

Deliciae Literariae :

A NEW VOLUME

OF

TABLE-TALK.

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To the Reader.

PERHAPS the title of this little volume may need some apology; and indeed it is rather the Publishers' choice than the Author's. He would have preferred the name of *Nugae*, as less likely to subject him to any charge of vanity, and "for that," in Camden's words, "the book cannot challenge any higher title either for matter or manner of handling, being only the rude rubble and out-cast rubbish of more serious works." But he was reminded, that *Deliciae* bore nearly the same meaning, and that he might warn his readers that he uses it in its more modest signification of toys or phantasies.

With this explanation perhaps his design will be sufficiently obvious. The novelty and interest of collections of this kind must in a great measure depend on the course and extent of the Author's reading: the present Compiler has at least endeavoured to avoid the more common sources from which former writers of *Ana* have gathered their materials. That he has often drawn from fountains of Scottish history and literature will not, he trusts, be deemed a fault by those into whose hands his work is most likely to fall.

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Deliciae Literariae.

Deliciæ Literariæ.

I.

AN AUTHOR'S MEMORY.

IN conversation with the poet Crabbe, one of the witty authors of the Rejected Addresses quoted the lines,—

“ Six years had pass'd, and forty ere the six,
When 'Time began to play his usual tricks :
My locks, once comely in a virgin's sight,
Locks of pure brown, now felt th' encroaching white ;
Gradual each day I liked my horses less,
My dinner more,—I learnt to play at chess.”

“ That's very good !” cried the bard ; “ whose is it ?”—“ Your own.”—“ Indeed ! hah ! well, I had quite forgotten it.”¹

It is told of Dr John Campbell, the author of the Lives of the Admirals, that one day taking up a pamphlet in a bookseller's shop, he liked it so well as to purchase it ; and he read it half through before he discovered that it was his own composition.²

¹ Life of Crabbe by his Son, p. 290.

² Biographia Britannica, vol. iv. edit. Kippis.

These are rare instances, it is to be feared : the case of Madame de Genlis is perhaps less singular. In her latter years, this poor lady, not content with wholesale plagiarisms from Rousseau and Voltaire, took to filching from herself, and, under a different title, would publish the same work twice or thrice. She engaged to compile for a bookseller a *Manuel Encyclopédique de l'Enfance*. The manuscript was put into his hands ; the stipulated price of four hundred francs was paid ; and the work was about to be sent to the press, when the publisher discovered that it was nothing but an exact copy of a book on the same subject which Madame de Genlis had published ten years ago. It was in vain that he demanded restitution of his francs ; and the authoress of *Adèle et Théodore* was dragged before the courts to hear them decide against her.¹

II.

PATRICK HENRY.

BYRON has called this great Transatlantic orator

“ ——— the forest-born Demosthenes,
Whose thunder shook the Philip of the seas.”²

The allusion is to a famous speech in the Virginia Assembly in 1765. “ Caesar had his Brutus,”—said

¹ Biog. Univ. t. lxxv. p. 220. ² The Age of Bronze, st. viii.

Henry,—“ Charles the First, his Cromwell,—and George the Third—” “ Treason!” cried the speaker; and Treason! Treason! was echoed from all sides. “ And George the Third,” continued Henry,—“ may profit by their example.” The revelations of an indiscreet biographer go far to mar the effect of this bold burst. He tells us that Henry’s pronunciation was so depraved that he has been heard to say, “ *Naiteral* parts *is* better than all the *larnin* upon *yearth*.”¹

III.

A HUSBAND CANNOT SELL HIS WIFE.

THE provincial journals of England frequently give instances of a drunken boor driving his wife to market, placing a halter round her neck, and selling her to a neighbour for a shilling. The practice, like most others, seems to have descended to the dregs from the cream of society. In the reign of Edward I. it prevailed among persons of noble and knightly rank, as we learn from a deed still preserved, which may be thus translated :

“ To all good Christians to whom this writ shall come, John de Camoys, son and heir of Sir Ralph

¹ Wirt’s Sketches of the Life and Character of Patrick Henry, p. 53. Philadelphia, 1838.

de Camoys, greeting : Know me to have delivered and yielded up of my own free will to Sir William de Paynel, knight, my wife Margaret de Camoys, daughter and heiress of Sir John de Gatesden ; and likewise to have given and granted to the said Sir William, and to have made over and quit-claimed all goods and chattels which the said Margaret has or may have, or which I may claim in her right ; so that neither I, nor any one in my name, shall at any time hereafter be able to claim any right to the said Margaret, or to her goods and chattels or their pertinents. And I consent and grant, and by this writ declare, that the said Margaret shall abide and remain with the said Sir William during his pleasure. In witness of which, I have placed my seal to this deed before these witnesses : Thomas de Depeston, John de Ferrings, William de Icombe, Henry le Biroun, Stephen Chamberlayne, Walter le Blound, Gilbert de Batecumbe, Robert de Bosco, and others.”¹

The transaction was brought before parliament in the year 1302, when the grant was declared to be null and void.

¹ Grimaldi's *Origines Genealogicae*, pp. 22, 23. London, 1828. 4to.

IV.

CANT.

ETYMOLOGISTS have traced the obnoxious words *Bigot* and *Cant* to a base origin. The first is said to have been coined by the English in derision of the Normans, who, after their conversion to the true faith, distinguished themselves, like most new converts, by enthusiasm and extravagance. Their *cri de guerre* was *Dex aïe*; and God's name was so often in their mouths that "les Anglais et ensuite les Français leur donnèrent le sobriquet de *bigots*, c'est-à-dire, gens qui font tout par Dieu, qui parlent toujours de Dieu; des deux mots anglais *by God* par Dieu."¹

"Cant," says Sir Richard Steele, "is by some people derived from one Andrew Cant, who they say was a presbyterian minister in some illiterate part of Scotland, who by exercise and use had obtained the faculty, *alias* gift, of talking in the pulpit in such a dialect that it is said he was understood by none but his own congregation, and not by all of them. Since Master Cant's time it has been understood in a larger sense, and signifies all sudden exclamations, whin-

¹ Mémoire sur les Trouvères Normands, par M. Pluquet; Mémoires de la Soc. des Antiq. de la Normandie, t. i. p. 376.

ings, unusual tones, and, in fine, all praying and preaching like the unlearned of the presbyterians.”¹

The man to whose name we owe so popular a monosyllable was born in the year 1584, probably of obscure parents. He was educated at the university of Aberdeen, where he became a teacher of Latin in 1614. In a few years he was promoted to a country benefice, though he was known to be an enemy to the episcopal form of church government then established. His ordinary, “Bishop Patrick Forbes, did tolerate him,” says a contemporary, “and his want of learning to maintain his opinions, made him contemptible to the learned doctors of Aberdeen, who took no notice of him.”² The populace were less tolerant, for his induction into his parsonage was tumultuously opposed, and a ballad commemorating the riot has been preserved. It treats Cant with slender respect, giving him the nickname of *Bobbing Andrew*.³ But he was destined to figure in a higher sphere. In the beginning of the civil dissensions of Charles’s time, he is found prominent in the councils of the puritans, by whom he was sent forth to preach up their doctrines, and so gained the title

¹ The Spectator, No. 147. 18th August, 1711.

² Gordon’s Memoirs of Scots Affairs, MS.

³ Buchan’s Ancient Ballads, vol. ii. pp. 266, 317.

of an "Apostle of the Covenant."¹ We are told that he was careful to note down for future vengeance the names of all who refused to subscribe that famous league.² He was a busy member of the memorable Glasgow Assembly of 1638; and the secret history of that meeting relates this anecdote of him: "Mr Andrew Cant (upon whose judgment the assembly did much rely) was desired to deliver his judgment concerning Arminianism. He very gravely and modestly did excuse himself, for that there were many more learned than he to speak of that matter; 'for I,' saith he, 'have been otherwise occupied than in reading Arminius's tenets; for after I had spent some years in the college of Aberdeen, I was promoted to be a doctor (that is usher) of the Grammar school there, and in the mean time I did read Becanus his Theology.' There was one sitting beside him who touched him on the elbow, and told him Becanus was a jesuit, and that he should have said Bucanus. On this he craved the

¹ A profane parody on the Litany, popular in these unhappy times, ran :

" From Dickson, Henderson, and Cant,
Apostles of the Covenant,
Almighty God deliver us."

Third Book of Scottish Pasquils, p. 47. Edinburgh, 1828.

² Spalding's History of the Troubles in Scotland, p. 48.

whole assembly pardon, that he should have named a jesuit, and protested that he never read three lines either on Jesuit or any other popish writer ; ‘ yea,’ saith he, ‘ I abhor reading these men whom they call the Fathers, for one told me, who heard it of Mr Charles Ferme, that they smelled too much of popery : *Bucanus* have I studied, and some English homilies, but above all I owe all I have to the most Reverend Mr Cartwright. I could have studied Mr Calvin’s Institutions, but I found them somewhat harsh and obscure to be understood [that is, he did not understand Latin, for Calvin writes in a plain intelligible style, but his Latin is as refined as any performance that ever appeared in that language within sixteen hundred years] ; and, in the mean time, when I should have studied most, I behoved to marry, being of a complexion quite contrary to our Moderator. Therefore I request you to ask some other’s judgment concerning that ; for Popery, Arminianism, and the Alcoran are all alike known to me.’ ”¹

By this Assembly he was translated from his obscure country parish “ (in order to a farther step in his preferment) to Newbottle, hard by the gates of Edinburgh, where some day it was thought he might enter the pulpit as their minister ; but his unsocial

¹ Third Book of Scottish Pasquils, pp. 47, 48.

temper cooled the city and ministry towards him.”¹ In 1640 he was removed to Aberdeen, but some time passed before he entered on his duties there ; for he found a more congenial employment in marching across the Border with the Blue Bonnets under Leslie. When the Scots entered Newcastle, he was one of two preachers appointed to hold forth in the churches of that city. This crusade over, he went in June 1641 to his new charge ; and immediately set himself to the task of purging the minds of his people from the perilous errors inculcated by their former Episcopal pastors. He denounced private baptism, tolling the bells at funerals, eating beef at Easter, reading the Scriptures or singing psalms at *lykewakes*, and, above all, making merry at Christmas. He instituted lectures on Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, and from these “night-about,” as they were called, “no honest persons durst be absent but were rebuked and cried out against ; nor durst any merchant’s or craftsman’s booth be opened, in order that the kirk might be the better kept.” On the days of fasting, which were of very frequent occurrence, eight, and occasionally twelve hours were occupied in public worship ; and to enforce the abstinence of the citizens, pious persons were appointed to search their kitchens.

¹ Gordon’s Memoirs of Scots Affairs, MS.

Notwithstanding all these reforms, so perverse were the inhabitants in the ways of wickedness, and such was their ignorance in his eyes, that for two years after he went among them, Cant would not administer to them the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.¹ In this manner, as the credulous Wodrow tells us, "he was singularly useful in Aberdeen;" but he seems not to have been very popular, for the same writer informs us, "that he frequently preached in the great square at the Cross of Aberdeen; and one day in time of preaching, somebody or other threw a dead *corby* [crow] at him. He stopped a little, and said, "I know not who it is who has done this open affront, but be what he will, I am much mistaken if there be not as many gazing on him at his death as there are here this day." "Which," says Wodrow, "fell out; in some years the man was taken up for robbery or some crime, and executed in the Grassmarket at Edinburgh, with abundance of onlookers. He that despiseth you despiseth me."² This judgment appears not to have deterred the scoffers; for the records of Cant's kirk-session show, that it was often necessary to bring his ungodly parishioners to trial for such offences as "railing against their mi-

¹ Spalding's Hist. of Troubles, pp. 272, 291, 310, 321, 362, 454, 486.

² Wodrow's *Analecta*, vol. iii. p. 146. MS. Advocates' Library.

nister, by saying, that because the said Mr Andrew spake against Yule [Christmas], he spake like an old fool."

An ungrateful flock like this was unworthy his care ; and he seems to have requited their scorn by neglecting them, for we find him at all times busy in the plots of his factious time. His sermons were much in favour with the Parliament ; and he was frequently chosen to hold forth at the opening or close of their sessions. His discourse delivered before the members in 1644 was thought to be a masterpiece ; he took for his text the twenty-second and twenty-third verses of the fifth chapter of St John's Gospel, and " the main point he drove at, was to state an opposition between King Charles and King Jesus (as he was pleased to speak) ; and upon that account to press resistance to King Charles for the interest of King Jesus."¹ He was on all occasions an undaunted opponent of the temporal monarch ; it is said, that by his advice the Earl Marischal held out his castle of Dunnottar against Montrose, then in arms for the king ; and when the great marquis, according to the barbarous usage of the time, gave the neighbouring hamlets to the flames, Mr Andrew comforted the Marischal, by assuring him, that the smoke of the ruined village was " a sweet-smell-

¹ Bishop Guthry's Memoirs, p. 157.

ing savour in the nostrils of the Lord.”¹ To the proceedings of the more moderate Covenanters, who, on the martyrdom of Charles I. sought to place his son, whom they had crowned King of Scotland, on the English throne, Cant was wholly hostile; in 1650 he waited on General David Leslie to tell him “that he thought one crown was enough for any one man, and that one kingdom might serve him very well.”² Though entertaining such sentiments, Cant does not seem to have found favour with Cromwell or his generals; and after the English occupation of Scotland, his power began to wane. His parishioners, whom for ten years he had ruled with a rod of iron, at length dared to murmur under their yoke. For a while he set them at defiance, railing at the magistrates from the pulpit, and “cursing in his prayers” those who were obnoxious to him; but on the eve of the Restoration, warned by the signs of the times, he abandoned his charge, and fled from the city with his wife and family. He was soon after formally deposed; the clergyman who pronounced the sentence had been ordained by Cant, who was present in church, and on hearing the sentence read, cried out, “Davie! Davie! I kent aye ye would do this, from the day I laid my

¹ Pennant's *Second Tour in Scotland*, in Pinkerton's *Voyages and Travels*, vol. iii. p. 430.

² Sir James Balfour's *Annales of Scotland*, vol. iv. p. 161.

hands on your head." He survived his ejection only three years. On the 30th April 1663 he breathed his last, in the seventy-ninth year of his age, and the forty-ninth of his ministry. "My conscience," he exclaimed "on his deathbed, bears me witness that I never gave a wrong touch to the Ark of God in all my days."¹ He was interred in St Nicholas' church-yard, at Aberdeen; and a Latin epitaph on his tombstone records how, by his ~~own~~ conversation and walk, he upheld declining religion, reformed the degenerate manners of the world, and was a flaming Boanerges and a loving Barnabas!²

His Presbyterian spirit would have been sorely vexed if he had lived to see the backslidings of his children. His daughter Sarah died a *Quaker*;³ and his son Andrew, after distinguishing himself by Christmas and Thirtieth-of-January Sermons, lived to become a Nonjuring *Bishop*!⁴ It is said that his father dreaded some calamity like this. "One day,"

¹ Wodrow's *Analecta*, vol. iii. p. 265. MS.

² Collection of Epitaphs in Scotland, p. 133. Glasgow, 1834.

³ Diary of Alexander Jaffray, with Memoirs of the People called Quakers in the north of Scotland. By John Barclay. P. 322. Lond. 1833.

⁴ Keith's *Catal. Scot. Bish.* p. 553. *Archaeologia Scotica*, vol. i. p. 357. Jaffray's *Diary*, p. 216. Bower's *Hist. of Univ. of Edinb.* vol. i. p. 297. It is said, that for one of his Thirtieth-of-January Sermons he "got above 800 merks." Pitcairn's

says Patrick Walker, "going a piece of way together, he was skipping before his father, who said to him, 'Souple Andrew, I fear that be thy fault all thy days, both in principle and practice.' " The same excellent pedlar informs us, that Mr John Semple having heard "the old worthy Mr Andrew Cant preach in the morning, and his son in the evening, and after supper being desired to pray, had these singular expressions anent their sermons: 'Lord, we had a very good dish set before us this forenoon in a very homely dress; and in the afternoon wholesome food, but in a very airy fine dress. Good Lord, pierce his heart with the compunction of a broken law, and fright him with the terror of the curses thereof. Good Lord, *brod* [prick] him, and let the wind out of him; make him like his father, otherwise he will be a sad grief of heart to many.' " ¹

In the popular belief, the clergyman who deposed Cant met a fearful doom. "As he was walking in the Links of Montrose," says Wodrow, "about the twilight, at a pretty distance from the town, he espied as it were a woman all in white standing not far from him, who immediately disappeared; and he coming up presently to the place, saw no person

Babel, pp. 75, 76. Edinb. 1830. He is accused of being one of the chief authors of that scandalous work, *The Scots Presbyterian Eloquence Display'd*.

¹ *Biographia Presbyteriana*, vol. i. p. 164. Edinb. 1827.

there, though the Links be very plain. Only casting his eyes on the place where she stood, he saw two words drawn and written as it had been with a staff upon the sand,—‘SENTENCED AND CONDEMNED ;’ upon which he came home very pensive and melancholy, and in a little sickens and dies. What to make of this,” concludes the Presbyterian martyrologist, “or what truth is in it, I cannot tell ; only I had it from a minister who lives near Montrose.”¹

V.

INEXPRESSIBLES.

THAT part of dress which it is now unlawful to name, seems of old to have had the singular virtue of discomfiting witches and demons.

Every one may have heard how the bare vision of St Francis’ inexpressibles put the devil to flight.

In Thuringia, it is believed that, to keep the fairies from stealing babies, you have only to hang the father’s breeches on the bed.²

¹ Wodrow’s *Analecta*, vol. i. p. 149. MS.

² Crofton Croker’s *Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland*, pp. 50, 51. I think I have heard that in some parts of Scotland the father’s breeches were placed under the pillow. Another preventive is described by Alexander Ross :

“ A clear brunt coal wi’ the het tengs was taen
Frae out the ingle-mids, fu’ clear and clean,
And throw the corsy-belly letten fa’,
For fear the wee ane sud be taen awa.”

Fortunate Shepherdess.

Reginald Scot, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, gives this “charme to find her that bewitched your kine” :—“ Put a pair of breeches upon the cowe’s head, and beat her out of the pasture with a good cudgell, upon a Fridaie, and she will runne right to the witchesdore and strike thereat with her hornes.”¹

The same mystic spell prevailed against the famous Brownie of Blednoch in Galloway :—

“ On Blednoch banks, an’ on crystal Cree,
For many a day a toil’d wight was he ;
While the bairns play’d harmless roun’ his knee,
Sae social was Aiken-drum.

But a new-made wife, fu’ o’ rippish freaks,
Fond o’ a’ things feat for the five first weeks,
Laid a mouldy pair o’ her ain man’s *breeks*
By the brose o’ Aiken-drum.

Let the learn’d decide, when they convene,
What spell was him an’ the *breeks* between ;
For frae that day forth he was nae mair seen,
And sair miss’d was Aiken-drum.

He was heard by a herd gaun by the Thrieve,
Crying, ‘ Lang, lang now may I greit an’ grieve,

¹ Retrospective Review, vol. v. p. 110.

For, alas ! I hae gotten baith fee an' leave
O, luckless Aiken-drum !' "¹

VI.

DAVID MALLET AND PIERRE PASCAL.

ONE of the least reputable actions of Mallet, whose character unfortunately is liable to several unpleasant charges, was his conduct towards the Marlborough family. For a thousand pounds bequeathed to him by the duchess, he undertook to write the life of the conqueror of Blenheim. From the second duke likewise he had a pension to promote his industry. He talked much of the progress he had made in this great work ; but left not, when he died, the smallest vestige of it behind him ! Dr Johnson (from whom we learn that he was the prettiest dressed puppet about town, and always kept good company) tells us that he was never deceived by Mallet's talk, but saw and always said that he had not written any part of the life of the Duke of Marlborough.²

Pierre Pascal, a Gascon, who died in 1565, was guilty of a like unworthy artifice. He had a pen-

¹ Chambers' Popular Rhymes of Scotland, p. 276. Edin. 1826.

² Croker's Boswell's Johnson, vol. ii. p. 408 ; vol. iv. p. 258.

sion of twelve hundred pounds a-year from Henry II. of France for his encouragement to write the history of that country. To keep the king's hopes awake he occasionally dropped a sheet inscribed, "*P. Paschalii, Liber Quartus Rerum a Francis Gestarum;*" but when he died, it was discovered that he had never begun the work.¹

VII.

LIFE SAVED BY LAUGHTER.

"THE health of Erasmus," says Mr Charles Butler, "was always very delicate, and he now began to feel the infirmities of old age. He was afflicted by an imposthume, and the worst was feared, when he was cured of it in an extraordinary manner. . . . The perusal of the celebrated '*Literae Obscurorum Virorum*' threw him into a fit of immoderate laughter; the imposthume burst, and the laughter was cured."²

A like tale is told of Dr Patrick Scougal, a Scottish bishop in the seventeenth century.³ An old woman earnestly besought him to visit her sick cow; the

¹ Biog. Univ. t. xxxiii. p. 45. Menckenii de Charlataneria Eruditorum Declamat. Duæ, p. 128. edit. Amstel. 1716.

² Butler's Life of Erasmus, p. 199. Lond. 1825.

³ He died in 1682, in the seventy-third year of his age. (Keith's Catal. Scot. Bish. p. 133.) Bishop Burnet says

prelate, after many remonstrances, reluctantly consented, and, walking round the beast, said gravely, "If she live, she live ; and if she die, she die ; and I can do nae mair for her." Not long afterwards he was dangerously afflicted with a quinsy in the throat : the old woman having got access to his chamber walked round his bed, repeating the charm which she believed had cured her cow ; whereat the bishop was seized with a fit of laughter, which broke the quinsy and saved his life.

An old English dramatist alludes to a third instance :

" I am come to tell you
Your brother hath intended you some sport :
A great physitian, when the pope was sicke
Of a deepe melancholly, presented him
With severall sorts of mad-men, which wilde object
(Being full of change and sport) forc'd him to laugh,
And so th' impost-hume broke : the self same cure
The duke intends on you."¹

of him, that "he had a way of familiarity by which he gave every body all sort of freedom with him, and in which, at the same time, he inspired them with a veneration for him, and by that he gained so much on their affections, that he was considered as the common father of his whole diocese, and the Dissenters themselves seemed to esteem him no less than the Conformists did."—Preface to *Life of Bishop Bedell*.

¹ Webster's *Dutchesse of Malfy*, act iv. scene ii.

VIII.

ON REVOLUTIONS.

THE novelty of the sentiments which I am about to quote is less remarkable than the time and place where they were spoken, and the character of the speaker. It was on the 10th May 1792, and in the revolutionary assembly of France, that M. Antoine Français de Nantes, who for his democratic zeal was chosen to the mission from the Revolutionary Club of Nantes to the Corresponding Societies in England, delivered himself of the following remarks: "When the earth is afflicted by long and severe winters, we see that the savage beasts of the forest leave their dens, and advance even to the gates of cities to seize their human prey. Such is the effect of great revolutions! they call upon the stage of the world scoundrels who but for them would have rotted in obscurity." The revolutionary ardour of the orator ended only with his life in the year 1836.¹

IX.

THE DECAY OF SUPERSTITIONS.

THREE epochs are memorable in the history of Po-

¹ Biogr. Univ. t. lxiv. pp. 396-400.

pular Superstitions; the Nativity of our Saviour, the Introduction of Christianity, the Reformation.

Sir Thomas Browne has a chapter against the common belief “that Oracles ceased or grew mute at the coming of Christ.”² He maintains that “to consist with history, by cessation of Oracles, we must understand their intercision, not abscission or consummate desolation; their rare delivery not a totall dereliction. And thus may wee reconcile the accounts of times, and allow those few and broken Divinations, whereof we reade in story and undeniable Authors. For that they received this blow from Christ, and no other causes alleged by the Heathens, from oraculous confession they cannot deny; whereof upon record there are some very remarkeable. The first, that Oracle of Delphos delivered unto Augustus.

*Me puer Hebræus Divos Deus ipse gubernans
Cedere sede jubet, tristemque redire sub orcum;
Aris ergo dehinc tacitus discedito nostris.*

*An Hebrew child, a God all gods excelling,
To hell againe commands me from this dwelling.
Our Altars leave in silence, and no more
A resolution e’er from hence implore.*

A second recorded by Plutarch, of a voyce that was heard to cry unto mariners at the sea, Great Pan is

² *Vulgar Errors*, b. vii. ch. xii. p. 361-363. Lond. 1646.

dead ! A third reported by Eusebius, in the life of his magnified Constantine, that about that time Apollo mourned, declaring his oracles were false, and that the righteous upon earth did hinder him from speaking truth." This desolation of the pagan shrines is beautifully described by Milton in his magnificent hymn "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity."

" The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell.
The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,

A voice of weeping heard and loud lament :
From haunted spring and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,

The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets
mourn."

It seems to have been the belief of the middle

ages, that on the establishment of Christianity the Fairies departed from the land. Thus Chaucer writes in the Wif of Bathe's Tale :—

“ In olde dayes of the King Artour,
Of which that Bretons speke gret honour,
All was this lond ful filled of faerie ;
The elf-queen with her joly compaignie
Danced ful oft in many a grene mede.
This was the old opinion as I rede ;
I speke of many hundred yeres ago ;
But now can no man see non elves mo,
For now the grete charitee and prayeres
Of limitoures and other holy freres,
That serchen every land and every streme,
As thikke as motes in the sonne-beme,
Blissing halles, chamberes, kichenes, and boures,
Citces and burghes, castles high and toures,
Thropes and bernes, shepenes and dairies,
This maketh that there ben no fairies :
For ther as wont to walken was an elf
Ther walketh now the limitour himself.”

Undoubtedly we must take this passage in a qualified sense ; for the Fairy Mythology flourished for centuries after Chaucer's death ; and when the Reformation came, the same virtue was imputed to it of banishing the Elves which had been as-

cribed to the growth of monasteries. Bishop Corbet has left a Farewell to the Fairies, in which he tells how—

“ . . . merrily went their tabour
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelayes
Of theirs, which yet remaine ;
Were footed in Queene Marie's dayes
On many a grassy playne.”
But since of late Elizabeth
And later James came in ;
They never dane'd on any heath
As when the time hath bin.

By which wee note the fairies
Were of the old profession :
Their songs were *Ave Maries*,
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas ! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas ;
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.”¹

Sir Walter Scott has woven the same belief into the

¹ Percy's Reliques, vol. iv. p. 115, edit. Lond. 1823.

ballad which he places in the mouths of the Protestant revellers in the Abbot :—

“ From haunted spring and grassy ring,
Troop Goblin, Elf, and Fairy ;
And the Kelpie must flit from the black bog-pit,
And the Brownie must not tarry ;
To Limbo-lake, their way they take,
With scarce the pith to flee.
Sing hey trix, trim go trix,
Under the green eld tree.”¹

In remote places the Fairy creed survived even the Reformation, and only received its death-blow from the Revolution. “ In the days of Charles II.,” says the historian of Murray, “ almost every large common was said to have a circle of Fairies belonging to it. Apparitions were every where talked of and believed. Particular families were said to be haunted by certain Demons, the good or bad Geniuses of these families ; such as, on Speyside, the family of Rothiemurchus, by *Bodach-an-Dun*, i. e. the Ghost of the Dune ; the Baron of Kinchardine’s family, by *Red*

¹ Poetry of the Waverley Novels, p. 249. Edinburgh, 1822. The original of the ballad will be found in the singular collection called “ Ane Compendious Booke of Godly and Spiritvall Songs,” printed at Edinburgh in 1590, reprinted in 1600 and in 1621, and more lately in Dalrymple’s *Scotish Poems of the Sixteenth Century*. Edinburgh, 1801.

Hand, or a ghost, one of whose hands was blood-red ; Gartinbeg by *Bodach-Gartin*; Glenlochic by *Brownie*; Tullochgorm by *Maag Moulach*, *i. e.* one with the left hand all over hairy. I find in the Synod records of Moray frequent orders to the Presbyteries of Aberlaure and Abernethie to inquire into the truth of *Maag Moulach's* appearing ; but they could make no discovery, only that one or two men declared they once saw in the evening a Young Girl, whose left hand was all hairy, and who instantly disappeared. . . . But after the Revolution, the most distant corners being planted with ministers, schools erected in almost every parish, and natural philosophy much improved, ignorance was gradually removed, and superstition lost credit. Apparitions, Fairies, Witches, Tarans, have disappeared ; and few regard the stories concerning them except stupid old people, who cannot shake off their prejudices."¹

“Oracles,” says Selden, “ceased presently after Christ, as soon as nobody believed them ; just as we have no fortune-tellers nor wise men, when nobody cares for them.”² And thus, in the beautiful language of Coleridge,—

“The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,

¹ Shaw's History of Moray, p. 306. Edinburgh, 1775.

² Seldeniana, p. 94, edit. Lond. 1821.

The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
 That had their haunts in dale, or piny mountain,
 Or forest by slow stream, or pebbly spring,
 Or chasms and wat'ry depths; all these have vanish'd.
 They live no longer in the faith of reason!"¹

X.

THE NOBLEST HOUSE IN SCOTLAND.

THE question, Which is the reddest blood in Scotland? has been thus determined by the greatest of our Scottish, perhaps of all European genealogists, Mr Riddell: "The ancient House of Winton, of whom the Earl of Eglinton, in every appearance, is the chief, may be now held the noblest in North Britain. It is almost enough here to add, that the ducal families of Gordon and Sutherland (in the person of the late Duchess), and the Earl of Aboyne (now Marquis of Huntly), are their cadets in the male line."²

XI.

NAMING A MEMBER.

THE learned Hatsell has somewhat disturbed the

¹ Coleridge's Translation of *The Piccolomini*, act ii. sc. iv.

² Remarks upon Scotch Peerage Law, as connected with certain points in the late case of the Earldom of Devon; to which are added, Desultory Observations upon the nature and descent of Scotch Peerages. By John Riddell, Esq. Advocate, p. 120. Edinb. 1833.

gravity of his profound work on Parliament by a story that he says “used to be told of Mr Speaker Onslow, and which those who ridiculed his strict observance of forms were fond of repeating,—that as he often, upon a member’s not attending to him, but persisting in any disorder, threatened to name him,—‘Sir, sir, I must name you,’—on being asked what would be the consequence of putting that threat into execution and naming a member, he answered, ‘The Lord in heaven knows!’”¹

XII.

ORIGIN OF THE FAMILY OF BRUCE.

Our genealogists rarely seek to stretch their pedigrees beyond the Norman invasion : they seem content if they can say with Christophero Sly, “The Slies are no rogues ; look in the chronicles ; we came in with Richard Conqueror.” M. de Gerville, a learned Norman, not long ago turned his attention to this neglected field,² and by his laborious investigations has brought to light much interesting matter regarding our Anglo-Norman families.

He justly regards as among the most curious of

¹ Hatsell’s *Precedents of Proceedings in the House of Commons*, vol. ii. p. 237, edit. Lond. 1818.

² *Recherche sur les Anciens Chateaux du Département de la Manche*. Caen, 1825.

his discoveries that which relates to the family of Bruce. Scottish antiquaries have suggested that this illustrious name is of Norwegian origin;¹ but M. de Gerville shows that it is derived from a domain in the arrondissement de Valognes, on the road from Cherbourg to Paris. The place is now called Brix, but was named Bruce or Bruis long before the conquest of England, or even before the cession of Neustria to Rollo the Ganger. The chronicle of the abbey of Fontenelle under the year 727 speaks of a parish termed Brucius, which is certainly known to be the modern Brix. Some remains of the ancient castle of the Bruces still exist on the eastern extremity of the ridge which is crowned by the church of Brix. They are situated a short distance to the eastward of that building on a rising ground which has been artificially scarped on two sides. On the other quarters the fortress was strengthened by intrenchments and a deep and wide ditch. Though little now remains but the foundations, detached masses of masonry, and a few half-buried vaults, it is evident that the hold was one of the largest in the province, and suitable to the high dignity of its lords, who ranked with the first barons of Normandy. It was dismantled in the thirteenth century, but its ruins were remarkable for their extent even in the

¹ Dr Jamieson's Wallace and Bruce, vol. i. p. 11.

sixteenth, and since that time they have served as a quarry for the building of the modern church of Brix. Little is known of its history. M. de Gerville conjectures that it was built about the middle of the twelfth century by an Adam de Bruis, from whom it derived its name of *Chateau d'Adam*. In May 1194 Richard Cœur-de-Lion passed a night at Bruis. In the beginning of the thirteenth century the Norman possessions of the Bruces were forfeited to the French crown, on the same grounds, it would appear, with those of the greater portion of the Anglo-Norman nobles ; who, holding much larger domains in England, took part with that country against the French king. Besides the barony of Brix, the Bruces held in the same parish the barony of Luthumière, which after their forfeiture was conferred on the illustrious family of Du Hommet, the hereditary constables of Normandy, and the kinsmen of its duke. This house had intermarried with that of Bruce, and appears to have had a hereditary claim to its possessions in right of Luce, the heiress of Adam de Bruis. M. de Gerville adds, that Richard de Bruis was Bishop of Coutances from 1124 to 1131, and that the family were liberal benefactors to the neighbouring monasteries of Saint-Sauveur-le-Vicomte and De Cessay. Most of these pious donations seem to have been made by that Adam de Bruis who died in 1162, and whose

name was given to the castle, and to a paved road or causeway in the forest of Brix.

The history of the English branch of the Bruces has been illustrated by Dugdale. Robert de Bruis, who accompanied William the Conqueror, obtained from him many lands, of which the barony of Skelton in Yorkshire was the chief. His son Robert inherited his father's ample possessions, and added to them the wide domain of Annandale in Scotland. The charter which David I. about the year 1124 granted in his favour still exists in the British Museum, and a literal translation of it may perhaps be not unacceptable.

“David by the grace of God king of the Scots, to all his barons, lieges, and friends, Norman and English, wishes greeting :

“Know me to have given and granted to Robert de Brus, Estrahanent [Strath-Annan, Annandale], and all the land from the boundary of Dunegal de Stranit [Strath-Nith, Nithsdale] to the boundary of Randulf Meschine. And I will and yield him to have and hold that land and his castle, well and honourably, with all its rights; namely, with all the rights which Randulf Meschine ever had in Cardville in his land of Cumberland, on the day in which he had them best and freest.

“Witnesses,—Eustace Fitz-John, and Hugo de Morville, and Alan de Perci, and William de

Sumerville, and Berenger Engain, and Randulf de Sules, and William de Morville, and Hervi Fitz-Warin, and Edmund the Chamberlain. At Scone.”¹

XIII.

ACADEMIC QUESTIONS IN WITCHCRAFT.

PERHAPS few of those who censure the credulity of King James VI. know that the most learned men of his time and nation occasionally discussed points of demonology in the solemn meetings of their universities. One of the *theses* disputed at St Andrews in 1599, under the auspices of the enlightened Andrew Melville, runs thus :—“ An vi sortilega aut diabolica sagarum, aut strigum, corpora transportentur, aut transformentur, aut animæ corporibus solvantur ad tempus et hæc transportatio aut transformatio corporum, aut instar cadaveris projecti, sine sensu sine motu, quasi exulante aut saltem feriante anima, veternus et lethargia spectabilis satis ne firmum et evidens sit istius execrandæ δαιμονομανίας argumentum ?”² There is little reason to doubt that the university determined in the affirmative.

¹ Stevenson's *Illustrations of Scotch History*, p. 12. Glasg. 1834.

² *Scholastica Diatriba de Rebus Divinis ad Anquirendam et inveniendam veritatem, à candidatis S. Theol. habenda (Deo volente) ad d. xxvi. et xxvii. Julij in Scholis*

XIV.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

AN intelligent Glasgow bookseller, examined by a committee of the House of Commons, declared that "the women in the lower class of life have better heads than the men!"¹ I cite the observation for the benefit of the disciples of Mistress Mary Wolstonecraft, though perhaps few persons who have had means of judging in the matter will deny its truth.

Theologicis Acad. Andreanæ, Spiritu Sancto Præside. D. And. Melvino, S. Theol. D. et illius facultatis Decano *συζήτησιν* moderante, p. 14. Edinbvr̄gi, Excudebat Robertus Walde-graue, Typographus Regius, 1599. In enumerating Melville's works Dr M'Crie (Life of Melville, vol. ii. p. 510) has overlooked two rare tracts. 1. "De Justificatione Hominis coram Deo, Theses Theologicæ quas Spiritu S. præside, D. And. Melvino, SS. Theol. Professore, et ejus Facultatis Decano *συζήτησιν* moderante, tueri conabitur M. Patricius Geddæus, in scholis theologicis Academiae Andreanæ, Ad diem xxii Julij. Edinburgi, Excudebat Robertus Walde-graue, Typographus Regius, 1600." 2. "Theses Theologicæ de Peccato, quas Spiritu Sancto Præside, D. Andrea Melvino, SS. Theol. Prof. &c. tueri conabor Joannes Scharpius ad d. iii. et iv. Julij in Scholis Theologicis Academiae Andreanæ. Edinburgi, excud. R. Walde-graue, 1600."

¹ First Report on Postage, p. 368. Parl. Pap. Sess. 1838, No. 278.

XV.

FUNERAL CUSTOM.

AN interesting funeral usage has long been observed in an old family in the north of Scotland. When the coffin has been lowered to its resting-place, fire is set to a torch placed beside it, and the doors of the vault are hastily closed, not to be opened until another tenant is given to the tomb.

XVI.

PRIVILEGES OF THE PEERAGE.

BURKE has drawn the character of "peerage-writers" with his usual felicity. "These gentle historians dip their pens in nothing but the milk of human kindness. They seek no farther for merit than the preamble of a patent or the inscription of a tomb. With them every man created a peer is first a hero ready made. They judge of every man's capacity for office by the offices he has filled; and the more offices the more ability. Every general-officer with them is a Marlborough, every statesman a Burleigh; every judge a Murray or a Yorke. They who, alive, were laughed at or pitied by all their acquaintance, make as good a figure as the best of

them in the pages of Guillim, Edmondson, and Collins.”¹

Lord Hailes has left a curious illustration of this passage in his manuscript notes on Sir Robert Douglas's Peerage. “John, fifth Viscount —, was a man of *great honour and probity*,” says Sir Robert. “*Priscæ fidei* in Latin,” remarks his annotator,—“in English, a Jacobite nonjuror. Brigadier Middleton dishonourably obtained his interest in the town of B—— by drinking the Pretender's health, and used to ask a dispensation from Sir Robert Walpole to preserve an interest so dishonourably procured.”—“Duncan died unmarried,” writes the courtly knight-baronet.—“He was set aside for being an idiot,” observes the accurate judge. “Mr Spittal of Leuchit said he was wiser than that notorious fool his younger brother.”²

Yet truth will sometimes escape the pens of these flatterers by profession. A writer on the immunities of Scottish lords has deemed it necessary to record a singular attempt to vindicate for nobility the right of keeping a common gambling-house. “On the 29th of April 1745, the House of Lords having been informed that ‘claims of privilege of

¹ Letter to a noble lord on the attacks of the Duke of Bedford and the Earl of Lauderdale, 1796. Burke's Works, vol. ii. p. 266, edit. Lond. 1837.

² *Analecta Scotica*, vol. i. pp. 160, 161.

peerage were made and insisted on by the Ladies Mordington and Cassilis, in order to intimidate the peace-officers from doing their duty in suppressing the public gaming-houses kept by the said ladies,' and a writing under the hand of the Lady Mordington, containing the claim she made of privilege for her officers and servants employed by her in the said gaming-house, having been read,—

“The House ‘resolved and declared, That no person is entitled to privilege of peerage against any prosecution or proceeding for keeping any public or common gaming-house, or any house, room, or place, for playing at any game or games prohibited by any law now in force.’”¹

Another courtly compiler of a peerage has admitted into his folios a kindred anecdote. “A curious decision of the Court of Session was given on the 3d July 1662. Lord Coupar, sitting in Parliament, taking out his watch, handed it to Lord Pitsligo, who refusing to restore it, an action was brought for the value. Lord Pitsligo said, that Lord Coupar having put his watch in his hand to see what hour it was, Lord Sinclair putting forth his hand for a sight of the watch, Lord Pitsligo put it into Lord Sinclair’s hand, in the presence of Lord Coupar,

¹ Robertson’s Proceedings relative to the Peerage of Scotland, p. 246. Edinb. 1790.

without contradiction, which must necessarily import his consent. Lord Coupar answered, that they being then sitting in Parliament his silence could not import a consent. The Lords repelled Lord Pitsligo's defence, and found him liable in the value of the watch."¹

XVII.

MALLET'S MARGARET'S GHOST.

MALLET tells us that this beautiful ballad was suggested to him by a fragment quoted in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays:—

“ When it was grown to dark midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In came Margaret's grimly ghost,
And stood at William's feet.”²

“ These lines,” he says, “ naked of ornament and simple as they are, struck my fancy, and, bringing fresh into my mind an unhappy adventure much talked of formerly, gave birth to the poem.” It first appeared in a newspaper about the year 1724, and has been a thousand times reprinted ; but none of its editors has elucidated the tragic tale to which it owes its origin. In Hutton's Mathematical Dic-

¹ Wood's Peerage of Scotland, vol. i. p. 363.

² The ballad will be found at length in Percy's Reliques, vol. iv. p. 21-24.

tionary, in a memoir the materials for which were supplied by Dr Reid the famous philosopher, who was a kinsman of the family, is given an account of James Gregory, the brother of the celebrated Savilian professor of astronomy in Oxford. In the year 1691 he succeeded his brother in the chair of mathematics in the University of Edinburgh, and held the office for thirty-three years, till in 1725 he was succeeded by the more famous Maclaurin. "A daughter of this Professor Gregory," says Dr Reid, "was the victim of an unfortunate attachment, which became the subject of Mallet's ballad of William and Margaret."¹ From a MS. collection of verses of the beginning of the last century I learn that her seducer was a kinsman, probably the nephew, of Archbishop Sharp. To some lines entitled "Miranda's Ghost to Strephon" is prefixed this note: "Miranda's ghost to Mr Sharp, son to Stonyhill: She was daughter to Mr Gregorie, professor of mathematics in Edinburgh College; Sharp dishonoured her, and she died." The verses themselves have little merit; they begin thus:—

"You need not wonder, Strephon, at this hour
What brings me to your solitary bower,
Wrapt up in air my shade can move along,
And pass unheeded through the busy throng."

¹ Hutton's Mathematical Dictionary, vol. i. p. 601-605.

The following passage is prophetic :—

“ O had my shame been buried with my name,
Death had been welcome, Strephon less to blame!
But while my ashes in the urn now lie,
Miranda's shame is echoed to the sky.
With falcon's speed detraction ever flies,
Though virtue may, yet scandal never dies,
Some barbarous muse will bear it on her wing,
And my sad tale shall future poets sing.”

The same collection contains a copy of verses on the marriage of James Justice, son of Sir John Justice of Justicehall, with Margaret, daughter of Alexander Murray of Cringletie. They are inscribed “ upon Mr Sharp's penitence and Mrs Justice's obduredness, both equally guilty of perjury and breach of most solemn vows.” They run thus :

While Sharp lies groaning under deep despair
For breach of vows to Gregory the fair,
The moorland heiress, with a brow of brass,
Joys in her perjured self with John Just-ass.

A note informs us that Miss Murray had been betrothed to the son of Sir William Hope, but broke her troth.

XVIII.

WATERING-PLACES.

EVERY visiter of a watering-place must have heard of the almost incredible quantities of water which the more zealous worshippers of the spring contrive to swallow, as they affirm, without any inconvenience. The practice has at least antiquity and catholicity to commend it.

The eulogist of a spring at Aberdeen in the year 1580, says "it givis gud appetyte to them quha ar destitut thairof, and gif ony man drink twentie pound wecht of this Fontaine he finds no charge nor burden of the stomak nor bellie by the watter."¹

Dr Patrick Anderson, who undertook to publish the virtues of a well at Kinghorn in the year 1618, vouches that its waters have the same quality: "Out of the broad face of this foresaid rock springs most pleasandly a verie cleir and delicate cauld water, which being drunk in great measure is never for all that felt in the belly."²

¹ Ane Breif descriptionn of the qualiteis and effectis of the well of the woman hill besyde Abirdine. Anno Do. 1580.

² The Colde Spring of Kinghorne Craig. His admirable and New Tryed Properties, so far foorth as yet are found true by Experience. Written by Patrik Anderson, D. of Physick. Edinburgh, 1618. The author was the inventor

Sir George Head tells us that at the Dinsdale Spa, in the north of England, “some of the patients drink four and others six large tumblers before breakfast : one slim gentleman in particular informed me he took twelve tumblers in the course of one morning. They all say, that, drink as much as ever they will, they never feel full.”¹

They are equally insatiable in America. “Our day’s journey,” says Captain Hamilton, “terminated at Flintstown, a solitary inn on the eastern slope of the Alleghanies, near which is a mineral spring, whereof the passengers drank each about a gallon, without experiencing, as they unanimously declared, effect of any sort.”²

Some physiologists at once corroborate and explain

of certain pills which yet continue in some reputation. He seems to have been a good Protestant, for he is anxious to assure the world that the waters of his Cauld Spring “are not lyk the superstitious or mud-earth Wells of *Menteith*, or Lady Well of *Strath-erne*, and our Ladie Well of *Ruthven*, with a number of others in this cuntrie, all tapestried about with old rags, as certaine signes and sacraments, wherewith they arle the divell with ane arls-pennie of their health ; so subtil is that false knave, making them believe that it is only the vertue of the water, and no thing els. Such people can not say with David, *The Lord is my helper*, but the Devill.”

¹ Sir George Head’s Home Tour, p. 307. Lond. 1836.

² Men and Manners in America, vol. ii. p. 160. Edinb. 1833.

the thing. "So rapid," says one, "is absorption from the stomach in the morning, that I have repeatedly seen *nine* tumblers of a saline mineral water taken at eight o'clock, and a very hearty breakfast finished within half an hour after the water was drunk!"¹

XIX.

MONACHISM.

ONE of the Oxford divines, whose writings are now so much spoken of, has so expressed himself as if he wished the revival of some kind of monachism. "Great towns will never be evangelized merely by the parochial system; they are beyond the sphere of the parish priest, burdened as he is with the endearments and anxieties of a family. . . . It has lately come into my head, that the present state of things in England makes an opening for reviving the monastic system. . . . I think of putting the view forward under the title of 'Project for reviving Religion in great towns.' Certainly colleges of unmarried priests (who might of course retire to a living when they could and liked), would be the cheapest possible way of providing for the spiritual

² Dr Combe on Digestion and Dietetics, p. 195. Edinb. 1836. He refers for instances to Sir Francis Head's Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau.

wants of a large population. . . . You must have *dissent* or *monachism* in a Christian country ; so make your choice.”¹ These opinions are perhaps more strange than new ; for views very like them were held by Swift. “The institution of convents,” says the editor of *Swiftiana*, “seems in one point a strain of great wisdom, there being few irregularities in human passions, that may not have recourse to vent themselves in some of those orders, which are so many retreats for the speculative, the melancholy, the proud, the silent, the politic, and the morose to spend their lives, and evaporate the obnoxious particles ; ‘*for each of whom in England,*’ says Swift forcibly, ‘*we are forced to provide a several sect of religion to keep them quiet.*’ ”²

XX.

HARDHAM'S No. 37.

THIS famous snuff derives its name from John Hardham, a native of Chichester, who died in the year 1772. He was bred to the employment of a lapidary or diamond-cutter ; but abandoned that for the business of a tobacconist. He was intimate with the wits and critics of his time, and wrote The

¹ Froude's *Remains*, cited in Dr Pusey's *Letter to the Lord Bishop of Oxford*, p. 208, note.

² *Swiftiana*, vol. i. p. 164. Lond, 1804.

Fortune Tellers, a comedy, which was never acted. He was at once the patron and teacher of many candidates for histrionic fame, so that we are told, "he was seldom without embryo Richards and Hotspurs strutting and bellowing in his dining-room, or the parlour behind his shop, which was at the Red Lion, near Fleet Market, in Fleet Street. The latter of these apartments was adorned with heads of most of the persons celebrated for dramatic excellence, and to these he frequently referred in the course of his instructions."¹ The figures 37 seem to have been those which marked the number of his snuff-shop.

XXI.

ANTIQUARIES.

It is the glory of the antiquary that he is able to read what to others is unreadable. "*If ever*," says the cautious Mr Saunders Gordon, "these letters, I. A. M. P. M. P. T. were engraven on this building, it may not be reckoned *altogether* absurd that they should bear this reading; *Julius Agricola Magnae Pietatis Monumentum Posuit Templum*. This may as probably be received as that inscription in Holland, which, having these following letters, C C P F, is read, *Caius Caligula Pharum Fecit*."² If the old

¹ Biographia Dramatica, vol. i. pp. 206, 207, edit. 1782.

² Gordon's Itinerarium Septentrionale, p. 29. Lond. 1726.

Dutch instance shall be judged not in point, its place may be supplied by modern French ones. In the amphitheatre at Arles, is a stone inscribed,

V. S. D. D. P. A. S.

which no one doubts should be read, *Votum Susceptum Decreto Decurionis Pro Amphitheatri Salute*.¹ On a vase dug up at Cuissy, are engraved the letters

I N I V O I,

and the only dispute is, whether they stand for *Infra Illustris Viri Ossa Jacent*, or *Intra Illustris Vir Optimus Jacet*.² The initials

M M A V S,

found on a tomb at Scarpone, are interpreted with no hesitation, *Monumentum Moerens Lubenter Voto Suscepto*.³

XXII.

AN ANTI-CLIMAX.

THE profound treatise by the Scriblerus Club on the Art of Sinking, contains no finer illustration of the *bathetic* than is afforded by a sentence of a popular work on Iceland, by Ebenezer Henderson, Doctor in Philosophy, Member of the Royal Society of Gottenburgh, Honorary Member of the Literary Society

¹ Mem. de S. R. des Antiq. de France, t. vii. p. lv. ; t. ix. p. 237.

² Id. t. ix. p. 335.

³ Id. t. viii. p. 206.

of Fuhnen, and Corresponding Member of the Scandinavian Literary Society at Copenhagen. "Having," writes this pluralist of honours, "returned thanks to my Almighty Deliverer, for this fresh instance of his mercy, *and emptied my boots of the water that had got into them*, I bent my course into the desert."¹

XXIII.

FLOWERS FROM A NEGLECTED GARDEN.

THE old reproach of critics will scarcely hold true in our day, that they read books but to find out their faults, and winnow corn but to collect and preserve the chaff. The Republic of Letters now counts amongst her citizens many who may be likened rather to cinder-wenches, raking the refuse heaps of literature for lost valuables, and carrying off in triumph the veriest trifles, if they bear but the semblance of worth. Then what infinite pains are wasted on the recovered relic to restore its faded hue, to piece together its broken limbs, and to set it forth again in all its pristine beauty! Monmouth Street or Saint Mary's Wynd may be challenged to show greater skill in the art of renovating old clothes, than these critics display in putting a fresh nap on cast-off authors.

¹ Journal of a Residence in Iceland during the Years 1814 and 1815, vol. i. p. 183. Edinb. 1818.

A novice in the art, I have not learned to hawk my wares with the confident tongue of my elders and betters in the trade. I would indeed hope, that the leaves which I am to transcribe, will carry with them their own commendation. They are taken from *Parthenia Sacra*, a volume written in the reign of our second Charles, in honour of the Virgin, who is praised under a hundred similitudes of plants of the earth, birds of the air, the dew of heaven, stars, mountains, and seas. With much quaintness and not a little beauty, the violet is thus described :—

“ The Violet is truly the Hermitess of flowers, affecting woods and forests, where, in a lowly humility mixed with solicitude, she leads a life delicious in herself, though not so specious to the eye, because obscure. She is a great companion to the Primrose, and they are little less than sworn sisters ; you shall likely never find them far asunder. When they are so in company in the wood together, where she is bred and born, they make an excellent enamel of blue and yellow ; but being by herself alone, as in her cell, she is a right Amethyst. Had Juno been in quest to seek her bird, as strayed in the woods, she would easily have thought these purple violets had been her Argo’s eyes, as shattered here and there and dropt down from her peacock’s train ; and so well might hope to find her bird again, as deer are traced by their footing. She is even the wanton

among leaves, that plays the bo-peep with such as she is merry and bold withal; whom when you think you have caught, and have now already in your hand, she slips and leaves you mocked, while you have but her scarf only and not herself. She is the Anchoress, sending forth a fragrant odour of her sanctity where she is not seen; which she would hide full fain, but cannot. She is the Herald of the Spring, wearing the azure coat of arms, and proclaiming sweetly in her manner to the spectators the new arrival of the welcome guest. She is the *Primitiae* or hasty present of Flora to the whole nature. Where, if the rose and lily be the Queen and Lady of flowers, she will be their lowly handmaid, lying at their feet, and yet haply (for worth) be advanced to lodge in the fairest bosoms as soon as they; as being the only fair affecting obscurity, and to lie hid, which other beauties hate so much."

If Charles Lamb have left nothing which surpasses this in tenderness and a rich vein of fancy, what follows will be read with pleasure, even after the kindred description which it suggests, whether in the original of Strada,¹ the paraphrase of Crashaw,² or that more exquisite version by Ford :³

¹ F. Strada. lib. ii. Prolus. 6. Acad. 2. Imitat. Claudian.

² Musick's Duell, Chalmers' British Poets, vol. vi. p. 572.

³ Lover's Melancholy, act i. sc. i. Gifford's Ford, vol. i. p. 14.

“The nightingale is the little Orpheus of the woods, and the true Amphion of the forest, that hath for lyre the little clarigal or organ of his throat ; wherein he is so expert, as not contented to outstrip others, he will never stop, till, with running his divisions, he hath put himself to a non-plus for want of breath : and then will look about him, as he had done something, and some notable conquest, when it is but himself or his own echo he hath so foiled and put to silence. It is one of the prettiest sports in nature to hear the little nightingale to warble in telling and recounting her delights and pleasures to Zephyrus and the forests, tuning a thousand canzonets, and sweetly cutting the air with repetition of a hundred thousand semi-semi quavers, which she lets go without cease. To take her pleasure and recreation, she will balance herself upon a branch that shakes, to dance lavaltoes, as it were, at the cadence of her lighter songs, and to match her voice with the silver streams of a chrystal current gliding there along, which, breaking against the little pebbles, murmurs and sweetly purls, while she perches and sets herself just over a bank enamelled all with flowers. It is admirable in so small a body, that so clear, so sweet, so strong and pleasant a voice should be found, that in the spring, when trees begin to bud their leaves, whole days and nights perpetually she should sing without intermission at all. For

whence from so little a bird, so bold and pertina-
cious a spirit ? Whence so artifi-
cal and so perfect a
knowledge of music, so ingenious a modulation, so
grateful a tone to the ears, which now with a conti-
nued breath is drawn out at length, now turns again
with a strange and admirable variety ? Oh what
sport it is when this little feathered voice, this pretty
harmony in the shape of a bird, being vivified with
music, is even ready to kill herself with singing,
when she hears the counterfeit nightingale (the echo)
to mock her, in repeating and returning her whole
melody again ! For then she mounts up, as it were
to the heavens, and then stoops again to the centre
of the earth, she flies, she follows, she sighs, she
sobs, she is angry, and then pleased again, she mingles
the sharp with the flat ; one while a chromatic, then
a sweeter stroke, now strikes a diapente, then a dia-
pason. She counterfeits the hautboy, cornet, and
flute ; she divides, she gargles, and hath her groppo,
the thrills, and the like, and all in that her little
throat, but yet can vary nothing, but the echo imi-
tates and expresses ; till at last as it were she loseth
all patience, falls into a little chafe with herself, in
that seeing nothing, she hears notwithstanding ; and
so flies into some bush to hide herself for shame till
pricked with a thorn, at last she is pushed to sing
again, which she doth without measure, where all is
delicious as before."

The character of the olive has some pretty touches :—

“ The olive, the fig, and vine, are the three triumviri, that might well have shared the monarchy of trees between them ; as having the voices of all the tribunes on their parts. But the olive especially refused the sceptre, as greater in itself than the flash and lustre of purple and diadem could make it. It is the true Agathocles, contented with his salads in an earthen dish. It is even the meek and innocent dove of trees, as the dove is the olive of birds, having such sympathy and fair correspondences with them. It was once the gladsome mirth and joyful solace of Noah’s heart, was then, and is still, the ensign of peace and mercy. It is the herald of arms, that passeth freely to and fro amid the halberts and squadrons of pikes, and cries out but, ‘ Hold your hands,’ and all is whist. It decks the brows of poets equal with laurel, since Apollo and Minerva were as brother and sister, and dear to each other.”

These stately periods may perhaps call Sir Thomas Browne to mind ; the following picture shows a felicity and a sweetness of which the learned knight has left no examples :

“ The dove is a meek creature, and hath no gall ; she feeds on no living thing ; she brings up others’ young ; she makes choice of the purest grain ; she builds in the rocks ; she hath groans for singing

notes ; and sits very willingly by the water's side, that she may suddenly shun the hawk, foreseen by his shadow therein. And though she be never so chaste, innocent, and loyal to her mate, yet can she not avoid his jealousy. Which you may see, and it is a contemplation to note the while ; when the cock returns to his dovecot, how discovering his jealousies, his little breast will swell up to the bigness of his body ; then with his voice to break forth into a hoarse and angry note ; by and by to walk in state as it were, and encompass his mate about, and with the show of a wrothful Nemesis, rake the ground with the swift trailing and shutting of his train ; and that you may not doubt but he is angry indeed, with the pecking of his bill and strokes of his wings, he persecutes the poor wretch deserving it not. Yet she abides very patient to all, nor is troubled a whit at his causeless indignation proceeding out of vehemence of love ; she flies not away to shun him, and withdraw herself, but rather approaches nearer and closer to him ; she returns not blow for blow again, but meekly endures and suffers all, until the diuturnity of sufferance and her meekness do vanquish and mollify the choler and fierceness of the furious thing. And so at last the cock forgetting his suspicion, is quite tamed, and laying the enemy aside, puts on the lover, returns to reconciliation of friendship again, and the joining of their bills together, with more

ardent affection, renews the same, as the flame is increased with the sprinkling of frigid drops thereon."

The passages which have been cited may sparkle like the true ores of poetry, and promise a golden harvest. But, alas! they are but small nodules found at long intervals in a weary mass of rubbish. Even one specimen of the dross may prove too much :

"The seas are the great diet, or parliament, held of waters, at the first creation of the world, when God himself was the only speaker of the house ; where they met of compulsion rather than fair accord, when for the time there will be no dealing with them, so implacable they are, that the stoutest are fain to vale-bonnet and stoop unto them. They are great usurers, and likely never to let go any pawns they once lay hold of, which they extort full sore against their wills who leave them in their clutches."

XXIV.

THE DEVIL'S JUDGMENT IN THE BELLES LETTRES.

MANY examples might be given of Beelzebub's excellent taste in music, but none stronger than the anecdote of the devil's sonata, which every body knows. Our Scottish witch trials show that he was singularly curious in dancing. Instances of his skill in poetry are less common. Melancthon,

according to the erudite Weckerus,¹ speaks somewhere of having heard of an Italian girl, of whom it pleased Satan to enter into possession. Until that time she knew not even her A B C, but she was now able to solve the knotty question, Which is the best line in Virgil? The answer was—

“Discite justitiam moniti et non temnere divos.”²

“Learn righteousness, and dread th’ avenging deities.”

Truly, the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman of a most virtuous disposition.³

XXV.

FAIRS.

IN the feudal ages, the right of holding fairs was a valuable privilege, conceded by the sovereign to the lord of the manor; and from the arts which the old barons used to draw crowds to their mar-

¹ Joan. Jac. Weckeri de Secretis, lib. xv. cap. xxii. p. 545, edit. Basil. 1629.

² Æneid. vi. 620.

³ “Against atheistical writers,” said Burke, “I would have the laws rise in all their majesty of terrors, to fulminate such vain and impious wretches, and to awe them into impotence by the only dread they can fear or believe, to learn that eternal lesson,—*Discite justitiam moniti et non temnere divos.*”—Speech on a Bill for the Relief of Protestant Dissenters, 1773.

kets, perhaps Warren and Rowland might learn new ways of alluring purchasers to their marts of blacking and bear's grease. Much skill was shown in choosing the site ; the author of a Statistical View of the Fairs of France remarks, that on examining his work it will appear that they were placed, for the most part, on the frontiers of the kingdom, or on the marches of ancient provinces ; or at the foot of high mountains, at the beginning or end of the snow season, which for months shuts up the inhabitants in their valleys ; or in the neighbourhood of famous cathedrals or churches frequented by flocks of pilgrims ; or in the middle of rich pastures. The devotion of the people was also turned to good account ; many fairs were held on Sundays¹ in churchyards ; and almost in every

¹ "This practice," says Mr Maclaurin, "was indeed discharged in Scotland by the act 1503, c. 83 ; but it crept in again not long after. And by 1540, c. 122, *Sunday*, *Monday*, and *Tuesday*, are declared to be market-days in the town of Edinburgh. The weekly market of the borough of Forfar was likewise held on Sunday ; but by 1593, c. 195, Friday is substituted in the place of it. Several later statutes have again and again forbid fairs and markets to be held on Sunday, and they have been obeyed ; yet even at this day messengers-at-arms execute warnings and make intimations of sales on Sunday at church-doors ; and there and then, auctions, strayed cattle, and things lost, are proclaimed."—Maclaurin's Criminal Cases, pp. 575, 576. Singular opinions on the effect of the

parish a market was instituted on the day on which the parishioners were called together to do honour to their patron saint. Lest all these artifices should fail to secure a great concourse, promises of sport and fun were held out, and each fair had its own peculiar drollery ; sack races, flying dragons, grinning through horse-collars, mock giants, monstrous fishes, lasses running in their smocks, soaped pigs, burlesque tournaments, smoking matches, throwing at cocks, foot-ball, cudgel-playing, wrestling, yawning, eating hot hasty-pudding, whistling,

strict observance of Sunday in Scotland have lately been expressed by the Sheriff of Glasgow in his evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Combinations of Workmen : " I think," he says, " that the observance of the Sunday in [Roman] Catholic countries on the continent is more conducive to benefit than the strict observance of it in Scotland. . . . I am decidedly of opinion that the over-strained observance of Sunday in Scotland has perhaps a more prejudicial than beneficial effect in manufacturing towns. . . . I think that it would be a great benefit if some sources of amusement could be opened up to the people, even on Sunday, which would take them away from perpetual application to drinking and brothels. . . . I think that the increase of places of religious worship in Glasgow would have a very material effect ; and I think also, that it would be of great importance that, along with that, there should be open to the labouring classes some species of recreation independent of drinking."—Parliamentary Papers, Sess. 1838, No. 483, pp. 186, 187.

wheelbarrow-races.¹ In one place in Scotland a still more extraordinary device was resorted to: "There is in a village in the country of the Garioch a yearly fair, called Christ's Fair, and commonly *The Sleepy Market*, because it begins at night about sunset, and ends an hour after sun-rising next morning, the people buying and selling timber, and other market goods, during the night, which is not then dark, being in the beginning of June,—a very singular kind of a market surely as ever was, and perhaps not to be paralleled in all the world."²

XXVI.

PAUL JONES.

GABRIEL NAUDÉ wrote an apology for great men falsely accused of magic. The Scottish adventurer unfortunately lived too late to be vindicated by this learned Frenchman from the aspersion put on his fame by a Parisian scribbler. Jones died at Paris in July 1792; and the grave had scarcely closed on his ashes, when a strange libel on his memory was published under the title of "Paul Jones; or Prophecies on America, England, France,

¹ *Tableau Statistique de toutes les Foires de la France*, par Seb. Bottin; Paris, 1826. *Strutt's Sports and Pastimes of the People of England*, pp. 366-369, edit. Lond. 1830.

² *Edinburgh Magazine*, 1760, pp. 451, 452.

Spain, Holland, &c., by Paul Jones, a prophet and sorcerer such as never lived heretofore.”¹ It is amusing to find an example so recent of that sort of literary child-dropping which, at least in the estimation of the common people, has degraded the ethical Aristotle to a Professor of Obscenity,² and the grave and learned Buchanan to a Scottish Joe Miller.³

¹ Biogr. Univ. t. xxi. p. 621.

² See Southey's *Omniana*, vol. i. p. 24.

³ Within twenty years, there was no book so common in the cottages of the Lowlands as “The Merry Jests of George Buchanan, the King's Fool,” several of which, Mr Dyce conjectures, “originated in the sayings and doings of Archie Armstrong, whom the author appears to have confounded with the learned preceptor of James the Sixth ; some of them have been told of various other persons in various jest-books ; most of them are very extravagant, and not very delicate.” This accomplished bibliographer enumerates the following editions of Buchanan's Jests : 1. The Merry and Diverting Exploits of George Buchanan, commonly called the King's Fool. Edinburgh : printed for the booksellers in town and country, by R. Menzies, Lawnmarket, price three-pence, *n. d.* 2. The Merry and Entertaining Jokes of George Buchanan, who was servant or teacher to King James VI., as his private counsellor, but publicly acted his fool. The whole compiled in three numbers, for the entertainment of youth. Newcastle : printed by G. Angus, in the Side, *n. d.* 3. The Witty and Entertaining Exploits of George Buchanan, who was commonly called the King's Fool. In six parts, complete. To which is added, Several Witty and Entertaining Jests. Stirling : printed and sold by M. Randall, 1814.—Works of George Peele, vol. i. pp. ix. x. Lond. 1829. A fourth

XXVII.

THIRST OF POETS.

“ Whether the thunder of the laws, or the thunder of eloquence, is hurled on GIN, always I am thunder proof. The alembick, in my mind, has furnished the world a far greater benefit and blessing than if the *opus maximum* had been really found by chemistry, and, like Midas, we could turn every thing into gold.”—BURKE, *Thoughts on Scarcity*.

MR WORDSWORTH has avowed himself—

‘ A simple water-drinking bard,’¹

forgetting or defying the maxim of old Cratinus,—

Nulla placere diu nec vivere carmina possunt,
Quae scribuntur aquae potoribus.²

Perhaps it was from a devout faith in the aphorism that Helius Eobanus Hessus, a German poet famous in the sixteenth century, thought there could be no

is now before me, *The Merry and Diverting Exploits of George Buchanan*, commonly called the King’s Fool. In two parts. Glasgow : published and sold, wholesale and retail, by R. Hutchison & Co., 10, Saltmarket. The first jest ascribed to him in this edition is the trick which, with equal improbability, is ascribed to Rabelais, of procuring a speedy conveyance to the capital, on the charge of having in his possession poison for the king and queen.

¹ The Waggoner, cant. i.

² Horat. epist. I. xix. “ Comme bien faire scanoyt Homere, paragon de tous philologes, et Ennie, pere des poetes latins, ainsi que tesmoigne Horace, quoy que ung malautru ayt dict que ses carmes sentoyent plus le vin que lhuyle.”—Rabelais, li. i. prol.

greater disgrace than the shame of being vanquished in a drinking bout. He so sedulously cultivated the art of potation, that few dared to enter the lists against him. As he was one day sitting in a tavern, another mighty toper came into the room, and, calling for one of the large water buckets of the country (of which the least contained two gallons), ordered it to be filled to the brim with Dantzic black beer. Then politely alluding to the many laurels which Eobanus had gathered in this noble field, he cast a precious ring into the pail, and challenged the poet to drain it. "Eobanus," says his biographer, "with little boggling and less preface, for he was a man of few words, seized the vessel, and having speedily emptied it, turned it upside down, so that the ring fell on the table." The room rang with applause; but none was so noisy in approbation as the challenger, who declared the feat to be incredible. "What," cried the poet, turning to him sternly, "do you think that I drink for hire? Here, take your paltry ring, and, as you promised, empty the bucket!" The boaster made the attempt, but failed; so leaving him in the tap-room dead-drunk, Eobanus walked away, looking "as if he had neither lost nor won."¹

¹ Melch. Adami Vitae German. Philosoph. p. 53. edit. Franc. 1725.

Of a like jovial disposition was Daniel Heinsius. Menage has preserved a couplet with which he endeavoured to strengthen his failing limbs as he one night staggered home from a debauch :

“ *Sta pes, sta bone pes, sta pes, ne labere mi pes,
Sta pes, aut lapides hi mihi lectus erunt.*”

The worthy poet, who was also a professor, sometimes indulged so freely over night, that he was unable to meet his class next morning ; and his students, on one occasion, affixed this placard on the door of the lecture room : “ *Daniel Heinsius non leget hodie propter hesternam crapulam.*”¹

The “next morning” has been much overlooked by Bacchanalian poets. I remember none but Byron who has touched on it :

“ Get very drunk ; and when
You wake with headache, you shall see what then.”

Charles Lamb, indeed, has left a few prose sentences on the matter, redolent with all his quaint and happy humour :—“ With feverish eyes on the succeeding dawn I opened upon the faint light, enough to distinguish, in a strange chamber, not immediately to be recognised, garters, hose, waistcoat, neckerchief, arranged in dreadful order and

¹ Menagiana, t. i. p. 26 ; t. iv. p. 288.

proportion, which I knew was not mine own. 'Tis the common symptom, on awaking, I judge my last night's condition from. A tolerable scattering on the floor I hail as being too probably my own ; and if the candlestick be not removed, I assoil myself. But this finical arrangement, this finding every thing in the morning in exact diametrical rectitude, torments me. Remote whispers suggest that I *coached* it home in triumph. Far be that from working pride in me, for I was unconscious of the locomotion. That a young Mentor accompanied a reprobate old Telemachus ! That, Trojan-like, he bore his charge upon his shoulders, while the wretched incubus, in glimmering sense, hiccuped drunken snatches of flying on the bat's wings after sunset ! An aged servitor is also hinted at, to make disgrace more complete ; one to whom my ignominy may offer farther occasions of revolt (to which before he was too fondly inclining) from the true faith ; for, at sight of my helplessness, what more was needed to drive him to the advocacy of independency ?”¹

XXVIII.

PROOF OF LEARNING.

IN the old romance of the Seven Sages of Rome, it

¹ Letters of Charles Lamb, vol. ii. p. 298.

is related that these masters ascertained if their pupil was sufficiently learned by placing four leaves of ivy under each post of his bed. Unaware of what had been done, he betook himself to rest ; but in the morning when he awoke—

“ The child looked here and there,
Up and down, and every where.
His masters asked ‘ what him was ?’
‘ Parfai !’ he said, ‘ a ferly case !
Either I am of wine drunk,
Either the firmament is sunk,
Either waxen is the ground
The thickness of four leaves round :
So much, to night, higher I lay,
Certes, than I lay yesterday.’ ”

The sages were now fully satisfied :

“ The masters then well understood
He knew enough of all good ! ”¹

XXIX.

PARISH REGISTERS.

THROUGH scarcity of paper, or the waywardness of the keepers, many strange notices have found their

¹ Weber's Metrical Romances, vol. iii. pp. 10, 11.

way into parochial registers, those barren abstracts of the annals of mortality,

“ — where to be born and die
Of rich and poor makes all the history.”

An old record of funerals at Aberdeen gives a recipe for averting the pains to which weak brains are exposed by a debauch overnight, or as it is phrased, “ Agains the heid aiking by to muckill drinking.”¹ Another legal record at the same place is enlivened by two fashionable songs of the year 1507.² A private note-book is elsewhere preserved, where Scripture texts, memoranda of Puritan sermons, and the last words of dying Covenanters, are huddled up with such profane tunes as “ If the Kirk would let me be,” “ The Rantin’ Laddie,” and “ Green grow the rashes.”³ More useful but scarcely less impertinent entries occur in English registers. At Richmond, in Yorkshire, it is written, “ Buried, Mr Matthew Hutchinson, Vicar of Gilling,—worth £50 a-year;” and, “ Buried, Mrs Ursula Allen,—worth £600.” This superfluity is perhaps more to be commended than the slovenly style of the clerk of Lincoln’s Inn Chapel: “ 1722. This day were married by Mr Holloway, I think, a couple whose names I could never learn, for he allowed them to carry away the licence.”⁴

¹ *Analecta Scotica*, vol. i. p. 286.

² *Dauney’s Ancient Scottish Melodies*, p. 47.

³ *Ibid.* pp. 140, 141, 142.

⁴ *Grimaldi’s Origines Genealogicae*, pp. 286, 287.

France furnishes still more amusing examples. The curate of Saint-André-des-Arts subjoins to the entry of a marriage on the 31st July 1589, the following amiable reflections: "On the first day of August 1589, Henry de Valoys, sometime king of France, was in arms at Saint Cloud with his heretics and the King of Navarre and his abettors, laying siege to Paris, of which he had given the pillage to the robbers of all sects who accompanied him, having sworn the death of every person of condition within its walls, except heretics and their adherents, so that he might overthrow the Church of our Lord, and establish heresy in the heart of France. But by the just judgment of God, who would not suffer such a perverse tyrant and hypocrite to reign any longer, he was slain by a religious of the order of the Jacobins, called Friar Jacques Clément, which religious (may his soul rest in peace!) was instantly murdered by the attendants of the said Henry." The same curate, on the 29th August 1574, records the baptism of two *twin* daughters, adding that "they were born of the same womb."

"On the 30th of June 1644," writes the priest of La Villette, "I said mass for the repose of the soul of François Caignet, who was my good friend, and made several gifts to my church." Another curate of the same place expresses himself thus: "Buried on the 21st December 1675, Jean Tessier, labourer,

. . . a mild and peaceable man, who on all occasions showed great deference and respect to his pastors."

The rector of Saint-Paul, in January 1629, gratefully records the new-year gifts of his parishioners. The list may make a Welsh curate lick his lips : " 11 bottles of wine, two of them white ; 4 boxes of conserves ; 3 capons, one of them ready for the spit ; 3 pounds of wax-candles ; 2 very good cheeses ; 2 large pots of butter ; 1 bottle of hippocras ; 1 fat rabbit ; 1 smoked tongue ; 1 cake ; 1 cheese-cake ; 1 dozen of towels ; 1 Spanish pistole ; 3 crowns of gold." The successor of this well-fed priest, in recording a burial, on the 29th October 1650, adds, " M. de Saint-Paul commanded me to dine with him, and I got an excellent dinner. God grant him a long life !" The meal seems to have proved rather hard of digestion : to the entry of a funeral the next day is added the note, "*Je pris un lavement pour apaiser une colique.*"¹

XXX.

ERUDITION OF THE COLLECTIVE WISDOM.

A POPULAR compiler of statistics makes a remarkable apology for his minuteness. " I notice these events in order to induce the attention of the rising

¹ Mem. de. S. R. des Antiq. de France, t. ix. p. 270-290.

generation to the geography of our possessions, which is so little known in the highest quarters, that *Berbice* is marked (*printed*) in an *official* document of the House of Commons as an *island*, and placed among the Bahamas!"¹ It may be convenient to add, for the information of the people's representatives, that *Berbice*, one of the three divisions of British Guiana, is a portion of the South American Continent.

XXXI.

SUPERNATURAL FOOTPRINTS IN ROCKS
AND STONES.

THE similarity or the identity of the superstitions of nations has recently attracted considerable attention. Many books on the subject have appeared on the continent, and a few in our own land, among which the pleasing works of Mr Keightley deserve prominent notice. He alludes to "the marks which natural causes have impressed on the solid and unyielding granite rock, but which, according to the popular creed, were produced by the contact of the hero, the saint, or the god."² I have collected some instances of the almost universal diffusion of this superstition.

¹ Montgomery Martin's *Hist. of the British Colonies*, vol. ii. p. ii. Lond. 1834.

² Keightley's *Fairy Mythology*, vol. i. p. 5. Lond. 1833.

We meet it in every district of SCOTLAND, at Maidenkirk and beyond John o' Groat's.¹ According to old Andrew Symson, "Kirkmaiden in Galloway is so called, because the kirk is dedicated to the Virgin Mary, the print of whose knee is fabulously reported to be seen on a stone, where she prayed somewhere about a place in this parish called Mary Port, near to which place there was a chapel long since, but now wholly ruined."² In our Lady's

¹ Though, perhaps, it may be permitted to doubt the legend of his many-sided table, John o' Groat is no mythological personage. He obtained a charter of certain lands in Dungsby or Duncansby from the Earl of Caithness in 1496; and he figures in a legal instrument of the year 1525 as an "honourable man, John Grot, in Dongasby, chamberlain and bailie in that part of a noble and potent lord John Earl of Caithness;" and in that character gives seisin to a religious house of a perpetual annuity of ten merks, to be levied from the lands of Stroma, an islet in the Pentland Firth. I think it is Barry who says, that a dispute whether it belonged to Caithness or to Orkney, was determined by ascertaining that poisonous animals would live on it. As none will subsist in Orkney, it was assigned to the continent. Selden, in his learned notes to Drayton's *Poly-Olbion* (song ix.), remarks, that "there was long since a controversy, whether the Isle of Man belonged to Ireland or England, and this by reason of the equal distance from both. To decide it they tried if it would endure venomous beasts, which is certainly denied of Ireland; and finding that it did, adjudged it to our Britain. *Topograph. Hibern. dict. 2, cap. 15.*"

² Symson's *Description of Galloway*, p. 65. Edinb. 1823.

Kirk in South Ronaldsha, in Orkney, Brand saw “a stone lying, about four feet long and two feet broad, but narrower and round at the two ends; upon the surface of which stone is the print of two feet, concerning which the superstitious people have a tradition that Saint Magnus, when he could not get a boat on a time to carry him over Pightland Firth, took this stone, and setting his feet thereupon, passed the firth safely, and left this stone in this church, which hath continued here ever since.”¹ Martin adds, that “others have this more reasonable opinion, that it has been used in time of popery for delinquents, who were obliged to stand bare-foot upon it by way of penance.”² The Reverend George Forbes, in the Statistical Account of the Parish of Leochel in Mar, informs us that “the castle of Corse, now in ruins, was built in 1581 by William

¹ Brand's Description of Orkney, p. 60. Edinb. 1703. The good saint seems to have loved miraculous voyages. Three centuries after his death (which fell on Monday the 16th April 1104, according to Orkneyinga Saga, p. 505, Hafn. 1730), on the day of the battle of Bannockburn, he suddenly appeared in the streets of Aberdeen, clad in shining armour, and told the glad tidings of the Bruce's great victory: he was seen riding northwards until he vanished from the sight of men, as he urged his steed across the Pentland Firth.—Boetii Scot. Hist. lib. xiv. fol. 304, edit. 1575.

² Martin's Description of the Western Islands, p. 367. Lond. 1716.

Forbes, father of Patrick Forbes, bishop of Aberdeen. Tradition bears, and the common people still believe, that the devil visited the bishop in this castle ; that they differed [quarrelled] ; and that the devil on his departure carried away with him the broad side of the castle ; on the stone-stairs whereof they still pretend to point out his footsteps.”¹ In describing the vitrified site of the Top of Noth in Strathbogie, Dr Hibbert speaks of “ a lofty upright stone on the westerly flank of the hill, connected with which is a monstrous traditional story of its having been placed there by a giant, the print of whose heel in it is still visible.”² In Stratherne the marks of Saint Fillan’s knees are shown in a rock on which he used to kneel in his frequent devotions.³ In

¹ Statistical Account of Scotland, vol. vi. p. 220. Bishop Forbes died in 1635 ; he is the author of several valuable works, which are enumerated in Dr Irving’s *Lives of Scottish Writers*, vol. ii. p. 46. A memoir of the worthy prelate is prefixed to the edition of his son’s works, printed at Amsterdam by Henry Wetstein in 1703, in two volumes folio. A collection of sermons, letters, and poems on his death was published under the title of “ *Funeralls of a Right Reverend Father in God, Patrick Forbes of Corse, Bishop of Aberdene. Aberdene, imprinted by Edward Raban, 1635.*” 4to. pp. 429. The few verses in our vernacular are singularly bad. One example may suffice :

“ Some for their David dool’d, most for the Temple grat :
Some for Josias shouted in the valley of Josaphat.”

² *Archaeologia Scotica*, vol. iv. p. 297.

³ *Descript. of Coast between Aberdeen and Leith*, p. 102.

Glenalmond tourists are taken to see "a stone on which are the marks of people's feet, and the hoofs of horses, cows, and sheep."¹ And a ballad of Galloway assures us, that

"Tho' the Brownie o' Blednoch lang be gane,
The mark o' his feet's left on mony a stane."²

The popular legend of the building of Stonehenge shows that the belief maintains in ENGLAND. The story is thus told by a local writer: "The prophet Merlin, desirous of having a parcel of stones which grew in an odd sort of form in a back-yard belonging to an old woman in Ireland, transported thence to Salisbury Plain, employed the devil upon the work, who, the night after, dressing himself like a gentleman, and taking a large bag of money in his hand, presented himself before the good woman as she was sitting at her table, and acquainted her of the purchase he was come to make; the fiend at the same time pouring out his money on the board before her, and offering her as much for the stones as she could reckon while he should be taking them away. The money was all in odd sorts of coins, such as fourpenny-halfpenny pieces, ninepenny

¹ The Scottish Tourist, p. 89. Edinb. 1838.

² Chambers' Popular Rhymes of Scotland, p. 276.

pieces, thirteenpenny-halfpenny pieces, and the like : but nevertheless the devil's proposals seemed so very advantageous that, notwithstanding the difficulty there would be in reckoning the money, the old woman could not avoid complying with it, as she imagined the removal of the stones by a single man would be a work of almost infinite time, and that she should be able to tell as much money while it should be about as would make her as rich as a princess. But the bargain was no sooner made, and she had no sooner laid her fingers on a fourpenny-halfpenny coin, than the devil, with an audible voice, cried out, ' Hold ! ' and ' The stones are gone ! ' The old woman, disregarding what he said however, peeped out into her back-yard, and to her great amazement it was even so as Satan had spoken ; for the common deceiver of mankind in an instant took down the stones, bound them up in a wyth, and conveyed them to Salisbury Plain. But just before he got to Mount Ambre the wyth slackened, and as he was crossing the river Avon at Bulford one of the stones dropped down into the water, where it lies to this very hour ; the rest were immediately reared up on the spot of ground destined by Merlin for them : and the devil, pleased with the accomplishment of his work, declared upon fixing the last stone that nobody should be ever able to tell how the fabric or any of the parts of which it is

composed came there. A friar who had lain all night concealed near the building, hearing the devil's declaration, replied to it by saying, "That is more than thee canst tell;" which put Satan into such a passion that he snatched up a pillar and hurled it at the friar with an intention to bruise him to dirt; but he running for his life, the stone in its fall only reached his heel and struck him on it; the mark of which appears in that pillar even unto this day, and is called "*The Friar's Heel*."¹

IN WALES, during the last century, they showed, says the Reverend John Price, in his account of Holyhead in Anglesey, "the print of Kybi's foot in a rock by the east end of the chancel, till it was lately destroyed by Mr Ellis, fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, then curate of this place."²

IRELAND is fertile in monuments of this kind. Mr Crofton Croker narrates the legend of Clough-na-Cuddy, "a stone in Lord Kenmare's park at Killarney, impressed with the mark of Father Cuddy's knees."³ The same sprightly gentleman describes the *Clough-a-Regaun* near Limerick: "That stone is far taller than the tallest man, and

¹ A Description of Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain, p. 3-5. Salisbury, 1809.

² Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica, No. x. p. 7. Lond. 1783.

³ Killarney Legends, p. 62. Lond. 1831.

the power of forty men would fail to move it from the spot where it fell. Deeply imprinted in it is still to be seen the marks of the fingers of the hag Grana.”¹

IN SCANDINAVIA is a rock on which may be traced the large footsteps of Olaf Tryggvason, as plainly as if he had trodden on the newly fallen snow.²

IN GERMANY there is such another rock at Heidelberg, as a friend informs me ; a second near Vienna ; and a third somewhere on the Danube.

IN ITALY, near the monastery of Vallombrosa is a stone, on which is the figure of Saint John Gualbert, the founder of the religious order of Vallis Umbrosa. The legend is, that while the saint was praying on the top of a neighbouring precipice he was seized by the devil and cast down on a rock with such violence that it was impressed with the mark of his body. This incident seems to have escaped the Reverend Mr Butler’s notice : according to him, the monk having most devoutly received the last sacraments, died happily on the 12th of July in 1073, being seventy-four years old.³

Captain Slidel saw in the cathedral of Toledo in

¹ Croker’s *Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland*, p. 320, edit. Lond. 1834.

² *Scripta Historica Islandorum de Rebus Gestis Veterum Borealiū*, t. i. p. 304. Hafniæ, 1828.

³ Butler’s *Lives of the Saints*, vol. ii. p. 53, edit. Dublin, 1836.

SPAIN a stone on which it is said the Blessed Virgin alighted, and which retains the impression of her feet, although now much worn by the hands of the faithful who touch it with the ends of their fingers when grieved by disease or affliction.¹

IN FRANCE, at the church of Saint Radegonde in Poitou, is a stone which bears the print of our Saviour's foot. In the same district is another on which the mare of Saint Jouin indented her hoof one day when her holy rider was sorely vexed by the devil.² That respectable personage himself has left the prints of the soles of his feet and of his hinder parts on a rock near Hambert in Maine;³ and in the department of Charente is a rock bearing the mark of the slipper of Saint Mary Magdalen. "*Cette empreinte,*" says an unbelieving modern, "*ressemble en effet médiocrement à celle d'un pied droit de grandeur moyenne ; mais l'observateur raisonnable n'y voit qu'un jeu de la nature, dont l'illusion a été probablement favorisée par les meuniers des environs, qui se seront amusés à perfectionner à coups de marteau ce qui se trouvait naturellement ébauché.*"⁴

¹ A Year in Spain by a Young American, vol. ii. p. 36. Lond. 1831.

² Mém. de S. R. des Antiq. de France, t. viii. p. 454.

³ Id. p. 256.

⁴ Id. t. vii. p. 43.

Of all the countries on the earth PALESTINE has the richest store of such relics. In the mosque of Saint Omar at Jerusalem is a stone bearing the print of the angel Gabriel's fingers and the prophet Mahomet's foot;¹ and in the church which crowns the Mount of Olives is preserved a fragment of rock imprinted with the mark of our Saviour's foot while in the act of ascension.² Sir John Mandeville describes many others,—such as a rock on Mount Sinai impressed with the figure of Moses; a rock in the valley of Jehoshaphat retaining the footsteps of the ass on which Christ rode into Jerusalem; a rock at Gethsemane marked with the print of His hand; and a rock near Nazareth imprinted with His footsteps.³ Travellers in the seventeenth century were shown in Jerusalem “the house of Annas, where our Saviour being hurried with violence down a steep place, to prevent falling He laid hold of the corner of a wall, where there is a place in one of the stones fit for a man's hand, which the monks think a great miracle; and Simon the Pharisee's house, where there is a stone with the print of a foot which they say our Saviour made when He stood to pardon Mary Magdalen her sins; and St

¹ Bishop Russell's Palestine, p. 174. Edin. 1832.

² Id. p. 216. Minuter relations say the left foot.

³ Mandeville, in Hakluyt, pp. 33, 38, 39, 41. Lond. 1589.

Stephen's gate, and, a little out of the city, the place where Stephen was stoned : and the monks fancy that there is the print of his hands, face, and knees when he fell down."¹ Ibn Batuta, an Arabian traveller of the fourteenth century, says that " outside of Damascus on the way of the pilgrimage is the Mosque of the Foot, which is held in great estimation, and in which is preserved a stone, having upon it the print of the foot of Moses. In this mosque they offer up prayers in times of distress." Mr Cooley remarks on this passage, that " the stone bearing the impression of a foot merits some consideration. Monuments of this kind are generally supposed to be remains of Buddhaïsm ; yet it is possible, although they seem at present to belong properly to that religion, that they may have claims to a much higher antiquity. The mark of a foot, seen by Herodotus near the river Tyras, was ascribed to Hercules. A similar impression in Ceylon, or among the Burmese, would be called the foot of Buddha : in Damascus it was thought to be the foot of Moses. The great distance between the countries in which this singular sort of monument has been found, and

¹ Two Journies to Jerusalem, &c. Collected by R. Burton, and beautified with pictures. The ninth edition, p. 97. London, 1733, 12mo.

its existence at Damascus, tend equally to prove its great antiquity.”¹

Of all these footprints the most famous by far is that of Adam in CEYLON. A description of it is given by Robert Knox, who was nearly twenty years a prisoner in the country, of which he published an account at London in 1681. “On the south side of Conde Uda,” he says, “is a hill supposed to be the highest on this island, called in the Chingulay language, Hamalell ; but by the Portuguese and the European natives Adam’s Peak. It is sharp like a sugar-loaf, and on the top is a flat stone with the print of a foot like a man’s on it, but far bigger, being about two feet long. The people of this land count it meritorious to go and worship this impression ; and generally about their new year, which is in March, they, men, women, and children, go up this vast and high mountain to worship.” The print of the foot is supposed to be that of Buddha, which he left when ascending to heaven. He has no temple on this mountain according to Knox, but “unto this footstep they give worship, light up lamps, and offer sacrifices, laying them upon it as upon an altar.” There was in Knox’s time a tree in the north of the island, which was annually resorted to at the same time with the footstep, and was held in equal honour :

¹ Cooley’s History of Maritime and Inland Discovery, vol. i. p. 177. Lond. 1830.

it was said to have flown over from the mainland, and to have planted itself: when Buddha was on earth he loved to sit under its branches.¹

Colonel Syme met more than one of these monuments in AVA. "In the course of our walks," he says, "not the least curious object that presented itself was a flat stone of coarse gray granite laid horizontally on a pedestal of masonry six feet long and three feet wide, protected from the weather by a wooden shed. This stone, like that of Pouoodang, was said to bear the genuine print of the foot of Guadma; and we were informed that a similar impression is to be seen on a large rock situated between two hills one day's journey west of Memboo."²

Near the town of Boukhtarma, on the Irtisch, in WESTERN SIBERIA, Captain Cochrane accompanied his guide "to view what was deemed an object of curiosity in that part of the world. It was a large stone near the bank of the river, on which are imprinted the marks of the feet of a man and of a horse; they are in a perfect state, and to all appearance have been formed by nature. The heels are towards the river, the feet of the man in advance of those of

¹ Penny Cyclopædia, vol. i. p. 111.

² Syme's Embassy to Ava, vol. i. p. 286. Constable's Miscellany, vol. viii.

the horse, very well representing the situation of a man holding the horse. I could gather nothing of its origin beyond the silly tradition of the place.”¹

I have mislaid a reference to the volume in which the footprint is described of a god worshipped in one of the islands of the PACIFIC OCEAN ; but two instances may be cited of the existence of the superstition in the NEW WORLD.

Dr Benjamin Smith Barton, in a tract on American antiquities published about 1783, quotes the work of Mr Kalm, a traveller in Canada, who saw, “ in two or three places, at a considerable distance from each other, impressions of the feet of grown people and children in a rock.”² And Mr Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, written in 1781, recites an Indian “ tradition handed down from their fathers, that in ancient times a herd of Mammoths came to the Big-bone-licks on the river Ohio, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elk, buffalo, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians : that the Great Man above (so they

¹ Cochrane’s Pedestrian Journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary, vol. i. p. 131. Constable’s Miscellany, vol. xxxvi.

² “ Observations on some parts of Natural History, to which is prefixed an account of several remarkable vestiges which have been discovered in different parts of North America. Part I. London : Printed for the Author.” *n. d.*

call their chief Deity) looking down and seeing this, was so enraged that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighbouring mountain *on a rock, on which his seat and the prints of his feet are still to be seen*, and hurled his bolts among them till the whole were slaughtered except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell, but missing one at length, it wounded him in the side, whereon springing round he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day.”¹

XXXII.

LIBELS ON THE FAIR SEX.

MENAGE makes mention of one Gratian du Pont, Sieur de Drusac, nicknamed Gabriel par la Croix du Maine, who published at Lyons, in 1537, a poem with the title, *Les Controverses des Sexes masculin et feminin*. He maintains, that at the resurrection every *male* soul will be restored to a perfect body ; that as Adam will resume the rib whence Eve was made, Eve must become a rib, and so cease to be a woman ; that as all men came from Adam, they will return into him, and as all women came from

¹ Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, quoted by Mr Campbell in the notes to Gertrude of Wyoming.

Eve, they will return with her into Adam's rib, so that at the last day women will cease to be!¹

Jean Nevizan, a lawyer of Turin, who died in 1540, was equally distinguished as a misogynist. His *Sylvæ Nuptialis libri sex* appeared at Paris in 1521, and was reprinted at Lyons in 1526 and 1572. "The Deity," he says, "having made man, deferred the creation of woman until he had accomplished that of the brutes. When this was done he fashioned her bosom and her limbs, but losing patience he broke off, leaving the devil to make her head."² He maintains that in the war of the angels there were certain who stood neuter, and that these were not cast into hell with Satan and his companions, but were condemned to inhabit the bodies of women for the torment of man. The work was suppressed by the Inquisition, from whose fangs the author himself narrowly escaped. His townswomen, the dames of Turin, were less placable than the Fathers of the Holy Office. They pelted him

¹ Menagiana, t. iv. p. 319.

² Drummond of Hawthornden has preserved another form of the same thought in his Democritie :—"It is told that the devil and the first woman made once such a terrible bickering, that they cut off other's heads, which Saint Michael seeing presently took up and put them on in haste, but he set the devil's head on the woman and the woman's head on the devil."

with stones, and would have chased him from the city, if he had not consented humbly to beseech their pardon on his knees with a paper label on his breast inscribed with these lines :—

*Rusticus est verè qui turpia dicit de muliere,
Nam scimus verè quòd omnes sumus de muliere.*

Even after this humiliating recantation, De Billon affirms that when an old crone who kept his house died, he could find no woman to supply her stead. But Pancirolle reports that he married a mistress whom he had long kept, and had by her a son who endured so great miseries that he went mad. Nevizan himself died in poverty.¹

An author who wrote against him met scarcely a happier fate. François de Billon published at Paris in 1555 a quarto volume which he entitled, “*Fort inexpugnable de l’honneur du sexe féminin.*” It was dedicated to the Princesses of France ; and was re-issued in 1564 under the title of *La Défense et Forteresse invincible de l’honneur et vertu des Dames*. It was immediately attacked on the ground of blasphemy. De Billon, it is said, compared *les prophètes, secrétaires de Dieu, dépendants de J.-C., son chancelier, aux secrétaires des rois de France établis sous la dépendance du chancelier.*²

¹ Biog. Univ. t. xxxi. p. 110.

² Id. t. iv. p. 494.

XXXIII.

THE LAIRD OF MATHERS' TESTAMENT.

OUR forefathers, who lived before the discovery of the art of printing, showed much sedulousness and ingenuity in keeping wisdom ever before their eyes. Moral fables were embroidered on their tapestries and curtains; their hangings were fringed with adages; pious mottoes were carved on their chairs and tables; pithy verses in commendation of virtue were engraved over their doors, their hearths, and their windows; their roofs bristled with choice texts of Scripture; and they could not tread but on some ancient saw, for their floors were paved with proverbs stimulating them to do good deeds.¹ No

¹ Some of these legends have considerable merit. On Forglen Castle, in Banffshire, are these quaint lines:

DO VEIL AND DOUPT NOCHT
 ALTHOCH THOV BE SPYIT
 HE IS LYTIL GVID VORTH
 THAT IS NOCHT ENVYIT
 TAK THOV NO TENT
 QVHAT EVERIE MAN TELS
 GYVE THOV VALD LEIVE ONDEMIT
 GANG QVHAIR NA MAN DVELLS.

(New Statistical Acc. of Scot. No. xi. pp. 87, 88.) Occasionally the inscription was something more than a moral reflection: above the gate of Craigievar Castle is the significant warning—

DOE NOT VAIKEN SLEIPING DOGS.

means were omitted by which wise counsels could be spread abroad and kept in remembrance. That the qualities of prudence in action, or skill in war, might not die with a man whom they had eminently distinguished, the maxims by which he was guided were woven into verse, that they might be handed down as a legacy to his successors. Of these *Testaments*, as they were called, perhaps the best known is that of the good King Robert, which, as Sir Walter Scott has remarked, "would have saved his countrymen the loss of many a bloody day had they known how to avail themselves of the military art contained in it."¹ A baron of the Mearns, who was "reputed a scholar and something of a poet," left as "advice to his son and successors" the following lines :

Giff thou desire thy house lang stand,
 And thy successors bruik thy land,
 Above all things live God in fear ;
 Intromit nought with wrangous gear,
 Nor conquest nothing wrangously ;
 With thy neighbour keep charity.

The sculptor was at times called to hew the Sciences, the Pagan Gods, or the Cardinal Virtues, into stone, often with indifferent success. On a castle in Forfarshire, Saturn is represented *with a wooden leg*.—Hutchison's *Views of Edzell Castle*, p. 9, plate vii. Edinb. 1838.

¹ History of Scotland, vol. i. p. 166.

See that thou pass not thy estate ;
Obey duly thy magistrate ;
Oppress not but support the puire ;
To help the common weill take cuire ;
Use no deceit ; mell not with treason,
And to all men do right and reason ;
Both unto word and deed be true,
All kind of wickedness eschew ;
Slay no man, nor thereto consent ;
Be nought cruel but patient ;
Ally ay in some guid place
With noble, honest, godly race ;
Hate lechery and all vices flee ;
Be humble ; haunt guid companie ;
Help thy friend, and do nae wrang,
And God shall cause thy house stand lang.¹

Such was the moral code of the Laird of Mathers, the progenitor of the renowned Captain Barclay of Ury.

XXXIV.

A GERMAN D'ISRAELI.

ANDREAS FELIX EVELIUS was born at Munich in 1706, and died there in 1780. He held the office

¹ Nisbet's Heraldry, vol. ii. ; append. p. 239.

of conservator in chief of the electoral library, and published some historical essays, which excite less interest however than the *titles* of his inedited works.

In one which he inscribed *Furiae Jugales* he delineated the sufferings which the learned have endured from their wicked wives. To show the other side of the picture, he composed a sequel, *Charites Pronubae Virorum Doctorum*.

For his *Musae Ebriae*, or Learning in Liquor, he must have had a wide and fertile field ; and in his *Musae Mendicantes*, or Erudition in Rags, he perhaps anticipated "The Calamities of Authors."

One treatise, *De Eruditis Deformibus, sive Nosocomium Doctum*, he devoted to a general detail of the personal deformities of authors, illustrating the history of such as were afflicted by blindness or insanity in another, *De Eruditis Caecis et Mente Captis*.

But of all his works, perhaps that which promises most interest is the *Amores Furtivi Virorum Eruditorum*, or The Lawless Loves of the Learned.¹

Do the manuscripts of this profound scandal-monger still exist? English versions, with "continuations to the present times," would exactly hit the reigning taste, and could hardly fail to make a bookseller's fortune.

¹ Biogr. Univ. t. xxxi. p. 514.

XXXV.

POETRY FROM THE PULPIT.

“PERHAPS it may surprise my readers,” says M. l’Abbé de la Rue, “but there can be no doubt that in the thirteenth century, at least among the Normans and Anglo-Normans, the clergy read to their people, on Sundays and holidays, lives of the saints in French verse, and even preached the truths of the gospel in the same manner.”¹ In the library of the Royal Society of London, there is preserved a sermon by Stephen de Langton, cardinal of Saint Chrisognon, and Archbishop of Canterbury, between the years 1206 and 1228, written in Latin prose, richly interlaced with French verse, and having for its text what appears to have been a fashionable song of the day :

Bele Aliz matin leva,
Sun cors vesti è para ;
Enz un verger s’ en entra,
Cinq flurettes i truva,
Un chapelet fet en a
De rose flurie

¹ Histoire des Trouvères Anglo-Normands, t. ii. p. 137.

Par Deu, trachez vus en lá,
Vus ki ne amez-mie.¹

The good prelate shows the mystical application of this ditty to the Blessed Virgin :

“Ceste (la Vierge) est la belle Aliz ;
Ceste est la flur, ceste est le liz.”²

Occasionally sermons were written altogether in rhyme ; and two of these discourses have been lately printed :

Le Sermun de Guichard de Beaulieu. Paris, 1834, 8vo. pp. 32.

Un Sermon en vers, publié pour la première fois par Achille Jubinal. Paris, 1834, 8vo. pp. 32.

There is little remarkable in them beyond the construction of the verse, thirty or more consecutive lines rhyming together.

XXXVI.

AFTER-DINNER ORATORY.

It is a serious inconvenience to many worthy gen-

¹ *i. e.* ‘Par Dieu, allez vous en là, vous qui n’aimez pas.’

² Mémoire sur les Trouvères Normands, par M. Pluquet ; Mém. de la Soc. des Antiq. de la Normandie, t. i. p. 411.

tlemen, and a great reproach to our literature, that it has not yet produced an "Every Man his own Public-dinner-speech-maker." Perhaps the only attempt to supply such a grievous defect has been made by an honest yeoman of Dumfries, who gave to the world a volume entitled "Speeches on Various Public Occasions during the Last Thirty Years. By Henry Macminn. Edinburgh: Printed for the Author, and to be had of all the booksellers, 1831," 12mo. pp. 288. Mr Macminn indeed gives examples, not rules; but Homer preceded Aristotle; and some future Stagyrte may frame a system of post-prandial oratory from the admirable work of the Nithsdale Demosthenes. Meanwhile, a few flowers may be gathered from its pages for the benefit of costive trencher-declainers. The following was "delivered at Dumfries on Burns' birth-day, 25th January 1820," but it will serve for any place or time:

"In viewing the whole of material beings, from the meanest reptile that crawls on the earth to man, who is noble in reason, there is a diversity of beauty in the same species, there is a superior and inferior, whether in the vegetable or the animal world; but in man this difference is forcibly striking. In taking a view of the human race,¹ you

¹ This is a favourite figure with Mr Macminn; there is

will see many, you would think, were very little above the brute creation, whose knowledge is shallow, whose ideas are confined, and whose dispositions are low, grovelling, and brutal. But some again there are whose eye can penetrate into hidden mysteries, who can solve the most intricate problems, and examine into the motions and magnitude of the heavenly bodies. The cause of this day's meeting, viz. to celebrate the birth-day of Burns, our national bard, is a striking proof of what I have been just now saying. He possessed a superior and elevated mind; and were we to ransack the nation, from the earliest period of time till this present moment, I am persuaded you would scarcely

scarcely one of his orations which begins not with—"In taking a view of this habitable globe, from the commencement of time till this present moment." Perhaps in this he imitated the *Petit Jean* of Racine, whom he resembles in other points :

“ Messieurs, quand je regarde avec exactitude
L'inconstance du monde et sa vicissitude ;
Lorsque je vois parmi tant d' hommes différents,
Pas une étoile fixe, et tant d'astres errants ;
Quand je vois le Césars, quand je vois leur fortune ;
Quand je vois le soleil, et quand je vois la lune ;
Quand je vois les états des Babiboniens
Transférés des Serpents aux Nacédoniens ;
Quand je vois les Lorrains, de l'état dépotique
Passer au démocrite, et puis au monarchique ;
Quand je vois le Japon”

Les Plaideurs, acte iii. sc. iii. Oeuvres de J. Racine, p. 120.
Paris, 1838.

find one where *talents* so brilliant, so peculiar to himself, ever centred in the soul of man. That bowl which is placed upon the table, it is magnificent, it does you honour. Often may you fill it to the memory of Burns ; and when you empty it, may you empty it with honour to yourselves, and every time you place it upon the table, in the name of Burns, inanimate as it is, it will rejoice with you when you rejoice, and will not fail to add its quota to the glory of the day ; and when you fill it to the brim in honour of our bard, even Apollo, the god of poetry, will look down from the throne of his Olympus upon you and that splendid bowl, with wonder and admiration, and will not hesitate a moment to pronounce you the friends of genius, the admirers of literature, and an honour to this quarter of Scotland. . . . I speak not for the sake of speaking, I speak not to hear the sound of my own voice, or to attract the attention of this meeting ; but I speak because I glory in this day, I speak only the dictates of my soul. Long was I acquainted with Burns ; the more I knew him, the more I admired him ; many a happy night I have spent with him. At times he would look up as from a reverie ; his eye would have sparkled like the eye of Mars, or the herald Mercury ; his countenance would have flashed with brilliancy of wit and jovial stories, that even Vitula, the goddess

of mirth, rose and clapt her wings, and, standing upon the centre of the clouds, looked down and rejoiced with him :—At the same time she regretted that Burns was a mortal man.”

In his “speech made to the yeomanry cavalry of Dumfries, June 1826, at a dinner at the King’s Arms Inn, after they were reviewed,” the orator has seized all the great characteristics of mess-room eloquence :

“ I am sent here as a deputation from Mr Douglas, our worthy member for the burghs, and the Magistrates and Town-Council of Dumfries, to announce to you the very high respect they have for you as gentlemen and as soldiers, and for the very grand and noble manner in which you have this day distinguished yourselves in the field. It was allowed by the gallant officer who reviewed you, and by all who had the pleasure of seeing you this day, that no troops of the line could surpass you, and but few come up to you, in going through your different evolutions in that steady, quick, and expert manner, which struck with admiration the whole spectators. For thirteen years and more I had the honour of being a soldier under your banners ; during which time, and ever since I have been acquainted with you as a *corps*, I know that strict discipline, military ardour, and true patriotism, have uniformly pervaded your ranks. You, Sir, as

their leader, I esteem. That voice which commands with firmness and authority, yet it conveys love ; that voice which extends from right to left, and from centre to flank, never fails to excite admiration in the breast of every soldier in the ranks, who seems to say, with a noble and patriotic spirit, ‘ Who would not be a soldier under the command of Colonel Macmurdo and Major Crichton, in the Dumfries-shire Yeomanry Cavalry (two gallant officers as ever took the field), to protect our king and country, and all that is dear to us as men and Britons ! ’ ”

Any gentleman, to whose lot it falls to present a gilt jug to a deserving grazier, a gown and Bible to a handsome young preacher, or a tea-service of Dresden china to a merciful schoolmaster, may profit by this “ speech at delivering a snuff-mull to the Widow’s Society, Dumfries, 6th February 1806 : ”

“ In consequence of a meeting of the 22d November last, I have now the pleasure of addressing you ; I will glory in that day and in that night as long as the pulse beats in my veins. That day I had first the honour of being entered a member of this society, and that night—good luck turned it—that I had an opportunity of offering to provide you with a snuff-mull as a token of my respect for you and the institution, and that offer was in so kind and gentlemanly a manner accepted by you, that I

esteem it the more. If I were to live till the sun that rises in the east were to grow dim with age, it never could be forgotten by me. But, raised as I am to the highest degree of honour in having the pleasure of providing you with this snuff-mull, which I have now in my hand, yet I feel much. I am much concerned that it bears no proportion at all to the worth and value of the receivers. Were it made of the finest gold, or set with the most brilliant diamonds, it would be of far too little value to lay before such personages as compose this meeting. . . . This mull, which never has yet had a snuff taken out of it by mortal man, I beg you to accept of it. . . . All I wish is, that every time that you place it upon the table in the name of the giver, inanimate as it is, it will rejoice with you when you rejoice ; and when you take it in your hand, and read the inscription, ‘ Presented by Henry Macminn,’ it will, when I am lodged in the dark caverns of the earth, bring to your recollection one that once lived, but now has taken his flight to that world of impenetrable darkness, never to return ; but when he did live, amongst the happiest days he spent while on earth were with the members of the Widows’ Society in Dumfries. . . . I come now, Sir, to perform the pleasantest office I ever did in the whole course of my life, to present you with this snuff-mull, which I have

now in my hand :—In the name of Almighty God and the King receive it ; in the name of God, that He may protect every good institution like this, for the relief of the distressed ; and in the name of the King, that every good and charitable society in our land, for noble purposes like this, may be protected by the laws of our country, which are wisely calculated to protect every good subject.”

XXXVII.

BUY A BROOM.

SONGS of broom-girls, with which all our theatres and streets rang but lately, were as much in fashion in the reign of Elizabeth. “ A Pythie and Pleasant Comœdie of the Three Ladies of London, written by R. W., 1592,” preserves the following stanzas :

“ New broomes, greene broomes, will you buy any ?
Come maidens, come quickly, let me take a penny.

My broomes are not steeped,
But very well bound ;
My broomes be not crooked,
But smooth cut and round.

I wish it should please you
To buy of my broome,
Then would it well ease me
If market were done.

Have you any old bootes,
 Or any old shoes ;
 Pouch, rings, or bussins,
 To cope for new broomes ?
 If so you have, maydens,
 I pray you bring hither,
 That you and I friendly
 May bargin together.

New broomes, greene broomes, will you buy any ?
 Come maydens, come quickly, let me take a penny.”¹

These lines may seem silly and uncouth to modern judgments ; but will the most favoured ditties of Haynes Bayley appear otherwise two hundred years hence ?

XXXVIII.

PROOFS OF NOBILITY.

“ THERE are gentlemen,” says Menage, “ who can produce no other proof of the nobility of their lineage, than the sentence by which some one of their ancestors was doomed to lose his head on the scaffold.”² The remark comes quite home to us in Scotland. Our greatest record of family antiquity is the Ragman Roll, a deed as disgraceful in itself

¹ Beloe's Anecdotes of Literature, vol. ii. pp. 23, 24.

² Menagiana, t. iii. p. 455.

as its name is barbarous, which preserves lists of all the nobles and gentry in Scotland who swore fealty to the English Usurper in 1292 and 1296. Nor is the observation less applicable to our English neighbours. "In this country," writes a professed genealogist, "it may be said that a family can have little claim to antiquity, if it cannot prove an attainder. Lord Chief Justice Crew (in the time of Charles I.), in delivering the opinion of the judges to the House of Lords on the disputed succession to the earldom of Oxford, after having alluded to the rank of the De Veres for above five centuries, stated by way of commendation, that he found *but two attainders* of that noble family in all that length of time."¹

XXXIX.

OF EATING BOOKS AND PAPERS.

JOHN-CHARLES-CONRAD ŒLRICHs, a German bibliographer, who died in 1798, wrote, among other works, *Dissertatio de Bibliothecarum ac Librorum fati, imprimis Libris comestis*,—"A Dissertation on the fate of Libraries and Books, and particularly of Books which have been eaten." This piece, which it has not been my good fortune to see, is said to be prefixed to the *Catalogue de la Bibliotheque de Jacques*

¹ Origines Genealogicae, p. 183.

de Perard, printed at Berlin in 1756. The second part, it is said, treats of authors condemned to eat the books which they have written; a singular punishment, and apparently akin to that which the ancients inflicted on evil authors, by making them efface their compositions with their tongues.

Works of history or fiction record many instances of persons compelled to devour writings. Malone refers to Mill's Discourse of the Antiquity of the Star Chamber for an account of the manner in which one of the attendants of Bogo de Clare was forced to eat the parchment and seals of a citation of which he was the bearer.¹ This was in 1290; and in the succeeding century another instance is furnished by Italian chronicles. His Holiness Pope Urban V., who reigned from the year 1362 to the year 1370, issued a bull of excommunication against Barnabas Visconti, and sent two legates to bear it to him; but Barnabas forced the messengers to eat in his presence the parchment on which the bull was written, together with the leaden seals and silken strings.²

More than one instance occurs in our Scottish annals. In the year 1547, a citation was issued against the Lord Borthwick by the official of the see of Saint Andrews, together with letters of

¹ Ancient British Drama, vol. i. p. 325. Lond. 1810.

² Sismondi's History of the Italian Republics, p. 174. Lond. 1832.

excommunication against certain contumacious witnesses. William Langlands, an appariter or macer, presented these letters to the curate of Borthwick, that he might publish them in his church on the next Sunday, being the fifteenth of May, before high mass. The curate wished the publication to be deferred till the end of that service, and gave him back the letters ; but, in the mean time, came the Abbot of Unreason or Lord of Misrule of Borthwick, with his retinue, and seizing the officer, carried him to a neighbouring mill-dam and compelled him to leap into the water. “ And,” says the deed which records the outrage, “ when he had leapt into the water, the said Abbot of Unreason said he was not wet enough, nor deep enough, and therewithal cast him down into the water by the shoulders.” The appariter, escaping from their hands, returned to the church and delivered his letters to the curate ; but “ the said Abbot of Unreason came and took the letters out of the curate’s hand, and gave the officer a glass full of wine, and tore the letters and ground them among the wine, and caused the officer drink the wine and eat the letters, and said if any more letters came there, so long as he was Lord or Abbot, they should go the same way.”¹ The burghers of Jedburgh treated

¹ Sir Walter Scott’s Prose Works, vol. vii. p. 205.

a messenger of Queen Mary in the same manner. "About July 1571," says Bannatyne, "ane purse-vant being sent from the new erected auctority in Edinburgh, to proclame the same in Jedburgh, was sufferit to reid his letteris till it come to this poynt, 'that the lordes assembled in Edinburgh had fund all thingis done and proceadit against the quene null; and that all men suld obey hir only.' When, I say, he had redd this farre, the prowtest caused the pursevant cum down of the croce, and causit him eat his letteris: and thereafter lowsit down his poyntis, and gave him his wages with a brydle, thretning him, that gif ever he cum agane he suld lose his lyfe."¹ It was apparently only a few years after this incident that Sir Robert Gordon of Lochinvar, having *harried* Annandale, was declared an outlaw, and a strong party was sent to take him; but "he audaciously deforced the soldiers, laid violent hands on the officer who commanded them, and made him eat and swallow his Majesty's warrant for apprehending him."²

In England the jest seems to have been very popular. It occurs in the old romance of the History of George-a-Greene, that valorous Pinner of Wakefield, who, we are told, when a haughty messenger

¹ Richard Bannatyne's Journal of the Transactions in Scotland, p. 243. Edinb. 1806.

² Douglas' Peerage of Scotland, p. 370.

came to the town, “ boldly stept up to him and demanded his name, who made him answer that his name was Mannering. Mannering (saith he) ; that name was ill bestowed on one who can so forget all manners as to stand covered before a bench upon which the majesty of his sovereign was represented : which manners (saith he) since thou wantest, I will teach thee : and withal first snatching his bonnet from his head, trod upon it, then spurned it before him. At which the other, being enraged, asked him, How he durst to offer that violence to one who brought so strong a commission ? Your commission (saith George) I cry your mercy, sir ; and withal desired the favour of the bench, that he might have the liberty to peruse it, which being granted, aye, marry (saith he, having read it) I cannot choose but submit myself to this authority : and making an offer, as if he meant to kiss it, tore it in pieces. Mannering seeing this, began to stamp, stare, and swear ; but George taking him fast by the collar so shook him, as if he had purposed to have made all his bones loose in his skin, and drawing his dagger and pointing it to his bosom, told him, he had devised physic to purge his cholerick blood ; and gathering up the three seals, told him, It was these three pills which he must instantly take and swallow, or never more expect to return to his master : nor did he leave him, or take the dagger from his breast, till he had

seen them down ; and afterwards, when he had perceived that they had almost choked him, he called for a bottle of ale, and said these words : It shall never be said that a messenger shall be sent by such great persons to the town of Wakefield, and that none would be so kind as to make him drink ; therefore here (saith he), Mannering, is a health to the confusion of the traitor thy master, and all his rebellious army, and pledge it me without evasion or delay, or I vow by the allegiance which I owe to my prince and sovereign, that thou hast drunk thy last already. Mannering seeing there was no remedy, and feeling the wax still sticking in his throat, drunk it off supernaculum ; which the other seeing, Now (saith he) commend me to thy master and the rest, and tell them one George-a-Greene, no better man than the Pindar of the town of Wakefield, who tho' I have tore their commission, yet I have sent them their seals safe back again by their servant. Whatsoever Mannering thought, little was he heard to speak, but went away muttering the devil's pater noster, and so left them." When this romance was written does not appear ; but Mr Dyce is of opinion that it preceded Robert Greene's Pleasant Conceyted Comedie of George-a-Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield, which was first printed in 1599, and where the tedious passage which has been quoted is cast into a livelier form :

“Mannering. ...I come not barely of myself;
For see, I have a large commission.

George-a-Greene. Let me see it, sirrah. Whose
seals be these?

Man. This is the earl of Kendal’s seal at arms;
This Lord Charnel Bonfield’s;
And this Sir Gilbert Armstrong’s.

George. I tell thee, sirrah, did good King Edward’s
son

Seal a commission against the king his father,
Thus would I tear it in despite of him,

[*He tears the commission.*

Being traitor to my sovereign.

Man. What! hast thou torn my lord’s commission?
Thou shalt rue it, and so shall all Wakefield.

George. What, are you in choler? I will give
you pills

To cool your stomach. Seest thou these seals?

Now, by my father’s soul,

Which was a yeoman, when he was alive,

Eat them, or eat my dagger’s point, proud squire.

Man. But thou doest but jest, I hope.

George. Sure that shall you see before we two
part.

Man. Well, and there be no remedy, so George
One is gone, I pray thee, no more now.

George. O sir; if one be good, the others cannot
hurt.

So, sir,
Now you may go tell the Earl of Kendal,
Although I have rent his large commission,
Yet of courtesy I have sent all his seals
Back again by you.

Man. Well, sir, I will do your errand. [*Exit.*"]¹

The author of this play relished the jest so highly, that, not content with weaving it into his drama, he once put it into execution. "Had hee liu'd, Gabriel," says Nash, "and thou shouldst vnartificially and odiously libeld against him as thou hast done, he would haue made thee an example of ignominy to all ages that are to come, and driuen thee to eate thy owne booke buttered, as I sawe him make an appariter once in a tauern eate his citation, waxe and all, very handsomely seru'd twixt two dishes."²

The play of Sir John Oldcastle furnishes yet another instance :

¹ Dramatic Works of Robert Greene, by the Rev. Alex. Dyce, vol. ii. pp. 167, 209. Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. iii., p. 11.

² Strange Newes of the intercepting certaine Letters, and a Conuoy of Verses, as they were going priuillie to victuall the Low Countries. By Tho. Nashe, Gentleman. Printed 1592 ;—quoted by Mr Dyce in his Life of Greene, p. xliv.

“ Harpool. ...Dost thou know on whom thou servest a process ?

Sumner. Yes, marry, do I ; on Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham.

Har. I am glad thou knowest him yet. And, sirrah, dost thou not know that the Lord Cobham is a brave lord that keeps good beef and beer in his house, and every day feeds a hundred poor people at his gate, and keeps a hundred tall fellows ?

Sum. What’s that to my process ?

Har. Marry this, sir ; is this process parchment ?

Sum. Yes, marry is it.

Har. And this seal wax ?

Sum. It is so.

Har. If this be parchment and this wax, eat you this parchment and this wax, or I will make parchment of your skin, and beat your brains into wax. Sirrah Sumner, despatch ; devour, sirrah, devour.

Sum. I am my lord of Rochester’s sumner ; I came to do my office, and thou shalt answer it.

Har. Sirrah, no railing, but betake yourself to your teeth. Thou shalt eat no worse than thou bring’st with thee. Thou bring’st it for my lord, and wilt thou bring my lord worse than thou wilt eat thyself ?

Sum. Sir, I brought it not my lord to eat.

Har. O, do you sir me now ? All’s one for that ; I’ll make you eat it for bringing it.

Sum. I cannot eat it.

Har. Can you not ? 'sblood I'll beat you till you have a stomach. [*Beats him.*]

Sum. O hold, hold, good master serving-man ; I will eat it.

Har. Be champing, be chewing, sir, or I'll chew you, you rogue. Tough wax is the purest of the honey.

Sum. The purest of the honey !—O, Lord, sir ! oh ! oh ! [*Eats.*]

Har. Feed, feed ; 'tis wholesome, rogue, wholesome. Cannot you like an honest sumner walk with the devil your brother, to fetch in your bailiff's rents, but you must come to a nobleman's house with process ? If thy seal were as broad as the lead that covers Rochester church thou shouldst eat it.

Sum. O, I am almost choked, I am almost choked.

Har. Who's within there ? will you shame my lord ? is there no beer in the house ? Butler, I say—

Enter Butler.

But. Here, here.

Har. Give him beer, there ; tough old sheepskins be a dry meat. [*The Sumner drinks.*"]¹

I know not if the learned keeper of the treasury-

¹ Ancient British Drama, vol. i. pp. 325, 326.

records of her majesty's exchequer has followed any ancient authority, when he thus tells how the abbot of Oseney received the bearer of an unwelcome writ from the lord chancellor, commanding him to become a member of parliament :—"No obstacle was offered ; and the abbot, receiving the parliamentary process with much respect, delivered it to his senechal, telling him to take care that it was properly returned. The summoning officer was then shown into a 'parloir,' and kindly requested to take a meal previous to the resumption of his journey. The dish was brought up and placed before him. Well did he augur from the amplitude of the cover ;—but when the towering dome was removed, it displayed a mess far more novel than inviting,—the parchment writ fried in the wax of the great seal. Before he could recover from his surprise, the attendants disappeared, the door closed, and the key turned ; and, amidst the loud shouts of laughter from without, he heard the voice of the pitanciary declaring, that he should never taste a second course until he had done justice to the first, the dainty dish set before him on the table. And the threat was carried into effect without the slightest mitigation ; for of no other food did he partake, neither bite nor sup could he obtain, until after two whole days of solitude and abstinence, the cravings of hunger compelled the

unlucky representative of Chancery to swallow both the affront and the process."¹

XL.

ALMACK'S.

DAVID MALLET was not the only Scot who, by changing his name, sought to conceal his northern origin. A sturdy Celt from Galloway or Atholl called MacCaul, "well known in the fashionable end of the town by keeping a famous subscription-house in Pall Mall, nearly opposite the palace of St James's, by a slight transposition of his name, gave birth to Almack's."²

XLI.

ORIGIN OF NEWSPAPERS.

MR CHALMERS claims for England the honour of producing the first *printed* newspaper.³ It appeared in the memorable year 1588, when the dreaded Armada of Spain hung on our shores like a thunder-cloud.

¹ Truths and Fictions of the Middle Ages. The Merchant and the Friar. By Sir Francis Palgrave, K. H., pp. 71, 72.

² Kerr's Memoirs of Smellie, vol. i. pp. 436, 437. Edinburgh, 1811.

³ Life of Ruddiman, p. 102-121. See also D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, p. 55-57, edit. 1838.

The earliest number now known to exist is dated 23d July 1588, and is entitled "The English Mercurie, published by authority, imprinted at London by Christopher Barker, her Highnesse's printer." M. Lally-Tollendal has disputed this claim, and asserts for France the merit of anticipating all other countries by more than half a century in the publication of a political journal. There is preserved, he says, in the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris, a small quarto bulletin of the Italian campaign of Louis XII. in 1509, printed in the Gothic or black letter, and beginning thus: "Ce'st la tres noble et tres excellente victoire du roy nostre sire Loys douziesme de ce nom qu'il a heue moyennant l'ayde de Dieu sur les Venitiens."¹

XLII.

PRESBYTERIAN PARITY.

THE name of Master Robert Bruce must be familiar to every reader of Scottish church history. The free manner in which he bearded King James is still occasionally held up to admiration by zealous Presbyterians; and Episcopal writers have been equally busy to show the failings of one who was so great a thorn in the side of the hierarchy. The Jacobite historian of Edinburgh relates with infinite relish this anecdote

² Biogr. Univ. t. xiii. p. 56.

dote of him. "1589, August 15, Robert Bruce, one of the four ministers of Edinburgh, threatening to leave the town (the reason, by what follows, may be easily guessed at), great endeavours were used to prevent his going, but none, it seems, so prevalent as that of the increase of his Stipend to one thousand Merks;¹ which the good man was graciously pleased to accept, though it only amounted to one hundred and forty merks more than all the stipends of the other three ministers!"²

XLIII.

RAMSAY'S GENTLE SHEPHERD.

THE first draught of Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd is to be found in a pastoral of a single scene called Patie and Roger, which appears to have been written before the end of March 1720, five years previous to the publication of his drama in its present form. When he produced this first sketch he was contemplating a collected edition of his works; and a copy

¹ In 1569 John Knox's stipend was "Quheit, ij chalderis (at £26, 13s. 4d. the chalder), Beir vj chalderis (at £21, 6s. 8d. the chalder), Aittis iiij chalderis (at xx merkis the chalder), Money, 500 merkis."—Register of Ministers, p. 2. Edinburgh, 1830.

² Maitland's Hist. of Edinburgh, pp. 45, 55, 274. Edinburgh, 1753.

of it having been sent to London,¹ was published there “with a view to bespeak the favour of the [English] reader to the Scots Poet’s larger volume.” The editor, Dr G. Sewell, who laments his own small acquaintance with the language, says the piece had been applauded by “Pope, Hammond, and Campbell,” and adds, that “the Scotisms which perhaps may offend an over-nice ear, give new life and grace to the poetry, and become their places as well as the Doric dialect of Theocritus, so much admired by the best judges.” It may be questioned, however, if the Scotisms were understood, either by Sewell or by those whose favourable opinions he quotes ; since it was considered necessary that the poem should be accompanied by an English translation, which was executed by Josiah Burchett. Ramsay gratefully speaks of this version as “just and elegant ;” but an indifferent judge will hardly confess that it reaches mediocrity. There are some blunders which may perhaps amuse a Scottish reader. Ramsay writes :

Patie.—The bees shall loath the flowers, and quit
their hive,

The saughs on boggy ground shall cease to thrive,

¹ Patie and Roger : A Pastoral, by Mr Allan Ramsay, in the Scots Dialect. To which is added an Imitation of the Scotch Pastorall : By Josiah Burchett, Esq. London, 1720.

E'er scornfou Jiggs or loss of warldly gear
Shall spill my rest or ever force a tear.

Roger.—Sae I might sae, *but its nae easy done*
By ane wha's saul's sae jingled out o' tune."

The last two lines are rendered,

"So I might say, *but not with so much ease,*
Can I, alas! shake off my sad disease."

Again, the verse,

"But *Bauldy* loos nae her, fouweel I wat
He sighs for Neps—sae that may stand for that,"

is translated,

"But Archibald loves not her,—so here's my hand
For Neps he sighs,—one 'gainst the other stand."

Mr Burchett has still farther mistaken his author
when he renders *jo* by *wife*.

"Dear Roger, when your *jo* puts on her gloom,
Do ye sae too, and never fash ye'r thumb."

This will scarcely be recognised in its English
dress,

"Then said she, Roger, when your *wife* doth frown,
Though you're uneasy, let it not be known."

XLIV.

TITLE-PAGES.

It would be easy to cite old books with title-pages, which it would need half-an-hour to read, though the author's name and style take up but three words, or are perhaps modestly insinuated in a couple of initials. It was left for modern writers to drag all the alphabet captive after their names, or to swell their honours by long catalogues of all the learned societies in Europe, Asia, and America. The following title-page, which a worthy Cordelier monk devised as a happy stroke of ridicule against a Calvinistic antagonist who laughed at transubstantiation, might in our days incur the danger of being mistaken for a serious compliment.

*“ Réponses modestes aux aphorismes de maistre Jehan Brouaut, jadis, prieur de Saint-Ény, et à présent puisq'il lui plaist, ministre de Carentan, médecin, peintre, poëte, astrologue, philosophe académique, alchimique, mathématicien, géographe, musicien, organiste, sergent, tabellion, joueur de flute, de viole, de rebec, du tambourin, de la harpe, du manicordion, de la mandole et d'autres instruments qu'il sçait bien. Caen, Tite Haran, 1601.”*¹

¹ *Curiosités Littéraires, concernant la province de Normandie*, pp. 7, 8.

I decline to match this from any English author ; but as my little book will scarcely find its way to Denmark, I may venture to transcribe the portentous title of a thin pamphlet published there a few years ago :

“ Recherches sur l’origine des Ordres de Chevalerie du Royaume de Dannemarc, par le Docteur Frédéric Munter, Evêque de Sélande et des Ordres Royaux de Chevalerie, Grand Croix du Dannebrog et décoré de la croix d’argent du même Ordre, Professeur de Theologie dans l’Université de Copenhague, un des Vice-présidents de la Société Biblique Danoise, Membre de Collège des Missions et de la Commission des Antiquités du Nord ; des Académies des Sciences de Copenhague, Drontheim, Goettingue, Jonique, Italienne, de Munic, Naples, St Petersburg, Prague, Stockholm, Upsal, etc. Correspondant de celle de Berlin et de l’Institut de Hollande. Copenhague, 1822, chez André Seidelin, Imprimeur de la Cour et de l’Université.”

XLV.

A SCOTISH MAGICIAN OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

“ ’Sblood, he speaks terribly ! but for all that, I do not greatly believe him ; he looks as like a conjurer as the pope to a coster-monger.”—*Marlowe’s Tragedy of Dr Faustus.*

IN the year 1614, George Semple, minister of Killellan, accused of practising magic, of leading an

ungodly life, and of using slanderous conversation, was brought to trial before his ecclesiastical superiors, the presbytery of Glasgow. He denied all things which were laid to his charge, and the following evidence was adduced :—

“ John Huchesoune, one of the bailies of Paisley, depones, that the accused had a book by Mr Michael Scott of unlawful arts,¹ that he saw him buy Albertus Magnus ; that he heard him speak of divers unlawfull conceits ; that he was told long ago that he was wont to make lascivious ballads and sonnets ; that he is evil spoken off ; that his wife told him that one night in his absence, the accused came to his house, and having asked why they were so late of taking supper, said, ‘ What will you give me if I tell you what is in your cupboard ?’²

“ William Alpe depones, that he saw in the possession of the accused a book of unlawful arts ; that

¹ The unhappy Book of Canons promulgated by King Charles I. in 1636, ordains that no ecclesiastical persons “ shall give themselves to the studie of unlawfull arts and sciences ; nor consult with those who are infamous for *Magicke, Sorcerie, or Divination* ; under the payne of deprivation for the first and degradation for the second offence.”—Canons and Constitutions Ecclesiasticall, chap. iv. § 8, p. 18, edit. Aberd. 1636.

² This is probably an allusion to the trick commemorated in Dunbar’s *Twae Freris of Berwick*, and afterwards in Allan Ramsay’s *Monk and Miller’s Wife*.

the accused was wont to terrify him at school ; that he has been told that he made ballads and sonnets ; and that he bears not a good reputation.

“ Thomas Whyte depones, that the accused is greedy and covetous ; and that one John Semple gave him money to avert an attack of leprosy.

“ William Martein depones, that lying one night in the same chamber with the accused, and having asked him what he would do with all his gold, the said Mr George said he knew when he would die, and he would then distribute his wealth, one gold piece to one good fellow, and one to another, that would but say God be with you. Being farther asked how he knew when he would die, he answered, he knew that very well, and that he could lay six lines beneath the witness's head which would make him know as much.

“ Mr Thomas Muir depones, that Mr George, preaching on one of the petitions of the Lord's prayer, and making a comparison between the authority of an earthly prince and of the King of Heaven, did repeat the tenor of the king's letters of horning down to the words, ‘ our will is herefor.’

“ Robert Steinstoune depones, that Mr George caused a poor man, Arthur Din, and Margaret Semple his wife, pay his tavern bill (‘ paye his lawing’); that it is his fashion oftentimes so to do ; and that he is very greedy.

John Park depones, that Mr George took from him nineteen merks for two bolls of meal, and would not give him a receipt for the price ; and that the said Mr George is very greedy.

“ Patrick Bartlomew depones, that a year ago he heard Mr George preach from the pulpit that a woman would not believe that her cake (‘ bannock’) was baked until she felt it with her nails.”

What was the issue of the trial is not known. The presbytery ordered him to preach before them, when they declared that they “ were nowise satisfied, and thought him unmeet and insufficient to edify at the kirk of Killellan.”¹

XLVI.

DEATH-SONG OF ASBJORN.

Our makers of operas and operatic plays perhaps care nothing for the objection that never any where but in their pieces did such accidents happen, as that two gentlemen lying in concealment should conjure each other to be silent in strains which make all the welkin ring ; or that a young lady, who confesses that she is dying to run into her lover’s arms, should persist in carolling a duet with him of fifteen minutes’ length before she will suffer him to touch even the tip of her glove. Such things may be absurd, but they are not without a precedent

¹ Miscellany of the Maitland Club, vol. i. p. 420-425.

in literature. If we make allowance for the difference of manners represented, there will be found much semblance between the modern Opera and the old Saga. In the records of the heroic age of Scandinavia, the champions have but two occupations, to fight and to sing; or rather every exploit, whether of war or love, is begun, carried on, and ended in song. There is more than one English version of the death-chant of Ragnar Lodbrok, composed in the agonies of the frightful doom which he suffered by being cast into a dungeon filled with snakes; and M. Rafn, the greatest of Danish antiquaries, has recently maintained the *authenticity* of this extraordinary poem.¹ The Saga of Olaf Trygvasson preserves a lyric made in circumstances perhaps still more singular. Asbjorn, a renowned warrior, who from his beauty was surnamed the Handsome, fell into the power of Brusi, a giant of enormous stature. “ ‘ We shall now see if you are braver than other men,’ cried the Titan, taking him up and stripping off his clothes. ‘ My courage will prove small,’ said Asbjorn; ‘ unhappily has it befallen me; I have been able to make no resistance, and it is most likely that I have seen my last day.’ Therewithal he sung,—

‘ Let none in his own might confide,
Nor glory in his skill ;

¹ Krakas-maal adgivet af Rafn. Kiopn. 1826. Lettres sur L’Islande par X. Marmier, p. 152. Paris, 1837.

Vain is the boast of strength, the pride
Of courage vainer still :
For when it comes, the destined hour,
And adverse fates prevail,
The strongest arm will lose its power,
The stoutest heart will quail.'

"Then Brusi, having opened the side of Asbjorn, seized the end of his intestines, and tying them to an iron pillar in the cave, began to lead Asbjorn round it, who, making no resistance, followed until all his bowels were coiled round the column. In the interval he sung these verses." The chant contains eight stanzas; with some distrust I venture to submit an imitation of the first two :

"Stately as Vinland's swan of snow
My mother walks the Danish shore ;
Too soon my hapless fate she'll know,—
She'll comb and deck my hair no more.
She made me plight my troth, and vow
I would be back ere harvest tide ;—
The giant's arms are round me now,
The giant's sword is in my side.

"Far different was that day, I trow,
When through Hordiar's Firth we steer'd,
And mirth lit up each warrior's brow,
As fast and far our bark career'd :

Then swiftly went the mead-cup round,
 And tales of former times were told ;—
 Now lonely, wounded, weak, and bound,
 I pine within the giant's hold."

" And thus," says the Saga, " died Asbjorn, manifesting to the last his invincible fortitude and the greatness of his noble heart."¹

XLVII.

RICH PASTURES.

MR BUCKINGHAM tells us that " on the summit of Jebel-el-Belkah, or Bilgah, as it is equally often pronounced, from which Moses saw the promised land, there grew, according to the testimony of all present, a species of grass which changed the teeth of every animal that ate of it to silver ! And in a party of twenty persons then assembled there were not less than five witnesses who declared most solemnly that they had seen this transmutation take place with their own eyes !"²

We had a hill in Scotland which possessed the same singular virtue. " There is in the Garioch,"

¹ Scripta Historica Islandorum, vol. iii. p. 213-216. Hafniae, 1829.

² Travels among the Arab Tribes, p. 38. Lond. 1825.

says old Boece, “ a certain mountain called by the people Doun dor or the Golden Hill, because the sheep who feed on it are yellow, and their teeth are plainly of the colour of gold.”¹ Bishop Leslie confirms the story: “ In the Garioch is a hill which is called the Golden Hill, or vulgarly Dundore, and is said to abound in gold, as is manifested by the sheep which feed on it having their teeth and flesh of a yellow hue as if dyed with gold.”² And a gentleman who wrote in the last century informs us, that “ the common people have still a tradition current among them that persons skilled in magic, by performing cer-

¹ Scotor. Hist. fol. 7, Regni Descript. Paris, 1575. Andrew Symson tells us that “ near Kirkmaiden in Galloway, at a peece of ground called Cruchen, the sheep have all their teeth very yellow; yea, and their very skin and wool are yellower than any other sheep in the country, and will easily be known, though they were mingled with any other flocks of sheep in the whole countrey.”—Description of Galloway, p. 65. Another is to be found in Fife :—“ It is supposed by the people who live in the neighbourhood of Largo Law, that there is a very rich mine of gold under and near the mountain, which has never yet been properly searched for. So convinced are they of the verity of this, that whenever they see the wool of a sheep’s hide tinged with yellow, they think it has acquired that colour from having lain above the gold of the mine.”—Chambers’ Rhymes of Scotland, p. 61.

² De Rebus Gest. Scot. p. 31. Romæ, 1578.

tain ceremonies at sunrise, will see the shrubs assume the appearance of gold on those parts of the hill that most abound with it. From whence these fables," he says, "derived their origin, must be uncertain : but as to the last, one could easily conceive how the whole summit of the mount would have a golden hue when receiving the warm glow of the morning before the sunbeams reached the plain."¹

XLVIII.

PUNISHMENT OF PERJURY.

THE geographer Malte-Brun says, that in Manipa, one of the Molucca Islands, "there is a fountain called Ayer-Sampoo, the Well of Oaths, which is believed to give the *itch* to any perjured person who drinks of it."² Fifty years ago our neighbours of England would have said that such a superstition could have no terrors for the Scots. One of our poets who lived in the earlier years of the seventeenth century seems to have thought the disease so

¹ Cordiner's *Antiquities and Scenery of the North of Scotland*, p. 32. Lond. 1780.

² Malte-Brun's *Geography*, English Transl., vol. iii. p. 519. Instances of a somewhat similar superstition, during ancient times, in many places of Greece and Italy, are collected by Alexander ab Alexandro in his *Geniales Dies*, lib. v. cap. x. pp. 656, 657, edit. Francof. 1594.

little odious that he indited three copies of verses “To a young lady afflicted with the itch. (*De Abrenethaea virgine, cum SCABIE laboraret*).”¹ It must not be supposed, however, that Scotland was the only country liable to the reproach of this lively malady. Among the amusing letters of Lady Suffolk we read one from Mrs Bradshaw in 1722, stating that “all the best families in the parish are laid up with the itch. We had a noble captain who dined in a brave pair of white gloves.”²

This indeed, it may be said, was *after* the Union.

XLIX.

KING PHILIBERT OF ENGLAND.

FRENCH biographers gravely relate an incident which seems to have escaped our gossips in English history. Philibert de la Baume, Comte de Saint-Amour, they tell us, was sent to England on an embassy from Charles V. He so insinuated himself into the favour of Henry the Eighth, that the king conferred on him for four and twenty hours all the authority and ensigns of the royal office, which the count fully and openly exercised at London. An historian of Burgundy is cited to prove that the frolic was much

¹ Arturi Jonstoni, Scoti, Medici Regii, Poemata Omnia, pp. 378, 379. Middelb. 1642.

² Suffolk Correspondence, vol. i. p. 94.

applauded by the English ;¹ and on the authority of M. Abry d'Arcien, member of a patriotic society at Jura, we are assured that so recently as the year 1762 there were preserved in the archives of the Chateau de Chantonay, a seat of the Saint-Amours, several edicts by King Philibert, dated at London.²

L.

LATIN-ENGLISH.

SOME are disposed to lament, that so much of the Latin idiom and so many Latin words have been incorporated with the Saxon elements of our mother-tongue. One of the great champions of English Latinity seems to have had hopes of altogether rooting out the Gothic structure and vocables of our speech. "Indeed," writes Sir Thomas Browne in 1646, "if elegancie still proceedeth, and English pennes maintaine that stream wee have of late observed to flow from many, *wee shall within few yeares bee faine to learne Latine to understand English*, and a work will prove of equall facility in either."³ If the current had long set in, more languages than the Latin would have been needed for the interpretation

¹ "Hist. abrég. du Comté de Bourgogne, par M. Grappin, p. 217."

² Biographie Universelle, t. xxix. p. 38.

³ Preface to Vulgar Errors.

of English. Without a Greek Lexicon at his elbow, the "general" reader could never have got through the tracts of Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty, knight. In every page one is crossed by such

" Words, no stone
Is hard enough to try them on,"

e. g. monomachy, epassyterotically, entelechy, anti-phrasis, acronick, periphery, kardagas, horizontality, asteristick, daedalian, calefie, metamazion, synecdochically, logopandocie, archaeomanetick, redual, syncategorematical, phyargyric, autochtony, tropo-logetically, logofascinated, schematologically.

LI.

VOX POPULI.

. . . . " The people's voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God."—POPE.

PERHAPS there is no adage to which there is not a counter-proverb : and certainly a hundred might be cited in denial of the one which affirms the Vox Populi to be the Vox Dei. What Erasmus has collected on the matter should satiate the haughtiest aristocrat.¹ Even the great apostle of utilitarianism has been forced to confess, that " He that has resolved to persevere without deviation in the line of

¹ Adagiorum Chiliades, p. 914. Aureliae Allobrog. 1606.

truth and utility, must have learnt to prefer the still whisper of enduring approbation to the short-lived bustle of tumultuous applause.”¹ “I never said that the *vox populi* was of course the *vox Dei*,” said Coleridge. “It may be ; but it may be, and with equal probability *a priori*, *vox Diaboli*. That the voice of ten millions of men calling for the same thing is a spirit I believe ; but whether that be a spirit of heaven or hell, I can only know by trying the thing called for by the prescript of reason and God’s will.”² “Wise men,” says Sir Thomas Browne, “have alwayes applauded their owne judgement, in the contradiction of that of the people ; and their soberest adversaries have ever afforded them the stile of fooles and mad men ; and to speak impartially, their actions have often made good these epithlites.” He then gathers from the Scriptures the chief instances of popular folly in Israel, and concludes, “certainely hee that considereth these things in *God’s peculiar people* will easily discern how little of truth there is in the wayes of the multitude ; and though sometimes they are flattered with that aphorisme, will hardly believe the voyce of the people to bee the voyce of God.”³ Such words flow naturally from the pen of one who sat down to combat Vulgar

¹ Bentham’s Works, vol. i. p. 329.

² Coleridge’s Table-Talk, second edit. p. 163.

³ Vulgar Errors, book i. chap. 3. p. 10.

Errors ; but they cut neither so deeply nor so unkindly as the lines of the republican Milton :

“ And what the people but a herd confus’d,
A miscellaneous rabble, who extol
Things vulgar, and well weigh’d, scarce worth their
praise !
They praise and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other ;
And what delight to be by such extoll’d,
To live upon their tongues and be their talk,
Of whom to be disprais’d were no small praise,
His lot who dares be singularly good !”¹

When the secretary of Cromwell wrote thus, the popular acclaim with which all London rang as the restored Charles entered it must have been lingering in his ears ! But where is the poet, in any age, or

¹ *Paradise Regained*, book iii. l. 49–57. The penultimate line may have been borrowed from Ben Jonson, who in his *Cynthia’s Revels* (act iii. sc. ii.) has

“ Crites,
Men speak ill of thee. So they be ill men,
If they spake worse ’twere better: for *of such*
To be dispraised, is the most perfect praise.”

Milton’s last line has in its turn been appropriated by a modern poet. Mr Rogers, in his lines on the death of Fox, writes,

“ Of those the few that for their country stood
Round *him who dared be singularly good.*”

in any land, who has not his complaint of the inconstancy of crowds? The invective of the Roman satirist, in the days of Domitian, tallies almost in words with that of the Scottish "poet of princes" in the reign of our third George.

"Pone domi lauros, duc in Capitolia magnum
Cretatumque bovem : Sejanus ducitur unco
Spectandus : gaudent omnes : quae labra ? quis illi
Vultus erat ? Numquam, si quid mihi credis, amavi
Hunc hominem

. Sed quid
Turba Remi ? Sequitur Fortunam, ut semper, et odit
Damnatos. Idem populus, si Nursia Tusco
Favisset, si oppressa foret secura senectus
Principis, hac ipsa Sejanum diceret hora
Augustum."¹

"O Lennox, who would wish to rule
This changeling crowd, this common fool ?
Hear'st thou, he said, the loud acclaim,
With which they shout the Douglas' name ?
With like acclaim the vulgar throat
Strain'd for King James their morning note ;
With like acclaim they hail'd the day
When first I broke the Douglas' sway ;

¹ Juven. sat. x. l. 65-77.

And like acclaim would Douglas greet,
 If he could hurl me from my seat.
 Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
 Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain !"¹

The editor of Scott seems to see a parallel between these lines and the speech which Shakspeare has placed in the mouth of Coriolanus ; but not Coriolanus even has expressed his contempt for the popular voice half so heartily as a Frenchman of the eleventh century, Geoffrey, abbot of *la Trinite de Vendôme*, who addressed to his monks this pithy admonition, "Populus est asellus quem vos praece dere et ducere debetis, non sequi eum."² THE PEOPLE IS AN ASS WHOM YOU OUGHT TO LEAD, NOT FOLLOW.

LII.

JACK KETCH.

IF we can trust rumour, the rest of more than one Scottish magistrate hath been broken by a tradition which yet lingers in some of our burghs, that if no professional hangman can be found, the youngest bailie must discharge the loathsome office. Perhaps we may trace in the belief a vestige of ancient prac-

¹ Lady of the Lake, cant. v. st. xxx.

² *Goff. a Vind. Ep.* 46, *lib. iv. ed. J. Sirmondis*, 1610, cited in *Mém. de la Soc. Roy. des Antiq. de France*, t. vii. p. cxli.

tice ; we know that in France, at least, the last sentences of the law were executed by knightly hands. The archives of the corporation of Aurillac, in Upper Auvergne, preserve the record of a tedious contest for jurisdiction between that town and a neighbouring abbey in the year 1280. Among the witnesses whose evidence was written down appears Sir Salvaric Moisset, knight, who makes no scruple to say that when a malefactor was to be put to death, or was to lose an ear, or to be whipped through the village, he the said Sir Salvaric executed the sentence, as the abbot's officer ; and so did his father. Being pressed to go into details, he answered, that about forty years ago, or thereabouts, at the command of his father he hanged two men and a woman ; that some eight and twenty years ago he saw his said father cut off the foot of a bastard who had committed sacrilege ; that no more than eighteen years ago he himself hewed off the foot of one Fivas ; and that Fivas being an obstinate thief (and lame), was again caught in the act, when he burned him in the cheek with a hot iron. He added, that on another occasion, by orders of his father, he cropped the ears of Peter Deffage, a penitent cow-stealer, and scourged him through the village. Another witness, Sir Raymund de Messac, saw a robber led to the gallows by the valet of Sir Astorg d'Aurillac, knight, and there hanged by the said Sir Astorg

with his own proper hand. It was proved that Sir Raymund himself had done as much. Stephen Deons made oath and said, that he saw Sir Raymund lead one Austin, who had stabbed his neighbour, to the gallows, and would have hanged him if a compassionate damsel had not stepped forward to ask him in marriage. This saved his life ; but Sir Raymund was not always so balked. Old Stephen de Bon-enfant deposed that he saw Sir Raymund lead a malefactor forth of the town, and *there pull or pluck out his eyes*.¹ This example may help to vindicate the *gouging* of Kentucky from the charge of being *low*.

LIII.

LADIES' OATHS.

A FASHION, which every one must applaud, has banished oaths not only from the lips but from the ears of the fair sex. Among the Romans there was a nicety on this point. As Butler writes,

“ They would not suffer the stoutest dame
To swear by Hercules’s name.”²

“ In no writer of character,” says Aulus Gellius, “ will you find a woman swearing Mehercle, or a

¹ Mém. de la S. R. des Antiq. de France, t. ix. p. 216-221.

² Hudibras, Part I. cant. ii. l. 335.

man Mecastor. But Aedepol, or by the Temple of Pollux, was used indifferently by ladies or gentlemen."¹ Chaucer recommends the modest imprecations of his gentle Prioress,

"That of her smiling was full simple and coy,
Her greatest oath was but by Saint Eloy."²

I dare not transcribe the oaths of Queen Elizabeth; her majesty was notorious in this matter, as we may learn from the cotemporary ballad of the Rising of the North:

"Her grace she turned her round about,
And like a royall queene she swore."³

I know not of any collection of the oaths of Queens; but a late edition of Rabelais furnishes *Jurons de Plusieurs Rois de France*: Louis VII. swore, *Par les saints de Bethleem*; Saint Louis, *Par les saints de ceans*; Philippe III., *Par Dieu qui me fait*; Louis XI., *Pasques Dieu*; Charles VIII., *Par le jour Dieu*; Louis XII., *Le diable memport*; Francis I., *Foi de gentilhomme*; Charles IX., *Par le sang Dieu*; and Henry IV., *Ventre saint gris*.⁴

¹ Aul. Gell. Noct. Attic. lib. i. c. 6.

² Prol. to Canterb. Tales.

³ Percy's Reliques, vol. ii. p. 88.

⁴ Oeuvres de Rabelais, p. 670.

LIV.

POISON IN THE EUCHARIST.

“ No : Sacraments have been no Sanctuarie
 From Death ; nor Altars, for kings offering-up :
 Th’ hell-hallowed Host poysons imperiall Harrie,
 Pope Victor dies drinking th’ immortall Cup.”

*Memorials of Mortalitie ; written in Tablets or Quatrains.
 By Piere Mathiev. The first centurie. Translated by Josuah
 Sylvester.*

“ I hope it is not true,” says Sir Thomas Browne, “ and some, indeed, have strongly denyed, what is recorded of the monke that poysoned Henry the Emperour, in a draught of the holy Eucharist. ’Twas a scandalous wound unto Christian Religion, and I hope all Pagans will forgive it, when they shall reade that a Christian was poysoned in a cup of Christ, and received his bane in a draught of his salvation. Had I believed transubstantiation, I should have doubted the effect ; and surely the sinne itselfe received an aggravation in that opinion. It much commendeth the innocency of our forefathers, and the simplicity of those times, whose laws could never dreame so high a crime as parricide : whereas this at the least may seeme to outreach that fact, and to exceed the regular distinctions of murder. I will not say what sinne it was to aet it ; yet may it seeme a kinde of martyredome to suffer by it : For, although unknowingly, he dyed for Christ His sake, and lost his life in the ordained testimony of

His death. Certainly, had they knowne it, some noble zeales would scarcely have refused it, rather adventuring their owne death, than refusing the memoriall of His.”¹

The learned knight could hardly have seen the Scottish chronicler, who relates, that about the year 1153, an English prelate embraced death in this confiding spirit. “ This William Cumyn, archbishop of York,” says Fordun, “ was poisoned at mass in St Peter’s Church, by the ministers of the altar. He perceived the poison in the eucharist, yet full of faith, he hesitated not to drink it, and speedily died.”²

Lord Hailes remarks, that a more extraordinary example of impiety, on the one hand, and of misguided devotion on the other, is not to be found in the history of mankind.³

LV.

MELCHISEDEC.

THAT John the Evangelist should not die, was a belief which obtained even in the days of the apostles. “ Peter saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall

¹ Vulgar Errors, b. vii. c. xix.

² Forduni Scotichronicon, lib. v. c. xliv.

³ Annals of Scotland, vol. i. p. 297.

this man do? Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou Me. *Then went this saying abroad among the brethren, that that disciple should not die: yet Jesus said not unto him, He shall not die; but, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?*"¹ The opinion seems never to have wholly ceased; Saint Augustine and Saint Jerome wrote against it; more lately, it was revived by James Le Fevre d'Etaples and Florentinius, whom Tillemont has refuted.²

It was, perhaps, the origin of the many legends of the Wandering Jew, of whom, says Sir Thomas Browne, "there is a formall account set downe by Matthew Paris, from the report of an Armenian Bishop; who came into this kingdome about foure hundred yeares agoe, and had often entertained this wanderer at his table. That he was then alive, was first called Cartaphilus, was keeper of the Judgement Hall, whence thrusting out our Saviour with expostulation for His stay,³ was condemned to stay untill His returne; was after baptised by Ananias, and by the name of Joseph; was thirty yeares old in the dayes of our Saviour, remembered the Saints

¹ St John's Gospel, cap. xxi. v. 21-23.

² Butler's Lives of the Saints, vol. ii. p. 1087.

³ "*Vade quid moraris?*" "*Ego vado, tu autem morare donec venio.*"

that arised with Him, the making of the Apostles' Creed, and their severall peregrinations."¹

To this pair of immortals, a third has been added by a learned Frenchman, Jacques d'Auzoles, sieur de La Peyre, who was called by his admirers The Prince of Chronologists. It was the misfortune of this gentleman to be haunted by Melchisedec. He published at Paris a work on the Epiphany, proving that the three Magi who came to worship the Infant Saviour at Bethlehem, were Enoch, Elias, and Melchisedec, and that the gifts which they laid at His feet were the offerings which Abraham had made to Melchisedec. Having thus established that the mysterious High Priest was on earth at the beginning of the Christian era, Monsieur Jacques probably found little difficulty in demonstrating that he was alive in 1622. Such at least was the scope of a work on *Melchisedec*, which he gave to the world in that year,² and which I beg to suggest to our Romance writers as an unpolluted well of fiction. Dr Croly and others have exhausted the Wandering Jew ; but the lively and interesting subject of Melchisedec is yet untouched.

¹ Sir T. Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, b. vii. c. 17, p. 379. It is said that the immortal Wanderer appeared in Saxony in the year 1604. Cluveri *Hist. Epitome*, p. 637, edit. Amstel. 1668.

² *Biog. Univ.* t. lvi. p. 585.

LVI.

RATS.

“ Now, Muse, let's sing of Rats.”—GRAINGER.

“ THERE are no rats in the district of Buchan, in Scotland ; and if they are brought thither from other places, they do not live,” says Urban Chevreau. Professor Moir¹ is mistaken in thinking this information new to Scotsmen ; for Chevreau derived it from honest Hector Boece. “ *Nullus in hac regione mus major conspicitur,*” says that lover of the marvellous ; “ *nec si importetur vitam ducere illic potest.*”²

Nor was Buchan the only district which was thought to be free from this odious animal. “ Ther is not a ratt in Sutherland,” says Sir Robert Gordon, “ and if they doe come thither in shipps, from other pairts (which often happeneth), they die presentlie, how soone they doe smell of the aire of that cuntrey. And (which is strange) there is a great store and abundance of them in Catteynes, the verie nixt adjacent province, divyded onlie by a little strype or brook from Southerland.”³

¹ Table Talk, or Selections from the Ana, p. 76. Edinb. 1827. Constable's Miscellany, vol. x.

² Boetii Scot. Hist. fol. 5. edit. 1575. The Bishop of Ross confirms the tale : “ *Nullus in hac regione mus major quem ratum dicunt, vel gignitur, vel aliunde importatus vivit.*”—Leslaeus, de Rebus Gestis Scotorum, p. 30.

³ Genealogy of Earl. of Sutherland, p. 7. Edinb. 1813.

Sir Robert lived in the days of Charles I., but his credulity is kept in countenance by Pennant, who, even so recently as 1769, was informed “that no rats had hitherto been observed in Breadalbane;”¹ and by the Reverend Norman M’Leod, who was minister of the parish of Morven, in Argyllshire, in the year 1794.

“It has been remarked of old,” writes this gentleman, “that rats would not live in Morven; this remark seems to be confirmed by several circumstances consistent with the knowledge of most of the inhabitants now alive. A few years ago, some vessels were put ashore by stress of weather in Lochalin Bay; by which circumstance, a vast number of rats flocked to the houses on each side of the harbour. So numerous and mischievous were they, that it was apprehended they would spread and overrun the whole parish; yet it happened that in a few years they disappeared, and none now are to be seen from one end of the parish to the other.”²

The parish of Roseneath was equally blessed: “Here rats cannot exist,” says the minister; “many have at different times been accidentally imported from vessels lying upon the shore; but were never known to live twelve months in the place. From

¹ Pennant’s *Tour in Scot.* *ap.* Pinkerton’s *Voyages and Travels*, vol. iii. p. 48.

² *Stat. Acc. Scot.* vol. x. p. 269. Edinb. 1794.

a prevailing opinion that the soil of this parish is hostile to that animal, some years ago, a West India planter actually carried out to Jamaica several casks of Roseneath earth, with a view to kill the rats that were destroying his sugar-canes. It is said this had not the desired effect ; so," the reverend clergyman speculates, " we lost a very valuable export. Had the experiment succeeded, this would have been a new and profitable trade for the proprietors ; but, perhaps, by this time, the parish of Roseneath might have been no more !"¹

For the destruction of *mice*, Weckerus gives many *recipes*, which will doubtless be found equally potent against *rats*. " If you wish," says he, " to make mice blind, mix bruised sea-lettuce with bran and sweet wine, and lay it in their way ; and the moment they taste it they will lose their eyesight. If you desire to drive them from your house, catch one, and skin his head ; all the others will instantly scamper off. Or if you are bent on exterminating them utterly, take two or more live ones, place them in a pot, and hang it over a fire of ash-wood. Then you shall see sport ; for as the pot gets warm, and the little captives begin to squeak and pipe, all the mice in the neighbourhood will rush to the spot, and dash headlong into the fire, as if to rescue their

¹ Statist. Acc. of Scot. vol. iv. p. 76.

comrades. Antonius Mizaldus thinks this must be ascribed to the smoke of the ash-wood."¹ Had the burghers of Hamel known this secret, they might have escaped the catastrophe of the Pied Piper!²

¹ J. J. Weckeri De Secretis, lib. vi. cap. xvii. pp. 236, 237, edit. Basil. 1629.

² "There came into the towne of *Hamel*, in the country of *Brunswicke*, an old kind of companion, who, for the fantasticall coate which he wore being wrought with sundry colours, was called the Pied Piper. This fellow forsooth offered the townsmen, for a certaine somme of money, to rid the towne of all the rats that were in it (for at that time the burgers were with that vermine greatly annoyed). The accord, in fine, being made, the Pied Piper, with a shrill pipe, went piping thorow all the streets, and forthwith the rats came all running out of the houses in great numbers after him ; all which hee led into the river of *Weaser*, and therein drowned them. This done, and no one rat more perceived to be left in the towne, hee afterward came to demand his reward according to his bargaine, but being told that the bargaine was not made with him in good earnest, to wit, with an opinion that ever he could be able to doe such a feat, they cared not what they accorded unto, when they imagined it could never be deserved, and so never to be demanded ; but neverthesse, seeing hee had done such an unlikely thing indeed, they were content to give him a good reward ; and so offered him farre lesse than he lookt for : but hee therewith discontented, said he would have his full recompence according to his bargain ; but they utterly denyed to give it him. He threatened them with revenge ; they bade him doe his worst, whereupon he betakes him againe to his pipe, and going thorow the streets as before, was followed of a number of boyes

LVII.

PRAEFERVIDUM SCOTORUM INGENIUM.

THIS is one of those phrases which are in every one's mouth, although few "know where to have them." If Sir Thomas Urquhart or the Episcopal doctors of Aberdeen be deemed worthy evidence, its paternity is ascertained. "These books," says the former, "I will in some things no otherways commend than Andraeas Rivetus, professor of Leyden, did the doctrine of Buchanan and Knox; whose rashness he ascribed *praefervido Scotorum ingenio, et ad audendum prompto*."¹ "Thus," say the latter, "that

out at one of the gates of the city, and comming to a little hill, there opened in the side thereof a wide hole, into the which himselfe and all the children, being in number one hundreth and thirty, did enter; and being entred, the hill closed up againe, and became as before. A boy that being lame, and came somewhat lagging behind the rest, seeing this that hapned, returned presently backe and told what he had seene: forthwith began great lamentation among the parents for their children, and men were sent out with all diligence, both by land and by water, to enquire if ought could be heard of them, but with all the enquiry they could possibly use, nothing more than is aforesaid could of them be understood. And this great wonder hapned on the 22d day of *July*, in the yeere of our Lord 1376."—Verstegan's *Restitvtion of Decayed Intelligence*, chap. iii. pp. 85, 86, edit. Lond. 1634.

¹ Sir T. Urquhart's *Tracts*, p. 134. Edinb. 1774.

famous and most learned Doctor Rivetus wryteth, in the 13th chap. of a late treatise called *Jesuita Vapulans*, pp. 274 and 275, answering to the recrimination of a Jesuit, who had affirmed that Buchanan, Knox, and Goodman, had written as boldlie for the Rebellion of Subjects against Princes as any of their order at any time had done.”¹

LVIII.

A PHILOSOPHER'S EPITAPH.

PAUL PATER, professor of mathematics at Dantzic, died on the 7th December 1724, in his 68th year, leaving this epitaph for his tomb: “*Hic situs est Paulus Pater, mathematicum professor, qui nescivit in vita quid sit cum morbis conflictari, ira moveri, cupiditate aduri. Decessit vita cœlebs.*” In English it may run, “Here lies Paul Pater, professor of mathematics, who knew not in this life what it was to be afflicted with disease, to be moved by anger, or inflamed by avarice. *He lived and died a bachelor.*”

L'epitaphe est celle d'un véritable philosophe, says his biographer;² and perhaps truly, if the French academy be the true school of philosophy. I think that he was a better and a wiser man, who, conceal-

¹ Demands concerning the Covenant, 1638.

² Biog. Univ. t. xxxiii. p. 118.

ing his name, caused his grave to be inscribed, "*Vixi, Peccavi, Poenitui, Naturae Cessi.*" "I lived, sinned, repented, and died."

This epitaph was, in Camden's time, to be seen "in the cloister on the north side of Saint Paules, now ruined."¹

LIX.

DRUMMONDIANA.

AT the head of the very few Scottish and among the earliest English compilers of *Ana*, must be placed William Drummond of Hawthornden. He was born in 1585, and died in 1649. His "*Informations be Ben Jonson to W. D. when he came to Scotland upon foot, 1619,*" was perhaps the first attempt in Britain to record the conversation of a distinguished man of letters, and still remains one of the most pleasing. It is hardly necessary to allude to the ridiculous charges against Drummond which the querulous Gifford and others have raised up from these notes. They have been triumphantly refuted by Sir Walter Scott,² Mr Campbell,³ Mr David

¹ Camden's *Remaines concerning Britaine*, p. 335.

² Scott's *Prose Works*, vol. vii. p. 374-382.

³ Brewster's *Edinburgh Encyclopaedia*, art. Jonson.

Laing,¹ and Professor Wilson.² "The furious invective of Gifford," says the judicious Hallam, "is absurd. Any one else would have been thankful for so much literary anecdote."³

These "Informations" were not Drummond's only contribution to the class of Ana. He left, like them, in manuscript, a volume, on the title-page of which he inscribed, "DEMOCRITIE, a Labyrinth of Delight, or Worke preparative for the Apologie of Democritus ; containing the Pasquills, Apotheames, Impresas, Anagrames, Epitaphes, Epigrames, in French, Italiane, Spanishe, Latine, of this and the late age before." Specimens of this collection have been printed in the *Archaeologia Scotica* : a great portion of the work is, from its licentiousness, unfit for publication ; but the following extracts will, I hope, be found not wholly uninteresting. Some are selected on account of the persons to whom they relate, others as examples of the witticisms of the age, and a few are inserted as carrying the genealogy of certain familiar jests a hundred years beyond the work of Mr Joseph Miller.

1. Two friars coming to an inn where certain

¹ *Archaeologia Scotica*, vol. iv.

² Blackwood's *Edinburgh Magazine*, 1818 and 1839.

³ *Introd. to Literature of Europe*, vol. iii. p. 505.

soldiers were carousing, said, *Pax vobis*, to which one of the soldiers replied, *Et purgatorium vobis*.

2. A German coming through Padua in a rainy day, and returning afterwards from Rome to it in as great a rain, cried out, *Pluit adhuc Pataviis*.¹

3. One who wore long hair, being asked by another who was bald, why he suffered his hair to grow to that length, answered, It was to see if it would turn to seed, that he might sow some of it on the pates of those who were bald.²

4. One who had fired a pipe of tobacco with a ballad, swore he heard the singing of it in his head thereafter for the space of two days.

5. To a young boy coming to seek his godfather's

¹ This carries to Italy the origin of a very common jest against our rawer climate. "Does it always rain here?" said one who had more than once visited Loch Lomond without seeing a clear sky. "No, it snows sometimes," was the answer.

² Drummond had this from Ben Jonson, who has introduced it in his *Staple of News*, act iii. sc. ii.

"*Lick*. What court news is there? any proclamations
Or edicts to come forth?

Tho. Yes, there is one,
That the king's barber has got, for aid of our trade,
Whereof there is a manifest decay,
A precept for the wearing of long hair,
To run to seed to sow bald pates withal."

blessing (who was thought to be too familiar with his mother), a stander by prayed him not to take the name of God in vain.¹

6. Queen Elizabeth coming to Eton School, asked a little boy, when he was last whipped ; to which he answered, *Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem*.²

7. A Frenchman said, above all the pies in England, he loved occupy.

8. One having a long time troubled his brain for

¹ We have here doubtless the origin of the story which Pope told Spence regarding Sir William D'Avenant's parentage :—"Shakspeare, in his frequent journeys between London and his native place, Stratford-upon-Avon, used to lie at D'Avenant's, at the Crown in Oxford. He was very well acquainted with Mrs D'Avenant ; and her son, afterwards Sir William, was supposed to be more nearly related to him than as a godson only. One day, when Shakspeare was just arrived, and the boy sent for from school to him, a head of one of the colleges, who was pretty well acquainted with the affairs of the family, met the child running home, and asked him whither he was going in so much haste ; the boy said, ' To my godfather, Shakspeare.'—"Fie, child,' says the old gentleman, ' why are you so superfluous ? Have you not learnt yet that you should not use the name of God in vain ?'"—Spence's Anecdotes of Books and Men, pp. 82, 83. Lond. 1820.

² Virg. *Æneid*. lib. ii. l. 3.

the anagram of his name, Jacques de la Chamber, at last devised La Chamber de Jacques.¹

9. A fool being with his prince in a great storm on the sea, said, "Now, nobles, we shall drink one and all of one cup."

10. The greatest of all the Innes in Great Britain

¹ It would have been better for this gentleman that he had "no more insight in Anagrammes than wise *Sieur Gaulard*, who," says Camden, "when hee heard a gentleman report that hee was at a supper where they had not onely good company and good cheere, but also savory Epigrammes, and fine Anagrammes, he returning home, rated and belowted his cooke as an ignorant scullion, that never dressed or served up to him either Epigrammes or Anagrammes."—Remaines concerning Britaine, p. 155. Drummond again mentions this Jacques de la Chamber in a letter to the Earl of Ancrum, adding, that "heere at home a gentleman, whose mistresses name was Anna Grame, found it an Anagramme alreddy." He says, "Except Eteostiques, I think the Anagramme the most idle studye in the world of learning. Their maker must be *homo miserrimae patientiae*; and when he is done, what is it but *magno conatu nugas magnas agere*. You may of one and the same name make both good and evil. So did my uncle [William Fowler] find in 'Anna Regina' 'Ingannare,' as well as of 'Anna Britannorum Regina' in 'Anna Regnantium Arbor,' as he who in 'Charles de Valois' found 'Chassé la dure loy,' and after the massacre found 'Chasseur desloyal.' Often they are most false, as in 'Henry de Burbon' 'Bonheur de Biron.'"

is Bedlam, for it extends from Cornwall to Kilpatrick.

11. A gentleman of Bedlam being asked if ever he was married, "You know all," says he, "I am mad, yet was I never so mad as to marry."

12. A Frenchman in Scotland thought that sort of bread we call supple sour cakes, had been a napkin, *nappe enfariné*.

13. Two Low Country men being in Scotland, the one asked the other how it was possible the men were so tall and big, and the horses so little? "Do you not know that," said the other, "the men here eat all the horses' bread;" meaning, of our oat-bread which the commons use.¹

14. Doctor Perine preached in the reigns of Ed-

¹ Dr Johnson defined "Oats to be a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people." "It was pleasant for me," says Boswell, "to find that 'oats,' the food of horses, were so much used as *the food of the people* in Dr Johnson's own town of *Litchfield*."—Croker's Boswell, vol. iii. p. 351. The improvement in the breed of our horses since Drummond's time, gave point to Lord Elibank's retort on the Lexicographer's definition. "Yes," said he; "and where else will you see such horses and such men?"

ward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth : his text in King Edward's days was, *Erravimus cum patribus* ; in Mary's time, *Obedite principibus vestris* ; in Elizabeth's, *Cantate Domino canticum novum*.

15. The parson of Calder, saying mass at midnight, cried all aloud, "A thousand rose nobles make just a stone weight of gold ;" and the chorus answered, Amen.

16. After the Reformation, Neil Ramsay, the Laird of Dalhousie, having been at a preaching with the Regent Murray, was demanded how he liked the sermon ? " 'Passing well,' " said he ; " Purgatory he hath altogether ta'en away ; if to-morrow he will take away Hell, I will give him half the lands of Dalhousie."¹

17. A vicar having beaten his servant who went to read lectures for him, the knave not only left off to read, but knowing upon a necessity, his master, who was old, and read with spectacles, behaved to read, scratched out of that text (Saint Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians, 15th chapter, 51st verse) " We

¹ Nicol de Ramsay, the eleventh Laird of Dalhousie, seems to be the person alluded to ; but, according to our Peerage writers, he died in 1554, *before* the Reformation. —Wood's Peerage, vol. i. p. 404.

shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed," the
c, so that the old man read all be hanged.

18. Doctor Arthur Johnstone said of a bishop who seldom preached, "that he was a very rare preacher."

19. Sir P. Young told me this preaching of a Cordelier at Rouen, who for his text chose this vaudeville :

*" Or rendez moi mon Carolus,
Ma belle jeune fille,
Et puis n'en parlons plus."*

There is in this text, which is a petition, to be considered (said he) whom unto this petition is made ; who makes it ; and what the petition itself is, or what is required and sought in it. The person that makes this petition is God : it is made *à une belle fille*, which is the soul of man. The soul of man is *belle*, because it was made to the likeness of God ; it is *jeune*, being compared to the angels and eternity. Now it rests that I prove it to be *une fille* : it is no doubt of the feminine sex ; it is called *anima* and *l'ame* ; the virtues have their bidding in it, which are all of the feminine sex, *fortitudo*, *prudentia*. The angels are all males ; it was not good that they should be alone, for which the souls must be females. This it is that makes

the devils so busy against them. Moreover, they are all virgins, *pulchra est anima mea, et non est macula in te*: this is understood of the soul. If it were not *une fille*, why would it be called *anima mea*? That which in this petition is required is *mon carolus*: by this is understood the ten commandments. In the *carolus* there are ten *deniers*, so is there ten precepts in the decalogue. The *carolus* is coined by some great prince, and so is the decalogue by the Prince of all.¹

20. Mr Patrick Adamson,² in a sermon which he

¹ This sermon is tame when compared with the discourses of Maillard and Menot. M. Pluquet quotes from a sermon, printed in 1529, by Jean Clerée, one of this school, the following sentences: "*Et quomodo omnia se habent certè que povrement eram embrelucoqué d'une mauvaise paillarde mariée; sed fecit tanta avec la maquerelle que je suis retourné. Hélas mon ami! Hoc vocatur recidivatio.*"—Curiosités Littéraires, concernant la province de Normandie, p. 17.

² The author of this anti-episcopal discourse became afterwards Archbishop of Saint Andrews. He died in 1591, "having," writes Keith, "it is said, in his last sickness, made a kind of recantation, whereby he condemned Episcopacy as unlawful; but for this there is no direct voucher."—Keith's Catal. Scot. Bish. p. 40, edit. Edinb. 1824. A wretched cotemporary poet rails at him as

"Ane schismatyke, and gude swyne hogge,
Ane elphe, ane elvasche incubus,
Ane lewrand lawrie licherous;

preached against the order and office of bishops, said, "There were three sorts of bishops : the Lord's bishops, to wit Christ's, and such was every pastor ;¹ my lord bishop, that is such a bishop as is a lord who sits and votes in parliament, and exercises jurisdiction over his brethren ; and the third was my lord's bishop, that is, one whom some lord or nobleman at court did put into the place of his receiver to gather his rents, but had neither the

Ane fals, forloppen, fenyeit freir,
 Ane ranungard for greid of geir,
 Still daylie drinckand or he dyne,
 A wirriare of the gude sweit wyne ;
 Ane baxters sone, ane beggar borne,
 That twyse his surnaine hes mensuorne."

See the Legend of the Bishop of St. Androis Lyfe, reprinted in Dalryell's *Scotish Poems of the Sixteenth Century*, vol. ii. p. 301-344 ; Edinb. 1801. Dr Irving, no friend to his order, describes the archbishop as "a prelate of ingenuity and erudition, who has often been scandalously traduced. His address to his departing soul is as much superior to that of Adrian as Christianity is superior to Paganism."—*Lives of Scotish Poets*, vol. ii. p. 143.

¹ "Beza," says Dr Pusey, "divides Episcopacy into divine, human, and satanic. Divine, according to him, is the ministry generally ; human is the placing one presbyter above the rest, with limited authority ; satanic is where the Episcopacy is entirely separate from the presbytery, and has exclusive authority. This is repeated by the Puritan writers in their answers of the English Church, *e. g.* Calderwood, *Altare Damascenum*, c. 4."—*Letter to the Lord Bishop of Oxford*, p. 150. Oxford, 1839.

means nor power of a bishop. This last sort he called a *tulchan* bishop, because as the tulchan (which is a calf's skin stuffed with straw) is set up to make the cow give down her milk, so are such bishops set up that their lords by them may milk the bishoprics.

21. A student of Oxford praying for my Lord Mayor, prayed, "*Oramus pro viro hornatissimo.*"

22. A Precisian woman in Scotland wished that all the Fathers of the Church were discharged to be read, except old Father Arcadia.

23. One examining a milkmaid, asked her if she did keep the ten commandments? "No," says she, "I keep sheep."

24. The Brownists name their children after the virtues, as Confidence, Hope, Faith, Affliction.¹ The

¹ "If," says Camden, "that any among us have named their children *Remedium Amoris*, *Imago Seculi*, or such like names, I know some will think it more than a vanity, as they do but little better of the new names, *Free-Gift*, *Reformation*, *Earth*, *Dust*, *Ashes*, *Delivery*, *More-fruit*, *Tribulation*, *The-Lord-is-near*, *More-trial*, *Discipline*, *Joy-again*, *From-above*; which have lately beene given by some to their children with no evil meaning, but upon some singular and preece conceit."—Remaines concerning Bri-

minister of Ware named his daughter Faith, and, exercising, asked one, What is Faith? "Marry," says he, "the handsomest wench in all the town."

taine, p. 44. Ben Jonson ridicules this affectation:—"Quar. His Christian name is Zeal-of-the-land. *Winw.* How! what a name's there! *Lit.* O they have all such names, sir; he was witness for Win here—they will not be called godfathers—and named her Win-the-fight: you thought her name had been Winnifred, did you not?"—Bartholomew Fair, act i. sc. i. Hume quotes this list of a Puritan Jury in Sussex: "Accepted Trevor of Norsham, Redeemed Compton of Battle, Faint-not Hewit of Heathfield, Make-peace Heaton of Hare, God-reward Smart of Fivehurst, Standfast-on-high Stringer of Crowhurst, Earth Adams of Warbleton, Called Lower of the same, Kill-sin Pimple of Witham, Return Spelman of Watling, Be-faithful Joiner of Britling, Fly-debate Roberts of the same, Fight-the-good-fight-of-faith White of Emer, More-fruit Fowler of East Hadley, Hope-for Bending of the same, Graceful Harding of Lewes, Weep-not Billing of the same, Meek Brewer of Okeham."—Hist. of Engl. vol. vii. p. 237. A republican writer, I think Godwin, has laboured very gravely to prove that the list is spurious; but his success would little help his cause. The prevalence of such ridiculous names among the Puritans cannot be denied: no one has doubted that Praise-god Barebones was so named; and even in the present day we might apply to the names in a New-England Almanac, what some one irreverently said of the Commonwealth's soldiers:—"Cromwell hath beat up his drums clean through the Old Testament. You may learn the genealogy of our Saviour by the names of his regiment: The muster-master has no other list than the first chapter of St Matthew."

25. King James the Sixth, at an assembly of the ministers, asked a bashful one, "Who was Jesus the Son of Syrach's father?" to which the poor man had not a word to answer.

26. A Scotsman being brought to Paris to learn the Roman Catholic faith, when they had enjoined him some fasting days, desired them to give him meat, because, ere he fasted, he would eat the Pope, bulk and body.

27. When search was made in this country for some mass-cloths in a Catholic's study, and all his images and pictures¹ were taken from him, save only one of Our Lady, which had fallen by, "My blessing I give thee," said he, "thou was aye more wise than thy Son yet, and thou now hast escaped these thievish hands."

¹ It is to be feared that many valuable productions of the fine arts perished at the Reformation. Even so lately as the year 1640, the kirk-session of Aberdeen pronounced this ordinance:—"The session understanding that some captains and gentlemen of the [Covenanting] regiment of soldiers lying in this town, had ta'en offence at the portrait of umquhile Alexander Reid, sometime of Pitfoddells, *as smelling somewhat of Popery*, and standing above the session-house door, ordains the said portrait to be ta'en down, and not to be set up again."

28. A French captain having burnt a Spanish church in Florida, said, that they who had no faith needed no church.

29. A gentleman of Spain, when an Inquisitor had sent for some grafts of an apple-tree which was in his garden, sent him the whole tree, for, said he, I will not have a tree of which the Inquisitors seek either apples or grafts.

30. There is one commandment which women never break, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife."

31. A physician wondered how his horse could be sick, and not change his colour.

32. A Bohemian meeting a physician who had cured him of an ague, turned by carelessly : being asked why he did not salute Master Doctor, "Marry !" said he, "I was ashamed, because I was not sick."

33. Dr Balcanquall, being Christian father to a child whose name was Noble, named her Rose, so that her husband should never want a Rose Noble.¹

¹ A Rose Noble was an old English coin, first struck in the reign of Edward III. ; it took its name from the rose which was stamped on it.

34. Sir Walter Raleigh being Christian father (for the Queen) to a gentleman's daughter named Manners, named her Kiss.

35. Queen Elizabeth entering Bristol, a speech was to be delivered to her. The honest man began, "May it please your sacred majesty, I am the mouth of the town ;" and then, all amazed, forgot the rest. She, sporting, said once or twice, "Speak, good mouth !"

36. Sir Geslame Percy¹ prayed the mayor of Plymouth (who had a great long beard) to tell him whether it was his own beard, or the beard of the city, for he could not think one man alone could have so huge a beard.²

¹ Sir Geslame, or Sir Josceline Percy, was the seventh son of Henry, eighth earl of Northumberland. He was born in 1578, was knighted in 1599, and he died in 1631. (Collins' *Peerage*, vol. ii. p. 408, edit. 1779.) He seems to have been a famous wit. "Being told that the Councill had fined him 1000 merkes [probably for his share in the Earl of Essex's insurrection in 1600], he laught exceedingly at it. One askt him the reason. He answered, that 'the Privy Councill were so wise as they knew where to find 1000 merkes ; for hang me if I know where to find 1000 pence, sayes he.'"—Thoms' *Anecdotes and Traditions*, p. 65.

² We find this in Bishop Earle's *Microcosmography*, published in 1628 : "An alderman is venerable in his gown, more in his beard, wherewith he sets not forth so much his own as the face of a city."—P. 18, edit. Lond. 1811.

37. Sir Walter Raleigh complained one day he had caught a little cold. "No wonder," replied Sir Geslame Percy, "ye did lie on the head of the church all night."

38. Sir Geslame Percy beat once on Sir Jerome Bowes' breast, and asked if Sir Jerome was within.

39. Sir Geslame Percy, to save his boots, caused a porter to carry him ; and if he were surprised, to say, "He was a Scots lord fallen sick in a tavern."¹

40. On the stage when an actor having come up, and walked awhile, then said, "And what does now that melancholy lord, your brother?" Sir Geslame Percy answered, "I left him taking tobacco and wine."

41. A butcher being promoted to be mayor, one prayed for him that he might cut the throat of the sins of that city as a calf's, and strip falsehood and

¹ This may remind the reader of a jest attributed to Sheridan. One night coming very late out of a tavern, he fell, and being too much overtaken by liquor to recover his feet, he was raised by some passengers, who asked his name and place of abode ; to which he replied by referring to a coffee-house, and hiccuping,—“Gentlemen, I am not often in this way—my name is—Wilberforce !”—*Sheridaniana*, p. 266.

hypocrisy naked, as the skimmers of neats pulled their hides over their heads.¹

42. The Duke of Auvergne having beaten a blind man who was in his way, the blind man cried, "*Diable sur le fils de putain ;*" on which the duke (who was Charles the Ninth's base son) swore the fellow was not blind.

43. The Marquis of Hamilton came to visit Sir Francis Bacon after the time of his great disaster, but found few to open his doors ; and asking him how he did, "Well," replied he, "your lordship is come to see a ruinous building, for the rats and vermin are all fled away from me."

44. When they told George Buchanan that the Earl of Mar had gotten the government of the young king, he asked presently, "Who then shall have the government of the Earl of Mar?"

¹ We meet this very obvious jest in Shakspeare (Sec. Part of Henry VI. act iv. scene ii.) :

"*John.* I see them ! I see them ! there's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham.

George. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher.

George. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf's."

45. Buchanan meeting an English gentleman early in the morning in Bourdeaux, who was to say his prayers (as he said to him) in Saint George's church, bade him make haste, for it was a great while since Saint George was on horse.

46. George Buchanan said, to one who complained, as they were riding, of the weakness of his memory, "that his horse was a great deal more forgetful, for, being but even now stricken with his spurs, he forgot it presently."

47. There came into Scotland a doctor of the Sorbonne to Queen Mary of Lorraine, who, having heard some affirm that the French wine was as good and pure in Scotland as it was to be found in France, said, "the French send no wares out of their country but the worst." Mr George Buchanan standing by, replied, "Well, Mr Doctor, I never knew ye were before this time the refusal and worst of all the doctors of the Sorbonne."

48. George Buchanan said to John Knox, when he would have had the kirks razed, by the simile, "Cut the trees and the crows will build no more," "And if ye had rent your breeches, John, whether would you throw them in the fire, or cause clout

them ? whether would you go naked, or abide their mending ?”

49. One of the grooms of King James’s bed-chamber asked a gentleman, “What year of God was the eighty-eight ?”

50. Bishop Montgomery¹ wrote a letter to the Earl of Eglintoun (a man inclined to the faction against bishops) to send him a train of horsemen. The earl answered, “I think it enough, cousin, ye run on foot to the devil, though ye ride not ; and go all alone, although I send no train with you.”

51. A painter being challenged for having painted a unicorn without a horn, replied, “It was not yet a year old, and that with time the horn would come.”

52. A lady of great parentage in our time, afraid of an oracle, which was, she should beware of a bull, caused her attendants to walk on foot with her when she came where there were any herds of kine ; but

¹ Perhaps Robert Montgomery is alluded to, who was Archbishop of Glasgow from 1581 to 1585. He was probably one of the natural sons of Robert Montgomery, Bishop of Argyll, the youngest son of Hugh, first earl of Eglintoun.

she lost afterwards her head by the hand of one Bull. So Henry IV. caused kill the lions at Fontainebleau for fear of a lion, not knowing that Frère Jacques Clement's surname was Lyon.

53. Machiavel being demanded by some of his friends why he had written such strange and unchristian precepts in his *Principe*, said, "that he wrote not what great men should do, but what they ordinarily did, and the *practique* of his master the Duke of Florence: That by those precepts, princes becoming more wicked than they were, might in end be altogether thrown out of their government, and thus he would be an occasion of the freedom of Italy.¹

54. After the death of Nicolao Machiavelli, in his study there was a book found with this name on the covering, *La Religione del Machiavelli*, and being opened, it was all blank paper.

¹ "None of the explanations," says Mr Hallam, "assigned for the motives of Machiavel in the *Prince*, is more groundless than one very early suggested, that by putting the house of Medici on schemes of tyranny, he was artfully luring them to their ruin. Whether this could be reckoned an excuse, may be left to the reader; but we may confidently affirm, that it contradicts the whole tenor of that treatise."—*Introduct. to Literat. of Europe*, vol. i. p. 558.

55. Lines by the Marquis of Montrose on Caesar's Commentaries :

Though Caesar's paragon I can not be,
Yet shall I soar in thoughts as high as he.

56. Lines by Montrose on a copy of Quintus Curtius :

As Philip's noble son did still disdain
All but the dear applause of merited fame,
And nothing harboured in that lofty brain
But how to conquer an eternal name :
So great attempts, heroic ventures shall
Advance my fortune, or renown my fall !

57. At Oxford, a professor having got a new gown, some one saying it was too short, answered, " Let it alone, it will be long enough ere I get another."

58. One asking alms being inquired what calling he was of, answered, " He was a poor scholar ;" but when he was set to read, and could do nothing, he replied, " He told them truly that he was but a poor scholar, for he could not read so much as a single letter."

59. A scholar having maintained some atheistical

conclusions, a judge meeting him, said, "He would take order with him, as was requisite." The scholar spake to him in Greek. The judge said, "He understood him not." "Should I," said the scholar, "submit my learning to your judgment?"

60. My Lord Morton¹ expounded that definition of an Ambassador, published by Sir Henry Wotton, *Legatus est vir mentiendi causa missus*, An Ambassador is a man sent to lie (that is, reside) for his master.²

¹ By "My Lord Morton," is apparently meant Sir Albertus Morton, the nephew of Sir Henry Wotton. He died in 1632, after filling the office of Secretary of State for seven years. Walton has preserved, "Tears wept at the grave of Sir Albertus Morton," a poem by Sir Henry Wotton.

² It seems more probable that Sir Henry himself first hit on the English, and afterwards translated it into Latin, with some loss of point. Walton tells us, that "at his first going ambassador into Italy, as he passed through Germany, he stayed some days at Augusta, where, having been in his former travels well known by many of the best note for learning and ingeniousness, with whom he passing an evening in merriments, was requested by Christopher Flecamore to write some sentence in his Albo (a book of white paper, which for that purpose many of the German gentry usually carry about them), and Sir Henry Wotton consenting to the motion, took an occasion from some accidental discourse of the present company, to write a pleasant definition of an ambassador in these very words :

61. Mr Hopkins being imprisoned in the Tower for declaiming against some articles which the King's

'Legatus est vir bonus peregre missus ad mentiendum reipublicae causa.' Which Sir Henry Wotton could have been content should have been thus Englished :—*'An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country.'* But the word for *lie* (being the hinge upon which the conceit was to turn) was not so expressed in Latin as would admit (in the hands of an enemy especially) so fair a construction as Sir Henry thought in English. Yet, as it was, it slept quietly among other sentences in this albo almost eight years, till by accident it fell into the hands of Jasper Scioppius, a Romanist, a man of a restless spirit and a malicious pen, who, with books against King James, prints this as a principle of that religion professed by the king and his ambassador, Sir Henry Wotton, then at Venice ; and in Venice it was presently after written in several glass windows, and spitefully declared to be Sir Henry Wotton's. This coming to the knowledge of King James, he apprehended it to be such an oversight, such a weakness, or worse, in Sir Henry Wotton, as caused the king to express much wrath against him ; and this caused Sir Henry Wotton to write two apologies, one to Velserus (one of the chiefs of Augusta), in the universal language, which he caused to be printed, and given and scattered in the most remarkable places both of Germany and Italy, as an antidote against the venomous books of Scioppius ; and another apology to King James, which were both so ingenious, so clear, and so choicely eloquent, that his majesty (who was a pure judge of it) could not forbear, at the receipt thereof, to declare publicly, *'That Sir Henry had commuted sufficiently for a greater offence.'*”
—Walton's Life of Sir H. Wotton, p. 87, edit. Oxf. 1824.

Majesty had sought to be established, and having written his apology in verses to the king, upon which followed his deliverance, a companion of his said, "He went into the Tower by Reason, but came out by Rhyme."

62. A country gentleman suspecting himself at a play to be among some Roaring Boys¹ who would cut his purse, put all his gold in his mouth, which yet he did not so cunningly but by one of them he was per-

¹ Roaring Boys—pickpockets. The title of a play by Middleton and Dekkar, printed in 1611, is "The Roaring Girle, or Moll Cut-purse."—See Dodsley's *Old Plays*, vol. vi. The misfortunes of this free-fingered fraternity were naturally a favourite subject of jesting. We find an anecdote of the same stamp in another collection of *Facetiae* of the same age: "A gentleman at a play sate by a fellow that he strongly suspected for a cutt-purse, and for the probation of him, took occasion to drawe out his purse, and put it up so carelessly as it dangled downe (but his eye watcht it strictly with a glance), and he bent his discourse another way; which his suspected neighbour observing, upon his first faire opportunitie, exercised his craft; and having gott his booty, begaune to remove away, which the gentleman noting, instantly drawes his knife, and whippes off one of his eares, and vow'd he would have something for his monee. The cutt-purse beganne to sweare and stampe, and threaten. 'Nay, go to, sirrah,' sayes the other, 'be quite, I'll offer you faire; give me my purse againe, here's your eare, take it, and be gone.'"—Thoms' *Anecdotes and Traditions*, p. 17.

ceived, who, the play ended, let fall some money, and desired all the gentlemen to stay till he had recovered it, but feigning he found none of the gold, he willed them to spit, and thus lost the country gentleman his gold.

63. The Earl of Angus,¹ who married James the Fifth's widow, being in England, was desired to run a tilt, and being well mounted and dressed in arms, they told him no man could do harm to him thus armed. "Nor I," replied he, "can do harm to no man."²

64. A gentleman's son of the country having come to woo a maid of the city, stood a long time by her without any speech (because perhaps he was passionate). At last a great snow falling, he took occasion to tell her that his father's sheep would all be undone. "Well," said she, taking him by the hand, "I will give my word to keep one of them."

65. Tasso being demanded who was the first poet in Italy, said, "*Guarini e il Secundo.*"

¹ Archibald, sixth earl of Angus, succeeded his grandfather in 1514, and died at Tantallon in 1556.

² A similar anecdote is told, but perhaps with less probability, of King James VI.

66. Archy Armstrong, when King James complained of a horse which they could not fatten, bade him make a Bishop of him, and then he would be fat.¹

67. An honest man falling unawares in a ditch, desired his servant to help him out of it. "Stay a little," replied his servant, "till I see if this be in my covenant, otherwise I will call some other to help you."

68. An aged man coming along with his son and his ass, led by him, was scorned by some he met that he set not his young lad on the ass rather than to weary his tender body ; which he presently performed. The next passengers told him he was a fool to weary himself, his son being lusty enough to walk a-foot ; so he caused his son to light, and

¹ This jest is told at greater length in a work which has reached me as this sheet is passing through the press : Anecdotes and Traditions illustrative of Early English History and Literature, derived from MS. sources. Edited by William J. Thoms, Esq. F.S.A. Lond. 1839. The same work ascribes a somewhat similar jest to the gentle King Jamie himself : "King James mounted his horse one time, who formerly used to be very sober and quiet, but then began to bound and prance. 'The de'le o' my saul, sirrah,' says he, 'an you be not quiet, I'se send you to the five hundred kings in the Lower House of Commons, they'le quickly tame you.'"—P. 58.

rode himself. But he had not made a mile of way when another company accused him for wearying his tender son ; so he caused his son to come on behind him, and thus he was assured to be free from all reprehension. But now comes me a new company, who told him he surcharged his ass, and was a pitiless master. Not knowing what to do, nor how to be free of reproof, dismounting both himself and his son, he tied the feet of his ass, and made his son help to bear his ass along with him. Hereat every man that met him could not contain them for laughter, the ass being strong and bulky. This old man in the end untied his ass, and walked on as at the first.¹

¹ It is singular that Drummond should have taken the trouble to set down this indifferent prose version of a fable which had been so well versified by Warner :

“ An asse, an old man, and a boye,
Did through a citie passe,
And whilst the wanton boye did ride
The old man led the asse :

‘ See yonder doting foole,’ said folke,
‘ That crauleth scarce for age,
Doth set the boye upon his asse,
And makes himselfe his page.’

Anon the blamed boy alightes,
And lets the old man ride,
And, as the old man did before,
The boye the asse did gide.

69. The Earl of Southampton told that my Lord Carlisle¹ answered when asked the cause of his me-

But, passing so, the people then
Did much the old man blame,
And told him, ' Churle, thy limbs bee tough,
The boye should ride ; for shame !'

The fault thus found, both man and boye
Did backe the asse and ride ;
Then that the asse was over-charged,
Each man that met them criede.

Now both a-light, and goe on foote,
And leade the emptie beast ;
But then the people laugh and say,
That one might ride at least.

With it they both did undershore
The asse on either side ;
But then the wondring people did
The witles pranke deride.

The old man seeing by no waies
He could the people please,
Not blameles then, did drive the asse,
And drowne him in the seas."

Warner's Albion's England, b. iii. ch. xvii.

¹ James Hay, the celebrated favourite of James VI., the Brummel and D'Orsay of his age. He was created Lord Hay (but without voice or seat in parliament) in 1606, Lord Hay of Sawley in 1615, Viscount Doncaster in 1617, and Earl of Carlisle in 1622. He died in 1636. "He was," says Clarendon, "surely a man of the greatest expense in his own person of any in the age he lived, and introduced more of that expense in the excess of clothes and diet than any other man, and was indeed the original of all these inventions from which others did but transcribe copies." Anecdotes of him will be found in Bucke's

lancholy, "How can I be but melancholy, my lord? they have spoiled the fashion of my band!"

70. Henry IV. having heard that one of his physicians had turned Catholic, said, "*Les Huguenots sont en mauvais état, puisque les médecins les ont quitte.*"

71. Erasmus having asked a friend why he had built so magnificent a house, was answered, "To show his equals that he wanted not silver." "Nay," replied Erasmus, "rather by this means you will show them that your purse is emptied."

72. The Earl of Morton¹ who was beheaded, used to say, he wished no greater reason than a twenty-four hours' lie to bring a courtier in disgrace.

73. After Sir George Heron was killed at the Red Swire,² the Regent James, earl of Morton, sent

Book of Table-Talk, vol. ii. p. 204-211; Lond. 1836, and in Thoms' Anecdotes and Traditions, p. 10. And see Sir James Balfour's Annales, vol. iv. p. 374.

¹ James, fourth earl of Morton, succeeded to that title in 1553, and was beheaded on the 2d June 1581.

² The Raid of the Red Swire happened on the 7th June 1575; a contemporary ballad on the subject will be found in the Border Minstrelsy, vol. ii. p. 18-31.

many falcons of the Scottish kind for a present to the courtiers of England ; whereupon one made a jest, saying, " That he dealt very nobly and bountifully in that he gave them live hawks for dead herons," alluding to Sir George Heron who was slain.

74. Epitaph on a coat :—

Here lies a coat, the patient overcomer
Of two sharp winters and a burning summer.

75. Lines on Dean Corbet :—¹

A reverend Dean,
With a band starched clean,
Did preach before the king ;
A ring was espied
To his band to be tied,
O that was a pretty thing !
It was that, no doubt,
Which first put him out,
That he knew not what was next,
For to all who were there,
It did plainly appear,
He handled it more than his text.

¹ Richard Corbet, Dean of Christ Church, elected Bishop of Oxford in 1628 ; translated to Norwich in 1632 ; died in 1635, aged 52 years.

76. The Lord Herbert of Cherbury died half mad after his book "De Veritate."¹

¹ This anecdote can scarcely be trusted ; the *De Veritate* appears to have been published at least as early as 1638, and it is stated in the inscription on his lordship's tomb that he died on the 28th August, 1648.—Collins' *Peerage*, vol. v. p. 195. But perhaps his well-known vision shows that his wits were partially distempered before he published his treatise. "One fair day in the summer," he writes, "my casement being open towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book *De Veritate* in my hand, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words : 'O thou Eternal God, author of the light which now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech thee, of thy infinite goodness, to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make. I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book, *De Veritate* ; if it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give me some sign from heaven ; if not, I shall suppress it.' I had no sooner spoken these words, but a loud yet gentle noise came from the heavens (for it was like nothing on earth), which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded ; whereupon also I resolved to print my book. This, how strange soever it may seem, I protest, before the Eternal God, is true ; neither am I any way superstitiously deceived therein, since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but in the serenest sky that ever I saw, being without all cloud, did, to my thinking, see the place from whence it came."

LX.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, AND NICOLAS
DE PÉCHANTRÉ.

THERE is a well-known anecdote of Beaumont and Fletcher, that having concerted the rough draught of a tragedy over a bottle of wine in a tavern, Fletcher said he would undertake *to kill the king*. “These words being overheard by a waiter who had not happened to have been a witness to the context of their conversation, he lodged an information of treason against them. But on their explanation, that the expression meant only the murder of a stage monarch, and their loyalty being unquestioned, the affair ended in a jest.”¹

A similar tale is told of a French dramatist, Nicolas de Péchantré, who died in 1708, at the age of seventy. The composition of his tragedy *La Mort du Néron* occupied him during nine years. He one day left in a small inn, where he had been drinking, a piece of paper, on which several cyphers were scrawled, and the words *Ici le roi sera tué*, “Here let the king be slain!” It is found by the innkeeper; he carries it to the commissary of the quarter, who desires to be informed when the person who dropped it again

¹ Biographia Dramatica, vol. i. pp. 17, 18.

appears. Péchantré revisits the auberge ; the landlord hies to the commissary, and the poor playwright is taken prisoner by a troop of the arches, with the commissary at their head. He produces the paper which he supposed to contain the plot of the conspiracy. “ *Ah ! monsieur,*” cries Péchantré, “ *que je suis charmé de retrouver ce papier que je cherche depuis plusieurs jours ! c’est la scène où je dois placer la mort de Néron, dans un tragedie à laquelle je travaille.*”—“ Ah, monsieur, I am delighted to recover that paper ; I have been hunting for it these some days ; it is the scene where I kill Nero in a tragedy which I am composing.”¹

True or false, the incident has furnished the subject of a dramatic piece by M. Seivrin, entitled *Péchantré, ou une scène de comédie* ; and I think a play on a similar anecdote has been performed on our English stage.

LXI.

HIGHLAND LEGEND.

“ **THER** was of ancient one Lord in Loquhaber called my Lord Cumming, being a cruell and tyrrant superior to the inhabitants and ancient tennants of that countrie of Loquaber. This lord builded ane iland or ane house on the south-east head of Loghloghlie

¹ Biogr. Univ. t. xxxiii. p. 243.

with four big jests that wer below in the water. And he builded ane house therwpon, and ane devyce at the entrance of the said house, that whaire ane did goe into the house ane table did lye be the way, that when anie man did stand wpon the end thairoff goeing fordward, that end wold doune and the other goe up, and then the man, woman, or dog wold fall below in the water and perish. This house being finished, the Lord Cumming did call the whole tennants and inhabitants of the countrey to come to him to that house, and everie ane that did come into that place did perish and drowne in the water. And it fortunèd at the last that a gentleman, one of the tennants, who hade a hound or dog in his companie, did enter the house, and fell below into the water through the house ; and the dog did fall after his maister. This dog being white, and coming above the water in another place by the providence of God without the house, the remnant tennants which were as yet on goeing into the house, perceiving this to be rather ffor their destructione and confusione of these which wer absent from them than for their better furtherance, did remove themselves and flitt out of that part wherein they wer for the tyme, to preserve themselves with their lives out of that cruell mans hands. But my lord coming to be advertised hereof, perceiving the countrie and tennants to be somewhat strong as yet, did goe

away by night and his whole companie out of the countrie, and never since came to Loquhaber. And when summer is, certain yeares or dayes, one of the bigge timber jests, the quantitie of ane ell thereof, will be sein above the water. And sundrie men of the countrie were wont to goe and se that jest of timber which stands there as yett; and they say that a man's finger will cast it too and fro in the water, but fortie men cannot pull it up, because it lyeth in another jest below the water. And this which yew heard is but ane myle from Kilinabug or thereby, and sex mylls betwixt the church and Inverloghie, where my Lord Cumming did dwell."¹

LXII.

A DUNCE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

THE father of our English Bibliomaniacs is perhaps Richard Angarville, more commonly called Richard de Bury from the place of his birth. He held successively the offices of Lord Privy Seal, Lord Chancellor, and Lord Treasurer, and filled the see of Durham from the year 1333 to the year 1345, when he died aged fifty-eight. His *Philobiblon*, a treatise on

¹ Ane Descriptione of Certaine Pairts of the Highlands of Scotland, MS. Advocate's Library. W. 2. 20.

the Love of Books, is for its age a pleasing work, and furnishes not a few interesting pictures of the manners of his time. His declaration that the laity should be wholly shut out from communion with books¹ may excite a smile in these days of cheap literature. This is his account of a dunce of the fourteenth century :

“ You shall see a bull-necked youngster drawling through the schools, who, when the biting cold of winter brings the drop to his nose, never seeks to wipe it off until it fall on his book : I wish that in place of a fair parchment he had a cobbler’s hide before him ! The nails of his fingers are bordered with dirt, and as black as jet, and with them he marks any paragraph which pleases him ; he has gathered straws from every floor, and these he sticks between the leaves, as if he would string on a stalk the passages which his memory cannot keep. As the volume was not made to hold them, and as no one takes them out, the straws split the binding, and at length rot the paper. He never scruples to munch his fruit or cheese, or sip his jug over his books, and he leaves the fragments of his repast with them, as he has no almoner at hand. He is ever babbling with his companions, and while he is

¹ “ Porro laici omnium librorum communione sunt indigni.” Cap. xviii. p. 55.

drivelling forth his reasons (in which there is no reason), he holds his book open on his bosom, and so squirts his spittle over it. Finally, he sticks his elbows into it, that he may study the more intently ; but soon falling asleep, he wrinkles the pages, gives dogs ears to the corners, and cracks the binding. But behold ! winter has fled, spring comes, and the earth is clothed with flowers. Our scholar now neglects his book for the fields,¹ whence he returns to cram it with violets, primroses, roses, or quatre-foils : he turns over its leaves with his clammy and sweaty hands ; he stains them with his dusty gloves, hunting whole pages line by line with his filthy finger. The good book is left open for every fly to settle on it ; it is scarcely closed once in a month, and at length is so swelled by dust, that

¹ The Dunce might have retorted on the Bishop the lines of Chaucer, if Chaucer had then written :

“ And as for me, though that I can but lite,
 On bookes for to rede I me delite,
 And to hem yeve I faith and full credence,
 And in mine herte have hem in reverence
 So hertely, that there is game none,
 That fro my bookes maketh me to gone,
 But it be seldome on the holy daie,
 Save certainly, whan that the month of Maie
 Is comen, and that I hear the foules sing
 And that the floures ginnen for to spring,—
 Farewell my booke, and my devocion !”

Prologue to the Legende of Good Women.

when you attempt to shut it, the binding bursts in your hand.”¹

LXIII.

SCOTISH CANNIBALS.

“ The Pichts were fierce and Scythian like :
 Much like the Irish now
 The Scots were then : couragious both :
 Nor them I disallowe
 That write they fed on humane flesh,
 For so it may be well,
 Like of these men their bloudie mindes
 Their native stories tell.”

Warner's Albion's England.

SAINT JEROME, who survived the beginning of the fifth century, relates that the Attacotti, a Scottish tribe dwelling in the Lennox, ate human flesh.² Our historians are laudably anxious to discredit the accusation ; and perhaps they have shown that it is unfounded, though all must confess that a love of good eating seems never to have been a national failing. “ There is no kind of food,” says William

¹ Philobiblon Richardi Dvnelmensis, sive de Amore Librorum, et Institvtione Bibliothecae tractatus pulcherimus. Ex collatione cum variis manuscriptis editio jam secunda, cap. xvii. pp. 53, 54. Oxoniae, Excudebat Josephus Barnesius, 1599.

² Pinkerton's Enq. into Hist. of Scot. vol. ii. p. 144, edit. 1814. Ritson's Ann. of Caled., vol. i. p. 142. Gibbon touches the subject : “ A valiant tribe of Caledonia, the At-

of Newbury “from which the Scots will turn away : they will devour whatever a dog will take.”¹

tacotti, are accused by an eyewitness of delighting in the taste of human flesh. When they hunted the woods for prey, it is said that they attacked the shepherd rather than his flock ; and that they curiously selected the most delicate and brawny parts, both of males and females, which they prepared for their horrid repasts. If in the neighbourhood of the commercial and literary town of Glasgow a race of cannibals has really existed, we may contemplate, in the period of the Scottish history, the opposite extremes of savage and civilized life. Such reflections tend to enlarge the circle of our ideas ; and to encourage the pleasing hope that New Zealand may produce in some future age the Hume of the Southern Hemisphere.”

¹ Gul. Newbrig. Rer. Anglic. lib. ii. cap. xxxii. p. 189, edit. Antv. 1567. Major, Boece, and other eminent Scotsmen, were educated at Montagu College in Paris ; [See *Boetii Vitae Episcoporum Abredonensium*] ; but (if we except John Major’s doubtful compliment,—“*Gymnasio Montis acuti frugi et non ignobili*”) we nowhere hear the slightest complaint from them of its filth or indifferent fare, though it was perhaps more famous for these than for its learning. Erasmus has commemorated its vermin in his Colloquies (*Percontandi Forma*, p. 7, edit. Amstel. 1662) : “*Georgius. Ex qua tandem corte aut cavea nobis ades ? Livinus. Quid ita ? Geor. Quia male saginatus. Quia macie pelluces totus, ariditate crepitās. Unde prodīs ? Livin. E collegio Montis acuti. Geor. Ergo ades nobis onustus literis. Livin. Imo pediculis.*” And in the short sketch of his own life which this great scholar has bequeathed to us, he speaks of its ill-ventilated dormitories, and its rotten eggs : “*Illic in Collegio Montis acuti,*

One or two instances of cannibalism occur in the pages of our older chronicles.

In 1339, during the siege of Perth, the neighbouring country was brought to the greatest extremity, and many died of hunger. Androw Wynthown writes—

“ A Karl, they said, lived near thereby
That would set gins commonly
Children and women for to slay,
And men that he might o’erta’,

ex putridis ovis et cubiculo infecto morbum concepit.” Erasmus indeed was fastidious in his viands ; he slandered the potent ale of Queen’s College, Cambridge, as raw, small, and windy. (*Coleridge’s Biograph. Borealis*, p. 345.) “*Jejuniorum impatiens semper fuit,*” says Melchior Adam. (*Vit. Germ. Philosoph.* p. 41.) But Montagu College seems only to have had justice at his hands : Hear the erudite preceptor of Gargantua : “*Seigneur, ne pensez que je laye miz on colliege de pouillerye quon nomme Montagu : mieulx leusse voulu mettre entre les guenaulx de Sainct Innocent, pour lenorme cruaulté et villenye que iy ay congneu : car trop mieulx sont traictez les forcez entre les Maures et Tartares, les meurtriers en la prison criminelle, voyre certes les chiens en vostre maison, que ne sont ces malauctruz on diet colliege. Et, si jestoys roy de Paris, le dyable memport si je ne mettoys le feu dedans, et feroys brusler et principal et regents, qui endurent ceste inhumanité deuant leurs yeulx estre exercee.*” (*Rabelais*, liu. i. chap. xxxvii. p. 43, edit. 1837.)

And eat them all, that get he might,
Crystyne Klek to name he hight.
That woeful life continued he
Till waste of folk was the Countrie.”¹

Fordun gives a similar account: “Such was the dearth of food at that time, that the common people perished in multitudes, and lay unburied like sheep in ditches. There lurked in the neighbourhood a stout churl called Crysti Cleik, who with his wife, laid traps for women, boys, and young men, and strangling them, lived like wolves on their flesh.”² John Major says the name of the wretch was Trysty Clok, and that when he was seized and brought to trial, he urged in his defence that by no other way could he find means of subsistence.³

Hector Boece gives another instance in the reign of James II., who died in 1460. “About this time a certain robber was seized in a cave in Angus, called Fenisden, where he lived with his family. The monster used to steal young persons or to decoy them to his cavern, where he killed them and ate their flesh: the younger the age of his victims, and the plumper their condition, so much the more delicate

¹ Wyntownis Cronykil, b. viii. c. xxxvii.

² Scotichronicon, lib. xiii. cap. xlvi. vol. ii. p. 331, edit. Goodal.

³ De Gestis Scotorum, lib. v. cap. xvi. fol. ciii. edit. 1521.

did he esteem them. For this most abominable iniquity, he, his wife, and all their offspring were burned alive, except a female child not quite twelve months old. She was brought up at Dundee, but before she had completed her twelfth year, she was caught in the commission of the same crime for which her father had suffered, and was sentenced to be buried alive. As she was led to the place of execution, great multitudes of people, especially of women, followed her, heaping curses on her head for her inhuman barbarities. Turning toward them with a countenance in which the lines of cruelty were strongly marked, she exclaimed, ‘ Why do you upbraid me as if I had done a disgraceful thing? Believe me that no one who has found how delicious human flesh is, will be able thereafter to refrain from eating children.’ Thus unrepentant of the crime which she had committed, she met her doom in the presence of a mighty concourse of spectators, who were moved with horror at her great guilt and hardened impenitence.”¹

¹ Boetii Scotorum Historia, lib. xviii. On the question how far Boece is to be believed in this matter, I may refer the reader to a clever little work, *Description of the Coast between Aberdeen and Leith*, p. 58. Aberd. 1837.

LXIV.

MICHAEL SCOT.

A FRENCH writer, in a slight essay on *La Sorcellerie des Gens d'Esprit*, records the unhappy fate of one of his countrymen, an ingenious mechanic of Bordeaux, who constructed an automaton figure of Bacchus astride a barrel, which could do several tricks, and distinctly articulate the word *Bonjour*. The artist, having exhibited this toy with infinite applause in France, carried it to South America, where he was seized as a magician, and, with his puppet, was cast into the flames. This, which occurred about the middle of the bygone century, is the last instance, according to our author, in which skill or learning has been condemned as magie ; he cites Doctor Gall indeed as one whom our days must confess to be inspired, and elder times would have considered a sorcerer !¹

We have not heard that this learned craniologist has yet been taken for a conjurer, though five centuries ago perhaps he had been thought worthy of the stake and tar-barrel, like the Spurzheim or Combe of that age, the wondrous Michael Scot, who in the well-known popular belief was

¹ Le Causcur, t. i. p. 200-207 ; Paris, 1817.

“ A wizard of such dreaded fame,
That when in Salamanca's cave
Him listed his magic wand to wave
The bells would ring in Notre Dame,”¹

¹ See Lay of the Last Minstrel, c. ii. st. xiii. The miraculous voyage told in the notes has a parallel in the French legend of LE CHANOINE PORTÉ PAR LE DIABLE. “ De temps immémorial le chapitre de Bayeux était obligé, en réparation de je ne sais quel méfait, d'envoyer tous les ans un chanoine à Rome pour y chanter l'épître de la haute messe de minuit ; s'il y manquait, il devait payer une forte somme d'argent. Le tour de maître Jean Patye, chanoine de la prébende de Cambremer, arriva. Il fut averti suivant l'usage plusieurs mois auparavant, mais il s'en gêna si peu que la veille de Noël 1537 il était encore à Bayeux. Ses confrères lui reprocherent vivement sa négligence : le chanoine leur répondit qu'ils ne s'inquiétassent point, qu'il irait à Rome, en reviendrait et que tout irait bien. Le chanoine se retira dans sa chambre, prit son grimoire et fit venir le diable, avec lequel il entretenait depuis long-temps des liaisons : ‘ il faut que tu me portes cette nuit à Rome, et que tu m'y portes en *pensée de femme*, c'est-à-dire plus vite que le vent. Attends-moi sous les orgues, et au premier coup de neuf heures je suis sur ton dos.’ Après que le chanoine eut entonné le *Domine, labia* de Matines, il rejoignit sa monture. En un clin-d'œil ils s'élevèrent dans les airs, et se trouvèrent sur la mer : le diable alors conseilla au chanoine de faire le signe de la croix, mais le rusé prêtre ne donna point dans le piège ; allons toujours, dit-il, ce qui est porté par le diable est bien porté. Il arriva à Rome lorsqu'on chantait l'*introit* de la messe de minuit ; il laissa le diable sous le portail de l'église et lui commanda de l'attendre. Il chanta l'épître, et en rentrant dans la sacristie il se fit représenter

and who by his muttered spell

“ Cleft Eildon hills in three,
And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone.”

Yet it would be unjust to compare the wildest fancies of the phrenologists with the drivelling follies of Michael Scot's *Book of Physiognomy*.¹

le titre original, en vertu duquel le Chapitre de Bayeux était tenu d'envoyer un chanoine à Rome tous les ans chanter l'épître de la messe de minuit ; il fit semblant de l'examiner et le jeta au feu, où il fut bientôt consumé. Les prêtres romains restèrent stupéfaits, en voyant l'action hardie du chanoine normand, il profita de leur surprise, sortit de la sacristie et rejoignit sa monture ; il rentra dans la cathédrale de Bayeux lorsqu'on chantait *Laudes* dont il avait commencé *Matines*, de sorte qu'il ne fut que quatre heures parti. Ses confrères le voyant arriver à heure, crurent qu'il venait de dormir, mais il leur dit qu'il arrivait de Rome, qu'il avait chanté l'épître, et qu'ayant brûlé le titre qui les obligeait à cette pénible servitude, ils eut étaient délivrés pour jamais.”—*Essai Historique sur la Ville de Bayeux*, par F. Pluquet, p. 321-323 ; Caen, 1829.

¹ The earliest edition to which a date is affixed is without a title-page ; the colophon runs “ Michaelis Scoti de procreatione et hominis Phisionomia opus feliciter finit. M.CCCC.LXXVII.” The work begins thus : “ Incipit Liber Phisionomiae ; quem compilavit Magister Michael Scotus ad preces. D. Federici romanorum imperatoris. Scientia cujus est multum tenenda in secreto : eo quod est magnae efficaciae : Continens secreta artis naturae : quae sufficiunt omni astrologo.”

Mr Tytler has truly remarked, that when we regard “the shallow and trifling opinions which compose the greater part of the work, it is difficult to say whether we should be most surprised at the folly of the author who could write, or of the world which could greedily swallow, no fewer than thirteen editions of such a production.”¹

“Phisiognomy,” says the wizard, “is the doctrine of safety, the choosing of that which is good, the shunning of evil. It is the comprehension of virtue, and the pretermission of vice.”² How far the science merits this lofty definition may be seen from his chapter on noses.

“A long nose and somewhat sharp signifies a bold man, inquisitive, hasty in deeds, vain, easily moved to either side, weak, and credulous.

“A long extended nose, with the point turned downwards, marks a sagacious man, close in secrets, faithful to his friend, upright in his dealings.

“A flat nose portends an impetuous man, vain, lying, voluptuous, weak, unstable, credulous, and inconstant.

“A nose which is broad in the middle, and declines towards the top, denotes a false and fickle man, luxurious, wordy, and unfortunate.

¹ Tytler's *Lives of Scottish Worthies*, vol. i. p. 114.

² *Liber Phisionomiae*, cap. i.

“ A nose which is big every way, and pretty long, indicates a man greedy of every thing beautiful, simple in good things, cunning in evil, fortunate enough, secret, and knowing far less than he takes credit for.

“ A nose very sharp at the point, neither long nor short, neither thick nor thin, signifies an irascible man, very much conceited of himself, quarrelsome, haughty, sagacious, weak, malicious, a deluder, a boaster, and of a very good memory.

“ A nose very round at the point, with small nostrils, marks a proud man, of gross breeding, credulous, vain, bountiful, and constant.

“ An exceedingly long nose, if the point be rather thin than otherwise, and pretty round, portends a man bold in speech, honest in his actions, easily moved to do wrong, deceitful, envious, obstinate, secret, avaricious of others' goods, and full of hidden malice.

“ A turned up nose, if it be of a reasonable length, and have a big point, indicates a man of audacity, of pride, obstinacy, envy, avarice, irascibility, luxury, falsehood, deceitfulness, vainglory, unfaithfulness, and a quarrelsome disposition.

“ A nose very much elevated in the middle denotes a lying man, vain, unstable, luxurious, credulous, unfortunate, of a good temper, gross nutriment, more a simpleton than a sage, and malicious.

“ A rubicund nose signifies, above all others, a greedy man, impious, obstinate, voluptuous, a gross feeder, of a rude disposition and slender capacity.

“ A nose which is pretty large every way, and rather flat at the point, marks a peaceful man, of a sweet temper, faithful, industrious, secret, and of a good intellect.

“ A nose which hath pretty hairy nostrils, is every way pretty large, and rather thin where it parts from the forehead, denotes a man of good condition in all things, and easily persuaded to either side.

“ A nose which is large every way, and hath wide nostrils, portends a man of a gross disposition, more simple than sage, lying, deceitful, subtle, quarrelsome, luxurious, envious, and vainglorious.”¹

This probably will suffice for a specimen of those works which three centuries after their author's death were held in such account that it was believed their priceless secrets were guarded by demons!²

If, however, any one long to know the deep philosophy of a child's first cry and wail, let him take Master Michael's resolution of it thus : “ A male child cries, ‘ Oa ;’ a female cries, ‘ Oe ;’ as if the

¹ Cap. lxiv.

² “ Ut puto, in Scotia libri ipsius dicebantur me puero extare sed sine horrore quodam non posse attingi ob malorum daemonum praestigias, quae illis apertis fiebant.” Dempsteri Hist. Ecclesiast. Gentis Scotorum, p. 495.

male would say, ‘O Adam, why didst thou sin? because of thee I must undergo infinite misery;’ as if the female would exclaim, ‘O Eve, why didst thou sin? for thy transgression must I suffer a wretched life in this world.’”¹

Or if any one be studious in the great mysteries of sneezing, let him read that profound chapter *De Notitia Sternutationis*,² which begins thus sagely, “Sternuto, sternutas, verbum est; et significat sternutare: Et haec sternutatio hujus nominis ipse idem actus est quasi dicitur sternutatio;” which may be rendered, in Bardolph’s words, “Accommodated, That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is,—being—whereby—he may be thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.”

¹ Cap. xi.

² Cap. lvii. So in the *Stimulus Conscientiae*, an English poem of the fourteenth century, by Richard de Hampole:

“Unnethe is a child born fully
That hit ne bigynneth to cry and wepy,
And by that cry men may knowe than
Whether hit be or Man or Womman;
For when hit es born and crieth sa,
If hit be a man hit crieth a— a—,
Which is the first lettre of the name
Of our forme fader Adame;
And if the child a Womman be,
When hit es born hit seyth e— e—,
That es the first lettre of the hede
Of Eve’s name that biganne our dede.”

LXV.

PROFESSOR OF SIGNS.

PERHAPS in no department of literature is there less originality than in that of anecdote. Every day we see some time-honoured story, called back from oblivion, to “go the round of the newspapers” with some slight change of scene or alteration of names ; and a scholar of very moderate attainments might derive the half of Joe Miller from the jests of Hierocles or other classic sources. Here is a tale which a few years ago was found in all the journals and anecdote-books :

“ King James VI., on removing to London, was waited upon by the Spanish ambassador, a man of erudition, but who had a *crotchet* in his head that every country should have a Professor of Signs, to teach him and the like of him to understand one another. The ambassador was lamenting one day, before the king, this great desideratum throughout all Europe, when the king, who was a *queerish* sort of man, says to him—‘ Why, I have a professor of signs in the northernmost college in my dominions, viz. at Aberdeen ; but it is a great way off, perhaps 600 miles.’ —‘ Were it 10,000 leagues off I shall see him,’ says the ambassador, ‘ and am determined to set out in two or three days.’ The king saw he had com-

mitted himself, and writes, or causes to be written, to the university of Aberdeen, stating the case, and desiring the professors to put him off some way, or make the best of him. The ambassador arrives, is received with great solemnity ; but soon began to inquire which of them had the honour to be professor of signs ? and being told that the professor was absent in the Highlands, and would return nobody could say when ; says the ambassador, ‘ I will wait his return, though it were twelve months.’ Seeing that this would not do, and that they had to entertain him at a great expense all the while, they contrived a stratagem. There was one Geordy, a butcher, blind of an eye, a droll fellow, with much wit and roguery about him. He is got—told the story, and instructed to be a professor of signs ; but not to speak on pain of death. Geordy undertakes it. The ambassador is now told that the professor of signs would be at home next day, at which he rejoiced greatly. Geordy is *gowned, wigged*, and placed in a chair of state in a room of the college, all the professors and the ambassador being in an adjoining room. The ambassador is now shown into Geordy’s room, and left to converse with him as well as he could, the whole professors waiting the issue with fear and trembling. The ambassador holds up one of his fingers to Geordy ; Geordy holds up two of his. The ambassador holds up three ; Geordy

clenches his fist and looks stern. The ambassador then takes an orange from his pocket, and holds it up ; Geordy takes a piece of barley-cake from his pocket, and holds that up. After which the ambassador bows to him, and retires to the other professors, who anxiously inquired his opinion of their brother. ‘ *He is a perfect miracle,*’ says the ambassador, ‘ I would not give him for the wealth of the Indies !’— ‘ Well,’ say the professors, ‘ to descend to particulars.’— ‘ Why,’ said the ambassador, ‘ I first held up one finger, denoting that there is one God : he held up two, signifying that these are the Father and Son ; I held up three, meaning the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ; he clenched his fist, to say that these three are one. I then took out an orange, signifying the goodness of God, who gives his creatures not only the necessaries but the luxuries of life ; upon which the wonderful man presented a piece of bread, showing that it was the staff of life, and preferable to every luxury.’ The professors were glad that matters had turned out so well ; so, having got quit of the ambassador, they next got Geordy to hear his version of the signs. ‘ Well, Geordy, how have you come on, and what do you think of yon man ?’ ‘ The rascal !’ says Geordy, ‘ what did he do first, think ye ? He held up one finger, as much as to say you have only one eye ! Then I held up two, meaning that my one eye was

perhaps as good as both his. Then the fellow held up three of his fingers, to say that there were but three eyes between us ; and then I was so mad at the scoundrel that I *steeked my neive*, and was to come a whack on the side of his head, and would ha'e done it too, but for your sakes. Then the rascal did not stop with his provocation here ; but, forsooth, takes out an orange, as much as to say, your poor beggarly cold country cannot produce that ! I showed him a whang of a bear bannock, meaning that I didna care a farthing for him nor his trash neither, as lang's I ha'e this ! But, by a' that's guid,' concluded Geordy, ' I'm angry yet that I didna thrash the hide o' the scoundrel !' ”¹

The original of this may be traced through a work where it could scarcely be looked for, a portly quarto entitled “ Elements of the Civil Law, by John Taylor, LL.D., Lond. 1786.” The author introduces it as “ a little history which I have extracted for its singularity out of a writer who does not fall within every man's reading, viz. *Rob. Marant, Spec. Aureum*, page 19. The legendary part he owes to Accursius :²

¹ M'Diarmid's Scrap Book, vol.i. p. 335-337. Edinb. 1834.

² Accursius, who was a native of Florence, lived in the thirteenth century : his *Corpus Juris Glossatum*, commonly called *Glossa*, or *Glossa Ordinaria*, made an epoch in the

“The Roman people, seeing that it was not good for them any longer to be without a law, sought to procure the laws of the Greeks, namely, the laws of the Athenians made by king Solon ; and so having decreed to live under these, they assembled themselves and chose ten fit and learned persons whom they sent to Athens to transcribe the laws of the Greeks from Solon’s books, and turn them into Latin. The names of these ten were Caius Julius, Aulus Manilius, Publius Sulpitius, Publicus Curiatus, Titus Romulius, Appius Claudius, Titus Genatius, Publius Festius, Lucius Veturinus, and Spurius Posthumius. When they came to Athens, the Athenians, unwilling at once to give a copy of their laws, determined to satisfy themselves first if the Romans were worthy of such a treasure ; and to that end despatched a certain Greek sage to Rome. The Romans foreseeing this, resolved to make a mock of the sage and of the Athenians who sent him ; so they brought a certain

annals of jurisprudence, and was long held in high account, though now perhaps most men would be of Pantagruel’s way of thinking : “ Que les liures des loiz sembloient une belle robbe dor, triumpicante et pretieuse a merueilles, qui feust brodee de merde : car, disoyt il, ou monde ny ha liures tant beaulx, tant aornez, tant eleguans, comme sont les textes des Pandectes ; mais la brodeure dyceulx, cest assauoir la glose de Accurse, est tant salle, tant infame et punaise que ce nest que ordure et villennye.”—RABELAIS, liu. ii. ch. v.

foolish Roman to dispute with him. The Greek sage believing his opponent to be a profound philosopher, began to discourse with him by means of nods and signs, and held up one finger, meaning thereby to show that there is but one God. The fool thought that the Greek meant by that to pluck out one of his eyes, so he held up two fingers and a thumb, as if he would say, If you pluck out one of my eyes, I will pluck out both yours ! The sage interpreted this sign as a recognition of the Trinity ; and then held up his open hand, meaning so to signify that all things are manifest to God. The fool believing that the sage wished to give him a slap in the cheek, instantly held up his closed hand, as much as to say, if you give me a slap, I will strike back with my clenched fist. But the Greek sage thought the fool meant to show that God held all things in his hand. So he concluded that the Romans were a most wise people ; and having returned to Athens, he told that they were worthy of the laws, which were accordingly granted to the ten men who had been sent for them."

The science of signs appears to have been long one of the follies of the learned ; and Rabelais has ridiculed it with admirable effect in three chapters of his second book :—" How a great clerk of England would have argued against Pantagruel, and

how he was vanquished by Panurge ; how Panurge discomfited the Englishman who argued by signs ; and how Thaumaste declared the virtues and knowledge of Panurge.” It is probable that Rabelais had in view this very passage of Accursius, to whom he more than once refers ;¹ though his commentators think that Thaumaste must be either Sir Thomas More or Jerome Cardan.

LXVI.

CLERICAL PRECEDENCE.

IN his lively and instructive tale of *The Merchant and Friar*, Sir Francis Palgrave has given a very amusing account of the fierce disputes for precedence between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Archbishop of York.²

¹ Liu. ii. ch. v. ; liu. ii. ch. x.

² I may cite the account left by William of Newbury, who appears to have been a cotemporary of the event :—
 “ Anno M.C.LXXVI. Hugo Cardinalis, Apostolicæ sedis legatus, nescio quid ordinaturus venit in Angliam. Qui cum totius Angliæ generale Concilium celebraturus, favore adjutus regio utriusque provinciae Cantuariensis et Eboracensis, ecclesiasticas personas Lundoniis convocasset, statuto Concilii die, cum jam sumtis insignibus processurus esset, facta est contentio vehemens inter ipsos Archiepiscopos de Prioratu sessionis in Concilio. Quippe illa Apostolica regula (honore invicem praevenientes) a nostri temporis Episcopis, ita est abrogata, ut sollicitudine pastorali

“ The strangers had scarcely entered the chamber when Bardolph du Tyl the Gascon, the king’s pursuivant, rushed into the hall, exclaiming in tones of horror,—‘ Murder, murder !—My lord the Archbishop of York is murdered by the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury in his way to the Parliament House.’—The whole assembly was astounded.—‘ The road by the side of the river along the Strand, as your Majesty well knoweth, is but a perilous slough, and my Lord of York’s mule, sure-footed as she is, could scarcely pick her way amidst the ruts and mire. Just as my lord of York was in that solitary spot, not far

postposita, Episcopi quanto pervicacius, tanto et vanius de excellentia litigent, et omnis fere Episcopalis controversia circa honorum praerogatura versetur. Denique Eboracensis maturius adveniens, primam sedem praeoccupavit, eandem sibi allegans competere ex antiquo beati Gregorii decreto, quo statutum noscitur, ut Metropolitanorum Angliae ipse prior habeatur, qui prius fuerit ordinatus. Cantuariensis vero solenniter posita praeoccupatae sedis querela, secundam sedem, tanquam passus praejudicium recusavit. Mox subditis ejus ferocius pro ipso aemulantibus, simplex verborum contentio crevit in rixam. Eboracensis autem, quoniam pars adversa fertur, loco praemature occupato, cum contumelia deturbatus, cappam conseissam illatae sibi violentiae indicem legato exhibuit, et Cantuariensem ad sedem Apostolicam provocavit. Metropolitanis ergo ita contendentibus, rebusque turbatis, Concilium non celebratum sed dissipatum est, et qui tanquam ad Concilium evocati convenerant, redire in sua.”—Gulielm. Neûbrig. Rer. Anglic. lib. iii. cap. i. pp. 210, 211.

from the Pound, over against the church of Saint Martin, my Lord of Canterbury, who had stationed himself in the adjacent fields with a large body of forces, suddenly rushed upon the flank of the procession. At the same moment, my Lord of York was furiously attacked in front by the prior of St Bartholomew's, who had been warily lying in ambush behind Charing Cross. My lord attempted to retreat to York-House: but my Lord of Canterbury furiously pursued his brother prelate, and with one fell stroke brought him to the ground, the prior then drawing his—'

“ ‘ Master Chancellor,’—exclaimed the king, rising hastily and anxiously from the throne,—‘ you shall answer for your negligence in permitting this most dreadful affray.’ ”

“ ‘ Gracious Sovereign,’—replied the Chancellor, dropping off the woolsack upon his bended knees,—‘ every precaution was taken to prevent hostilities between the two primates, which could be suggested by the sad and woful experience of their long-continued and inveterate feuds. In order to furnish a sufficient defence, the whole posse comitatus was raised for my Lord of York's protection in every county on the great North Road, from the borders of Nottinghamshire, where, my lord's diocese ending, he entered the hostile country. All the constables of the hundreds marshalled their forces in

every town in which his grace was expected, for the preservation of the peace, and for guarding him against the attacks of his enemies. Furthermore, the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs of London were most strictly charged to prevent any battles or affrays between the dignitaries.”

Broils equally unbecoming occurred in Scotland. A contemporary chronicler records, that on the 4th June 1545, the Bishop of Glasgow challenged Cardinal Beaton for bearing a crosier in his diocese, and that in the quarrel which ensued both their crosiers were broken “*in the kirk of Glasgow throw thair stryving for the samin.*”¹ Knox has given us a more copious account, mixing some mirth with his accustomed coarseness :

“ The cardinal was known proud ; and Dunbar, archbishop of Glasgow, was known a glorious fool ; and yet, because sometimes he was called the king’s master, he was chancellor of Scotland. The cardinal comes even the same year, in the end of harvest before to Glasgow, upon what purpose we omit ; but while they remained together, the one in the town, the other in the castle, question rises for bearing of their cross. The cardinal alleged, by reason of his cardinalship, and that he was *legatus natus*,

¹ A Diurnal of Remarkable Occurrents in Scotland since the death of King James the Fourth, till the year M.D.LXXV., p. 39. Edinb. 1833.

and primate within Scotland, in the kingdom of anti-christ, that he should have the pre-eminence, and that his cross should not only go before, but that also it should only be borne, wheresoever he was. The fore-said archbishop lacked no reasons, as he thought, for maintenance of his glory. ‘He was an archbishop in his own diocese, and in his own cathedral see and kirk ; and, therefore, ought to give place to no man : the power of the cardinal was but begged from Rome, and appertained but to his own person, and not to his bishoprick ; for it might be that his successor should not be cardinal ; but his dignity was annexed with his office, and appertained to all that ever should be bishops of Glasgow.’ Howsoever these doubts were resolved by the doctors of divinity of both the prelates ; yet the decision was as ye shall hear. Coming forth or going in—all is one—at the choir door of Glasgow kirk, began striving for state betwixt the two cross-bearers ; so that from glooming they came to shouldering, from shouldering they went to buffets, and from dry blows by neives and neivelling ; and then for charity’s sake, they cried, ‘ *Dispersit, dedit pauperibus,*’ and assayed which of the crosses were finest metal, which staff was strongest, and which bearer could best defend his master’s pre-eminence ; and that there should be no superiority in that behalf, to the ground went both the crosses. And then began no little fray,

but yet a merry game, for rockets were rent, tippets were torn, crowns were knypsit [knapped], and side [long] gowns might have been seen wantonly wag from the one wall to the other : many of them lacked beards, and that was the more pity ; and therefore could not buckle other by the byrss [take one another by the beard], as some bold men would have done. But fie on the jackmen, they did not their duty ; for had the one part of them rencountered the other, then had all gone right ; but the sanctuary, we suppose, saved the lives of many. How merrily that ever this be written, it was bitter bourding [*i. e.* bitter jesting] to the cardinal and his court.”¹

LXVII.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

“ It is strange,” said Ben Jonson, “ that there should be no vice without its patronage, that when we have no other excuse we will say we love it, we cannot forsake it : as if that made it not more a fault. We will rather excuse it than be rid of it.”² The vice of hunting parallel passages has had many

¹ Knox’s History of the Reformation, pp. 49, 50 ; edit. Glasgow, 1831.

² Timber ; or, Discoveries made upon Men and Matter. Ben Jonson’s Works, p. 746. Lond. 1838.

apologists : "Parallel passages, or at least a striking similarity of expression, is always worthy of remark," says Cowper. Mr D'Israeli asserts that "this kind of literary amusement is not despicable ; there are few men of letters who have not been in the habit of marking parallel passages, or tracing imitation, in the thousand shapes it assumes ; it forms, it cultivates, it delights taste to observe by what dexterity and variation genius conceals or modifies an original thought or image, and to view the same sentiment, or expression, borrowed with art or heightened by embellishment."¹ In giving to the press a few fruits of this sort of literary idling, I have no wish to claim for the habit any share of this eulogy or excuse ; but I am desirous to disclaim all kindred with a set of critics among us, of whom Mr Coleridge complains that "they hold that every possible thought and image is traditional ; they have no notion that there are such things as fountains in the world small as well as great, and would therefore charitably derive every rill they behold flowing from a perforation made in some other man's tank."²

1.

"MADAME DE VILLE-SAVIN étant morte à quatre-vint treize ans, Madame Cornuel, qui n'avoit que

¹ *Curiosities of Literature*, p. 205. Lond. 1838.

² Preface to *Christabel*.

six ans moins qu'elle, dit : Hélas ! il n'y avoit plus qu'elle entre la mort et moi.' ”

MENAGIANA, t. i. p. 67.

“ The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortured by suspense and fear ;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between :
The screen removed, their hearts are trembling,
They mourn for me without dissembling.”

SWIFT—*Verses on his own Death.*

2.

“ Une préface étant comme le vestibule, c'est-à-dire l'entrée d'un livre, doit être belle. Un beau vestibule fait juger de la beauté d'un palais.”

MENAGIANA, t. i. p. 539.

“ A preface being the entrance to a book, should invite by its beauty. An elegant porch announces the splendour of the interior.”

D'ISRAELI—*Curios. of Literature*, p. 25, edit. 1838.

3.

. “ The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his orisons hears
Aghast the voice of Time, disparting towers
Tumbling all precipitate down-dashed.”

DYER—*The Ruins of Rome.*

“ Palmyra . . . where Desolation sat,
 From age to age, well pleased in solitude
 And silence, save when traveller’s foot, or owl
 Of night, or fragment mouldering down to dust,
 Broke faintly on his desert ear.”

POLLOCK—*The Course of Time*, b. vii.

4.

“ Owen’s praise demands my song,
 Owen swift, and Owen strong ;
 Fairest *flower* of Roderic’s stem, . . .
 Lord of every regal art,
 Liberal *hand* and *open heart*.”

GRAY—*Triumphs of Owen*.

“ Welcome to Norham, Marmion !
 Stout *heart* and *open hand* !
 Well dost thou brook thy gallant roan,
 Thou *flower* of English land !

SCOTT—*Marmion*, c. i. st. x.

5.

“ Hope, for a season bade the world farewell,
 And Freedom shriek’d—as Kosciusko fell !”

CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope*.

“ And where his frown of hatred darkly fell
 Hope withering fled, and Mercy sigh’d farewell.”

BYRON—*The Corsair*, c. iii. st. xxiv.

6.

. “ He sweeps before the wind,
Treads the loved shore he sigh’d to leave behind,
Meets at each step a friend’s familiar face,
And flies at last to Helen’s long embrace.”

CAMPBELL—*Pleasures of Hope.*

“ He who first met the Highlands’ swelling blue
Will love each peak that shows a kindred hue,
Hail in each crag a friend’s familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his mind’s embrace !”

BYRON—*The Island.*

7.

The Prior of Sanct Serf’s Inch in Lochleven, who compiled his Metrical History of Scotland about the year 1424, tells that in a conflict between the Highland kernes of the Braes and the Sheriff of Angus, Sir David Lyndesay

“ Throw the body strak a man
Wytht his spere down to the erde :
That man hald fast his awyn swerd
Intil his neve and up thrawand,
He pressit hym noucht agayne standand
That he was pressit to the erd ;
And wyth a swake thare of his swerd
Throw the sterap lethir, and the bute,

Thre ply or four, above the fute,
 He straik the Lyndesay to the bane.
 That man na straike gave bot that ane,
 For thare he deit."

WYNTOWN—*Orig. Cronykil*, b. ix. c. xiii. l. 50.

Perhaps these lines may be the better of a prose interpretation :—

" Lindsay, armed at all points, made great slaughter among the naked caterans ; but as he pinned one of them to the earth with his lance, the dying mountaineer writhed upwards, and, collecting his force, fetched a blow with his broadsword which cut through the knight's stirrup-leather and steel boot, and nearly severed his leg. The Highlander expired, and Lindsay was with difficulty borne out of the field by his followers."

SCOTT—*Border Minstrelsy*, vol. i. p. 366.

Sir Thomas Mallory introduces a similar incident in his admirable romance of *Le Morte d'Arthur* :—
 " Thenne the kyng gate hys spere in bothe his handes and ranne toward Syr Mordred, cryeing, Traytour, now is thy deth day come. And whan Syr Mordred herde Syr Arthur he ranne vntyl hym with his swerde drawn in his hande. And there Kyng Arthur smote Syr Mordred vnder the

shelde wyth a foyne of his spere thoroughoute the body more than a fodem. And whan Syr Mordred felte that he had hys dethe's wounde, he thryst hymself wyth the myght that he had vp to the bur of Kyng Arthur's spere. And right so he smote his fader Arthur wyth his swerde holden in bothe his handes on the syde of the heed that the swerde persyd the helmet and the brayne panne, and ther wyth all Syr Mordred fyl starke deed to the erthe. And the nobyl Arthur fyl in a swoune to the erthe, and there he swouned ofte tymes."

LE MORTE d'ARTHUR, b. xxii. cap. iiii. vol. ii.
p. 439, *edit. Lond.* 1817.

Bishop Percy has woven the incident into his beautiful fragment of *The Death of King Arthur*:—

“ He put his speare into his reste,
And to Sir Mordred loud gan crye :
Now sette thyself upon thy garde,
For traiter, now thy death is nye.

Sir Mordred lifted up his sworde,
And fierce to meet the king ran hee :
The king his speare he through him thrust
A fathom thorow his bodie.

When Mordered felt the stroke of death,
And found that he was wounded soe ;

He thrust himself upon the speare
And strucke the king a deadlye blow.

Then grimmlye dyed Sir Mordered
Presently upon that tree . . .”

PERCY'S RELIQUES, vol. iii. p. 293.

It may be doubted which of these passages lingered
in the mind of the Last Minstrel when he wrote,—

“ Yet still on Colonsay's fierce lord,
Who press'd the chase with gory sword,
He rode with spear in rest :
And through his bloody tartans bored,
And through his gallant breast.
Nail'd to the earth, the mountaineer
Yet writhed him up against the spear,
And swung his broadsword round !
— Stirrup, steel-boot, and cuish gave way
Beneath that blow's tremendous sway,
The blood gush'd from the wound ;
And the grim Lord of Colonsay
Hath turn'd him on the ground,
And laugh'd in death-pang that his blade
The mortal thrust so well repaid.”

SCOTT—*Lord of the Isles*, c. vi. st. xxxii.

8.

“ Even in the peth wes Erl Davy,
And till a gret stane that lay by

He sayd, ‘ Be Goddis Face we twa
The flycht on us sall samyn ta.’ ”

WYNTOWN, b. viii. c. xxxii.

“ His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before :—
‘ Come one ! Come all ! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I !’ ”

SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake*, c. v. st. x.

9.

“ But his *gaunt* frame was worn with toil ;
His cheek was sunk, alas the while !
And when he struggled at a smile,
His eye looked haggard wild.
Poor wretch ! *the mother that him bare*,
If she had been in presence there,
In his wan face and sun-burned hair,
She had not known her child !”

SCOTT¹—*Marmion*, c. i. st. xxviii.

“ Famine, despair, cold, heat, and thirst had done
Their work on them by turns, and thinn’d them to
Such things *a mother had not known her son*
Amidst the skeletons of that *gaunt* crew.”

BYRON¹—*Don Juan*, c. ii. st. cii.

¹ A learned Frenchman in the following well-informed sentence points out another sort of coincidence between

“ Christian or Moslem, which be they ?
 Let their mothers see and say ! . .
 Not *the matrons that them bore*
 Could discern their offspring more !”

BYRON—*Siege of Corinth*, st. xxxiii.

“ But ’tis not mine to tell their tale of grief,
 Their constant peril and their scant relief,
 Their days of danger and their nights of pain,
 Their manly courage even when deemed in vain,
 The sapping famine, rendering scarce a son
 Known to his mother in the skeleton.”

BYRON—*The Island*, c. i. st. ix.

10.

“ And now, my race of terror run,
 Mine be the eve of tropic sun !
 No pale gradations quench his ray,
 No twilight dews his wrath allay ;
 With disk like battle-target red
 He rushes to his burning bed,

Scott and Byron : “ Avec ces imperfections, lord Byron est encore, à 28 ans, l’un des premiers poètes que possède aujourd’hui l’Angleterre. Il partage cet honneur avec M. Walter Scott, *le poète lauréat actuel*. On a remarqué, comme une singularité, que tous deux sont boiteux de naissance.”—*Biographie des Hommes Vivants*, t. i. p. 556. Paris, 1816.

Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,
Then sinks at once—and all is night.”

SCOTT—*Rokeby*, c. vi. st. xxi.

“ The broad sun set, but not with lingering sweep,
As in the North he mellows o’er the deep,
But fiery, full, and fierce, as if he left
The world for ever, earth of light bereft,
Plunged with red forehead down along the wave,
As dives a hero headlong to his grave.”

BYRON—*The Island*, c. ii. st. xvi.

11.

“ Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above,
And life is thorny ; and youth is vain ;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline,
Each spake words of high disdain,
And insult to his heart’s best brother :
They parted—ne’er to meet again !
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,

Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
 A dreary sea now flows between,
 But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
 Shall wholly do away, I ween,
 The marks of that which once hath been."

COLERIDGE—*Christabel*, part ii.

"Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
 Heights which appear as lovers who have parted
 In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
 That they can meet no more, though broken-
 hearted !

Though in their souls, which thus each other
 thwarted,

Love was the very root of the fond rage
 Which blighted their life's bloom, and then departed :
 Itself expired, but leaving them an age
 Of years all winters,—war within themselves to
 wage."

BYRON—*Childe Harold*, c. iii. st. xciv.

12.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !"

SHAKSPERE—*Merch. of Venice*, act v. sc. i.

"For now no cloud obscures the starry void,
 The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills."

BEATTIE—*The Minstrel*, b. xi. st. xxii.

“ All in the Trosach’s glen was still,
Noontide was sleeping on the hill.”

SCOTT—*Lady of the Lake*, c. iv. st. xx.

13.

. . . . “ A woful smile
Lightens his wo-worn cheek a while,—
'Tis Fancy wakes some idle thought
To gild the ruin she has wrought ;
For, like the bat of Indian brakes,
Her pinions fan the wound she makes,
And soothing thus the dreamer’s pain,
She drinks his life-blood from the vein.”

SCOTT—*Rokeby*, c. i. st. xxxii.

“ That royal ravening flock, whose vampire wings
O’er sleeping Europe treacherously brood,
And fan her into dreams of promised good,
Of hope, of freedom—but to drain her blood !”

MOORE—*Fudge Family in Paris*, letter iv.

14.

“ When Elizabeth, the widdow of Sir John Gray, was a suter unto King Edward the Fourth (against whom her husband lost his life) for her joynture : the kind king became also a suter unto her for a night’s lodging ; but shee wisely answered him, when he became importunate, ‘ That as shee

did account herselfe too base to be his wife, so shee did thinke herselfe too good to be his harlot."

CAMDEN—*Remaines*, p. 243. Lond. 1623.

A like answer was made to a monarch of France in the succeeding age. "*J'ai trop peu de bien pour être votre femme, et je suis de trop bonne maison pour être votre maîtresse*," was the famous response of Catherine de Parthenay to Henry IV. Lope de Vega borrows the speech for the heroine of his play of *Estrella de Sevilla* :

Soy (she says)

Para esposa vuestra poco

*Para dama vuestro mucho.*¹

And the thought appears in the "evil apparel" of a rude Scottish ballad of the seventeenth century :—

" ' Will you gang wi' me, my bonny may,

Say, will you gang wi' me ?

' I winna gang wi' thee, kind sir,

I winna gang wi' thee ;

I am too low to be Lady o' Drum,

And your miss I scorn to be.' "²

¹ Hallam's *Introd. to Literat. of Europe*, vol. ii. p. 358.

² Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 201. Lond. 1827. The last verse of the ballad runs,—

LXVIII.

LESTRANGEANA.

From an English book of Ana, alluded to in a previous page,¹ I transcribe a few leaves, that the reader may have an opportunity of comparing the witticisms of England and Scotland in the reign of James VI. The collection edited by Mr Thoms resembles very closely that left by Drummond of Hawthornden, extracts from which have been given above. It appears to have been formed by a country gentleman of Norfolk, Sir Nicholas Lestrange, knight-baronet, who was born in 1603, and died in 1654.

“Gin ye were dead and I were dead,
 And baith in grave had lain :
 Ere seven years were at an end,
 Would they ken your dust frae mine ?”

The ditty has long been popular in the valley where Byron's childhood was passed ; perhaps it haunted him when he wrote his Ode to Napoleon ; and mingled with the passage of the Roman satirist which he has prefixed as a motto to that piece :—

“Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust
 Is vile as vulgar clay :
 Thy scales, Mortality ! are just
 To all that pass away.”—*Ode to Nap.* st. xii.

“Expende Annibalem : quot libras in duce summo
 Invenies ?”

JUVEN. *Sat.* x.

¹ Thoms' Anecdotes and Traditions derived from MS. Sources. See above, p. 181.

1. A motion being made in the House of Commons that such as were chosen to serve in the Parliament troops should be faithful and skilful riders, Mr Waller's opinion was demanded, who approved the form of it as excellent ; " for," says he, " it is most necessary the riders be faithful lest they run away with their horses, and skilful lest their horses run away with them."

2. The town of Tiverton is mentioned as a fearful example of God's judgment for the profanation of the Sabbath (being twice burnt) in a book entitled " The Practice of Piety," and being a third time burnt, and a brief procured, and a Devonshire man collector, the very memory of the probable occasion of the former flames cooled the charity of many that remembered the story, and was objected to the collector, who replied that " there was no truth in it, and the Practice of Piety had done them much wrong ;" which words bearing a double sense occasioned much laughter.

3. It was said of one chancellor of a piercing judgment and quick despatch, that he ended causes without hearing, but of another who was dull, slow, and dilatory, that he heard them without end.

4. Thomas Brewer, through his proneness to good-

fellowship having attained to a very rich and rubicund nose, being reproved by a friend for his too frequent use of strong drinks and sack, as very pernicious to that distemper and inflammation in his nose, "Nay, faith," says he, "if it will not endure sack it is no nose for me."

5. Old Framlingham Gawdy, walking with a young gallant in London streets, that used to be most vainly prodigal in his habit and dress, and finding that the splendour of his comrade drew such a goodly train of beggars whose broken concert quite confounded the harmony of their private and then serious discourse, and perceiving that they would not desist or disperse, after many thundering oaths and execrations from the gallant, Framlingham turns about very soberly, and says, "Good people, be quiet, and let the gentleman alone, for he's a very sociable and sweet-natured man, and I'll be bound he shall keep you company within one twelvemonth."

6. Taverner, the great sword-man, said to a friend that seemed to wonder he came well off from so many dangers, "Pish, I can go out in a morning and fight half-a-dozen duels, and come in again with a very good stomach to my breakfast!"

7. Sir John Heydon and the Lady Cary had good

wits, and loved to be breaking of staves one upon another. Sir John comes in one day very brisk in a pair of printed velvet breeches (which was then the fashion), but some way defective, so as she had a flirt at them presently. "Hold you contented, good madam," says he, "for if it were not for printing and painting your face and my breech would soon be out of fashion."¹

8. Thomas Hobart, delivering his judgment of verses that were written in sack and yet scarce sense, said it was impossible to understand them unless a man were first drunk.²

¹ This seems to have been a favourite witticism : it occurs in the *Merrie Conceited Jests* of George Peele, Lond. 1627, and in Marston's *First Part of Antonio and Mellida*, act ii. scene i. 1602. See the *Works of George Peele* by the Rev. Alexander Dyce, vol. ii. p. 301, 2d edit. Lond. 1829.

² "For as ale is the liquor of modern historians, nay perhaps their muse, if we may believe the opinion of Butler, who attributes inspiration to ale, it ought likewise to be the potation of their readers, since every book ought to be read with the same spirit and in the same manner as it is writ. Thus the famous author of *Hurlo Thrumbo* told a learned bishop, that the reason his lordship could not taste the excellence of his piece was, that he did not read it with a fiddle in his hand, which instrument he himself had always had in his own when he composed it."—Fielding, *Tom Jones*, b. iv. c. i. The extravagant comedy of *Hurlo Thrumbo* was produced at the Haymarket in 1729, and had a run of thirty nights : the author was a Mr Samuel Johnson, a crazy dancing-master, of whom some account will

9. Hacklewitt and another drinking hard at the Mitre Tavern, and wanting attendance, when the chamberlain came up, in a mad humour took him up and coited him down to the bottom of the stairs, and almost broke his neck ; the fellow complains ; his master comes and expostulates the cause. “ Why,” says Hacklewitt, “ when we wanted our wine we threw down a quart, and presently we had a pottle come up, and I expected a cast of chamberlains upon the throwing down of this, for none would come with a call, therefore we thought a knock was the only summons.”

10. Sir Julius Cæsar, Master of the Rolls, was reputed none of the deepest men, and had many sly jokes passed upon him ; amongst others, he was once hearing of a cause somewhat too intricate for his capacity, and his judgment began to incline the wrong way. The court at that time being very loud and clamorous, one of the counsel to the adverse part steps up and calls out, “ Silence there, my masters : ye keep such a bawling the Master of the Rolls cannot *understand* a word that’s spoken !”

11. Mr Pricke, minister of Denham, went to visit

be found in the *Biographia Dramatica*, vol. i. p. 258-262. Lond. 1782.

one of his sick parishioners, and asked him how he did. "O very ill, sir."—"Why, how hast thou rested?"—"Oh, wondrous ill, for mine eyes have not come together these three nights."—"Why, what's the reason of that?"—"Alas, sir!" says he, "because my nose was betwixt them."¹

12. Edward Gurney used to say that a mathematician is like one that goes to market to buy an axe to break an egg.

* 13. One begged of Queen Elizabeth, and pretended kindred and alliance. "Friend," says she, "grant it be so, doest think I am bound to keep all my kindred? Why, that's the way to make *me* a beggar."

14. My Lord Brooke used to be much resorted to by those of the preciser sort, who had got a powerful hand over him, yet they would allow him Christian liberty for his recreations: but being at bowls one day in much company, and following his cast with much eagerness, he cried, "Rub! Rub! Rub!

¹ This is still current in the West of Scotland. "John, John, you're seeing wi' mae een than your Maker gied ye this night—your een are just gaun thegither."—"I'm no a hair fley'd for that, my doo, Janet, as lang as my nose is atween them."—The Laird of Logan, Second Series, p. 279. Glasgow, 1837.

Rub!" His chaplain (a very strict man) runs presently to him, and in the hearing of divers says, "O, good my lord, leave that to God, you must leave that to God!" says he.

15. A rogue was branded on the shoulders, and before he went from the bar the judge bade them search if he were not branded before. "No, my lord, I was never branded *before*." They searched and found the mark. "Oh, you're an impudent slave, what think you now?"—"I cry your honour mercy," says he, "for I ever thought my shoulders stood behind."

16. A gentleman overtakes in the evening a plain country fellow, and asked him how far it was to such a town. "Ten miles, sir," says he. "It is not possible," says the gentleman. "It is no less," says the fellow. "I tell you it was never counted above five."—"Tis ten, indeed, sir," says the fellow; and thus they were arguing *pro et con* a long time. At last says the countryman to him, "I'll tell you what I'll do, sir; because you seem to be an honest gentleman, and your horse is almost tired, I will not stand with you; you shall have it for five, but as I live, whoever comes next shall ride ten."

17. One asked Sir John Millesent how he did so

conform himself to the grave justices his brothers when they met. "Why in faith," says he, "I have no way but to drink myself down to the capacity of the bench."

18. Sir Roger Williams (who was a Welchman, and but a tailor at first, though afterwards a very brave soldier) being gracious with Queen Elizabeth, preferred a suit to her which she thought not fit to grant, but he, impatient of a repulse, resolved to give another assault, so coming one day to court, makes his address to the Queen, and, watching his time when she was free and pleasant, began to move again. She perceived it at the instant, and observing a new pair of boots on his legs, claps her hands on her nose, and cries, "Fah, Williams, I pr'ythee begone, thy boots stink!"—"Tut, tut, madam," says he, "'tis my suit that stinks."

19. When the Lord of Carnarvon was going to travel, and one bade him take heed he did not change his religion, "There's no fear of that," says he, "for no man living will be so mad as to change religions with me."

20. Captain Robert Bacon revelling at Sir W. Paston's had his sack served in a curious Venice glass, but much under the size he used to trade in.

After a long contemplation of his measure, “ Sir William,” says he, “ if you value this glass tie a good long string to it, to draw him up again, for I shall swallow him down at one time or another.”

21. At the close of something read by a ballad-monger in the street he cried, “ God save the King and the Parliament!” Says a merry fellow that went by, “ God save the King, the Parliament will look well enough to save themselves !”

LXIX.

BEES.

IN some parts of Yorkshire it is the custom to place the *bees* in mourning when the head of a family dies. The Reverend George Oliver, in his History of Beverley, relates that “ an instance of this observance took place in the month of July 1827, on the death of an inmate only, in a cottager’s family. On the day of interment the important ceremony was performed with great solemnity. A scarf of black crape was formally appended to each beehive ; and an offering of pounded funeral-biscuit soaked in wine was placed at its entrance ; attended probably with secret prayers that the sacrifice might be

efficacious to preserve the colony from fatuitous destruction.”¹

LXX.

OMNIBUSES.

“ Multa renascentur quae jam cecidere.”

HORAT. *ad Pisones*, l. 70.

SUCH is the motto of a small tract published at Paris in 1828, by M. Monmerqué, with the title of *Les Carosses a cinq sols, ou Les Omnibus du dix-septième siècle*,—“ Coaches at five sous, or Omnibuses in the seventeenth century.”

Hackney-carriages, he says, existed in the French capital so early as the minority of Louis XIV. One Nicolas Sauvage established himself in the *rue Saint-Martin*, opposite to the *rue de Montmorency*, in a large house, where he hung up for a sign the image of Saint Fiacre ;² and hired out carriages by the hour

¹ Oliver's History and Antiquities of the Town and Minster of Beverley, p. 499. Beverley, 1829.

² Saint Fiacre lived in the seventh century. Butler claims him as a native of Ireland ; Boece, Leslie, Dempster, Camerarius, King, and other Scottish martyrologists, assert that he was the son of King Eugenius the Fourth of Scotland ; but it is unfortunately by no means clear that such a king ever reigned. Saint Fiacre was however held in good account in Scotland ; the church of Nigg in the Mearns, and probably that of Moffat in Annandale, were

or day. These vehicles took the name which they still bear from the Saint, at least before the year 1645, as appears from a passage in the works of Sarrasin.

Sauvage sought no privilege of monopoly, and his example being speedily followed, hackney-carriages were to be found in almost every part of Paris. At length, in January 1662, the Duke de Roanès, the Marquis de Souches, and the Marquis de Crenan, obtained letters-patent by which the exclusive power was conferred on them of establishing coaches to run from one part of the city to another by certain fixed routes, and at determined hours, the fare of each passenger being five sous.

These omnibuses began to ply on the 18th March

dedicated to him. His celebrity on the Continent was much wider ; he was the patron of Bbye, and took special charge of a malady called *le fic*. The account of his miracles was a favourite book, and even furnished the theme for a rude dramatic performance : “ La vie de Monseigneur S. Fiacre, également avec une farce,” appears in the *Mystères Inédits du Quinzième Siècle*, lately published at Paris by M. Achille Jubinal. He still retains his place in the calendar of the French church. Those who wish to learn more of his pious exploits may be referred to the following sources, Dempsteri Hist. Ecclesiast. Gent. Scot. p. 278 ; Boetii Scot. Hist. fol. 173 ; Leslaeus de Reb. Gest. Scot. pp. 155, 156, edit. 1578 ; Breviarium Abredonense, prop. sanct., mens. Aug. die xxx ; Butler’s Lives of the Saints, vol. ii. p. 379, and the authorities there cited ; Book of Bon-Accord, pp. 268, 378, 379. Aberd. 1839.

1662 ; and the event was celebrated by Loret, a contemporary rhymers, who apparently belongs to the same school of poets with Dugald Graham, the bellman of Glasgow :

“ L'établissement des carrosses
 Tirés par des chevaux non rosses,
 (Mais qui pourront à l'avenir,
 Par leur travail, le devenir),
 A commencé d'aujourd'huy mesme ;
 Commodité sans doute extresme,
 Et que les bourgeois de Paris,
 Considérant le peu de prix
 Qu'on donne pour chaque voyage,
 Préendent bien mettre en usage.

Ceux qui voudront plus amplement
 Du susdit establissement
 Sçavoir au vrai les ordonnances,
 Circonstances, et dépendances,
 Les peuvent lire tous les jours
 Dans les placards des carrefours.

Le dix-huit de mars nostre veine
 D'écrire cecy prit la peine.”¹

According to Sauval, a writer on the antiquities of Paris, these carriages were for some days followed by the populace, who hooted and pelted them with

¹ “ Loret, *Muse historique*, liv. xiii. Lettre onzième, datée du 18 mars 1662.”

stones. M. Monmerqué thinks this doubtful; Loret says nothing of it; and a letter by Madame Perier,¹ the sister of the famous Pascal, with a postscript by Pascal himself, speaks of the joy of the public at the appearance of the coaches at five sous.

Pascal's connexion with the enterprise is unquestionable; and the writers of the period say that it was first devised by him. Sauval asserts this expressly; and Madame de Sévigné seems to allude to it by an abrupt transition in one of her letters from Pascal to Postilions: "*Apropos* of Pascal, I am quite enchanted with the politeness of *Messieurs les postillons*, who are constantly on the streets to fetch and carry our letters." M. de Monmerqué, however, does not think it probable that the author of the *Lettres Provinciales* invented the Omnibus. He was at that time so broken down by premature infirmities that he had abandoned all his studies, even the most favourite, and devoted himself only to works of piety: he had even ceased to write letters to his friends. It is more likely that he only advanced funds to the undertaking for the sake of his friend the Duke de Roanès, who had obtained the exclusive privilege.

The first line of omnibuses was established on the

² Gilberte Pascal, wife of Florin Perier, *conseill à la cour des Aides de Clermont-Ferrand*. She became a widow in 1672, and died in 1687.

18th March 1662. On that day seven coaches ran for the first time through the streets which lead from the Porte-Saint-Antoine to the Luxembourg. The second line, from the rue Saint-Antoine to the rue Saint-Honoré, was opened on the 11th April 1662. And the third line, from the rue Montmartre to the Luxembourg, was established on the 22d of May. Sauval informs us that at the end of a few years, though the omnibuses had proved universally convenient, they were no longer in use; and he ascribes their discontinuance to the death of Pascal, but apparently without reason.

Such was their celebrity at the time, that a comedian named Chevalier, brought out a rhymed comedy in three acts under the name of *L'Intrigue des carrosses à cinq sols*. It was printed in 1663, and again in 1828.

M. de Monmerqué was unsuccessful in his inquiry after the form of the ancient omnibuses. He could discover only that they contained eight persons, that they were mounted on springs, and that the coachman and the lacquey or *cad* were clad in blue livery.

LXXI.

MEMENTO MORI.

MANY anecdotes might be collected of moribund jocularities, or deathbed jests; and a large book might

be filled with the epitaphs of those who have laboured to be witty even in their graves, and to joke on their tombstones. To these premeditated funeral pleasantries might be added many unintended ones, which have been caused by ignorance or blunders. In a churchyard in the north-east of Scotland I have seen a simple monument inscribed *MEMENTO MORES*.

LXXII.

BADEN IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

A LETTER from Poggio Bracciolini to Leonard Aretine gives a remarkable picture of this favourite watering place in the earlier years of the fifteenth century : “ *Oppidum est deinde Baden satis opulentum quod est balneum Alemanorum lingua situm in convalle montibus circum imminentibus penes quoddam flumen ingens rapidissimi cursus quod in Rhenum fluit longe ab oppido milibus passuum sex. Prope oppidum stadiis quattuor est villa super flumen pulcerrima in usum balneorum fabricata. Area perampla est media parte ville et circum hospicia magnifica multarum receptaculum gentium. Singule domus sua habent balnea interius in quibus abluuntur hi soli qui ad eas divertere : balnea enim publica tum privata sunt numero xxx. Publica tamen duo existunt palam ab utraque parte aree*

lavacra plebis et ignobilis vulgi ad quem matres atque viri pueri nupteque puellæ et omnium circumfluentium fex descendit. In his vallis quidem intercuriis utpote inter pacificos constructa viros a feminis se jungit. Ridiculum est videre vetulas decrepitas simul et adolescentes nudas in oculos omnium agras ingredi, verenda et nates omnibus ostentantes hominibus. Risi sepius tam preclarum spectaculi genus mentem revocans ad florales ludos : et mecummet istorum simplicitatem admiratus sum qui neque ad hoc oculos advertunt nec quicquid suspicantur aut loquuntur mali. At vero balnea que in domibus sunt privatorum perpolita sunt, et ipsis viris feminisque communia : tabulata quedam eos secernunt et in his fenestrelle perplures demisse quibus et una potare simul colloqui et utrique videre atque attractare queant, ut eorum frequens est consuetudo. Nec desuper cingunt deambulatoria in quibus conspiciendi confabulandique causa homines consistunt. Nam cujuslibet visendi colloquendi jucundi ac laxandi animum gratia aliorum balnea adire et prestare adeo ut cum exeunt et ingrediuntur aquas femine majori parte corporis nude conspiciuntur nulle aditus custodie servant, nulla ostia prohibent. Nulla suspicio inhonesti pluribus in locis idem qui viris et mulieribus quoque ad balnea ingressus est ut sepiissime accedat et virum seminude femine et feminam viro nudo obviam ire. Masculi

capestribus tantummodo utuntur. At vero femine lintheis induuntur vestitus erurum parte tenus ab altero latere scissis ita ut neque collum nec pectus nec brachia aut sacertos tegant : in ipsis aquis sepe de symbolis edunt composita mensa desuper aquam natante, quibus viros assistere consueverunt. Nos quidem ea in domo quibus lavabamur semel vocati sumus ad eam consuetudinem. Equidem symbolum contuli : interesse nolui licet sepe rogatus non per-motus pudore qui pro ignavia habetur ac rusticitate sed justicia sermonis fatuum quidem mihi videbatur et hominem Italum adesse.”¹ It would be easy to cite many other testimonies equally unfavourable to the purity of these times, so much lauded by some modern writers who will not deign to study the history of manners in its original sources.

LXXIII.

NAME OF AMERICA.

THE question “ When did the New World first take the name of America ? ” appears to have been lately determined by a learned Spaniard, Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete.²

¹ Epistole Enee Silvii, sign. v. ii. b. Impensis Anthonii Koberger Nuremberge impressæ. Anno salutis Christiane, etc. M. ccccxcvi.

² Coleccion de los Viages y Descubrimientos, que hicieron

There was published at Strasburg in 1509 a work, now of singular rarity, bearing this title : “ *Cosmographiae introductio : cum quibusdam Geometriae ac Astronomiae principiis ad eam rem necessariis.—Insuper quatuor Americi Vespucci navigationes.—Universalis Cosmographiae descriptio tan in solido quam plano, eis etiam insertis quae Ptholomaeo ignota a nuperis reperta sunt.*” The colophon runs : “ *Pressit apud Argentoracos hoc opus ingeniosus vir Joannes Gruniger. Anno post natum Salvatorem supra sesquimillesimum nono.*¹—*Joanne Adelpho Mulicho, Argentinensi castigatore.*” The author calls himself Martin Ilacomilo, a name which appears to be disfigured after the fashion of the literary men of the time.

Nowhere in his “ *Cosmographiae Introductio* ” does he mention the name of Columbus, but attributes the discovery of the New World to Vespucci alone. In his fifth chapter, after enumerating the inhabitable countries within the torrid zone in the Old World, he adds, “ and the greater part of the lands hitherto unknown, and lately discovered by

por mar los Espanoles desde fines del Siglo XV. t. iii. Madrid, 1829. 4to.

¹ A copy of the work said to be printed in 1507 was in one of Mr Thorpe’s sale-catalogues of 1835. Don M. de Navarrete was not aware of any earlier edition than that of 1509.

Americo Vespucci." In the ninth chapter, which describes the quarters of the globe, he places first the three known to Ptolemy, and proceeds, "But now these parts are more fully explored, and another fourth part has been brought to light by Americo Vespucci, as you shall hear in the sequel [alluding to the Four Navigations of Vespucci which are printed at the end of the "Cosmographiae Introductio"]; and I know not why this should not be called America, after its discoverer, Americo, a man of a good genius, since Europe and Asia have taken their names from women: —"*Quam non video cur quis jure vetet ab Americo inventore, sagacis ingenii viro, Amerigem quasi Americi terram sive Americam dicendam, cum et Europa et Asia a mulieribus sua sortitae sint nomina.*" In the seventh chapter, which treats of climes, he says, "And that fourth part of the world, which because Americo discovered it, we may be permitted to name America:"—" *Et quarta orbis pars, quam, quia Americus invenit, Amerigem quasi Americi terram sive Americam nuncupare licet.*"

These repetitions in a tract of no more than thirty pages, show the author's anxiety for the fame of Vespucci; and the tone of the expressions which have been quoted proves clearly enough that he was the first to bestow the name of that adventurer on the Western World.

"This usurpation," says Don M. de Navarrete,

“has never been sanctioned by Spain, which has ever done justice to The Admiral [such is the title by which Spaniards still speak of Columbus], by calling the vast countries which he discovered by the name of the Indies, the name which he gave to them in his first relations.”

LXXIV.

NOSTRODAMUS.

MICHAEL NOSTRODAMUS, though he lived so lately as the sixteenth century, seems to enjoy in France all the honours which we in Scotland gave centuries ago to Thomas the Rhymer. As the Scottish prophet is believed to remain alive in a cave on the Eildon Hills, so the French seer, it is imagined, yet lives at Salon in Provence in a cavern illuminated by a magic lamp : paper, pens, and ink are beside him, and before him lie his books, which should any one attempt to open he would be instantly slain by the magician.¹ The prophecies which have been attributed to both soothsayers are exactly of the same character. The tale which Fordun tells of the Rhymer's prediction of the death of Alexander III.² may be compared with this anecdote of Nostro-

¹ Biogr. Univ. t. xxxi. p. 401.

² “Annon recordaris quid ille vates ruralis, Thomas

damus. "One day walking with a gentleman named Florainville they saw two sucking-pigs, the

videlicet de Ersildon, nocte praecedenti mortem regis Alexandri, in castro de Dunbar, obscure prophetando, de occasu ejus dixerat comiti Marchiarum interroganti ab eo, ut solitus quasi jocando, quid altera dies futura novi esset paritura? Qui Thomas, attrahens de imo cordis singultuosum suspirium, sic fertur comiti coram aulicis plane protulisse: 'Heu diei crastinae! diei calamitatis et miseriae! quia ante horam explicite duodecimam audietur tam vehemens ventus in Scotia, quod a magnis retroactis temporibus consimilis minime inveniebatur. Cujus quidem flatus obstupescere faciet gentes, stupidos reddet audientes, excelsa humiliabit et rigida solo complanabit.' Propter cujus seria affamina comes cum aulicis crastinum observantes, et horas diei usque ad nonam considerantes, et nullum vestigium in nubibus vel signis ventosis coeli auspicantes, Thomam tanquam insensatum reputantes, ad prandium properarunt. Ubi dum comite vix mensae collocatio, et signo horologii ad meridianam horam fere approximato, affuit quidam ad portam, importunis pulsibus aures comitis concutiens, aditum sibi ocius fieri flagitavit. Intromissus igitur advena, et de novis impetitus, Nova, inquit, habeo sed nociva, toti regno Scotiae deflenda, quia inclitus, heu! rex ejus finem praesentis vitae hesternae nocte apud Kingorn sortitus est; et haec veni nunciare tibi. Ad hanc narrationem quasi de gravi somno excitatus comes una cum familiaribus tutiderunt pectora, et dicti Thomae experti sunt credibilia nimis facta fore vaticinia."—*Scotichronicon*, lib. x. cap. xliii. The tale is more briefly told in Bellenden's Translation of Boece. "It is said the day afore the kingis death, the Erle of Marche demandit ane propheet named Thomas Rimour, otherwayis namit Ersiltoun, quhat weddir suld

one white, the other black. Florainville demanded of Nostrodamus what would be the fate of these

be on the morrow. To quhome answerit this Thomas, That on the morow afore noun sall blaw the gretest wynd that ever was hard afore in Scotland. On the morrow quhen it was neir noun, the lift appeiring loune, but ony din or tempest, the Erle send for this propheit, and reprevit hym that he prognosticat sic wynd to be and na apperance thairof. This Thomas maid litil answer, bot said, Noun is not yet gane. And incontinent ane man came to the yet schauing that the King was slane. Then said the propheit, Yone is the wynd that sall blaw to the gret calamity and truble of all Scotland.”—See Sir Walter Scott’s remarks on this passage in his *Sir Tristrem*, p. 12. Lord Hailes observes that “there is a still better story related of Apollonius Tyanaeus by Philostratus, lib. iv. c. 43. An eclipse happened at Rome in the days of the Emperor Nero ; at the same time there was a violent thunder-storm. Apollonius, lifting up his eyes to heaven, said ‘*ἔσται τι μέγα καὶ οὐκ ἔσται*’ ; i. e. ‘something great or extraordinary will come to pass, and will not.’ No one could understand the sense of this enigma ; however it was soon explained ; for a goblet in the hands of Nero was struck with lightning, and yet he himself escaped unhurt. *This*, according to the admirers of Apollonius, was the remarkable thing which was to happen and not to happen.”—Ann. Scot. vol. i. p. 308. A MS. in the Advocates’ Library preserves one of “True Thomas’” prophecies which has not yet been printed. “On Aikybrae are certain stones called the Cummin’s Craige, where ’tis said one of the Cummins, Earl of Buchan, by a fall from his horse at hunting, dashed out his brains. The prediction goes that this earl (who lived under Alexander III.) had called Thomas the Rhymer by the name of Thomas the Lyar, to show how

animals. The astrologer instantly replied that the black one would be served at their table, and that the white one would be eaten by the wolf. The lord of the castle, thinking to falsify the prediction of the prophet, caused the white pig to be slain, and it was put on the spit. In the mean time a tame wolf found his way into the kitchen and carried it off, and the cook to prevent his master's disappointment killed the black pig, which was served at table, and so fulfilled the words of the prophet." ¹

LXXV.

SLAVERY IN SCOTLAND.

AN American missionary, redolent of patriotism and sentimentalism, in some amusing remarks on Rio Janeiro, speaks of "the offensiveness of the first impression of the place, from the large proportion

much he slighted his predictions, whereupon that famous fortune-teller denounced his impending fate in these words, which, 'tis added, were all fulfilled literally :—

Tho' Thomas the Lyar thou call'st me
A sooth tale I shall tell to thee :
By Aikyside
Thy horse shall ride,
He shall stumble and thou shalt fa',
Thy neck-bane shall break in twa',
And dogs shall thy banes gnaw,
And, maugre all thy kin and thee,
Thy own belt thy bier shall be."

¹ Le Causeur, t. ii. p. 346. Paris, 1817.

which the half-naked negroes and mongrels of every tint and degree of blood, make in the persons seen in the streets." Waxing eloquent, he proceeds to dilate on "a glimpse at a still more abhorrent and tremendous evil which was caught in the same vicinity while crossing the end of a street appropriated to newly arrived and unsold slaves. It is here the emaciated and half-starved cargoes are deposited from the stifling holds of the slave-ships, and daily exposed to brutal examination, till a purchaser is found. The sight is such to an unaccustomed eye as unavoidably to sicken the heart and unnerve the soul!"¹ This gentleman may be a native of some one of the United States, where slavery is unknown; but surely the recollection, that "this tremendous and abhorrent evil" is to be seen throughout one-half of his own land might have tempered his indignant censure of a foreign nation.

I quote these sentences only for the purpose of observing that the Anglo-Americans are not the only slave-holders who have been eloquent in the praise of liberty. The caustic lines of the Whig poet may be applied to instances of which perhaps he never dreamed :

¹ A Visit to the South Seas. By C. S. Stewart, M. A., Chaplain in the United States Navy, p. 55-57. Lond. 1832.

“ Oh ! Freedom, Freedom, how I hate thy cant !
Not Eastern bombast, nor the savage rant
Of purpled madmen, were they number'd all
From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,
As the rank jargon of that factious race,
Who, poor of heart, and prodigal of words,
Born to be slaves, and struggling to be lords ;
But pant for license, while they spurn control,
And shout for rights, with rapine in their soul ! ”¹

Perhaps no passage in our older Scottish poets has been oftener quoted than the lines on Freedom in Barbour's Metrical History of the Bruce :

“ Ah, Freedom is a noble thing ;
Freedom makes men to have liking.
To man all solace Freedom gives :
He lives at ease who freely lives ;
And he that aye has lived free,
May not well know the misery,
The wrath, the hate, the spite, and all
That's compass'd in the name of Thrall. ”²

¹ Moore, Epistle to Viscount Forbes.

² I have given the passage as modernized by Sir Walter Scott (Hist. Scot. vol. i. p. 169.) In the original it runs thus :—

The author of these lines was a Slave-dealer ! From deeds which are extant, it appears that the Chapter of which he was the archdeacon trafficked in Serfs, selling or letting them on lease like the cattle or granges on their lands. In their own words, they “ set and in tack let the whole barony of Murthil, with its hawkings, huntings, and fishings, *with its Serfs, Bondages, Natives, and their issue.*”¹ The date of this lease is 1388 : Barbour died in 1396.

Many provisions as to the condition of the born Thralls, Serfs, or Bondmen, occur in our ancient laws ; though some of our legal writers, it is said, such as Craig, Stair, and Bankton, have denied that Slavery ever existed among us.

“ A ! fredome is a noble thing !
 Fredome mayss man to haiff liking ;
 Fredome all solace to man giffis :
 He levys at ess that frely levys !
 A noble hart may haiff nane ess,
 Na ellys nocht that may him pless,
 Gyff fredome failyhe : for fre liking
 Is yharnyt our all othir thing.
 Na he, that ay hass levyt fre,
 May nocht knaw weill the propyrté,
 The angyr, na the urechyt dome,
 That is cowplyt to foule thyrdome.
 Bot gyff he had assayit it,
 Than all perquer he suld it uyt ;
 And suld think fredome mar to pryss,
 Than all the gold in warld that is.”

JAMIESON'S *Wallace and Bruce*, vol. i. p. 10.

¹ Chart. Abredonen., p. 44. MS. Advocates' Library.

One of the statutes of Saint David, who reigned from 1124 to 1153, is "Of a man found without a lord." It enacts, that "if any man be found in the king's land who has no proper lord, after the king's writ is read in the king's court, he shall have the space of fifteen days to get himself a lord. And if within that term he finds no lord, the king's justice shall take from him eight cows for the king's use, and keep his body for the king's behoof until he get himself a lord."¹ About the same period it appears to have been a moot point whether one might of his own will renounce his freedom; and it was determined by a statute, that "any free man may if he choose abandon his freedom in the king's court, or in any other court; but if he so do he shall never recover it."²

In the laws of the Four Burghs, which belong to the same reign, there is more than one ordinance regarding Bondmen. By the fifteenth chapter, it is declared, that "if the Thrall of any lord, knight, or other man comes to a burgh, and buys a burgage, and dwells in his burgage for a twelvemonth and a day without being challenged by his lord, or by his lord's bailiff, he shall be for evermore free as a burghess, and enjoy the freedom of the

¹ Acts Parl. Scot. vol. i. p. 9.

² Id. p. 7.

burgh.”¹ It is provided by the eighty-eighth chapter, that though a man find in a fair his Bondman who has fled from him, he may not lawfully chace nor take the Thrall so long as the peace of the fair endures.”²

From the statutes of the succeeding reign of William the Lyon, we see that freedom was not in every instance hereditary. “The king and the community of the kingdom have ordained that the son of a chaplain shall answer as a free man so long as his father is in life, but after the death of his father he shall lose his freedom. And the sons of merchants shall be in the like case, unless after the death of their fathers they be merchants.”³ Another statute prescribes the punishment of those who withhold a fugitive Thrall from his master: “Also our lord the king has ordained that any one who detains the native Bondman of another, after he is reclaimed by his true lord or the lord’s bailif, shall restore the Bondman, with all his goods and cattle, and shall pay to his lord the double of all

¹ Acts Parl. Scot. vol. i. p. 23. “De servo alicujus veniente in burgo.”—“Of a thryll at cummys to burgh.”

² Id. p. 38. “De nativis fugitivis inventis in nundinis.” “Of bondis that ar fundyn in fayris.”

³ Id. p. 58. “De libertate filiorum capellanorum et mercatorum.”—“Of the fredome of chaplan sonnys and merchandis.”

the scaith or loss sustained by him, and be at the mercy of our lord the king for his wrongous detention.”¹ It was declared by another enactment, that the lord of a Slave who claims freedom, and fails to prove it, may take him by the nose and reduce him to his former slavery. “*Potest dominus ipsum per nasum suum redigere in pristinam servitutem.*”²

The legal deeds of the twelfth, the thirteenth, and the fourteenth centuries, contain innumerable notices of the condition of the Serfs.

Not only were they sold or transferred along with the lands on which they dwelt, but in many instances were conveyed in special property. A charter is extant by which David I. grants to the church of the Holy Trinity of Dunfermline his Thralls Ragewein, Gillepatric, and Ulchil.³ In like manner, William the Lyon renounces in favour of Simon bishop of Murray all claim on a Serf named Aulon MacBele;⁴ and David Earl of Huntingdon and the Garioch surrenders to G. Earl of Mar the Serf Gillecriste MacGillekucongall, and the two Gillecristes, Gillenem, and Gillemarten, his

¹ Acts Parl. Scot. vol. i. p. 59. “De nativo fugitivo retento.”—“Of kynd borne bondmand fleand and agane haldyn.”

² Quoniam Attachiamenta, cap. lvi.

³ Dalryell's Fragments of Scottish History, p. 63.

⁴ Registrum Moraviense, p. 5.

four sons, and their issue.¹ In 1258, Malise, earl of Stratherne, grants to the monks of Inchaffray, "in free charity, his Slave Gillemory Gillendes, with all his issue ;" and he binds himself and his heirs to guarantee the grant. Another charter by the same earl is preserved, by which, "for the weal of his own soul, of his ancestors and successors," he grants to the same monks, "in free alms, John called Starnes, the son of Thomas the son of Thor, with all his issue ; and gives up, for himself and for his heirs, in favour of the said monks, all right and claim in the said John, or in the children begotten by him, which he the earl had or might have, or his heirs might have thereafter."² Waldeve, earl of Dunbar, gives to the monks of Kelso, Halden and William his brother, and all his issue. Richard Germyn gives to the hospital of Soltre, Allan the son of Tock, and all his issue.³ William the Lyon grants to the Bishop and Church of Glasgow Gille-machoi de Conglud, with his children, and all that ought to belong to him.⁴ The Serf was sometimes permitted to change his master for a time : In 1222 the Prior and Convent of St Andrews

¹ Stevenson's *Illust. Scot. Hist.* p. 23.

² Hailes' *Ann. Scot.* vol. i. p. 304.

³ Chalmers' *Caledonia*, vol. i. p. 611.

⁴ Hamilton's *Description of Lanarkshire*, p. 163. Glasg. 1831.

grant license to their born Thrall Gillemor Scolgo de Tarvalent to abide during their pleasure with James son of Morgund, earl of Mar.¹ We may perhaps form no inaccurate notion of the value of a Bondman from a deed executed about the year 1190, by which Richard de Morville, the constable of Scotland, in consideration of three merks, grants to Henry de St Clair his Serfs Edmund MacBonde, his brother Gillemichel, their sons, daughters, and whole progeny.²

Even the clergy were not exempt from servitude. In the Chartulary of Murray is a contract made about the year 1230 between the bishop of that diocese and Lord Walter Comyn, regarding certain lands in Badenach. It is stipulated "as to the born Thralls, that the bishop, and his successors, shall have all the clerical and two lay, namely Gyllemallouock MacNakeeigelle, and Sythach MacMallon; these clerical and lay Thralls, the Bishop of Murray, and his successors, shall have, with all their chattels and their possessions, and their children and whole race, and the chattels of their children. But the Lord Walter Cumyn shall have all the other born Thralls with their issue and chattels of the land of Logykenny and Inverdrumyn, and of all the other lands

¹ Robertson's Index, p. liii.

² Anderson's *Diplomata Scotiae*, pl. lxxv.

in Badenach, which at any time belonged to the Bishop of Murray.”¹

The endeavours of the Serfs to escape from their grievous yoke seem to have been numerous. There is a writ by David I. preserved “of the runaways called Cumberlach,” by which he enjoins that they “shall be restored to the church of the Holy Trinity of Dunferline, together with all the Slaves which his father, his mother, and his brothers gave to that church.”² The courts of law were called on to determine whether a man was a Serf or Freeman. There is a deed by Robert I. which recites, “that by a good and true assize before the chamberlain and justice it was clearly found that Ada, the son of Adam, was not the king’s native Bondman; but might transport himself, his children, and their goods, whithersoever he chose, without question from any one: Wherefore the king declared the said Ada, and his sons Bethin, John, Reginald, and Duncan, to be free men and quit of all yoke and burden of servitude for ever.”³ Another instance may be cited in which the claimants were less fortunate. It is a deed preserved in the Chartulary of Murray in the following terms: “To all Christians to whom these present letters shall come, Walter Byset, laird of Lessyn-

¹ Registrum Moraviense, pp. 83, 84.

² Dalryell’s Fragments of Scot. Hist. p. 63.

³ Robertson’s Index, p. liii.

drom, and lieutenant of the Sheriff of Banf, wishes greeting in the Lord : Know ye that on the twenty-sixth day of the month of April, in the court of the sheriff holden at Banf, appeared before us a Reverend Father in Christ, Alexander, by the grace of God Lord Bishop of Murray, and produced a brief addressed to us, from the chapel of our Lord the King, for the recovery of the Thralls of the said Lord Bishop, and demanding specially that Robert de Curry, Nevyn de Achres, and Donald Rogerson, his Thralls, should be delivered to him ; and this demand the said Robert, Nevyn, and Donald not gainsaying, and the due execution of the said brieve being certified to us by Thomas de Spens the Mair of the Sheriffdom of Banf, and the parties personally appearing in judgment, we made an assize of good men and true, who having heard the allegations and defences of the parties, and having sworn the great oath, declared and decreed the foresaid Robert, Nevyn, and Donald, to be the born Thralls and liege men of the said Lord Bishop and the church of Murray. And this we caused to be given as doom by the mouth of Stephen Broky, the Dempster of the said sheriffdom. In witness of which thing our seal is affixed to these presents. Given at Banf, the twenty-sixth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand three hundred and sixty-four.”¹

¹ Registrum Moraviense, p. 161.

It has been said that this is perhaps the latest instance of enforcing the laws of servitude.¹ But the system does not seem to have been greatly relaxed during the reign of Robert II. : “ In the second year of his reign 1372, he granted to Marion Cardney and the issue procreated or to be procreated between him and her, Weltoun and Watertoun in Aberdeenshire, with the Natives and their issue. In 1388, Adam the Bishop of Aberdeen granted for life, in consideration of ten merks yearly, his barony of Murthyl to William de Camera, *cum bondis, bondagiis, nativis, et eorundem sequelis*. When this assedation was prolonged by Bishop Gilbert in 1402 to Thomas, the son of William de Camera, the words conveying the Bondmen and their issue were omitted either by design or accident. Yet the same Bishop Gilbert granted in 1392 to William Lange, one of his canons, for life, his lands of Breness in Buchan, with the huntings, fishings, and the *nativi*. And in 1413 the baronies of Cowie and Durris in Kincardineshire were sold with the *tenants* and *tenandries*.”²

The gradual progress of emancipation has been traced by the author last quoted. “ In France an edict for a general enfranchisement of Serfs was passed by Louis le Gros in 1130. In England we

¹ Registrum Moraviense, p. xxix.

² Chalmers' Caledonia, vol. i. p. 722.

see nothing like that anxiety for individual freedom. Wicliff, following the example of Constantine the Great, was the first to declare the practice of Villeinage to be antichristian. A bill concerning Bondmen was rejected by Parliament in 1536. As late as 1574, there were Bondmen and Bondwomen on the royal manors in several shires of England : and Elizabeth then issued a commission for manumitting those wretched people. The national spirit put an end to the odious remains of Slavery without any legislative declaration. In Scotland neither any canon of the church, any assize of the king, nor any act of parliament appears in favour of freedom. Throughout the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, there appear several distinct manumissions by particular kings. David II. granted freedom to William the son of John, a Bondman on his thanedom of Tannadyce. The same king granted liberty to his Bondman Maurice Miller. And he also manumitted John Latoren his Bondman. But these releases from Slavery only show the general principle. The courts of justice appear to have been sufficiently favourable to the claims of liberty. But it was the superior ecclesiastics who undoubtedly granted the greatest number of manumissions upon salutary terms to both parties. Mathew, the bishop of Aberdeen, not only granted freedom to William de Tattnell, his man, but leased to him in heritage two

carucates of land, paying one pound of incense, and one merk of silver. This was confirmed by William the Lion, and by Hugh the successor of Mathew. Walter the bishop of Glasgow released the servitude of Gillemichael the son of Bowen, and Gillemor his son, and Bur. and Gillys. the son of Eldred, whose freedom he recognised before honest men. This release was confirmed by Alexander II. in 1200. John, who became abbot of Kelso in 1160, and possessed many bondmen and bondwomen in right of his house, granted half a carucate of land in Middleham to his man Hosbern, he having become his man, and agreed to pay yearly eight shillings. It is indeed apparent from the chartularies, that many of the villeyens were admitted by the bishops and abbots to be their tenants, yielding specified services, and paying certain rents. This favourable change gradually took place during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Even Barbour, like Wicliff, could cry out in his life of Bruce, ‘How Fredom is a nobil thyng.’ Long before the days of Craig the feudist, who died in 1608, bondage had become obsolete in the law of Scotland. Yet the bondage of colliers and salters was enforced by the 11th parliament of James VI. in 1606. All vassalage and servitude in North Britain were roughly abolished by the legislative usurpation of Cromwell’s parliament in 1654.”¹

¹ Chalmers’ *Caledonia*, vol. i. p. 724.

In Ireland, slavery it is said was abolished so early as the year 1169. A zealous Irish Romanist, who wrote in the middle of the seventeenth century to incite his countrymen to cast off the yoke of the English dominion, asks indignantly, "How long are we to be slaves to these English, whose forefathers were the bondmen of our forefathers? Multitudes of Englishmen whom our ancestors took in war, or who were made prisoners by others, were everywhere in Ireland exposed by slave-dealers for sale in cages like sheep at a fair; so that there was scarcely an Irishman of moderate wealth who did not possess one or two English bondmen. But at length, by the advice of the bishops in the council of Armagh, the Irish set their English slaves at liberty; for these venerable prelates thought it unfit for a Christian to keep a Christian in captivity. Nor from that time, namely the year 1169, to this year 1645, have we seen or heard of Christian slaves in Ireland."¹

¹ *Disputatio Apologetica, De Jure Regni Hiberniae pro Catholicis Hibernis adversus haereticos Anglos. Authore C. M. Hiberno Artium et Sacrae Theologiae Magistro. Accessit ejusdem authoris ad eosdem Catholicos exhortatio, p. 129. Francofurti Superiorum permissu typis Bernardi Govrani, Anno Domini 1645.* Of this volume, which is exceedingly rare, a reprint appeared at Dublin in 1836. The author attributes to Henry VIII. an exhortation to destroy the Romanist churches, commonly

Many interesting illustrations of bondage may be derived from French antiquaries. M. Depping has pointed out an instance in which two persons originally free became slaves by intermarrying. It

ascribed to Knox (vide supra, p. 173): "*Nec Bibliothecis, vel ullis literarum antiquitatis monumentis, aut sanctorum reliquiis pepercit, illud barbarum usurpans dictum;—'corvorum uidos esse penitus disturbandos, ne postea iterum ad cohabitandum convolarent.'* Sic sacrilegus ille corvos vocabat Sacerdotes, et Religiosos, quorum bona malus latro rapuit." p. 94. The pious author alludes to the atrocious massacre of the Irish Protestants in 1641 in the following commendable sentences: "*Hiberni mei agite, pergite, et perficite incoeptum opus defensionis, et libertatis vestrae, et occidite haereticos adversarios vestros, et eorum fautores et adjuutores e medio tollite. Jam interfecistis centum quinquaginta millia hostium his quatuor vel quinque annis, ab anno scilicet 1641, usque ad hunc annum 1645 in quo haec scribo, ut ipsi adversarii in suis scriptis demugientes palam fatentur, et vos non diffitemini, et ego plures haereticos hostes occisos fuisse credo, et utinam omnes. Restat ut caeteros haereticos occidatis, vel ex Hiberniae finibus expellatis, ne Catholicam patriam nostram amplius suis haeresibus, et erroribus inficiant.*" p. 125. He thus describes Anne Boleyn: "*Aliquis forsitan desiderabit scire corporis et animi dotes Annae Bolenae, cujus amore Henricus flagravit, et ad quam obtinendam propriam uxorem repudiavit. Fuit Anna Bolena proceri corporis statura, capillo nigro, facie oblonga, colore subflavo, quasi icterico morbo laboraret, cui dens unus in superiori gingivo paullulum prominebat, in dextra manu sextus digitus agnoscebatur, sub mento etiam succrescebat turgidum nescio quid, cujus deformitatis tegan-*

occurs in the chartulary of the ancient abbey of Saint-Pierre at Chartres. A free man, by marrying a female serf of the monks, became himself a serf. On the death of his wife he espoused a free woman, who in consequence became a Thrall, along with all her issue. This was probably a rare case, for in consideration of its hardship the monks restored the parties to liberty, by a charter in the following terms: "I, William, Abbot of Saint Peter's, hereby give all men to wit that, with the consent of all my chapter, I have restored to his former freedom the bearer hereof Durand, with all his children, inasmuch as he, being at first a free man, did by his marriage with Duda our serf become our Thrall; which Duda our serf having died without children, the said Durand gave up the portion of her goods which belonged to him, trusting that he so regained his former free condition, and in this belief took another wife; which being made known to us we reclaimed him as our bondman, but he entreated of us, as well by himself as by Robert our monk, whose sister he had married, that he and his children might be released from all burden of servitude; and he restored to us

dae causa, ipsa colli et pectoris superiora operiebat. In labiis aliquam venustatem, in facetiis, in saltando, et fidi-bus ludendo peritiam habebat. Quod ad mentis imaginem attinebat, plena fuit superbiae, ambitionis, invidiae, luxu-riae." p. 91.

that portion of the goods of his first wife which he had unjustly detained from us.”¹ This deed is dated in 1108. Another preserved in the same record, and belonging to the same age, is scarcely less interesting : “ I, Gauslin de Leugis and my brothers Geoffrey, canon of Saint Mary’s, and Milo . . . give to Saint Peter and his church . . . Godescald de Campofauni our serf, and his wife Milesinde, and all their family of sons and daughters, procreated or to be procreated . . . And we have offered up the said Godescald and his wife, with their sons and daughters, holding them by our own hands, at the altar of Saint Peter, transferring them from us to the said church, so that the abbot and convent of Saint Peter’s may possess them for ever . . . But, in consideration of this gift, the said monks of Saint Peter have given to me, Gauslin, twenty silver merks for my journey to Jerusalem, and to my brother Milo twenty shillings ; and Godescald and his wife have instantly deposited these sums, as the price of their heads, on the altar of Saint Peter.”²

¹ Mém. de la Soc. Roy. des Antiq. de France, t. ix. pp. 172, 173.

² Id. pp. 170, 171. The legal antiquary will not need to be reminded that in the middle ages it was customary to deposit on the altar the deed or symbol by which an estate was conveyed. In the year 1308, when Duncan earl of Fife, granted to the see of Aberdeen the right of a patron-

Perhaps it would be difficult to imagine a more impious offering.

age, he placed the charter on the high altar of the cathedral. (Dalyell's *Chartularies of Aberdeen*, p. 49. Edinb. 1820.) In the reign of Dagobert, "St Birlanda refused to consort with her leprous father. Oidelardus revenged himself by disinheriting the undutiful child, and transferred all his domains, with all the villains thereupon, to Saint Gertrude, by placing all the symbols of property upon her shrine,—a turf, a twig, and a knife,—indicating that all his estate was alienated to the monastery." (Sir F. Palgrave's *Rise and Progress of the English Commonwealth*, part. ii. p. ccxxvii.) Mr Ellis, in his "Observations on some Ancient Methods of Conveyance in England," has collected a multitude of other instances. In 1077, William the Conqueror bestowed the forest of Ele on the bishop and canons of Bayeux; and, as a token of delivery of seisin, he placed and left upon the altar the helmet which he then wore surmounted by a crown of gold. The same king gave the lordship of Broke to the priory of St Edmundsbury, by placing upon the altar a small knife wrapped up. In 1140, Ralph de Clinton gave to the cathedral of Peterborough six acres of land by laying his knife on the altar. Hiwen de Albeneio and Geoffrey de Chavenny gave the church of Plungard to the priory of Belvoir, by offering up a staff or baton on the altar of the Blessed Virgin. In three instances, in the years 1095, 1139, and 1284, lands were conveyed to monasteries, by placing a copy of the Holy Evangel on the altar. Two instances occur of the surrender and seisin of land by the branch of a tree: in one case it was deposited on the altar. But perhaps the most extraordinary mode of investiture was that by which William earl of Warren gave and confirmed to the church of St Pancras at Lewes, in the 24th year of King Henry III.,

LXXVI.

THE MAN OF THREE NAMES.

PERHAPS few instances of hereditary surnames occur in England before the Conquest ; “ but,” says Camden, “ shortly after, as the Romans of better sort had three names, according to that of Juvenal, *Tanquam habeas tria nomina*, and that of Ausonius, *Tria nomina nobiliorum* ; so it seemed a disgrace for a gentleman to have but one single name, as the meaner sort and bastards had. For the daughter and heire of Fitz-Hamon, a great lord (as Robert of Gloucester in the librarie of the industrious antiquary, Maister John Stow, writeth), when King Henry the First would have married her to his base sonne Robert, she, first refusing, answered,

It were to me a great shame,

To have a lord withouten his twa name :

Whereupon the king, his father, gave him the name of Fitz-Roy, who after was Earle of Gloucester, and the onely worthy of his age in England.”¹

For some ages, two names seem to have been thought quite enough ; and it was not until the be-

certain land, rent, and tithe, of which he gave seisin *per capillos capitis sui et fratris sui Radulfi*, by the hair of his own head, and of his brother Ralph's. The hair of the parties was cut off by the Bishop of Winchester before the high altar. (Archaeologia, vol. xvii. pp. 90, 312-318.)

¹ Remaines concerning Britaine, p. 96.

ginning of the seventeenth century that three were known. "Two Christian names," says the writer who has just been quoted, "are rare in England, and I onely remember now his majesty, who was named Charles James, as the prince his sonne Henry Frederic ; and among private men Thomas Maria Wingfield, and Sir Thomas Posthumus Hobby."¹

The fashion, though now nearly universal, must have become so only within the last half century, if there were any grounds for the curious theory of the Irish peer mentioned by Mr Moore, who held that *every* man with three names was a Jacobin ; naming in Ireland Archibald Hamilton Rowan, Theobald Wolfe Tone, James Napper Tandy, and John Philpot Curran ; and in England adducing as examples Charles James Fox, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, John Horne Tooke, and Francis Burdett Jones.²

Whatever truth there may be in this hypothesis, it is opposed to antiquity, which set down the man of three names as an aspirant to patrician rank. Among the Romans, says Erasmus, one who wished to pass himself off as a gentleman of long descent, was ironically called a man of three letters,—*komo trium literarum*, from the patrician usage of marking in epistles the forename, name, and surname, by

¹ Remaines concerning Britaine, p. 44.

² The Fudge Family in Paris, letter iv. note.

three letters, as Q. V. M. for Quintus Valerius Maximus.¹

A neat epigram is extant on a polyonymous Frenchman :—

*“ Ci gît un petit homme à l’air assez commun,
Ayant porté trois noms, et n’en laissant aucun.”*²

¹ Erasmi Adag. Chiliad. p. 341. Edit. Aurel. Allobrog. 1606.

² Biog. Univ. t. xxxix. p. 573.

THE END.