gold of cookery!
But when its particles the palate thrill'd,
The source of seasonings, charm of cookery! came.
They served a paunch with rich ingredients stored;
And tender kid, within two covering plates,
Warm melted in the mouth. So art improved!
At length a miracle not yet perform'd,
They minced the meat which roll'd in herbage soft,
Nor meat nor herbage seem'd, but to the eye
And to the taste, the counterfeited dish
Mimick'd some curious fish; invention rare!
Then every dish was season'd more and more,
Salted, or sour, or sweet, and mingled oft
Oatmeal and honey. To enjoy the meal
Men congregated in the populous towns,
And cities flourish'd, which we cooks adorn'd,
With all the pleasures of domestic life.

An arch-cook insinuates, that there remain only

two "pillars of the state," besides himself, of the school of Sinon, one of the great masters of the condimenting art. Sinon, we are told, applied the elements of all the arts and sciences to this favourite one. Natural philosophy could produce a secret seasoning for a dish; and architecture the art of conducting the smoke out of a chimney; which, says he, if ungovernable, makes a great difference in the dressing. From the military science he derived a sublime idea of order; drilling the under-cooks, marshalling the kitchen, hastening one, and making another a centinel.

We find however, that a portion of this divine art, one of the professors acknowledges to be vapouring and bragging!--a seasoning in this art, as well as in others. A cook ought never to come unaccompanied by all the pomp and parade of the kitchen: with a scurvy appearance, he will be turned away at sight; for all have eyes, but a few only understanding.

Another occult part of this profound mystery, besides vapouring, consisted, it seems, in filching. Such is the counsel of a patriarch to an apprentice! a precept which contains a truth for all ages of cookery.

"Carion! time well thy ambidextrous part,
Nor always filch. It was but yesterday,
Blundering, they nearly caught thee in the fact;

None of thy balls had livers, and the guests,
In horror, pierced their airy emptiness.
Not even the brains were there, thou brainless hound!
If thou art hired among the middling class,
Who pay thee freely, be thou honourable!
But for this day, where now we go to cook
E'en cut the master's throat for all I care;
"A word to th' wise," and show thyself my scholar!
There thou mayst filch and revel, all may yield
Some secret profit to thy sharking hand.
'Tis an old miser gives a sordid dinner,
And weeps o'er every sparing dish at table;
Then if I do not find thou dost devour
All thou canst touch, e'en to the very coals,
I will disown thee! Lo! Old skin-flint comes;
In his dry eyes what parsimony stares!"

These cooks of the ancients, who appear to have been hired for a grand dinner, carried their art to the most whimsical perfection. They were so dexterous as to be able to serve up a whole pig boiled on one side, and roasted on the other. The cook who performed this feat defies his guests to detect the place where the knife had separated the animal, or how it was contrived to stuff the belly with an olio, composed of thrushes and other birds, slices of the matrices of a sow, the yolk of eggs, the bellies of hens with their soft eggs, flavoured with a rich juice, and minced meats highly spiced. When this cook is entreated

to explain his secret art, he solemnly swears by the manes of those who braved all the dangers of the Plain of Marathon, and combated at sea at Salamis, that he will not reveal the secret that year. But of an incident, so triumphant in the annals of the gastric art, our philosopher would not deprive posterity of the knowledge. The animal had been bled to death by a wound under the shoulder, whence, after a copious effusion, the master-cook extracted the entrails, washed them with wine, and hanging the animal by the feet, he crammed down the throat the stuffings already prepared. Then covering the half of the pig with a paste of barley thickened with wine and oil, he put it in a small oven, or on a heated table of brass, where it was gently roasted with all due care: when the skin was browned, he boiled the other side; and then taking away the barley paste, the pig was served up, at once boiled and roasted. These cooks with a vegetable could counterfeit the shape, and the taste, of fish and flesh. The king of Bithynia, in some expedition against the Scythians, in the winter and at a great distance from the sea, had a violent longing for a small fish called *aphy*—a pilchard, a herring, or an anchovy. His cook cut a turnip to the perfect imitation of its shape; then fried in oil, salted, and well powdered with the grains of a dozen black poppies,

his majesty's taste was so exquisitely deceived, that he praised the root to his guests as an excellent fish. This transmutation of vegetables into meat or fish is a province of the culinary art which we appear to have lost; yet these are *cibi innocentes*, compared with the things themselves. No people are such gorgers of mere animal food as our own; the art of preparing vegetables, pulse, and roots, is scarcely known in this country. This cheaper and healthful food should be introduced among the common people, who neglect them from not knowing how to dress them. The peasant, for want of this skill, treads under foot the best meat in the world; and sometimes the best way of dressing it is least costly.

The gastric art must have reached to its last perfection, when we find that it had its history; and that they knew how to ascertain the æra of a dish with a sort of chronological exactness. The philosophers of Athenæus at table dissert on every dish, and tell us of one called *mâati*, that there was a treatise composed on it; that it was first introduced at Athens, at the epocha of the Macedonian empire, but that it was undoubtedly a Thessalian invention; the most sumptuous people of all the Greeks. The *mâati* was a term at length applied to any dainty, of excessive delicacy, always served the last.

But, as no art has ever attained perfection without numerous admirers, and as it is the public which only can make such exquisite cooks, our curiosity may be excited to inquire, whether the patrons of the gastric art were as great enthusiasts as its professors?

We see they had writers who exhausted their genius on these professional topics; and books of cookery were much read: for a comic poet, quoted by Athenæus, exhibits a character exulting in having procured "The new Kitchen of Philoxenus, which," says he, "I keep for myself to read in my solitude." That these devotees to the culinary art undertook journeys to remote parts of the world, in quest of these discoveries, sufficient facts authenticate. England had the honour to furnish them with oysters, which they fetched from about Sandwich. Juvenal* records, that Montanus was so well skilled in the science of good eating, that he could tell by the first bite, whether they were English or not. The well-known Apicius poured into his stomach an immense fortune. He usually resided at Minturna, a town in Campania, where he ate shrimps at a high price: they were so large, that those of Smyrna, and the prawns of Alexandria, could not

* Sat. IV. 140.

be compared with the shrimps of Minturna. However, this luckless epicure was informed, that the shrimps in Africa were more monstrous; and he embarks without losing a day. He encounters a great storm, and through imminent danger arrives at the shores of Africa. The fishermen bring him the largest for size their nets could furnish. Apicius shakes his head: "Have you never any larger?" he inquires. The answer was not favourable to his hopes. Apicius rejects them, and fondly remembers the shrimps of his own Minturna. He orders his pilot to return to Italy, and leaves Africa with a look of contempt.

A fraternal genius was Philoxenus: he whose higher wish was to possess a crane's neck, that he might be the longer in savouring his dainties; and who appears to have invented some expedients which might answer, in some degree, the purpose. This impudent epicure was so little attentive to the feelings of his brother-guests, that, in the hot bath, he avowedly habituated himself to keep his hands in the scalding water; and even used to gargle his throat with it, that he might feel less impediment in swallowing the hottest dishes. He bribed the cooks to serve up the repast smoking hot, that he might gloriously devour what he chose before any one else could venture to touch the dish. It seemed as if he had used his fingers

to handle fire. "He is an oven, not a man!" exclaimed a grumbling fellow-guest. Once having embarked for Ephesus, for the purpose of eating fish, his favourite food, he arrived at the market, and found all the stalls empty. There was a wedding in the town, and all the fish had been bespoken. He hastens to embrace the new-married couple, and singing an epithalamium, the dithyrambic epicure enchanted the company. The bridegroom was delighted by the honour of the presence of such a poet, and earnestly requested he would come on the morrow. "I will come, young friend, if there is no fish at the market!"—It was this Philoxenus who, at the table of Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, having near him a small barbel, and observing a large one near the prince, took the little one, and held it to his ear. Dionysius inquired the reason. "At present," replied the ingenious epicure, "I am so occupied by my Galatea" (a poem in honour of the mistress of the tyrant), "that I wished to inquire of this little fish, whether he could give me some information about Nereus; but he is silent, and I imagine they have taken him up too young; I have no doubt that old one, opposite to you, would perfectly satisfy me." Dionysius rewarded the pleasant conceit with the large barbel.

ANCIENT AND MODERN SATURNALIA.

THE Stagirite discovered that our nature delights in imitation, and perhaps in nothing more than in representing personages, different from ourselves, in mockery of them ; in fact, there is a passion for masquerade in human nature. Children discover this propensity ; and the populace, who are the children of society, through all ages have been humoured by their governors with festivals and recreations, which are made up of this malicious transformation of persons and things ; and the humble orders of society have been privileged by the higher, to please themselves by burlesquing and ridiculing the great, at short seasons, as some consolation for the rest of the year.

The Saturnalia of the Romans is a remarkable instance of this characteristic of mankind. Macrobius could not trace the origin of this institution, and seems to derive it from the Grecians ; so that it might have arisen in some rude period of antiquity, and among another people. The conjecture seems supported by a passage in Gibbon's *Miscellanies* *, who discovers traces of this institution among the more ancient nations ; and

* *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. V. 504.

Huet imagined that he saw in the jubilee of the Hebrews some similar usages. It is to be regretted that Gibbon does not afford us any new light on the cause in which originated the institution itself. The jubilee of the Hebrews was the solemn festival of an agricultural people, but bears none of the ludicrous characteristics of the Roman Saturnalia.

It would have been satisfactory to have discovered the occasion of the inconceivable licentiousness which was thus sanctioned by the legislator,—this overturning of the principles of society, and this public ridicule of its laws, its customs, and its feelings. We are told, these festivals, dedicated to Saturn, were designed to represent the natural equality which prevailed in his golden age; and for this purpose the slaves were allowed to change places with the masters. This was, however, giving the people a false notion of the equality of men; for, while the slave was converted into the master, the pretended equality was as much violated as in the usual situation of the parties. The political misconception of this term of natural equality seems, however, to have been carried on through all ages; and the political Saturnalia had lately nearly thrown Europe into a state of that worse than slavery, where slaves are masters.

The Roman Saturnalia were latterly prolonged to a week's debauchery and folly; and a diary of that week's words and deeds would have furnished a copious chronicle of *Facetiæ*. Some notions we acquire from the laws of the Saturnalia of Lucian, an Epistle of Seneca's*, and from Horace, who, from his love of quiet, retired from the city during this noisy season.

It was towards the close of December, that all the town was in an unusual motion, and the children every where invoking Saturn; nothing now to be seen but tables spread out for feasting, and nothing heard but shouts of merriment: all business was dismissed, and none at work but cooks and confectioners; no account of expenses was to be kept, and it appears that one tenth part of a man's income was to be appropriated to this jollity. All exertion of mind and body was forbidden, except for the purposes of recreation; nothing to be read or recited which did not provoke mirth, adapted to the season and the place. The slaves were allowed the utmost freedom of raillery, and truth, with their masters †: sitting with them at table, dressed

* Seneca, Epist. 18.

† Horace, in his dialogue with his slave Davus, exhibits a lively picture of this circumstance. Lib. II. Sat. 7.

in their clothes, playing all sorts of tricks, telling them of their faults to their faces, while they smutted them. The slaves were imaginary kings, as indeed a lottery determined their rank; and as their masters attended them, whenever it happened that these performed their offices clumsily, doubtless with some recollections of their own similar misdemeanors, the slave made the master leap into the water head-foremost. No one was allowed to be angry, and he who was played on, if he loved his own comfort, would be the first to laugh. Glasses of all sizes were to be ready, and all were to drink when and what they chose; none but the most skilful musicians and tumblers were allowed to perform, for those people are worth nothing unless exquisite, as the Saturnalian laws decreed. Dancing, singing, and shouting, and carrying a female musician thrice around on their shoulders, accompanied by every grotesque humour they imagined, were indulged in that short week, which was to repay the many in which the masters had their revenge for the reign of this pretended equality. Another custom prevailed at this season: the priests performed their sacrifices to Saturn bare-headed, which Pitiscus explains in the spirit of this extraordinary institution, as designed to show that time discovers, or as in the

present case of the bare-headed priests, uncovers, all things.

Such was the Roman Saturnalia, the favourite popular recreations of Paganism; and as the sports and games of the people outlast the date of their empires, and are carried with them, however they may change their name and their place on the globe, the grosser pleasures of the Saturnalia were too well adapted to their tastes to be forgotten. The Saturnalia, therefore, long generated the most extraordinary institutions among the nations of modern Europe; and, what seems more extraordinary than the unknown origin of the parent absurdity itself, the Saturnalia crept into the services and offices of the christian church. Strange it is to observe at the altar, the rites of religion burlesqued, and all its offices performed with the utmost buffoonery. It is only by tracing them to the Roman Saturnalia, that we can at all account for these grotesque sports—that extraordinary mixture of libertinism and profaneness, so long continued under christianity.

Such were the feasts of the ass, the feast of fools or madmen, *fêtes des fous*—the feast of the bull—of the innocents—and that of the *sou-diacres*, which perhaps, in its original term, meant only sub-deacons, but their conduct was expressed

by the conversion of a pun into *soudiacres* or *diacres saouls*, drunken deacons. Institutions of this nature, even more numerous than the historian has usually recorded, and varied in their mode, seem to surpass each other in their utter extravagance*.

These profane festivals were universally practised in the middle ages, and, as I shall show, comparatively even in modern times. The ignorant and the careless clergy then imagined it was the securest means to retain the populace, who were always inclined to these pagan revelries.

These grotesque festivals have sometimes

* A large volume might be composed on these grotesque, profane, and licentious feasts. Du Cange notices several under different terms in his Glossary—*Festum Asinorum*, *Kalendæ*, *Cervula*. A curious collection has been made by the Abbé Artigny, in the fourth and seventh volumes of his *Memoires d'Histoire*, &c. Du Radier, in his *Recreations Historiques*, vol. 1. p. 109, has noticed several writers on the subject, and preserves one on the hunting of a man, called Adam, from Ash-Wednesday to Holy-Thursday, and treating him with a good supper at night, peculiar to a town in Saxony. See Ancillon's *Melange Critique*, &c. I. 39. where the passage from Raphael de Volterra is found at length. In my learned friend Mr. Turner's second volume of his *History of England*, p. 367, will be found a copious and a curious note on this subject.

amused the pens of foreign and domestic antiquaries: for our own country has participated as keenly in these irreligious fooleries. In the feast of asses, an ass covered with sacerdotal robes was gravely conducted to the choir, where service was performed before the ass, and a hymn chanted in as discordant a manner as they could contrive; the office was a medley of all that had been sung in the course of the year; pails of water were flung at the head of the chanters: the ass was supplied with drink and provender at every division of the service; and the asinines were drinking, dancing, and braying for two days. The hymn to the ass has been preserved; each stanza ends with the burthen "Hez! Sire Ane, hez!" "Huzza! Seignior Ass, Huzza!" On other occasions, they put burnt old shoes to fume in the censers; ran about the church leaping, singing, and dancing obscenely; scattering ordure among the audience; playing at dice upon the altar! while a *boy-bishop*, or a *pope of fools*, burlesqued the divine service. Sometimes they disguised themselves in the skins of animals, and pretending to be transformed into the animal they represented, it became dangerous, or worse, to meet these abandoned fools. There was a *precentor of fools*, who was shaved in public, during which he entertained the populace with all the

balderdash his genius could invent. We had in Leicester, in 1415, what was called a *glutton-mass*; during the five days of the festival of the Virgin Mary. The people rose early to mass, during which they practised eating and drinking with the most zealous velocity, and, as in France, drew from the corners of the altar the rich puddings placed there.

So late as in 1645, a pupil of Gassendi, writing to his master what he himself witnessed at Aix on the feast of the Innocents, says, " I have seen, in some monasteries in this province, extravagancies solemnized, which the pagans would not have practised. Neither the clergy, nor the guardians, indeed, go to the choir on this day, but all is given up to the lay-brethren, the cabbage-cutters, the errand-boys, the cooks and scullions, the gardeners; in a word, all the menials fill their places in the church, and insist that they perform the offices proper for the day. They dress themselves with all the sacerdotal ornaments, but torn to rags, or wear them inside out; they hold in their hands the books reversed or sideways, which they pretend to read with large spectacles without glasses, and to which they fix the shells of scooped oranges, which renders them so hideous, that one must have seen these madmen to form a notion of their appearance; particularly while dangling the censers,

they keep shaking them in derision, and letting the ashes fly about their heads and faces, one against the other. In this equipage they neither sing hymns, nor psalms, nor masses; but mumble a certain gibberish as shrill and squeaking as a herd of pigs whipped on to market. The nonsense-verses they chant are singularly barbarous:

“ Hæc est clara dies, clararum clara dierum,
Hæc est festa dies, festarum festa dierum *.”

These are scenes which equal any which the humour of the Italian burlesque poets have invented, and which might have entered with effect into the “ Malmantile racquistato” of Lippi; but that they should have been endured amidst the solemn offices of religion, and have been performed in cathedrals, while it excites our astonishment, can only be accounted for by perceiving that they were, in truth, the Saturnalia of the Romans. Mr. Turner observes, without perhaps having a precise notion that they were copied from the Saturnalia, that “ It could be only by rivalling the pagan revelries, that the christian ceremonies could gain the ascendancy.” Our historian further observes, that these “ licentious festivities

* Thiers, *Traité des Jeux*, p. 449.

were called the *December liberties*, and seem to have begun at one of the most solemn seasons of the christian year, and to have lasted through the chief part of January." This very term, as well as the time, agrees with that of the ancient Saturnalia :

“ *Age, libertate Decembri,*

Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere : narra.”

Hor. Lib. II. Sat. 7.

The Roman Saturnalia, thus transplanted into christian churches, had for its singular principle, that of inferiors, whimsically and in mockery, personifying their superiors with a licensed licentiousness. This forms a distinct characteristic from those other popular customs and pastimes, which the learned have also traced to the Roman, and even more ancient nations. Our present inquiry is, to illustrate that proneness in man, of delighting to reverse the order of society, and ridiculing its decencies.

Here we had our *boy-bishop*, a legitimate descendant of this family of foolery. On St. Nicholas's day, a saint who was the patron of children, the boy-bishop with his *mitra parva* and a long crosier, attended by his school-mates as his diminutive prebendaries, assumed the

title and state of a bishop. The child-bishop preached a sermon, and afterwards, accompanied by his attendants, went about singing, and collecting his pence: to such theatrical processions in collegiate bodies, Warton attributes the custom, still existing at Eton, of going *ad montem*. But this was a tame mummerly, compared with the grossness elsewhere allowed in burlesquing religious ceremonies. The English, more particularly after the Reformation, seem not to have polluted the churches with such abuses. The relish for the Saturnalia was not, however, less lively here than on the Continent; but it took a more innocent direction, and was allowed to turn itself into civil life: and since the people would be gratified by mock dignities, and claimed the privilege of ridiculing their masters, it was allowed them by our kings and nobles; and a troop of grotesque characters, frolicsome great men, delighting in merry mischief, are recorded in our domestic annals.

The most learned Selden, with parsimonious phrase and copious sense, has thus compressed the result of an historical dissertation: he derives our ancient Christmas sports at once from the true, though remote, source. "Christmas succeeds the Saturnalia; the same time, the same number of holy-days; then the master waited upon

the servant like the *lord of misrule**." Such is the title of a facetious potentate, who, in this notice of Selden's, is not further indicated, for this personage was familiar in his day, but of whom the accounts are so scattered, that his offices and his glory are now equally obscure. The race of this nobility of drollery, and this legitimate king of all hoaxing and quizzing, like mightier dynasties, has ceased to exist.

In England our festivities at Christmas appear to have been more entertaining than in other countries. We were once famed for merry Christmases and their pies: witness the Italian proverb, "*Ha piu di fare che i forni di Natale in Inghilterra*:" "He has more business than English ovens at Christmas." Wherever the king resided, there was created for that merry season a Christmas prince, usually called "the *Lord of Misrule*;" and whom the Scotch once knew under the significant title of "the *Abbot of Unreason*." His office, according to Stowe, was "to make the rarest pastimes to delight the beholder." Every nobleman, and every great family, surrendered their houses, during this season, to the Christmas prince, who found rivals or usurpers in almost every parish; and more particularly, as we shall

* Selden's Table-talk.

see, among the grave students in our inns of court.

The Italian Polydore Vergil, who, residing here, had clearer notions of this facetious personage, considered the Christmas Prince as peculiar to our country. Without venturing to ascend in his genealogy, we must admit his relationship to that ancient family of foolery we have noticed, whether he be legitimate or not. If this whimsical personage, at his creation, was designed to regulate "misrule," his lordship, invested with plenary power, came himself, at length, to delight too much in his "merry disports." Stubbes, a morose puritan in the reign of Elizabeth, denominates him "a grand captaine of mischief," and has preserved a minute description of all his wild doings in the country; but as Strutt has anticipated me in this amusing extract, I must refer to his "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," p. 254. I prepare another scene of unparalleled Saturnalia, among the grave judges and serjeants of the law, where the Lord of Misrule is viewed amidst his frolicsome courtiers, with the humour of hunting the fox and the cat with ten couple of hounds round their great hall, among the other merry disports of those joyous days when sages could play like boys.

For those who can throw themselves back

amidst the grotesque humours and clumsy pastimes of our ancestors, who, without what we think to be taste, had whim and merriment—there has been fortunately preserved a curious history of the manner in which “A grand Christmas” was kept at our Inns of Court, by the grave and learned Dugdale, in his “*Origines Juridicales* :” it is a complete festival of foolery, acted by the students and law-officers. They held for that season every thing in mockery; they had a mock parliament, a Prince of *Sophie*, or Wisdom, an honourable order of Pegasus, a high constable, marshal, a master of the game, a ranger of the forest, lieutenant of the tower, which was a temporary prison for Christmas delinquents, all the paraphernalia of a court, burlesqued by these youthful sages before the boyish judges.

The characters personified were in the costume of their assumed offices. On Christmas day, the constable-marshal, accoutred with a complete gilded “harness,” showed that every thing was to be chivalrously ordered; while the lieutenant of the Tower, in “a fair white armour,” attended with his troop of halberdiers; and the Tower was then placed beneath the fire. After this opening followed the costly feasting; and then, nothing less than a hunt with a pack of hounds in their hall!

The master of the game dressed in green velvet,

and the ranger of the forest in green satin, bearing a green bow and arrows, each with a hunting-horn about their necks, blowing together three blasts of ventry (or hunting), they pace round about the fire three times. The master of the game kneels to be admitted into the service of the high-constable. A huntsman comes into the hall, with nine or ten couple of hounds, bearing on the end of his staff a purse-net, which holds a fox and a cat: these were let loose and hunted by the hounds, and killed beneath the fire.

These extraordinary amusements took place after their repast; for these grotesque Saturnalia appeared after that graver part of their grand Christmas. Supper ended, the constable-marshal presented himself with drums playing, mounted on a stage borne by four men, and carried round; at length he cries out "a lord! a lord!" &c. and then calls his mock court every one by name.

Sir Francis Flatterer, of Fowlshurt.

Sir Randall Rackabite, of Rascal hall, in the county of Rake-hell.

Sir Morgan Mumchance, of Much Monkery, in the county of Mad Moperly.

Sir Bartholomew Bald-breech of Buttock-bury, in the county of Break-neck*.

* A rare quarto tract seems to give an authentic narrative of one of these grand Christmas-keepings,

They had also their mock arraignments. The king's-serjeant, after dinner or supper, "orator-like," complained that the constable-marshal had suffered great disorders to prevail; the complaint was answered by the common-serjeant, who was to show his talent at defending the cause. The king's-serjeant replies; they rejoin, &c.: till one at length is committed to the Tower, for being found most deficient. If any offender contrived to escape from the lieutenant of the Tower into the buttery, and brought into the hall a manchet (or small loaf) upon the point of a knife, he was pardoned; for the buttery in this jovial season was considered as a sanctuary. Then began the *revels*. Blount derives this term from the French *reveiller*, to awake from sleep. These were sports of dancing, masking, comedies, &c. (for some were exhibiting all their whimsicality and burlesque humour: it is entitled "Gesta Grayorum; or the History of the high and mighty Prince Henry, Prince of Purpoole, Arch-duke of Stapulia and Bernardia (Staple's and Bernard's Inns), Duke of High and Nether-Holborn, Marquess of St. Giles and Tottenham, Count Palatine of Bloomsbury and Clerkenwell, Great Lord of the Cantons of Islington, Kentish Town, &c. Knight and Sovereign of the most heroical order of the Helmet, who reigned and died A. D. 1594." It is full of burlesque speeches and addresses. As it was printed in 1688, I suppose it was from some manuscript of the times; the preface gives no information.

called solemn revels), used in great houses, and were so denominated because they were performed by night; and these various pastimes were regulated by a master of the revels.

Amidst "the grand Christmass," a personage of no small importance was "the Lord of Misrule." His lordship was abroad early in the morning, and if he lacked any of his officers, he entered their chambers, to drag forth the loiterers; but after breakfast his lordship's power ended, and it was in suspense till night, when his personal presence was paramount, or as Dugdale expresses it, "and then his power is most potent."

Such once were the pastimes of the whole learned bench; and when once it happened that the underbarristers did not dance on Candlemas-day, according to the ancient order of the society, when the judges were present, the whole bar was offended, and at Lincoln's-Inn were by decimation put out of commons, for example-sake; and if the same omission were repeated, they were to be fined or disbarred; for these dancings were thought necessary, "as much conducing to the making of gentlemen more fit for their books at other times." I cannot furnish a detailed notice of these pastimes; for Dugdale, whenever he indicates them, spares his gravity from recording the evanescent frolics, by a provoking &c. &c. &c.

The dance "round about the coal-fire" is taken off in the "Rehearsal." These revels have also been ridiculed by Donne in his Satires, Prior in his Alma, and Pope in his Dunciad. "The judge to dance, his brother serjeants calls*."

"The Lord of Misrule," in the inns of court, latterly did not conduct himself with any recollection of "*Medio tutissimus ibis*," being unreasonable; but the "sparks of the Temple," as a contemporary calls them, had gradually, in the early part of Charles I.'s reign, yielded themselves up to excessive disorders. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, in his ms. diary in 1620, has noticed their choice of a lieutenant, or lord of misrule, who seems to have practised all the mischief he invented; and the festival days, when "a standing table was kept," were accompanied by dicing, and much gaming, oaths, execrations, and quarrels: being of a serious turn of mind, he regrets this, for he adds, "the sport, of itself, I conceive to be lawful."

I suspect that the last memorable act of a Lord of Misrule of the inns of court occurred in 1627, when the Christmas game became serious. The Lord of Misrule then issued an edict to his officers to go out at Twelfth-night to collect his rents, in the neighbourhood of the Temple, at the rate of five shillings a house; and on those

* The last Revels held. See Gent. Mag. 1774. p. 273.

who were in their beds, or would not pay, he levied a distress. An unexpected resistance at length occurred in a memorable battle with the Lord Mayor in person:—and how the Lord of Misrule for some time stood victor, with his gunner, and his trumpeter, and his martial array: and how heavily and fearfully stood my Lord Mayor amidst his “watch and ward:” and how their lordships agreed to meet half way, each to preserve his independent dignity, till one knocked down the other: and how the long halberds clashed with the short swords: how my Lord Mayor valorously took the Lord of Misrule prisoner with his own civic hand: and how the Christmas prince was immured in the Counter: and how the learned Templars insisted on their privilege, and the unlearned of Ram’s-alley and Fleet-street asserted their right of saving their crown-pieces: and finally how this combat of mockery and earnestness was settled, not without the introduction of “a God,” as Horace allows on great occasions, in the interposition of the king and the attorney-general—altogether the tale had been well told in some comic epic; but the wits of that day let it pass out of their hands.

I find this event, which seems to record the last desperate effort of a “Lord of Misrule,” in a manuscript letter of the learned Mede to

Sir Martin Stuteville; and some particulars are collected from Hammond L'Estrange's Life of Charles I.

“ Jan. 12, 1627-8.

“ On Saturday the Templars chose one Mr. Palmer their Lord of Misrule, who on Twelfth-eve, late in the night, sent out to gather up his rents at five shillings a house, in Ram-alley and Fleet-street. At every door they came they winded the Temple horn, and if at the second blast or summons they within opened not the door, then the Lord of Misrule cried out, ‘ Give fire, gunner!’ His gunner was a robustious Vulcan, and the gun or petard itself was a huge overgrown smith’s hammer. This being complained of to my Lord Mayor, he said he would be with them about eleven o’clock on Sunday night last; willing that all that ward should attend him with their halberds, and that himself, besides those that came out of his house, should bring the Watches along with him. His lordship, thus attended, advanced as high as Ram-alley in martial equipage; when forth came the Lord of Misrule, attended by his gallants, out of the Temple-gate, with their swords, all armed *in cuerpo*. A halberdier bad the Lord of Misrule come to my Lord Mayor. He answered, No! let the Lord Mayor come to me! At length they agreed to meet half-way; and, as the interview of rival princes is never

without danger of some ill accident, so it happened in this: for first, Mr. Palmer being quarrelled with, for not pulling off his hat to my Lord Mayor, and giving cross answers, the halberds began to fly about his ears, and he and his company to brandish their swords. At last being beaten to the ground, and the Lord of Misrule sore wounded, they were fain to yield to the longer and more numerous weapon. My Lord Mayor taking Mr. Palmer by the shoulder, led him to the Compter, and thrust him in at the prison-gate with a kind of indignation; and so, notwithstanding his hurts, he was forced to lie among the common prisoners for two nights. On Tuesday the king's attorney became a suitor to my Lord Mayor for their liberty; which his lordship granted, upon condition they should repay the gathered rents, and do reparations upon broken doors. Thus the game ended. Mr. Attorney-General, being of the same house, fetched them in his own coach, and carried them to the court, where the King himself reconciled my Lord Mayor and them together with joining all hands; the gentlemen of the Temple being this Shrove-tide to present a Mask to their Majesties, over and besides the King's own great Mask, to be performed at the Banqueting-house by an hundred actors."

Thus it appears, that although the grave ci-

tizens did well and rightly protect themselves, yet, by the attorney-general taking the Lord of Misrule in his coach, and the king giving his royal interference between the parties, that they considered that this Lord of Foolery had certain ancient privileges; and it was, perhaps, a doubt with them, whether this interference of the Lord Mayor might not be considered as severe and unseasonable. It is probable, however, that the arm of the civil power brought all future Lords of Misrule to their senses. Perhaps this dynasty in the empire of foolery closed with this Christmas prince, who fell a victim to the arbitrary taxation he levied. I find after this, orders made for the Inner Temple, for "preventing of that general scandal and obloquie, which the House hath heretofore incurred in time of Christmas:" and that "there be not any going abroad out of the gates of this House, by any *lord* or others, to break open any house, or take any thing in the name of rent or a distress."

These "Lords of Misrule," and their mock court and royalty, appear to have been only extinguished with the English sovereignty itself, at the time of our republican government. Edmund Gayton tells a story, to show the strange impressions of strong fancies: as his work is of great rarity, I shall transcribe the story in his

own words, both to give a conclusion to this inquiry, and a specimen of his style of narrating this sort of little things. "A gentleman importuned, at a fire-night in the public hall, to accept the high and mighty place of a mock-emperor, which was duly conferred upon him by seven mock-electors. At the same time, with much wit and ceremony, the emperor accepted his chair of state, which was placed in the highest table in the hall; and at his instalment all pomp, reverence, and signs of homage, were used by the whole company; insomuch that our emperor, having a spice of self-conceit before, was soundly peppered now, for he was instantly metamorphosed into the stateliest, gravest, and commanding soul, that ever eye beheld. Taylor acting Arbaces, or Swanston D'Amboise, were shadows to him: his pace, his look, his voice, and all his garb, was altered. Alexander upon his elephant, nay, upon the castle upon that elephant, was not so high; and so close did this imaginary honour stick to his fancy, that for many years he could not shake off this one night's assumed deportments, until the times came that drove all monarchical imaginations out, not only of his head, but every one's*." This mock "emperor" was unquestionably one of these

* Pleasant notes upon Don Quixote, by Edmund Gayton, Esq. folio, 1654, p. 24.

“Lords of Misrule,” or “a Christmass Prince.” The “public-hall” was that of the Temple, or Lincoln’s Inn, or Gray’s Inn. And it was natural enough, when the levelling equality of our theatrical and practical commonwealths were come into vogue, that even the shadowy regality of mockery startled them, by reviving the recollections of ceremonies and titles, which some might incline, as they afterwards did, seriously to restore. The “Prince of Christmass” did not, however, attend the Restoration of Charles II.

The Saturnalian spirit has not been extinct even in our days. The Mayor of Garrat, with the mock addresses and burlesque election, was an image of such satirical exhibitions of their superiors, so delightful to the people. France, at the close of Louis XIV’s reign, first saw her imaginary “Regiment de la Calotte,” which was the terror of the sinners of the day, and the block-heads of all times. This “regiment of the scull-caps” originated in an officer and a wit, who, suffering from violent head-aches, was recommended the use of a scull-cap of lead: and his companions, as great wits, formed themselves into a regiment, to be composed only of persons distinguished by their extravagancies in words or in deeds. They elected a general, they had their arms blazoned, and struck medals, and issued

“brevets,” and “lettres patentes,” and granted pensions to certain individuals, stating their claims to be enrolled in the regiment for some egregious extravagance. The wits versified these army commissions; and the idlers, like pioneers, were busied in clearing their way, by picking up the omissions and commissions of the most noted characters. Those who were favoured with its “brevets” intrigued against the regiment; but at length they found it easier to wear their “calotte,” and say nothing. This society began in raillery and playfulness, seasoned by a spice of malice. It produced a great number of ingenious and satirical little things. That the privileges of the “calotte” were afterwards abused, and calumny too often took the place of poignant satire, is the history of human nature, as well as of “the calotins*.”

Another society in the same spirit has been discovered in one of the lordships of Poland. It was called “The Republic of Baboonery.” The society was a burlesque model of their own go-

* Their “brevets,” &c. are collected in a little volume, “Recueil des pièces du Regiment de la Calotte; a Paris chez Jaques Colombat, Imprimeur privilégié du Regiment. L’an de l’Ere Calotine 7726.” From the date we infer, that the true *calotine* is as old as the creation.

vernment: a king, chancellor, counsellors, archbishops, judges, &c. If a member would engross the conversation, he was immediately appointed orator of the republic. If he spoke with impropriety, the absurdity of his conversation usually led to some suitable office created to perpetuate his folly. A man talking too much of dogs, would be made a master of the buck-hounds: or vaunting his courage, perhaps a field-marshal; and if bigoted on disputable matters and speculative opinions in religion, he was considered to be nothing less than an inquisitor. This was a pleasant and useful project to reform the manners of the Polish youth; and one of the Polish kings good-humouredly observed, that he considered himself "as much King of Baboonery as King of Poland." We have had in our own country some attempts at similar Saturnalia; but their success has been so equivocal that they hardly afford materials for our domestic history.

RELIQUIÆ GETHINIANÆ.

IN the south aisle of Westminster Abbey stands a monument erected to the memory of LADY GRACE GETHIN. A statue of her ladyship represents her kneeling, holding a book in her

right hand. This accomplished lady was considered as a prodigy in her day, and appears to have created a feeling of enthusiasm for her character. She died early, having scarcely attained to womanhood, although a wife; for "all this goodness and all this excellence was bounded within the compass of twenty years."

But it is her book commemorated in marble, and not her character, which may have merited the marble that chronicles it, which has excited my curiosity and my suspicion. After her death a number of loose papers were found in her hand-writing, which could not fail to attract, and, perhaps, astonish their readers, with the maturity of thought and the vast capacity which had composed them. These reliques of genius were collected together, methodized under heads, and appeared with the title of "Reliquiæ Gethinianæ; or some remains of Grace Lady Gethin, lately deceased: being a collection of choice discourses, pleasant apothegms, and witty sentences; written by her for the most part by way of Essay and at spare hours; published by her nearest relations to preserve her memory. Second Edition, 1700."

Of this book, considering that comparatively it is modern, and the copy before me is called a second edition, it is somewhat extraordinary that it seems always to have been a very scarce

one. Even Ballard, in his *Memoirs of Learned Ladies*, 1750, mentions that these remains are "very difficult to be procured;" and Sir William Musgrave in a manuscript note observed, that "this book was very scarce." It bears now a high price. A hint is given in the preface that the work was chiefly printed for the use of her friends; yet, by a second edition, we must infer that the public at large were so. There is a poem prefixed with the signature W. C. which no one will hesitate to pronounce is by Congreve; he wrote indeed another poem to celebrate this astonishing book, for, considered as the production of a young lady, it is a miraculous, rather than a human, production. The last lines in this poem we might expect from Congreve in his happier vein, who contrives to preserve his panegyric amidst that caustic wit, with which he keenly touched the age.

" A POEM IN PRAISE OF THE AUTHOR.

I that hate books, such as come daily out
 By public licence to the reading rout,
 A due religion yet observe to this;
 And here assert, if any thing's amiss,
 It can be only the compiler's fault,
 Who has ill-drest the charming author's thought—
 That was all right: her beauteous looks were join'd
 To a no less admired excelling mind.

But oh! this glory of frail Nature's dead,
 As I shall be that write, and you that read*.
 Once, to be out of fashion, I'll conclude
 With something that may tend to public good :
 I wish that piety, from which in heaven
 The fair is placed—to the lawn sleeves were given ;
 Her justice—to the knot of men whose care
 From the raised millions is to take their share.

W. C."

The book claimed all the praise the finest genius could bestow on it. But let us hear the editor.—He tells us, that " It is a vast disadvantage to authors to publish their *private undigested thoughts*, and *first notions hastily set down*, and designed only as materials for a future structure." And he adds, " That the work may not come short of that great and just expectation which the world had of her while she was alive, and still has of every thing that is the genuine product of her pen, they must be told that this *was written for the most part in haste*, were her *first conceptions* and overflowings of her luxuriant fancy, noted with *her pencil at spare hours*, or as *she was dressing*, as her Πάρεργον only ; and *set down just as they came into her mind*."

* Was this thought, that strikes with a sudden effect, in the mind of Hawkesworth, when he so pathetically concluded his last paper ?

All this will serve as a memorable example of the cant and mendacity of an editor! and that total absence of critical judgment that could assert such matured reflection, in so exquisite a style, could ever have been "first conceptions, just as they came into the mind of Lady Gethin, as she was dressing."

The truth is, that Lady Gethin may have had little concern in all these "Reliquiæ Gethinianæ." They indeed might well have delighted their readers; but those who had read Lord Bacon's Essays, and other writers, such as Owen Feltham, and Osborne, from whom these relics are chiefly extracted, might have wondered that Bacon should have been so little known to the families of the Nortons and the Gethins, to whom her ladyship was allied; to Congreve and to the editor; and still more particularly to subsequent compilers, as Ballard in his Memoirs, and lately the Rev. Mark Noble in his Continuation of Granger; who both, with all the innocence of criticism, give specimens of these "Relicks," without a suspicion that they were transcribing literally from Lord Bacon's Essays! Unquestionably Lady Gethin herself intended no imposture; her mind had all the delicacy of her sex; she noted much from the book she seems most to have delighted in; and nothing less than the most undis-

cerning friends could have imagined that every thing written by the hand of this young lady was her "first conceptions;" and *apologize* for some of the finest thoughts, in the most vigorous style which the English language can produce. It seems, however, to prove that Lord Bacon's *Essays* were not much read at the time this volume appeared.

The marble book in Westminster Abbey must, therefore, lose most of its leaves; but it was necessary to discover the origin of this miraculous production of a young lady. What is Lady Gethin's, or what is not hers, in this miscellany of plagiarisms, it is not material to examine. Those passages in which her ladyship speaks in her own person probably are of original growth: of this kind many evince great vivacity of thought, drawn from actual observation on what was passing around her; but even among these are intermixed the splendid passages of Bacon and other writers.

I shall not crowd my pages with specimens of a very suspicious author. One of her subjects has attracted my attention; for it shows the corrupt manners of persons of fashion who lived between 1680 and 1700. To find a mind so pure and elevated as Lady Gethin's unquestionably was discussing whether it were most advisable to have

for a husband a general lover, or one attached to a mistress, and deciding by the force of reasoning in favour of the dissipated man (for a woman, it seems, had only the alternative), evinces a public depravation of morals. These manners were the wretched remains of the Court of Charles II., when Wycherley, Dryden, and Congreve seem to have written with much less invention, in their indecent plots and language, than is imagined.

“ I know not which is worse, to be wife to a man that is continually changing his *loves*, or to an husband that hath but one mistress whom he loves with a constant passion. And if you keep some measure of civility to her, he will at least esteem you ; but he of the roving humour plays an hundred frolics that divert the town and perplex his wife. She often meets with her husband's mistress, and is at a loss how to carry herself towards her. 'Tis true the constant man is ready to sacrifice, every moment, his whole family to his love ; he hates any place where she is not, is prodigal in what concerns his love, covetous in other respects ; expects you should be blind to all he doth, and though you can't but see, yet must not dare to complain. And tho' both he who lends his heart to whosoever pleases it, and he that gives it entirely to one, do both of them require the exactest devoir from their wives, yet I know not if it be not better to be wife to an unconstant husband (provided he be something discreet) than to a constant fellow who is always perplexing

her with his inconstant humour. For the unconstant lovers are commonly the best humoured; but let them be what they will, women ought not to be unfaithful for Virtue's sake and their own, nor to offend by example. It is one of the best bonds of charity and obedience in the wife if she think her husband wise, which she will never do if she find him jealous.

“Wives are young men's mistresses, companions for middle age, and old men's nurses.”

The last degrading sentence is found in some writer, whose name I cannot recollect. Lady Gethin, with an intellect so superior to that of the women of that day, had no conception of the dignity of the female character, the claims of virtue, and the duties of honour. A wife was only to know obedience and silence: however, she hints that such a husband should not be jealous! There was a sweetness in revenge reserved for some of these married women.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

ROBINSON CRUSOE, the favourite of the learned and the unlearned, of the youth and the adult; the book that was to constitute the library of Rousseau's Emilius, owes its secret charm to its being a new representation of human nature, yet

drawn from an existing state ; this picture of self-education, self-inquiry, self-happiness, is scarcely a fiction, although it includes all the magic of romance ; and is not a mere narrative of truth, since it displays all the forcible genius of one of the most original minds our literature can boast. The history of the work is therefore interesting. It was treated in the author's time as a mere idle romance, for the philosophy was not discovered in the story ; after his death it was considered to have been pillaged from the papers of Alexander Selkirk, confided to the author, and the honour, as well as the genius, of De Foe were alike questioned.

The entire history of this work of genius may now be traced, from the first hints to the mature state, to which only the genius of De Foe could have wrought it.

The adventures of Selkirk are well known : he was found on the desert island of Juan Fernandez, where he had formerly been left, by Woodes Rogers and Edward Cooke, who in 1712 published their voyages, and told the extraordinary history of Crusoe's prototype, with all those curious and minute particulars which Selkirk had freely communicated to them. This narrative of itself is extremely interesting ; and has been given entire by

Captain Burney; it may also be found in the *Biographia Britannia*.

In this artless narrative we may discover more than the embryo of *Robinson Crusoe*.—The first appearance of Selkirk, “a man clothed in goats skins, who looked more wild than the first owners of them.” The two huts he had built, the one to dress his victuals, the other to sleep in; his contrivance to get fire, by rubbing two pieces of pimento wood together; his distress for the want of bread and salt, till he came to relish his meat without either; his wearing out his shoes, till he grew so accustomed to be without them, that he could not for a long time afterwards, on his return home, use them without inconvenience; his bedstead of his own contriving, and his bed of goat-skins; when his gunpowder failed, his teaching himself by continual exercise to run as swiftly as the goats; his falling from a precipice in catching hold of a goat, stunned and bruised, till coming to his senses he found the goat dead under him; his taming kids to divert himself by dancing with them and his cats; his coverting a nail into a needle; his sewing his goat-skins with little thongs of the same; and when his knife was worn to the back, contriving to make blades out of some iron hoops. His solacing himself in this

solitude by singing psalms, and preserving a social feeling in his fervent prayers. And the habitation which Selkirk had raised, to reach which, they followed him "with difficulty, climbing up and creeping down many rocks, till they came at last to a pleasant spot of ground full of grass and of trees, where stood his two huts, and his numerous tame goats showed his solitary retreat;" and, finally, his indifference to return to a world, from which his feelings had been so perfectly weaned.—Such were the first rude materials of a new situation in human nature: an European in a primeval state, with the habits or mind of a savage.

The year after this account was published, Selkirk and his adventures attracted the notice of Steele; who was not likely to pass unobserved a man and a story so strange and so new. In his paper of "The Englishman," Dec. 1713, he communicates further particulars of Selkirk. Steele became acquainted with him; he says, that "he could discern that he had been much separated from company from his aspect and gesture. There was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his looks, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his soli-

tude." Steele adds another very curious change in this wild man, which occurred some time after he had seen him. "Though I had frequently conversed with him, after a few months' absence, he met me in the street, and though he spoke to me, I could not recollect that I had seen him. Familiar converse in this town had taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the air of his face." De Foe could not fail of being struck by these interesting particulars of the character of Selkirk; but probably it was another observation of Steele which threw the germ of Robinson Crusoe into the mind of De Foe. "It was matter of great curiosity to hear him, as he was a man of sense, give an account of the *different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude.*"

The work of De Foe, however, was no sudden ebullition; long engaged in political warfare, condemned to suffer imprisonment, and at length struck by a fit of apoplexy, this unhappy and unprosperous man of genius on his recovery was reduced to a comparative state of solitude. To his injured feelings and lonely contemplations, Selkirk in his Desert Isle, and Steele's vivifying hint, often occurred; and to all these we perhaps owe the instructive and delightful tale, which shows man what he can do for himself, and what the for-

titude of piety does for man. Even the personage of Friday is not a mere coinage of his brain: a Mosquito-Indian, described by Dampier, was the prototype. Robinson Crusoe was not given to the world till 1719; seven years after the publication of Selkirk's adventures. Selkirk could have no claims on De Foe; for he had only supplied the man of genius with that which lies open to all; and which no one had, or perhaps could have converted into the wonderful story we possess but De Foe himself. Had De Foe not written Robinson Crusoe, the name and story of Selkirk had been passed over like others of the same sort; yet Selkirk has the merit of having detailed his own history, in a manner so interesting, as to have attracted the notice of Steele, and to have inspired the genius of De Foe.

After this, the originality of Robinson Crusoe will no longer be suspected; and the idle tale which Dr. Beattie has repeated of Selkirk having supplied the materials of his story to De Foe, from which our author borrowed his work, and published for his own profit, will be finally put to rest. This is due to the injured honour and the genius of De Foe.

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT
DRAMAS.

LITERATURE, and the arts connected with it, in this free country, have been involved with its political state, and have sometimes flourished or declined with the fortunes, or been made instrumental to the purposes, of the parties which had espoused them. Thus in our dramatic history, in the early period of the Reformation, the Catholics were secretly working on the stage; and long afterwards the royalist party, under Charles I, possessed it till they provoked their own ruin. The Catholics, in their expiring cause, took refuge in the theatre, and disguised the invectives they would have vented in sermons, under the more popular forms of the drama, where they freely ridiculed the chiefs of the *new religion*, as they termed the Reformation, and "the new Gospellers," or those who quoted their Testament as an authority for their proceedings. Fuller notices this circumstance. "The popish priests, though unseen, stood behind the hangings, or lurked in the tiring-house*." These found supporters among the

* Eccl. Hist. Book VII. 390.

elder part of their auditors, who were tenacious of their old habits and doctrines ; and opposers in the younger, who eagerly adopted the term Reformation in its full sense.

This conduct of the Catholics called down a proclamation from Edward VI, when we find that the government was most anxious, that these pieces should not be performed in " the English tongue;" so that we may infer that the government was not alarmed at treason in Latin. This proclamation states, " that a great number of those that be common players of interludes or plays, as well within the city of London as elsewhere, who for the most part play such interludes as contain matter tending to sedition, &c. &c. whereupon are grown, and daily are like to grow, much division, tumult, and uproars in this realm. The king charges his subjects that they should not openly or secretly play in *the English tongue*, any kind of *Interlude*, *Play*, *Dialogue*, or other matter set forth in *form of Play*, on pain of imprisonment, &c."

This was however but a temporary prohibition ; it cleared the stage for a time of these Catholic dramatists ; but *reformed Enterludes*, as they were termed, were afterwards permitted.

These Catholic dramas would afford some speculations to historical inquirers : we know they

made very free strictures on the first heads of the Reformation, on Cromwell, Cranmer, and their party; but they were probably overcome in their struggles with their prevailing rivals. Some may yet possibly lurk in their manuscript state. We have, printed, one of those Moralities, or moral plays, or allegorical dramatic pieces, which succeeded the Mysteries in the reign of Henry VIII, entitled "Every Man:" in the character of that hero, the writer not unaptly designates Human Nature herself*. This comes from the Catholic school, to recall the auditors back to the forsaken ceremonies of that church; but it levels no strokes of personal satire on the Reformers. Percy observed that from the solemnity of the subjects, the summoning of man out of the world by death, and by the gravity of its conduct, not without some attempts, however rude, to excite terror and pity, this morality may not improperly be referred to the class of tragedy. Such ancient simplicity is not worthless to the poetical antiquary: although the mere modern reader would soon feel weary at such inartificial productions, yet the invention which may be discovered in these rude pieces would be sublime, warm with the colourings of a Gray or a Collins.

* It has been preserved by Hawkins in his "Origin of the English Drama," Vol. I.

On the side of the reformed we have no deficiency of attacks on the superstitions and idolatries of the Romish church; and Satan, and his old son Hypocrisy, are very busy at their intrigues with another hero called "Lusty Juventus," and the seductive mistress they introduce him to, "Abominable Living:" this was printed in the reign of Edward VI. It is odd enough to see quoted in a dramatic performance chapter and verse, as formally as if a sermon were to be performed. There we find such rude learning as this:—

"Read the V. to the Galatians, and there you shall see
That the flesh rebelleth against the spirit"—

or in homely rhymes like these,

"I will show you what St. Paul doth declare
In his epistle to the Hebrews, and the X chapter."

In point of historical information respecting the pending struggle between the Catholics and the "new Gospellers," we do not glean much secret history from these pieces: yet they curiously exemplify that regular progress in the history of man, which has shown itself in the more recent revolutions of Europe: the old people still clinging, from habit and affection, to what is obsolete, and the younger ardent in establishing what is new;

while the balance of human happiness trembles between both.

Thus "Lusty Juventus" conveys to us in his rude simplicity the feeling of that day. Satan, in lamenting the downfall of superstition, declares that

"The old people would believe still in my laws,
But the younger sort lead them a contrary way—
They will live as the Scripture teacheth them."

Hypocrisy, when informed by his old master, the Devil, of the change that "Lusty Juventus" has undergone, expresses his surprise; attaching that usual odium of meanness on the early reformers, in the spirit that the Hollanders were nick-named at their first revolution by their lords the Spaniards, "Les Gueux," or the Beggars.

"What, is Juventus become so tame
To be a new Gospeller?"

But in his address to the young reformer, who asserts that he is not bound to obey his parents but "in all things honest and lawful," Hypocrisy thus vents his feeling:

"Lawful, quoth ha? Ah! fool! fool!
Wilt thou set men to school
When they be old?
I may say to you secretly,

The world was never merry
Since children were so bold ;
Now every boy will be a teacher,
The father a fool, the child a preacher ;
This is pretty gear !
The foul presumption of youth
Will shortly turn to great ruth,
I fear, I fear, I fear !”

In these rude and simple lines there is something like the artifice of composition: the repetition of words in the first and the last lines, was doubtless intended as a grace in the poetry. That the ear of the poet was not unmusical, amidst the inartificial construction of his verse, will appear in this curious catalogue of holy things, which Hypocrisy has drawn up, not without humour, in asserting the services he had performed for the Devil.

“ And I brought up such superstition
Under the name of holiness and religion,
That deceived almost all.

As—holy cardinals, holy popes,
Holy vestments, holy copes,
Holy hermits, and friars,
Holy priests, holy bishops,
Holy monks, holy abbots,
Yea, and all obstinate liars.

Holy pardons, holy beads,
 Holy saints, holy images,
 With holy holy blood.
 Holy stocks, holy stones,
 Holy clouts, holy bones,
 Yea, and holy holy wood.

Holy skins, holy bulls,
 Holy rochets, and cowls,
 Holy crutches and staves,
 Holy hoods, holy caps,
 Holy mitres, holy hats,
 And good holy holy knaves.

Holy days, holy fastings,
 Holy twitching, holy tastings,
 Holy visions and sights,
 Holy wax, holy lead,
 Holy water, holy bread,
 To drive away the spirits.

Holy fire, holy palme,
 Holy oil, holy cream,
 And holy ashes also ;
 Holy broaches, holy rings,
 Holy kneeling, holy censings,
 And a hundred trims-trams mo.

Holy crosses, holy bells,
 Holy reliques, holy jouels,
 Of mine own invention ;

Holy candles, holy tapers,
Holy parchments, holy papers ;—
Had not you a holy son ?

Some of these Catholic dramas were long afterwards secretly performed among Catholic families. In an unpublished letter of the times, I find a cause in the star-chamber respecting a play being acted at Christmas 1614, at the house of Sir John Yorke; the consequences of which were heavy fines and imprisonment. The letter-writer describes it, as containing " many foul passages to the vilifying of our religion and exacting of popery, for which he and his-lady, as principal procurers, were fined one thousand pounds apiece, and imprisoned in the Tower for a year; two or three of his brothers at five hundred pounds apiece, and others in other sums."

THE HISTORY OF THE THEATRE DURING ITS SUPPRESSION.

A PERIOD in our dramatic annals has been passed over during the progress of the civil wars, which indeed was one of silence, but not of repose in the theatre. It lasted beyond the death of Charles I, when the fine arts seemed also to have suffered with the monarch. The theatre, for the

first time in any nation, was abolished by a public ordinance, and the actors, and consequently all that family of genius who by their labours or their tastes are connected with the drama, were reduced to silence. The actors were forcibly dispersed and became even some of the most persecuted objects of the new government.

It may excite our curiosity to trace the hidden footsteps of this numerous fraternity of genius. Hypocrisy and Fanaticism had, at length, triumphed over Wit and Satire. A single blow could not, however, annihilate those never-dying powers; nor is suppression always extinction. Reduced to a state which did not allow of uniting in a body, still their habits and their affections could not desert them: actors would attempt to resume their functions, and the genius of the authors and the tastes of the people would occasionally break out, though scattered and concealed.

Mr. GIFFORD has noticed, in his introduction to MASSINGER, the noble contrast between our actors at that time, with those of revolutionary France, when, to use his own emphatic expression, "One wretched actor only deserted his sovereign; while of the vast multitude fostered by the nobility and the royal family of France, not one individual adhered to their cause: all rushed madly forward to plunder and assassinate their benefactors."

The contrast is striking, but the result must be

traced to a different principle; for the cases are not parallel as they appear. The French actors did not occupy the same ground as ours. Here the fanatics shut up the theatre, and extirpated the art and the artists; there, the fanatics enthusiastically converted the theatre into an instrument of their own revolution, and the French actors therefore found an increased national patronage. It was natural enough that actors would not desert a flourishing profession. "The plunder and assassinations," indeed, were quite peculiar to themselves as Frenchmen, not as actors.

The destruction of the theatre here was the result of an ancient quarrel between the puritanic party and the whole *corps dramatique*. In this little history of plays and players, like more important history, we perceive how all human events form but a series of consequences, linked together; and we must go back to the reign of Elizabeth to comprehend an event which occurred in that of Charles the First. It has been perhaps peculiar to this land of contending opinions, and of happy and unhappy liberty, that a gloomy sect was early formed, who, drawing, as they fancied, the principles of their conduct from the literal precepts of the Gospel, formed those views of human nature which were more practicable in a desert than a city, and which were rather suited to a monastic order

than a polished people. These were our PURITANS, who at first, perhaps from utter simplicity, among other extravagant reforms, imagined that of the extinction of the theatre. Numerous works from that time fatigued their own pens and their readers' heads, founded on literal interpretations of the Scriptures, which were applied to our drama, though written ere our drama existed; voluminous quotations from the Fathers, who had only witnessed farcical interludes and licentious pantomimes: they even quoted classical authority to prove that "a stage-player" was considered infamous by the Romans; among whom, however, ROSCIUS, the admiration of Rome, received the princely remuneration of a thousand denarii per diem; the tragedian ÆSOPUS bequeathed about £150,000 to his son*: remunerations, which show the high regard in which the great actors were held among the Roman people.

A series of writers might be collected of these anti-dramatists. The licentiousness of our comedies had too often indeed presented a fair occasion for their attacks; and they at length succeeded in purifying the stage: we owe them this good, but we owe little gratitude to that blind zeal which was desirous of extinguishing the theatre, which wanted

* Macrobius, Saturn. lib. III. l. 14.

the taste also to feel that the theatre was a popular school of morality; that the stage is a supplement to the pulpit; where virtue, according to Plato's sublime idea, moves our love and affections when made visible to the eye. Of this class among the earliest writers, was STEPHEN GOSSON, who in 1579 published "The School of Abuse, or a pleasant Invective against Poets, Players, Jesters, and such-like Catterpillars." Yet this Gosson dedicated his work to Sir Philip Sidney, a great lover of plays, and one who has vindicated their morality in his "Defence of Poesy." The same puritanic spirit soon reached our universities; for when a Dr. GAGER had a play performed at Christ-church, Dr. REYNOLDS of Queen's College, terrified at the Satanic novelty, published "The Ouerthrow of Stage-plays, 1593;" a tedious invective, foaming at the mouth of its text with quotations and authorities; for that was the age when authority was stronger than opinion, and the slightest could awe the readers. REYNOLDS takes great pains to prove that a stage-play is infamous, by the opinions of antiquity; that a theatre corrupts morals, by those of the Fathers; but the most reasonable point of attack is "the sin of boys wearing the dress and affecting the airs of women." This was too long a flagrant evil in the theatrical economy. To us there appears something so repulsive in the ex-

hibition of boys, or men, personating female characters, that one cannot conceive how they could ever have been tolerated as a substitute for the spontaneous grace, the melting voice, and the soothing looks of a female. It was quite impossible to give the tenderness of a woman to any perfection of feeling, in a personating male; and to this cause may we not attribute that the female characters have never been made a chief personage among our elder poets, as they would assuredly have been had they not been conscious that the male actor could not have sufficiently affected the audience? A poet who lived in Charles the Second's day, and who has written a prologue to *Othello*, to introduce the *first actress* on our stage, has humorously touched on this gross absurdity.

“ Our women are defective, and so sized,
You'd think they were some of the guard disguised;
For to speak truth, men act, that are between
Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen;
With brows so large, and nerve so uncompliant,
When you call *Desdemona*——enter *Giant*.

Yet at the time the absurd custom prevailed TOM NASH, in his *Pierce Pennilesse*, commends our stage for not having, as they had abroad, women-actors, or “*courtezans*,” as he calls them:

and even so late as in 1650, when women were first introduced on our stage, endless are the apologies for the *indecorum* of this novel usage! Such are the difficulties which occur even in forcing bad customs to return to nature; and so long does it take to infuse into the multitude a little common sense! It is even probable that this happy revolution originated from mere necessity, rather than from choice; for the boys who had been trained to act female characters before the Rebellion, during the present suspension of the theatre, had grown too masculine to resume their tender office at the Restoration; and, as the same poet observes,

“Doubting we should never play agen,
We have play'd all our *women* into *men* ;”

so that the introduction of women was the mere result of necessity:—hence all these apologies for the most natural ornament of the stage.

This volume of REYNOLDS seems to have been the shadow and precursor of one of the most substantial of literary monsters, in the tremendous “*Histriomastix, or the Player’s Scourge*,” of PRYNNE, in 1633. In that volume, of more than a thousand closely-printed quarto pages, all that was ever written against plays and players, per-

haps, may be found: what followed, could only have been transcripts from a genius who could raise at once the Mountain and the Mouse. Yet COLLIER, so late as in 1698, renewed the attack still more vigorously, and with final success; although he left room for Arthur Bedford a few years afterwards, in his "Evil and Danger of Stage-plays:" in which extraordinary work he produced "seven thousand instances, taken out of plays of the present century;" and a catalogue of "fourteen hundred texts of scriptures, ridiculed by the stage." This religious anti-dramatist must have been more deeply read in the drama than even its most fervent lovers. His piety pursued too deeply the study of such impious productions; and such labours were, probably, not without more amusement than he ought to have found in them.

This stage-persecution, which began in the reign of ELIZABETH, had been necessarily resented by the theatrical people, and the fanatics were really objects too tempting for the traders in wit and satire to pass by. They had made themselves very marketable; and the puritans, changing their character with the times, from ELIZABETH to CHARLES I, were often the *Tartuffes* of the stage. But when they became the government itself, in 1642, all the theatres were suppressed, because

“stage-plaies do not suit with seasons of humiliation; but fasting and praying have been found very effectual.” This was but a mild cant, and the suppression, at first, was only to be temporary. But as they gained strength, the hypocrite, who had at first only struck a gentle blow at the Theatre, with redoubled vengeance buried it in its own ruins. ALEXANDER BROME, in his verses on RICHARD BROME’S comedies, discloses the secret motive:

——“ ’Tis worth our note,
Bishops and *players*, both suffer’d in one vote :
And reason good, for *they* had cause to fear them ;
One did suppress their schisms, and t’ other JEER THEM.
Bishops were guiltiest, for they swell’d with riches ;
T’ other had nought but verses, songs and speeches,
And by their ruin, the state did no more
But rob the spittle, and unrag the poor.”

They poured forth the long-suppressed bitterness of their souls six years afterwards, in their ordinance of 1648, for “the suppression of all stage-plaies, and for the taking down all their boxes, stages, and seats whatsoever, that so there might be no more plays acted.” “Those proud parroting players” are described as “a sort of superbiuous ruffians; and, because sometimes the asses are clothed in lions’ skins, the dolts imagine themselves somebody, and walke in as great state

as Cæsar." This ordinance against "boxes, stages, and seats," was, without a metaphor, a war of extermination. They passed their ploughshare over the land of the drama, and sowed it with their salt; and the spirit which raged in the governing powers appeared in the deed of one of their followers. When an actor had honourably surrendered himself in battle to this spurious "saint," he exclaimed, "Cursed be he who doth the work of the Lord negligently," and shot his prisoner because he was an actor.

We find some account of the dispersed actors in that curious morsel of "Historia Histrionica," preserved in the twelfth volume of Dodsley's *Old Plays*; full of the traditional history of the Theatre, which the writer appears to have gleaned from the reminiscences of the old cavalier, his father.

The actors were "Malignants" to a man, if we except that "wretched actor," as Mr. Gifford distinguishes him, who was, however, only such for his politics: and he pleaded hard for his treason, that he really was a presbyterian, although an actor. Of these men, who had lived in the sunshine of a court, and amidst taste and criticism, many perished in the field, from their affection for their royal master. Some sought humble occupations; and not a few, who, by habits long indulged, and their own turn of mind, had hands

too delicate to put to work, attempted often to entertain secret audiences, and were often dragged to prison.

These disturbed audiences were too unpleasant to afford much employment to the actors. Francis Kirkman, the author and bookseller, tells us they were often seized on by the soldiers, and stripped and fined at their pleasure. A curious circumstance occurred in the economy of these strolling theatricals: these seizures often deprived them of their wardrobe; and among the stage directions of the time, may be found among the exits and the entrances, these; *Enter the red-coat* — *Exit hat and cloak*, which were, no doubt, considered not as the least precious parts of the whole living company: they were at length obliged to substitute painted cloth for the splendid habits of the drama.

At this epoch a great comic genius, ROBERT Cox, invented a peculiar sort of dramatic exhibition, suited to the necessities of the time, short pieces which he mixed with other amusements, that these might disguise the acting. It was under the pretence of rope-dancing, that he filled the Red-bull playhouse, which was a large one, with such a confluence that as many went back for want of room as entered. The dramatic contrivance consisted of a combination of the richest

comic scenes into one piece, from Shakespeare, Marston, Shirley, &c. concealed under some taking title; and these pieces of plays were called "Humours" or "Drolleries." These have been collected by MARSH, and reprinted by KIRKMAN, as put together by COX, for the use of theatrical booths at the fairs*. The argument prefixed to each piece serves as its plot; and drawn as most are from some of our dramas, these "Drolleries" may still be read with great amusement, and offer,

* The title of this collection is "THE WITS, or Sport upon Sport, in select pieces of Drollery, digested into scenes by way of Dialogue. Together with variety of Humours of several nations, fitted for the pleasure and content of all persons, either in Court, City, Country, or Camp. The like never before published, printed for H. Marsh, 1662." again printed for F. Kirkman, 1672. To Kirkman's edition is prefixed a curious print representing the inside of a Bartholemew-fair theatre. Several characters are introduced. In the middle of the stage, a clown with a fool's cap peeps out of the curtain with a label from his mouth, "Tu quoque," which perhaps was a cant expression used by clowns or fools. Then a changeling, a simpleton, a French dancing master, Clause the beggar, Sir John Falstaff and hostess. Our notion of Falstaff by this print seems very different from that of our ancestors: their Falstaff is no extravaganza of obesity, and he seems not to have required, to be Falstaff, so much "stuffing" as ours does.

seen altogether, an extraordinary specimen of our national humour. The price this collection obtains among book-collectors is excessive. In "The bouncing Knight or the Robbers robbed" we recognize our old friend Falstaff, and his celebrated adventure: "The Equal Match" is made out of "Rule a Wife and have a Wife;" and thus most. There are, however, some original pieces, by Cox himself, which were the most popular favourites; being characters created by himself, for himself, from ancient farces: such were, "The Humours of John Swabber, Simpleton the Smith," &c. These remind us of the extempore comedy and the pantomimical characters of Italy, invented by actors of genius. This Cox was the delight of the city, the country, and the universities: assisted by the greatest actors of the time, expelled from the theatre, it was he who still preserved alive, as it were by stealth, the suppressed spirit of the drama. That he merited the distinctive epithet of "the incomparable ROBERT COX," as KIRKMAN calls him, we can only judge by the memorial of our mimetic genius, which will be best given in Kirkman's words. "As meanly as you may now think of these DROLLS, they were then acted by the best comedians; and I may say, by some that then exceeded all now living; the incomparable ROBERT COX, who was not only the

principal actor, but also the contriver and author of most of these farces. How have I heard him cried up for his *John Swabber*, and *Simpleton the Smith*; in which he being to appear with a large piece of bread and butter, I have frequently known several of the female spectators and auditors to long for it; and once that well-known natural *Jack Adams of Clerkenwell*, seeing him with bread and butter on the stage, and knowing him, cried out 'Cuz! Cuz! give me some!' to the great pleasure of the audience. And so naturally did he act the Smith's part, that being at a fair in a country town, and that farce being presented, the only master-smith of the town came to him, saying, 'Well, although your father speaks so ill of you, yet when the fair is done, if you will come and work with me, I will give you twelve pence a week more than I give any other journeyman.' Thus was he taken for a smith bred, that was, indeed, as much of any trade."

To this low state the gloomy and exasperated fanatics, who had so often smarted under the satirical whips of the dramatists, had reduced the drama itself; without, however, extinguishing the talents of the players, or the finer ones of those who once derived their fame from that noble arena of genius the English stage. At the first suspension of the theatre by the Long Parliament in

1642, they gave vent to their feelings in an admirable satire. About this time, "petitions" to the parliament from various classes were put into vogue; multitudes were presented to the House from all parts of the country, and from the city of London; and some of these were extraordinary. The *porters*, said to have been 15,000 in number, declaimed with great eloquence on the blood-sucking malignants for insulting the privileges of parliament, and threatened to come to extremities, and make good the saying "necessity has no law;" there was one from the *beggars*, who declared, that by means of the bishops and popish lords they knew not where to get bread; and we are told of a third from the *tradesmen's wives*, in London, headed by a brewer's wife: all these were encouraged by their party, and were alike "most thankfully accepted."

The satirists soon turned this new political trick of "petitions," into an instrument for their own purpose: we have "Petitions of the Poets,"—of the House of Commons to the King,—Remonstrances to the Porters' Petition, &c.: spirited political satires. One of these, the "Players Petition to the Parliament," after being so long silenced, that they might play again, is replete with sarcastic allusions. It may be found in that rare collection entitled "Rump Songs, 1662," but with

the usual incorrectness of the press in that day. The following extract I have corrected by a manuscript copy :

“ Now while you reign, our low petition craves
 That we, the king's true subjects and your slaves,
 May in our comic mirth and tragic rage
 Set up the theatre, and show the stage;
 This shop of truth and fancy, where we vow
 Not to act any thing you disallow.
 We will not dare at your strange votes to jeer,
 Or personate King Pym* with his state-fleer;
 Aspiring Cataline shall be forgot,
 Bloody Sejanus, or whoe'er could plot
 Confusion 'gainst a state; the war betwixt
 The parliament and just Harry the Sixth
 Shall have no thought or mention, 'cause their power
 Not only placed, but lost him in the Tower;
 Nor will we parallel, with least suspicion,
 Your synod with the Spanish inquisition.

All these, and such like maxims as may mar
 Your soaring plots, or show you what you are,
 We shall omit, lest our inventions shake them:
 Why should the men be wiser than you make them?

* Pym was then at the head of the commons, and was usually deputed to address personally the motley petitioners. We have a curious speech he made to the *tradesmen's wives* in Echard's History of England, vol. II. 290.

We think there should not such a difference be
'Twixt our profession and your quality:
You meet, plot, act, talk high with minds immense;
The like with us, but only we speak sense
Inferior unto yours; we can tell how
To depose kings, there we know more than you,
Although not more than what we would; then we
Likewise in our vast privilege agree;
But that yours is the larger; and controls
Not only lives and fortunes, but men's souls,
Declaring by an enigmatic sense
A privilege on each man's conscience,
As if the Trinity could not consent
To save a soul but by the parliament.
We make the people laugh at some strange show,
And as they laugh at us, they do at you;
Only i' the contrary we disagree,
For you can make them cry faster than we.
Your tragedies more real are express'd,
You murder men in earnest, we in jest:
There we come short; but if you follow thus,
Some wise men fear you will come short of us.
As humbly as we did begin, we pray,
Dear schoolmasters, you'll give us leave to play
Quickly before the king comes; for we would
Be glad to say you've done a little good
Since ye have sat: your play is almost done
As well as ours—would it had ne'er begun!
But we shall find, ere the last act be spent,
Enter the King, exeunt the Parliament.

And *Heigh then up we go!* who by the frown
 Of guilty members have been voted down,
 Until a legal trial show us how
 You used the king, and *Heigh then up go you!*
 So pray your humble slaves with all their powers,
 That when they have their due, you may have yours."

Such was the petition of the suppressed players in 1642; but, in 1653, their secret exultation appears, although the stage was not yet restored to them, in some verses prefixed to RICHARD BROME'S Plays, by ALEXANDER BROME, which may close our little history. Alluding to the theatrical people, he moralizes on the fate of players:

" See the strange twirl of times! when such poor things
 Outlive the dates of parliaments or kings!
 This revolution makes exploded wit
 Now see the fall of those that ruin'd it;
 And the condemned Stage hath now obtain'd
 To see her executioners arraign'd.
 There's nothing permanent: those high great men
 That rose from dust, to dust may fall again;
 And fate so orders things, that the same hour
 Sees the same man both in contempt and power:
 For the multitude, in whom the power doth lie,
 Do in one breath cry *Hail!* and *Crucify!*

At this period, though deprived of a Theatre, the taste for the drama was, perhaps, the more

lively among its lovers; for, besides the performances already noticed, sometimes contrived at, and sometimes protected by bribery, in Oliver's time they stole into a practice of privately acting at noblemen's houses, particularly at Holland-house, at Kensington: and "Alexander Goffe, *the woman-actor*, was the jackall, to give notice of time and place to the lovers of the drama," according to the writer of "*Historia Histrionica*." The players, urged by their necessities, published several excellent manuscript plays, which they had hoarded in their dramatic exchequers, as the sole property of their respective companies. In one year appeared fifty of these new plays. Of these dramas many have, no doubt, perished; for numerous titles are recorded, but the plays are not known; yet some may still remain in their manuscript state, in hands not capable of valuing them. All our old plays were the property of the actors, who bought them for their own companies. The immortal works of Shakespeare had not descended to us, had HEMINGE and CONDELL felt no sympathy for the fame of their friend. They had been scattered and lost, and, perhaps, had not been discriminated among the numerous manuscript plays of that age. One more effort, during this suspension of the drama, was made in 1655, to recall the public attention to its productions. This was a very curious col-

lection by John Cotgrave, entitled "The English Treasury of Wit and Language, collected out of the most, and best, of our English Dramatick Poems." It appears by Cotgrave's Preface, that "The Dramatic Poem," as he calls our tragedies and comedies, "had been of late too much slighted." He tells us how some, not wanting in wit themselves, but "through a stiff and obstinate prejudice, have, in *this neglect*, lost the benefit of many rich and useful observations; not duly considering, or believing, that the *framers* of them were the most fluent and redundant wits that this age, or I think any other, ever knew." He enters further into this just panegyric of our old dramatic writers, whose acquired knowledge in ancient and modern languages, and whose luxuriant fancies, which they derived from no other sources but their own native growth, are viewed to great advantage in COTGRAVE'S commonplaces; and, perhaps, still more in HAYWARD'S "British Muse," which collection was made under the supervisal, and by the valuable aid of OLDYS, an experienced caterer of these relishing morsels.

DRINKING-CUSTOMS IN ENGLAND.

THE ancient Bacchus, as represented in gems and statues, was a youthful and graceful divinity;

he is so described by Ovid, and was so painted by Barry. He has the epithet of *Psilas*, or *Wings*, to express the light spirits which give wings to the soul. His voluptuousness was joyous and tender; and he was never viewed reeling with intoxication. According to Virgil:

Et quocunque deus circum caput egit *honestum*.

Georg. II. 392.

which Dryden, contemplating on the red-faced boorish boy astride on a barrel on our sign-posts, tastelessly sinks into gross vulgarity:

“ On whate'er side he turns his *honest* face.”

This latinism of *honestum*, even the literal inelegance of Davidson had spirit enough to translate, “ Where'er the god hath moved around his *graceful head*.” The hideous figure of ebriety, in its most disgusting stage, the ancients exposed in the bestial Silenus and his crew; and with these, rather than with the Ovidian and Virgilian deity, our own convivial customs have assimilated.

We shall, probably, outlive that custom of hard-drinking, which was so long one of our national vices. The Frenchman, the Italian, and the Spaniard, only taste the luxury of the grape, but seem never to have indulged in set convivial parties, or drinking-matches, as some of the northern

people. Of this folly of ours, which was, however, a borrowed one, and which lasted for two centuries, the history is curious: the variety of its modes and customs; its freaks and extravagances; the technical language introduced to raise it into an art; and the inventions contrived to animate the progress of the thirsty souls of its votaries.

Nations, like individuals, in their intercourse are great imitators; and we have the authority of Camden, who lived at the time, for asserting that "the English in their long wars in the Netherlands first learnt to drown themselves with immoderate drinking, and by drinking others' healths to impair their own. Of all the northern nations, they had been before this most commended for their sobriety." And the historian adds, "that the vice had so diffused itself over the nation, that in our days it was first restrained by severe laws*."

* Camden's History of Queen Elizabeth, Book III. Many statutes against drunkenness, by way of prevention, passed in the reign of James I. Our law looks on this vice as an aggravation of any offence committed, not as an excuse for criminal misbehaviour. See Blackstone, Book IV. C. 2. Sect. III. In Mr. Gifford's Massinger, vol. II. 458, is a note, to show that when we were young scholars, we soon equalled,

Here we have the authority of a grave and judicious historian for ascertaining the first period and even origin of this custom; and that the nation had not, heretofore, disgraced itself by such prevalent ebriety is also confirmed by one of those curious contemporary pamphlets of a popular writer, so invaluable to the philosophical antiquary. Tom Nash, a town-wit of the reign of Elizabeth, long before Camden wrote her history, in his "Pierce Pennilesse," had detected the same origin.—"Superfluity in drink," says this spirited writer, "is a sin that ever since we have mixed ourselves with the Low-Countries, is counted honourable; but before we knew their lingering wars, was held in that highest degree of hatred that might be. Then if we had seen a man go wallowing in the streets, or lain sleeping under the board, we should have spet at him, and warned all our friends out of his company*."

Such was the fit source of this vile custom, which is further confirmed by the barbarous dialect it introduced into our language; all the

if we did not surpass, our masters. Mr. Gilchrist there furnishes an extract from Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle, which traces the origin of this exotic custom to the source mentioned; but the whole passage from Baker is literally transcribed from Camden.

* Nash's Pierce Pennilesse, 1595, Sig. F 2.

terms of drinking which once abounded with us, are, without exception, of a base northern origin*.

* These barbarous phrases are Dutch, Danish, or German. The term *shinker*, a filler of wine, a butler or cup-bearer, according to Phillips; and in taverns, as appears by our dramatic poets, a *drawer*, is Dutch; or according to Dr. Nott, purely Danish, from *shenker*.

Half-seas over, or nearly drunk, is likely to have been a proverbial phrase from the Dutch, applied to that state of ebriety by an idea familiar with those water-rats. Thus, *op-zee*, Dutch, means literally *over-sea*. Mr. Gifford has recently told us in his *Jonson*, that it was a name given to a stupefying beer introduced into England from the low-countries; hence *op-zee* or *over-sea*; and *freezen* in German, signifies to *swallow greedily*: from this vile alliance they compounded a harsh term, often used in our old plays. Thus *Jonson* :

“ I do not like the dullness of your eye,
It hath a heavy cast, 'tis *upsee Dutch*.

Alchemist, A. 4, S. 2.

And *Fletcher* has “ *upsee-freeze* ;” which Dr. Nott explains in his edition of *Decker's Gull's Hornbook*, as “ a tipsy draught, or swallowing liquor till drunk.” Mr. Gifford says it was the name of *Friesland beer*; the meaning, however, was, “ to drink swinishly like a Dutchman.”

We are indebted to the Danes for many of our terms of jollity; such as a *rouse* and a *carouse*. Mr. Gifford has given not only a new, but a very distinct explana-

But the best account I can find of all the refinements of this new science of potation, when it seems to have reached its height, is in our Tom Nash, who being himself one of these deep experimental philosophers, is likely to disclose all the mysteries of the craft.

He says, "Now, he is nobody that cannot drink *super-nagulum*; *carouse* the hunter's *hoope*; quaff *vpse freze crosse*; with *healths*, *gloves*, *mumpes*, *frolickes*, and a thousand such domineering inventions*."

Drinking super-nagulum, that is *on the nail*, is a device, which Nash says is new come out of

tion of these classical terms in his Massinger. "A *rouse* was a large glass, in which a health was given, the drinking of which by the rest of the company formed a *carouse*. Barnaby Rich notices the *carouse* as an invention for which the first founder merited hanging. It is necessary to add, that there could be no *rouse*, or *carouse*, unless the glasses were emptied." Although we have lost the terms, we have not lost the practice, as those who have the honour of dining in public parties are still gratified by the animating cry of "gentlemen, charge your glasses."

According to Blount's Glossographia, *carouse* is a corruption of two old German words, *gar* signifying *all*, and *ausz*, *out*: so that to drink *garauz* is to drink *all out*: hence *carouse*. *Sehe*
Arouse

* Pierce Penniless, Sig. F 2, 1595.

France; but it had probably a northern origin, for far northwards it still exists. This new device consisted in this, that after a man, says Nash, hath turned up the bottom of the cup to drop it on his nail, and make a pearl with what is left, which if it shed, and cannot make it stand on, by reason there is too much, he must drink again for his penance.

The custom is also alluded to by Bishop Hall, in his satirical romance of "*Mundus alter et idem*," "A Discovery of a New World;" a work which probably Swift read, and did not forget. The Duke of Tenter-belly in his oration, when he drinks off his large goblet of twelve quarts on his election, exclaims, should he be false to their laws, "Let never this goodly-formed goblet of wine go jovially through me; and then he set it to his mouth, stole it off every drop, save a little remainder, which he was by custom to set upon his thumb's nail, and lick it off as he did."

The phrase is in Fletcher:

I am thine *ad unguem*——

that is, he would drink with his friend to the last. In a manuscript letter of the times, I find an account of Columbo the Spanish ambassador being at Oxford, and drinking healths to the Infanta. The writer adds, "I shall not tell you how our

doctors pledged healths to the Infanta and the archduchess; and if any left *too big a snuff*, Columbo would cry, *supernaculum! supernaculum!*"

This Bacchic freak seems still preserved; for a recent traveller, Sir George Mackenzie, has noticed the custom in his Travels through Iceland. "His host having filled a silver cup to the brim, and put on the cover, then held it towards the person who sat next to him, and desired him to take off the cover, and look into the cup; a ceremony intended to secure fair play in filling it. He drank our health, desiring to be excused from emptying the cup, on account of the indifferent state of his health; but we were informed at the same time that if any one of us should neglect any part of the ceremony, or *fail to invert the cup, placing the edge on one of the thumbs* as a proof that we had swallowed every drop, the defaulter would be obliged by the laws of drinking to fill the cup again, and drink it off a second time. In spite of their utmost exertions, the penalty of a second draught was incurred by two of the company; we were dreading the consequences of having swallowed so much wine, and in terror lest the cup should be sent round again."

Carouse the hunter's hoop—"Carouse" has been already explained: *the hunter's hoop* alludes to the custom of hoops being marked on a drinking-pot,

Hoop = band!

by which every man was to measure his draught. Shakespeare makes the jacobin Jack Cade, among his furious reformations, promise his friends that "there shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; *the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops*, and I will make it felony to drink small beer." I have elsewhere observed that our modern Bacchanalians, whose feats are recorded by the bottle, and who insist on an equality in their rival combats, may discover some ingenuity in that invention among our ancestors of their *peg-tankards*, of which a few may yet occasionally be found in Derbyshire*; the invention of an age

* These inventions for keeping every thirsty soul within bounds are alluded to by Tom Nash: I do not know that his authority will be great as an antiquary, but the things themselves he describes he had seen. He tells us that "King Edgar, because his subjects should not offend in swilling and bibbing as they did, caused certain *iron cups* to be chained to every fountain and well-side; and at every vintner's door with *iron pins in them*, to stint every man how much he should drink, and he who went *beyond one of those pins* forfeited a penny for every draught."

Pegge, in his *Anonymiana*, has minutely described these *peg-tankards*, which confirms this account of Nash, and nearly the antiquity of the custom. "They have in the inside a row of eight pins one above another, from top to bottom; the tankards hold two

less refined than the present, when we have heard of globular glasses and bottles, which by their shape cannot stand, but roll about the table; thus compelling the unfortunate Bacchanalian to drain the last drop, or expose his recreant sobriety.

We must have recourse again to our old friend Tom Nash, who acquaints us with some of "the general rules and inventions for drinking, as good as printed precepts or statutes by act of parliament, that go from drunkard to drunkard; as, still to *keep your first man*; not to leave any *flocks* in the

quarts, so that there is a gill of ale, i. e. half a pint of Winchester measure, between each pin. The first person that drank was to empty the tankard to the first peg or pin; the second was to empty to the next pin, &c. by which means the pins were so many measures to the compotators, *making them all drink alike*, or the same quantity; and as the distance of the pins was such as to contain a large draught of liquor, *the company would be very liable by this method to get drunk*, especially when, if they drank short of the pin or beyond it, they were obliged to drink again. In archbishop Anselm's Canons, made in the council at London in 1102, priests are enjoined not to go to drinking-bouts, nor *to drink to pegs*. The words are, "*Ut Presbyteri non cant ad potationes, nec ad PINNAS bibant.*" (Wilkins, vol. I. p. 382.) This shows the antiquity of this invention, which at least was as old as the Conquest.

bottom of the cup; *to knock the glass on your thumb* when you have done; to have some *shoeing-horn* to pull on your wine, as a rasher on the coals or a red herring."

Shoeing-horns, sometimes called *gloves*, are also described by Bishop Hall in his "Mundus alter et idem." "Then, sir, comes me up a *service of shoeing-horns* of all sorts; salt cakes, red herrings, anchovies, and gammon of bacon, and abundance of such *pullers on*." That famous surfeit of Rhenish and pickled herrings, which banquet proved so fatal to Robert Green, a congenial wit and associate of our Nash, was occasioned by these *shoeing horns*'s.

Massinger has given a curious list of "a service of shoeing-horns:"

————— I usher

Such an unexpected dainty bit for breakfast
As yet I never cook'd; 'tis not Botargo,
Fried frogs, potatoes marrow'd, cavear,
Carps tongues, the pith of an English chine of beef,
Nor our Italian delicate, oil'd mushrooms,
And yet a *drawer-on too**; and if you show not

* And yet a *drawer-on too*;] *i. e.* an incitement to appetite: the phrase is yet in use. This *drawer-on* was also technically termed a *puller-on*, and a *shoeing-horn* in drink.

On "the Italian delicate oil'd mushrooms," still a

An appetite, and a strong one, I'll not say
To eat it, but devour it, without grace too,
(For it will not stay a preface) I am shamed,
And all my past provocatives will be jeer'd at.

Massinger, the Guardian, A. 2. S. 3.

favourite dish with the Italians, I have to communicate some curious knowledge. In an original manuscript letter dated Hereford, 15 Nov. 1659, the name of the writer wanting, but evidently the composition of a physician who had travelled, I find that the dressing of MUSHROOMS was then a novelty. The learned writer laments his error that he "disdained to learn the cookery that occurred in my travels, by a sullen principle of mistaken devotion, and thus declined the great helps I had to enlarge and improve human diet." This was an age of medicine, when it was imagined that the health of mankind essentially depended on diet; and Moffet had written his curious book on this principle. Our writer, in noticing the passion of the Romans for mushrooms, which was called "an imperial dish," says, "he had eaten it often at Sir Henry Wotton's table (our resident ambassador at Venice), always dressed by the inspection of his Dutch-Venetian Johanna, or of Nic. Oudart, and truly it did deserve the old applause as I found it at his table; it was far beyond our English food. Neither did any of us find it of hard digestion, for we did not eat like Adamites, but as modest men would eat of musk-melons. If it were now lawful to hold any kind of intelligence with Nic. Oudart, I would only ask him *Sir Henry Wotton's art of dressing mushrooms*, and I hope that is not high treason." *Sloane MSS. 4292.*

To *knock the glass on the thumb*, was to show they had performed their duty. Barnaby Rich describes this custom; after having drank, the president "turned the bottom of the cup upward, and in ostentation of his dexterity, gave it a fillip, to make it cry *ting*."

They had among these "domineering inventions" some which we may imagine never took place, till they were told by "the hollow cask"

"How the waning night grew old."

Such were *flap-dragons*, which were small combustible bodies fired at one end and floated in a glass of liquor, which an experienced toper swallowed unharmed, while yet blazing. Such is Dr. Johnson's accurate description, who seems to have witnessed what he so well describes*. When Falstaff says of Poins's acts of dexterity to ingratiate himself with the prince, that "he drinks off *candle-ends* for flap dragons," it seems that this was likewise one of these "frolics," for Nash notices that the liquor was "to be stirred about with *a candle's end* to make it taste better, and not to hold your peace while the pot is stirring," no doubt to mark the intrepidity of the miserable

* See Mr. Douce's curious "Illustrations of Shakespeare," Vol. I. 457: a gentleman more intimately conversant with our ancient domestic manners than, perhaps, any single individual in the country.

“ skinker.” The most illustrious feat of all is one, however, described by Bishop Hall. If the drinker “ could put his finger into the flame of the candle without playing hit-I-miss-I ! he is held a sober man, however otherwise drunk he might be.” This was considered as a trial of victory among these “ canary birds,” or bibbers of canary wine*.

We have a very common expression to describe a man in a state of ebriety, that “ he is as drunk as a beast,” or that “ he is beastly drunk.” This is a libel on the brutes, for the vice of ebriety is perfectly human. I think the phrase is peculiar to ourselves; and I imagine I have discovered its origin. When ebriety became first prevalent in our nation, during the reign of Elizabeth, it was a favourite notion among the writers of the time, and on which they have exhausted their fancy, that a man in the different stages of ebriety showed the most vicious quality of different animals; or that a company of drunkards exhibited a collection of brutes, with their different characteristics.

“ All drunkards are beasts,” says George Gas-

* This term is used in “ Bancroft's two books of Epigrams and Epitaphs,” 1639. I take it to have been an accepted one of that day.

coigne in a curious treatise on them*, and he proceeds in illustrating his proposition; but the satirist Nash has classified eight kinds of “drunkards;” a fanciful sketch from the hand of a master in humour, and which could only have been composed by a close spectator of their manners and habits.

“The first is *ape-drunk*, and he leaps and sings and hollows and danceth for the heavens; the second is *lyon-drunk*, and he flings the pots about the house, calls the hostess w—e, breaks the glass-windows with his dagger, and is apt to quarrel with any man that speaks to him; the third is *swine-drunk*, heavy, lumpish, and sleepy, and cries for a little more drink and a few more clothes; the fourth is *sheepe-drunk*, wise in his own conceit when he cannot bring forth a right word; the fifth is *maudlen-drunk*, when a fellow will weep for kindness in the midst of his drink, and kiss you, saying, ‘By God! captain, I love thee, go thy ways, thou dost not think so often of me, as I do of thee: I would (if it pleased God) I could not love thee so well as I do,’ and then he puts his

* A delicate diet for daintie mouthde droonkardes, wherein the fowle abuse of common carousing and quaffing with hartie draughtes is honestlie admonished. By George Gascoigne, Esquier. 1576.

finger in his eye and cries. The sixth is *martin-drunk*, when a man is drunk, and drinks himself sober ere he stir; the seventh is *goat-drunk*, when in his drunkenness he hath no mind but on lechery. The eighth is *fox-drunk*, when he is crafty-drunk, as many of the Dutchmen be, which will never bargain but when they are drunk. All these *species*, and more, I have seen practised in *one company at one sitting*; when I have been permitted to remain sober amongst them only to note their several humours." These beast-drunkards are characterized in a frontispiece to a curious tract on Drunkenness where the men are represented with heads of apes, swine, &c. &c.

A new æra in this history of our drinking-parties occurred about the time of the Restoration, when politics heated their wine, and drunkenness and loyalty became more closely connected. As the puritanic coldness wore off, the people were perpetually, in 1650, warmed in drinking the king's health on their knees; and among various kinds of "ranting cavalierism," the cavaliers during Cromwell's usurpation usually put a crum of bread into their glass, and before they drank it off, with cautious ambiguity exclaimed, "God send this *crum well* down!" which by the way preserves the orthoepy of that extraordinary man's name, and may be added to the instances adduced in

our preceding volume "On the orthography of proper names." We have a curious account of a drunken bout by some royalists, told by Whitelocke in his Memorials. It bore some resemblance to the drinking-party of Catiline: they mingled their own blood with their wine*. After the Resoration, Burnet complains of the excess of convivial loyalty. "Drinking the king's health was set up by too many as a distinguishing mark of loyalty, and drew many into great excess after his majesty's restoration †."

* I shall preserve the story in the words of Whitelocke; it was something ludicrous, as well as terrific.

From Berkshire (in May 1650) that five drunkards agreed to drink the king's health in their blood, and that each of them should cut off a piece of his buttock, and fry it upon the gridiron, which was done by four of them, of whom one did bleed so exceedingly, that they were fain to send for a chirurgeon, and so were discovered. The wife of one of them hearing that her husband was amongst them, came to the room, and taking up a pair of tongs laid about her, and so saved the cutting of her husband's flesh." *Whitelocke's Memorials*, p. 453, second edition.

† Burnet's Life of Sir Matthew Hale.

LITERARY ANECDOTES.

A WRITER of penetration sees connexions in literary anecdotes which are not immediately perceived by others; in his hands anecdotes, even should they be familiar to us, are susceptible of deductions and inferences, which become novel and important truths. Facts of themselves are barren; it is when these facts pass through our reflections, and become interwoven with our feelings, or our reasonings, that they are the finest illustrations; that they assume the dignity of "philosophy teaching by example;" that, in the moral world, they are what the wise system of Bacon inculcated in the natural knowledge deduced from experiments; the study of Nature in her operations. "When examples are pointed out to us," says Lord Bolingbroke, "there is a kind of appeal, with which we are flattered, made to our senses, as well as to our understandings. The instruction comes then from our authority; we yield to fact, when we resist speculation."

For this reason, writers and artists should, among their recreations, be forming a constant acquaintance with the history of their departed kindred. In literary biography a man of genius always finds something which relates to himself.

The studies of artists have a great uniformity, and their habits of life are monotonous. They have all the same difficulties to encounter, although they do not all meet with the same glory. How many secrets may the man of genius learn from literary anecdotes! important secrets, which his friends will not convey to him. He traces the effects of similar studies; warned sometimes by failures, and often animated by watching the incipient and shadowy attempts which closed in a great work. From one he learns in what manner he planned and corrected; from another he may overcome those obstacles which, perhaps, at that very moment make him rise in despair from his own unfinished labour. What perhaps he had in vain desired to know for half his life is revealed to him by a literary anecdote; and thus the amusements of indolent hours may impart the vigour of study; as we find sometimes in the fruit we have taken for pleasure the medicine which restores our health. How superficial is that cry of some impertinent pretended geniuses of these times, who affect to exclaim, "Give me no anecdotes of an author, but give me his works!" I have often found the anecdotes more interesting than the works.

Dr. Johnson devoted one of his periodical papers to a defence of anecdotes, and expresses

himself thus on certain collectors of anecdotes :
“ They are not always so happy as to select the most important. I know not well what advantage posterity can receive from the only circumstance by which Tickell has distinguished *Addison* from the rest of mankind,—the *irregularity of his pulse*; nor can I think myself overpaid for the time spent in reading the life of *Malherbe*, by being enabled to relate, after the learned biographer, that Malherbe had two predominant opinions; one, that the looseness of a single woman might destroy all her boast of ancient descent; the other, that the French beggars made use, very improperly and barbarously, of the phrase *noble gentlemen*, because either word included the sense of both.”

These just observations may, perhaps, be further illustrated by the following notices. Dr. J. Warton has informed the world, that *many of our poets have been handsome*. This, certainly, neither concerns the world, nor the class of poets. It is trifling to tell us that Dr. Johnson was accustomed “ *to cut his nails to the quick*.” I am not much gratified by being informed, that Menage wore *a greater number of stockings* than any other person, excepting one, whose name I have really forgotten. The biographer of Cujas, a celebrated lawyer, says, that *two things* were remarkable of this scholar. The *first*, that he studied on the

floor, lying prostrate on a carpet, with his books about him; and, *secondly*, that his perspiration exhaled an agreeable smell, which he used to inform his friends he had in common with Alexander the Great! This admirable biographer should have told us whether he frequently turned from his very uneasy attitude. Somebody informs us, that Guy Patin resembled Cicero, whose statue is preserved at Rome; on which he enters into a comparison of Patin with Cicero; but a man may resemble a *statue* of Cicero, and yet not Cicero. Baillet loads his life of Descartes with a thousand minutæ, which less disgrace the philosopher than the biographer. Was it worth informing the public, that Descartes was very particular about his wigs; that he had them manufactured at Paris; and that he always kept four? That he wore green taffety in France: but that in Holland he quitted taffety for cloth; and that he was fond of omelets of eggs?

It is an odd observation of Clarendon in his own life, that "Mr. Chillingworth was of a stature little superior to Mr. Hales; and it *was an age in which there were many great and wonderful men of THAT SIZE.*" Lord Falkland, formerly Sir Lucius Carey, was of low stature and smaller than most men; and of Sidney Godolphin, "There was never so great a mind and spirit contained in so

little room; so that Lord Falkland used to say merrily, that he thought it was a great ingredient in his friendship for Mr. Godolphin, that he was pleased to be found in his company where he was the properer man." This irrelevant observation of Lord Clarendon is an instance where a great mind will sometimes draw inferences from accidental coincidences, and establish them into a general principle; as if the small size of the men had even the remotest connexion with their genius and their virtues. Perhaps, too, there was in this a tincture of the superstitions of the times: whatever it was, the fact ought not to have degraded the truth and dignity of historical narrative. We have writers who cannot discover the particulars which characterize THE MAN,—their souls, like damp gunpowder, cannot ignite with the spark when it falls on them.

Yet of anecdotes which appear trifling, something may be alleged in their defence. It is certainly safer for *some* writers, to give us all they know, than to try their discernment for rejection. Let us sometimes recollect, that the page over which we toil will probably furnish materials for authors of happier talents. I would rather have a Birch, or a Hawkins, appear heavy, cold, and prolix, than any thing material which concerns a Tillot-

son or a Johnson should be lost. It must also be confessed, that an anecdote, or a circumstance, which may appear inconsequential to a reader, may bear some remote or latent connexion; a biographer who has long contemplated the character he records, sees many connexions which escape an ordinary reader. Kippis, in closing the life of the diligent Dr. Birch, has, from his own experience no doubt, formed an apology for that minute research, which some have thought this writer carried to excess. "It may be alleged in our author's favour, that a man who has a deep and extensive acquaintance with a subject, often sees a connexion and importance in some smaller circumstances, which may not immediately be discerned by others; and, on that account, may have reasons for inserting them, that will escape the notice of superficial minds."

CONDEMNED POETS.

I FLATTER myself that those readers who have taken any interest in my volumes have not conceived me to have been deficient in the elevated feeling which, from early life, I have preserved for the great Literary character: if time weakens our enthusiasm, it is the coldness of age which

creeps on us, but the principle is unalterable which inspired the sympathy. Who will not venerate those Master-spirits "whose PUBLISHED LABOURS advance the good of mankind," and those Books which are "the precious life-blood of a Master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life?" But it has happened that I have more than once incurred the censure of the inconsiderate and the tasteless, for attempting to separate those writers who exist in a state of perpetual illusion; who live on querulously, which is an evil for themselves, and to no purpose of life, which is an evil to others. I have been blamed for exemplifying "the illusions of writers in verse *," by the remarkable case of Percival Stockdale †, who, after a condemned silence of nearly half a century, like a vivacious spectre throwing aside his shroud in gaiety, came forward a venerable man in his eightieth year, to assure us of the immortality of one of the worst poets of his age; and for this, wrote his own memoirs, which only proved, that when authors are troubled with a literary hallucination, and possess the unhappy talent of reasoning in their madness, a little railery,

* Calamities of Authors, Vol. II. p. 313.

† It first appeared in a Review of his "Memoirs."

if it cannot cure, may serve at least as a salutary regimen.

I shall illustrate the case of condemned authors who will still be pleading after their trials, by a foreign dramatic writer. Among those incorrigible murmurers at public justice, not the least extraordinary was a Mr. Peyraud de Beaussol, who, in 1775, had a tragedy, "Les Arsacides," in six acts; printed, not as it was acted, as Fielding says, on the title-page of one of his comedies, but as it was damned!

In a preface, this "Sir Fretful," more inimitable than that original, with all the gravity of an historical narrative, details the public conspiracy; and with all the pathetic touches of a shipwrecked mariner—the agonies of his literary egotism.

He declares, that it is absurd for the town to condemn a piece which they can only know by the title, for heard it had never been! And yet he observes, with infinite naiveté, "My piece is as generally condemned as if the world had it all by heart."

One of the great objections against this tragedy was its monstrous plan of six acts; this innovation did not lean towards improvement in the minds of those who had endured the long sufferings of tragedies of the accepted size. But the author

offers some solemn reasons to induce us to believe that six acts were so far from being too many, that the piece had been more perfect with a seventh! Mr. de Beaussol had, perhaps, been happy to have known, that other dramatists have considered, that the usual restrictions are detrimental to a grand genius. Nat. Lee, when too often drunk, and sometimes in Bedlam, wrote a play in twenty-five acts.

Our philosophical dramatist, from the constituent principles of the human mind, and the physical powers of man, and the French nation more particularly, deduces the origin of the Sublime, and the faculty of attention. The plan of his tragedy is agreeable to these principles: Monarchs, Queens, and Rivals, and every class of men;—it is therefore grand! and the acts can be listened to, and therefore it is not too long! It was the high opinion that he had formed of human nature and the French people, which at once terrified and excited him to finish a tragedy, which, he modestly adds, “may not have the merit of any single one; but which one day will be discovered to include the labour bestowed on fifty!”

No great work was ever produced without a grand plan. “Some critics,” says our author, “have ventured to assert that my six acts may

easily be reduced to the usual five, without injury to the conduct of the fable." To reply to this required a complete analysis of the tragedy, which, having been found more voluminous than the tragedy itself, he considerately "published separately." It would be curious to ascertain whether a single copy of the analysis of a condemned tragedy was ever sold. And yet this critical analysis was such an admirable and demonstrative criticism, that the author assures us that it proved the absolute impossibility, "and the most absolute too," that his piece could not suffer the slightest curtailment. It demonstrated more—that "the gradation and the development of interest required necessarily *seven Acts!* but, from dread of carrying this innovation too far, the author omitted *one Act* which passed behind the scenes*! but which ought to have come in between the *fifth* and *sixth!* Another point is proved, that the attention of an audience, the physical powers of man, can be kept up with interest much longer than has been calculated; that his piece only takes up two hours and three quarters, or three

* The words are "Un derriere la scene." I am not sure of the meaning, but an *Act behind the scenes* would be perfectly in character with this dramatic bard.

hours at most, if some of the most impassioned parts were but declaimed rapidly*.

Now we come to the history of all the disasters which happened at the acting of this tragedy. "How can people complain that my piece is tedious, when, after the first act, they would never listen ten minutes to it? Why did they attend to the first scenes, and even applaud one? Let me not be told, because these were sublime, and commanded the respect of the cabal raised against it; because there are other scenes far more sublime in the piece, which they perpetually interrupted. Will it be believed, that they pitched upon the scene of the sacrifice of Volgesie, as one of the most tedious?—the scene of Volgesie, which is the finest in my piece; not a verse, not a word in it, can be omitted †! Every thing tends towards

* The exact reasoning of Sir Fretful, in the Critic, when Mrs. Dangle thought his piece "rather too long," while he proves his play was "a remarkably short play."—"The first evening you can spare me three hours and a half, I'll undertake to read you the whole, from beginning to end, with the prologue and epilogue, and allow time for the music between the acts. The watch here, you know, is the critic."

† Again Sir Fretful; when Dangle "ventures to suggest that the interest rather falls off in the fifth act;"—"Rises, I believe you mean, sir;"—"No, I

the catastrophe ; and it reads in the closet as well as it would affect us on the stage. I was not, however, astonished at this ; what men hear, and do not understand, is always tedious ; and it was recited in so shocking a tone by the actress, who, not having entirely recovered from a fit of illness, was flurried by the tumult of the audience. She declaimed in a twanging tone, like psalm-singing ; so that the audience could not hear, among these fatiguing discordances (he means their own hissing), nor separate the thoughts and words from the full chant which accompanied them. They objected perpetually to the use of the word *Madame*, between two female rivals, as too comic ; one of the pit, when an actress said *Madame*, cried out, ‘ Say *Princesse!*’ This disconcerted the actress. They also objected to the words *a propos* and *mal-a-propos*. Yet, after all, how are there too many *Madames* in the piece, since they do not amount to forty-six in the course of forty-four scenes ? Of these, however, I have erased half.”

This historian of his own wrongheadedness proceeds, with all the simplicity of this narrative, to describe the hubbub.

don’t, upon my word.”—“ Yes, yes, you do, upon my soul ; it certainly don’t fall off ; no, no, it don’t fall off.”

“ Thus it was impossible to connect what they were hearing with what they had heard. In the short intervals of silence, the actors, who, during the tumult, forgot their characters, tried with difficulty to recover their conception. The conspirators were prepared to a man; not only in their head, but some with written notes had their watch-words, to set their party agoing. They seemed to act with the most extraordinary concert; they seemed to know the exact moment when they were to give the word, and down, in their hurly-burly, the voice of the actor, who had a passionate part to declaim, and thus break the connexion between the speakers. All this produced so complete an effect, that it seemed as if the actors themselves had been of the conspiracy, so wilful and so active was the execution of the plot. It was particularly during the fifth and sixth acts that the cabal was most outrageous; they knew these were the most beautiful, and deserved particular attention. Such a humming arose, that the actors seemed to have had their heads turned; some lost their voice, some declaimed at random, the prompter in vain cried out, nothing was heard and every thing was said; the actor who could not hear the catch-word, remained disconcerted and silent; the whole was broken, wrong and right; it was all Hebrew. Nor was this all; the actors

behind the scene were terrified, and they either came forwards trembling, and only watching the signs of their brother actors, or would not venture to show themselves. The machinist only, with his scene-shifters, who felt so deep an interest in the fate of my piece, was tranquil and attentive to his duty, to produce a fine effect. After the hurly-burly was over, he left the actors mute with their arms crossed. He opened the scenery! and not an actor could enter on it! The pit, more clamorous than ever, would not suffer the denouement! Such was the conduct, and such the intrepidity, of the army employed to besiege the Arsacides! Such the cause of that accusation of tediousness made against a drama, which has most evidently the contrary defect!"

Such is the history of a damned dramatist, written by himself, with a truth and simplicity worthy of a happier fate. It is admirable to see a man, who was himself so deeply involved in the event, preserve the observing calmness which could discover the minutest occurrence; and, allowing for his particular conception of the cause, detailing them with the most rigid veracity. This author was unquestionably a man of the most honourable probity, and not destitute of intellectual ability; but he must serve as an useful example of that wrong-headed nature in some men, which has pro-

duced so many "Abbots of Unreason" in society, whom it is in vain to convince by a reciprocation of arguments; who, assuming false principles, act rightly according to themselves; a sort of rational lunacy, which, when it discovers itself in politics and religion, and in the more common affairs of life, has produced the most unhappy effects; but this fanaticism, when confined to poetry, only amuses us with the ludicrous; and, in the persons of Monsieur De Beaussol, and of Percival Stockdale, may offer some very fortunate self-recollections in that calamity of authors, which I have called "The Illusions of Writers in Verse."

ACAJOU AND ZIRPHILE.

As a literary curiosity, and as a supplemental anecdote to the article of PREFACES*, I cannot pass over the suppressed preface to the "Acajou et Zirphile" of Du Clos, which of itself is almost a singular instance of hardy ingenuity, in an address to the public.

This single volume is one of the most whimsical of fairy tales, and an amusing satire, originating in an odd circumstance. Count Tessin, the Swe-

* Vol. i. p. 128.

dish Ambassador at the Court of France, had a number of grotesque designs made by Boucher, the King's painter, and engraved by the first artists. The last plate had just been finished when the count was recalled, and appointed Prime Minister and Governor to the Crown Prince, a place he filled with great honour: and in emulation of Fenelon, composed letters on the Education of a Prince, which have been translated. He left behind him in France all the plates in the hands of Boucher, who, having shown them to Du Clos for their singular invention, regretted that he had bestowed so much fancy on a fairy tale, which was not to be had; Du Clos, to relieve his regrets, offered to invent a tale to correspond with these grotesque subjects. This seemed not a little difficult. In the first plate, the author appears in his morning gown, writing in his study, surrounded by apes, rats, butterflies, and smoke. In another, a Prince is drest in the French costume of 1740, strolling full of thought in "the shady walk of ideas." In a third plate, the Prince is conversing with a fairy who rises out of a gooseberry which he had plucked: two dwarfs, discovered in another gooseberry, give a sharp fillip to the Prince, who seems much embarrassed by their tiny maliciousness. In another walk he eats an apricot, which opens with the most beautiful of faces, a little melancholy, and

leaning on one side. In another print, he finds the body of this lovely face and the hands, and he adroitly joins them together. Such was the set of these incomprehensible and capricious inventions, which the lighter fancy and ingenuity of Du Clos converted into a fairy story, full of pleasantry and satire*.

Among the novelties of this small volume, not the least remarkable is the dedication of this fairy romance to the public, which excited great attention, and charmed and provoked our author's fickle patron. Du Clos here openly ridicules, and dares his protector and his judge. This hazardous attack was successful, and the author soon acquired the reputation which he afterwards maintained, of being a writer who little respected the common prejudices of the world. Freron replied by a long criticism, entitled "Réponse du Public à l'Auteur d'Acajou;" but its severity was not discovered in its length; so that the Public, who had been so keenly ridiculed, and so hardily braved in the light and sparkling page of the haughty Du Clos, preferred the caustic truths and the pleasant insult.

In this "Epistle to the Public," the author informs us that, "excited by example, and encouraged

* The plates of the original edition are in the quarto form; they have been poorly reduced in the common editions in twelves.

by the success he had often witnessed, he designed to write a piece of nonsense. He was only embarrassed by the choice of subject. Politics, Morals, and Literature, were equally the same to me; but I found, strange to say, all these matters pre-occupied by persons who seem to have laboured with the same view. I found silly things in all kinds, and I saw myself under the necessity of adopting the reasonable ones to become singular; so that I do not yet despair that we may one day discover truth, when we shall have exhausted all our errors.

“ I first proposed to write down all erudition, to show the freedom and independence of genius, whose fertility is such as not to require borrowing any thing from foreign sources; but I observed that this had sunk into a mere common-place, trite and trivial, invented by indolence, adopted by ignorance, and which adds nothing to genius.

“ Mathematics, which has succeeded to erudition, begins to be unfashionable; we know at present indeed that one may be as great a dizzard in resolving a problem as in restoring a reading. Every thing is compatible with genius, but nothing can give it!

“ For the *bel esprit*, so much envied, so much sought after, it is almost as ridiculous to pretend to it, as it is difficult to attain. Thus the scholar

is contemned, the mathematician tires, the man of wit and genius is hissed. What is to be done?"

Having told the whimsical origin of this tale, Du Clos continues; "I do not know, my dear Public, if you will approve of my design; however, it appears to me ridiculous enough to deserve your favour; for, to speak to you like a friend, you appear to unite all the stages of human life, only to experience all their cross-accidents. You are a child to run after trifles; a youth when driven by your passions; and, in mature age, you conclude you are wise, because your follies are of a more solemn nature, for you grow old only to dote; to talk at random, to act without design, and to believe you judge, because you pronounce sentence.

"I respect you greatly; I esteem you but little; you are not worthy of being loved. These are my sentiments respecting you; if you insist on others from me, in that case,

"I am,

"Your most humble and obedient servant."

The caustic pleasantry of this "Epistle dedicatory" was considered by some mawkish critics so offensive, that when the editor of the "Cabinet de Fées," a vast collection of fairy tales, republished this little playful satire and whimsical fancy-piece, he thought proper to cancel the "Epistle;"

concluding that it was entirely wanting in that respect with which the public ought to be addressed ! This editor, of course, was a Frenchman : we view him in the ridiculous attitude of making his profound bow, and expressing all this "high consideration" for this same "Public," while, with his opera hat in his hand, he is sweeping away the most poignant and delectable page of Acajou and Zirphile.

TOM O'BEDLAMs.

THE history of a race of singular mendicants, known by the name of *Tom o' Bedlams*, connects itself with that of our poetry. Not only will they live with our language, since Shakespeare has perpetuated their existence, but they themselves appear to have been the occasion of creating a species of wild fantastic poetry, peculiar to our nation.

Bethlem Hospital formed, in its original institution, a contracted and penurious charity ; its governors soon discovered that the metropolis furnished them with more lunatics than they had calculated on ; they also required from the friends of the patients a weekly stipend, besides clothing. It is a melancholy fact to record in the history of

human nature, that when one of their original regulations prescribed that persons who put in patients should provide their clothes, it was soon observed that the poor lunatics were frequently perishing by the omission of this slight duty from those former friends; so soon forgotten were they whom none found an interest to recollect. They were obliged to open contributions to provide a wardrobe*.

In consequence of the limited resources of the Hospital, they relieved the establishment by frequently discharging patients whose cure might be very equivocal. Harmless lunatics thrown thus into the world, often without a single friend, wandered about the country, chanting wild ditties, and wearing a fantastical dress to attract the notice of the charitable, on whose alms they lived. They had a kind of *costume*, which I find described by Randle Holme in a curious and extraordinary work †.

* Stowe's Survey of London, Book I.

† "The Academy of Armory," Book II. c. 3. p. 161. This is a singular work, where the writer has contrived to turn the barren subjects of Heraldry into an entertaining Encyclopædia, containing much curious knowledge on almost every subject; but this folio more particularly exhibits the most copious vocabulary of

“ The Bedlam has a long staff, and a cow or ox-horn by his side ; his cloathing fantastic and ridiculous ; for being a madman, he is madly decked and dressed all over with rubins (ribands), feathers, cuttings of cloth, and what not, to make him seem a madman, or one distracted, when he is no other than a wandering and dissembling knave.” This writer here points out one of the grievances resulting from licensing even harmless lunatics to roam about the country ; for a set of pretended madmen, called “ Abram men,” a cant term for certain sturdy rogues, concealed themselves in their *costume*, covered the country, and pleaded the privileged denomination when detected in their depredations*.

old English terms. It has been said that there are not more than twelve copies extant of this very rare work, which is probably not true.

* In that curious source of our domestic history, the “ English Villanics” of Decker, we find a lively description of the “ Abram Cove,” or Abram man, the impostor who personated a Tom o’ Bedlam. He was terribly disguised with his grotesque rags, his staff, his knotted hair, and with the more disgusting contrivances to excite pity, still practised among a class of our mendicants, who, in their cant language, are still said “ to sham Abraham.” This impostor was, therefore, as suited his purpose and the place, capable of working

Sir Walter Scott first obligingly suggested to me that these roving lunatics were out-door pensioners of Bedlam, sent about to live as well as they could with the pittance granted by the hospital.

on the sympathy, by uttering a silly *maunding*, or demanding of charity, or terrifying the easy fears of women, children, and domestics, as he wandered up and down the country: they refused nothing to a being who was as terrific to them as "Robin Good-fellow," or "Raw-head and bloody-bones." Thus, as Edgar expresses it, "sometimes with lunatic bans, sometimes with prayers," the gestures of this impostor were "a counterfeit puppet-play: they came with a hollow noise, whooping, leaping, gambolling, wildly dancing, with a fierce or distracted look." These sturdy mendicants were called "Tom of Bedlam's band of mad-caps," or "Poor Tom's flock of wild-geese." Decker has preserved their "Maund," or begging—"Good worship master, bestow your reward on a poor man that hath been in bedlam without Bishopsgate, three years, four months, and nine days, and bestow one piece of small silver towards his fees, which he is indebted there, of 3*l.* 13*s.* 7½*d.*" (or to such effect.)

Or, "Now dame, well and wisely, what will you give poor Tom? One pound of your sheep's feathers to make poor Tom a blanket? or one cutting of your sow's side, no bigger than my arm; or one piece of your salt meat to make poor Tom a sharing horn; or one cross

The fullest account that I have obtained of these singular persons is drawn from a manuscript note transcribed from some of Aubrey's papers, which I have not seen printed.

"Till the breaking out of the civil wars, *Tom o' Bedlams* did travel about the country; they had been poor distracted men, that had been put into

of your small silver, towards a pair of shoes; well and wisely, give poor Tom an old sheet to keep him from the cold; or an old doublet and jerkin of my master's; well and wisely, God save the king and his council." Such is a history drawn from the very archives of mendicity and imposture; and written perhaps as far back as the reign of James I.; but which prevailed in that of Elizabeth, as Shakespeare has so finely shown in his *EDGAR*. This *Maund*, and these assumed manners and *costume*, I should not have preserved from their utter penury, but such was the rude material which Shakespeare has worked up into that most fanciful and richest vein of native poetry, which pervades the character of the wandering *EDGAR*, tormented by "the foul fiend," when he

—————bethought

To take the basest and most poorest shape
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast.

And the poet proceeds with a minute picture of "Bedlam beggars." See *LEAR*, A. II. S. 3.

Bedlam, where recovering some soberness, they were licentiated to go a begging; *i. e.* they had on their left arm an armilla, an iron ring for the arm, about four inches long, as printed in some works*. They could not get it off; they wore about their necks a great horn of an ox in a string or bawdry, which, when they came to a house, they did wind, and they put the drink given to them into this horn, whereto they put a stopple. Since the wars I do not remember to have seen any one of them." The civil wars, probably, cleared the country of all sorts of vagabonds; but among the royalists or the parliamentarians, we did not know that in their rank and file they had so many Tom o' Bedlams.

I have now to explain something in the character of EDGAR in LEAR, on which the commentators seem to have ingeniously blundered, from an imperfect knowledge of the character which EDGAR personates.

EDGAR, in wandering about the country for a safe disguise, assumes the character of these

* Aubrey's information is perfectly correct; for those impostors who assumed the character of Tom o' Bedlams for their own nefarious purposes used to have a mark burnt in their arms, which they showed as the mark of Bedlam. "The English Villanies of Decker," C. 17. 1648.

Tom o' Bedlams; he thus closes one of his distracted speeches, "Poor Tom, *Thy horn is dry!*" On this Johnson is content to inform us, that "men that begged under pretence of lunacy used formerly to carry a horn and blow it through the streets." This is no explanation of Edgar's allusion to the *dryness* of his horn. Steevens adds a fanciful note, that Edgar alludes to a proverbial expression *Thy horn is dry*, designed to express that a man had said all he could say; and, further, Steevens supposes that Edgar speaks these words *aside*; as if he had been quite weary of *Tom o' Bedlam's part*, and could not keep it up any longer. The reasons of all this conjectural criticism are a curious illustration of perverse ingenuity. Aubrey's manuscript note has shown us that the Bedlam's horn was also a *drinking-horn*, and Edgar closes his speech in the perfection of the assumed character, and not as one who had grown weary of it, by making the mendicant lunatic desirous of departing from a heath, to march, as he cries, "to wakes, and fairs, and market-towns—Poor Tom! thy horn is dry!" as more likely places to solicit alms; and he is thinking of his *drink-money*, when he cries that "*his horn is dry.*"

An itinerant lunatic, chanting wild ditties, fancifully attired, gay with the simplicity of child-

hood, yet often moaning with the sorrows of a troubled man, a mixture of character at once grotesque and plaintive, became an interesting object to poetical minds. It is probable that the character of Edgar, in the *Lear* of Shakespeare, first introduced the hazardous conception into the poetical world. Poems composed in the character of a Tom o' Bedlam appear to have formed a fashionable class of poetry among the wits; they seem to have held together poetical contests, and some of these writers became celebrated for their successful efforts, for old Isaac Walton mentions a "Mr. William Basse as one who has made the choice songs of the 'Hunter in his career,' and of 'Tom o' Bedlam,' and many others of note." Bishop Percy, in his "*Reliques of ancient English Poetry*," has preserved six of what he calls "Mad Songs," expressing his surprise that the English should have "more songs and ballads on the subject of madness than any of their neighbours," for such are not found in the collections of songs of the French, Italian, &c. and nearly insinuates, for their cause, that we are perhaps more liable to the calamity of madness than other nations. This superfluous criticism had been spared had that elegant collector been aware of the circumstance which had produced this class of poems, and re-

collected the more ancient original in the Edgar of Shakespeare. Some of the "Mad Songs" the Bishop has preserved are of too modern a date to suit the title of his work; being written by Tom D'Urfey, for his comedies of Don Quixote. I shall preserve one of more ancient date, fraught with all the wild spirit of this peculiar character*.

This poem must not be read without a perpetual reference to the personated character. Delirious and fantastic, strokes of sublime imagination are mixed with familiar comic humour, and even degraded by the cant language; for the gipsy habits of life of these "Tom o' Bedlams" had confounded them with "the progg-ing Abram men." These luckless beings are described by Decker as sometimes exceeding merry, and could do nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their own brains; now they danced, now they would do nothing but laugh and weep, or were dogged and sullen both in look and speech. All they did, all they sung, was alike unconnected; indicative of the desultory and rambling wits of the chanter.

* I discovered the present in a very scarce collection, entitled "Wit and Drollery," 1661; an edition, however, which is not the earliest of this once fashionable miscellany.

A TOM-A-BEDLAM SONG.

From the hag and hungry goblin
That into rags would rend ye,
All the spirits that stand
By the naked man,
In the book of moons defend ye !
That of your five sound senses
You never be forsaken ;
Nor travel from
Yourselves with Tom
Abroad, to beg your bacon.

CHORUS.

Nor never sing any food and feeding,
Money, drink, or cloathing ;
Come dame or maid,
Be not afraid,
For Tom will injure nothing.

Of thirty bare years have I
Twice twenty been enraged ;
And of forty been
Three times fifteen
In durance soundly caged.
In the lovely lofts of Bedlam,
In stubble soft and dainty,
Brave bracelets strong,
Sweet whips ding, dong,
And a wholesome hunger plenty.

With a thought I took for Maudlin,
 And a cruise of cockle pottage,
 And a thing thus—tall,
 Sky bless you all,
 I fell into this dotage.
 I slept not till the Conquest ;
 Till then I never waked ;
 Till the roguish boy
 Of love where I lay,
 Me found, and stript me naked.

When short I have shorn my sow's face,
 And swigg'd my horned barrel ;
 In an oaken inn
 Do I pawn my skin,
 As a suit of gilt apparel :
 The morn's my constant mistress,
 And the lovely owl my morrow ;
 The flaming drake,
 And the night-crow, make
 Me music, to my sorrow.

The palsie plague these pounces,
 When I prig your pigs or pullen ;
 Your culvers take
 Or mateless make
 Your chanticlear and sullen ;
 When I want provant with *Humphrey* I sup,
 And when benighted,
 To repose in Paul's,
 With waking souls
 I never am affrighted.

I know more than Apollo ;
For, oft when he lies sleeping,
I behold the stars
At mortal wars,
And the rounded welkin weeping ;
The moon embraces her shepherd,
And the Queen of Love her warrior ;
While the first does horn
The stars of the morn,
And the next the heavenly farrier.

With a heart of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander :
With a burning spear,
And a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander ;
With a knight of ghosts and shadows,
I summoned am to Tourney :
Ten leagues beyond
The wide world's end ;
Methinks it is no journey !

The last stanza of this Bedlam song contains the seeds of exquisite romance ; a stanza worth many an admired poem.

INTRODUCTION OF TEA, COFFEE, AND CHOCOLATE.

It is said that the frozen Norwegians, on the first sight of roses, dared not touch what they conceived were trees budding with fire: and the natives of Virginia, the first time they seized on a quantity of gunpowder, which belonged to the English colony, sowed it for grain, expecting to reap a plentiful crop of combustion by the next harvest, to blow away the whole colony.

In our own recollection, strange imaginations impeded the first period of Vaccination; when some families, terrified by the warning of a physician, conceived their race would end in a species of Minotaurs:

Semibovemque virum, semivirumque bovem.

We smile at the simplicity of the men of nature, for their mistaken notions at the first introduction among them of exotic novelties; and yet, even in civilized Europe, how long a time those whose profession, or whose reputation, regulate public opinion, are influenced by vulgar prejudices, often disguised under the imposing form of science!

and when their ludicrous absurdities and obstinate prejudices enter into the matters of history, it is then we discover that they were only imposing on themselves and on others.

It is hardly credible that on the first introduction of the Chinese leaf, which now affords our daily refreshment; or the American leaf, whose sedative fumes made it so long an universal favourite; or the Arabian berry, whose aroma exhilarates its European votaries; that the use of these harmless novelties should have spread consternation in the nations of Europe, and have been anathematized by the terrors and the fictions of some of the learned. Yet this seems to have happened. Patin, who wrote so furiously against the introduction of antimony, spread the same alarm at the use of tea, which he calls "l'impertinente nouveauté du siècle." In Germany, Hanneman considered tea-dealers as immoral members of society, lying in wait for men's purses and lives; and Dr. Duncan, in his treatise on hot liquors, suspected that the virtues attributed to tea were merely to encourage the importation.

Many virulent pamphlets were published against the use of this shrub, from various motives. In 1670 a Dutch writer says it was ridiculed in Holland under the name of hay-water. "The progress of this famous plant," says an ingenious

writer, "has been something like the progress of truth; suspected at first, though very palatable to those who had courage to taste it; resisted as it encroached; abused as its popularity seemed to spread; and establishing its triumph at last, in cheering the whole land from the palace to the cottage, only by the slow and resistless efforts of time and its own virtues*."

The history of the Tea-shrub, written by Dr. Lettson, is usually referred to on this subject; I consider it little more than a plagiarism on Dr. Short's learned and curious dissertation on Tea, 1730, 4to. Lettson has superadded the solemn trifling of his moral and medical advice.

These now common beverages are all of recent origin in Europe; neither the ancients nor those of the middle ages tasted of this luxury. The first accounts we find of the use of this shrub are the casual notices of travellers, who seem to have tasted it, and sometimes not to have liked it: a Russian Ambassador, in 1639, who resided at the Court of the Mogul, declined accepting a large present of tea for the Czar, "as it would only incumber him with a commodity for which he had no use." The appearance of "a black water" and an acrid taste seems not to have recommended it to the German Olearius in 1633. Dr.

* Edinburgh Review, 1816, p. 117.

Short has recorded an anecdote of a stratagem of the Dutch in their second voyage to China, by which they at first obtained their tea without disbursing money; they carried from home great store of dried sage, and bartered it with the Chinese for tea; and received three or four pounds of tea for one of sage: but at length the Dutch could not export sufficient quantity of sage to supply their demand. This fact, however, proves how deeply the imagination is concerned with our palate, for the Chinese, affected by the exotic novelty, considered our sage to be more precious than their tea.

The first introduction of tea into Europe is not ascertained; according to the common accounts, it came into England from Holland, in 1666, when Lord Arlington and Lord Ossory brought over a small quantity: the custom of drinking tea became fashionable, and a pound weight sold then for sixty shillings. This account, however, is by no means satisfactory. I have heard of Oliver Cromwell's tea-pot in the possession of a collector, and this will derange the chronology of those writers who are perpetually copying the researches of others, without confirming or correcting them.

Amidst the rival contests of the Dutch and the English East-India Companies, the honour of introducing its use into Europe may be claimed by

both. Dr. Short conjectures that tea might have been known in England as far back as the reign of James I., for the first fleet set out in 1600; but, had the use of this shrub been known, the novelty had been chronicled among our dramatic writers, whose works are the annals of our prevalent tastes and humours. It is rather extraordinary that our East-India Company should not have discovered the use of this shrub in their early adventures; yet it certainly was not known in England so late as in 1641, for in a scarce "Treatise of Warm Beer," where the title indicates the author's design to recommend hot in preference to cold drinks, he refers to tea only by quoting the Jesuit Maffei's account, that "they of China do for the most part drink the strained liquor of an herb called *Chia*, hot." The word *Cha* is the Portuguese term for tea retained to this day, which they borrowed from the Japanese; while our intercourse with the Chinese made us no doubt adopt their term *Theh*, now prevalent throughout Europe, with the exception of the Portuguese. The Chinese origin is still preserved in the term *Bohea*, tea which comes from the country of *Vouhi*; and that of *Hyson* was the name of the most considerable Chinese then concerned in the trade.

The best account of the early use, and the prices of tea in England, appears in the hand-

bill of one who may be called our first *Tea-maker*. This curious hand-bill bears no date, but as Hanway ascertained that the price was sixty shillings in 1660, this bill must have been dispersed about that period.

Thomas Garway in Exchange-alley, tobacconist and coffee-man, was the first who sold and retailed tea, recommending it for the cure of all disorders. The following shop-bill is more curious than any historical account we have.

“Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds the pound weight, and in respect of its former scarceness and dearness it hath been only used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees till the year 1657. The said Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea in *leaf* or *drink*, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants into those Eastern countries. On the knowledge of the said Garway’s continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, &c. have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house to drink the drink thereof. He sells tea from 16s. to 50s. a pound.”

Probably, tea was not in general use domes-

tically so late as in 1687; for in the diary of Henry, Earl of Clarendon, he registers that "Pere Couplet supped with me, and after supper we had tea, which he said was really as good as any he had drank in China." Had his lordship been in the general habit of drinking tea, he had not, probably, made it a subject for his diary.

While the honour of introducing tea may be disputed between the English and the Dutch, that of coffee remains between the English and the French. Yet an Italian intended to have occupied the place of honour; that admirable traveller Pietro della Valle, writing from Constantinople 1615, to a Roman, his fellow-countryman, informing him, that he should teach Europe in what manner the Turks took what he calls "*Cahué*," or as the word is written in an Arabic and English pamphlet, printed at Oxford 1659, on "the nature of the drink *Kauhi* or Coffee." As this celebrated traveller lived to 1652, it may excite surprise that the first cup of coffee was not drank at Rome: this remains for the discovery of some member of the "Arcadian Society." Our own Purchas, at the time that Valle wrote, was also "a Pilgrim," and well knew what was "*Coffa*," which "they drank as hot as they can endure it; it is as black as soot, and tastes not much unlike it; good they say for digestion and mirth."

It appears by Le Grand's "Vie privée des François," that the celebrated Thevenot, in 1658, gave coffee after dinner; but it was considered as the whim of a traveller; neither the thing itself, nor its appearance, was inviting: it was probably attributed by the gay to the humour of a vain philosophical traveller. But ten years afterwards a Turkish ambassador at Paris made the beverage highly fashionable. The elegance of the equipage recommended it to the eye, and charmed the women: the brilliant porcelain cups, in which it was poured; the napkins fringed with gold, and the Turkish slaves on their knees presenting it to the ladies, seated on the ground on cushions, turned the heads of the Parisian dames. This elegant introduction made the exotic beverage a subject of conversation, and in 1672, an Armenian at Paris at the fair-time opened a coffee-house. But the custom still prevailed to sell beer and wine, and to smoke and mix with indifferent company in their first imperfect coffee-houses. A Florentine, one Procope, celebrated in his day as the arbiter of taste in this department, instructed by the error of the Armenian, invented a superior establishment, and introduced ices: he embellished his apartment, and those who had avoided the offensive coffee-houses, repaired to Procope's; where literary men, artists, and wits resorted, to

inhale the fresh and fragrant steam. Le Grand says, that this establishment holds a distinguished place in the literary history of the times. It was at the coffee-house of Du Laurent that Saurin, La Motte, Danchet, Boindin, Rousseau, &c. met; but the mild steams of the aromatic berry could not mollify the acerbity of so many rivals, and the witty malignity of Rousseau gave birth to those famous couplets on all the coffee-drinkers, which occasioned his misfortune and his banishment.

Such is the history of the first use of coffee and its houses at Paris. We, however, had the use before even the time of Thevenot; for an English Turkish merchant brought a Greek servant in 1652, who, knowing how to roast and make it, opened a house to sell it publicly. I have also discovered his hand-bill, in which he sets forth,

“The vertue of the coffee-drink, first publicly made and sold in England, by Pasqua Rosee, in St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his own head.”

For about twenty years after the introduction of coffee in this kingdom, we find a continued series of invectives against its adoption, both in medicinal and domestic views. The use of coffee, indeed, seems to have excited more notice, and to have had a greater influence on the manners of the people, than that of tea. It seems at first to

have been more universally used, as it still is on the Continent; and its use is connected with a resort for the idle and the curious: the history of coffee-houses is often that of the manners, the morals, and the politics, of a people. Even in its native country, the government discovered that extraordinary fact, and the use of the Arabian berry was more than once forbidden where it grows; for Ellis, in his "History of Coffee," 1774, refers to an Arabian ms. in the King of France's library, which shows that coffee-houses in Asia were sometimes suppressed. The same fate happened on its introduction into England.

Among a number of poetical satires against the use of coffee, I find a curious exhibition, according to the exaggerated notions of that day, in "A cup of Coffee, or Coffee in its colours," 1663. The writer, like others of his contemporaries, wonders at the odd taste which could make Coffee a substitute for Canary.

"For men and Christians to turn Turks, and think
To excuse the crime, because 'tis in their drink!
Pure English apes! ye may, for aught I know,
Would it but mode—learn to eat spiders too*.

* This witty poet was not without a degree of prescience; the luxury of eating spiders has never indeed become "modish," but Mons. Lalande, the French astronomer, and one or two humble imitators of the modern philosopher, have shown this triumph over vulgar prejudices, and were Epicures of this stamp.

Should any of your grandsires' ghosts appear
 In your wax-candle circles, and but hear
 The name of coffee so much call'd upon;
 Then see it drank like scalding Phlegethon;
 Would they not startle, think ye, all agreed
 'Twas conjuration both in word and deed;
 Or Catiline's conspirators, as they stood
 Sealing their oaths in draughts of blackest blood?
 The merriest ghost of all your sires would say,
 Your wine's much worse since his last yesterday.
 He'd wonder how the club had given a hop
 O'er tavern-bars into a farrier's shop,
 Where he'd suppose, both by the smoke and stench,
 Each man a horse, and each horse at his drench.

Sure you're no poets, nor their friends, for now,
 Should Jonson's strenuous spirit, or the rare
 Beaumont and Fletcher's in your rounds appear,
 They would not find the air perfumed with one
 Castalian drop, nor dew of Helicon;
 When they but men would speak as the Gods do,
 They drank pure nectar as the Gods drink too,
 Sublim'd with rich Canary—say shall then
 These less than coffee's self, these coffee-men;
 These sons of nothing, that can hardly make
 Their broth, for laughing how the jest does take;
 Yet grin, and give ye for the vine's pure blood
 A loathsome potion, not yet understood,
 Syrop of soot, or essence of old shoes,
 Dasht with diurnals and the books of news."

Other complaints arose from the mixture of the
 company in the first coffee-houses. In "A broad-

side against Coffee, or the marriage of the Turk," 1672, the writer indicates the growth of the fashion :

" Confusion huddles all into one scene,
Like Noah's ark, the clean and the unclean ;
For now, alas ! the drench has credit got,
And he's no gentleman who drinks it not.
That such a dwarf should rise to such a stature !
But custom is but a remove from nature."

In " The Women's petition against Coffee," 1674, they complained that " it made men as unfruitful as the deserts whence that unhappy berry is said to be brought : that the offspring of our mighty ancestors would dwindle into a succession of apes and pigmies ; and on a domestic message, a husband would stop by the way to drink a couple of cups of coffee." It was now sold in convenient penny-worths ; for in another poem in praise of a coffee-house, for the variety of information obtained there, it is called " a penny university."

Amidst these contests of popular prejudices, between the lovers of forsaken Canary, and the terrors of our females at the barrenness of an Arabian desert, which lasted for twenty years, at length the custom was universally established ; nor were there wanting some reflecting minds desirous of introducing the use of this liquid among the labouring classes of society, to wean

them from strong liquors. Howel, in noticing that curious philosophical traveller, Sir Henry Blount's "Organon Salutis," 1659, observed that "this coffa-drink hath caused a great sobriety among all nations: formerly apprentices, clerks, &c. used to take their morning draughts in ale, beer, or wine, which often made them unfit for business. Now they play the good-fellows in this wakeful and civil drink. The worthy gentleman Sir James Muddiford, who introduced the practice hereof first in London, deserves much respect of the whole nation." Here it appears, what is most probable, that the use of this berry was introduced by other Turkish merchants, besides Edwards and his servant Pasqua. But the custom of drinking coffee among the labouring classes does not appear to have lasted; and when it was recently even the cheapest beverage, the popular prejudices prevailed against it, and run in favour of tea. The contrary practice prevails on the continent, where beggars are viewed making their coffee in the street. I remember seeing the large body of shipwrights at Helvoetsluys summoned by a bell, to take their regular refreshment of coffee; and the fleets of Holland were not then built by arms less robust than the fleets of Britain.

The frequenting of coffee-houses is a custom which has declined within our recollection, since

institutions of a higher character, and society itself, has so much improved within late years. These were, however, the common assemblies of all classes of society. The mercantile man, the man of letters, and the man of fashion, had their appropriate coffee-houses. The Tatler dates from either to convey a character of his subject. In the reign of Charles II. 1675, a proclamation for some time shut them all up, having become the rendezvous of the politicians of that day. Roger North has given, in his Examen, a full account of this bold stroke: it was not done without some apparent respect to the British Constitution, the court affecting not to act against law, for the judges were summoned to a consultation, when, it seems, the five who met did not agree in opinion. But a decision was contrived that "the retailing of coffee and tea might be an innocent trade; but as it was said to nourish sedition, spread lies, and scandalize great men, it might also be a common nuisance." A general discontent, in consequence, as North acknowledges, took place, and emboldened the merchants and retailers of coffee and tea to petition; and permission was soon granted to open the houses to a certain period, under a severe admonition, that the masters should prevent all scandalous papers, books, and libels from being read in them; and hinder every person from

spreading scandalous reports against the government. It must be confessed, all this must have frequently puzzled the coffee-house master to decide what was scandalous, what book was fit to be licensed to be read, and what political intelligence might be allowed to be communicated. The object of the government was, probably, to intimidate, rather than to persecute, at that moment.

Chocolate the Spaniards brought from Mexico, where it was denominated *Chocollatti*; it was a coarse mixture of ground cacao and Indian corn with rocou; but the Spaniards, liking its nourishment, improved it into a richer compound, with sugar, vanilla, and other aromatics. The immoderate use of chocolate, in the seventeenth century, was considered as so violent an inflamer of the passions, that Joan. Fran. Rauch published a treatise against it, and enforced the necessity of forbidding the *monks* to drink it; and adds, that if such an interdiction had existed, the scandal with which that holy order had been branded might have proved more groundless. This *Disputatio medico-diætetica de aëre et esculentis, nec-non de potú*, Vienna, 1624, is a *rara avis* among collectors. This attack on the monks, as well as on chocolate, is said to be the cause of its scarcity; for we are told that they were so diligent in suppressing this treatise, that it is supposed not a

dozen copies exist. We had chocolate-houses in London long after coffee-houses; they seemed to have associated something more elegant and refined in their new term when the other had become common. Roger North thus inveighs against them: "The use of coffee-houses seems much improved by a new invention, called chocolate-houses, for the benefit of rooks and cullies of quality, where gaming is added to all the rest, and the summons of W—— seldom fails; as if the devil had erected a new University, and those were the colleges of its professors, as well as his schools of discipline." Roger North, a high tory, and attorney-general to James II., observed however, that these rendezvous were often not entirely composed of those "factious gentry he so much dreaded;" for he says, "This way of passing time might have been stopped at first before people had possessed themselves of some convenience from them of meeting for short despatches, and passing evenings with small expenses." And old Aubrey, the small Boswell of his day, attributes his general acquaintance to "the modern advantage of coffee-houses in this great city, before which men knew not how to be acquainted, but with their own relations, and societies:" a curious statement, which proves the moral connexion with society of all sedentary recreations which induce the herding spirit.

CHARLES THE FIRST'S LOVE OF THE FINE ARTS.

HERBERT, the faithful attendant of Charles I. during the two last years of the king's life, mentions "a diamond seal with the king's arms engraved on it." The history of this "diamond seal" is remarkable; and seems to have been recovered by the conjectural sagacity of Warburton, who never exercised his favourite talent with greater felicity. The curious passage I transcribe may be found in a manuscript letter to Dr. Birch.

"If you have read Herbert's account of the last days of Charles the First's life, you must remember he tells a story of a diamond seal, with the arms of England cut into it. This King Charles ordered to be given, I think, to the prince. I suppose you don't know what became of this seal, but would be surprised to find it afterwards in the Court of Persia. Yet there Tavernier certainly carried it, and offered it to sale, as I certainly collect from these words of vol. I. p. 541.—'Me souvenir de ce qui étoit arrivé au Chevalier de Reville,' &c. He tells us he told the Prime Minister what was engraved on the diamond was the arms of a Prince of Europe, but, says he, I

would not be more particular, remembering the case of Reville. Reville's case was this: he came to seek employment under the Sophy, who asked him 'where he had served?' He said, 'in England under Charles I. and that he was a captain in his guards.'—'Why did you leave his service?' 'He was murdered by cruel rebels.'—'And how had you the impudence,' says the Sophy, 'to survive him?' And so disgraced him. Now Tavernier was afraid if he had said the arms of England had been on the seal, that they would have occasioned the inquiry into the old story. You will ask how Tavernier got this seal? I suppose, that the prince, in his necessities, sold it to Tavernier, who was at Paris when the English court was there. What made me recollect Herbert's account on reading this, was the singularity of an impress cut on the diamond, which Tavernier represents as a most extraordinary rarity. Charles I. was a great virtuoso, and delighted particularly in sculpture and painting."

This is an instance of conjectural evidence, where an historical fact seems established on no other authority than the ingenuity of a student, exercised in his library on a private and secret event a century after it had occurred. The diamond seal of Charles I. may, probably, be yet discovered in the treasures of the Persian Sovereign.

Warburton, who had ranged with keen delight through the age of Charles I., the noblest and the most humiliating in our own history, and in that of the world perpetually instructive, has justly observed the king's passion for the fine arts. It was indeed such, that had the reign of Charles I. proved prosperous, that sovereign about 1640 would have anticipated those tastes, and even that enthusiasm, which are still almost foreign to the nation.

The mind of Charles I. was moulded by the Graces. His favourite Buckingham was probably a greater favourite, for those congenial tastes, and the frequent exhibition of those splendid masques and entertainments, which combined all the picture of ballet-dances, with the voice of music; the charms of the verse of Jonson, the scenic machinery of Inigo Jones, and the variety of fanciful devices of Gerbier, the duke's architect, the bosom friend of Rubens. There was a costly magnificence in the *fêtes* at York House, the residence of Buckingham, of which few but curious researchers are aware: they eclipsed the splendour of the French Court; for Bassompierre, in one of his despatches, declares he had never witnessed a similar magnificence. He describes the vaulted apartments, the ballets at supper, which were proceeding between the services, with various representations, thea-

trical changes, and those of the tables, and the music; the duke's own contrivance, to prevent the inconvenience of pressure, by having a turning door made like that of the monasteries, which admitted only one person at a time. The following extract from a manuscript letter of the times conveys a lively account of one of these *fêtes*.

“Last Sunday at night, the duke's grace entertained their majesties and the French ambassador at York-house with great feasting and show, where all things came down in clouds; amongst which, one rare device was a representation of the French king and the two queens, with their chiefest attendants, and so to the life, that the queen's majesty could name them. It was four o'clock in the morning before they parted, and then the king and queen, together with the French ambassador, lodged there. Some estimate this entertainment at five or six thousand pounds*.” At another time, “The king and queen were entertained at supper at Gerbier the duke's painter's house, which could not stand him in less than a thousand pounds.” Sir Symonds D'Ewes mentions banquets at 500*l*. The fullest account I have found of one of these entertainments, which at once show the curiosity of the scenical machinery and the fancy

* Sloane MSS. 5176, letter 367.

of the poet, the richness of the crimson habits of the gentlemen, and the white dresses with white heron's plumes and jewelled head-dresses and ropes of pearls of the ladies, was in a manuscript letter of the times, with which I supplied the editor of Jonson, who has preserved the narrative in his memoirs of that poet*. "Such were the magnificent entertainments," says Mr. Gifford, in his introduction to Massinger, "which, though modern refinement may affect to despise them, modern splendour never reached, even in thought." That the expenditure was costly, proves that the greater encouragement was offered to artists; nor should Buckingham be censured, as some will incline to, for this lavish expense; it was not unusual with the great nobility then; for the literary Duchess of Newcastle mentions that an entertainment of this sort, which the duke gave to Charles I., cost her lord between four and five thousand pounds. The ascetic puritan would indeed abhor these scenes; but their magnificence was also designed to infuse into the national character gentler feelings and more elegant tastes. They charmed even those fiercer republican spirits in their tender youth: MILTON owes his Arcades and his delightful Comus to a masque at Ludlow Castle;

* Mr. Gifford's Memoirs of Jonson, p. 88.

and WHITELOCKE, who was himself an actor and manager, in "a splendid royal masque of the four Inns of courts joining together" to go to court about the time that Prynne published his *Histriomastix*, "to manifest the difference of their opinions from Mr. Prynne's new learning,"—seems, even at a later day, when drawing up his "Memorials of the English Affairs," and occupied by graver concerns, to have dwelt with all the fondness of reminiscence on the stately shows and masques of his more innocent age; and has devoted, in a chronicle which contracts many an important event into a single paragraph, six folio columns to a minute and very curious description of "these dreams past, and these vanished pomps."

Charles the First, indeed, not only possessed a critical tact, but extensive knowledge in the fine arts, and the relics of antiquity. In his flight in 1642, the king stopped at the abode of the religious family of the Farrars at Gidding, who had there raised a singular monastic institution among themselves. One of their favourite amusements had been to form an illustrated Bible, the wonder and the talk of the country. In turning it over, the king would tell his companion the Palsgrave, whose curiosity in prints exceeded his knowledge, the various masters, and the character of their in-

ventions. When Panzani, a secret agent of the Pope, was sent over to England to promote the Catholic cause, the subtle and elegant Cardinal Barberini, called the protector of the English at Rome, introduced Panzani to the king's favour by making him appear an agent rather for procuring him fine pictures, statues, and curiosities: and the earnest inquiries and orders given by Charles I. prove his perfect knowledge of the most beautiful existing remains of ancient art. "The statues go on prosperously," says Cardinal Barberini in a letter to Mazarine, "nor shall I hesitate to rob Rome of her most valuable ornaments, if in exchange we might be so happy as to have the King of England's name among those Princes who submit to the Apostolic See." Charles I. was particularly urgent to procure a statue of Adonis in the Villa Ludovisia; every effort was made by the queen's confessor, Father Philips, and the vigilant Cardinal at Rome; but the inexorable Duchess of Fiano would not suffer it to be separated from her rich collection of statues and paintings, even for the chance conversion of a whole kingdom of heretics*.

* See Gregorio Panzani's Memoirs of his agency in England. This work long lay in manuscript, and was only known to us in the Catholic Dodd's Church Hi-

This monarch, who possessed "four and twenty palaces, all of them elegantly and completely furnished," had formed very considerable collections. "The value of pictures had doubled in Europe, by the emulation between our Charles and Philip IV. of Spain, who was touched with the same elegant passion." When the rulers of fanaticism began their reign, "all the king's furniture was put to sale; his pictures, disposed of at very low prices, enriched all the collections in Europe; the cartoons when complete were only appraised at 300*l.* though the whole collection of the king's curiosities were sold at above 50,000*l.*"* Hume adds, "the very library and medals at St. James's were intended by the generals to be brought to auction, in order to pay the arrears of some regiments of cavalry; but Selden, apprehensive of this loss, engaged his friend Whitelocke, then lord-keeper of the Commonwealth, to apply for the office of librarian. This contrivance saved that valuable collection." This account is only partly correct: the love of books, which formed the passion of

story, by partial extracts. It was at length translated from the Italian MS. and published by the Rev. Joseph Berington; a curious piece of our own secret history.

* Hume's History of England, VII. 342. His authority is the Parl. Hist. XIX. 83.

the two learned scholars whom Hume notices, fortunately intervened to save the royal collection from the intended scattering; but the pictures and medals were, perhaps, objects too slight in the eyes of the book-learned; they were resigned to the singular fate of appraisement. After the Restoration very many books were missing, but scarcely a third part of the medals remained: of the strange manner in which these precious remains of ancient art and history were valued and disposed of, the following account may not be read without interest.

In March 1648, the parliament ordered commissioners to be appointed, to inventory the goods and personal estate of the late king, queen, and prince, and appraise them for the use of the public. And in April 1648, an act, adds Whitelocke, was committed, for inventorying the late king's goods, &c.*

This very inventory I have examined. It forms a magnificent folio, of near a thousand pages, of an extraordinary dimension, bound in crimson velvet, and richly gilt, written in a fair large hand, but with little knowledge of the objects which the inventory-writer describes. It is entitled "An Inventory of the Goods, Jewels, Plate, &c. belong-

* Whitelocke's Memorials.

ing to King Charles I. sold by order of the Council of State, from the year 1649 to 1652." So that from the decapitation of the king, a year was allowed to draw up the inventory; and the sale proceeded during three years.

From this manuscript catalogue * to give long extracts were useless; it has afforded, however, some remarkable observations. Every article was appraised, nothing was sold under the affixed price, but a slight competition sometimes seems to have raised the sum; and when the council of state could not get the sum appraised, the gold and silver was sent to the Mint; and assuredly many fine works of art were valued by the ounce. The names of the purchasers appear; they are usually English, but probably many were the agents for foreign courts. The coins or medals were thrown promiscuously into drawers: one drawer, having twenty-four medals, was valued at 2*l.* 10*s.*; another of twenty at 1*l.*; another of twenty-four at 1*l.*; and one drawer, containing forty-six silver coins with the box, was sold for 5*l.* On the whole the medals seem not to have been valued at much more than a shilling a-piece. The appraiser was certainly no antiquary.

The king's curiosities in the Tower Jewel-house

* Harl. MS. 4898.

generally fetched above the price fixed; the toys of art could please the unlettered minds that had no conception of its works.

The Temple of Jerusalem, made of ebony and amber, fetched 25*l*.

A fountain of silver, for perfumed waters, artificially made to play of itself, sold for 30*l*.

A chess-board, said to be Queen Elizabeth's, inlaid with gold, silver, and pearls, 29*l*.

A conjuring drum from Lapland, with an almanack cut on a piece of wood.

Several sections in silver of a Turkish galley, a Venetian gondola, an Indian canoe, and a first-rate man of war.

A Saxon king's mace used in war, with a ball full of spikes, and the handle covered with gold plates, and enamelled, sold for 37*l*. 8*s*.

A gorget of massy gold, chased with the manner of a battle, weighing thirty-one ounces, at 9*l*. 10*s*. per ounce, was sent to the Mint.

A Roman shield of buff leather, covered with a plate of gold, finely chased with a Gorgon's head, set round the rim with rubies, emeralds, turquoise stones, in number 137, 132*l*. 12*s*.

The pictures, taken from Whitehall, Windsor, Wimbledon, Greenwich, Hampton-Court, &c. exhibit, in number, an unparalleled collection. By what standard they were valued, it would, perhaps,

be difficult to conjecture; from 50*l.* to 100*l.* seems to have been the limits of the appraiser's taste and imagination. Some whose price is whimsically low may have been thus rated, from a political feeling respecting the portrait of the person; there are, however, in this singular appraised catalogue, two pictures, which were rated at, and sold for, the remarkable sums of one and of two thousand pounds. The one was a sleeping Venus by Corregio, and the other a Madonna by Raphael. There was also a picture by Julio Romano, called "The great piece of the Nativity," at 500*l.* "The little Madonna and Christ," by Raphael, at 800*l.* "The great Venus and Parde," by Titian, at 600*l.* These seem to have been the only pictures, in this immense collection, which reached a picture's price. The inventory-writer had, probably, been instructed by the public voice of their value; which, however, would, in the present day, be considered much under a fourth. Rubens' "Woman taken in Adultery," described as a large picture, sold for 20*l.*; and his "Peace and Plenty, with many figures big as the life," for 100*l.* Titian's pictures seem generally valued at 100*l.* Venus dressed by the Graces, by Guido, reached to 200*l.*

The Cartoons of Raphael, here called "The Acts of the Apostles," notwithstanding their subject was so congenial to the popular feelings, and *only* appraised at 300*l.* could find no purchaser!

The following full-lengths of celebrated personages were rated at these whimsical prices :

Queen Elizabeth in her parliament robes, valued 1*l*.

The Queen-mother in mourning habit, valued 3*l*.

Buchanan's picture, valued 3*l*. 10*s*.

The King, when a youth in coats, valued 2*l*.

The picture of the Queen when she was with child, sold for five shillings.

King Charles on horseback, by Sir Anthony Vandyke, was purchased by sir Balthazar Gerbier, at the appraised price of 200*l*.

The greatest sums were produced by the tapestry and arras hangings, which were chiefly purchased for the service of the Protector. Their amount exceeds 30,000*l*. I note a few.

At Hampton-Court, ten pieces of arras hangings of Abraham, containing 826 yards, at 10*l*. a yard, 8260*l*.

Ten pieces of Julius Cæsar, 717 ells, at 7*l*. 5019*l*.

One of the cloth of estates is thus described :

“ One rich cloth of estate of purple velvet, embroidered with gold, having the arms of England within a garter, with all the furniture suitable thereunto. The state containing these stones following: two cameos or agates, twelve crysolites, twelve ballases or garnets, one sapphire seated in chases of gold, one long pearl pendant, and many

large and small pearls, valued at 500*l.* sold for 602*l.* 10*s.* to Mr. Oliver, 4 February, 1649."

Was plain Mr. Oliver, in 1649, who we see was one of the earlier purchasers, shortly after "the Lord Protector?" All the "cloth of estate" and "arras hangings" were afterwards purchased for the service of the Protector; and one may venture to conjecture that when Mr. Oliver purchased this "rich cloth of estate," it was not without a latent motive of its service to the new owner*.

There is one circumstance remarkable in the feeling of Charles I. for the fine arts: it was a passion without ostentation or egotism; for although this monarch was inclined himself to participate in the pleasures of a creating artist, the king having handled the pencil and composed a poem, yet he never suffered his private dispositions to prevail over his more majestic duties. We do not discover in history that Charles I. was a painter and a poet. Accident and secret history only reveal this softening feature in his grave and king-like character. Charles sought no glory from, but only indulged his love for art and the artists. There are three manuscripts on his art, by Leo-

* Some may be curious to learn the price of gold and silver about 1650. It appears by this manuscript inventory that the silver sold at 4*s.* 11*d.* per oz. and gold at 3*l.* 10*s.*; so that the value of these metals has little varied during the last century and a half.

nardo de Vinci, in the Ambrosian library, which bear an inscription that a King of England, in 1639, offered one thousand guineas of gold for each. Charles, too, suggested to the two great painters of his age, the subjects he considered worthy of their pencils, and had for his "closet-companions," those native poets, for which he was censured in "evil times," and even by Milton!

Charles I. therefore, if ever he practised the arts he loved, it may be conjectured, was impelled by the force of his feelings; his works or his touches, however unskilful, were at least their effusions, expressing the full language of his soul. In his imprisonment at Carisbrook Castle, the author of the "Eikon Basilike" solaced his royal woes by composing a poem, entitled in the very style of this memorable volume, "Majesty in Misery, or an Imploration to the King of Kings;" and, like that volume, it contains stanzas fraught with the most tender and solemn feeling: such a subject, in the hands of such an author, was sure to produce poetry, although in the unpractised poet we may want the versifier. A few stanzas will illustrate this conception of part of his character:

"The fiercest furies that do daily tread
 Upon my grief, my grey discrowned head,
 Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

“ With my own power my majesty they wound;
 In the king's name, the king's himself uncrown'd;
 So doth the dust destroy the diamond.”

After a pathetic description of his queen, “ forced
 in pilgrimage to seek a tomb,” and “ Great Britain's
 heir forced into France,” where,

“ Poor child, he weeps out his inheritance!”

Charles continues:

“ They promise to erect my royal stem;
 To make me great, to advance my diadem;
 If I will first fall down, and worship them!

But for refusal they devour my thrones,
 Distress my children, and destroy my bones;
 I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

And implores, with a martyr's piety, the Saviour's
 forgiveness for those who were more misled than
 criminal:

“ Such as thou know'st do not know what they do*.”

As a poet and a painter, Charles is not popu-
 larly known; but this article was due, to preserve

* This poem is omitted in the great edition of the
 king's works, published after the Restoration; and was
 given by Burnet from a manuscript in his “ Memoirs of
 the Dukes of Hamilton;” but it had been published in
 Perrenchicf's “ Life of Charles I.”

the memory of the royal votary's ardour and pure feelings for the love of the Fine Arts*.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF CHARLES I., AND HIS QUEEN HENRIETTA.

THE secret history of Charles I. and his queen Henrietta of France, opens a different scene from the one exhibited in the passionate drama of our history.

The king is accused of the most spiritless uxoriousness; and the chaste fondness of a husband is placed among his political errors. Even Hume

* This article was composed without any recollection that a part of the subject had been anticipated by Lord Orford. In the "Anecdotes of Painting in England," many curious particulars are noticed: the story of the king's diamond seal had reached his lordship, and Vertue had a mutilated transcript of the inventory of the king's pictures, &c. discovered in Moorfields; for, among others, more than thirty pages at the beginning, relating to the plate and jewels, were missing. The manuscript in the Harleian Collection is perfect. Lord Orford has also given an interesting anecdote to show the king's discernment in the knowledge of the hands of the painters, which confirms the little anecdote I have related from the Farrars.

conceives that his queen "precipitated him into hasty and imprudent counsels," and Bishop Kennet had alluded to "the influence of a stately queen over an affectionate husband." The uxoriousness of Charles is re-echoed by all the writers of a certain party. This is an odium which the king's enemies first threw out to make him contemptible; while his apologists imagined that, in perpetuating this accusation, they had discovered, in a weakness which has at least something amiable, some palliation for his own political misconduct. The factious, too, by this aspersion, promoted the alarm they spread in the nation, of the king's inclination to popery; yet, on the contrary, Charles was then making a determined stand, and at length triumphed over a Catholic faction, which was ruling his queen; and this at the risk and menace of a war with France. Yet this firmness too has been denied him, even by his apologist Hume; that historian on his preconceived system imagined, that every action of Charles I. originated in the Duke of Buckingham, and that the duke pursued his personal quarrel with Richelieu, and taking advantage of these domestic quarrels, had persuaded Charles to dismiss the French attendants of the queen*.

* Hume, vol. VI. p. 234.

There are, fortunately, two letters from Charles I. to Buckingham, preserved in the state-papers of Lord Hardwicke, which set this point to rest: these decisively prove, that the whole matter originated with the king himself, and that Buckingham had tried every effort to persuade him to the contrary; for the king complains, that he had been too long overcome by his persuasions, but that he was now "resolved it must be done, and that shortly*!"

It is remarkable, that the character of a queen, who is imagined to have performed so active a part in our history, scarcely ever appears in it; when abroad, and when she returned to England, in the midst of a winter-storm, bringing all the aid she could to her unfortunate consort, those who witnessed this appearance of energy imagined that her character was equally powerful in the cabinet. Yet Henrietta, after all, was nothing more than a volatile woman; one who had never studied, never reflected, and whom nature had formed to be charming and haughty, but whose vivacity could not retain even a state-secret for an hour, and whose talents were quite opposite to those of deep political intrigue.

Henrietta viewed even the characters of great

* Lord Hardwicke's state-papers, II. 2, 3.

men with all the sensations of a woman. Describing the Earl of Strafford to a confidential friend, and having observed that he was a great man, she dwelt with far more interest on his person: "Though not handsome," said she, "he was agreeable enough, and he had the finest hands of any man in the world." Landing at Burlington-bay in Yorkshire, she lodged on the quay; the parliament's admiral barbarously pointed his cannon at the house; and several shot reaching it, her favourite, Jermyn, requested her to fly; she safely reached a cavern in the fields, but, recollecting that she had left a lap-dog asleep in its bed, she flew back, and, amidst the cannon-shot, returned with this other favourite. The queen related this incident of the lap-dog to her friend Madame Motteville; these ladies considered it as a complete woman's victory. It is in these memoirs we find, that when Charles went down to the house, to seize on the five leading members of the opposition, the queen could not retain her lively temper, and impatiently babbled the plot; so that one of the ladies in attendance despatched a hasty note to the parties, who, as the king entered the house, had just time to leave it. Some have dated the ruin of his cause to the failure of that impolitic step, which alarmed every one zealous for that spirit of political freedom which

had now grown up in the commons. Incidents like these mark the feminine dispositions of Henrietta. But when at sea, in danger of being taken by a parliamentarian, the queen commanded the captain not to strike, but to prepare at the extremity to blow up the ship, resisting the shrieks of her females and domestics; we perceive how, on every trying occasion, Henrietta never forgot that she was the daughter of Henry IV.; that glorious affinity was inherited by her with all the sexual pride; and hence, at times, that energy in her actions which was so far above her intellectual capacity.

And, indeed, when the awful events she had witnessed were one by one registered in her melancholy mind, the sensibility of the woman subdued the natural haughtiness of her character; but, true woman! the feeling creature of circumstances, at the Restoration she resumed it, and when the new court of Charles II. would not endure her obsolete haughtiness, the dowager-queen left it in all the full bitterness of her spirit. An habitual gloom, and the meagerness of grief, during the commonwealth, had changed a countenance once the most lively, and her eyes, whose dark and dazzling lustre was even celebrated, then only shone in tears. When she told her physician, Sir Theodore Mayerne, that she found

her understanding was failing her, and seemed terrified lest it was approaching to madness, the court-physician, hardly courtly to fallen majesty, replied, "Madam, fear not that; for you are already mad." Henrietta had lived to contemplate the awful changes of her reign, without comprehending them.

Waller, in the profusion of poetical decoration, makes Henrietta so beautiful, that her beauty would affect every lover "more than his private loves." She was "the whole world's mistress." A portrait in crayons of Henrietta at Hampton-court sadly reduces all his poetry, for the miraculous was only in the fancy of the court-poet. But there may be some truth in what he says of the eyes of Henrietta.

"Such eyes as yours, on Jove himself, had thrown
As bright and fierce a lightning as his own."

And in another poem there is one characteristic line.

"——— such radiant eyes,
Such lovely motion, and such sharp replies."

In a ms. letter of the times, the writer describes the queen as "nimble and quick, black-eyed, brown-haired, and a brave lady*." In the ms.

* Sloane MSS. 4176.

journal of Sir Symonds D'Ewes, who saw the queen on her first arrival in London, cold and puritanic as was that antiquary, he notices with some warmth "the features of her face, which were much enlivened by her radiant and sparkling black eye*." She appears to have possessed French vivacity both in her manners and her conversation: in the history of a queen, an accurate conception of her person enters for something.

Her talents were not of that order which could influence the revolutions of a people. Her natural dispositions might have allowed her to become a politician of the toilette, and she might have practised those slighter artifices, which may be considered as so many political coquetries. But Machiavelian principles, and involved intrigues, of which she has been so freely accused, could never have entered into her character. At first she tried all the fertile inventions of a woman to persuade the king that she was his humblest creature, and the good people of England that she was quite in love with them. Now that we know that no female was ever more deeply tainted with Catholic bigotry; and that, haughty as she was, this princess suffered the most insulting superstitions, inflicted as penances by her priests,

* Harl. MSS. 646.

for this very marriage with a Protestant prince, the following new facts relating to her first arrival in England, curiously contrast with the mortified feelings she must have endured by the violent suppression of her real ones.

We must first bring forward a remarkable and unnoticed document in the Embassies of Marshal Bassompierre*. It is nothing less than a most solemn obligation contracted with the Pope and her brother the King of France, to educate her children as Catholics, and only to choose Catholics to attend them. Had this been known either to Charles, or to the English nation, Henrietta could never have been permitted to ascend the English throne. The fate of both her sons shows how faithfully she performed this treasonable contract. This piece of secret history opens the concealed cause of those deep impressions of that faith, which both monarchs sucked in with their milk; that triumph of the cradle over the grave which most men experience: Charles II. died a Catholic, James II. lived as one.

When Henrietta was on her way to England, a legate from Rome arrested her at Amiens, re-

* *Ambassades du Marechal de Bassompierre*, vol. III. 49.

quiring the princess to undergo a penance, which was to last sixteen days, for marrying Charles without the papal dispensation. The queen stopped her journey, and wrote to inform the king of the occasion. Charles, who was then waiting for her at Canterbury, replied, that if Henrietta did not instantly proceed, he would return alone to London. Henrietta doubtless sighed for the Pope and the penance, but she set off the day she received the king's letter. The king, either by his wisdom or his impatience, detected the aim of the Roman pontiff, who, had he been permitted to arrest the progress of a Queen of England for sixteen days in the face of all Europe, would thus have obtained a tacit supremacy over a British Monarch.

When the king arrived at Canterbury, although not at the moment prepared to receive him, Henrietta flew to meet him, and with all her spontaneous grace and native vivacity, kneeling at his feet, she kissed his hand, while the king, bending over her, wrapt her in his arms, and kissed her with many kisses. This royal and youthful pair, unusual with those of their rank, met with the eagerness of lovers, and the first words of Henrietta were those of devotion; *Sire. Je suis venue en ce pais de votre Majesté*

pour être usée et commandée de vous *. It had been rumoured that she was of a very short stature, but, reaching to the king's shoulder, his eyes were cast down to her feet, seemingly observing whether she used art to increase her height. Anticipating his thoughts, and playfully showing her feet, she declared, that "she stood upon her own feet, for thus high I am, and neither higher nor lower." After an hour's conversation in privacy, Henrietta took her dinner surrounded by the court; and the king, who had already dined, performing the office of her carver, cut a pheasant and some venison. By the side of the queen stood her ghostly confessor, solemnly reminding her that this was the eve of John the Baptist, and was to be fasted, exhorting her to be cautious that she set no scandalous example on her first arrival. But Charles and his court were now to be gained over, as well as John the Baptist. She affected to eat very heartily of the forbidden meat, which gave great comfort, it seems, to several of her new heretical subjects then present; but we may conceive the pangs of so confirmed a devotee! She carried her dissimulation so far, that being asked about this time

* A letter from Dr. Meddus to Mr. Mead, 17 Jan. 1625. 4177, Sloane MSS.

whether she could abide a Hugonot? she replied, "Why not? Was not my father one?" Her ready smiles, the graceful wave of her hand, the many "good signs of hope," as a contemporary in a manuscript letter expresses it, induced many of the English to believe that Henrietta might even become one of themselves! Sir Symonds D'Ewes, as appears by his manuscript diary, was struck by "her deportment to her women, and her looks to her servants, which were so sweet and humble*!" However, this was in the first days of her arrival, and these "sweet and humble looks" were not constant ones; for a courtier at Whitehall, writing to a friend, observes, that "the queen, however little of stature, yet is of a pleasing countenance, if she be pleased, otherwise full of spirit and vigour, and seems of more than ordinary resolution;" and he adds an incident of one of her "frowns." The room in which the queen was at dinner being somewhat overheated with the fire and company,

* Sir S. D'Ewes's Journal of his life. Harl. MS. 646. We have seen our puritanic antiquary describing the person of the queen with some warmth; but "he could not abstain from deep-fetched sighs, to consider that she wanted the knowledge of true religion," a circumstance that Henrietta would have as zealously regretted for Sir Symonds himself!

“ she drove us all out of the chamber. I suppose none but a queen could have cast such a scowl*.” We may already detect the fair waxen mask melting away on the features it covered, even in one short month!

By the marriage-contract, Henrietta was to be allowed a household establishment, composed of her own people; and this had been contrived to be not less than a small French colony, exceeding three hundred persons. It composed, in fact, a French faction, and looks like a covert project of Richelieu's to further his intrigues here, by opening a perpetual correspondence with the discontented Catholics of England. In the instructions of Bassompierre, one of the alleged objects of the marriage is the general good of the Catholic religion, by affording some relief to those English who professed it. If, however, that great statesman ever entertained this political design, the simplicity and pride of the Roman priests here completely overturned it; for in their blind zeal they dared to extend their domestic tyranny over majesty itself.

The French party had not long resided here, ere the mutual jealousies between the two nations broke out. All the English who were not Ca-

* A letter to Mr. Mead, July 1, 1625. Sloane MSS. 4176.

tholics were soon dismissed from their attendance on the queen, by herself; while Charles was compelled, by the popular cry, to forbid any English Catholics to serve the queen, or to be present at the celebration of her mass. The king was even obliged to employ *poursuivants* or king's messengers, to stand at the door of her chapel to seize on any of the English who entered there, while on these occasions the French would draw their swords to defend these concealed Catholics. "The queen and hers" became an odious distinction in the nation. Such were the indecent scenes exhibited in public; they were not less reserved in private. The following anecdote of saying a grace before the king, at his own table, in a most indecorous race run between the catholic priest and the king's chaplain, is given in a manuscript letter of the times.

"The king and queen dining together in the presence*, Mr. Hacket (chaplain to the Lord

* At Hampton Court there is a curious picture of Charles and Henrietta dining in the presence. This regal honour, after its interruption during the Civil Wars, was revived in 1667 by Charles II., as appears by Evelyn's Diary. "Now did his majesty again *dine in the presence*, in ancient stile, with music and all the court ceremonies."

Keeper Williams *) being then to say grace, the confessor would have prevented him, but that Hacket shoved him away; whereupon the confessor went to the queen's side, and was about to say grace again, but that the king pulling the dishes unto him, and the carvers falling to their business, hindered. When dinner was done, the confessor thought, standing by the queen, to have been before Mr. Hacket, but Mr. Hacket again got the start. The confessor, nevertheless, begins his grace as loud as Mr. Hacket, with such a confusion, that the king in great passion instantly rose from the table, and, taking the queen by the hand, retired into the bed-chamber †." It is with difficulty we conceive how such a scene of priestly indiscretion should have been suffered at the table of an English sovereign.

Such are the domestic accounts I have gleaned from ms. letters of the times; but particulars of a deeper nature may be discovered in the answer of the king's council to Marshal Bassompierre, preserved in the history of his embassy: this marshal had been hastily despatched

* The author of the Life of this Archbishop and Lord Keeper; a voluminous folio, but full of curious matters. Ambrose Philips the poet abridged it.

† A letter from Mr. Mead to Sir Martin Stuteville, October, 1625. 4177, Sloane MSS.

as an extraordinary ambassador when the French party were dismissed. This state-document, rather a remonstrance than a reply, states that the French household had formed a little republic within themselves, combining with the French resident ambassador, and inciting the opposition members in parliament; a practice usual with that intriguing court, even from the days of Elizabeth, as the original letters of the French ambassador of the time, which will be found in the fourth volume, amply show; and those of La Boderie in James the First's time, who raised a French party about prince Henry; and the correspondence of Barillon in Charles the Second's reign is fully exposed in his entire correspondence published by Fox. The French domestics of the queen were engaged in lower intrigues; they lent their names to hire houses in the suburbs of London, where, under their protection, the English Catholics found a secure retreat to hold their illegal assemblies, and where the youth of both sexes were educated and prepared to be sent abroad to catholic seminaries. But the queen's priests, by those well-known means which the catholic religion sanctions, were drawing from the queen the minutest circumstances which passed in privacy between her and the king; indisposed her mind towards her royal consort, impressed on her a

contempt of the English nation, and a disgust of our customs, and particularly, as has been usual with the French, made her neglect the English language, as if the queen of England held no common interest with the nation. They had made her residence a place of security for the persons and papers of the discontented. Yet all this was hardly more offensive than the humiliating state to which they had reduced an English queen by their monastic **obedience**; inflicting the most degrading penances. One of the most flagrant is alluded to in our history. This was a barefoot pilgrimage to Tyburn, where, one morning, under the gallows on which so many Jesuits had been executed as traitors to Elizabeth and James I. she knelt and prayed to them as martyrs and saints who had shed their blood in defence of the catholic cause*. A manuscript letter of the times mentions that "the priests had also made her dabble in the dirt in a foul morning from Somerset-house to St. James's, her Luciferian confessor riding along by her in his coach! They have made her to go barefoot, to spin, to eat her meat out of dishes, to wait at the table of servants, with many other ridiculous and absurd penances.

Requirements

* There is a very rare print which has commemorated this circumstance.

And if they dare thus insult (adds the writer) ~~over~~ the daughter, sister, and wife of so great kings, what slavery would they not make us, the people, to undergo*!"

One of the articles in the contract of marriage was, that the queen should have a chapel at St. James's, to be built and consecrated by her French bishop; the priests became very importunate, declaring that without a chapel mass could not be performed with the state it ought before a queen. The king's answer is not that of a man inclined to popery. "If the queen's closet, where they now say mass, is not large enough, let them have it in the great chamber; and, if the great chamber is not wide enough, they might use the garden; and, if the garden would not serve their turn, then was the park the fittest place."

The French priests and the whole party feeling themselves slighted, and sometimes worse treated, were breeding perpetual quarrels among themselves, grew weary of England, and wished themselves away; but many having purchased

* Mr. Pory to Mr. Mead, July, 1626. Harl. MSS. No. 383. The answer of the king's council to the complaints of Bassompierre is both copious and detailed in Vol. III. p. 166, of the "Ambassades" of this Marshal.

their places with all their fortune, would have been ruined by the breaking up of the establishment. Bassompierre alludes to the broils and clamours of these French strangers, which exposed them to the laughter of the English court; and one cannot but smile in observing, in one of the despatches of this great mediator between two kings and a queen, addressed to the minister, that one of the greatest obstacles which he had found in this difficult negotiation arose from the bedchamber women! The French king being desirous of having two additional women to attend the English queen, his sister, the ambassador declares, that "it would be more expedient rather to diminish than to increase the number; for they all live so ill together, with such rancorous jealousies and enmities, that I have more trouble to make them agree than I shall find to accommodate the differences between the two kings. Their continual bickerings, and often their vituperative language, occasion the English to entertain the most contemptible and ridiculous opinions of our nation. I shall not, therefore, insist on this point, unless it shall please his majesty to renew it."

The French bishop was under the age of thirty, and his authority was imagined to have been but irreverently treated by two beautiful viragos in

that civil war of words which was raging ; one of whom, Madame St. George, was in high favour, and most intolerably hated by the English. Yet such was English gallantry, that the king presented this lady on her dismissal with several thousand pounds and jewels. There was something inconceivably ludicrous in the notions of the English, of a bishop hardly of age, and the gravity of whose character was probably tarnished by French gesture and vivacity. This French establishment was daily growing in expense and number ; a manuscript letter of the times states that it cost the king 240*l.* a day, and had increased from threescore persons to four hundred and forty, besides children !

It was one evening that the king suddenly appeared, and, summoning the French household, commanded them to take their instant departure—the carriages were prepared for their removal. In doing this, Charles had to resist the warmest intreaties, and even the vehement anger of the queen, who is said in her rage to have broken several panes of the window of the apartment to which the king dragged her, and confined her from them*.

* A letter from Mr. Pory to Mr. Mead contains a full account of this transaction. Harl. MSS. 383.

The scene which took place among the French people, at the sudden announcement of the king's determination, was remarkably indecorous. They instantly flew to take possession of all the queen's wardrobe and jewels; they did not leave her, it appears, a change of linen, since it was with difficulty she procured one as a favour, according to some manuscript letters of the times. One of their extraordinary expedients was that of inventing bills, for which they pretended they had engaged themselves on account of the queen, to the amount of 10,000*l.* which the queen at first owned to, but afterwards acknowledged the debts were fictitious ones. Among these items was one of 400*l.* for necessaries for her majesty; an apothecary's bill for drugs of 800*l.*; and another of 150*l.* for "the bishop's unholy water," as the writer expresses it. The young French bishop attempted by all sorts of delays to avoid this ignominious expulsion; till the king was forced to send his yeomen of the guards to turn them out from Somerset-house, where the juvenile French bishop, at once protesting against it, and mounting the steps of the coach, took his departure "head and shoulders." It appears that to pay the debts and the pensions, besides sending the French troops free home, cost 50,000*l.*

In a long procession of nearly forty coaches, after four days tedious travelling they reached Dover; but the spectacle of these impatient foreigners so reluctantly quitting England, gesticulating their sorrows or their quarrels, exposed them to the derision and stirred up the prejudices of the common people. As Madame George, whose vivacity is always described extravagantly French, was stepping into the boat, one of the mob could not resist the satisfaction of flinging a stone at her French cap; an English courtier, who was conducting her, instantly quitted his charge, ran the fellow through the body, and quietly returned to the boat. The man died on the spot; but no farther notice appears to have been taken of the inconsiderate gallantry of this English courtier.

But Charles did not show his kingly firmness only on this occasion: it did not forsake him when the French Marshal Bassompierre was instantly sent over to awe the king; Charles sternly offered the alternative of war, rather than permit a French faction to trouble an English court. Bassompierre makes a curious observation in a letter to the French Bishop of Mende, he who had been just sent away from England; and which serves as the most positive evidence of the firm refusal of Charles I. The French marshal, after stating the

total failure of his mission, exclaims, "See, sir, to what we are reduced! and imagine my grief, that the Queen of Great Britain has the pain of viewing my departure without being of any service to her; but if you consider that I was sent here to *make a contract of marriage observed, and to maintain the Catholic religion in a country from which they formerly banished it to break a contract of marriage*, you will assist in excusing me of this failure." The French marshal has also preserved the same distinctive feature of the nation, as well as of the monarch, who, surely to his honour as King of England, felt and acted on this occasion as a true Briton. "I have found," says the Gaul, "humility among Spaniards, civility and courtesy among the Swiss, in the embassies I had the honour to perform for the king; but the English would not in the least abate of their natural pride and arrogance. The king is so resolute not to re-establish any French about the queen, his consort, and was so stern (*rude*) in speaking to me, that it is impossible to have been more so." In a word, the French marshal, with all his vaunts and his threats, discovered that Charles I. was the true representative of his subjects, and that the king had the same feelings with the people: this indeed was not always the case! This transaction took place in 1626, and when, four years after-

wards, it was attempted again to introduce certain French persons, a bishop and a physician, about the queen, the king absolutely refused even a French physician who had come over with the intention of being chosen the queen's, under the sanction of the queen mother. This little circumstance appears in a manuscript letter from Lord Dorchester to Mr. De Vic, one of the king's agents at Paris. After an account of the arrival of this French physician, his lordship proceeds to notice the former determinations of the king; "yet this man," he adds, "hath been addressed to the ambassador to introduce him into the court, and the queen persuaded in cleare and plaine terms to speak to the king to admit him as domestique. His majesty expressed his dislike of this proceeding, but contented himself to let the ambassador know that this doctor may return as hee is come, with intimation that he should do it speedily; the French ambassador, willing to help the matter, spake to the king that the said doctor might be admitted to kiss the queen's hand, and to carrie the news into France of her safe delivery; which the king excused by a civil answer, and has since commanded me to let the ambassador understand, that he had heard him as Monsieur de Fontenay in this particular, but, if he should persist and press him as ambassador, he should be

forced to say that which would displease him." Lord Dorchester adds, that he informs Mr. De Vic of these particulars, that he should not want for the information should the matter be revived by the French court, otherwise he need not notice it*.

By this narrative of secret history Charles I. does not appear so weak a slave to his queen as our writers echo from each other; and those who make Henrietta so important a personage in the cabinet appear to have been imperfectly acquainted with her real talents. Charles, indeed, was deeply enamoured of the queen, for he was inclined to strong personal attachments; and "the temperance of his youth, by which he had lived so free from personal vice," as May the parliamentary historian expresses it, even the gay levity of Buckingham seems never, in approaching the king, to have violated. Charles admired in Henrietta all those personal graces which he himself wanted; her vivacity in conversation enlivened his own seriousness, and her gay volubility the defective utterance of his own; while the versatility of her manners relieved his own formal habits. Doubtless the queen exercised the same power over this monarch

* A letter from the Earl of Dorchester, 27 May 1630. Harl. MSS. 7000 (160).

which vivacious females are privileged by nature to possess over their husbands; she was often listened to, and her suggestions were sometimes approved; but the fixed and systematic principles of the character and the government of this monarch must not be imputed to the intrigues of a mere lively and volatile woman; we must trace them to a higher source; to his own inherited conceptions of the regal rights, if we would seek for truth, and read the history of human nature in the history of Charles I.

THE MINISTER—THE CARDINAL DUKE OF RICHELIEU.

RICHELIEU was the greatest of statesmen, if he who maintains himself by the greatest power is necessarily the greatest minister. He was called "the King of the King." After having long tormented himself and France, he left a great name and a great empire—both alike the victims of splendid ambition! Neither this great minister, nor this great nation, tasted of happiness under his mighty administration. He had, indeed, a heartlessness in his conduct which obstructed by no relents those remorseless decisions which made him terrible. But, while he trode down

the princes of the blood and the nobles, and drove his patroness the queen-mother into a miserable exile, and contrived that the king should fear and hate his brother, and all the cardinal-duke chose, Richelieu was grinding the face of the poor by exorbitant taxation, and converted every town in France into a garrison; it was said of him, that he never liked to be in any place where he was not the strongest. "The commissioners of the exchequer and the commanders of the army believe themselves called to a golden harvest; and in the interim the cardinal is charged with the sins of all the world, and is even afraid of his life." Thus Grotius speaks, in one of his letters, of the miserable situation of this great minister, in his account of the court of France in 1635, when he resided there as Swedish ambassador. Yet such is the delusion of these great politicians, who consider what they term *state-interests* as paramount to all other duties, human or divine, that while their whole life is a series of oppression, of troubles, of deceit, and of cruelty, their *state-conscience* finds nothing to reproach itself with. Of any other conscience it seems absolutely necessary that they should be divested. Richelieu, on his death-bed, made a solemn protestation, appealing to the last judge of man, who was about to pronounce his sentence, that he never proposed any thing but for

the good of religion and the state; that is, the Catholic religion and his own administration. When Louis XIII., who visited him in his last moments, took from the hand of an attendant a plate with two yolks of eggs, that the King of France might himself serve his expiring minister, Richelieu died in all the self-delusion of a great minister.

The sinister means he practised, and the political deceptions he contrived, do not yield in subtilty to the dark grandeur of his ministerial character. It appears that, at a critical moment, when he felt the king's favour was wavering, he secretly ordered a battle to be lost by the French, to determine the king at once not to give up a minister who, he knew, was the only man who could extricate him out of this new difficulty. In our great civil war, this minister pretended to Charles I. that he was attempting to win the parliament over to him, while he was backing their most secret projects against Charles. When a French ambassador addressed the parliament as an independent power, after the king had broken with it, Charles, sensibly affected, remonstrated with the French court; the minister disavowed the whole proceeding, and instantly recalled the ambassador, while at the very moment his secret agents were to their best embroiling the affairs

of both parties*. The object of Richelieu was to weaken the English monarchy, so as to busy itself at home, and prevent its fleets and its armies thwarting his projects on the continent, lest England, jealous of the greatness of France, should declare itself for Spain the moment it had recovered its own tranquillity. This is a stratagem too ordinary with great ministers, those plagues of the earth, who, with their state-reasons, are for cutting as many throats as God pleases among every other nation †.

* Clarendon details the political coquetries of Monsieur La Ferté; his “notable familiarity with those who governed most in the two houses;” II. 93.

† Hume seems to have discovered in Estrades' Memoirs, the real occasion of Richelieu's conduct. In 1639 the French and Dutch proposed dividing the low-country provinces; England was to stand neuter. Charles replied to D'Estrades, that his army and fleet should instantly sail to prevent these projected conquests. From that moment the intolerant ambition of Richelieu swelled the venom of his heart, and he eagerly seized on the first opportunity of supplying the Covenanters in Scotland with arms and money. Hume observes, that Charles here expressed his mind with an imprudent candour; but it proves he had acquired a just idea of national interest. VI. 337. See on this a very curious passage in the Catholic Dodd's Church History, III. 22. He apologizes for his cardinal by

A fragment of the secret history of this great minister may be gathered from that of some of his confidential agents. One exposes an invention of this minister's to shorten his cabinet labours, and to have at hand a screen, when that useful contrivance was requisite; the other, the terrific effects of an agent setting up to be a politician on his own account, against that of his master's.

Richelieu's confessor was one Father Joseph; but this man was designed to be employed rather in state-affairs, than in those which concerned his conscience. This minister, who was never a penitent, could have none. Father Joseph had a turn for political negotiation, otherwise he had not been the cardinal's confessor; but this turn was of that sort, said the Nuncio Spada, which was adapted to follow up to the utmost the views and notions of the minister, rather than to draw

asserting that the same line of policy was pursued here in England "by Charles I. himself, who sent fleets and armies to assist the Hugonots, or French rebels, as he calls them; and that this was the constant practice of Queen Elizabeth's ministry, to foment differences in several neighbouring kingdoms, and support their rebellious subjects, as the forces she employed for that purpose both in France, Flanders, and Scotland, are an undeniable proof." The recriminations of politicians are the confessions of great sinners.

the cardinal to his, or to induce him to change a tittle of his designs. The truth is, that Father Joseph preferred going about in his chariot on ministerial missions, rather than walking solitary to his convent, after listening to the unmeaning confessions of Cardinal Richelieu. He made himself so intimately acquainted with the plans and the will of this great minister, that he could venture, at a pinch, to act without orders; and foreign affairs were particularly consigned to his management. Grotius, when Swedish ambassador, knew them both. Father Joseph, he tells us, was employed by Cardinal Richelieu to open negotiations, and put them in a way to succeed to his mind, and then the cardinal would step in, and undertake the finishing himself. Joseph took businesses in hand when they were green, and, after ripening them, he handed them over to the cardinal. In a conference which Grotius held with the parties, Joseph began the treaty, and bore the brunt of the first contest. After a warm debate the cardinal interposed as arbitrator: "A middle way will reconcile you," said the minister, "and as you and Joseph can never agree, I will now make you friends*."

That this was Richelieu's practice, appears from

* Grotii Epistolæ, 375 and 380. fo. Ams. 1687. A volume which contains 2500 letters of this great man.

another similar personage mentioned by Grotius, but one more careless and less cunning. When the French ambassador, Leon Brulart, assisted by Joseph, concluded at Ratisbon a treaty with the emperor's ambassador, on its arrival the cardinal unexpectedly disapproved of it, declaring that the ambassador had exceeded his instructions. But Brulart, who was an old statesman, and Joseph, to whom the cardinal confided his most secret views, it was not supposed could have committed such a gross error; and it was rather believed that the cardinal changed his opinions with the state of affairs, wishing for peace or war as they suited the French interests, or as he conceived they tended to render his administration necessary to the crown*. When Brulart, on his return from his embassy, found this outcry raised against him, and not a murmur against Joseph, he explained the mystery; the cardinal had raised this clamour against him merely to cover the instructions which he had himself given, and which Brulart was convinced he had received, through his organ Father Joseph: a man, said he, who

* *La vie du Cardinal Duc de Richelieu*, anonymous, but written by Jean le Clerc, vol. I. 507. An impartial but heavy life of a great minister, of whom, between the panegyrics of his flatterers, and the satires of his enemies, it was difficult to discover a just medium.

has nothing of the Capuchin but the frock, and nothing of the Christian but the name: a mind so practised in artifices, that he could do nothing without deception; and during the whole of the Ratisbon negotiation, Brulart discovered that Joseph would never communicate to him any business till the whole was finally arranged; the sole object of his pursuits was to find means to gratify the cardinal. Such free sentiments nearly cost Brulart his head; for once, in quitting the cardinal in warmth, the minister, following him to the door, and passing his hand over the other's neck, observed, that, "Brulart was a fine man, and it would be a pity to divide the head from the body."

One more anecdote of this good Father Joseph, the favourite instrument of the most important and covert designs of this minister, has been preserved in the *Memorie Recondite* of Vittorio Siri*, an Italian Abbé, the Procopius of France, but afterwards pensioned by Mazarine. Richelieu had in vain tried to gain over Colonel Ornano, a man of talents, the governor of Monsieur the only brother of Louis XIII.; not accustomed to have his offers refused, he resolved to ruin him. Joseph was now employed to contract a particular

* Mem. Rec. vol. VI. 131.

friendship with Ornano, and to suggest to him, that it was full time that his pupil should be admitted into the council, to acquire some political knowledge. The advancement of Ornano's royal pupil was his own; and as the king had no children, the crown might descend to Monsieur. Ornano therefore took the first opportunity to open himself to the king, on the propriety of initiating his brother into affairs, either in council, or by a command in the army. This the king, as usual, immediately communicated to the Cardinal, who was well prepared to give the request the most odious turn, and to alarm his majesty with the character of Ornano, who, he said, was inspiring the young prince with ambitious thoughts that the next step would be an attempt to share the crown itself with his majesty. The cardinal foresaw how much Monsieur would be offended by the refusal, and would not fail to betray his impatience, and inflame the jealousy of the king. Yet Richelieu bore still an open face and friendly voice for Ornano, whom he was every day undermining in the king's favour, till all terminated in a pretended conspiracy, and Ornano perished in the Bastile, of a fever, at least caught there. So much for the friendship of Father Joseph! And by such men and such means, the astute minister secretly threw a seed of perpetual hatred between

the royal brothers, producing conspiracies, often closing in blood, which only his own haughty tyranny had provoked.

Father Joseph died regretted by Richelieu; he was an ingenious sort of a *creature*, and kept his carriage to his last day, but his name is only preserved in secret histories. The fate of Father Caussin, the author of the "Cours Sainte," a popular book among the Catholics for its curious religious stories, and whose name is better known than Father Joseph's, shows how this minister could rid himself of father-confessors who persisted, according to their own notions, to be honest men, in spite of the minister. This piece of secret history is drawn from a manuscript narrative which Caussin left addressed to the general of the Jesuits*.

Richelieu chose Father Caussin for the king's

* It is quoted in the "Remarques Critiques sur le Dictionnaire de Bayle," Paris 1748. This anonymous folio volume was written by Le Sieur Joly, a canon of Dijon, and is full of curious researches, and many authentic discoveries. The writer is no philosopher, but he corrects and adds to the knowledge of Bayle. Here I found some original anecdotes of Hobbes, from *ms.* sources, during that philosopher's residence at Paris, which I have given in "Quarrels of Authors."

confessor, and he had scarcely entered his office, when the cardinal informed him of the king's romantic friendship for Mademoiselle La Fayette, of whom the cardinal was extremely jealous. Desirous of getting rid altogether of this sort of tender connexion, he hinted to the new confessor that, however innocent it might be, it was attended with perpetual danger, which the lady herself acknowledged, and, warm with "all the motions of grace," had declared her intention to turn "Religieuse;" and that Caussin ought to dispose the king's mind to see the wisdom of the resolution. It happened, however, that Caussin considered that this lady, whose zeal for the happiness of the people was well known, might prove more serviceable at court than in a cloister, so that the good father was very inactive in the business, and the minister began to suspect that he had in hand an instrument not at all fitted to it as Father Joseph.

"The motions of grace" were, however, more active than the confessor, and mademoiselle retired to a monastery. Richelieu learned that the king had paid her a visit of three hours, and he accused Caussin of encouraging these secret interviews. This was not denied, but it was adroitly insinuated, that it was prudent not abruptly to

oppose the violence of the king's passion, which seemed reasonable to the minister. The king continued these visits, and the lady, in concert with Caussin, impressed on the king the most unfavourable sentiments of the minister, the tyranny exercised over the exiled queen-mother, and the princes of the blood*: the grinding taxes he levied on the people, his projects of alliance with the Turk against the Christian sovereigns, &c. His majesty sighed; he asked Caussin if he could name any one capable of occupying the minister's place? Our simple politician had not taken such a consideration in his mind. The king asked Caussin whether he would meet Richelieu face to face? The Jesuit was again embarrassed, but summoned up the resolution with equal courage and simplicity.

Caussin went for the purpose: he found the king closeted with the minister; the conference was long, from which Caussin augured ill. He himself tells us, that weary of waiting in the ante-

* Montresor, attached to the Duke of Orleans, has left us some very curious memoirs, in two small volumes; the second preserving many historical documents of that active period. This spirited writer has not hesitated to detail his projects for the assassination of the tyrannical minister.

chamber, he contrived to be admitted into the presence of the king, when he performed his promise. But the case was altered! Caussin had lost his cause before he pleaded it, and Richelieu had completely justified himself to the king. The good father was told that the king would not perform his devotions that day, and that he might return to Paris. The next morning the whole affair was cleared up. An order from court prohibited this voluble Jesuit either from speaking or writing to any person; and farther drove him away in an inclement winter, sick in body and at heart, till he found himself an exile on the barren rocks of Quimper in Britany, where, among the savage inhabitants, he was continually menaced by a prison or a gallows, which the terrific minister lost no opportunity to place before his imagination; and occasionally despatched a Paris Gazette, which distilled the venom of Richelieu's heart, and which, like the eagle of Prometheus, could gnaw at the heart of the insulated politician chained to his rock*.

Such were the contrasted fates of Father Joseph

* In the first volume of this work, page 255, is a different view of the character of this extraordinary man: those anecdotes are of a lighter and satirical nature; they touch on "the follies of the wise."

and Father Caussin! the one the ingenious *creature*, the other the simple oppositionist, of this great minister.

THE MINISTER—DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, LORD ADMIRAL, LORD GENERAL, &c. &c. &c.

“HAD the Duke of Buckingham been blessed with a faithful friend, qualified with wisdom and integrity, the duke would have committed as few faults, and done as transcendant worthy actions, as any man in that age in Europe.” Such was the opinion of Lord Clarendon in the prime of life, when yet untouched by party feeling, he had no cause to plead, and no quarrel with truth*.

The portrait of Buckingham by Hume seems to me a character dove-tailed into a system, adjusted to his plan of lightening the errors of Charles I. by participating them among others. This character conceals the more favourable parts of no ordinary man: the spirit which was fitted to lead others by its own invincibility, and some

* IN “The Disparity” to accompany “The Parallel,” of Sir Henry Wotton; two exquisite cabinet-pictures, preserved in the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*; and at least equal to the finest “Parallels” of Plutarch.

qualities he possessed of a better nature. All the fascination of his character is lost in the general shade cast over it by the niggardly commendation, that "he possessed *some* accomplishments of a courtier." Some, indeed, and the most pleasing; but not all truly, for dissimulation and hypocrisy were arts unpractised by this courtier. "His sweet and attractive manner, so favoured by the graces," has been described by Sir Henry Wotton, who knew him well; while Clarendon, another living witness, tells us, that "He was the most rarely accomplished the court had ever beheld; while some that found inconvenience in his nearness, intending by some affront to discountenance him, perceived he had masked under this gentleness a terrible courage, as could safely protect all his sweetnesses."

The very errors and infirmities of Buckingham seem to have started from qualities of a generous nature; too devoted a friend, and too undisguised an enemy, carrying his loves and his hatreds on his open forehead*; too careless of

* The singular openness of his character was not statesman-like. He was one of those whose ungovernable sincerity "cannot put all their passions in their pockets." He told the Count-Duke Olivarez, on quitting Spain, that "he would always cement the friendship between the two nations, but with regard to you,

calumny*, and too fearless of danger; he was, in sir, in particular, you must not consider me as your friend, but must ever expect from me all possible enmity and opposition." The cardinal was willing enough, says Hume, "to accept what was proffered, and on these terms the favourites parted." Buckingham, desirous of accommodating the parties in the nation, once tried at the favour of the puritanic party, whose head was Dr. Preston, master of Emanuel college. The duke was his generous patron, and Dr. Preston his most servile adulator. The more zealous puritans were offended at this intimacy; and Dr. Preston, in a letter to some of his party, observed, that it was true that the duke was a vile and profligate fellow, but that there was no other way to come at him but by the lowest flattery; that it was necessary for the glory of God that such instruments should be made use of; and more in this strain. Some officious hand conveyed this letter to the duke, who, when Dr. Preston came one morning, as usual, asked him whether he had ever disoblged him, that he should describe him to his party in such black characters. The doctor, amazed, denied the fact; on which the duke instantly produced the letter, then turned from him, never to see him more. It is said that from this moment he abandoned the puritan party, and attached himself to Laud. This story was told by Thomas Baker to W. Wotton, as coming from one well versed in the secret history of that time. *Lansdowne MSS.* 872, fo. 88.

* A well-known tract against the Duke of Bucking-

a word, a man of sensation, acting from impulse ; scorning, indeed, prudential views, but capable at all times of embracing grand and original ones ; compared by the jealousy of faction to the Spenser ham, by Dr. George Eglisham, physician to James I., entitled "The Fore-runner of Revenge," may be found in many of our collections. Gerbier, in his manuscript memoirs, gives a curious account of this political libeller, the model of that class of desperate scribblers. "The falseness of his libels," says Gerbier, "he hath since acknowledged, though too late. During my residency at Bruxelles, this Eglisham desired Sir William Chaloner, who then was at Liege, to bear a letter to me, which is still extant: he proposed, if the king would pardon and receive him into favour again, with some competent subsistence, that he would recant all that he had said or written, to the disadvantage of any in the court of England, confessing that he had been urged thereunto by some combustions spirits, that for their malicious designs had set him on work." Buckingham would never notice these and similar libels. Eglisham flew to Holland after he had deposited his political venom in his native country, and found a fate which every villanous factionist who offers to recant for "a competent subsistence" does not always; he was found dead, assassinated in his walks by a companion. Yet this political libel, with many like it, are still authorities. "George Duke of Buckingham," says Oldys, "will not speedily outstrip Dr. Eglisham's Fore-runner of Revenge."

of Edward II. and even the Sejanus of Tiberius ; he was no enemy to the people ; often serious in the best designs, but volatile in the midst ; his great error sprung from a sanguine spirit. “ He was ever,” says Wotton, “ greedy of honour and hot upon the public ends, but too confident in the prosperity of beginnings.” If Buckingham was a hero, and yet neither general nor admiral ; a minister, and yet no statesman ; if often the creature of popular admiration, he was at length hated by the people ; if long envied by his equals, and betrayed by his own creatures*, “ delighting too

* The misery of prime ministers and favourites is a portion of their fate, which has not always been noticed by their biographers ; one must be conversant with secret history, to discover the thorn in their pillow. Who could have imagined that Buckingham, possessing the entire affections of his sovereign, during his absence had reason to fear being supplanted ? When his confidential secretary, Dr. Mason, slept in the same chamber with the duke, he would give way at night to those suppressed passions which his unaltered countenance concealed by day. In the absence of all other ears and eyes, he would break out into the most querulous and impassioned language, declaring, that “ never his despatches to divers princes, nor the great business of a fleet, of an army, of a siege, of a treaty, of war and peace both on foot together, and all of them in his head at a time, did not so much break his repose, as the idea that some at home

much in the press and affluence of dependents and suitors, who are always burrs and sometimes the briars of favourites," as Wotton well describes them; if one of his great crimes in the eyes of the people was, that "his enterprises succeeded not according to their impossible expectation;" and that it was a still greater, that Buckingham had been the permanent favourite of two monarchs, who had spoilt their child of fortune; then may the future inquirer find something of his character which remains to be opened; to instruct alike the sovereign and the people, and "be worthy to be registered among the great examples of time and fortune."

Contrast the fate of BUCKINGHAM with that of his great rival, RICHELIEU. The one winning popularity and losing it; once in the Commons saluted as "their redeemer," till, at length, they resolved that "Buckingham was the cause of all the evils and dangers to the king and kingdom." Magnificent, open, and merciful; so forbearing, even in his acts of gentle oppression, that they were easily evaded; and riots and libels were in-
under his majesty, of whom he had well-deserved, were now content to forget him." So short-lived is the gratitude observed to an absent favourite, who is most likely to fall by the creatures his own hands have made.

fecting the country, till, in the popular clamour, Buckingham was made a political monster, and the dagger was planted in the heart of the incautious minister. The other statesman, unrelenting in his power, and grinding in his oppression, unblest with one brother-feeling, had his dungeons filled and his scaffolds raised, and died in safety and glory—a cautious tyrant!

There exists a manuscript memoir of Sir Balthazar Gerbier, who was one of those ingenious men whom Buckingham delighted to assemble about him; for this was one of his characteristics, that although the duke himself was not learned, yet he never wanted for knowledge; too early in life a practical man, he had not the leisure to become a contemplative one; he supplied this deficiency by perpetually “sifting and questioning well” the most eminent for their experience and knowledge; and Lord Bacon, and the Lord Keeper Williams, as well as such as Gerbier, were admitted into this sort of intimacy. We have a curious letter by Lord Bacon, of advice to our minister, written at his own request; and I have seen a large correspondence with that subtile politician, the Lord Keeper Williams, who afterwards attempted to supplant him, to the same purpose. Gerbier was the painter and architect, and at the same time one of the confidential agents of Buckingham;

the friend of Rubens the painter, with whom he was concerned in this country to open a Spanish negotiation, and became at length the master of the ceremonies to Charles II. in his exile. He was an actor in many scenes. Gerbier says of himself, that "he was a minister who had the honour of public employment, and may therefore incur censure for declaring some passages of state more overtly than becomes such an one, but secrets are secrets but for a time; others may be wiser for themselves, but it is their silence which makes me write*."

A mystery has always hung over that piece of knight-errantry, the romantic journey to Madrid, where the prime minister and the heir-apparent, in disguise, confided their safety in the hands of our national enemies; which excited such popular clamour, and indeed anxiety for the prince and the protestant cause. A new light is cast over this extraordinary transaction, by a secret which the duke imparted to Gerbier. The project was Buckingham's; a bright original view, but taken far out of the line of precedence. It was one of those bold inventions which no common mind could have conceived, and none but the spirit of Buckingham could have carried on with a splendour

* Sloane MSS. 4181.

and mastery over the persons and events, which turned out, however, as unfavourable as possible.

The restoration of the imprudent Palatine, the son-in-law of James I., to the Palatinate which that prince had lost by his own indiscretion, when he accepted the crown of Bohemia, although warned of his own incompetency, as well as of the incapacity of those princes of the empire, who might have assisted him against the power of Austria and Spain, seemed however to a great part of our nation necessary to the stability of the protestant interests. James I. was most bitterly run down at home for his civil pacific measures, but the truth is, by Gerbier's account, that James could not depend on one single ally, who had all taken fright, although some of the Germans were willing enough to be subsidised at 30,000*l.* a month from England; which James had not to give, and which he had been a fool had he given; for though this war for the protestant interests was popular in England, it was by no means general among the German princes: the Prince Elector of Treves, and another prince, treated Gerbier coolly; and observed, that "God in these days did not send prophets more to the protestants than to others, to fight against nations, and to second pretences which public incendiaries propose to princes, to engage them into unnecessary wars

with their neighbours." France would not go to war, and much less the Danes, the Swedes, and the Hollanders. James was calumniated for his timidity and cowardice; yet, says Gerbier, King James merited much of his people, though ill-requited, choosing rather to suffer an eclipse of his personal reputation, than to bring into such hazard the reputation and force of his kingdoms in a war of no hopes.

As a father and a king, from private and from public motives, the restoration of the Palatinate had a double tie on James, and it was always the earnest object of his negotiations. But Spain sent him an amusing and literary ambassador, who kept him in play year after year, with merry tales and *bon mots* *. These negotiations had lan-

* Gerbier gives a curious specimen of Gondomar's pleasant sort of impudence. When James expressed himself with great warmth on the Spaniards under Spinola, taking the first town in the Palatinate, under the eyes of our ambassador, Gondomar, with Cervantic humour, attempted to give a new turn to the discussion; for he wished that Spinola had taken the whole Palatinate at once, for "then the generosity of my master would be shown in all its lustre, by restoring it all again to the English ambassador, who had witnessed the whole operations." James, however, at this moment was no longer pleased with the inexhaustible humour of his old friend, and set about trying what could be done.

guished through all the tedium of diplomacy; the amusing promises of the courtly Gondomar were sure, on return of the courier, to bring sudden difficulties from the subtile Olivarez. Buckingham meditated by a single blow to strike at the true secret, whether the Spanish court could be induced to hasten this important object, gained over by the proffered alliance with the English crown, from the lips of the prince himself. The whole scene dazzled with politics, chivalry, and magnificence; it was caught by the high spirit of the youthful prince, whom Clarendon tells us "loved adventures;" and it was indeed an incident which has adorned more than one Spanish romance. The panic which seized the English, fearful of the personal safety of the prince, did not prevail with the duke, who told Gerbier that the prince run no hazard from the Spaniard, who well knew that while his sister, the fugitive Queen of Bohemia, with a numerous issue, was residing in Holland, the protestantsuccession to our crown was perfectly secured; and it was with this conviction, says Gerbier, that when the Count Duke Olivarez had been persuaded that the Prince of Wales was meditating a flight from Spain, that Buckingham with his accustomed spirit told him, that "if love had made the prince steal out of his own country, yet fear would never make him run out of Spain, and that

he should depart with an equipage as fitted a Prince of Wales." This was no empty vaunt. An English fleet was then waiting in a Spanish port, and the Spanish court inviting our prince to the grand Escorial, attended the departure of Charles, as Hume expresses it, with "elaborate pomp."

This attempt of Buckingham, of which the origin has been so often inquired into, and so oppositely viewed, entirely failed with the Spaniard. The catholic league outweighed the protestant. At first the Spanish court had been as much taken by surprise as the rest of the world; all parties seemed at their first interview highly gratified. "We may rule the world together," said the Spanish to the English minister. They were, however, not made by nature, or state-interests, to agree at a second interview. The Lord Keeper Williams, a wily courtier and subtile politician, who, in the absence of his patron, Buckingham, evidently supplanted him in the favour of his royal master, when asked by James, "Whether he thought this knight-errant pilgrimage would be likely to win the Spanish lady;" answered, with much political foresight, and saw the difficulty: "If my lord marquis will give honour to the Count Duke Olivarez, and remember he is the favourite of Spain; or, if

Olivarez will show honourable civility to my lord marquis, remembering he is the favourite of England, the wooing may be prosperous: but if my lord marquis should forget where he is, and not stoop to Olivarez; or, if Olivarez, forgetting what guest he hath received with the prince, bear himself like a Castilian grandee to my lord marquis, the provocation may cross your majesty's good intentions*." What Olivarez once let out, "though somewhat in hot blood, that in the councils of the king the English match had never been taken into consideration, but from the time of the Prince of Wales's arrival at Madrid," might have been true enough. The seven years which had passed in apparent negotiation resembled the scene of a *fata morgana*; an earth painted in the air—raised by the delusive arts of Gondomar and Olivarez. As they never designed to realise it, it would of course never have been brought into the councils of his Spanish majesty. Buckingham discovered, as he told Gerbier, that the Infanta by the will of her father, Philip III., was designed for the emperor's son; the catholic for the catholic, to cement the venerable

* Hacket's Life of Lord Keeper Williams, p. 115, pt. 1. fo.

system. When Buckingham and Charles had now ascertained that the Spanish cabinet could not adopt English and protestant interests, and Olivarez had convinced himself that Charles would never be a catholic, all was broken up; and thus a treaty of marriage which had been slowly reared, during a period of seven years, when the flower seemed to take, only contained within itself the seeds of war*.

Olivarez and Richelieu were thorough-paced statesmen, in every respect the opposites of the elegant, the spirited, and the open Buckingham. The English favourite checked the haughty Castilian, the favourite of Spain, and the more than

*The narrative furnished by Buckingham, and vouched by the prince to the parliament, agrees in the main with what the duke told Gerbier. It is curious to observe how the narrative seems to have perplexed Hume, who, from some preconceived system, condemns Buckingham, "for the falsity of this long narrative, as calculated entirely to mislead the parliament." He has, however, in the note [T] of this very volume, sufficiently marked the difficulties which hung about the opinion he has given in the text. The curious may find the narrative in Frankland's Annals, p. 89, and in Rushworth's Hist. Coll. I. 119. It has many entertaining particulars.

king-like cardinal, the favourite of France, with the rival spirit of his Island, proud of her equality with the continent.

There is a story that the war between England and France was occasioned by the personal disrespect shown by the Cardinal Duke Richelieu to the English duke, in the affronting mode of addressing his letters. Gerbier says the world are in a ridiculous mistake about this circumstance. The fact of the letters is true, since Gerbier was himself the secretary on this occasion. It terminated, however, differently than is known. Richelieu, at least as haughty as Buckingham, addressed a letter, in a moment of caprice, in which the word *Monsieur* was level with the first line, avoiding the usual space of honour, to mark his disrespect. Buckingham instantly turned on the cardinal his own invention. Gerbier, who had written the letter, was also its bearer. The cardinal started at the first sight, never having been addressed with such familiarity, and was silent. On the following day, however, the cardinal received Gerbier civilly, and, with many rhetorical expressions respecting the duke, "I know," said he, "the power and greatness of a high admiral of England; the *cannons* of his great ships make way, and prescribe law more forcibly than the *canons* of the

church, of which I am a member. I acknowledge the power of the favourites of great kings, and I am content to be a minister of state, and the duke's humble servant." This was an apology made with all the *politesse* of a Gaul, and by a great statesman who had recovered his senses.

If ever minister of state was threatened by the prognostics of a fatal termination to his life, it was Buckingham; but his own fearlessness disdained to interpret them. The following circumstances, collected from manuscript letters of the times, are of this nature. After the sudden and unhappy dissolution of the parliament, popular terror showed itself in all shapes; and those who did not join in the popular cry were branded with the odious nickname of *the dukelings*.

A short time before the assassination of Buckingham, when the king, after an obstinate resistance, had conceded his assent to the "Petition of Right," the houses testified their satisfaction, perhaps their triumph, by their shouts of acclamation. They were propagated by the hearers on the outside, from one to the other till they reached the city: some confused account arrived before the occasion of these rejoicings was generally known: suddenly the bells began to ring, bonfires were kindled, and in an instant all was a scene of public rejoicing. But ominous

indeed were these rejoicings, for the greater part was occasioned by a false rumour that the duke was to be sent to the Tower; no one inquired about a news which every one wished to hear; and so sudden was the joy, that a ms. letter says, "the old scaffold on Tower-hill was pulled down and burned by certain unhappy boys, who said they would have a new one built for the duke." This mistake so rapidly prevailed as to reach even the country, which blazed with bonfires to announce the fall of Buckingham*. The shouts on the acquittal of the seven bishops, in 1688, did not speak in plainer language to the son's ear, when after the verdict was given, such prodigious acclamations of joy "seemed to set the king's authority at defiance: it spread itself not only into the city, but even to Hounslow-heath, where the soldiers upon the news of it gave up a great shout, though the king was then actually at dinner in the camp."† To the speculators of human nature, who find its history written in their libraries, how many plain lessons seem to have been lost on the mere politician, who is only such in the heat of action.

* Letter from J. Mead to Sir M. Stuteville, June 5, 1628. Harl. MSS. 7000.

† Memoirs of James II. vol. II. p. 163.

About a month before the duke was assassinated, occurred the murder by the populace of the man who was called "The duke's devil." This was a Dr. Lambe, a man of infamous character; a dealer in magical arts, who lived by showing apparitions or selling the favours of the devil, and whose chambers were a convenient rendezvous for the curious of both sexes. This wretched man, who openly exulted in the infamous traffic by which he lived, when he was sober, prophesied that he should fall one day by the hands from which he received his death; and it was said he was as positive about his patron's. At the age of eighty, he was torn to pieces in the city, and the city was imprudently heavily fined £6000, for not delivering up those who, in murdering this hoary culprit, were heard to say that they would handle his master worse, and would have minced his flesh, and have had every one a bit of him. This is one more instance of the political cannibalism of the mob. The fate of Dr. Lambe served for a ballad, and the printer and singer were laid in Newgate*. Buckingham,

* Rushworth has preserved a burthen of one of these songs :

Let Charles and George do what they can,
The duke shall die like Doctor Lamb.

it seems, for a moment contemplated his own fate in his wretched creature's, more particularly as another omen obtruded itself on his attention; for on the very day of Dr. Lambe's murder, his own portrait in the council-chamber was seen to have fallen out of its frame; a circumstance as awful in that age of omens, as the portrait that walked from its frame in the "Castle of Otranto," but perhaps more easily accounted for. On the eventful day of Dr. Lambe's being torn to pieces by the mob, a circumstance occurred to Buckingham, somewhat remarkable to show the spirit of the times. The king and the duke were in the Spring-gardens looking on the bowlers; the duke put on his hat. One Wilson a Scotchman, first kissing the duke's hands, snatched it off, saying, "Off with your hat before the king." Buckingham, not apt to restrain his quick feelings, kicked the Scotchman, but the king interfering,

And on the assassination of the duke, I find two lines in a ms letter :

The shepherd's struck, the sheep are fled !
For want of *Lamb* the *wolf* is dead !

There is a scarce tract of "A brief description of the notorious life of John Lambe, otherwise called Doctor Lambe," &c. with a curious wood print of the mob pelting him in the street.

said " Let him alone, George ; he is either mad or a fool." " No, Sir," replied the Scotchman, " I am a sober man, and if your majesty would give me leave, I will tell you that of this man which many know, and none dare speak." This was as a prognostic, an anticipation of the dagger of Felton !

About this time a libel was taken down from a post in Coleman-street by a constable and carried to the lord-mayor, who ordered it to be delivered to none but his majesty. Of this libel the manuscript letter contains the following particulars :

" Who rules the kingdom ? The king.

Who rules the king ? The duke.

Who rules the duke ? The devil.

Let the duke look to it ; for they intend shortly to use him worse than they did the doctor ; and if things be not shortly reformed they will work a reformation themselves."

The only advice the offended king suggested was to set a double watch every night ! A watch at a post to prevent a libel being affixed to it was no prevention of libels being written, and the fact is, libels were now bundled and sent to fairs, to be read by those who would venture to read, to those who would venture to listen ; both parties were often sent to prison. It was about this time,

after the sudden dissolution of the parliament, that popular terror showed itself in various shapes, and the spirit which then broke out in libels by night was assuredly the same, which, if these political prognostics had been rightly construed by Charles, might have saved the eventual scene of blood. But neither the king nor his favourite had yet been taught to respect popular feelings. Buckingham, after all, was guilty of no heavy political crimes; but it was his misfortune to have been a prime minister, as Clarendon says, in "a busy, querulous, froward time, when the people were uneasy under pretences of reformation, with some petulant discourses of liberty, which their great impostors scattered among them like glasses to multiply their fears." It was an age, which was preparing for a great contest, where both parties committed great faults. The favourite did not appear odious in the eyes of the king, who knew his better dispositions more intimately than the popular party, who were crying him down. And Charles attributed to individuals, and "the great impostors," the clamours which had been raised.

But the plurality of offices showered on Buckingham rendered him still more odious to the people: had he not been created lord high admiral and general, he had never risked his character amidst the opposing elements, or before

impregnable forts. But something more than his own towering spirit, or the temerity of vanity, must be alleged for his assumption of those opposite military characters*.

A peace of twenty years appears to have rusted the arms of our soldiers, and their commanders were destitute of military skill. The war with Spain was clamoured for; and an expedition to Cadiz, in which the duke was reproached by the people for not taking the command, as they supposed from deficient spirit, only ended in our undisciplined soldiers under bad commanders getting drunk in the Spanish cellars, insomuch that not all had the power to run away. On this expedition, some verses were handed about, which probably are now first printed, from a manuscript letter of the times; a political pasquinade which shows the utter silliness of this, "Ridiculus Mus."

* At the British Institution, some time back, was seen a picture of Buckingham, mounted on a charger by the sea-shore, crowded with tritons, &c. As it reflected none of the graces or beauty of the original, and seemed the work of some wretched apprentice of Rubens (perhaps Gerbier himself), these contradictory accompaniments increased the suspicion that the picture could not be the duke's: it was not recollected generally that the favourite was both admiral and general; and that the duke was at once Neptune and Mars, ruling both sea and land.

VERSES ON THE EXPEDITION TO CADIZ.

There was a crow sat on a stone,
He flew away—and there was none!
There was a man that run a race,
When he ran fast—he ran apace!
There was a maid that eat an apple
When she eat two—she eat a couple!
There was an ape sat on a tree,
When he fell down—then down fell he!
There was a fleet that went to Spain,
When it returned—it came again!

Another expedition to Rochelle, under the Earl of Denbigh, was indeed of a more sober nature, for the earl declined to attack the enemy. The national honour, among the other grievances of the people, had been long degraded; not indeed by Buckingham himself, who personally had ever maintained, by his high spirit, an equality, if not a superiority, with France and Spain. It was to win back the public favour by a resolved and public effort, that Buckingham a second time was willing to pledge his fortune, his honour, and his life, into one daring cast, and on the dyke of Rochelle to leave his body, or to vindicate his aspersed name. The garrulous Gerbier shall tell his own story, which I transcribe from his own hand-writing, of the mighty preparations, and the duke's perfect devotion to the cause, for among other

rumours, he was calumniated as never having been faithful to his engagement with the Protestants of Rochelle.

“ The duke caused me to make certain works, according to the same model as those wherewith the Prince of Parma blew up, before Antwerp, the main dyke and estacado; they were so mighty strong, and of that quantity of powder, and so closely masoned in barks, that they might have blown up the half of a town. I employed therein of powder, stone-quarries, bombs, fire-balls, chains, and iron balls, a double proportion to that used by the Duke of Parma, according to the description left thereof*.”

“ The duke’s intention to succour the Rochellers was manifest, as was his care to assure them of it. He commanded me to write and convey to them the secret advertisement thereof. The last advice I gave them from him contained these words, “ Hold out but three weeks, and God willing I will be with you, either to overcome or to die there.” The bearer of this received from my hands a hundred Jacobuses to carry it with speed and safety. The duke had disbursed three-score thousand pounds of his money upon the fleet; and lost his life ere he could get aboard. Nothing

* This machine seems noticed in *Le Mercure Francois*, 1627, p. 863.

but death had hindered him or frustrated his design, of which I am confident by another very remarkable passage. "The duke, a little before his departure from York-house, being alone with me in his garden, and giving me his last commands for my journey towards Italy and Spain, one Mr. Wigmore, a gentleman of his, coming to us, presented to his lordship a paper, said to come from the prophesying Lady *Davers**, foretelling that he should end his life that month; besides he had received a letter from a very considerable hand, persuading him to let some other person be sent on that expedition to command in his place; on which occasion the duke made this expression to me: 'Gerbier, if God please I will go, and be the first man who shall set his foot upon the dyke before Rochel to die, or do the work, whereby the world shall see the reality of our intentions for the relief of that place.' He had before told me the same in his closet, after he had signed certain despatches of my letters of credence to

* Gerbier, a foreigner, scarcely ever writes an English name correctly, while his orthography is not always intelligible. He means here Lady Davies, an extraordinary character and a supposed prophetess. This Cassandra hit the time in her dark predictions, and was more persuaded than ever that she was a prophetess!

the Duke of Lorraine and Savoy, to whom I was sent to know what diversion they could make in favour of the king, in case the peace with Spain should not take. His majesty spoke to me, on my going towards my residency at Bruxelles, 'Gerbier, I do command thee to have a continual care, to press the Infanta and the Spanish ministers there, for the restitution of the Palatinate; for I am obliged in conscience, in honour, and in maxim of state, to stir all the powers of the world, rather than to fail to try to the uttermost to compass this business.' "

In the week of that expedition, the king took "George" with him in his coach to view the ships at Deptford on their departure for Rochelle, when he said to the duke, "George, there are some that wish both these and thou mightest perish together; but care not for them; we will both perish together, if thou doest!"

A few days before the duke went on his last expedition, he gave a farewell mask and supper at York-house, to their majesties. In the mask the duke appeared followed by Envy with many open-mouthed dogs, which were to represent the barkings of the people, while next came Fame and Truth; and the court allegory expressed the king's sentiment and the duke's sanguine hope.

Thus resolutely engaged in the very cause the

people had so much at heart, the blood Buckingham would have sealed it with was shed by one of the people themselves; the enterprise, designed to retrieve the national honour, long tarnished, was prevented; and the Protestant cause suffered, by one who imagined himself to be, and was blest by nearly the whole nation, as a patriot! Such are the effects of the exaggerations of popular delusion.

I find the following epitaph on Buckingham, in a manuscript letter of the times. Its condensed bitterness of spirit gives the popular idea of his unfortunate attempts.

THE DUKE'S EPITAPH.

If idle trav'lers ask who lieth here,
Let the duke's tomb this for inscription bear:
Paint Cales and Rhé, make French and Spanish laugh;
Mix England's shame—and there's his epitaph!

Before his last fatal expedition, among the many libels which abounded, I have discovered a manuscript satire, entitled "Rhodomontados." The thoughtless minister is made to exult in his power over the giddy-headed multitude. Buckingham speaks in his own person; and we have here preserved those false rumours, and those aggravated feelings, then floating among the

people: a curious instance of those heaped up calumnies, which are often so heavily laid on the head of a prime minister, no favourite with the people.

“ 'Tis not your threats shall take me from the king!
Nor questioning my counsels and commands,
How with the honour of the state it stands;
That I lost Rhé, and with such loss of men,
As scarcely time can e'er repair again;
Shall aught affright me; or else care to see
The narrow seas from Dunkirk clear and free,
Or that you can enforce the king to believe,
I from the pirates a third share receive;
Or that I correspond with foreign states
(Whether the king's foes or confederates)
To plot the ruin of the king and state,
As erst you thought of the Palatinate;
Or that five hundred thousand pounds doth lie
In the Venice bank to help Spain's majesty;
Or that three hundred thousand more doth rest
In Dunkirk, for the arch-dutchess to contest
With England, whene'er occasion offers;
Or that by rapine I will fill my coffers;
Nor that an office in church, state, and court,
Is freely given, but they must pay me for 't.
Nor shall you ever prove I had a hand
In poisoning of the monarch of this land
Or the like hand by poisoning to intox
Southampton, Oxford, Hamilton, Lennox.

Nor shall you ever prove by magic charms,
I wrought the king's affection or his harms.
Nor fear I if ten Vitrys now were here,
Since I have thrice ten Ravilliacs as near.
My power shall be unbounded in each thing,
If once I use these words, "I and my king."

Seem wise, and cease then to perturb the realm,
Or strive with him that sits and guides the helm.
I know your reading will inform you soon,
What creatures they were, that barkt against the
moon.

I'll give you better council as a friend :
Cobblers their latchets ought not to transcend ;
Meddle with common matters, common wrongs ;
To the house of commons common things belongs.
Leave him the oar that best knows how to row,
And state to him that best the state doth know.
If I by industry, deep reach, or grace,
Am now arriv'd at this or that great place,
Must I, to please your inconsiderate rage,
Throw down mine honours ? Will nought else assuage
Your furious wisdoms ? True shall the verse be yet,
There's no less wit required to keep, than get.
Though Lamb be dead, I'll stand, and you shall see
I'll smile at them that can but bark at me.

After Buckingham's death, Charles I. cherished his memory warmly as his life, advanced his friends, and designed to raise a magnificent monument to

his memory; and if any one accused the duke, the king always imputed the fault to himself. The king said, "Let not the duke's enemies seek to catch at any of his offices, for they will find themselves deceived." Charles called Buckingham "his martyr!" and often said the world was much mistaken in the duke's character; for it was commonly thought the duke ruled his majesty; but it was much the contrary, having been his most faithful and obedient servant in all things, as the king said he would make sensibly appear to the world. Indeed after the death of Buckingham, Charles showed himself extremely active in business. Lord Dorchester wrote—"The death of Buckingham causes no changes; the king holds in his own hands the total direction, leaving the executory part to every man within the compass of his charge*." This is one proof, among many, that Charles I. was not the puppet-king of Buckingham, as modern historians have imagined.

FELTON THE POLITICAL ASSASSIN.

FELTON, the assassin of the Duke of Buckingham, by the growing republican party, was hailed

* Sloane MSS. 4178, letter 519.

as a Brutus, rising, in the style of a patriotic bard,

“ Refulgent from the stroke.” AKENSIDE.

Gibbon has thrown a shade of suspicion even over Brutus’s “ God-like stroke,” as Pope has exalted it. In Felton, a man acting from mixed and confused motives, the political martyr is entirely lost in the contrite penitent; he was, however, considered in his own day as a being almost beyond humanity. Mrs. Macaulay has called him “ a lunatic,” because the duke had not been assassinated on the right principle. His motives appeared even inconceivable to his contemporaries; for Sir Henry Wotton, who has written a life of the Duke of Buckingham, observes, that “ what may have been the immediate or greatest motive of that felonious conception (the duke’s assassination), is even yet in the clouds.” After ascertaining that it was not private revenge, he seems to conclude that it was Dr. Eggesheim’s furious “ libel,” and the “ remonstrance ” of the parliament, which, having made the duke “ one of the foulest monsters upon earth,” worked on the dark imagination of Felton.

From Felton’s memorable example, and some similar ones, one observation occurs worth the notice of every minister of state who dares the

popular odium he has raised. Such a minister will always be in present danger of a violent termination to his career; for however he may be convinced that there is not political virtue enough in a whole people to afford "the Godlike stroke," he will always have to dread the arm of some melancholy enthusiast, whose mind, secretly agitated by the public indignation, directs itself solely on him. It was some time after having written this reflection, that I discovered the following notice of the Duke of Buckingham in the unpublished life of Sir Symonds D'Ewes. "Some of his friends had advised him how generally he was hated in England, and how needful it would be for his greater safety to wear some coat of mail, or some other secret defensive armour, which the duke slighting said, 'It needs not; there are no Roman spirits left *.'"

An account of the contemporary feelings which sympathised with Felton, and almost sanctioned the assassin's deed, I gather from the ms. letters of the times. The public mind, through a long state of discontent, had been prepared for, and not without an obscure expectation of the mortal end of Buckingham. It is certain the duke received

* Harl. MSS. 646.

many warnings which he despised. The assassination kindled a tumult of joy throughout the nation, and a state-libel was written in strong characters in the faces of the people. The passage of Felton to London, after the assassination, seemed a triumph. Now pitied, and now blessed, mothers held up their children to behold the saviour of the country; and an old woman exclaimed, as Felton passed her, with a scriptural allusion to his short stature, and the mightiness of Buckingham, "God bless thee, little David!" Felton was nearly sainted before he reached the metropolis. His health was the reigning toast among the republicans. A character somewhat remarkable, Alexander Gill (usher under his father Dr. Gill, master of St. Paul's school), who was the tutor of Milton, and his dear friend afterwards, and, perhaps, from whose impressions in early life Milton derived his vehement hatred of Charles, was committed by the star-chamber, heavily fined, and sentenced to lose his ears, on three charges, one of which arose from drinking a health to Felton. At Trinity college, Gill said that the king was fitter to stand in a Cheapside shop, with an apron before him, and say *What lack ye?* than to govern a kingdom; that the duke was gone down to hell to see king James; and drinking a health to Felton, added he was sorry Felton had deprived him

of the honour of doing that brave act*. In the taste of that day, they contrived a political anagram of his name, to express the immovable self-devotion he showed after the assassination, never attempting to escape; and John Felton, for the nonce, was made to read,

Noh! fie not!

But while Felton's name was echoing through the kingdom, our new Brutus was at that moment exhibiting a piteous spectacle of remorse; so different often is the real person himself from the ideal personage of the public. The assassination, with him, was a sort of theoretical one, depending, as we shall show, on four propositions; so that when the king's attorney, as the attorney-general was then called, had furnished the unhappy criminal with an unexpected argument, which appeared to him to have overturned his, he declared that he had been in a mistake; and lamenting that he had not been aware of it before, from that instant his conscientious spirit sunk into despair. In the open court he stretched out his arm, offering it as the offending instrument to be first cut off; he requested the king's leave to wear sack-cloth about his loins, to sprinkle ashes on his head,

* The ms. letter giving this account observes, that the words concerning his majesty were not read in open court, but only those relating to the duke and Felton.

to carry a halter about his neck, in testimony of repentance; and that he might sink to the lowest point of contrition, he insisted on asking pardon not only of the duchess, the duke's mother, but even of the duke's scullion-boy; and a man naturally brave was seen always shedding tears, so that no one could have imagined that Felton had been "a stout soldier." These particulars were given by one of the divines who attended him, to the writer of the ms. letter*.

The character of Felton must not, however, be conceived from this agonizing scene of contrition. Of melancholy and retired habits, and one of those thousand officers, who had incurred disappointments, both in promotion and in arrears of pay, from the careless duke, he felt, perhaps, although he denied it, a degree of personal animosity towards him. A solitary man who conceives himself injured broods over his revenge. Felton

* Clarendon notices that Felton was "of a gentleman's family in Suffolk of good fortune and reputation." I find that during his confinement, the Earl and Countess of Arundel, and Lord Maltravers their son, "he being of their blood," says the letter-writer, continually visited him, gave many proofs of their friendship, and brought his "winding-sheet," for to the last they attempted to save him from being hung in chains: they did not succeed.

once cut off a piece of his own finger, inclosing it in a challenge, to convince the person whom he addressed, that he valued not endangering his whole body, provided it afforded him an opportunity of vengeance*. Yet with all this, such was his love of truth and rigid honour, that Felton obtained the nick-name of "honest Jack," one which, after the assassination, became extremely popular through the nation. The religious enthusiasm of the times had also deeply possessed his mind, and that enthusiasm, as is well known, was of a nature that might easily occasion its votary to be mistaken for a republican.

Clarendon mentions that in his hat he had sewed a paper, in which were written a few lines of that remonstrance of the commons, which appeared to him to sanction the act. I have seen a letter from Lord Carlton to the queen, detailing the particulars; his lordship was one of those who saved Felton from the swords of the military around him, who in their vexation for the loss of their general the duke, which they considered to be the end of the war, and their ruin, would have avenged themselves. But though Felton, in conversation with Lord Carlton, confessed that by reading the remonstrance of the parliament it

* Rushworth, vol. I. 638.

came into his head, that in committing the act of killing the duke, he should do his country a great good service, yet the paper sewed in his hat, thinking he might have fallen a victim in the attempt, was different from that described by Clarendon, and is thus preserved in this letter to the queen by Lord Carlton. "If I be slain, let no man condemn me, but rather condemn himself. Our hearts are hardened, and become senseless, or else he had not gone so long unpunished. He is unworthy the name of a gentleman or soldier, in my opinion, that is afraid to sacrifice his life for the honour of God, his king, and country. JOHN FELTON*."

Felton's mind had however previously passed through a more evangelical process; four theological propositions struck the knife into the heart of the minister. The conscientious assassin, however, accompanied the fatal blow with a prayer to Heaven, to have mercy on the soul of the victim; and never was a man murdered with more gospel than the duke. The following curious document I have discovered in the ms. letter.

"Propositions found in Felton's trunk, at the time he slew the duke.

1. There is no alliance nearer to any one than his country.

* Lansdowne MSS. 209. Auctioneer's Catalogue.

Except his God and his own soul, said the divines.

2. The safety of the people is the chiefest law. Next to the law of God, said these divines.

3. No law is more sacred than the safety and welfare of the commonwealth.

Only God's law is more sacred, said the divines.

4. God himself hath enacted this law, that all things that are for the good profit and benefit of the commonwealth should be lawful.

The divines said, We must not do evil that good may come thereon."

The gradual rise in these extraordinary propositions, with the last sweeping one, which includes every thing lawless as lawful for the common weal, was at least but feebly parried by the temperate divines, who, while they were so reasonably referring every thing to God, wanted the vulgar curiosity to inquire, or the philosophical discernment to discover, that Felton's imagination was driving every thing at the duke. Could they imagine that these were but subtile cobwebs, spun by a closet-speculator on human affairs? In those troubled times did they not give a thought to the real object of these inquiries? Or did they not care what befel a minion of the state?

There is one bright passage in the history of this unhappy man, who, when broken down in

spirits, firmly asserted the rights of a Briton; and even the name of John Felton may fill a date in the annals of our constitutional freedom.

Felton was menaced with torture. Rushworth has noticed the fact, and given some imperfect notes of his speech, when threatened to be racked; but the following is not only more ample, but more important in its essential particulars. When Lord Dorset told him (says the ms. letter) Mr. Felton, it is the king's pleasure that you should be put to the torture, to make you confess your complices, and therefore prepare yourself for the rack: Felton answered, "My lord, I do not believe that it is the king's pleasure, for he is a just and a gracious prince, and will not have his subjects *tortured against law*. I do affirm upon my salvation that my purpose was not known to any man living; but if it be his majesty's pleasure, I am ready to suffer whatever his majesty will have inflicted upon me. Yet this I must tell you by the way, that if I be put upon the rack, I will accuse you, my Lord of Dorset, and none but yourself*." This firm and sensible speech silenced them. A council was held, the judges were consulted; and on this occasion, they came to a very unexpected de-

* Harl. MSS. 7000. J. Mead to Sir Matt. Stuteville, Sept. 27, 1628.

cision, that "Felton ought not to be tortured by the rack, for no such punishment is known or allowed by our law." Thus the judges condemned what the government had constantly practised. Blackstone yields a fraternal eulogium to the honour of the judges on this occasion; but Hume more philosophically discovers the cause of this sudden tenderness. "So much more exact reasoners with regard to law, had they become from the jealous scruples of the House of Commons." An argument which may be strengthened from cases which are unknown to the writers of our history. Not two years before the present one, a Captain Brodeman, one who had distinguished himself among the "bold speakers" concerning the king and the duke, had been sent to the Tower, and was reported to have expired on the rack; the death seems doubtful, but the fact of his having been racked is repeated in the ms. letters of the times. The rack has been more frequently used as a state-engine than has reached the knowledge of our historians; secret have been the deadly embraces of the Duke of Exeter's daughter*. It

* The rack, or brake, now in the Tower, was introduced by the Duke of Exeter in the reign of Henry VI., as an auxiliary to his project of establishing the civil law in this country; and in derision it was called his daughter.

Cowel's Interp. voc. *Rack*.

was only by an original journal of the transactions in the Tower that Burnet discovered the racking of Anne Askew, a narrative of horror! James the First incidentally mentions in his account of the powder-plot that this rack was *shown* to Guy Fawkes during his examination; and yet under this prince, mild as his temper was, it had been used in a terrific manner*. Elizabeth but too frequently employed this engine of arbitrary power; once she had all the servants of the Duke of Norfolk tortured. I have seen in a ms. of the times heads of charges made against some member of the House of Commons in Elizabeth's reign, among which is one for having written against torturing! Yet Coke, the most eminent of our lawyers, extols the mercy of Elizabeth in the trials of Essex and Southampton, because she

* This remarkable document is preserved by Dalrymple; it is an indorsement in the hand-writing of secretary Winwood, respecting the examination of Peacham, a record whose graduated horrors might have charmed the speculative cruelty of a Domitian or a Nero. "Upon these interrogatories, Peacham this day was examined *before torture, in torture, between torture, and after torture*; notwithstanding, nothing could be drawn from him, he persisting still in his obstinate and insensible denials and former answer." Dalrymple's Mem. and Letters of James I. p. 58.

had not used torture against their accomplices or witnesses. Was it for the head of law itself, as Coke was, to extol the *mercy* of the sovereign for not violating the laws, for not punishing the subject by an illegal act? The truth is, lawyers are rarely philosophers; the history of the heart, read only in statutes and law cases, presents the worst side of human nature: they are apt to consider men as wild beasts; and they have never spoken with any great abhorrence of what they so erroneously considered a means of obtaining confession. Long after these times, Sir George Mackenzie, a great lawyer in the reign of James II. used torture in Scotland. We have seen how the manly spirit of Felton, and the scruples of the Commons, wrenched the hidden law from judges who had hitherto been too silent; and produced that unexpected avowal, which condemned all their former practices. But it was reserved for better times, when philosophy combining with law, enabled the genius of Blackstone to quote with admiration the exquisite ridicule of torture, by Beccaria.

On a rumour that Felton was condemned to suffer torture, an effusion of poetry, the ardent breathings of a pure and youthful spirit, was addressed to the supposed political martyr, by Zouch Townley, of the ancient family of the Townleys in

Lancashire, to whose last descendant the nation owes the first public collection of ancient art*.

The poem I transcribe from a MS. copy of the times; it appears only to have circulated in that secret form, for the writer being summoned to the star-chamber, and not willing to have any such poem addressed to himself, escaped to the Hague.

“ To his confined friend, Mr. Jo. FELTON.

Enjoy thy bondage, make thy prison know
 Thou hast a liberty, thou can'st not owe
 To those base punishments; keep entire, since
 Nothing but guilt shackles the conscience.
 I dare not tempt thy valiant blood to affray,
 Infeebing it with pity; nor dare I pray
 Thine act may mercy finde, least thy great story
 Lose somewhat of its miracle and glory.
 I wish thy merits, laboured cruelty;
 Stout vengeance best befriends thy memory.
 For I would have posterity to hear,
 He that can bravely do can bravely bear.
 Tortures may seem great in a coward's eye;
 It's no great thing to suffer, less to die.
 Should all the clouds fall down, and in that strife,
 Lightning and thunder serve to take my life,

* Z. Townley in 1624 made the Latin oration in memory of Camden, reprinted by Dr. Thomas Smith at the end of Camden's Life. Wood's Fasti. I find his name also among the verses addressed to Ben Jonson, prefixed to his works.

I would appland the wisdom of my fate,
 Which knew to value me of such a rate,
 As to my fall to trouble all the sky,
 Emptying upon me Jove's full armoury.
 Serve in your sharpest mischieffs ; use your rack,
 Enlarge each joint, and make each sinew crack,
 Thy soul before was straitened ; thank thy doom,
 To show her virtue, she hath larger room.
 Yet sure if every artery were broke,
 Thou would'st find strength for such another stroke.
 And now I leave thee unto Death and Fame,
 Which lives to shake Ambition with thy name ;
 And if it were not sin, the court by it
 Should hourly swear before the favourite.
 Farewell ! for thy brave sake we shall not send
 Henceforth commanders, enemies to defend ;
 Nor will it our just monarchs henceforth please,
 To keep an admiral, to lose the seas.
 Farewell ! undaunted stand, and joy to be
 Of public service the epitome.
 Let the duke's name solace and crown thy thrall ;
 All we for him did suffer, thou for all !
 And I dare boldly write, as thou dar'st die,
 Stout Felton, England's ransom, here doth lie !"

This it is to be a great poet. Felton, who was celebrated in such elevated strains, was, at that moment, not the patriot but the penitent. In political history it frequently occurs that the man

who accidentally has effectuated the purpose of a party is immediately invested by them with all their favourite virtues; but in reality, having acted from motives originally insignificant and obscure, his character may be quite the reverse they have made him; and such was that of our "honest Jack." Had Townley had a more intimate acquaintance with his Brutus, we might have lost a noble poem on a noble subject.

JOHNSON'S HINTS FOR THE LIFE OF POPE.

I SHALL preserve a literary curiosity, which perhaps is the only one of its kind. It is an original memorandum of Dr. JOHNSON'S, of hints for the life of POPE, written down as they were suggested to his mind, in the course of his researches. The lines in italics, Johnson had scratched with red ink, probably after having made use of them. These notes should be compared with the life itself. The youthful student will find some use, and the curious be gratified in discovering the gradual labours of research and observation; and that art of seizing on those

general conceptions which afterwards are developed by meditation, and illustrated by Genius. I once thought of accompanying these *hints* by the amplified and finished passages derived from them: but this is an amusement which the reader can contrive for himself. I have extracted the most material notes.

This fragment is a companion-piece to the engraved fac-simile of a page of Pope's Homer, in the fourth volume of this work, of which I shall now observe, that there never was a *more minutely perfect copy* of a manuscript.

That fac-simile was not given to show the autograph of Pope—a practice which has since so generally prevailed, but to exhibit to the eye of the student the fervour and the diligence required in every work of genius: this could only be done by showing the state of the manuscript itself, with all its erasures, and even its half-formed lines; nor could this effect be produced by giving only some of the corrections, which Johnson had already in printed characters. My notion has been approved of, because it was comprehended by writers of genius; yet this fac-simile has been considered as nothing more than an autograph by those literary blockheads, who, without taste and imagination, intruding into the

province of literature, find themselves as awkward as a once popular divine, in his "Christian Life," assures us would certain sinners in paradise—like "pigs in a drawing-room."

POPE.

Nothing occasional. No haste. No rivals. No compulsion.

Practised only one form of verse. Facility from use.

Emulated former pieces. Cooper's-hill. Dryden's ode.

Affected to disdain flattery. *Not happy in his selection of Patrons. Cobham, Bolingbroke*.*

Cibber's abuse will be better to him than a dose of harts-horn.

Poems long delayed.

Satire and praise late, alluding to something past.

He had always some poetical plan in his head †.

Echo to the sense.

Would not constrain himself too much.

Felicities of language. Watts ‡.

Luxury of language.

Motives to study—want of health, want of money—helps to study—some small patrimony.

Prudent and frugal—pint of wine.

* He has added in the *Life*, the name of *Burlington*.

† In the *Life* Johnson gives Swift's complaint that Pope was never at leisure for conversation, because *he had always some poetical scheme in his head*.

‡ Johnson in the *Life* has given Watts's opinion of Pope's poetical diction.

LETTERS.

Amiable disposition—but he gives his own character.

Elaborate. Think what to say—say what one thinks.

Letter on sickness to Steele.

On Solitude. Ostentatious benevolence. Professions of sincerity.

Neglect of fame. Indifference about every thing.

Sometimes gay and airy, sometimes sober and grave.

Too proud of living among the great. Probably forward to make acquaintance. No literary man ever talked so much of his fortune. Grotto. Importance. Post-office, letters open.

Cant of despising the world.

Affectation of despising poetry.

His easiness about the critics.

Something of foppery.

His letters to the ladies—pretty.

Abuse of Scripture—not all early.

Thoughts in his letters that are elsewhere.

ESSAY ON MAN.

Ramsay missed the fall of man.

Others the immortality of the soul. Address to our Saviour.

Excluded by Berkley.

Bolingbroke's notions not understood.

Scale of Being turn it in prose.

Part and not the whole always said.

Conversation with Bol. R. 220.*

* Ruffhead's Life of Pope.

Bol. meant ill. Pope well.

Crousaz. Resnel. Warburton.

Good sense. Luxurious—felicities of language. Wall.

Loved labour—always poetry in his head.

Extreme sensibility. Ill-health, head-aches.

He never laughed.

No conversation.

No writings against Swift.

Parasitical epithets. Six lines of Iliad.*

*He used to set down what occurred of thoughts—a line—
a couplet.*

The humorous lines end sinner. Prunello †.

First line made for the sound, or v. versa.

Foul lines in Jervas.

More notice of books early than late.

DUNCIAD.

The line on Phillips borrowed from another poem.

Pope did not increase the difficulties of writing.

Poetæ pulorum.

* In the Life Johnson says, "Expletives he very early rejected from his verses; but he now and then admits an epithet rather com-
modious than important. Each of the six first lines of the Iliad
might lose two syllables with very little diminution of the meaning;
and sometimes after all his art and labour, one verse seems to be made
for the sake of another."

† He has a few double rhymes; but always, I think, unsuccess-
fully; except one in the Rape of the Lock. Life of Pope,

THE END.

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1875

1876

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