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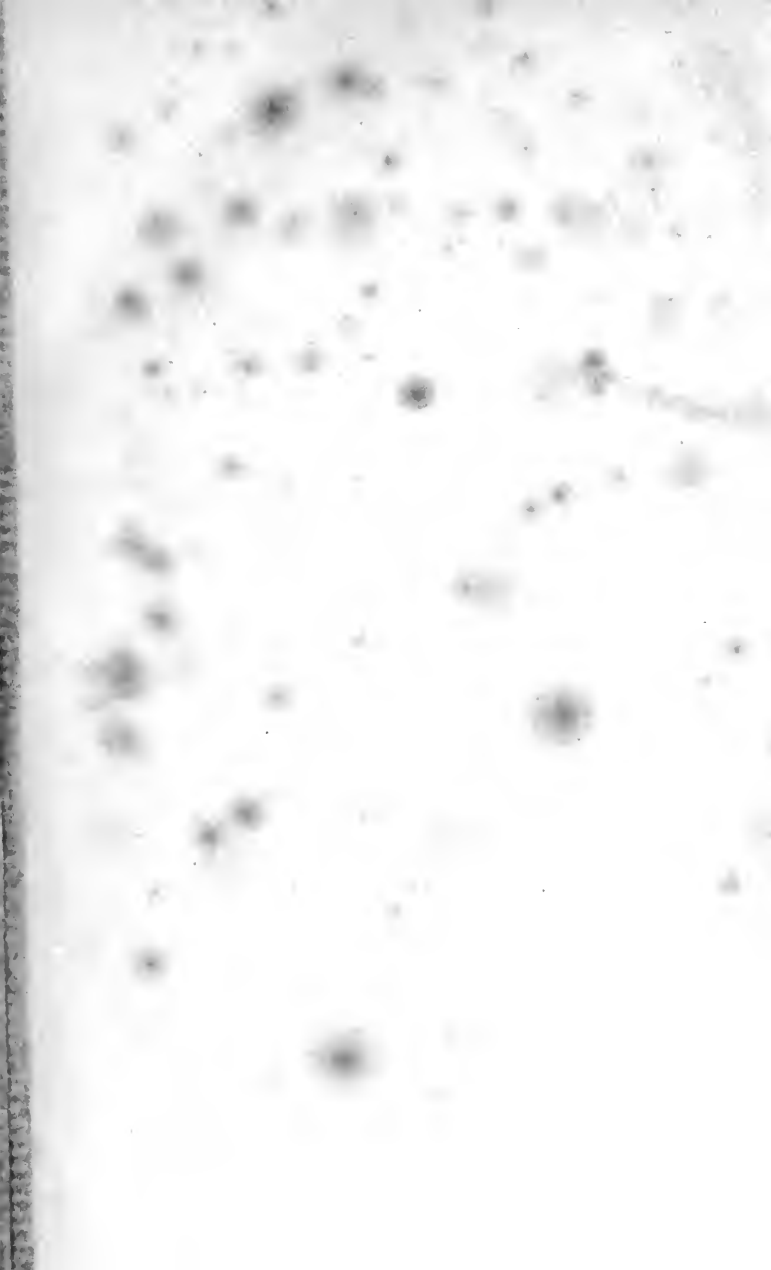
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2 vols 10/6

By Dr. Edward Hares

Robert E. Morris
from his friend Geo. H. Cooke
Madison College
Oxford - June 5. 1847 -





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HERALDIC ANOMALIES;
OR,
RANK CONFUSION
IN OUR
ORDERS OF PRECEDENCE.
WITH
DISQUISITIONS,
MORAL, PHILOSOPHICAL, AND HISTORICAL, ON
ALL THE EXISTING ORDERS OF
SOCIETY.

BY
IT MATTERS NOT *WHO*.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci
Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.

HORACE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER,
AVE-MARIA-LANE.

1823.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY R. GILBERT,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

P R E F A C E.



I APPREHEND that *Prefaces*, wherever they may be placed in a book, are for the most part, with respect to the works themselves, *Postscripts*; that is to say, *written after* the completion of the undertaking, whatever it may be—as to *this*, my own *Preface*, I freely acknowledge it to *be* a *postscript*, and am indeed, anxious that it should be received as such, though I venture, according to custom, to place it where it is. For I had much rather have it supposed, that what I now put into the hands of my readers, was written without any settled plan or design, and has imper-

ceptibly swelled to the size it has attained, than that I did deliberately sit down to compose any such *medley* of strange things, with views and intentions admitting of preliminary explanation; indeed, I hope my readers will have, all of them, sagacity enough to discover this, from the faulty arrangement of my work; for I have no hesitation to declare, that if I had had it *all ready* when the *first sheets* were sent to the press, I should probably have made the middle the beginning, the beginning the end, and the end the middle; but it is too late now to remedy such blunders.

I have in my title-page adopted two lines from *Horace*, which must not be mistaken for any compliment to *myself*, though I hope they will be judged to express pretty fairly the nature of my performance, which is decidedly a mixture of the *grave* and the *gay*—of *advice*, and *entertainment*. But so

very much, both of the “*delectando*” and “*monendo*” parts, will be found to be borrowed from *other* authors, that the *compliment*, if any be suspected, must belong to them rather than to me.

I may be allowed, I trust, to fancy my readers divided into the *two* classes mentioned by the Spectator, the *Mercurial* and *Saturnine*; and upon this supposition, to express a hope, that when candidly considered, the most *mercurial* will not think my book *too* grave, nor the most *saturnine*, *too* gay—that the serious parts of it will not be found to be insufferably stupid, nor the *ludicrous* parts altogether impertinent.

It has been usual to compare the labours of such a miscellaneous writer as myself, to the toils and wanderings of the *bee*, flying about,

“To gather honey all the day,
From every opening flower.”

I shall not shrink from the comparison, if I may but be permitted to make one observation before my readers venture to taste *my honey*. Let me assure them then, that though it has undoubtedly been collected from a great variety of melliferous sources, it has *not* been gathered indiscriminately from “*every opening flower*.” I have been careful to avoid all those literary *rhododendrons, kalmias, andromedas, &c.* which, according to certain discoveries in natural history, (see *Edinburgh Review*, No. LXXIII.) might be likely to yield more poison than sweets. *America* has generally had the credit of producing these mischievous plants in greatest abundance, but I must confess that in my *literary flights*, I have found no want of them in the conservatories of *Europe*: whether the productions of *Greece, Italy, Germany, Spain, France, or England*. I would wish it to be understood

therefore, that in making my collections I have been very circumspect and cautious; desiring above all things to prepare only such honey as might prove perfectly wholesome, and free from every deleterious mixture whatsoever.

If I am to be set forth by comparisons, I should rather resemble myself to a man, who having mounted his favourite hobby-horse to ride about his own grounds in peace and quietness, had been unexpectedly run away with, and carried so far beyond his original intentions, and his own home, as to be neither able nor very willing to give much account of himself to bystanders. That my book will appear an *odd* one I doubt not, but the *subject* in general must be admitted to be grand if not sublime; and if I should sometimes seem to be descending below its proper dignity,

let it be recollected that Homer did not disdain to write upon *frogs* and *mice*; Virgil on a *gnat*; Lucian on a *fly*; Apuleius on an *ass*; Favorinus on a *quartan ague*; Synesius on *baldness*; Erasmus on *Folly*; Pope on a *lock of hair*; Burns on a *haggis*, *two dogs*, a *calf*, a *mouse*, and (as well as the clever but scurrilous Peter Pindar) on an *animal still more obnoxious*.

The author of the Satires on the Love of Fame has some remarks in his Preface, which may well be adopted here. “No man,” says he, “can converse much in the world, but at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry or *smile*,” he does not say *laugh* in this place, but he adds it a little farther on. “*Laughing* at the world will in a great measure ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it;” and again, “*Laughing*

Satire bids the fairest for success ; the world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor."

I beg that these things may be taken into consideration in judging of the following book ; for I know there are many in the world constantly prepared to say, " of laughter it is mad ; and of mirth, what doeth it ? " but I am not one of that gloomy nature ; though as great an enemy to any offensive merriment as if I belonged to the Society of Friends ; indeed, I could have made my book much more entertaining if I had felt no reserve upon this head ; for though this might not improperly be called the age of "*reminiscences*," and "*recollections*," yet I have studiously suppressed many stories, sooner than run the risk of exposing improperly, either the living or the dead.

The memory is truly a wonderful faculty,

highly worth cultivating, as Cato judged ; and we have certainly many memorable instances upon record of its extraordinary powers, as in the case of Cyrus, of Cineas, Mithridates, Themistocles, Appius Claudius, Hortensius, Seneca, Julius Cæsar, &c. :—but a *spiteful* memory, or even a *party* memory, if it pour forth its stories without delicacy or reserve, revivifying the *dead* for the express purpose of exposing blots and blemishes, of which the world at large was never before aware, or if it had been, would more willingly have forgotten ; so far from wishing to have *such* memories preserved and cultivated amongst us ; to the excess they have in *some instances* lately been, I could rather desire a river *Lethe* should flow through the land, or become one of our fashionable watering-places. Or, if this would not do, that all *tittle-tattle* reminiscents were in the way of *eating sour*

apples, keeping company with *camels*, looking upon *things hanging*, *reading epitaphs*, &c.; which the Arabians assure us are infallible steps to an absolute loss of that mischievous faculty.

Montaigne pays no great compliment to these “*reminiscent*s,” when he lays it down as a certain axiom, that “a great memory is generally coupled with a weak judgment:” but I question if he be right, from what we read of the Emperor *Claudius*, who having decidedly a weak judgment, had so short a memory, as not only to be in the habit of calling the next day for those very persons whom he had ordered to be executed on the preceding evening, but absolutely sat up late one night, waiting for the Empress *Messalina* to come to bed, who had been made away with by his express directions not many hours before!

Having mentioned *Montaigne*, it may

not be amiss to notice his remark upon certain authors, of whom I myself perhaps may be one. He thinks there ought to be legal remedies provided against *trifling* and *useless* writers, as there are against *vagabonds* and *sluggards*. But a countryman of his own, has objected strongly to this; *the latter* thinks, the publication of even the most useless and trifling books should be encouraged, “for,” says he, “the worst cannot but be of some benefit to the nation. They afford a livelihood to a great many workmen in the metropolis; and in the country they support many manufactories of paper, and consequently promote commerce.”—This also I beg may be considered, if the following Work should be found *trifling*; *useless*, you see, it *cannot* be—need I enumerate the number of persons to be served by it? Passing by the *printers*, whose claim to remuneration for their

great care and trouble, is more direct and immediate, do but think of the *miners*, and preparers of the *metal* for *types*, the *letter-founders*, and *cutters* and *casters*; the *press-makers*, *carpenters*, and makers of *tools*, as *hammers*, *files*, *vices*, *gravers*, *guages*, *punches*; of *moulds*, *matrices*, *fonts*; of the growers of *flax* and weavers of *linen*, collectors and venders of *rags*, with all the complicated machinery for forming them into *paper*. The persons concerned in the preparation of the *ink*, or procuring its *materials*, as *lamp-black*, *oil*—But I stop—*wicked* books may be as *useful* in *this* way, as *trifling* ones, so that I shall press *this* consideration no farther, but hope, that let my book be ever so *trifling*, it may yet, in *other* respects, be of some service; for if it make any *thin* readers *laugh*, they will be likely to *grow fat*; if it amuse the *sulky* or *testy*, they may grow *good-humoured*: if it be-

guile the *time* for the *sick*, the *old*, or the *decrepid*, they will feel their *infirmities* the less; if it inform the *ignorant*, they will become more agreeable: if it help the generality of the world to understand and keep their *proper* stations and places, it may, we would hope, do much to blunt those “little *stings* and *thorns* in life,” (as the *Tatler* calls the *niceties* and *punctilios* of *society*) “that make it more uneasy than its most substantial evils.”

No author must expect to please every body—some may be so formed as not to be *capable* of being pleased: when Cardinal *Richelieu* told *Godeau* that he did not understand his verses, “that is not *my* fault,” said the honest poet.

While we remain upon the surface of this earth, *heraldry* is an amusing game to *play* at. It is a game indeed that cannot last for ever. Being in this, like enough

to the noble game of *Chess*, of which an old writer has well observed, there is no one game which may seem to represent the state of man's life so full and well ; “ for there you shall find *Princes* and *Beggars*, and persons of *all conditions*, ranked in their *proper* and *peculiar places* ; yet when the game is done, they are all thrust up in a bag together ; and where *then* appears any difference betwixt the poorest beggar and the potentest peer. The like may be observed in this stage of human frailty : while we are here set to *shew*, during the *chess-game* of this life, we are according to our several ranks esteemed, and fit it should be so : for else should all degrees be promiscuously confounded : but no sooner is the *game* done, the thread of our short life spun, than we are thrown into a *bag*, a poor *winding sheet*, for that is all that we must carry with us ; where there shall be

no difference betwixt the greatest and the least, the highest and lowest ; for then it shall not be asked how *much* we *had*, but how we *disposed* of *that* we had."

I have plainly told my readers in my title-page that " it matters not WHO," really wrote the book. To this also I must beg of them to attend, and civilly to conclude, that I wish not to be enquired after. If they should find me out it can do them no good, and if they should mistake, others may be harmed.

I do not feel bound even to say how far I may be interested in the success of the work. If I should be above want, I have taken pains to shew, that there are many others who may be benefited by its sale and circulation, and as the author of the *Fortunes of Nigel*, has lately well observed, no profit in such cases, can be drawn from the public but in the shape of

a *voluntary* tax, and that in all likelihood from those who can well afford it. “No man of sense,” as that acute and successful writer adds, “in any rank of life, is or ought to be above accepting a just recompence for his time, and a reasonable share of capital, which owes its very existence to his exertions. When Czar Peter wrought in the trenches, he took the pay of a common soldier; and Nobles, Statesmen, and Divines have not scrupled to square accounts with the bookseller.

“ O if it were a mean thing,
The Gentles would not use it ;
And if it were ungodly,
The Clergy would refuse it.”

The circumstances of an author indeed have still less to do with the merit of a book than the name. Some of the most eminent writers of antiquity were exposed

to very severe distresses. *Plautus* turned a mill; *Terence* was a slave; *Boethius* died in prison; *Tasso* was often distressed for a few shillings; *Bentivoglio* was refused admission into the hospital he himself erected; *Cervantes* died of hunger; *Camoens* ended his days in an *alms-house* or infirmary; and *Vaugelas* left his body to the surgeons to pay his debts as far as it would go. However, thus far I *will* let my readers into the secret; I am neither a *Plautus*, a *Terence*, a *Tasso*, or a *Boethius*; so that they may spare themselves the pains of looking for me among such gifted geniuses—neither need they go to *St. Benet's Hill* to look for me, for though I have ventured to treat of ranks, titles, and distinctions, &c. I am no member of the *Heralds' College*; never saw it indeed in all my life. I may *truly* say, what old *Dugdale* seems to have said almost in joke, consi-

dering his station, “ I *profess* not heraldrie, *non equidem tali me dignor honore*, to marciall any man’s ranke.”—I have only thrown out *hints*, endeavouring always to keep within my depth.

To the *ladies* who may condescend to read my book, (as I hope many will,) I have certainly apologies to make for the introduction of more *Greek* and *Latin* than is commonly to be found in works of mere amusement, and I am the more inclined to do so here, that they may not fancy themselves imposed upon by a few such hindrances and impediments.

I should wish to observe, before I conclude this Postscript of a Preface, that though the *Errata*, strictly so called, are very few, and might almost be left to the candour of the reader, without any formal notice of them, yet some things have occurred, and others come to my knowledge,

while the work has been passing through the press, which I should like to throw together in the form of *Addenda*, or *Corrigenda*, if my book were likely not to reach a second edition, and for which therefore I claim allowances, in case it should be so. The Marriage Act for instance, alluded to p. 103, Vol. ii. has since been repealed;—I have found that an arrangement took place with regard to the particular rank of his Majesty's *Attorney* and *Solicitor General* in 1814, of which I was not aware; till after Section XVII. was printed off; nor that the Serjeant's Coif was anciently spelt *Quoif*, which makes a material difference in regard to a story there related. In p. 14, Vol. i. I have inadvertently applied the title of Viscountess to a Peeress who (I ought to have recollected) had recently been advanced to the rank of a Countess; I have spelt the same name differently in

different places, as Sir Roger de Coverly, sometimes also Coverley; and Buonaparte sometimes Bonaparte. For the first, I have to state, that in my own edition of the Spectator, it is actually spelt differently in the book and in the index; and as to the latter, I was not sufficiently aware, till reminded of it in the Quarterly Review of Mr. O'Meara's Voice from St. Helena, that the omission of the *u* was probably a matter of trick or deliberate contrivance, on the part of the Ex-Emperor himself. Had I recollected this in time, I should certainly have been more guarded. These and a few other mistakes I should have liked to have had an opportunity of *correcting* in time; nor am I without a desire already of *adding* many newly collected materials, should an opportunity be afforded me; so that I hope it will not be thought unreasonable in me to conclude with the following

requests to my readers ; first, that if they should happen to like my book, and should find nothing really bad in it, they will have the goodness to render it scarce by burning it as soon as they have read it ; and secondly, be careful afterwards to say to every body they meet, by way of setting them agog for another edition, “ HAVE YOU READ HERALDIC ANOMALIES ? ” with a very, very strong emphasis on the word “ *have* ; ” so may I be able to render the work, such as it is, much more complete hereafter, and greatly augment the profits of my respectable, industrious, and ingenious *coadjutors* already enumerated, to the manifest behoof and advantage of every one of them, I had almost said, down to the very D-v-il !

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ERRATA.

VOL. I.

- PAG. LIN.
35, 11, *for while, read where*
41, 7, *for below those above, whom, read below those, above whom*
51, 19, *for Grand Monarch, read Grand Monarque*
72, 17, *for ceremonins, read ceremonies*
83, 8, 9, *for Ducal Archiepiscopal, read Ducal and Archiepiscopal*
88, 4, *for que, read qui*
150, last line, *for nobilitate, read nobilitati*
169, 20, *for velutir, read veluti*
186, 2, *for Arch-Duke, read Grand Duke*
264, 23, *for βαροϛ, read βαρυϛ*
268, 22, *for capià, read copià*



VOL. II.

- 44, 27, *omit as before Claudian*
123, 15, *for up, read paid*
187, 10, *for were, read be*

INTRODUCTORY.



THAT very eminent Herald, Mr. John Guillim, pursuivant at arms in the seventeenth century, introduces his display of heraldry to the notice of his reader, in nearly the following terms, and exactly the following spelling.

“ How difficult a thing it is to produce forme out of things *shapelesse* and *deformed*, and to prescribe limits to things *confused*, there is none but may easily perceive, if he shall take but a sleight view of the *Chaos*-like contemperation of things not only diverse, but repugnant in nature, hitherto incorporated in the generous profession of *heraldry*: as the forms of the pure *celestiall* bodies, mixed with grosser *terrestrials*; *earthly* minerals with *watery*; *savage* beasts with *tame*; *whole-footed* beasts with *divided*; *reptiles* with things *gressible*; *fowles of prey* with *home-bred*; these again with *river fowles*; *aery* *Insecta* with *earthly*; also things *naturall* with *artificiall*; arts

liberall with *mechanicall*; *military* with *rusticall*; and *rustick* with *civill*. For *redresse* whereof, myself (though unabled of many) have done my best, to dissolve this deformed *lump*, distributing and digesting each particular thereof into his peculiar *rank*.—For what letteth but that every of us, writing in a diverse kind, may not without offence use our endeavours to give unto this erst unshapeliè and disproportionall profession of *heraldry* a true *symmetria*, and proportionable correspondence of each part to other?—

I admire this worthy pursuivant at arms for the modest manner in which he enters upon his subject, and for the zeal and anxiety he displays to bring order out of confusion. “What letteth” but I should do something of the same kind, and equally I would hope “without offence?” I know a little of *heraldry* myself, and though I am not going to meddle with the same “*Lump*,” that occupied the labors and attention of honest Mr. Guillim, yet I think I have found a similar one, which requires setting to rights, if it can be done; or at all events having a mark put upon it, that nobody may tumble over it, and break their shins or necks in their passage through this busy world. Heraldry is no mean

art, or despicable science, I can assure you. "Kings and nobles," says the celebrated Gilbert Stuart, "appear in society before lands devolve to individuals, and before laws are framed to give security to possessions. Filled and penetrated with the idea of a *public*, men direct the distinction of ranks, by the advantages which result to the community from the conduct of its members; and according to the connection of ranks with the community, they determine the honor and attention conferred on them."

Distinctions seem natural to man in the very lowest states of society. Savage nations have their war-chiefs, and when all other distinctions fail, age has generally been allowed its peculiar privileges, not only of advice, but controul. We have heard a great deal in our days of "*Equality*;" "*Liberty and Equality*;" and many among us have lived to witness in an ancient nation, an attempt to get rid of all heraldic honors and distinctions from the king to the peasant; but most of those who lived to witness this, lived to witness also their speedy restoration, under circumstances so striking as to present a signal instance of human error and of human weakness; not in restoring such things.

but in supposing they could long do without them in a nation once accustomed to them; not in giving back the titles and honors which had been suppressed, to the *original possessors*, but in forming a new “*noblesse*,” actually composed, as Mad. de Stael observes, of the partizans of *Equality*.

Are we then by the laws of heraldry compelled to relinquish *all* ideas of *Equality*? Far from it; there is an Equality established by the laws of God, which no human laws, or human fancies can ever over-rule. There is a *political* equality, which may be adopted more or less into our social institutions, and be rendered entirely consistent and compatible with a distinction of ranks. But *Equality* is often misunderstood and often misrepresented; sometimes it is the voice of *nature* and *reason*, sometimes the *watch-word* of *sedition*. The doctrine of Equality, says the Abbé Nonette in his preface to the “*Erreurs de Voltaire*,” is so equivocal, that its maxims are at times, “le langage de la *nature* et de la *raison*, et quelquefois des cris de *sedition* et du *fureur*.” Those who are *not* great have it always in their power to rail at greatness; “since we cannot attain to greatness,” says *Montaigne*, “let’s have

our revenge by railing at it;" but this he said in joke, it was no sentiment of his own. Among all *our* distinctions of rank, it should be observed to the credit of our laws and constitution, that there is a continual remembrance of that Equality which God has ordained; so that if all are not actually equal, yet all *have their equals*, for the ends and purposes of law and justice. Our Trial by *Jury*, *Magna Charta*, our House of *Peers*, all bespeak that regard for *Equality* civil and political, which is the best security to true liberty. "That liberty," says the acute *Guicciardini*, "which mankind in general esteem with so much reason, is not independence, for indeed how could a society support itself in which the members were all independent one of the other? The advantage to be expected from liberty is, that justice should be exactly and *equally* administered to every one." Is not this provided for by *Magna Charta*, when it ordains that "no free man shall be taken, imprisoned or deprived of his freehold, or liberties, or free customs, outlawed, banished, or any way destroyed—unless by the legal judgment of his *Peers* (equals) or by the law of the land." Is it not provided for by the constitution of our legislature? amongst the

representatives of the people, delegated to frame and enact laws, is not the most private man in the assembly, is not the representative of the fewest constituents according to the rules of parliament entitled to as much attention, as he who represents a county, or he who is loaded with public offices? in our House of Lords or Peers, are not those, who according to their different ranks and titles are notoriously *gradu impares*, in virtue of the *baronies* (by which *alone* they hold their seats) *nobilitate pares*; equally noble, and all *peers* of the realm? Are not the sons even of the Peers themselves, by the principles of the constitution *commoners*, and amenable to the same laws as other commoners, even though by courtesy, some of them bear the highest titles? The only person who is excluded from all the claims and privileges of *equality* by the British constitution, is the sovereign himself. Nobly therefore has the same constitution exempted him as sovereign from all personal responsibility. If it were otherwise, the king would be the man of all others to call out for *Liberty* and *Equality*. When some of *Alexander's* companions demanded of him if he would run a race, "willingly," said he, "if

there were kings to run withal." There was more reason than pride in this.

The "Equality" some men dream of, as fundamentally inconsistent with *any* distinctions of rank, titles of nobility, &c. seems to me, I must confess, so entirely contrary to every thing that has hitherto taken place in the world, that so far from denouncing such distinctions, as the vain and extravagant inventions of man, I can scarcely bring myself to regard them as at all artificial; I am tempted always to cry out with the old poet,

" Equality, so oft address,
Canst thou o'er wretched mortals reign?
Alas! Thou ne'er hast stood the test,
Chimæra boasted but in vain."

What ranks, orders, and distinctions were there not to be found in the ancient Mythology? The religion of *monarchies*, *aristocracies*, *republics*, and *democracies*? Take the account of the famous anatomist of melancholy. "The Romans," saith he, "who borrowed from all may serve for an instance. Their deities were, as *Varro* saith, *majorum et minorum gentium*; great and small, certain and uncertain, some celestial, select and high ones; others *indigites* and semi-

Dei; *Lares*, *Lemures*, *Dioscuri*, *Soteres* and *Parastatæ*, *Dii tutelares* amongst the Greeks: gods of all sorts, for all functions; some for the *land*; some for *sea*; some for *heaven*, some for *hell*; some for *passions*, *diseases*; some for *birth*, some for *weddings*, *husbandry*, *woods*, *waters*, *gardens*, *orchards*, &c.: all *actions* and *offices*; *Pax*, *Quies*, *Salus*, *Libertas*, *Felicitas*, *Strenua*, *Stimula*, *Horta*, *Pan*, *Sylvanus*, *Priap^s*, *Flora*, *Cloacina*, *Stercutius*, *Febris*, *Pallor*, *Invidia*, *Protervia*, *Risus*, *Angerona*, *Volupia*, *Vacuna*, *Veneranda*, &c. &c. For all *intents*, *places*, *creatures* they assigned gods.

“ *Et domibus, tectis, thermis, et equis soleatis,*
Assignare solent genios—”

saith Prudentius. *Cuna* for *cradles*; *Diverra* for *sweeping houses*; *Nodina* *Knots*; *Prema*, *Hymen*, *Hymeneus* for *Weddings*; *Comus* the god of good fellows; gods of *silence*, of *comfort*; *Hebe*, goddess of *youth*. *Hesiod* reckons up at least 30,000 gods, *Varro* 300 *Jupiters*.

Quicquid Humus, pelagus, cœlum miserabile gignit,
Id dixere deos.—Colles, freta, flumina, flammas :

Whatever heavens, sea, and land begat,
Hills, seas, and rivers, God was this or that.

As this book is likely to have its birth in the days of *radicalism*, I have felt desirous, in entering upon *heraldic* discussions, to obviate all suspicions of my being an enemy, not merely to liberty and equality, but to the democratic branches of our admirable constitution. I will go a step further; I shall even declare myself not unwilling to adopt the principles of the foreign *radicals*, the *Carbonari* of Naples, provided they will be content to *abide by* what they *have set forth*, in a remonstrance addressed to the present Pope Pius VII. so short a time ago, as in the month of September 1820; and in which, if I mistake not, I discover a very fair outline at least, of the happy government under which we live—"the conduct which is inculcated in the education of the *Carbonari*," (I wish they may speak true) is precisely the practice of the *morality* of the *Gospel*—It is true that such a society has a *political* object; but this is not in the slightest degree contrary to the maxims of religion. It preserves that respect to the sovereign, which the apostle requires from Christians; it loves the sovereign, it preserves the state, and even the succession of families. But it supports a democracy, which instead of offending mo-

narchy, forms that *happy addition* to it, which endears it more to the nation, and which alone can render the rights of the empire and those of the citizen less fluctuating, and which therefore prevents political disorders by constitutional means, and consolidates the true basis of national felicity, a felicity to which the Christian religion directly leads those nations that have the glory to profess it.”

Now, though the *catechisms, mentors, circulars, patents* and *emblems* of the Italian *Carbonari*, may seem to breathe a different spirit, and to be couched in language more approaching to that of perfect independence and equality, yet it is sufficient for *my* purposes to shew, that while, *perhaps*, they feel *such* principles to be adverse to the general opinions of the world, and the sentiments of enlightened statesmen, they are not ashamed to profess *another* object, which is no less than that of reforming the present *corrupt* governments of Europe, by infusing a certain portion of *démocracy* into the existing *monarchies* of the continent, by way of consolidating the true basis of national felicity, preventing political disorders by constitutional means, and binding the whole together, by the fixed rules

and obligations of Christian morality, and Christian obedience to the lawful sovereign. Such a view of matters, so far as it goes, accords so exactly with the leading principles of our own constitution, that I am glad to avail myself of the testimony of such *professed reformers*, to its merits, before I enter upon my heraldic lucubrations, in which I hope it will be discovered, that though I am an advocate for distinctions of rank, I am not so blindly attached to the system as to make too much of titles, or be unmindful, either of that natural equality which belongs to us as men, or of that political equality which our excellent constitution recognises amidst all her heraldic distinctions, to as great a degree perhaps as it is possible to do, without a total departure from her own equally established principles, of a limited monarchy, and an hereditary aristocracy.

Thus much by way of Introduction. After all however that has been said, *distinction* of ranks is not so much or so immediately the subject of my present undertaking, as *confusion* of ranks. There are many things tending to such *confusion* in our present institutions, which if they cannot be corrected, ought at least to be explained. I

shall instance in the first place, certain anomalies and strange circumstances arising out of a *community* of titles, *one title* serving for *many purposes*, whereby in vulgar estimation, dignities and ranks often come to be confounded, and many individuals appear to be defrauded as it were, of their proper honors. I know it to be an established maxim, that there are more things in the world, than there are names for them, according to the saying of the philosopher, "*Nomina sunt finita, res autem infinitæ, ideo unum nomen plura significat.*" But that this is calculated to produce great confusion, and should therefore, as far as possible, be avoided, especially in regard to titles of honor, which were certainly above all things meant for *distinction* the most certain and particular, it will be my endeavour to shew; and for civility sake as well as to illustrate my meaning, by as clear an instance as I could produce, I shall begin this part of my subject, (which I foresee will be almost inexhaustible,) with the title of

LADY.

“ Place aux *Dames.*”

IT is surely odd that the titles of “ *Lady,*” and “ *Ladyship,*” should reach from a Duchess to the Lady Mayoress of York ; a Marchioness is, in common conversation often called only *Lady* such a one, and your *Ladyship* is the very highest term of respect you can apply to her when addressing her. It is the same with Countesses, Viscountesses and Baronesses. It is true that their titles being generally the names of *places*, may in most instances bespeak them connected with the peerage ; but this is not the case with all. Some peers’ *names* and *titles* are the *same*. *Lady* Stafford, *Lady* Bath, *Lady* Cardigan, *Lady* Pembroke, &c. might not perhaps be mistaken, though indeed the names of *places* are often the names of *persons* too, as shall be shewn ; but besides this, even as to titles derived from *places*, it requires some knowledge of heraldry, or the opportunity of mingling with the first company, to be able to distinguish between the *Marchioness* of, or *Lady* Hertford, the *Countess* of, or *Lady*

Derby, *Viscountess* or *Lady* Falmouth, *Baroness* or *Lady* Sherborne. That there may be places and persons of the same name is evident, as lately,

Lady Salisbury, (a Marchioness.)

Lady Salisbury, (a Baronet's Lady.)

Lady Ashburnham, (a Countess.)

Lady Ashburnham, (a Baronet's Lady.)

Lady Chichester, (a Countess.)

Lady Chichester, (a Baronet's Lady.)

Most of the Barons of England have names for their titles: I remember

A *Lady* Clive, (a Peeress.)

A *Lady* Clive, (a Judge's Lady.)

A *Lady* St. John, (a Peeress.)

A *Lady* St. John, (a Baronet's Lady.)

A *Lady* St. John, (a Knight's Lady.)

Two *Ladies* Rivers.

Two *Ladies* Middleton.

Two *Ladies* Onslow.

Three *Ladies* Howe.

Viz.

A *Countess*,

A *Baroness* in her own right, and the *Lady* of a *Knight* of the *Bath*.

Several *Ladies Grey*.

Viz.

A *Marchioness*,

A *Countess*,

A *Baroness*,

A *Baronet's Lady*, and a *Knight's Lady*.

I do not mean to say that these *Ladies* are often likely to be so confounded, because the highest move in too exalted a sphere to be mistaken by those with whom they associate, and they have various other means of distinction, as *coronets*, *armorial bearings*, *visiting cards*, &c.—but heraldry is a confined knowledge; very few indeed know any thing at all about it, and after all I am proposing to treat rather of the *possibility* of mistakes, than of *actual* mistakes; not of what does really happen, but of what *might* or *may* happen from *titles* of so vague a description. A *Lady B.* an apothecary's wife, not very long ago, as I have been told, went to pass some time at a public place. On her first arrival, either out of ignorance or vanity, she entered her name, in those ledgers of information, the library and subscription books, *Lady (Mary) B.* *Mary* was her name undoubtedly, and *Lady* was her title, but it sent all the rest of the com-

pany to their pocket peerages, to hunt her out, and quite in vain. The Master of the Ceremonies himself, could not tell whether the new comer, was to take place as a *Marchioness*, a *Countess*, or a *Viscountess*, (for as a *Lady Mary*, such might have been her rank,) but most fortunately before the ball night, he discovered that she was in truth only an apothecary's *Lady*, brand new from the *apotheca*, or shop; her husband having been knighted upon carrying up an address as Mayor of a certain corporation.

Now, as every Knight may have a *Lady*, or rather *ought to have one*, for according to the rules of chivalry, "a Knight without a *Lady*, is like a fiddle without a bridge, a body without a head, a soldier without a sword, a monkey without a tail, a lady without a glass, a glass without a face, a face without a nose," it is surely fit that certain Knights' ladies, should know who they really are; for whatever the husbands may be, their wives "must be called *my Lady*," as Don Quixote observes, "though it should make ever so many hearts ache." All Knights' ladies besides, having (in this Christian country) *Christian* names as well as *Lady Mary B.*, it may be well for them to understand, that though they

may participate in the honours of their husbands as far as regards the SIR-Names of their titled consorts, they must on no account pretend to be Christians, by calling themselves Ladies, *Jane, Sarah, Bridget*, or by any other baptismal names that may happen to belong to them. But in this case, *omission* oftentimes occasions as much confusion as *insertion*. Those who really are Ladies, (*Mary, Elizabeth, or Caroline*, for instance,) are sure to be despoiled of their honor by trades-people, and others of lower condition, who, in speaking of them, invariably *omit* the *Christian* name; especially when such ladies of high birth have married commoners, and quitted their father's family. Lady *Mary White* infallibly becomes only Lady *White*; Lady *Elizabeth Green*, Lady *Green*; Lady *Caroline Brown*, Lady *Brown*, which is a grievous degradation; amounting in heraldry to the difference perhaps of not less than *Five* degrees of rank.

Of *Knights'* ladies, the wives of *Judges* seem to stand in the strangest predicament. They are *Knights' ladies* only it is true, but their husbands take place of *Baronets*, and are "*Honourable*;" on which account *Judges* have been known to decline the honor of knighthood, but his late

Majesty, who liked old customs, was not pleased that they should do so. It has indeed been asserted, and it may be found in some of our orders of precedence, that the wives of Privy-Councillors, *Judges*, &c. are to take the same place as their husbands do; but I question whether any Judge's lady would attempt this. In France the wives of those who had official dignity, used formerly not only to be allowed the same precedency as their husbands, but to take the official title also, as *Madame la Presidente*, *Madame la Chanceliere*, &c. An English Judge does not willingly call himself by his title of *knighthood*; he knows his highest title to be that of *Mr. Justice A. or B.*, though this latter evidently makes him, in the estimation of the *vulgar*, but a *Justice of Peace*, while his *Knight's* title, which he studiously *suppresses*, might raise both him and his Lady, in *sound* at least, as high as a *Baronet* and *his Lady*; the Judge himself, in his *official* capacity actually *taking place* all the while, of a *Baronet*. This then is an heraldic inconsistency, and occasions both confusion and mistake. I remember a Judge's widow who laid aside *her doubtful* title of *Lady*, upon marrying a Captain in the navy, while

another, who married a *Bishop*, retained it; adding thereby something of *eclât* to the head of a table, where a plain Mrs. would otherwise have presided. Not that I do in the least mean to insinuate that this was the object, for independent of her *title*, she was a person both of family and fortune; but in retaining it, she did that, which the former *Lady*, must have *relinquished*, upon totally different feelings. A Judge of the Exchequer, though inferior to the other puisne Judges, has a much higher sounding title; being always called *Baron*; a title not only *noble* as applied to modern Peers, but as originally given to the Exchequer Judges themselves, who were in past times, all proper *Barons* of England. Their Ladies, however, are still only *Knights' Ladies*. I shall have more to say about *Knights* soon; at present I confine myself to the mere title of *Lady*, which seems to be too general, and to have in it too little of discrimination, with regard to our own order of precedence.

I might, however, in all likelihood go much higher in regard to this *title*; even to the QUEEN or "Cwen," wife, amongst our Saxon ancestors; who was also it seems, frequently called

Hlæfdige; whence, (I know not *how*, but antiquarians *insist* upon it) the English word, “*Lady*,” in Latin *Domina*, is derived. It is not very long since, that our *Princesses*, were called “*Ladies*.” The *Lady* Louisa, Mary, Augusta, &c. Princess is better for the very reason I have stated; the too comprehensive signification of the term “*Lady*.”

Having had occasion to mention the term “*Domina*,” I shall notice another anomaly in heraldry much connected with all that has preceded. DAME from *Domina*, is the *highest* title, and the *lowest* title given to women in many different languages; in old writings it is generally put for “*Lady*,” amongst ourselves; in French it is the *queen* at chess and at cards; in common speech, it is applied to the Queen’s maids of honour, *Dames d’honneur*, and ladies of the bed-chamber; and yet, though so courtly in these instances, it is also, as with us, the very lowest female title. In Chambaud’s French Dictionary, you will find the following contradictory explanations of the term DAME. [*Titre que l’on donne par honneur aux femmes de qualité.*] DAME, [*Espece de titre qu’on donne aux femmes de la plus basse condition.*] Was ever any thing so strange?

The instances in the last case happen to be both French and English.

Dame, Jeanne.

Goody, Jane.

Madam, a term we use in addressing even a Queen, is only, my *Dame*, or my *Lady*. Madame—*Mea Domina*—of which Ball Puppy, in Ben Jonson's *Tale of a Tub*, has made more than he need to do;

“ Oh Dame! and Fellows o'the kitchen! Arm,
Arm for my safety; if you love your Ball:
Here is a strange thing call'd a Lady, a

MAD-DAME.”

Dr. Watts, in his logic, notices the changes that have taken place amongst ourselves, in regard to the word *Dame*; but in French its signification is absolutely contradictory in more cases than one. “ Faire une *Dame*,” at the game of *chess*, is to make a *Queen*; at the game of *draughts*, “ Faire une *Dame*,” is to make a *King*: “ une *dame* *damée*,” at *draughts* is a *crowned King*; in common speech, a *toping lady*.

L O R D.

THE title of "*Lord*," is as common as the title of "*Lady*." Even a Duke is not always called "*My Lord Duke*;" a Marquess, seldom, if ever, "*My Lord Marquess*;" "*My Lord Earl*," has never I think been used, nor are Viscounts and Barons at all distinguished in company. So that "*my Lord*," and "*your Lordship*," may fairly be said to be in use, from the first Marquess in the king's dominions, to the *Lord Mayor* of York, *Lord Provost* of Edinburgh and Glasgow, *Lord Rectors*, *Lord Register*, *Lord Advocate* of Scotland, &c. &c. &c. of whose honours and distinctions I do certainly not mean to speak with the slightest disrespect, but only in the way of illustration.

By persons much conversant with the world; much in the way of great company; the confusion would scarcely be understood or acknowledged: in courtly companies the difference of rank is generally too well known, to require any further discrimination, but it is surprising how very little of these matters is known a step

below the rank of nobility. Nay, I can venture to assert, that few even of the nobility are heralds. I have been in the way of seeing persons of the highest rank, puzzled by some of the simplest questions concerning their own *titles, families, privileges, and armorial bearings*; I seldom meet with any persons, not conversant with the great, who know even the *coronets* of the Peers, one from another; and yet *heraldry* is very easy to learn, and I can venture to say, would be found to be a continual source of amusement.

Perhaps many of our greatest LORDS, are not aware, that to be proper *Lords*, they are bound to be *liberal and charitable*, to deal out their *bread* to the hungry, and satisfy the empty soul: we are told by Lexicographers, that just so much is implied in the very term LORD; the Saxon definition of which, runs thus *Dlaƿoꝛð* or *loƿoꝛð* of *Dlaƿ* a *loaf* and *ford* or *afford*, because lords and noblemen *gave loaves* to a certain number of poor. Heralds however seem to consider the etymology of this title as extremely doubtful to this moment. Some will tell you we have it from Burgundy, some from Denmark; that they are the German *Free-heren*; the Saxon

Thaynes; the Italian *Signori*; the French *Seigneurs*, *Sieurs*; Latin *Seniores*; Persian *Seic*, *Sheick*, *Xec* or *Cheque*; Scottish *Laird*, &c. It matters not, whence it is derived, or to what other titles it bears an affinity, it is evidently too general and indiscriminate as a British title. Our Judges are *Lords* upon the bench, and especially upon their circuits, where, as the immediate representatives of the King, they take place of all other *Lords*. The *Lords* of Session in Scotland, are not only called *Lords*, in their judicial capacity, but are allowed to add a title of their own; generally, I believe, taken from their country seats or paternal property. Every body has heard of *Lord Monboddo*, few know that he was Mr. Burnet; *Lord Kames* (Mr. Home.) *Lord Woodhouselee* scarcely any body in these southern parts might think he knew; but if you were to mention Professor *Tytler*, all would know him directly, who were attached to the study of *history*. Here then this high title would seem to operate rather as a title of confusion or obscurity, than of distinction in the case of persons otherwise eminent. If the title prevail, the family name is lost, if the name prevail, the title is thrown away, not being a title of inheritance,

but merely the distinction of an individual. As an official title, it appears to be quite thrown away on our *Lords* of the Treasury, Admiralty, &c.; who seem to be *Lords* only when they are spoken *of*, not when they are spoken *to*.

I have not attempted to compare our English title of "Lord," with the Hebrew Adon, or Adonai, Greek Κυριος, or Latin Dominus, though the translators of the Bible seem to have regarded it as an equivalent, and in one instance adopted the feminine "Lady," as the rendering of Κυρια, 2 John i. But though the term be synonymous, I cannot see how it is derived either from the Greek or Latin; and it seems to be almost an etymological quibble to connect it, as some do, with the Hebrew, for they would have us think that there is *a close connection* between the Hebrew Adon, which comes from Eden, and the Saxon *Hlaford*; BECAUSE, Eden signifies a *base* or a *pillar*, which *sustaineth* any thing; and *Hlaford* signifies giving a loaf of bread, which may help to *sustain* the life of man! However, to shew the tricks that may be played by too common a title, however sanctified by particular cases, I shall venture to cite a political squib,

written in the year 1745, by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, which has certainly a good deal of humour in it, and could scarcely be intended to be profane.

I.

“ Some think *Lord Cart’ret* bears the sway,
 And rules the kingdom and the King;
 The *Lord of Bath* do others say,
 And others swear ’tis no such thing!

II.

That ’tis *Lord Wilmington* no doubt,
 Directs the nation, *Cary* boasts;
 But in their guesses they’re all out,
 We’re govern’d by the L—d of Hosts.

III.

A moment’s patience, and I’ll prove
 The argument I’m now pursuing;
 Who is there, but the L—d above,
 That knoweth what this nation’s doing?

IV.

Whether the war goes on with Spain,
 (In which so many Britons fell,)
 And what our fleets do on the main,
 The L—d, and he alone, can tell.

V.

The L—d, and he alone, doth know,
 How taxes will be rais’d this year,
 The L—d knows how much ’tis we owe,
 Which the L—d knows when we shall clear.

VI.

The L—d knows how our army'll fare,
 We're govern'd by the L—d knows who;
 Our King is gone the L—d knows where,
 And the L—d knows what we shall do!"

As uncourtly persons are apt to be awkward in the use of such appellatives as the titles of *Lord* or *Lordship*, often inserting them too frequently in their addresses, they would do well to look into the 204th Number of the Tatler, where they will find some excellent rules laid down for their accommodation; and be taught to reserve such titles for dignified purposes only. They may talk of his *Lordship's* favour, his *Lordship's* judgment, his *Lordship's* patronage, &c., as much as they please, but not of his *Lordship's* wig, cane, hat; his *Lordship's* thumb, nose, elbow, or great toe! The paper is altogether a very good one, and in more ways than one, applicable to the subject we have in hand.

I cannot dismiss this section without observing that hunch-backed, and crooked persons, have often the title of *Lord* conferred on them. The reason of this should be understood, lest we should fancy such deformities to be among the proper characteristics of nobility; which

might well happen, if looking to the hunchbacks, we were to adopt the French interpretation of the term *Lordly*, viz. one who *carries himself high*; “ Qui se porte haut:” but the appellation, as applied to crooked persons, happens not to be, (what I doubt not most people imagine,) mere *vulgar English*, but *pure Greek*. Lordos (Λορδος) signifying in the latter tongue crooked or bent, *curvus*. If there be a punishment in our laws for *scandalum magnatum*; I think some reward is due to me for saving our *Lords* from such a reproach.

CAPTAIN.

I SHALL next offer a few remarks on the Title of "Captain." I think I have heard it called a travelling title, as being easily assumed, and giving some air of importance to whoever bears it. And certainly many do bear it, whose stations in the world are very different. There are Captains of *Frigates*, and Captains of *Steam-packets*; Captains of the Navy and Captains of the Army. And in war-time we generally know them apart. But when the *blue* coats and *red* coats are laid aside, who can any longer be expected to distinguish them by their mere names or appearance? And yet there is this wide difference between them, a Captain in the army ranks below a Major, while the lowest Captain in the Navy (a master and commander for instance) has the rank of a Major in the Army; a Post-Captain that of Lieutenant-Colonel; and after *three* years, that of a full Colonel. But this difference, under the same title, bears particularly hard upon the gentlemen of the navy; from the circumstances of age. It must be something to have risen high in such active pro-

fessions at an *early* age ; it must be proportionally mortifying to bear the marks of age without promotion. Yet what ordinary person could guess, when he hears *four* individuals in company, each called " Captain," two perhaps rather advanced in years, one in middle life, and one a smart dashing young man, that they were not all Captains in the same degree. How could he be brought to fancy, that the latter only (Captain D. for instance) was really a Captain, while Captain A. was a Colonel, Captain B. a Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain C. a Major? Might he not blunder so far as to suppose the *youngest* man the *best Captain* of all, as having attained to that rank so early in life, while the latter had been standing still, or through want of merit, or want of interest, (which I am sorry to say, is want of merit in many people's eyes,) had missed of farther promotion? I have been in the way of feeling for persons in this situation? Where the young military Captain in his red coat, (being on full pay and on duty in peace time) and decorated with honors, for one or two campaigns, has drawn the attention of the whole company, while the much more experienced, but modest Naval Captain in his brown coat, scarcely attracted any notice at all. Lieutenant is a title

seldom used in company, otherwise what has been said of the naval and military Captain, would equally apply to the Lieutenants.— The titles being the same, but the ranks different; a *Lieutenant* in the Navy having, in fact, the rank of a Captain in the Army.

In France, if I mistake not, these things are managed better; their Naval Officers having military titles, as well as military rank; their Admirals being Generals*, &c. :—It would seem preposterously absurd to associate a Colonel with a military Serjeant, but let the former be in company with a Serjeant at Law, and their rank would be equal; and yet one would be distinguished from the other only as Colonel A. and Serjeant B.; or Serjeant A. and Colonel B.

Even our title of *General* was once very strangely mistaken, and by no less a personage than the celebrated King of Prussia, Frederic II. It happened thus.

* With regard to their highest military title of all however *Mareschal*, there is a hazard of mistaking a *General* for a *Farrier*, the title or name being common to both, though, as applied to one or the other, said to be differently derived. In the former case, from *Mare*, a Francic word, denoting great or honourable, and *Scale*, a servant; in the latter case from *Mare*, a horse, and the same word *Scale*.

A great intimacy and friendship, private as well as political, subsisted between the late Lord Ash——n (Mr. D——g) and Colonel Barré. They travelled to the continent together, and chanced to arrive at Berlin or Potzdam (I forget which) exactly at the time of a grand review. Being particularly desirous of seeing it, they found means to be presented to the King on the very ground; as two Englishmen of distinction, and members of the British Parliament. Colonel Barré as *Colonel Barré*, and D——g as the King's Solicitor *General*. Frederic knew enough of Colonels and Generals, to be caught by the sound of such titles, never dreaming that in this particular instance they were not equally military. War-horses, richly caparisoned, were immediately offered to the English Colonel and *General*, and of necessity accepted. The *Colonel* rode like a *Colonel*, but the General no better than any other Solicitor-General, and very unlike what the Prussian troops, and Frederic himself had been accustomed to see in the field. The horse besides on which he rode, being under the same mistake, as his royal master, was not sparing of his military movements, to the no small embarrassment of his *law-full* rider, who

being quite unused to such *actions*, had a hard difficulty to keep his seat, and in going through the various manœuvres, which he had no means of controlling, afforded considerable amusement to the company at large. It is obvious that a similar mistake, arising from the community of titles, might have brought the *General* of any Catholic *religious* order into a like scrape, though under circumstances, if possible, of still greater incongruity.

There is no provision made for distinguishing in *company*,

The Admiral from

The *Rear*, or the *Vice-Admiral*,

The *General* from the *Major* or *Lieutenant General*.

I do not indeed think this necessary myself; but if they be positive distinctions of rank, there seems to be a want of precision in not making them manifest.

The Officers in the Foot Guards have a rank assigned them, above their titles. This also is an anomaly that deserves to be noticed. A Lieutenant in the Guards is a Captain in the army; a Captain a Major, a Major a Lieutenant Colonel, and so on.

In our orders of precedence, Naval and Military rank is a good deal overlooked. Generally we find the first mention of them under the title of "Colonels," to whom is assigned the same rank as to Doctors and Serjeants at Law. Those of lower degree being nearly at the bottom of the list, amongst the inferior Clergy, Barristers, &c.:—in some orders of precedence certainly I find, Flag and Field Officers placed between Knights of the Bath and Knights Bachelors, but how far this is right, I cannot pretend to say.

In the Naval department there are what they call *yellow Admirals*, or *superannuated Captains*, who consist generally, I believe, of persons passed by rather out of pique than propriety, and who, if the truth were known, are likely enough to be neither *superannuated*, nor professionally at all unworthy of being full or complete Admirals. I am glad that at all events they get the *title*, which has considerable weight with the world, and is seldom enquired into. It would not be amiss if this regulation extended to other professions; if we had, that is, *yellow Generals*, *yellow Judges*, and *yellow Bishops*, as well as *yellow Admirals*, or *green Generals*, *orange-*

coloured Judges, and *blue* Bishops, for the colour itself matters not; but it is not preposterous to suppose that there are many who never come to be *called* either Generals, Judges, or Bishops, who deserve the *titles*, at least, quite as much as some who really have both the titles and the offices, and who merit to be higher in their respective professions, if there were but room for them.

An old author, *Nathan Citræus*, writeth, that in *Prague*, an University of Bohemia, while *John Huss* and *Jerome of Prague* were professors, those who had continued professors for the space of twenty years together, were created *Earls* and *Dukes*, and were styled *illustres*, whereas they that were singly and simply *Earls* or *Dukes*, were called *spectabiles*. Nor, (says he) doth it make any matter that they have no revenues to maintain *Earldoms* or *Dukedoms*, for they have the *title* notwithstanding, even as suffragans have of *Bishops*.

DOCTOR.

I PROCEED next to the rank and title of Doctor. There are Doctors of *Divinity*, Doctors of *Law*, Doctors of *Physic*, and Doctors of *Music*. But, who is to know one from the other by the mere title? a D.D. is scarcely any longer to be distinguished by his black coat, for black coats are become as common as those of any other colour, and the Bishop's wig reaches not a step now below the Bench. The Physician's wig is also laid aside, and a Doctor of Law may be any thing, or any body, Lay or Clerical; Noble or Ignoble; British or Foreign. Some of our *Bishops* are only Doctors of *Law*; and many of our Doctors of Law might just as well belong to any other faculty.

But these things relate to the great world only. In the country there is incessant confusion. *In the country*, the title of *Doctor* is almost exclusively confined to the Village *Apothecary* or *Accoucheur*; perhaps the *Farrier* may attain to the same nominal dignity. The *Physician* is never called Doctor; he is invariably *Mr.* with the

common people. The Village Apothecary THE Doctor *κατ' ἐξοχην*, as they say in Greek. Unless indeed the Rector or Vicar of the parish should be a D.D., and in this case, a worse mistake is to be apprehended; a mistake which might be actually fatal to body or soul. The Apothecary for instance might be called to administer the comforts of religion *in extremis* at one end of the parish, while the poor D.D. might be roused from his slumbers in the middle of the night, to a case of midwifery at the other. In both instances, THE Doctor might be sent for without farther discrimination, though the proper functions of the two were as widely different, as between helping an old person out of the world, and bringing a young one into it. Not that, after all, even the Village Apothecary is accounted the *best Doctor* in a country district; his pre-eminence is generally disputed by most of the *old women* in the place, who are sure to have nostrums for every kind of malady, and for the most part, rate the abilities of *the Doctor* very low.

It has often surprized me, that so much confidence in matters of pharmacy and medicine, should be placed in these old ladies; but I am

not sure that there is not to be found in history a very good reason for it. In remote times, and in all Catholic countries, the care of the sick and wounded fell chiefly upon the religious orders of *nuns*, &c. : who really possessed as much skill as the times admitted of. Dr. *Beddoes*, who had a spite against these village matrons, for their interference in medical cases; commends the wisdom and discernment of the people for not trusting them farther; for not suffering them, that is, to perform *chirurgical* operations. But in the dark ages, the females of the religious orders practised surgery as well as medicine, and no less a personage than the renowned *Robin Hood*, by trusting one too far, was bled to death.

But, (not unseldom,) the Village *Farrier* is also a Doctor. In such parishes therefore there may be *three* Doctors. One having the cure of *bodies*; another the cure of *souls*; and a third, the cure of *horses, cows, and asses*. And it is fifty to one, but that, in an agricultural district, the latter may possess the highest credit of all. I remember a man with a bad leg, who resisted all my offers of procuring him surgical aid, from a most celebrated practitioner in a neighbouring

town. He had put himself under the care of his old crony the *Farrier*. Upon my expressing some doubts of his competency; the man declared he would trust him sooner than any *Doctor* in the whole country, or even London, especially for the cure of bad legs. "It was only t'other day," said he, "that Master W.'s horse had as bad a leg as was ever seen; but on being brought to him, he whipped in some of his oils, and cured him in a jiffy." Soon after the man died. Such prejudices deserve to be recorded.

As Men of *Letters*, indeed, such *Doctors* may deserve academical honors, if what was recorded a short time ago in the public papers be true, for I think it exceeds in *literary* attainments all I ever read of before. One of these *Vaccine*, *Equestrian*, and *Asinine Doctors*, in writing out his bills, managed to spell the christian name of a customer without one *letter* that strictly belonged to it: *Gekup* for *Jacob*. It was the wife of one of these *learned Doctors*, who for the benefit of the rising generation, in a certain village in the West, undertook, according to the board over the Doctor's own door, to instruct her neighbours' children, even in the higher ac-

complishments of life, upon the following easy terms :

“ Schooling for little boys and girls at 2*d.* per week ; *Them. as larns manners* pays 2*d.* more.”

It is probably owing to this degradation and abuse of the Doctorial title, that the Doctor's real rank in society is so little understood. Not that I find it any where well arranged in our orders of precedence, which often differ extremely one from another ; but in general I find it run thus ;

Doctors, Deans, &c.

This is a sad hodge-podge way of marshalling these dignified persons ; for instance, a Dean is generally a Doctor ; but if *not*, would the Organist of his cathedral have a right to go before him ? is a Doctor of Music entitled to precede a Baronet's eldest son ? or a Serjeant at Law ? For so it would *seem* according to *some* of our tables of precedence. A Doctor of Music may be an extremely respectable man ; I have known many such. He may on the score of moral worth, or cultivated talents, be entitled to precede many whom the order places above him ; but this is nothing to the present question. I am speaking

not of persons but of places. Not so much of his degree, as of his *Faculty*. Is *music* (though so justly admirable in its principles and effects) exactly upon a par with *Divinity*, *Law*, or *Physic*? except in our universities, the distinction and rank of Faculties is not only not understood, but never perhaps so much as thought of. This confusion of Faculties seems to have been the occasion of Swift's Banter, entitled, "the *Right of Precedence*," in which he argues the case between Physicians and Civilians, or the Professors of Law and Physic, and decides in favour of the latter, on the score of its superior antiquity, being inclined also to do the same by music, "he who could doubt," says he, "of the origin of physic, must be so ignorant of religion and history, that I should disdain an answer; though I could tell him not only what the *first distemper* was (and that epidemical, viz. a *falling sickness*) but also who it was that cured it." He insists strongly that physic should have the precedence of law, either civil or canonical, on the grounds above stated; and would have it run through all the branches. That a *Doctor of Physic* should take place of a *Doctor of Laws*; a *Surgeon* of an *Advocate*; an *Apothecary* of a *Proctor in Office*;

and a *Tooth-drawer* of a *Register* of the Court. He insists also that upon the same score of antiquity, the excellent Faculties of *Music* and *Poetry* should take place of *Law*; their antiquity being undoubted; while there was certainly a time when neither civil nor canon law were at all necessary. This may be true enough, but in going back so far to find the origin of *Physic*, I question if he does not trench upon the rights of *Divinity*, his reference to the *first Distemper*, and *cure* of it, is a little too grave I think for a work of humour, but it would raise a doubt at all events as to the exact origin of *Divinity* as a *Faculty*. A Chancellor of one of our universities, I know not exactly which, being called upon once to decide which should go first, of *Doctors in Law* or *Physic*, asked which preceded at an *execution*, the *thief* or the *hangman*; and being told that usually the *thief* went first, and the *executioner* second, then, said he, let the *Doctors of Law* have precedence, and *Doctors in Medicine* go next. I have heard of a dispute between *Divinity* and *Law*, curiously managed and settled by a reference to *Scripture*, (I hope I shall not be considered profane in citing such facts and writings.) The dispute was

stated to be between a *Bishop* and a *Judge*. And after some altercation, the latter thought he should quite confound his opponent, by quoting the following passage : “ For on these two hang all the Law and the Prophets.” “ Do you not see,” says the Lawyer, in triumph, “ that even in this passage of Scripture *we* are mentioned first?” “ I grant you,” says the Bishop, “ *you* HANG first!”

But to return to our order of precedence as they relate to *Doctors*. I have already cited one which stands thus ;

Masters in Chancery,

Doctors, Deans, &c.

Serjeants at Law,

and quite at the bottom of the list, Clergymen, Barristers at Law, Officers in the Navy and Army. Not a word about Generals or Admirals, Colonels, Post-Captains, &c. &c. ; but after the Knights of the Bath come in *Flag* and *Field* Officers ; and yet in *Collins's* Baronetage, a work of no small reputation, I find in one line, “ Colonels, Serjeants at Law, Doctors, Deans,” not a word of Generals or Admirals, Flag or Field Officers ; but much lower (together with Barristers at Law,) *Lieutenant-Colonel*, *Majors*,

Captains, &c. And in *Beatson's* Political Index, though he has, like *Collins*, in succession,

Colonels,

Serjeants at Law,

and

Doctors graduate,

yet he puts all these *below* those *above*, whom they rank in *Collins*, as well as in the other orders of precedence; nor does he say a word about Flag or Field Officers. What confusion is this! but it does not end here, in *Guillim* and in *Chamberlayn's* State of Great Britain, &c. all Colonels are said to be *honourable*, and by the law of arms ought to precede simple knights. What then brings them below Masters in Chancery, as they stand in *Collins*? while in *Beatson*, strange to say, Masters in Chancery are placed *above* *Baronets*. Doctors have, by some authors, been held to have the rank of Knights in Chivalry, and therefore it is perhaps that they are placed where they are, in *some* of our orders of precedence. Almost immediately after Knights, and above even the eldest sons of *Baronets*; in fact, and to use the words of writers upon this subject, although they are neither *Knights* nor gentlemen *born*, yet

they take place *amongst* them. Why indeed they should not be Knights, (at least after ten years standing, as *Upton* says they have a right to be, though not with the consent of *Selden*,) as well as some who occasionally attain to that very ancient and honourable title, it might be difficult to shew. It would indeed be only exchanging one *too common* title for another, “ Sir,” for “ Doctor.” The confusion of ranks and faculties would be the same ; but it would effectually exclude Apothecaries and Farriers, for though by long use the phrase to “ *doctor*” a horse, or “ *doctor*” an old woman, or “ *doctor*” a cow, is become intelligible ; to “ *Sir*” a horse, or “ *Sir*” an old woman, could scarcely by any means be rendered so.

I remember however an apprehension excited in the mind of a very worthy Doctor of Divinity, and Rector of a parish, with whom I was acquainted, that might render the Knight’s title more obnoxious to the *Clergy* in particular, than to the gentlemen of *other faculties*. The acquaintance I am alluding to, by the death of a relation, happening to succeed to the title of baronet, expressed a fear lest his parishioners, who had been accustomed to call him “ your *Reverence*,” should put “ *Sir*” before it in their subsequent addresses.

There exists an odd anomaly, more legal, than heraldic, in regard to the three degrees we have just had occasion to mention, namely, Colonels, Serjeants at Law, and Doctors, in the three learned professions. As they are all of higher degree than Esquires, their eldest sons are qualified to kill game. And this, without any estate; nay, though their fathers should not be qualified themselves to kill game, by having the requisite property. However strange this may seem, yet I think I may venture to say, it has been so determined, though I cannot at present refer to the case.

Having remarked above, that there seems to have been some want of attention shewn in assigning the proper rank to the several faculties, I shall subjoin the following arrangement, adopted in Scotland, as far as regards the Professors of the different Sciences, according to which they stand thus: 1. Theology. 2. Canon Law. 3. Civil Law. 4. Philosophy. 5. Medicine. 6. Rhetorick. 7. Poesy. 8. History. 9. Grammar. 10. Logic. 11. Arithmetic. 12. Geometry. 13. Music. 14. Astronomy. Among these, such as are Doctors, precede those that are not; and among Doctors the priority goes by age.

TITLES.

THAT none may fancy I wish to make too much of titles, or am disposed to estimate them too highly, I shall beg, before I go farther, to explain myself more particularly upon this point. I know their proper worth and value. "It is not to shine in grace and esteem at court that can ennoble one; such glory is like glass," as an old author says, "bright but brittle." I know, that as the conundrum teacheth, (one of the most accidental combinations, by the bye, of wit and wisdom, mirth and morality, that ever was discovered) that even MAJESTY, stripped of its externals, is but "a Jest;" much more of course all inferior titles; yet I am not for stripping them of their externals merely to render them a Jest, to those who are disposed to think meanly of them. As social and political distinctions, they have their use, and though in *some* instances, (*foreign* chiefly, not English,) they may appear to have been carried to excess, (as in the case of the Governor of *Shiraz*, who in addition to a pompous enumeration of qualities and lordships,

calls himself, the *flower of courtesy*, the *nutmeg of consolation*, and the *rose of delight* ;) yet I have known *titles* heaped upon man *merely* as *man*, by grave philosophers, that exceed all that have been invented for worldly purposes; as in the following instance, we are reminded by that curious and most learned writer, old Robert Burton, the Anatomist of Melancholy. “Man, the *most excellent* and *noble* creature of the world, the principal and mighty work of God, wonder of nature, as *Zoroaster* calls him, *audacis naturæ miraculum*, the marvail of marvails, as *Plato*; the abridgment and epitome of the world as *Pliny*; microcosmus a little world, a model of the world, *sovereign lord* of the *earth*, *viceroiy* of the *world*, *sole commander* and *governor* of all the creatures in it; to whose *empire* they are subject in particular, and yield obedience, far surpassing all the rest, not in body only but in soul; *imaginis imago*, created in God’s own image, &c. &c. &c.” Such are supposed to be the *proper titles* of man, in his primitive and original condition, and it is very evident, that no earthly titles can exceed them. They are the titles of the very first man Adam, as he came out of the hands of God, “*pure, divine, perfect, happy,*

created after God in true holiness and righteousness; *Deo congruens*, free from all manner of infirmities."

There was an old saying amongst the Lollards, (and which the Preacher *Ball*, in the time of the insurrection of Wat Tyler took for his text in addressing the rabble at Blackheath,)

"When Adam delv'd and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?"

Or, as some copies have it,

"Where was then the gentleman?"

which has often since been cited with a design of casting a reflection on *all titles of honour*; as though they were *merely* the offspring of *human pride*, and that in our origin we were all equally *ignoble*; but, on the contrary I shall repeat, that in going back to Adam, we should find that there was originally a Nobility belonging to our race, of which all earthly distinctions reflect but a very faint and feeble image. And this may serve for an answer to another question of the same party, as recorded in history, "Why Adam had not obtained a patent of Nobility for all his descendants?" The Adamic

nobility was forfeited and lost ; “ *Heu tristis et lacrymosa commutatio*, O pitiful change,” as the author I have before cited very reasonably exclaims. The titles applied to man in his degraded state by philosophers and divines, are to all intents and purposes, as base as the foregoing are honourable. “ Fallen and miserable,” *miserabilis homuncio!* a cast-away, a caitiff, a monster of stupendous metamorphosis ; a fox, a dog, a hog, *lasciviâ equum, impudentiâ canem, astu vulpem, furore leonem*, as Chrysostom has it, “ subject to death, calamity, and pain.”

Here then are titles and distinctions of all sorts, good and bad, primitive and derivative, ante-diluvian and post-deluvian, &c. &c. &c. Surely we may be allowed to take a medium, and by a *few worldly honors* endeavour at least to remind the poor *caitiffs* and *cast-aways* of the earth, that they would do well to aspire to the rank from whence they have fallen ; for worldly honours, however now and then abused, are undoubtedly designed to represent some inherent virtue, merit, or talent ; to put us in mind as it were, of the degradation incurred. The externals of majesty are necessary to the completion of the character of a *King*, but not of a *man* ; and

he, who should be stripped of them by political convulsions, as was the case with the late amiable monarch of France, might defy his bitterest enemies to make "a Jest" of him, if as a *man* he retained that greatness and dignity of character, of which those externals could be but faint representations. In no part of his unhappy life did Charles the First appear so *great*, as when he fell into the hands of his persecutors; when stripped of the externals of majesty, he appeared with kingly dignity before his coarse and vulgar judges; calmly sustained the rude and beastly insults of the rabble, and patiently submitted his neck to the executioner, at the window of his own palace.

Louis Seize derived lustre, it is true, from the externals of majesty, in the eyes of the vulgar; as long as they retained one spark of their ancient devotion to the "*Grand Monarch*," but in the eyes of the wise and feeling, much greater was the lustre he derived from his misfortunes; from the fortitude displayed on his trial, in his prison, and at the foot of the guillotine. His unfortunate Queen, daughter of the high-minded Maria Theresa, Empress and KING, rose, as she sunk, became *great* exactly in proportion as she

seemed to be abandoned by fortune; displayed virtue in adversity, which in prosperity she had been thought not only to neglect but despise. Finally, having undergone, according to very private and particular reports, the pangs of contrition, for all past offences, she died on a scaffold, a martyr to politics, but a saint, it is to be hoped, in religion.

The writer of these pages had opportunities of seeing the last two of these royal personages, shining in all the splendour and brilliancy that the externals of majesty could cast around them; but, he feels bound to confess, that his idea of their worth increased with their misfortunes, and that they never appeared less a Jest to him than when stripped of the externals of majesty, they became victims to the *barbarity* of a *revolutionary* government, and the scorn of a parcel of proud republicans.

As it is with Majesty, so is it with all worldly distinctions; they only ennoble a man as a *member of society*, not as a *human being*; it depends upon the man himself whether he be above or below his own title; but it is undeniable that the latter being meant as the reward of virtue, should constantly give him a bias that way. "A *mere great man*," says Bishop Earle, in his *Microcosmo-*

graphy, “ is so much heraldry without honour, himself less real than his title. His virtue is, that he was his father’s son, and all the expectation of him to beget another.” It was the saying of a *Queen*, (Christina of Sweden) when, contrary to the expectations of her courtiers, she had raised *Salvius*, a man of low birth, but great talents, to the rank of a Senator of Stockholm, “ when good advice and wise counsel are wanted, who looks for sixteen quarters ?” excellent are the sentiments contained in the following lines,

“ Though to your *Title* there is *honor* due,
It is *yourself* that makes me *honor you* !”

—————“ What’s Honor ?
Not to be captious ; not unjustly fight ;
’Tis to confess what’s wrong, and do what’s right.

Can place or lessen us, or aggrandise ?
Pigmies are pigmies still, tho’ perch’d on Alps !
And pyramids are pyramids in vales !
Each man builds his own structure, builds himself ;
Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids ;
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt’s fall.”

Are then the *externals* of majesty, nobility, &c. &c. I would ask, just objects of *envy* ? Far from it. The *externals* of *majesty*, I apprehend, seldom compensate to any, but never to the *good man*, the troubles and vexations of so exalted, and what is more, so *conspicuous* a station. “ *Mihi credite,*” said an Emperor, “ *mori*

malem quam Imperare.” “Curia curis stringitur, Diadema spinis cingitur.” “In the greatest fortune,” says Sallust, “there is the least liberty.” “*In maximâ fortunâ, minima licentia.*” “Kings, Princes, Monarchs, and Magistrates seem,” says Burton, “to be most happy, but look into their estate, you shall find them to be most encumbered with cares, in perpetual fear, agony, suspicion, jealousy.” That, as Valerius said of a crown, if they knew but the discontents that accompany it, they would not stop to take it up. *Plus aloës quam mellis habet*, it has more bitters than sweets belonging to it, “*non humi jacentem tolleres.*” “*Quem mihi regem dabis, non curis plenum?*” says an eloquent Father of the Church, “What King canst thou shew me not full of cares?” Look not on his crown, but consider his afflictions; attend not his number of servants, but multitude of crosses; Sylla-like, they have brave titles, but terrible cares; “*Splendorem titulo, cruciatum animo.*” “But woes me,” says Linklater of *King James*, in the *Fortunes of Nigel*, “if you knew how many folks make it their daily and nightly purpose to set his head against his heart, and his heart against his head—to make him do hard things because they are called just, and unjust things because they are

represented as kind!" Now is not this enough to convince one, that worldly titles and distinctions, can seldom be any fair objects of envy, and that as Henry IV. says, in Shakspeare,

" Uneasy lies the head
That wears a crown."

Seeing these things, and living under a monarchy, regulated and limited, upon the purest principles of political freedom, I feel a degree of gratitude mixed up with my loyalty, towards the exalted personage, who, with so little thanks, sustains so heavy a burthen; nor can I well bear to hear the murmurings and complaints of certain narrow-minded or malicious persons, who may be said constantly to *stand ready* to censure all his actions, as though it were not the law of the land that had placed him in so *strange*, so *singular*, so *perilous*, and so *anxious* a situation; but that he had *usurped* it, and altogether taken it upon himself, for his own *pleasure* and *amusement*, if not for *baser* ends. I must beg you to excuse a long extract from that interesting poet Cowper; for I like to give Kings fair play as well as other people;

" To be suspected, thwarted, and withstood,
E'en when he labours for his country's good,
To see a band call'd patriot for no cause,
But that they catch at popular applause ;

Careless of all th' anxiety he feels,
 Hook disappointment on the public wheels;
 With all their flippant fluency of tongue,
 Most confident, when palpably most wrong ;
 If this be kingly, then farewell for me
 All kingship ! and may I, be poor and free.
 To be the *table-talk* of clubs up stairs,
 To which th' unwash'd artificer repairs,
 T' indulge his genius after long fatigue
 By diving into Cabinet intrigue,
 (For what kings deem a toil, as well they may,
 To him is relaxation and mere play.)
 To win no praise when well wrought plans prevail,
 But to be rudely censur'd when they fail,
 To doubt the love his fav'rites pretend,
 And in reality to find no friend ;
 If he indulge a cultivated taste,
 His gall'ries with the works of art well grac'd,
 To hear it call'd extravagance and waste ;
 If these attendants, and if such as these,
 Must follow royalty, then farewell ease ;
 However humble and confin'd the sphere,
 Happy the state that has not these to fear."

Let it be granted then, that in the eye of the philosopher and politician, Majesty stripped of its externals is but a jest, yet let us be sure that however brilliant and dazzling to the optics of him who gazes *only* at the King, *those externals* may *appear*, they can contribute very little to lighten the cares and disquietudes that may prey upon the man.

" What infinite heart-ease must kings neglect
 That private men enjoy ? and what have kings,
 That private have not too—save ceremony ?

And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
 What are thy rents? what are thy comings-in?
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form?—
 —I am a King that find thee, and I know
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the Crown Imperial,
 The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The furs'd title running 'fore the King,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp,
 No, not all these thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,—
 —For, (but for *ceremony*) such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Hath the forehand and vantage of a King."

What the anatomist of melancholy, old Burton says of Kings and Princes, he considers to be, with very little difference, as applicable to the rich. "Rich men," says he, "are in the same predicament; what their pains are "*Stulti nesciunt ipsi sentiunt*;" what *they* feel, *fools* perceive not. "Their wealth is brittle like children's rattles: they come and go, there is no certainty in them." But more of the rich hereafter. I have said what I have of Titles, merely to take off, if I can, the keen edge of that envy and jealousy, with which too many in this free country are apt to regard the whole system of personal distinctions, ranks, titles, privileges and prerogatives. The morality and philosophy of

good old Burton, with which I began this section, will plainly shew, that as to titles, the poorest man alive, may simply as *man*, aspire to some, exceeding in grandeur and intrinsic worth, all that the proudest monarch has to bestow. While the latter, by the common course of sub-lunary events, may be made to pay so dearly for his crown, as to render him justly envious of the happier and more free condition of the very lowliest of his subjects.

What I have hinted, may also, I would hope, have a tendency to keep more quiet the aspiring, or to reconcile those who fail of attaining to the distinctions they seek after, to their loss and disappointment; for notwithstanding the many cares attached to the higher stations of life, all *are* ambitious of attaining to them. “As a dog in a wheel, (says *Budæus*,) as a bird in a cage, as a squirrel in a chain, the ambitious climb and climb still, but never make an end, never at the top.” “So,” says Burton, from whom I borrow the reference, “a Knight would be a Baronet, and then a Lord, and then a Viscount, and then an Earl, &c. &c. : a Doctor a Dean, and then a Bishop; from Tribune to Prætor, from Bailiff to Mayor; first this office and then

that; as Pyrrhus in Plutarch, they will have first Greece, then Africk, and then Asia, and swell like Æsop's frogs so long, till in the end they burst, or come down with Sejanus, *ad Gemonias scalas*, and break their necks: or as Evangelus the piper in Lucian, who blew his pipe till he fell down dead."

Cromwell was not contented with being only Lord Protector, he wished to be King, but was in the end, afraid to take the title. While he judged the kingly power and office to be beyond his grasp, he was for doing it quite away. There is to this day, I believe, a printed sermon of his extant, on Romans xiii. 1. which contains a good specimen of his *biblical heraldry*, and *antimonarchical theology*. "But now that I have mentioned KINGS, the question is, whether by 'the HIGHER Powers,' are meant Kings or Commoners? Truly beloved, it is a very great question among those that are learned: for may not every one that can read observe, that Paul speaks in the plural number, '*higher Powers.*' Now, had he meant subjection to a King, he would have said '*higher Power;*' if he had meant that is, but one man: but by this you see he meant more than one; he bids us be 'subject

to the Higher Powers,' THAT IS!! the Council of State, the House of Commons, and the ARMY!"

Had Oliver been discreet, he would have looked I think into some other part of the Bible for a text, on which to raise such an argument, though that he would have found one, I much doubt; but with his parade of singulars and plurals, in the very chapter cited it happens oddly enough that there is as frequent mention of "*the Power,*" (singular) as of "*the Powers,*" (plural) and I am much deceived if verse 4 be not as pointed a description of a *King*, a *Monarch*, or *Chief Magistrate*, as any that could be pitched upon to that purpose. Nay, I do not know whether it may not allude to the saddest Tyrant that ever existed, even Emperor Nero! for that *he* ruled over the Romans at the time St. Paul addressed this Epistle to them is exceedingly well known. I do not mean to say, that St. Paul meant to compliment Nero; praise the man, or commend his government; but I am very certain that he meant to say, that any person placed by the laws of his country, in the situation Nero was, was a proper "*higher power,*" to whom honor as well as tribute, fear as well as custom was due. And if Old Noll were

now alive, I should be bold to tell him, that I had much rather see the executive government, the supreme power, and the sword of justice in the hands of almost any ONE guardian, than in those of any Council of State, House of Commons, or ARMY whatsoever.

Of “the higher Powers” in Oliver’s days, we have a lively picture, (ushered in by a most delicate simile) in the second canto of the third part of Hudibras.

“ For as a Fly that goes to bed
Rests with his tail above his head ;
So in this *mongrel state* of ours,
The *Rabble* are ‘ the Supreme Powers.’ ”

There is nothing perhaps more curious, than the homage paid to worldly greatness, by those, whose speech, actions, or conduct, have at times been most directly opposed to it. Who would have believed, from the first part of Cromwell’s political life, and the *singular* sermon to which I have so lately alluded, that he could ever have thirsted after the title of *King*? Yet Cowley gives this account of him ; and though the latter was a sort of partisan, and Cromwell himself coquetted so far as to pretend to decline the title when proposed to him, I am much mis-

taken if he did not inwardly desire it, as earnestly as Cowley insinuates. Nay, I think it is plain, from the very words of the Committee appointed by Parliament to offer it to him. "The objections raised by Your Highness," say they, "seem *very far* from implying *any necessity for declining the title*, being founded upon *suppositions purely conjectural*." It is indeed matter of fact, that he was no sooner invested with the *power*, than he assumed the *pageantry* of a King. His peers of Parliament were created by patent, in the margin of which, amongst other ornaments, are, a portrait of him, in *regal* robes, and his paternal escocheon, with many quarterings. But, to return to Cowley ;

In his discourse on "*Greatness*," speaking of the Giants' attempt of scaling Heaven by heaping *Ossa* upon *Olympus* and *Pelion* upon *Ossa*, "a famous person of their offspring," says he, "the late *Giant* of our nation, when from the condition of a very inconsiderable *Captain*, he had made himself *Lieutenant General* of an army of little *Titans*, which was his first mountain, and afterward *General*, which was the second, and after that absolute tyrant of three kingdoms, which was the third, and almost touched the

Heaven which he affected, is believed to have died with grief and discontent, because he could not attain to the honest name of a *King*, and the old formality of a *Crown*, though he had before exceeded the power by a wicked usurpation. If he could have compassed that, he would perhaps have wanted something else that is necessary to felicity, and pined away for want of the title of an Emperor or a God."

We know a good deal about a *more modern* Cromwell, who passing through nearly the same early career of life, but much more rapidly, did not stop, before he became *King* and *Emperor*; and when he had become so, called around him, the dear friends of a *Republic*, one and indivisible; of *Liberty* and *Equality*; the *sworn foes* to *monarchy*, hereditary *nobility*, *titles*, and *privileges*; regicides, theophilanthropists, &c. &c. &c. :—heaped on them all sorts of worldly honors, titles, and distinctions; gave them *principalities*, *dukedoms*, *vice-royalties*, nay *kingdoms*, and by putting *mountains* upon *mountains* before them for stepping stones, associated them with him, in such a career of pride and ambition, as, had it not been timely checked and interrupted, must have ended, (most certainly not in scaling

Heaven, but) in subduing the whole earth, and subjecting every free and independent nation to one universal monarchy.

Such are the changes and fashions of the world. Of this new order of Noblesse, an eye-witness of great celebrity thus speaks. "Nothing certainly presents a greater subject for pleasantry, than the creation of an entirely new Noblesse, such as Buonaparte established for the support of his new throne. The Princesses and Queens, *citizenesses* of the day before, could not themselves refrain from laughing at hearing themselves styled your *Highness* or your *Majesty*. Others more serious delighted in having their title of *Monseigneur* repeated from morning to night, like *Moliere's* City Gentleman. The old archives were rummaged for the discovery of the best documents on etiquette: men of merit found a grave occupation in making coats of armour for the new families; finally, no day passed which did not afford some scene worthy of the pen of *Moliere*; but the terror which formed the back ground of the picture, prevented the *grotesque* of the *front* from being laughed at as it deserved to be. The glory of the French Generals illustrated all, and the obsequious cour-

tiers contrived to slide themselves in under the shadow of military men, who doubtless deserved the severe honors of a free state, but not the vain decorations of such a court. Valor and genius descend from Heaven, and whoever is gifted with them, has no need of other ancestors. The distinctions which are accorded in republics or limited monarchies, ought to be the reward of services rendered to the country, and every one may equally pretend to them; but nothing savors so much of Tartar despotism, as this crowd of honors emanating from one man, and having his caprice for their source."

Strange however as Buonaparte's court may have appeared, Cromwell's I apprehend must have looked a good deal *rougher* and more *unpolished*.

" Janizary Desbrow then look'd pale,
For, said he, if this rump prevail,
'Twill blow me back to my old *plow-tail*,
Which nobody can deny."

Desborough, who married Cromwell's sister, was, they say, actually a plough-boy, though he became a General, a Privy Councillor, and a Member of the *Upper House*, with an income of 3236*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*

“ So here’s a Committee of Safety, compounded
Of knave and of fool, of Papist and Roundhead,
On basis of treason and tyranny grounded.”

But we have a *regular* account of Oliver’s
Court in a TRUE SONG, written 1654.

I.

He that would a new Courtier be,
And of the late-coyn’d Gentry,
A brother of the prick-ear’d Crew,
Half a *Presbyter*, half a *Jew*,
When he is dipp’d in *Jordan’s* flood,
And wash’d his hands in royal blood,
Let him to our Court repair,
Where all trades and religions are.

II.

If he can devoutly pray,
Feast upon a fasting day,
Be longer blessing a warm bit,
Than the Cook was dressing it,
With Covenants and Oaths dispense,
Betray his Lord for forty pence ;
Let him to our Court repair,
Where all trades and religions are.

III.

If he be one of the eating Tribe,
Both a Pharisee and a Scribe,
And hath learn’d the sniv’ling tone
Of a flux’d devotion,
Cursing from his sweating Tub
The Cavaliers to Beelzebub ;
Let him to our Court repair,
Where all trades and religions are.

IV.

Who fickler than the City Ruff,
Can change his Brewer’s Coat to Buff ;

His Dray-coat to a Coach, the beast
 Into *Two Flanders' mares*, at least,
 Nay, hath the art to murder Kings,
 Like David, only with his Slings ;
Let him to our Court repair,
Where all trades and religions are.

V.

If he can invert the Word,
 Turning his Plough-share to a sword,
 His Cassock to a Coat of Mail ;
 'Gainst *Bishops* and the *Clergy* rail,
 Convert *Paul's Church* into a *Mews*,
 Make a new Colonel of old Shoes ;
Let him to our Court repair,
Where all trades and religions are.

Oliver's House of *Commons* is thus elegantly described.

" 'Tis Noll's old brewhouse now I swear ;
 The Speaker's but his Skinker,
 Their Members are like the Council of War,
 Carmen, Pedlars, Tinker.

Take — and his Club, and Smec and his Tub,
 Or any sect old or new ;

'The Devil's in the pack, if choice you can lack ;
 We are four score religions strong."

" The fittest emblem of the Parliament House
 is a *Turkey-pie*. The heads without will inform
 you what birds are within."

" Make room for one-ey'd Hewson,
 A Lord of such account,
 'Twas a pretty jest,
 That such a beast
 Should to such honours mount.

When Coblers were in fashion,
 And niggards in such grace,
 'Twas sport to see
 How Pride and he
 Did jostle for the place."

Hewson was really a cobbler, but as well as Desborough, a Member of the *Upper* House, and knighted; he was also a Colonel in the army. A lady of quality in Ireland, who had been so plundered by the soldiery as to be obliged to go almost barefoot, warming her feet one day at a fire, the Colonel took notice of her bad shoes, and asked why she did not have them capped? "Why truly, Sir," says she, "all the *Coblers* are turned *Colonels*, and I can get none to mend them." Which story, by the bye, is of a piece with the famous pasquinade on *Sextus Quintus*, whose sister had been a laundress. Upon *Sextus* being made Pope, Pasquin's statue was dressed one night in a very dirty shirt, with an excuse written under it, that he was obliged to wear foul linen, because his laundress was made a Princess.

Pride was a foundling, and had been a brewer, or rather a drayman;

"But observe the device of this *Nobleman's* rise,
 How he hurried from trade to trade,
 From the *grains* he'd aspire to the *yeast*, and then higher,
 Till at length he a *drayman* was made."

He also was one of the *Upper House*, and is called Thomas *Lord Pride*, in the commission for erecting a high Court of Justice, for the trial of Sir Henry Slingsby, &c. : Oliver Cromwell knighted him with a faggot stick.

Though the above verses of course are the productions of the opposite party, yet the facts and cases are true. The *lowest* persons in the county were made *High Sheriffs*, and people of all kinds and descriptions put into the Commission of the Peace. The town of Chelmsford in Essex is reported to have been in those times of misrule, governed by a Tinker, two Cobblers, two Tailors, and a Pedlar.

I would not pretend to say that the Court which succeeded Oliver's was intrinsically better ; far from it, if we may believe Butler, in his *Hudibras at Court* ; and upon such a subject, Butler I think ought to be believed. The following lines I fear represent the truth.

“ But see the Court how 'tis enchanted,
 By witches and hobgoblins haunted,
 And how the Prince his treasure squanders
 Amongst his Concubines and Panders ;
 Whilst his true friends the Cavaliers,
 For perfect want, all hang their ears ;
 Are all neglected and postpon'd,
 And rarely seen, and hardly own'd ;

Quoth Ralph, all this I own is true,
 But what is this to me and you?
 I grant indeed the Cavaliers
 Have cause enough to hang their ears,
 When they see *Panders, Pimps, and Cullies,*
Sharpers, Setters, Rakes, and Bullies,
 To Favors and High Posts preferr'd,
 They can't be blam'd to think it hard."

But as to the *Kingly Courts* of the 17th century, we have a graver authority than *Hudibras*; *Selden*, (if the Table-talk be his.) "In our Court in Queen Elizabeth's time, gravity and state were kept up. In King James's Court, things were pretty well; (*not always so, as I shall have occasion to shew*) but in King Charles's time, there has been nothing but *French more* and the *Cushion dance, omnium gatherum, tolly polly, hoite cum toite.*"—This must have been the Court that *preceded* Cromwell's—and yet I cannot reconcile it with King Charles's character; and what is odd enough, *Selden* himself was one of the contrivers of the celebrated *Pageant*, an amusement far from frivolous or of any unbecoming levity, and which rather marks the temper of the Court. Cromwell's Court, though composed of upstarts, was grave to a degree of austerity. Voltaire speaks of "*la sombre Administration de Cromwell,*" and it must be confessed he looked

more to manliness of character, than brilliancy of manners: Charles the Second's Court, it should be observed, however corrupt, did not represent the *general* principles of the nation. These were still subsisting in such vigour, *beyond the verge of the Court*, as to lay the foundation for the subsequent revolution.

But to advert once more to the assumption of *Titles* by Republican Rulers. I have heard it observed, as a remarkable circumstance in the history of the Seven United Provinces, that after establishing their *Republic*, by so noble a resistance to the tyranny of the *proud King* and *proud nation*, by whom they had been in so great danger of being enthralled, they should suffer themselves to be addressed by a title, as arrogant in sound at least, as any adopted by the despots of the East; viz.

THEIR HIGH MIGHTINESSES!

A title certainly not savoring much of *Republicanism*, *Liberty*, or *Equality*; however, in credit to the Dutch I must say, I think it sounds more arrogant in our language, than it ever was intended to be. In the *Fortunes of Nigel*, lately published, the title I see is changed into "*Mighty*

Mightinesses.” But to proceed with the history of the former appellation. That in the situation in which the Seven Provinces stood at the period of their emancipation from the Spanish yoke, it might be necessary to assume such a title, we may conclude from two circumstances upon record, admirably suited to the present work ; the object of which is to give titles their *proper force*, and at the same time point out their *importance*. You shall now then hear, not only how *high* and *mighty* these *republicans* thought themselves, but how determined they were, that every body else should acknowledge them to be so ; and *how much*, though they were *republicans* not long emancipated from the gilded shackles of *courtly* tyranny, they stood upon *titles* and *ceremonins*.

In 1640 the Count d’Aversperg arrived at the Hague on an embassy from the Emperor ; and immediately sent his credentials to the President of the States, to be laid before the Assembly, bearing the following inscription, and abounding in titles, as Wiquefort calls them “ *fort magnifiques,*” exceedingly grand. “ *Illustribus, Generosis, Nobilibus, et honorabilibus, nostris et sancti Romani Imperii fidelibus, dilectis* N N

ordinibus Unitarum Provinciarum.” But the States no sooner looked at the address, than they returned the credentials, with indignation, unopened; advising the Ambassador speedily to return to his Imperial Master, and to teach him how to direct his letters as he should do; or offering to let him retire to Cologne till he could receive other letters of credence. What gave them so great offence, was that the Emperor had presumed to call them, “His Trusty and well-beloved,” which was too gross an affront to their *Sovereignty* to be passed by. Other letters were procured, omitting the passage objected to, but the object of the negotiation failed.

In the year just preceding, the *Palatin* of *Smolensko* had got into much such another scrape, not by the *insertion* of any thing amiss in his letters, but by the unfortunate *omission* of the very titles we are discussing. He could not be admitted to an audience, because in his letters the States were not called *High* and *Mighty*. The mere neglect of inserting the two terms, “*celsi et præpotentes*,” being the sole reason alleged for dismissing him so cavalierly; for they remembered, says Wiquefort, how ig-

nominiouſly they had been treated a few years before by Prince James Radzivil of Poland, who not only had failed in his harangue in the Stadt-houſe, by calling the Prince of Orange “ Illuſtrious” only, and the States themſelves “ Magnificent,” “ *Illuſtris, et Magnifici,*” but had delivered to them his credentials, loaded indeed with titles, “ *Illuſtriſſimis, Illuſtribus, Magnificis, Generoſis, Nobilibus,*” but not having one in the whole number, that did properly expreſs their *Sovereignty* and *Independence*. Theſe were the things to be ſet forth by their choſen title of.

HIGH MIGHTINESSES,

eſpecially in their negotiations with the ancient Courts of Europe.

The whole Seventeen Provinces are now united again under a Kingly Government, and what is odd enough, their new *King* ſeems pointedly to acknowledge the *Sovereignty* of his own ſubjects, by retaining in *his addreſſes to the States*, the very title of “ High Mightineſſes,” ſo much inſiſted upon by the latter, as the indiſputable mark of both ſovereignty, and republican *independence*.

But perhaps, in the history of things, no stronger instances of adulation to the ruling powers of a state could be produced, than what we read of the *democratic* bailiwicks of *Switzerland* and *Italy*, subject to the “*Magnificent and Sovereign Lords of the Cantons*,” as Miss *Helen Maria Williams* was pleased to call them, (in the year 1798.) Her relation of matters, is too lively and entertaining to be omitted, especially as proceeding from the pen of a *sans-culotte* admirer and *eulogist* of the late *Despot* of France, and one so *anti-tyrannical*, as to have done her utmost but a few years before, to insult and expose that (*weak* perhaps, in a political point of view) but amiable and well-intentioned Sovereign, *Louis Seize*.

Miss W. with much humour, and some share of good sense, thus describes the attention paid to the bailiffs or biennial governors, of those petty states, whose revenues consisting entirely of fines exacted in criminal cases, were destined as she well observes, to “grow rich, exactly in proportion as their subjects became wicked.” Writing from Lugano, she says,

“Whatever grounds of complaint from pro-consular rapacity might have existed in former

times, we were happy to hear, amidst universal plaudits, of the return of the golden age, under the administration of the *most illustrious Signor Don Francesco Saverio Zeltner*, counsellor and captain of artillery of the *most excellent city and republic* of Soleure, who now terminates his most upright government of *Captain Regent* of Lugano. The administration of this renowned governor, was celebrated in odes, sonnets, and other poetical records, which were distributed in the *church* with great profusion at the close of the *ceremonial*. No Horace or Waller could string the lyre with fonder raptures to the glories of Augustus or Cromwell, than that which burst from the poets of Lugano in praise of their *immortal bailiff*! The names of heroes who lived before Agamemnon have perished, we are told, in unknown night, because unsung by the sacred bard; but the name of DON ZELTNER is proudly rescued from such vulgar oblivion. We shall pass over the eulogium of the tribe of poets by profession, to whom fiction is allowed as a matter of right, and shall only slightly mention the strains of the "Signor Abate Don Amatore Solari, pro-regent, professor extraordinary," and enjoying numerous other titles, who had put a

new string to his old discordant harp, to record the train of Zeltner's virtues,

“ Da nuovo plettro l'agitata corda,
Tutte di ZELTNER le virtù recorda.”

We shall not consider too deeply the sorrows of the noble fiscal Signor Don Pietro Frasca, doctor of both laws, who demands of his mournful muse, and not inelegantly — why, with dishevelled hair, she beats her snowy bosom, and who answers by her sighs striking on her lyre, “ *sospiri all' etra—Ma aimé ch' ei parte!*” that *Zeltner* the great *hero* is about to depart.

Poor is even praise like this, when compared with the poetical tribute which the virtues of *Zeltner* have wrung from the brain of the venerable College of respectable and worshipful notaries of Lugano, the bankers, trustees, and attorneys of every individual in the state; who, overleaping the dull, precise, plodding forms of law, “ be it known unto all men, &c.” strike the soft chords of poetic eulogy, and in lays appropriate to their professions, *so far as their professions can sympathise with lays*, pour forth a panegyric on the rare disinterestedness, and exalted virtue of Captain Zeltner.

“ When Alexander,” sing these tuneful nota-

ries, "when Alexander returned from the vanquished Euphrates, loaded with gold to his native country—sighs of sorrow broke forth from the bottom of his heart. The bones of *Achilles*, which he contemplated on his way, excited frequent bursts of envy in the soul of the mighty conqueror. Thou, (that is Don Zeltner) loaded not with rapacious spoils, but bending under the weight of honor, alone hast to fear no such interruption to thy joy, since thou hast already reached the goal to which no hero ever yet attained." "Thus," add these bards of *Lugano*, "thus thy country sings, unknowing, O illustrious Zeltner, what car of triumph to prepare, or what choice garlands of flowers to weave around thy brow!"

What were the distinguished acts of this *ex-bailiff*, which raised him in the songs of his enthusiastic admirers above Alexander, or what was the triumph he had merited, such as Athens or Sparta never witnessed,

(Non tal viddèr trionfo i Lidi Loi
Ne Atene, o Sparta, o altra cittade intorno,
Come or ti veggio in sì felice giorno——)

we were unable to discover—the grand secret however seems to have been, that this amiable

governor had plundered them as little as he could.

Miss W. proceeds next to the Province of *Bellinzone*, "the administration of which," she says, "like those of *Lugano* and *Lucarno*, is remitted every two years to a new bailiff." She then gives an account of the installation of a fresh magistrate. "Of the virtues or excellencies of the new governor nothing had yet transpired, but we were left in no uncertainty respecting those of the *ex-bailiff*, Don Francesco Alvisco Wirsch, of the illustrious republic of Underwald, in whose praises we found the bards of Bellinzone even more sublimely tuneful than the lyrists of *Lugano*. The poets laureat of *Captain Zeltner* had only raised him above Alexander, and made him merely equal to the gods, comparing the triumphs of Solcure, to those of Athens and Sparta; but *Captain Wirsch's* poet, raised into more than Virgilian rapture, with "a master's hand and prophet's fire," thus strikes the immortal string :

"Exult, break forth in songs—O Underwalden—for thy great son returns to his native shores. What an immortal splendor gracefully plays around him! alike only to himself, 'none

but himself can be his parallel.' The Holy Virgin descending from heaven,—takes him by the hand, and bestows on him a profusion of tender caresses. O Underwalden, after *Wirsch*, the object of our idolatry, send us another soul of celestial mold, for souls of celestial mold are the prolific produce of thy happy soul."

“ Esulta esulta ; alla tua patria sponda
 Fa ritorno Ondervald il tuo gran Figlio
 Quanta luce immortal l’orna, e cirondo !
 Solo a se stesso, e a null’ altro il somigliò.

La santa Diva, che nel cielo nacque ;
 Cui s’ergano gli altari e i templi anch’ ella
 Per mano il preso, e lo bacio piu volte :
 Deh Onderwald, dopo *Wirsch*, che tanto piacque
 Un altra pur n’ e manda anima bella
 Mille bell’ alme hai nel tuo grembo accolte.”

Such is the style of panegyric with which these subtle Italians attempt to soften the native hardness of their German bailiffs, and seek to wheedle succeeding governors into courteous behaviour, by persuading M. *Zeltner*, that he is equal to the gods, from whom he descended, and M. *Wirsch*, that he is like no one but himself, and the favorite of the Queen of Heaven ! Had these sonnets proceeded from the pen of some comic rhymester, who chose to amuse himself at the expence of the bailiffs, we should

only smile at the pleasantry ; but when we behold the various corporations of these provinces, ecclesiastical and civil, gravely presenting such abject and impious flattery, we scarcely know whether our indignation is most excited by the meanness that degrades itself to offer such vile adulation, or the miserable vanity that stoops to receive it."

As this is the testimony of a *quondam* democrat, to the adulatory extravagancies of democracy itself, it deserves a place I think amongst the *anomalies* of *heraldry*, or at least, of personal honors and distinctions.

ATTRIBUTES,
AND
SIGNIFICANT TITLES.

I CONFESS I have an objection to any fixed titles or appellations betokening any thing of *moral* worth. How strange it would be to read in any of our foreign journals, that on such a day his *Serene Highness* Prince Such-a-one, dropped down dead in a passion! to "Highness" itself I have no objection; it may bespeak only the Prince's station in civil society. "Majesty" is unobjectionable on the same ground; denoting, as Selden observes, merely a kind of special dignity, as if we should say in English, a "*greatness*." "Majesty," says an old writer, "is the modestest and justest title that can be given to Sovereigns." Royal Highness comes under the same description. There is a beautiful letter extant, from Sir Walter Raleigh to Prince Henry, son of James I., admonishing him to be aware of the sycophants, who called his father God's *Vicegerent*. "They adjoin," says he, "Vice-

gerency to the idea of being *all-powerful*, and not to that of being *all-good*.”—“Your father is called the Vicegerent of heaven; while he is good he is the Vicegerent of heaven; shall man have authority from the fountain of good to do evil?” But all distinctions by *attributes*, whether in the concrete or abstract, are hazardous, and likely to run into incongruities. Of the Ducal Archiepiscopal Title of “*Grace*,” for instance, which is of this nature, what shall we say? I know what it betokens; *Gratia, decor, Venustas, &c.*: but how strange it would appear to say to a Duke or an Archbishop, will your “*comeliness*,” “*beauty*,” or “*fine mien*,” do me the honor of dining with me? I shall be proud to wait upon your “*Felicity*,” or “*Becomingness*.”

If the Title imply that the high personages themselves are really “*Graces*,” we fall into greater difficulties; for, *mythologically* speaking, what Duke or Archbishop could wish to be taken for *Aglaia, Thalia, or Euphrosyne*, the daughters of Bacchus and Venus? with Duchesses it might be different, though Seneca would supply us with an objection applicable even to Duchesses, unless they happened to be so in their own right, de *Beneficiis* i. c. 3. I was

amused with the application of the mythological title once to three very great personages, in a message from a card-table. One of the party, a very young man, being importuned to give up his cards, and go into another drawing-room, where there were many beautiful young ladies; excused himself by sending them word, that he could not come directly, as he was playing with "*the three Graces*;" who, in fact, were a Duke and a Duchess, and the late amiable Archbishop of —. In regard to this Title of Grace, I cannot see why the Lord Chancellor, in his official capacity, should not be called so, as much as the two Archbishops, between whom he takes his rank; he precedes all Dukes, and if called upon to act as High Steward on state trials, is then actually so entitled! but this, by the bye—before however I take leave of the title of Grace, as belonging to our Archbishops, I cannot forbear giving a hint to dictionary makers, in their expositions and illustrations of such marks of dignity. In Chambers's Cyclopædia, I find the term *Arch*, for instance, explained in a *very incautious manner*; "*Arch*, from *αρχος*, princeps, summus, prince or chief. Thus we say *Arch-Fool*, *Arch-Rogue*; so also, *Arch-Bishop*, *Arch-Treasurer*, *Arch-Angel*!"

“*Right Honorable*” is an odd title, when not confined to particular individuals. It does very well for Privy Councillors, because it must be supposed that the nation could never connive at the opportunity afforded them of giving council to the Sovereign, under an oath of secrecy truly masonic, unless it might conclude such high personages to be *ipso facto*, and without all doubt and prevarication, strictly “right honorable,” which seems to be understood, inasmuch as all who are *merely* and *simply* “honorable,” are excluded from the board, as not being honorable *enough* of course:

It would be odd to call spendthrifts and professed gamblers, and other loose characters, “Right Honorable;” so that we may well rejoice, that none of our English “Right Honorables” ever are so!

What are we to say of the Titles of “Your Honor,” and “Your Worship?” The former did, till lately, appertain to only one office in the state, namely that of Master of the Rolls. It is now given also to the Vice-Chancellor of England. So appropriated it does very well; for those eminent persons certainly occupy *posts* of honor; and their courts are *courts* of honor,

that is of *equity*, which is but another name for honor, especially when contrasted with the *chicaneries* of law.

Your "Worship," seems more objectionable than your "Honor;" it can by no means belong to mortals, not even Justices of Peace, though there should not be one Justice Shallow amongst them all; which in this enlightened age, it is to be hoped, must be the case. In Old Noll's time, who made Justices of butchers, carpenters, horsekeepers, the title must have been a perfect burlesque, as we may judge from Talgol's irreverent address to Hudibras;

" Thou *Tail of Worship*, that dost grow
On Rump of Justice, as of cow — "

The Titles of the Clergy, I think, are well enough, as including a hint to themselves; if not an absolute condition! "reverendus" being a future participle, is as much as to say you *will* be (as you *ought* to be) "respected, if respectable." The Inferior Clergy being *thus Reverend*, Deans will be naturally, and as matter of course, *very Reverend*, Bishops *right Reverend*, and Archbishops *most Reverend*.

Your "Excellency" is a title of great convenience, and may apply to a vast variety of

people. One may excel in one thing, and another in another; and these the most opposite that can be conceived; for to excel means generally only to outdo or surpass; therefore it is as easy to excel in wickedness as in virtue, or perhaps much easier; a man may excel in stupidity, as well as in liveliness and wit; in ignorance as well as in learning; in barbarity as well as in civility. The *Duc d'Orleans*, who suffered in the revolution, came to England once in a *diplomatic* character; he was of course entitled to be called his "*Excellency*;" and in *many things*, by all accounts, he *did excel*; but I never heard that it was either in religion or virtue; honor or justice; talents or integrity; feeling or decency of manners; and yet nobody could question his "*Excellency*," if he chose to insist upon it: by birth indeed he was a "serene highness." At length, however, he joined the blood-thirsty Jacobins, and *his Excellency* was at an end; being *unable to surpass* them in any of their acts of atrocity, he was content to be upon a *level* with them, and therefore assumed, instead of either Highness or *Excellency*, the more modest title of *Egalité*, under which title he had the honor to end his days on a scaffold.

The following distich on this misguided Prince; appeared at the time.

“ Prince, Roturier, Riche, Gueux, Animal,
Voilà l'*Egalité*, que n'ent jamais d'*egal*.”

The Title of “ Excellency,” however, is accounted a very great one. I believe it was first used towards the end of the sixteenth century; at which time it was judged to be so high a title, that a Venetian Ambassador at the court of France, refused to give it to the Mantuan minister, alleging that it was not fit to give so high a title to a prelate of the second order, while the Cardinals of Rome bore an *inferior* one, which *inferior* title is expressly stated to be no less than “ most reverend and illustrious lords!” at present their ordinary title is, “ your Eminence,” (first given to them in 1630) which if we turn to the dictionaries, will be seen to be just upon a par with that of “ Excellency.” *Eminco* and *Excello* being as nearly as can be synonymous. Cardinal *Richelieu* had the title of *Eminentissimus*, most Eminent, and we have certainly a title that surpasses even that of “ Excellency,” as, the King’s “ most Excellent Majesty.” Most excellent used indeed to be the title of the Senators of the Republic of Venice; and in the

raguali di Parnasso of *Boccalini*, it was decided before Apollo, that the Title of *Excellentissimo* should be given not only to Princes and other *Titolati*, but to Doctors of Law and Physic. Apollo of course knew nothing of Doctors of *Divinity*, but how Doctors of *Music* came to be left out, is quite inexplicable. Heraldry seems to scorn the narrow limits of our three degrees of comparison; super superlatives are not uncommon. Who would ever think that any of our frail race could be *over perfect*? and yet among the Romans there were not only *three degrees* of *Perfectissimi* or *most perfect*, but all these most perfect persons ranked *below* the *Clarissimi*, which was the title of the Senators. The Senate itself being styled *ordo clarissimus et amplissimus*. Senator's wives went two degrees below their husbands, being accounted only *personæ claræ* in the *positive* degree; perhaps however this was intended sily to intimate that they were generally more *positive* than their husbands. The heralds, or rather lawyers, both of the eastern and western empires, seem to have exhausted all their wits to find titles sufficiently grand for persons of state. I have spoken of the Senate, Senators, and Senators' wives. Il-

lustris (Illustrious) was also a senatorial title, and “*speciosæ personæ*,” did both for the senators and their *wives*; being accounted equivalent to *clarissimæ* as well as *clarissimi*, and with great reason, for *speciosus* is so happy a word, as to include all sorts of *wives*; signifying, as our common dictionaries will shew, “*goodly to see, beautiful, handsome, sightly, fair, and plump, plausible and specious!*” About the time of Constantine, “*illustris*” and “*clarissimus*,” were used to express separate and distinct dignities. The former being *superior*, and bestowed only on the *Patricii* of the Emperor’s own creation, to distinguish them from the *ancient Patricii* of Rome; which, unless the latter were grievously degenerated, was rather a scurvy thing to do, and not very consistent with the rules of heraldry, which has generally a greater regard to antiquity. But between these two orders of *Patricii*, there is said to have been an order of “*Spectabiles*,” but who the *Spectabiles* exactly were, seems to be a matter of some doubt. Below the *clarissimi*, as I have before hinted, came the “*Egregii*” and “*Perfectissimi*” of the first, second, and third order in the concrete; in the abstract, we find such titles as follow. Il-

lustratus ; Spectabilitas ; Clarissimatus ; Perfectissimatus ; Egregiatus ; which is as much as to say in English, your “ *Illustration*” or “ *Brightness* ;” your “ *Perfection*,” “ *Eminence*,” “ *Excellency* ;” your “ *Nobility*,” “ *Singularity*,” “ *Rarity* ;” your “ *Notoriety*,” your “ *Speciousness* ;” your “ *Shewiness*” or “ *Renown*.” All Excellent Titles, and for what I see quite as good as Majesty, Highness, Grace, Lordship, Honor, or Worship. But we must not stop here. About Justinian’s time there were, it appears, greater personages than all I have hitherto described, even “ most glorious” and “ super-illustrious ;” “ *super-illustres*,” “ *gloriosissimi*,” most noble, “ *Nobilissimi* ;” εὐδοξοτάτοι. possibly these were all titles of the *Cæsars*. Though indeed there were greater titles than even those I have last mentioned ; what shall we say to the following ?

Magnificentissimi Illustres

Μεγαλοπρεπιστατοι ἰλλουστριοι

In plain English,

Most Magnificently Illustrious!!

In the Codes and Authentics we find as a title, “ *Miranda Sublimitas tua*,” which is as much as to say,

“ *Your Admirable or wonderful Sublimity.*”

Our English titles dwindle into nothing in

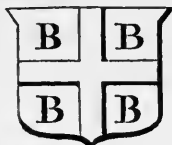
comparison. We should, I am certain, never think of giving such a title as the foregoing, unless it were to a man in a balloon.

The Lawyers of the latter ages had these verses, in which there certainly seem to be one or more *anomalies*.

“ *Illustris primus ; medius Spectabilis ; imus*
Ut lex testatur Clarissimus esse probatur ;
Et super-illustris præponitur omnibus istis.”

It would be difficult to say why the “ *Clarissimi*” should be below the “ *Spectabiles ;*” or in the very terms of the Greek or Eastern writers, the *Λαμπρωτατοι* below the *περιβλεπτοι*. It seems little less than to put the admirable or eminent, above the most admirable or most eminent. Probably the subjects of the Empire fell into perplexities about these august titles, for we read that not unseldom, the same person had several of them bestowed on him according to his offices and functions.

The Grecian Emperor’s own title seems to be the winding up of the climax. It is set forth in the annexed heraldic atchievement.



Viz. a Cross between four bouncing B's—which bouncing B's or *Beta's* are supposed to stand for,

Βασιλευς βασιλεων βασιλευων βασιλευσι,

THE KING OF KINGS, REIGNING OVER KINGS !!

Any body would think that a “King of Kings reigning over Kings,” must be Lord of the whole world. Selden has well proved that there never was, amongst mortals, any such person, though the German Civilians would fain have had it otherwise, with regard to their *Emperor*. The Heathen Emperors indeed allowed themselves to be called Gods; nay, they styled themselves in their Edicts, “*Nostra Divinitas*,” “*Nostra Perennitas*,” and “*Nostra Eternitas* ;” our Divinity, our Perpetuity, and our Eternity. Tertullian set aside these Imperial Gods with great adroitness. I will acknowledge none such, saith he; to be Gods and Emperors too; for if they be *not men*, they can be no *Emperors*. He that calls himself a God, or allows himself to be so called, plainly shews that he is no *Emperor*. Now, upon this earthly globe, I apprehend it is better to pass for an *Emperor* than a God; and Tertullian's alternative therefore was likely to bring such aspirers to Divinity to their proper senses.

In the Epistles of Symmachus to Theodosius and Valentinian, we have the following titles and forms of address ; Your *Eternity*, *Godhead*, *Serenity*, *Clemency*. *Vestra Eternitas*, *Vestrum Numen*, *Vestra Serenitas*, *Vestra Clementia* ! Anthony Panormita, a learned civilian of the fifteenth century, in a letter to the King of Naples, calls him, “ Your *Prudence*,” as well as “ Your Majesty.” The titles amongst the School Divines, were very amusing. The “ *Extatic*,” the “ *Seraphic*,” the “ *Angelical*,” the “ *Irrefragable*.” “ One College in Oxford,” (*Merton*) says Cambden, “ brought forth in one age those four lights of learning, *Scotus the Subtle*, *Bradwardine the Profound*, *Okham the Invincible*, and *Burley the Perspicuous*, and as some say, *Baconthorpe the Resolute* ; which titles they had by the common consent of the judicious and learned of that and the succeeding ages.” Let the present Members of Merton look to this. The titles of the School Divines, are something of a piece with the Christian names of the Puritans, as, *Hopestill*, *Obedience*, *Faintnot*, *Bethankful*, (which are all to be found in a neighbouring parish register.) More may be seen in Dr. Grey’s notes to *Hudibras*, and in Ben Jonson’s Plays ; “ His

Christen Name is *Zeale-of-the-land Bysye.*—
Bartholomew Faire.

I believe to this day, the Emperor of China is called his *Celestial Majesty*, being TIEN SU, the *Son of Heaven*, and “*Brother to the Sun and Moon.*” Among the titles conferred upon the Roman Emperors, we may reckon also those of “*Sanctissimus*” and “*Piissimus,*” *most holy* and *most religious.* Their Empresses also of course were “*Sanctissimæ*” and “*Piissimæ;* nevertheless, it is most certain that some of these *most holy* and *pious* ladies poisoned their *most holy* and *pious* husbands, besides being engaged in many other most unsanctified doings. But this by the bye.

I know that I may have still passed over several Imperial royal and noble Roman (or rather Grecian) titles, but it would be endless to attempt to go through them all.

Next to the Emperor of the East ranked the *Despotes*, or *Sebaston*, and next to him the *Sebastocrator*, and 4thly, as we read the *Cæsar*. Sometimes one man was all, as is said to have been the case with the Emperor Basilius, and sometimes they changed places, the *Cæsar* coming next to the Emperor, like the King of the Romans in the West.

Like all the other titles however, this of *Sebastos* came to be accounted too simple; and to give rise, therefore, first to a *Protosebastus*, and at length to a *Panhypsebastos*!! which though very difficult to translate properly, will not, I think, be exaggerated if we call it,

“ *Over and above all Worshipful and August!*”

Among their honorable dignities we may reckon,

Their Great *Logotheta*, or Chancellor.

Logoriastes, or Comptroller.

Protostator, or Marshal of the Army.

Primicerios and *Primaugustos*.

And if we may judge of titles by their look, strange as the above may appear to an English eye, I think it would have been a mercy, for those who have business to do at Constantinople, if they had continued to the present day. I am not acquainted with the Turkish language, but their titles Frenchified, as I have seen them in a late work, are enough to frighten one out of one's wits. Such a title as *Primicerios* or *Primaugustos* is simplicity itself. To a *yenytychery aghery* or *djebchdjy-bachy*, which is their name for a Commissary; a *topdjy-bachy*, Commander of Artillery; a *Counparhdjy-bachy*, Bombadier; or

a *Sam-soundjy-bachy* and *zaherdjy-bachy*, Keepers of the Dogs used in war. But their civil titles are, if possible, worse than their military.

What are we to think of

A *Tchaouchlaskietiby*,

A *Tchaouchlaremyny*,

And a *Briiusk-teskierhdjy*?

A referendary, (or $\rho\epsilon\phi\epsilon\rho\epsilon\nu\delta\alpha\rho\iota\omicron\varsigma$ in Greek,) is called *Talkhyssdjy*!

It is some trouble in England not to be able to conduct any law process without an Attorney or Solicitor; but in Turkey you must have an *Arzouhhaldjy*!

Odd as these appear to an English eye, it would be absurd to suppose they are otherwise than grand in Turkish or Arabic, or generally, that what looks or even sounds base or ridiculous in one language must be so in all others.

In point of appearance, quantity of letters and syllables, &c. the Turks do not surpass the Germans, who have a way of forming one word out of many, as for instance, the *Post* of Lieutenant-Field-Mareschal-General of the Empire, is called *Die Reichsgeneralfeldmarschalllieutenantstalle*, all in *one word*; and these compound derivatives are common, the nominative of the

sentence being placed last. We must still forbear to judge of these things from their mere appearance to our eye, or the sound they may have in our ears. The King of Candy's Drum Major has a title which would read in English as follows, *Tamboroo-puram-pectoo-cruo-mohandiram-nihæmi*.

Frederic "red-beard," would sound bad in English, but Frederic *Barbarossa*, which is nothing more, appears sufficiently grand. Boileau has well argued this matter in his ninth reflection on Longinus, where he ably shews that what would be quite low in French, was the very contrary in Greek, as *Gardeur de Porceaux*, or *Gardeur des Bœufs*, for instance, (Pig-driver and Cow-keeper, English) would be quite horrible in French; while nothing could be more elegant in Greek, than their *Συβατης* and *βακολος*, which express the same things, and from the latter of which, as is well known, Virgil has selected the title of his elegant Pastorals. Boileau gives admirable hints upon this subject to the readers of Translations. Longinus, he says, accuses even Herodotus of occasionally using *low* expressions. Livy, Sallust, and Virgil, have fallen under the same imputation; but *not Ho-*

mer; though he wrote of such a variety of things, and entered so much into detail, yet his terms and expressions are all grand and noble; that is, in the *original*; for he very justly blames those shallow critics, who trusting only to *Translations*, have judged otherwise of him. It is the same, says he, as if while he was writing nothing but *Greek*, he should be blamed for not expressing himself properly in *Latin* or *French*. Perrault, as is well known, was the principal object of his attack, who indeed, if Boileau say true, had used poor Homer very scurvily; having translated a bad *Latin* version into still more vulgar *French*, and then blamed the original Poet for the faults that appeared only in the latter. And the instances he produces of this sort of travesty are admirable; but it would be out of place to transcribe them here. He has however some remarks upon the case, which apply almost directly to the topics we are discussing, particularly in regard to names of distinction. He shews that it was the custom of the Greeks, who did not transmit their names from Father to Son, always to distinguish individuals by some adjunct, expressing either their *descent*, their *country*, some *excellence* or some *blemish*; as Alexander the *Son*

of Philip; Alcibiades the *Son* of Clinias; Herodotus of *Halicarnassus*; Polycletes *the Sculptor*; Diogenes *the Cynic*; or Dionysius *the Tyrant*, &c. Homer improved upon these terms of expression, which might do well enough in prose, but not in poetry; hence his *patronymics*, and those *standing* or *fixed* epithets, by which he designated his Deities and heroes; thus the *ποδας ωκυς* and *ποδαρχης*, so well known to school-boys, became the regular title of the “*swift-footed*” Achilles, by which epithet the Poet meant, it is asserted, to mark the impetuosity of a youthful commander. The *Prudence* of *Minerva* and the *Majesty* of *Juno*, were figured out by the elegant compliments paid to their *eyes*; the *fine* and *piercing* eyes of the one, and the *large* and *open* ones of the other; (*βωωνις*, which is very elegant in Greek, as applied to the Queen of Heaven;) but M. Perrault, as if out of spite to Homer or *Juno*, instead of the elegant *βωωνις*, calls the latter in the plainest French, *Junon aux yeux de Bœuf*, which is almost as bad as “*Beef-eyed Juno*” would be in English. Every body has admired Homer’s epithets, and understood them to be, by the frequent repetition of them, a sort of surname, or regular title. Virgil has imitated

Homer in this, and I am happy to have an opportunity of rescuing the fame both of the Poet and his hero from a reproach, sometimes cast upon them by ignorant critics, who have fancied that when Æneas is made to call *himself*, the pious Æneas, “*Sum pius Æneas*,” it is an unbecoming piece of arrogance; whereas the Poet, according to Boileau, evidently meant, that “*pius Æneas*” and “*pater Æneas*,” should pass for mere names or titles, so that Æneas could not consistently or properly have described himself otherwise.

Which remarks seem entirely consistent with the history of names in general, but especially significant names or attributes. They were in remote times commonly given to mark the *wishes* of the parents, that the children so named, might live to enjoy the good fortune such happy names seemed to promise; according to the old maxim, “*bonum nomen bonum omen*,” Cicero used to call such names *bona nomina*, good names; Tacitus *fausta nomina*, happy names; Plautus thought it quite enough to damn a man, that he bore the name of *Lyco*, which is said to signify a greedy wolf; and Livy calls the name Atrius UMBER, “*Abominandi Ominis Nomen*,” a

name of terrible portent. *Pius Æneas* may certainly be considered one of those *happy* names, which Plato recommends all people to be careful to select, and Æneas must have had as great a right to call himself by it, as any persons since to call themselves by the names of *Victor, Faustus, Felix, Probus, &c.*: which were certainly chosen as names of favorable omen, according to the maxim above; and the saying of *Panormitan*, “ex bono nomine oritur bona præsumptio.”—Most names were *originally* significant, as particularly the names in Holy Writ. The savages of America called their children, Glistening Light, Sun-bright, fine Gold, &c. &c.:—and some of our names derived from the *Latin, Saxon, &c.* signify much the same as Albert (*all-bright*), Egbert (*ever-bright*), Ethelbert (*nobly-bright*), Gilbert (*bright as gold*), Lucius (*shining*), &c. &c.

Tristram Shandy need not have made so many apologies as he does, for his father's superstitious feelings about Christian names. His remarks upon the subject are all in the true spirit of antiquity—“How many *Cæsars* and *Pompeys*, he would say, by mere *inspiration* of the names, have been rendered worthy of them? and how

many, he would add, are there, who might have done exceedingly well in the world; had not their characters and spirits been totally depressed and *Nicodemus'd* into nothing." How *sublimely pathetic* is his apostrophe to his friend!—"Your son, your own son, your dear son, from whose sweet and *open* temper you have so much to expect—your Billy, Sir! would you for the world have called him *Judas*?—Would you, my dear Sir, he would say, laying his hand upon his breast with the genteelest address, and in that soft and irresistible *piano* of voice, which the nature of the *argumentum ad hominem* absolutely requires—would you, Sir, if a *Jew* of a Godfather had proposed the name of your child, and offered you his purse along with it, would you have consented to such a desecration of him?—O my God, he would say, looking up, if I know your temper right, Sir, you are incapable of it;—you would have trampled upon the offer; you would have thrown the temptation at the tempter's head with abhorrence.

"Your greatness of mind—and contempt of money in this transaction—is really noble, and what renders it more so, is the principle of it— the workings of a parent's love upon the truth

and conviction of *this very hypothesis*, namely, that was your son called *Judas*, the sordid and treacherous idea, so inseparable from the *name*, would have accompanied him through life like a shadow, and in the end made a *miser* and a *rascal* of him, in spite Sir of *your example*.”

Mr. Shandy appears to have so applied himself to the now obsolete art or science, (whichever you choose to call it) of *Nomancy* or *Nominomancy*, *Onomomancy*, or *Onomatomancy*, (for it had all those designations) as to have been able to assign the characters of most Christian names, as good, bad, or indifferent. *Jack*, *Dick*, and *Tom*, we are told, by his son Tristram, he accounted neutral names, “affirming of them, without a satire, that there had been as many knaves and fools, at least, as wise and good men since the world began, who had been so called.” *Bob* was also neutral—*Andrew* something like a negative quantity in Algebra, worse than nothing—*William* stood pretty high;—*Numps* again was low with him, but *Nick* was the *Devil*. If any thing could be worse than *Nick* and the *Devil*, it was the unfortunate name of *Tristram*, “melancholy dissyllable of sound! which to his ears was unison to *Nincompoop*, and

every name vituperative under heaven"—and yet, as we all know, through Susannah's scatterings in her way from her master's to her mistress's room, in the dark, this very name became the irrevocable appellation of the Child of his prayers, instead of the grand, magnificent, and thrice ominous name of *Trismegistus*. Who can help feeling for Mr. Shandy? I shall for ever revere the memory of Uncle Toby for his fraternal allowances, upon this melancholy occasion.

“For my own part, Trim, though I can see little or no difference betwixt my nephew's being called *Tristram* or *Trismegistus*, yet as the thing sits so near my brother's heart, Trim—I would freely have given a hundred pounds rather than it should have happened.—A hundred pounds, an' please your honor, replied Trim,—I would not give a *cherry-stone* to boot.—Nor would I, Trim, upon my *own* account, quoth my Uncle Toby—but my brother, whom there is no arguing with in this case,—maintains that a great deal more depends, Trim, upon Christian names than what ignorant people imagine. For he says, there never was a great or heroic action performed since the world began by one called *Tristram*, nay he will have it, Trim, that a man

of that name can neither be learned, or wise, or brave—'Tis all fancy an' please your Honor—&c. &c."

But to return—there are some significant titles, names, and attributes, to which I have no objection, as for instance, Alfred the *Great*, for great he was ; but as to Canute the *Great*, I doubt ; his speech to his courtiers on the sea-shore had certainly something sublime in it, and seems to bespeak the union of Royalty and Wisdom ; but Voltaire will not allow that he was great in any other respect than that he performed *great* acts of cruelty. Edmund *Iron-side* I suppose was correct enough, if we did but understand the figure properly ; (for as to his really having an *Iron-side*, I conclude no one fancies it to have been so, though there is no answering for vulgar credulity.) Harold *Hare-foot* betokened no doubt a personal blemish, or some extraordinary swiftness of foot. Among the Kings of Norway there was a *Bare-foot*. William *Rufus*, was probably quite correct, as indicative of his *red* head of hair, or rather head of red hair. Henry the First, was I dare say, for those times, a *Beau-clerc* or able scholar. Richard the First might very properly be called,

by a figure of speech *Cœur de Lion*, and his brother John quite as properly, though to his shame literally rather than figuratively *Lack-land*. Edward *Long-shanks* cannot be disputed, since a sight was obtained of his body not very long ago, but at the least 467 years after his death, and which from a letter in my possession, written by the then President of the Antiquarian Society, who measured the body, appeared to be at that remote period, six feet two inches long.

In Rapin I see that these are called Surnames, but for my own part I think many of them should be denominated nick-names, for they are certainly no better.

It may be thought, I did not like to meddle with William the *Conqueror*, out of some feeling of English jealousy. I shall beg leave therefore to say, that I need not have passed him by upon any such grounds, being persuaded that it is a vulgar error to fancy that the term *Conqueror* so applied, originally intended any such thing as that he obtained the dominion over this island by conquest. He beat Harold, it is true; calling himself King of England, but he did not conquer England itself. Had he done so, he would not have stopped to receive

the concession of particular parts of it, or the submission of particular persons, but it seems he did both ; and very discreetly received as a gift, what he certainly had not, and probably could not have taken by force. The *consent* of the people to receive the Duke of Normandy as King, was particularly *asked* at the Coronation, and he was proclaimed King by acclamation “ *ab omnibus Rex acclamatus.*” He was crowned by Aldred Bishop of York, with the *consent* of the people, at which time he *bound* himself by vow to preserve peace, security, concord, judgment and justice among his subjects ; nay he himself adopted very modest titles ; he not only knew himself by the name of William the *Bastard*, but used it in his public Edicts, “ Ego Willielmus Cognomento *Bastardus,*” though he was very angry with the people of Alençon for reminding him of it by a sort of practical joke, and certainly a very coarse one.

But it will be asked, why call him Conqueror if he were not so ? What else can Conqueror mean ? This may be all very well ; but I shall make bold to say, that those who talk so, know nothing at all about the matter. It is a term as liable to be mistaken, as the term incomprehen-

sible in the Athanasian Creed ; the meaning of which most people think is as plain as plain can be, though it certainly means nothing like what our common term *incomprehensible* is held to imply. It does *not* mean *impossible to be understood*, as those think who wantonly impugn and even ridicule that ancient and curious formulary, but *incapable of being comprehended within any assignable limits*. Those who understand either the Greek translation or Latin original, may easily be convinced of this ; and exactly so it is with the term Conqueror. In *English* it means what it commonly implies, but as the *translation* of the *Latin* term “ *Conquestor*,” it means no more than an *Acquirer*, as De Lolme, writing upon the English Constitution, actually calls him, “ William the *Acquirer* ;” and an old and respectable antiquarian, Sir Henry Spelman, exactly so explains it, “ *Conquestor dicitur qui Angliam conquisivit, i. e. acquisivit* (purchased) *non quod subegit ;*” herein agreeing with the good old women who attended William’s birth, and who having quite a struggle with the new-born brat, to get out of his clenched fist a parcel of straws he happened to catch hold of, (his mother perhaps being literally *in the*

straw) made them say, in the way of prophecy, that he would be a great *Acquirer*, which happening to accord with an odd dream of his mother, namely; that her b-w-ls extended over Normandy and England, seem to have fixed the title upon him; though the historical circumstances before related are certainly a better proof of the fact. I have gone a little out of my way, to explain this title more to the credit of my native country, especially as the French, overlooking as well as ourselves the original term *Conquestor*, generally call him *Conquérant*, which has no other signification than that of *acquiring by force of arms*.

When England indeed had submitted, he treated it, as though it had been conquered, which shews that our ancestors did wrong in receiving him so readily; but it happened a great while ago, and had better be forgotten, *than have its memory preserved*, as in many places it still is, by the tolling of the *Curfew*, which I take to be from its history a sad badge of slavery, though Voltaire thinks otherwise, who supposes it to have been merely an ecclesiastical custom, and to guard against fire. But I doubt this. I believe it to have been designed more to guard

against conspiracy; and to have been very tyrannical. The people of Kent should look to this: they boast particularly of having demanded and procured their privileges to be preserved immediately after the Battle of Hastings; and yet in Kent, I have frequently heard the Curfew, at the old hour of eight in a winter's evening.

Strange titles some of the French Kings bore, and which are actually preserved in the writings of the gravest historians, being no doubt, however strange, all just.

Charles the *bald-pated* (there was such another in Germany 875); Lewis the *Stutterer* (there was an Emperor of the East, *Michael*, who had the same elegant appellation). Charles the *Simple*; Charles and Lewis the *Fat*; Philip the *Fair*; Lewis the *Sluggard*, or *Lazy-bones*; Lewis the *Quarrelsome*; Philip the *Long*. I question if Pepin the *Great*, was not Pepin the *Little*; le *Bref* was his title, and the following verse made upon him plainly alludes to his diminutive stature.

“ *Ingentes Animos in parvo corpore versat.*”

The House of *Valois* had very favorable names;

Good, wise, well-beloved, victorious, &c.: among the Bourbons there have been two *Great*, one *Just*, one *well-beloved*, and one *longed-for*.

I have said that these names, however strange, are acknowledged by the gravest historians; but in fact, so lately as in the year 1814, when the present King of France was recalled to his dominions, in the Constitutional Charter, published on his return, he speaks of his royal predecessors, Lewis the *Fat* and Philip the *Fair*, as if they were titles altogether as dignified and revered, as *Saint Lewis*, Philip *Auguste*, and *Henri Quatre!* These are certainly oddities, especially in so polite a people. What should we think of GEORGE IV. gravely speaking in his royal edicts of his renowned ancestors, Edward *Long-shanks*, or Richard *Crook-back*?

Frederic *Barbarossa*, which certainly sounds very fine when so expressed, was nothing more, as I observed before, than Frederic with the *red beard*; but what sounds very grand in one language, is quite different in others. I remember hearing a person reading a paragraph in the newspaper, representing that the King of Sardinia and family, had retired for the summer, to the enchanting and delightful palace of *Stinking*

Niggy : for so the Italian name sounded in his ears. The popular historian of the Fortunes of *Nigel* objected, as he is careful to tell us, to the calling his hero by the old name Duke Hildebrog had assigned to him in his manuscript, viz. *Niggle*; and no doubt we are all disposed to give him credit for it.

The *Sir* or *Nick* names of Kings are pretty old, though they do not appear to have prevailed generally, at least such as marked or denoted any particular *blemishes*. In Rome we have Tarquinius *Superbus*, Tarquin the *Proud*; Antoninus *Pius*, &c. &c. In Egypt, Ptolemy *Philadelphus*, (which I suppose bore allusion to some affectionate trait in his character,) Ptolemy *Euergetes* (the *benevolent*), Ptolemy *Epiphānes* (the *illustrious*).

Of the significant titles of the Pope, there is much to say; at present I shall only observe, that it is odd (in the jumble of languages) that so notorious a *Celibate* should be a *Papa*; κατ' ἐξοκην as it were; or in other words, *Pater Patrum*, Father of Fathers, of which *Papa* is supposed by some to be an abbreviation; though I think it purely Greek, from Παππας (a word rather ill-used by Aristophanes), or Παππος,

which with a small addition might as well represent the Pater Patrum as the *Papa* of the Romans.

To shew the inconvenience of significant titles, we might be led to conclude from history, that in the long line of Spanish Kings, there has been as yet only one *Chaste*, Alphonsus the Second, and that as long ago as the ninth century; one *Good*, Alphonsus the Ninth; one *Wise*, Alphonsus the Tenth; one *Just*, Ferdinand the Fourth. But to make up for this, there appears to have been also but one *Cruel*, Peter, though I think the successor of Charles the Fifth might have made a *Cruel* the Second. Portugal had a *cruel* one amongst her Kings, Peter I. but then, (what is odd enough) he was *Just* into the bargain. John II. had the honour of being "*Perfect*." I need scarcely say, there was not more than *one* of these.

The celebrated Philosopher, Critic and Historian, *Bayle*, got into a scrape with Queen Christina of Sweden, upon certain points of courtly etiquette connected with the subject I am upon. It seems he had called her, in his periodical work, "*Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres*," Christina without any adjunct.

An Officer of the Queen's household, (if not indeed rather the Queen herself) remonstrated with him, insisting that he ought at least to have said *Queen Christina*, though it was customary enough to say *Lewis XIV.* or *James II.* the ordinal numbers attached being in themselves marks of distinction sufficiently regal. From this charge Bayle was at no loss to defend himself, by shewing that it was more dignified to use the simple name, in a case where it had been rendered so illustrious, than attempt so set it off by superfluous titles. That it was never customary to say *King Francis I.* or the *Emperor Charles V.*, but more simply *Francis I.* and *Charles V.*, and though the ordinals are here introduced, yet the name alone in many cases would be more dignified; as we should say, *Alexander* was the pupil of *Aristotle*, without expressly calling him *King of Macedon*—*Constantine*, *Theodosius*, *Justinian*, are instances to the same effect, as well as the father of the Queen herself; whom, since his heroic exploits in the field, it had been usual to call *Gustavus Adolphus*—with this excuse her Majesty appeared to be abundantly satisfied. The

expressions of her Secretary or Amanuensis, are rather striking. “ Sa Majeste ne trouve pas que ce soit manquer au respect qu’on lui doit; que de ne l’appeller simplement que du nom de *Christine*, elle a rendu en effet ce nom si illustre qu’il n’a plus besoin d’aucune autre distinction, et tous les titres les plus nobles, et les plus augustes, dont on pourroit l’accompagner ne scauroient rien ajouter à l’éclat qu’il s’est déjà acquis dans le monde.”—A case something similar is related of a Gascon Officer, who being in the field, and speaking loud to his fellow Officers, happened to say, as he was leaving them, with rather a consequential air, “ I am going to dine with *Villars*.” The Mareschal de Villars being close behind him, said to him, on account of my rank as General, and not on account of my merit, say *Monsieur de Villars*. The Gascon with great readiness replied, Zounds Sir, we don’t say Mr. Cæsar, (Monsieur de Cæsar!)—but to return to *Bayle*.

He committed another breach of etiquette with regard to Queen Christina, of which it is curious to see the notice that was taken. In citing one of her letters to a Chevalier Terlon,

he made it end with the common terms, *Je suis*, &c. &c. upon which he received the following remonstrance. “ Sa Majesté ne desavoue pas la Lettre qu’on a imprimée sous sa nom, et que vous rapportez dans vos *nouvelles*; il n’y a que le mot de ‘ *Je suis*’ à la fin, qui n’est pas d’elle, un homme d’esprit comme vous, devoit bien avoir fait cette reflexion, et l’avoir corrigé. Une Reine comme elle ne peut se servir de ce terme, qu’avec tres-peu de personnes, et M. de Terlon n’est pas de nombre.” M. Bayle himself, indeed, was not of the number, as may be seen by her Majesty’s own letters to him; which conclude, “ *Dieu vous prospere*,” Christine Alexandre. A man can lose nothing one should think by receiving a *blessing* instead of a *con-
descension*. But M. Bayle was very unfortunate, for he erred again, by calling her Majesty “ famous;” which in French, Latin, and Italian, had different meanings. He was therefore gravely admonished by the Queen’s Advocate, to avoid *all ambiguous* terms in addressing crowned heads. You should select, says his correspondent, in speaking of such high personages, golden or silken words, “ *des parolles*

d'or et de soye"—This master of the ceremonies concludes with inviting Bayle to write to the Queen herself, but on no account to call her *Serenissima*, "most serene," for it was too common for her!

POPE HOLINESS.

I HAVE spoken of the Cardinal's Title; but I believe the Pope's Title of "*Holiness*" might be cited as amongst the most flagrant instances of the abuse of *significant* Titles. I am not going to treat the Popes as they formerly were treated by Protestant writers. They have for some time conducted themselves with far greater moderation than their predecessors, and the present Pope, (Pius VII.) is too well known to us all, to be spoken of with any sort of disrespect. But yet I should doubt whether it befits any man with a *triple crown* to assume a title which bespeaks such a conformity, not only to the will, but to the very nature of God, as to be entirely detached from the principles and practice, maxims and customs, of this wicked world. How strangely must the title of *Holiness* have sounded when applied to such a Pontiff as Boniface VIII. of whom it was said, that he crept into the Papacy like a Fox, ruled like a Lion, and died like a Dog! *Intravit ut Vulpes, regnavit ut Leo, mortuus est ut Canis*—and whose

own ideas of *that Holiness* without which “no man shall see the Lord,” stand recorded in his Decretal *de majoratu et obedientiâ*, in these words; “*porro subesse humano Pontifici omnes creaturas humanas, declaramus, dicimus, defini- mus, et pronunciamus omnino esse de necessitate Salutis.*” That is, in plain terms, that the entire submission of all men living to the Pope of Rome, is indispensably necessary to their salvation! The Apostle tells us, we must “perfect Holiness in the fear of God;” Boniface VIII. insisted upon it that Holiness was to be perfected in the fear of man! And that man, no other than *himself*, the Pope of Rome! Philip the Fair of France had the courage to dispute this solemn decree, and to insist upon more liberty being granted, both to himself and subjects, and he wrote to Rome to say so. And what is odd enough, exchanged the title of “Holiness,” for that of “Sottishness,” for so he actually began his letter, “*Sciat tua maxima FATUITAS, &c.!*” I would have your great *Sot- tishness* to know, &c. &c.

The Popes would have done better to stick to another title which used to be given to them, namely, your “beatitude,” for this is a title

of extensive import, and *might* express what many Popes have been, without being naturally either *holy* or *blessed*; as *happy, joyful, rich, and fruitful!* Holiness was a title indeed not confined originally to the Popes or Bishops of Rome; many other personages were judged to be quite as holy in ancient times; even Emperors and Kings, in virtue of being anointed with *holy* oil at their Coronation. According to *Du Cange*, indeed, some of our own Kings have been so called. No wonder that such oily holiness should have slid out of fashion. I trust that the *holy* Office, or *holy* Inquisition, as it is called, is likely to take the same turn.

I do not much like the Popes' *adopted* names, if I may so call them; especially when I compare them with their histories. *Boniface, Felix, Formosus, Leo, Simplicius, or Urban*, might do occasionally; but what are we to think of XIV *Benedicts*, (whether we understand by that title *blessed* or *well spoken of*) V *Celestines*, XII *Clements*, IV *Victors*, VII *Pii*, and XII *Innocents*? We have all heard of *one* Pope *Innocent*, in those pretty lines on the Infant of Sir Thomas Pope; which, as peculiarly applicable, may not improperly be repeated here. The lines are

said to have been put into the hand of the child when it was presented to King James I. who happened in his progress to come to the house of Sir Thomas, soon after his lady had been delivered of a daughter.

“ See! this little Mistress here,
Did never sit in Peter’s chair,
Or a triple Crown did wear,

And yet she is a POPE!

No Benefice she ever sold,
Nor did dispense with sins for Gold:
She hardly is a se’nnight old,

And yet she is a POPE.

No King her feet did ever kiss,
Or had from her worse look than this;
Nor did she ever hope,

To saint one with a rope,

And yet she is a POPE.

A Female POPE you’ll say—a second Joan;

No, sure, she is Pope INNOCENT, or none.”

I suppose the name of the Pope who, according to *Platina*, first laid aside his own name on coming to the Papacy, (*Sergius II.*) had a bad sound in all languages. It was undoubtedly bad enough in English, being no other than *Pigs-mouth*, or *Swines-snout*; *Bocca-porco*. This Pope lived about the middle of the ninth century. It is not however quite certain that he

was the first who gave up his own name; *Platina* I believe is the only authority for it.

The three Crowns added to the original Cap or *Tiara* of the Pope, (which by the bye was a Persian Diadem) are said to have been annexed, the first by John XXIII. the second by Boniface VIII. the third by Benedict XII. And to represent his Holiness's triple capacity, as *High Priest*, *Supreme Judge*, and *sole Legislator* of the Christians; a power, pretty well expressed in the following address of the senior Cardinal at the Coronation, when he places the *Tiara* on the new Pope's head. "Accipe TIARAM, tribus Coronis ornatam, et scias te Patrem esse, Principum et Regum, Rectorem orbis, in terrâ Vicarium Salvatoris nostri J. C." I wonder they have not found means to add a fourth crown, if it were but to save them from the banter of our English *Hudibras*;

"For as the Pope, that keeps the Gate
Of Heaven, wears three Crowns of State;
So he that keeps the Gate of Hell,
Proud Cerberus, wears three heads as well."

But some Popes must have been proof against banter, when they could allow themselves to be styled "*Your Holiness*," for the title itself was

banter to such immoral wretches as &c. &c. &c. &c.: and this upon a principle, not only acknowledged, but acted upon by some nations, though my memory is so treacherous, that I cannot just at present name them; but I certainly have read that in some countries or other, it was customary to punish delinquents, of various descriptions, by summoning them to appear before a public tribunal, to be *praised* and *commended* for the particular virtue most directly opposed to the wickedness, vice, or folly to which they were addicted. The *unchaste* was praised for his *chastity*; the *liar* for his regard to *truth*; the *drunkard* for his *sobriety*; the *fraudulent* for his *honesty*; the *proud* for his *humility*; and the *cruel* for his *tender heartedness*. In the old and very curious description of Stanihurst, we are told that the title of our friend and acquaintance, *Little John*, was given him much after this manner, and he cites *Hector Boethius* as almost an *eye-witness* to the fact, for he had seen, it appears, one of his *bones*, “the huckle or hip-bone, of such a size, that beying suted to the other partes of his body, did argue the man to have bene 14 foote long, which was a prety length for a LITTLE John! Whereby

appeareth that he was called a *Little John* ironically, lyke as we terme him an *honest man*, whom we take for a *knave in grayne*." In this way then the title of "*Holiness*" might reasonably have been *adjudged* to the very worst in the long list of Sovereign Pontiffs—of whom some were undoubtedly bad enough; others perhaps slandered by their *enemies*, for we must not trust to all that has been said against them, as gross exaggerations have been detected.

"As Virtue," says the Spectator, "is the most reasonable and genuine source of Honor, we generally find in *titles* an intimation of some particular merit, that *should* recommend men to the high stations which they possess. *Holiness* is ascribed to the POPE; *Majesty* to KINGS; *Serenity* or mildness of temper to PRINCES? *Excellence* or Perfection to EMBASSADORS; *Grace* to ARCHBISHOPS; *Honor* to PEERS; *Worship* or venerable behaviour to MAGISTRATES; and *Reverence*, which is of the same import as the former, to the inferior CLERGY.

"In the founders of great families, such attributes of honor are generally correspondent with the virtues of that person to whom they are applied; but in the descendants they are too often

the marks rather of grandeur than of merit. The stamp and denomination still continues, but the intrinsic value is frequently lost. The death-bed shews the emptiness of titles in a true light. A poor dispirited sinner lies trembling under the apprehensions of the state he is entering on, and is asked by a grave attendant how his HOLINESS does? Another hears himself addressed to under the title of *Highness* or *Excellency*, who lies under such mean circumstances of mortality, as are the disgrace of human nature. *Titles* at such a time look rather like insults and mockery than respect.”

SOVEREIGN.

OUR Sovereigns have laid aside the title of King of France, and I think as things stand, becomingly and properly; though I doubt about the propriety of omitting to quarter the arms, for it was the *Salic Law* alone I apprehend which excluded our *Edward the Third* from the inheritance; and if that should ever come to be set aside, and the subjects of the French Crown should have to find an heir of the *female* line, I know not but the descendants of *Edward the Third* would be able to make out a very fair title to it. Queen Elizabeth was resolved that even the *Salic Law* itself should not stand in *her* way, but that if she could not be *Queen*, she would be KING of France, for she neither altered the arms or titles appertaining to her regalities. The *Salic Law* has always been very questionable; as *Montagne* observes, it was never seen by any one, “*cette loy, que nul ne vit, onques,*” and if it ever existed, appears not to have been pleaded or acted upon till almost nine whole

centuries after it was first enacted. For my own part, I think Edward the Third's claim to the crown was a very fair one, nor can I blame Archbishop Chicheley for advising Henry the Fifth to revive it. I do not at all see why the *arms* should not still be quartered, according to our own laws of heraldry, as well as the laws of the kingdom, which would have made Edward heir to his *mother's* patrimonial inheritance. The Courteney family still bears the *Dolphin* for its crest, though with very little prospect at present of becoming direct heirs to the crown of France, as that crest insinuates.

It is odd enough that *our* heirs apparent should bear a title which in French as regularly expresses *Prince of France* as their English title does that of *Wales*; "Prince des *Galles*;" and which is moreover said by antiquarians, to be the most original title of the two, and to point out the close connection between the two countries; Britain having been peopled from Gaul, and Wales being the true seat of the most ancient Britons; so that *Wales* and *Walish*, or *Welsh*, are no other than *Galles* and *Gallish*, by a change of G into W, according to the custom of the Saxons. After the dreadful transactions

at Paris, on the 10th of August, 1792, when the word was given to efface every mark of royalty to be found in the streets and squares of that city, the *Prince de Galles* was immediately taken down from the *hotel* of that name.

If our Kings continue the title of Defender of the Faith, (not *first granted*, but *confirmed* to them by *Papal* authority, as well as afterwards by Act of Parliament,) I see no reason for their having given up the title of "*Most Christian*," which *Henry VII.* bore, and which was also confirmed to *Henry VIII.* by the Lateran Council under *Julius II.*—I look upon the title "*Christianissimus*," to belong quite as much to the King of England as to the King of France. As a superlative, we may reasonably say it cannot belong to both; but if it be so, it only makes the case the stronger. I believe few people know in fact, that it did ever belong to the Kings of this country. But it certainly did, and I do not see why it should have been so readily abandoned to a rival. I have been the more particular upon this, perhaps, from a slight feeling of jealousy; for it must be acknowledged that while our Sovereigns were members of the Church of Rome, they were placed *below* the Kings of

France. The Emperor, for instance, was accounted the *eldest* son of the Church; "*Filius major Ecclesie*;" the King of France the *second* son; or "*Filius minor*," and the King of England *Filius tertius*, or indeed no son at all; but "*adoptivus*," the *third* or *adopted* son. Surely our Protestant Kings, when they renounced this *parentage* and *brotherhood*, had no occasion to continue the rank so arbitrarily assigned to them. They never meant to acknowledge that after the Reformation they became *less than true Sons of the Church*, setting aside however the Popish gradations of first, second, and third. And this being so in all reason, and "*Christianissimus*," or "*Most Christian*," having once been a legitimate title of the Kings of England, I think it should rather have been studiously retained, than carelessly abandoned. Not that I would have it so resumed as to pick a quarrel with France; or to appear a mere act of pride and arrogance; but I do not see, why, according to the principles of Protestantism, and of our Church, which we publicly avow to be a pure and apostolical branch of the Church Universal, we should suffer that title to pass from us to a Prince, not only a member of the Church of

Rome, but according to the *dictates* of the latter, having a priority assigned to him, to which we have no longer any reason to submit. Old Doctor Peter Heylyn, in his *Help to English History*, refers us upon these points, to two works, which not being within my reach, I will thank any of my readers to consult for me, (if the *titles tempt* them) and transmit whatever they may find there, conducive to the improvement of this passage in future editions, if the public should choose to call for them. The reference runs thus. “For which and other proofs hereof, consult the Epistle Dedicatory before Dr. *Cracanthorp* against the arch-Bishop of *Spalato*, and *Sir Isaac Wake*, in his *Rex Platonicus*.”

The titles of our Sovereigns have undergone many changes. Henry IV. was His *Grace*; Henry VI. His *Excellent Grace*; Edward IV. *High and mighty Prince*; Henry VII. sometimes *Grace* and sometimes *Highness*; Henry VIII. first *Highness*, then *Majesty*. Now *sacred Majesty*, and *most excellent Majesty*.

When the *King* is called *Sir*, I think it is generally done with too little ceremony and distinction. It is the appellation indeed of all the Royal Family; but in the case of the *King*

himself, it might surely be pronounced *Sire*, as *Pater Patriæ*, which the King is. This seems to be the more proper, as it is otherwise an appellation reaching from the Sovereign to any body we please. It is indeed, strictly speaking, equivalent to *Domine*, and therefore the same as *Lord*, to those who happen to be Lords, and to whom it was given in past times, as well as to Knights; which latter now *prefix* it to their names as Knights *Bachelors*; it belongs also to *Bachelors of Arts*, in the *Universities*; nor is it very long ago, since, (as I have been told) it was actually so used, the Bachelors there being called Sir A. and Sir B. not however by their Christian but their *Sir* or *Sur-names*.

If the following story be true, which Hume has adopted as such, and I believe with good reason, the term Sir might be applied to the Sovereign himself as a *Knight*. When Edward the First proposed to send the Earl of Hertford with an army into Gascony, the Earl refused to comply with the order, and an altercation ensuing, the King at last said, “*Sir* Earl, by G—d you shall go or hang.” “By G—d *Sir* King,” said the Earl, “I will neither go nor hang.”

It is rather odd, but I believe true enough, that the King’s *Grandson* must be his *Nephew*,

to obtain his proper rank, no such personage being distinctly mentioned in the famous Statute 31st Henry VIII. But as *Nepos* is mentioned, and *Nepos* happens to be Latin for *Nephew* and *Grandson* too, that able Lawyer Sir Edward Coke, wisely determined them to be the *same*, to the great behoof of all the royal *Nepotuli* (as Plautus would call them) born since, or yet to be born.

There is an old story relating to the royal arms of England, (which, if it be older than the Hanoverian Succession, I should conclude to be the invention of some staunch *Whig* or *Anti-jacobite*, the Unicorn being the *Scotch* supporter ;) every body, I dare say, has heard and repeated it in his childhood.

The Lion and the Unicorn fought for the Crown,
The Lion beat the Unicorn all about the town !

Whatever this might mean, there really was a contest once, a true *heraldic battle* between *three English leopards* and a *Scotch lion*. The case was this. On the accession of James the First to the united kingdoms of England and Scotland, the Scottish heralds insisted upon it, that the *three leopards* anciently borne in the English banner, were originally only the arms of

the *Dukedoms* of Normandy and Aquitaine, and were therefore to give precedency to the *kingly* lion of Scotland. The leopards disputed the fact of their being *only Ducal* leopards, as the lion pretended, and refused to resign their *regal* privileges. Nay they claimed to be lions as well as the one from Scotland, though having *both their eyes wide open*, it made them look like *French leopards*, but that in truth they were proper English lions *guardant*, introduced by Henry II. A case, which the Garter King of Arms, (*William Segar*) actually undertook to make good, by going so deeply into the question as to examine and account for all the arms and badges of the Kings of England, from the time of King *Brutus*, a thousand years before the Incarnation, to the year one thousand six hundred years after.— Much good may it have done him.

For my own part I think the English quadrupeds were quite in the right to stand upon their antiquity and *regality*, and that they *really* were *lions*. For Canute, I see, had three *lions*, William the Conqueror *two*, and Henry II. *three*, as Mr. Garter asserted; Edward the Third first quartered them with the arms of France. However the dispute between the present parties was very amicably settled; for they were all put

into one shield; the *three lions* on the *dexter* side or post of honor, but *impaling*, or taking into close union, the Scotch lion rampant, with his double tressure flory and counter flory; &c. &c. And so they would have remained to this day, but that the *removal* of the *French* arms gave them both *more room*; still they are closely conjoined, and long may they continue so, having besides the *Irish harp* to afford them melody; and keep up the harmony between them.

As I began my book with a passage from that celebrated Pursuivant at Arms, Mr. John *Guil-
lin*; I ought, I think, to acknowledge, that he takes a different view of the point I have been just discussing. He thinks Duke William of Normandy, (our William the *Conquestor*) brought two leopards with him from Normandy; (how they got to Normandy I cannot pretend to say)—that Henry the Second having married Eleanor, daughter and heir of the Duke of Aquitaine and Guienne, annexed *her lion*, or paternal coat, being of the same *field*, *metal* and *form* of the leopards, and so from thenceforth, &c. &c. &c. they all became *lions*! But if this were so, why did not the Scotch lion join them as the Aquitaine lion had condescended to do; and then

they would at least have been equal, viz. four lions, or two lions to two leopards. Edward the Third and his successors suffered the French arms to be marshalled *before* the *Imperial* arms of England. For this reason, says Master Guillim, "to shew their *most undoubted title* to that kingdom." Surely then we should have kept up some memorials of this claim, to avoid at least that counter-plea of the law, which from the French themselves is termed *Laches*; that is, if I understand it aright, an implied abandonment. One good thing has followed from our *dropping* (I cannot consent to use any stronger term) the title of "King of France;" our official correspondence with Foreign Courts, instead of being carried on in *French*, which used to be the case, is now, invariably I believe, carried on in the English language. As I profess to *pick* up all the stories that happen to come in my way, that do *fairly* and without any need of *distortion*, apply to my subject, I shall here introduce one, which is certainly not inapplicable to the official regulation I have just mentioned.

During the war between England and Spain, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, Commissioners on both sides were appointed to treat of peace.

The *Spanish* Commissioners proposed that the negotiations should be carried on in the *French* tongue, observing sarcastically, that “the gentlemen of England could not be ignorant of the language of their *fellow subjects*, their Queen being Queen of *France* as well as England.” “Nay, in faith gentlemen,” replied Dr. Dale, one of the English Commissioners, “the French is too vulgar for a business of this importance; we will therefore, if you please, rather treat in *Hebrew*, the language of *Jerusalem*, of which your Master calls himself King, and in which *you* must of course be as well skilled as *we* are in *French*.”

DAUGHTERS OF PEERS.

THE order of precedence as it affects the Daughters of Peers, has something very strange in it. It may not perhaps be generally known, that unmarried daughters have always the same rank as their *eldest* brother, during the life-time of the father; and this independent of the particular title which by courtesy the brother may bear. A Duke's eldest son, for instance, ranks as a Marquess; consequently all his sisters, *unmarried*, have the rank of Marchionesses, though he himself should be nominally, but an Earl or Baron. For the title of Marquess being less antient than the latter, is not the second title of the oldest and highest Dukes of the realm. The Duke of Norfolk's eldest son is only *Earl* of Surry, and the Duke of Somerset's eldest son but *Baron* Seymour. Still their daughters would all rank as Marchionesses till they married, and under particular circumstances, even afterwards; which forms one of the strangest anomalies of all. For if a Duke had *ten* daughters, *three* of

whom were to marry *Earls, three, Viscounts,* and *three, Barons;* and the *tenth* and *youngest* should marry her father's footman, the latter would retain her rank of *Marchioness,* and go before all her elder sisters, though every one of them *Peeresses.*

For in marrying *Commoners,* they do not cease to be *Duke's daughters;* they retain their original rank, without elevating their husbands; which latter circumstance is a point to be attended to, to obviate such mistakes as a certain foreigner of low condition is said to have fallen into, when he married a *Lady Betty,* of a very ancient and distinguished family. He had entirely calculated upon becoming *Lord Betty.*

I should wish to have leave to state a case particularly illustrative of the confusion arising from the rank assigned to the daughters of *Dukes, Marquesses, &c.*—Let us suppose, as the *Sexagenarian* would say, (I am not prepared to deny that the case has really happened) but only let us (at present suppose), that the younger son of a *Duke, Lord Francis,* should marry the daughter of a *Duke, Lady Frances;* being a *Commoner,* his *Lordship's* rank as the

youngest son of a Duke would be *below a Viscount*, while her Ladyship continuing a Duke's daughter, might assume the rank of Marchioness; all depending on the retention or discharge of a single letter; little *e* for little *i*! If after marriage her Ladyship should choose to call herself by the name of her lord, Lady Francis, she would go below Viscountesses; if, (which she would have a full right to do) she should retain her own name, and call herself Lady Frances, she would *precede* not only Viscountesses but Countesses. However the confusion *might not* stop here. Let us farther suppose that his Majesty should be pleased to call the noble Lord up to the House of Peers, by the title of *Baron So-and-so* — how strange would the state of things be now. By their *elevation* to the peerage, (for so it must be regarded) his Lordship would absolutely lose *one* step, and her Ladyship *three*, in the order of Precedence.

I have heard the following case related, as having taken place at a County Ball. When the company were summoned to supper, to their very great surprise, they found the doors of the supper room, suddenly shut against them, and they were for some time excluded without any

apparent reason. It was at length however discovered, that a difficulty had occurred to the Stewards, which of two ladies of quality ought to be led first to the table. It was a case that I verily think might at the moment have puzzled a professed herald. The two ladies had both married the *eldest sons* of *Marquesses*, and were also both of them *Dukes' daughters*. Though their husbands had the rank of Earls, and the titles also by *courtesy*, they were still but *Commoners*, and in either case their ladies would rank as *Marchionesses*. They were both therefore above their husbands. But still it would be necessary to find out which was the daughter of the oldest Duke, or if there were any other circumstance that might give rank to the one before the other. It so happened in this very case, that one was the daughter of an *English* the other of a *Scotch* Duke. How it was adjusted I cannot pretend to say, but had the difficulty been foreseen, I am confident the best way would have been to have asked the ladies themselves; for with persons of such high rank, the assumption of their proper place, depends on circumstances quite independent of themselves, which circumstances are generally well

known to the individuals, and may of course always be acted upon, without the least chance of giving offence.

I wish any one would devise a method for quickly ascertaining, who every Lady Mary or Lady Frances, who may have married a Commoner, really is. How often have I known the company at a watering place, thrown into confusion by the sudden arrival of some Lady Elizabeth, Lady Sophia, or Lady Harriet. But who is she? Is she an Earl's, a Marquess's, or a Duke's daughter? Is she English, Scotch, or Irish? Those agreeable companions the Pocket Peerages can give them no help. There are no indexes to lead them to the name of the *husband*. You may pore your eyes out in looking for all the Lady Elizabeths, or Lady Harriets from beginning to end, and *if she be newly married*, not find her after all. The arms on the carriage may help those who understand heraldry, but how very few in comparison are there who know a syllable about it.

NOBILITY.

NOBILITY, the old books tell us, is of three sorts. There is *first*, Nobility *Celestial*, which consisteth in Religion. 2. Nobility *Philosophical*, which is got by moral Virtues; and 3. Nobility *Political*.

“ In the two first classes of Nobility no man can become *noble* except he be good also. But in the third class, a man, though he be ever so wicked and graceless, may yet excel the rest of men, even in the highest degree of Nobility, as *Caligula*, *Nero*, and others did.”

Now this is all very true, and yet not so bad as it appears to be. For though such wicked men as *Caligula* and *Nero*,

(*Cujus supplicio non debuit una parari
Simia, nec serpens una, nec culeus unus,*

as *Juvenal* says,) did really attain to the very highest degree of *political* Nobility at Rome, we all know that they were perfect monsters, and the wonder is, not that such exalted personages

should have been entirely destitute of all *celestial* and *philosophical* Nobility, but that the Roman people should not have provided better securities against the freaks and caprices of such unworthy Sovereigns.

“ *Libera si dentur populo suffragia, quis tam
Perditus, ut dubitet Senecam præferre Neroni?*”

Political Nobility in many respects resembles *riches*; much must be left to depend on the character of the individual; as Terence observes,

“ *Hæc perinde sunt, ut illius animus, qui ea possidet;
Qui uti scit, ei bona; illi qui non utitur recte, mala.*”

In fact, they are among the *αδιαφορα* of the Greeks. *Riches* are *not incompatible* with Nobility *celestial* and *philosophical*; neither therefore *Nobility political*. Nobility *political* is only then abused, when it is conferred on those who deserve it not, in the shape and fashion of a remuneration for their very wickedness.

As the Romans however have been thus cited to their disgrace and disadvantage, let us in all justice attend to what they say on other occasions upon this important point. Cicero had that idea even of *political Nobility*, that he

scruples not to assert, that without virtue, nothing can be truly commendable and praiseworthy. I shall not attempt to bring forward the many passages from this celebrated author that might be produced strong to the point, because there appears to be one place in his works, which suits exactly with the subject of my book. It is upon a point of *etiquette*; where he gives Appius Pulcher, who thought himself treated with less ceremony than he ought to have been, a *trimming* for standing too much upon his Nobility, and plainly tells him, that he ought to have known better than to *fancy*, that such a man as *himself*, who had borne the highest offices, and attained to the greatest honors in the state, should care as much for the *parade of ancestry*, as for the *ornaments of virtue*. The passage is scarcely to be translated so as to preserve its proper spirit; but it is to be found amongst the Epistles to his friends, being the VIIth of the third book. There is an excellent note upon it by *Victorinus* in the *Verburg* edition, which, whoever may wish to know more of Cicero's opinion upon this point, would do well to read. Among other celebrated Romans, who have expressed their contempt for political Nobility when it

stands alone, we might cite Ovid, Seneca, Pliny; but above all Juvénal, in his VIIIth Satire, who having indeed a most corrupt Nobility to expose, seems to have been resolved not to spare them in any particular; “Stemmata quid faciunt?” says he, with a noble indignation;

NOBILITAS sola est atque Unica VIRTUS!

This is the whole purport of the Satire; but it is too generally kuown to be longer dwelt upon, especially as we may rejoice to think there are many parts of it wholly inapplicable to our own Nobility. It is enough to know that he treats political Nobility as a satire upon itself, if debased by any unworthy actions.

The Romans indeed are held to have admirably expressed their sentiments upon this head, by a sort of allegory, when they so arranged their public buildings as to have no way to the Temple of HONOR but through the Temple of VIRTUE! as well as in their medals; on the reverses of which were often to be seen, the heads or faces of *Honor* and *Virtue*; the *former* overshadowing the *latter*, as being *outwardly* the more *illustrious* of the *two*, but yet always to be supposed to *rest on the other*; so that where they

beheld any person outwardly adorned with honor, they were thereby taught to *expect*, that he should be inwardly endued with virtue.

The Romans indeed often used the word *Noble*, in the sense of *Noscibilis*, notable or remarkable. What else are we to think of *Nobile Scortum*, a noble *Harlot*? *Nobile Scelus*, a noble *Villain*? Nay Plautus speaks of persons as expressly *Scelere Nobiles*, nobles in *naughtiness* or *wickedness*; and Cicero of the *Vitiis Nobiles*—so Terence of one who was *flagitiis nobilitatus*, and Pliny of one *adulterio nobilitatus*. How happy we ought to think ourselves, that the very terms themselves are *strange* to us, much more the realities! The following would be less foreign. *Nobiles Equi*, noble horses; *Nobilis Vina*, noble wines; &c.—Celsus talks of *nobile emplastrum ad extrahendum*, a *noble* drawing plaister; and Pliny of *Nobile Fel Vitulæ marinæ*, the *noble* gall of a *sea-calf*!

These expressions, and uses of the term *noble*, are certainly quite applicable to *political Nobility*, which of itself must render persons more *noscible*, that is *conspicuous*, and should therefore render them more circumspect also. Those who value themselves upon their ancestry, should

know what their ancestors have done for them ; much of which consists in having put it out of the power of those who *inherit* their greatness, to *hide themselves* from the notice of mankind, let them be ever so degenerate—as *Sallust* has admirably observed in the following beautiful passage ; “ Majorum Gloria posteris *lumen est*, neque bona neque mala eorum in *oculto* patitur ;” the glory of ancestors throws a *light* upon their posterity, which *prevents* any thing they do, *good* or *bad*, from passing unnoticed. *Juvenal* indeed has the same idea, and has added some force to it, by drawing the comparison between the glorious *founders* of a noble race and their degenerate *successors*.

Incipit ipsorum Contra Te stare parentum
 Nobilitas, *claramq; facem præferre pudendis*,
 Omne animi vitium tanto *conspectius* in se
 Crimen habet, quanto *major*, qui peccat, *habetur*.

“ O Place and Greatness ! millions of false eyes
 Are stuck upon thee ; volumes of reports
 Run with their false and most contrarious quests
 Upon thy doings !”——

“ —— You know what *Great* ones do,
 The *Less* will prattle of.”——

“ For as we see in colours,” says an old wri-

ter, “ there is none which discovers any soil or blemish so much as *white*, or as we have observed in the eclipse of the *Sun*, that it draws more eyes to view it, than the darkning of any inferior light; so amongst the children of men, though sinne be sinne in every one, yet more *noted*, and in that more exemplar, in these high peering cedars, I mean our Peeres and Nobles, than in the lower shrubes, whose humble condition frees them from like publicke observance.”

Heralds will tell you, that *once* all the three degrees of Nobility concurred in *one person*; or to simplify matters somewhat more, that Nobility *dative* had precedence of Nobility *native*. They write really very gravely of these things, and yet I fear I shall scarcely be able to quote them even upon *sacred* subjects, without exciting a smile.

The first commonwealth in the world they tell us was the family of *Adam*, which “ consisted wholly of *Noblemen* ;” but with this distinction; Adam’s was *dative* Nobility when he was *made ruler* over all creatures and *endowed* with all good gifts; but his *children*, who by their *birth* became possessors of the first *native* Nobility, coming into the world, after Adam had lost his *celestial* Nobility, became, it seems, (what all No-

bility hath been since) a kind of mixture, of *native, dative, celestial, philosophical, and political Nobility*.

I confess it would appear that, according to the above reasoning, the present commonwealth of the world, consisteth, as well as the first, “wholly of Noblemen;” all of the *race* of Adam inherit *native Nobility*, and no wonder therefore there should be, as the Romans say, even noble *villains*, noble *harlots*, noble *adulterers*, and noble *sea* (nay and *land*) *calves* ! But one thing I must have leave to observe ; *this native Nobility* seems to have come upon the generality of the world *nolens volens*, as one might say ; they could not *avoid* it as being of the posterity of Adam ; and may therefore have been less attentive to the fact ; which is hard upon some of our *plebeians*, who may be apt to think *they have no Nobility* to answer for, and be careless therefore of the *graces* and *virtues*, which in strictness belong to all the three sorts of Nobility, and the *absence* of *which* our *plebeians* are ready enough to resent and expose, if discoverable in any of their *superiors*. Let *all below the order of Nobility* in our *Tables of Precedence*, look to this. For “*respondere Nobilitate pulchrum est,*” as *Quintillian* says, if

they have not *dative* Nobility, they have of the *native* Nobility enough to make them responsible for more than they think of. Even Baronets must not expect to escape, who at present, as I shall have occasion to shew, hang as it were between the nobles and the commonalty of the realm; whether they choose to consider themselves to be little Barons or great Knights, as the laws of heraldry allow, their titles are clearly *dative* in a political sense; while they are decidedly heirs to the *native* Nobility that descended from Adam. They have in short Nobility enough about them, to make it very wise in them to be circumspect, as persons set on high, and rendered conspicuous, by the lustre of their ancestry, or the splendor of their own wealth and greatness.

Plebeians may look back to the origin of their *Adamitic* Nobility with a degree of pride, as having been of that *celestial* and *philosophical* description, as to take place of *political* Nobility, in all who act up to its principles, as the Poets often hint.

“ I tell thee then, whoe'er amidst the Sóns
Of Reason, Valor, Liberty, and VIRTUE
Displays distinguish'd merit, is a NOBLE
Of Nature's own creating. Such have risen
Sprung from the Dust.”—

“ What though no *gaudy* titles grace my birth,
 Yet Heav'n that made me honest, made me more
 Than ever King did when he made a Lord.”——

Not that I wish to see such Nobles even as these, so proud as to be presumptuous. *Humility* is one of the characteristics of *celestial* and *philosophical* Nobility, as an old writer has well shewn. “ An humble man,” says the celebrated *Alexander Hales*, “ is like a good tree ; the more full of fruit the branches are, the lower they bend themselves.”

Hear that sublime moralist *Young* !

———“ Dost thou demand a Test,
 A Test at once infallible and short,
 Of real Greatness ?——
 Th' Almighty, from his throne, on Earth surveys
 Nought greater than an *honest, humble* heart ;
 An *humble* heart his Residence ! pronounc'd
 His second seat, and rival to the skies.
 The private path, the secret acts of men,
 If noble, far the noblest of our lives !”

Selden's thoughts upon the subject should not be passed by.

“ Humility is a virtue all *preach*, none practise, and yet *every hody* is content to hear. The *master* thinks it good doctrine for his *servant*,

the *laity* for the *Clergy*, and the *Clergy* for the *laity*. Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity. In gluttony there must be eating, in drunkenness there must be drinking. It is not the eating, nor is it the drinking that is to be blamed, but the *excess*. So is pride.”—Table Talk.

At all events, the sons of Adam being heirs to his *mortality* as well as to his nobility, to his abasement as well as to his greatness, should above all things guard against any excess in the way of pride ; for,

“ What’s man, whose first conception’s miserie,
Birth baine, life, pain, and death necessitie ?”

“ This day one Proud, as Prouder none,
May lye in Grave ere day be gone.”

“ As the High do use the Low,
God will use the Highest soe.”

“ *Riches* shall not deliver in the day of *wrath*. Perchance they may bring you when you are dead, in a *comely* funeral sort to your *grave*, or bestow on you a few *mourning garments*, or erect to your memory some *gorgeous monument*, but this is all. Those riches which you have got with such care, kept with such feare, lost with

such griefe, shall not afforde you one comfortable hope in the houre of your passage hence."

Shall *beauty* deliver you? No.

"Tell me thou earthen vessel made of clay,
What's beauty worth, when thou must die to-day."

Shall *Honor*? No, for that shall lye in the dust, and sleepe in the bed of earth. Shall *Friends*? No, for all they can doe is to attend you, and shed some friendly teares for you; but ere the rosemary lose her colour, which stickt the corse, or one worme enter the shroud which covered the corpse, you are many times forgotten, your former glory extinguish't, your eminent esteeme obscured, your repute darkened, and with infamous aspersions often impeached."

I do not like to leave this subject without some offer of *consolation*, for it is a dismal one indeed, unless there be deliverance to be found *somewhere*. The author I have been quoting tells us we have such a friend, if we be but careful to entertain it properly.

"What then may deliver you in such gusts of affliction which assaile you? CONSCIENCE!—*Shee* it is that must either comfort you, or how miserable is your condition? *Shee* is that *con-*

tinual feast which must refresh you ; those thousand *witnesses* that must answer for you ; that *light* which must direct you ; that familiar *friend* that must ever attend you ; that faithful *counsellor* that must advise you ; that *balm of Gilead* that must refresh you ; that *palm of Peace* which must crowne you. Take heed therefore that you wrong not *this friend*, for as you use her you shall find her ; she is not to be *corrupted*, her *sinceritie* scorns it ; she is not to be *persuaded*, for her *resolution* is grounded ; she is not to be *threatened*, for her *spirit* slights it ; she is aptly compared in one respect to *the sea* ; shee can endure no *corruption* to remaine in her, but foames and frets, and chafes, till all filth be removed from her.”

In the 219th Number of the Spectator, there is something so exceedingly applicable to the topic we are upon, that upon the principle I avow, of passing over nothing, that may serve to express my own sentiments more fully than I could do it myself, I shall not hesitate to borrow a few passages from it.

“ All superiority and pre-eminence that one man can have over another, may be reduced to the notion of *Quality*, which considered at large,

is either that of *fortune*, *body*, or *mind*. The *first* is that which consists in *birth*, *titles* or *riches*; and is the most foreign to our natures, and which we can the least call our own of any of the *three* kinds of *Quality*. In relation to the *body*, *Quality* arises from *health*, *strength*, or *beauty*; which are nearer to us, and more a part of ourselves than the former. *Quality*, as it regards the *mind*, has its rise from *knowledge* or *virtue*; and is that which is most essential to us, and more intimately united with us than either of the other two."—"The *Quality* of *Fortune*, though a man has less reason to value himself upon it than on that of the *body* or *mind*, is however the *kind* of *Quality* which makes the most shining figure in the eye of the world." "The truth of it is, *Honors* are in this world under *no regulation*; true *Quality* is neglected, *Virtue* is oppressed, and *Vice* triumphant. The last day will rectify this disorder, and assign to every one a station suitable to the dignity of his character; *ranks* will then be adjusted, and *precedency* set right."—"Methinks we should have an ambition, if not to advance ourselves in another world, at least to preserve our post in it, and outshine our *inferiors* here, that *they* may not be *put above* us in a

state which is to settle the distinction to eternity."—"Our parts in the other world will be *new-cast*, and mankind be there ranged in different stations of superiority and pre-eminence, in proportion as they have here excelled one another in virtue, and performed in their several posts of life the duties which belong to them."

The Paper concludes with references to "the Wisdom of Solomon," and extracts from that extraordinary book, admirably calculated to impress upon the minds of all descriptions of persons, the changes that may await them in the world to which all are hastening!

ANCIENT NOBILITY.

THE *Greeks* had an odd way of estimating their different ranks of Nobility, after the time of Solon. For *before* his days, there seem to have been *two* divisions of the people, in the first of which no distinct place is assigned to the Nobility, nor (unless included under the other terms,) any, for so much as the school-boys *button* gradations, *Gentlemen, Apothecaries, Plough-boys, or Thieves.* The Cecropian division consisting of, 1. Soldiers, 2. Artificers, 3. Husbandmen, 4. Shepherds.—Theseus made *three* classes of them, one of them expressly Noble. 1. *Noblemen,* 2. Husbandmen, 3. Artificers; in which it is odd enough to see how the two latter had changed places, not however without some consideration, if the following distinctions be correct. “The Nobles,” we are told, “excelled the rest in *dignity,* the Husbandmen in *profit,* and the Artificers in *number.*” At last came Solon’s division, which was four-fold, and must sound odd enough to more modern and refined ears. 1.

Those who could of their dry and wet commodities fill 500 of their measures, he placed in the highest order or degree, calling them *Pentacosio-medimni*, or as *we* might say, five hundred—or rather 3000 *busheled* people, (for the Medimnus was about six bushels). 2. Those who could furnish out a horse, and had 300 measures of wets and dries, *ἵππαδα τέλουντες*, or (to make the *Greek plainer to ladies*, by writing it, *as is the custom with some in Roman characters*, so as that it should at least *look like English, French, Spanish, or Italian*;) *Hippada telountes*. 3. Two hundred busheled people, in Greek *Ζεύγυται*, romanised “*Zeugitæ*.” 4. All that had no considerable amount of wets and dries, or could not furnish so much as a donkey, *Θητες* (Thetes.)—Now the *three* first of these were accounted noble, and the poor Thetes all lumped together, as the remaining mass of base and ignoble, till the days of *Aristides*, who being a *Thete* himself, procured them admittance into the government; not however very much to the advantage of the republic, as they soon began to assume too much upon their new privileges, till in the time of *Pericles*, they formed almost an *Ochlocracy*, or *Mob-government*, and took as much part in

the affairs of the state as the most weighty of the Pentacosimedimni.

The *Roman* Nobility had but a very scurvy origin, according to their own Poet Juvénal.

“ Majorum *primus* quisquis fuit ille tuorum
Aut *Pastor* fuit, aut illud quod dicere nolo.”

In which he was more than poetically just in all likelihood, for every body knows that Romulus and Remus owed every thing to a shepherd, and as for those that were first gathered together to form a body of Roman subjects, Nobles and Plebeian, nothing could be worse; parricides, thieves, murderers, and I know not what. Romulus himself, (says *Eutropius*) was a thief, a *fratricide*, and a bastard. Surely he might have added something more from the trick he played the Sabines. What does not Justin say of their first Kings? lib. 38. “Tales,” inquit, “Reges Romani habuere quorum etiam nominibus erubescant.”

The Romans however, though sprung from nothing, in course of time, got to pay a good deal of attention to rank, precedence, and what we have since learned to call *etiquette*. At first their distinctions were certainly extremely simple; con-

sisting only of *Patricians* and *Plebeians*. The *Patricians* assisted the King in his government, and had the care of the religious rites. The *Plebeii* were left to till the ground, feed the cattle, and follow trades; in certain instances, they became individually connected as *Patrons* and *Clients*. The *Patricii*, who excelled in Nobility, and were honestly begotten, and well brought up, bore a gold tablet or jewel on their breasts, and little moons on their feet, that is, ivory buckles, crooked horn-wise like the moon; to mark as *some* think the number of a *hundred* (C.) that being the number of the senate in Numa's time, when the custom began; other reasons for it have been assigned, as may be seen in Plutarch. After Tarquin's expulsion, there were *three* distinct orders of *Senators*, *Knights*, and *Commons*; but it is most to our purpose to notice another division of the people, into *Nobiles*, *novi*, and *Ignobiles*, which seems to have laid the foundation, for no small display of personal pride and consequence. For as the *Ignobiles* were wide apart from the original *Nobiles*, the *novi*, or *new Nobles*, were regarded but as a race of upstarts, which has been too much the case in other countries; "Lords that are ancient," says Sel-

den in his Table-talk, “ we honor, because we know not whence they came. The new ones we slight, because we know their beginning. It is as it was with St. Nicholas’s image. The countryman could not find in his heart to adore the new image made of his own plum-tree; though he had formerly worshipped the old one.” I shall not go farther into this subject however at present, having elsewhere cited Cicero’s Epistle to Appius Claudius Pulcher, wherein, while he confesses *himself* to be a sort of *novus Homo*, he is terribly severe on those who stand too much upon their pedigree; but particularly upon *Appius* himself, whose family had been noted for its pride, and who had chosen to take offence that Cicero should not have paid him so great attention as *Lentulus*, another man of *family*. Cicero asks, with no small indignation, “ Quæro etiamne *Tu* has ineptias, homo (meâ sententiâ) summâ prudentiâ, multâ etiam doctriâ, plurimo rerum usu, addo urbanitate, quæ est virtus, ut Stoici rectissimi putant; Ullam *Appietatem*, aut *Lentulitatem*, valere apud me *plus*, quam *ornamenta Virtutis existimas?*”—But the whole is worth consulting, for its spirit would be lost by an attempt to translate it. I quote Cicero particularly,

because if any had a right to resent the contempt cast on him as a *novus Homo*, he was undoubtedly the man ; and if the reply to Sallust, were really his, which has been attributed to him, we might be able to judge, how ably he could do this, when an occasion presented itself.

The late Lord *Thurlow* had occasion once to defend himself from some slurs cast upon him in the House of *Lords*, as a *novus Homo*. How well he succeeded, may be seen in a work very recently published ; Mr. *Charles Butler's* Reminiscences.

The ancient Philosophers in general considered civil Nobility or Gentry as among external things that are *good* ; the Stoics ranked them among such as are indifferent only ; but the Platonics among their degrees or classes of Nobility, reckoned that the *highest* which had for its foundation, a man's own worth.

The *Nobiles* of Rome however were not satisfied with occupying the first rank, they prided themselves, as much as any of our modern Nobility, on *external* and *visible* marks and proofs of their Nobility.

The chief badge of Nobility amongst the Romans, seems to have been a *gold ring* ; with re-

gard to which they stood so much upon ceremony, that the *Senate* was sometimes obliged to interfere. Of these gold rings they were so choice, that they wore them only on public occasions, and iron ones instead at home. This was certainly being frugal and economical, if there were no particular modesty in it. At length however the pride of this ringed Nobility was hurt; one *Cneius Flavius*, Livy tells us, being unexpectedly, and (as the Roman Nobles thought) most unworthily, made *Ædile*, and in consequence thereof, assuming the gold ring as a badge of his office, many of the mortified Nobility laid aside their rings, and the trappings of their horses. As Livy relates this, and Pliny has commented upon it, we may well conclude it to have been accounted a matter of no mean importance.

There is another case recorded, which shews the acuteness of their feelings with respect to this ornament. The ring was sometimes allowed to be worn by those who of bondmen had become free. This led those who were actually free-men born immediately to lay it aside! “*Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.*”

There seems indeed to have been great confusion at Rome about these rings; and much

jealousy as to the privilege of wearing them; the Plebeians, or *Ignobiles*, as in most other instances, pressing closer and closer upon the Patricii, till they had nearly usurped all their honors. This of the ring very particularly. The decree of the Senate upon this point deserves to be recorded, to shew how much importance they attached to the privilege; which was denominated in their laws the *Jus Annulorum*. It was judged necessary, (I think it was so early in the annals of the empire as the reign of Tiberius) to decree, that it should not be lawful for any man to wear a ring, but he who being free-born both by his father and grandfather, by his father's side was valued at 400,000 Sesterces, and could lawfully sit at the Theatre, in one of the fourteen orders or degrees. Suetonius tells a curious story of a scrape into which Julius Cæsar fell, in relation to the golden ring. By often shewing the fingers of his *left hand* to his soldiers, telling them that for their sakes he would be content to pluck off his *ring*, he was thought thereby covertly to have engaged himself, in case of their fidelity, to give them all the *right* of wearing the *gold ring*, with the substance and rank of a gentleman; which was far from his intention. *Nota bene*; what a fine *golden-ringed* army

any *Cæsar* might form out of the *Schoolboys* and *Dandies* of the present day !!

Another badge of Nobility amongst the Romans, was, the *Jus Imaginum*; a very important distinction, as it consisted in numbers, and was therefore so capable of measurement as to leave no doubts as to the comparative antiquity and greatness of the individuals. For those who had the largest number of images and statues of distinguished ancestors, were of course accounted the most noble. A *novus Homo*, was supposed to have only his own image. (Surely we may pause to reflect upon the curious circumstance of Cicero's being a *novus Homo*, whose statues, images, and representations are so prized amongst us at this day!)—These images were exhibited in their courts, porticoes, and at their funerals; and there can be no doubt but that the display of them, was a matter of great pride and ostentation to those who had the most to exhibit.

It is very reasonably supposed that from hence are derived our *Coats of Arms*, as they are called; which represent families and connections, in lieu of the pictures and images of individual progenitors; and is it not a blessed change, considering what figures of fun, *some* of our family pictures are? We know indeed that the

ancients, generally speaking, might have had statues and images of exquisite workmanship, but it is not to be supposed that the images alluded to were of this description. Commonly, I believe, they were made of wax, and kept in wooden cases; executed in all likelihood in a most rude manner, and much the same may be said of our family pictures. We have had to be sure our *Vandykes, Lelys, Knellers, Hudsons, Reynolds's, &c. &c. &c.*; but if we were to rummage our garrets, or barns, for an orderly series of ancestors,

(“ All the fair series of the whisker'd race, ”)

it is probable that most of us would find some, that might, without loss of beauty or consequence, be as well represented by the *Dragons, Griffins, Wiverns, and Sphynxes* of heraldry. There is one extant of myself at this moment, painted by a most indifferent limner, when I was in the lower school at ——. I hope I shall never see it again, for to the best of my recollection, it was as much as possible like an *ass*, or a *monkey rampant*. I had much rather at once be delivered down to my own posterity in the abridgment of armory, viz. *Gules, on a fess,*

&c. &c.:—but I am not going to discover myself. I shall only say my arms are very chivalrous, and my name perfectly Roman. My arms indeed, according to Guillim, and other authors, “*betoken a dexterity and nimbleness of wit, to penetrate and understand matters of highest consequence;*” but they are military into the bargain, “*apt and ready to pierce,*” as the same learned authors are pleased to observe; and from whence they seem to have worked out the allegory, which does such honor to the intellects of me and my family; for I hope the arms were invented to denote existing excellencies, rather than the excellencies invented, to *explain* the arms.

Having spoken of the *Jus Imaginum* and *Jus Annulorum* of the Romans, I shall next advert to the *Jus Capillitii*, which though originally Roman, and the peculiar distinction of the *Cincinnati*, prevailed chiefly amongst the ancient Franks, whose Kings depended so much on the distinction of their *long hair*, that to shave their heads was at once to reduce them to the condition of subjects. ΘΕΜΙΤΟΝ ΓΑΡ (says Agathias) ΤΟΙΣ ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣΙ ΤΩΝ ΦΡΑΓΓΩΝ ΕΠΩΠΟΤΕ ΚΕΙΡΕΘΑΙ, ΑΛΛ’ ΑΚΕΙΡΕΚΟΜΟΙ ΤΕ ΕΙΣΙΝ ΕΚ ΠΑΙΔΩΝ ΑΕΙ—*i. e.* it was not lawful for

the French Kings to cut their hair, but to continue unshorn from their infancy. Queen Clothilda, when her sons, on whom she meant to have settled the crown, in despite of Hlothar and Hildebert, were sent to her by the latter, with a pair of *scissars* and a *sword*, intimating that they must either be *shaven* or *put to death*, she declared at once, according to Gregory of Tours, who tells the story, that if they were not to inherit the throne, she had *much rather* see them *dead* than *shorn*.

This custom of the French Kings led the Greeks to nick-name them, *τριχοραχαιοι*, *Cristati*, that is, *bristle-backed* like hogs, and such was the stupidity of people in those days, that some did really believe them to be *bristle-backed*; as in the History of Landulphus Sagax—"Dicebantur ex genere illo descendere *Christati*, quod interpretatur *trichorachati*. *Pilos* enim habebant in *Spinâ* velutir *Porci*." That is, in short, *because they had hairs growing down their backs like pigs*. Cedrenus has exactly the same passage in Greek. It is whimsical enough, that long hair being among the ancient French so particular a mark of royalty, the King's brother, when there is no Dauphin, should be styled

Monsieur, which from its simplicity, and *singularity*, the French themselves call, Monsieur *sans queue*.

Another distinction of the ancient Kings of France was to seal their letters and public instruments with *white wax*, rather than *red, green, or yellow*, which latter were in *common use*.

Having given an account of Nobility Antediluvian and Post-diluvian, Grecian and Roman, I should now proceed, or rather revert to some of our own *titles and distinctions*, but perhaps it may be well first to say something about NAMES.

NAMES.

I QUESTION whether we must look to names for the settlement of any difficulties in regard to rank and precedence, though, in their origin, they were undoubtedly meant to denote some personal distinction. According to *Salmasius*, the European surnames are derived either from *baptismal names*, from the names of *provinces* and *towns*, from the names of *trades* and *professions*, or from *peculiarities* of *person*. But there is not one of these cases, which would not *now* rather lead to confusion than order, for who is to settle between our *Richardsons* and *Dicksons*, *Johnsons* and *Jacksons*, *Adams's* and *Adamsons*, *Clements's* and *Clementsons*, *Davy's* and *Davisons*, *Evans's* and *Evansons*, *Roberts's* and *Robertsons*, *Stephens's* and *Stephensons*, *Williams's* and *Williamsons*, &c. &c. &c.?—to say nothing of all the *Fitz's*, *Fitz-Patrick*, *Fitz-William*, &c. &c. &c.: the *Welsh Aps* and *Scotch Macs*?—between our *Yorks* and *Cornwalls*, *Somersets* and *Wiltshires*, *Cheshires* and *Cumberlands*, *Derbys*, *Ches-*

ters, Lancasters, Chichesters, Leicesters, Lewes's, Ryes, Marlows, Wickhams, Henleys, Southwells, Wiltons, Pools, Wells's, Wakefields, Halifax's, Kendals, Barnets, &c. &c.?—Between our *Smiths* and *Tailors, Wheelers* and *Fullers, Iremongers* and *Porters, Weavers* and *Sadlers, Masons* and *Tylers, Coopers* and *Turners, Drapers* and *Dyers, Fishers* and *Fowlers, Hunters* and *Gunners, Glovers* and *Hosiers, Tanners* and *Tinkers, Butchers* and *Bakers, Shepherds* and *Farmers, Cooks* and *Stewards, Sawyers* and *Carpenters, &c.?* — Between (as to *colours*) our *Greens* and our *Scarlets*, our *Greys* and *Browns*, our *Blacks* and *Whites*, our *Pinks* and *Tawneys?*

As to our properties and qualities, between our *Longs* and *Shorts*, our *Sharps* and *Blunts*, *Rich* and *Poor, Large* and *Small, &c.?* Who would like to be accounted in society exactly what their names import? *Foxes, Wolfs, Hawkes, Savages, Bulls, Lyons, Hogs, Herrings, Sprats, Salmons, Tench, Seals, Sparrows, Swallows*, (including *Martins*) *Camels, Cocks, Drakes, Crows, Cranes, Swans, Rookes, Nightingales, &c.?* What Lady would like to take rank only as a *Hussey* or a *Trollope?* and where should we place the *Potts, Jordans, Buttons, Buckles, Westcotts*, and *Tuckers?* Not that I would be thought in any

manner to depreciate any of these names. There are classical authorities for them without end. The Romans had their *Figuli* or *Potters*; *Vitrei* or *Glaziers*; *Pictores* or *Painters*; *Pistores* or *Bakers*; and of the very names above enumerated, as appertaining chiefly to ourselves, many we know to be now ennobled, and the generality of them, (if not all,) of distinguished eminence in the annals of history. Our House of Commons indeed has at different, and no very distant times, numbered amongst its members,

A <i>Fox</i> ,	A <i>Turner</i> ,	Two <i>Lemons</i> ,
A <i>Hare</i> ,	A <i>Plumer</i> ,	with
A <i>Rooke</i> ,	A <i>Miller</i> ,	One <i>Peel</i> ,
Two <i>Drakes</i> ,	A <i>Farmer</i> ,	Two <i>Roses</i> ,
A <i>Finch</i> ,	A <i>Cooper</i> ,	One <i>Ford</i> ,
Two <i>Martins</i> ,	An <i>Abbot</i> ,	Two <i>Brookes</i> ,
Three <i>Cocks</i> ,	A <i>Falconer</i> ,	One <i>Flood</i> ,
A <i>Hart</i> ,	Nine <i>Smiths</i> ,	and yet but
Two <i>Hérons</i> ,	A <i>Porter</i> ,	One <i>Fish</i> ,
Two <i>Lambs</i> ,	Three <i>Pitts</i> ,	A <i>Forrester</i> ,
A <i>Leach</i> ,	Two <i>Hills</i> ,	An <i>Ambler</i> ,
A <i>Swan</i> ,	Two <i>Woods</i> ,	A <i>Hunter</i> ,
Two <i>Bakers</i> ,	An <i>Orchard</i> ,	and only
Two <i>Taylors</i> ,	A <i>Barne</i> ,	One <i>Ryder</i> .

But, what is the most surprising and me-

lancholy thing of all, it has never had more than one CHRISTIAN belonging to it, and at present is without any.

I have seen what was called an Inventory of the Stock Exchange Articles, to be seen there every day, (Sundays and Holidays excepted,) from ten till four o'clock.

A *Raven*, a *Nightingale*, two *Daws*, and a *Swift*.

A *Flight* and a *Fall*.

Two *Foxes*, a *Wolf*, two *Shepherds*.

A *Tailor*, a *Collier*, a *Mason*, a *Tanner*, three *Turners*, four *Smiths*, three *Wheelers*, two *Barbers*, a *Painter*, a *Cook*, a *Potter*, and five *Coopers*.

Two *Greens*, four *Browns*, and two *Greys*.

A *Pilgrim*, a *King*, a *Chapel*, a *Chaplain*, a *Parson*, three *Clerks*, and a *Pope*.

Three *Baileys*, two *Dunns*, a *Hoare*, and a *Hussey*.

A *Hill*, a *Dale*, and two *Fields*.

A *Rose*, two *Budds*, a *Cherry*, a *Flower*, two *Vines*, a *Birch*, a *Fearn*, and two *Peppercorns*.

A *Steel*, two *Bells*, a *Pulley*, and two *Ban-nisters*.

- Of towns, *Sheffield*, *Dover*, *Lancaster*, *Wake-*

field, and *Ross*—of things, *Barnes*, *Wood*, *Coals*, *Staples*, *Mills*, *Pickles*, and, in *fine*, a *Medley*!

Some Names indeed would fall naturally into an *order of precedence* peculiar to themselves, as was shewn in the celebrated jury at Huntingdon, said to be taken at the Assizes, before Judge Dodderil, in July, 1619, and which by placing a comma after the Christian Name, would run thus ;

- Maximilian, KING of Joseland.
- Henry, PRINCE of Godmanchester.
- George, DUKE of Summersham
- William, MARQUIS of Stukeley.
- Edmund, EARLE of Harford.
- Richard, BARON of Bythorne.
- Robert, BARON of St. Neots.
- Stephen, POPE of Newton.
- Stephen, CARDINAL of Kimbolton.
- Humphry, BISHOP of Bergden.
- Robert, LORD of Wazely.
- Robert, KNIGHT of Winwick.
- William, ABBOT of Stukely.
- William, DEAN of Old Weston.
- John, ARCHDEACON of Paxton.
- Peter, 'SQUIRE of Easton.
- Edward, FRYER of Ellington.

- Henry, MONK of Stukély.
- George, GENTLEMAN of Spaldwick.
- George, PRIEST of Grafham.
- Richard, DEACON of Catworth.
- Thomas, YEOMAN of Bentham.

The Romans appear to have been very particular about Names, some of which were bestowed upon occasions bordering upon the ludicrous. As in regard to the name *Prætextatus*, noticed by *Aulus Gellius*, and after him, *Macrobius*, according to whom, it is represented to have become a family name in this extraordinary manner. The *Prætexta*, it is pretty generally known, was originally the name of the *purple-bordered* gown, the distinction of the Roman Priests and Magistrates. These *Prætextati* were permitted to carry their sons with them to the *Senate*, and it was usual, when any great matter was under discussion, to adjourn to a future day; during which interval, all who were present, were bound to keep what was passing amongst them, a profound secret; the *Mother* of one *Papirius*, who had been to the Senate-house with his Father, happened to have her curiosity awakened to know what they had been about. The young man told her, he must be silent, for it was on

no account to be revealed." For *which reason*, says *Aulus Gellius*, (who seems to have known the ladies pretty well) her desire to learn all about it, was but the more increased. The studied silence of her son, excited her to worry him almost to death with questions and inquiries. In proportion as he resisted, she reiterated her demands, till he judged it fair enough at last to set himself free by the following stratagem. He told her the question about to be decided was, whether it would be better for the *men* to have *two wives*, or that *one woman* should be allowed to marry *two husbands*. This was quite enough for the lady *Papirius*. Away she posts to all the matronly gentlewomen in Rome, to tell them what was about to be done. On the day appointed accordingly, when the discussion was to be resumed, the Senators were surprised to find all the avenues to the Senate House, thronged with women, in the utmost state of agitation, all imploring (or as some manuscripts would have it, *insisting*) that one woman should by all means be allowed two husbands, rather than one man two wives. The Senators, says *Macrobius*, (in which he goes a little beyond *Aulus Gellius*, though probably not beyond the

truth) were not only utterly astonished at what they saw and heard, but c-nf--nd-dly frightened into the bargain; "*pavescebant*" is his expression; till the youth *Papirius* cleared up the whole matter to them.

The fidelity with which he had kept the true secret from transpiring, struck them so forcibly, that they gave him the very name of *Prætextatus* as a cognomen. But for fear other young men should not be so well able to parry the attacks, or resist the importunities of the ladies of Rome, they prudently enough at the same time decreed, that the young *Prætextatus* should thenceforth be the only person of his age, admitted to their councils. This Cognomen afterwards became a family name.

Such honorable titles and additions were intelligible enough; but how men of rank and importance came to have *cognomina* of a very different description, we might be puzzled to explain, if *Macrobius* had not considered the subject, and attributed it entirely to accident. We should think *Ass* and *Sow* not very elegant names, and yet there were persons of respectability at Rome who bore them; no less indeed than the *Cornelian* and *Tremellian* families. The former got

the name of *Asina*, by one of the family having agreed to buy a farm; who being asked to give pledges for the fulfilment of his engagement, caused *an ass* loaded with money to be led to the Forum, as the only pledge that could be wanted. The Tremellian family got the name of *Scropha* or *Sow* in a manner by no means so reputable; but by what we should call in these days a *hoax*; and a very unfair one into the bargain. A *sow* having strayed from a neighbour's yard into that of one of the *Tremellii*, the servants of the latter killed her. The master caused the carcase to be placed under some bedclothes where his lady was accustomed to lie, and when his neighbour came to search for his pig, undertook to swear that there was no *old sow* in his premises, except the one that was lying among those bedclothes, which his neighbour very naturally concluded to be *the lady herself*. How the latter liked the compliment, (or *such a cold pig in her bed*;) the story does not relate, but from that time the *Tremellii* acquired the Cognomen of *Scropha* or *Sow*, which became afterwards so fixed a family name, as to make *Sows* of all their progeny, both male and female.

It is well that Lord Chancellor Hardwicke's

most respectable family did not get the same elegant appellation, if the following story be true. Lady H. having ordered her bailiff to procure a sow of a particular size and breed, and which he had long endeavoured to do without success, the man suddenly accosted her Ladyship one day when she had much company with her, "I have been to Royston Fair, my Lady, and got a sow *exactly of your Ladyship's size and breed.*" Every body knows that the great Roman Orator, Marcus Tullius, got the name of *Cicero* (a name which will live for ever) from a knob at the end of the nose of one of his family, which happened to resemble Chick-pease, in Latin *Cicer*. The *Wolf* that suckled Romulus and Remus, was probably only *Mistress Lupa*, the Shepherd's meretricious wife: as Cyrus's nurse *Spáco*, which in the language of the Medes, according to Herodotus, signifying a *Bitch*, gave occasion for the story that that great King was nursed by one of those animals. What happened amongst the Athenians, is a good deal to the purpose, and having a direct reference to *Names*, will bear to be inserted here. One *Leana*, a lady of bad fame, having slain a tyrant, and by so doing merited public honors, instead of suffering any statue

of *herself* to be erected, which would have been an offence to the public morals, the Magistrates caused the figure of a *Lioness*, (*Leæna*, Λεαινα) to be erected in its stead.

Corvinus became a family name amongst the Romans, from an odd circumstance that occurred to *Maximus Valerius*, as related by *Aulus Gellius*, upon the highest authority, as he tells us himself, it never at least having been contradicted; “haud quisquam est nobilium scriptorum, qui secus dixerit.” We must conclude it therefore to be quite true, that once upon a time, when the Gauls contended against the Romans, and the leader of the former party had offered to decide the matter by single combat, *Valerius* the Tribune having accepted the challenge, was so assisted by a *Crow*, as easily to obtain the victory: one of those birds having settled on his helmet at the commencement of the fight, and with every weapon he could use, *beak, claws, wings, &c.* so dreadfully assaulted the enemy, as soon to place him “*hors de Combat*,” as the French say. Hence the name of *Crow*, (which we have amongst ourselves, but probably not for the same reason) to the ancient family of the *Valerii*.

There were Roman names obnoxious to *puns*, and pretty severe ones too; as for instance; a young lady of light reputation having two lovers at a time, one of whom was named Pompeius *Macula*, (which signifies a *Spot*) the other *Fulvius*, the son of a *Fuller*, her own brother remarked, that he wondered his sister should not be without *Spot*, having a *Fuller* so constantly in attendance upon her.

Urban the VIIIth, whose family name was *Barberini*, ran into all the extravagancies of *Nepotism*. His nephews and relatives obtained such power and wealth, and in building of Palaces, made so free with the antiquities of *Rome*, that the following slur upon them was put into Pasquin's hands. "Quod non fecerunt Barbari, fecerunt BARBARINI."

The following is not a bad pasquinade, though I must leave it untranslated.

A man called *Cæsar*, not very long ago married a girl of the name of *Roma*; both being common names at *Rome*. They lived in the *Piazza Novona*, close to *Pasquin's Statue*; in whose hand was found the next morning the following paper.

Cave *Cæsar*, ne tua *Roma*
Res publica fiat!

The name of *Cæsar* brings to my mind the following curious story, told by Lord Clarendon, and which he declares to be “*a known truth.*” As such, he relates it at considerable length, but it is capable of abridgment. Sir *Julius Cæsar*, Master of the Rolls, having by the interference of the Court, been prevented giving to his own son, an appointment he had designed for him, the Earl of *Tullibardine*, a near relation of Mr. *Cæsar*, endeavoured to procure for the latter a promise of a reversion of a Six Clerks’ place, in case his Father should die before another occasion of serving him should offer. Lord Treasurer *Weston* Earl of *Portland*, was the person to whom he principally applied, but he being an absent careless man, forgot to do what Lord *Tullibardine* had desired, namely, to get the King’s Sign Manual for the appointment. To assist his bad memory, he *requested* Lord T. to give him a note in writing, which he accordingly did; only putting upon a small piece of paper the two words, “Remember *Cæsar.*” Many days past, but *Cæsar* was never thought of. At length, when he changed his cloaths, and his servant as usual had brought to him all the notes and papers found in those he had left off, upon

the discovery of the little billet inscribed “Remember *Cæsar*,” he was exceedingly confounded, and knew not what to think of it. He sent for his bosom friends; communicated to them his apprehensions, that it could only signify some conspiracy against his life, and that in the case of *Cæsar* himself, the neglect of such notice had terminated as they all knew, in his assassination. On their advice therefore he feigned indisposition, confined himself to the house, had the gates shut, with orders to the porter to open them to nobody whatsoever, and a guard of many servants placed there to resist violence. This continued for some time, till the Earl of *Tullibardine* having obtained an interview, and asking him with some earnestness whether he had “remembered *Cæsar*,” at once opened his eyes to the real cause of all his perturbation and trouble, and as he could not forbear imparting it to his friends, the whole jest thus came to be discovered.

Julius *Cæsar* himself seems, according to Plutarch, to have hastened his end by a *pun* upon Names. When the people in commendation of the Tribunes, who took the crowns from the Statues of *Cæsar*, where his friends had placed

them, called them *Brutus's*, in allusion to the first Brutus, who cut off the succession of Kings, Cæsar was so offended, that he not only displaced the Tribunes, but abused the people, by calling *them*, "*Bruti et Cumæi*," beasts and sots; which naturally gave great offence.

The story of *Sir Julius* is an instance indeed of a *mistake* in Names, rather than of a *pun*. Of the *latter*, however, we have many upon record, that deserve to be preserved, though ever so old or common, in a work of this nature. I shall give you them as they occur to my recollection.

On the failure of two Bankers in the County of Cork, of the names of *Gonne* and *Going*—

" *Going* and *Gonne* are now both one,
For *Gonne* is *going*, and *Going's* *gone*."

Dr. Lettsom's manner of signing his prescriptions ("I. Lettsom") gave birth to the following, with which the Doctor himself is said to have been highly amused, and which may therefore be introduced, to the credit of his great good humour.

" When any Patients call in haste,
I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em;
If after that they choose to die,
Why, what cares I?—*I Lets'em*."

On the rumoured resignation of the Russian Admiral PUKE, while the *Arch Duke Constantine* presided at the Admiralty :

I am sick of the service—so tell the Grand Duke

I've thrown up my Commission—your Servant,

JOHN PUKE.

The following being said to be written by a *Peer*, (or spoken extempore as report goes) he must be answerable for any penalties attaching to the crime of *Scandalum Magnatum* :

On being told that the Bishop of C. (Dr. Goodenough) was appointed to preach before the House of Peers—

“ 'Tis well enough that Goodenough

Before the Lords should preach ;

For sure enough they're bad enough

He undertakes to teach.”

When the above most respectable Prelate was made Bishop of C. a certain Dignitary whom the public had expected to get the appointment, being asked by a friend how he came not to be the new Bishop, replied, because I was not *Good-enough* ! This deserves to be preserved, because it is *unique* in its kind ; for I will venture to say, that whoever has the pleasure to be acquainted with the particular Dignitary (now a Prelate) to whom I allude, will be perfectly satisfied, that nobody *could* have said it, but himself.

A person whose name was GUN, complaining to a friend that his Attorney, in his bill had not *let him off easily*—that is no wonder, answered his friend, as he *charged you too high*.

In a caricature exhibited in Italy during Buonaparte's reign, in which two figures of Pasquin and Marforio were introduced, the former was represented as saying, "tutti i Francesi sono ladroni," to which the latter was made to reply, "Non tutti, *ma buona parte*."

Though not perhaps to be reckoned amongst *puns*, yet the *names* of things as well as persons, are liable to very odd perversions. I do not like the name of our gold coin the *Sovereign* on this account. We need be careful of not incurring the charge of High Treason, by our common expressions concerning it. How strangely the following must sound to any *loyal* ear.

I have got a *dreadfully bad* Sovereign.

I wish I could *change* my Sovereign.

I am sure the Sovereign I have got is not *worth twenty shillings*.

I have but *half* a Sovereign.

And how many of his Majesty's most devoted subjects, if they were to speak their minds freely, must cordially and daily wish, to have *more Sovereigns than one*.

To console however the friends of Monarchy, we may be just as certain that every person in his Majesty's dominions would rather have *one*, than *none*.

There is a facetious story current, of a very loyal Baronet, who labouring under a fit of illness, had a remedy proposed to him by a friend, who undertook to promise, that if he would but make trial of it, he would find it to be "a *radical* cure." A radical devil, cries the enraged loyalist; I hate all your *radicals*—I'll have nothing to do with it! His friend stood corrected, but in a short time repeated his advice. Pray try it, says he; let me beg of you; I know it to be a *Sovereign* remedy! O give it me; bring it directly, says the worthy Baronet, I'll swallow it at all adventures.

Whether the following is to be regarded as a proper pun upon *Names*, I leave to the judgment of my reader. There is certainly a good deal of classical wit in it.

On the bankruptcy of a person of the name of HOMER.

That *Homer* should a bankrupt be,
Is not so very ODD D'-YE SEE:
If it be true as I'm instructed,
So ILL-HE-HAD his books conducted.

The Pulpit has, according to report, been occasionally occupied by Punsters. The two following cases may I hope be cited without offence, as instances of puns upon Names.

At Bedford Election once, Mr. Whitbread and Mr. Howard were opposed by a Mr. *Sparrow*. The Clergyman, a warm supporter of the former party, during the heat of the Election, on Sunday morning took for his Text, "are not two *Sparrows* sold for a farthing?" In order to draw from it this encouragement to his friends; "Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than *many Sparrows*."

A Clergyman of the name of *Friend*, who had got possession of a living in a way that rendered it doubtful whether it might not be regarded as a simoniacal contract, was imprudent enough to ask a neighbouring Clergyman to preach for him on the day he was to read in, (as it is called) who had *remonstrated* with him in the course of the *negotiation*, and being humorously inclined, to the great consternation of the new Incumbent, sitting in the desk below him, chose for his Text, "*Friend*, how camest thou in hither?"

Within the precincts of one of our Cathedrals,

a Ball being about to take place at the house of one of the *Canons*, a gentleman of the name of *Noys* was asked in company, whether he was to be present at it. To be sure, said a gentleman who heard it, how should a *Canon* Ball go off without *Noys*?

On Lord *Rockingham's* becoming Minister during our disputes with America, a declaratory Bill being brought into the House of Commons, which was judged to be too tame a measure by the adverse party, the following distich appeared in the papers.

You had better *declare*, which you may without shocking 'em,
That the Nation's *asleep*, and the Minister *Rocking 'em*.

An *old* gentleman of the name of *Gould* having married a very young wife, wrote a poetical epistle to a friend, to inform him of it, and concluded it thus ;

“ So you see my dear Sir, though I'm Eighty years old ;
A Girl of Eighteen is in love with *old Gould*.”

To which his friend replied.

“ A Girl of Eighteen may love Gould it is true,
But believe me, dear Sir, it is Gold without *U* !”

The old Epitaph upon the Earl of *Kildare*, is admirable in its way.

“ Who *kill'd Kildare? who dar'd Kildare to kill?*
 Death *kill'd Kildare; who dares kill* whom he will.”

The story of Dr. Mountain and that facetious Monarch Charles II. is strongly characteristic of the times, and very applicable to our purpose. A Bishopric being vacant, Charles happened to ask his Chaplain Dr. *Mountain* whom he should appoint. “ Why, Sir,” says the latter, “ if your Majesty had but faith, I could tell you who.” “ How so,” said the King, “ *if I had but faith?*” “ Why in that case,” said the Doctor, “ your Majesty might say *to this Mountain, be thou removed into the SEE.*”

The following on the death of a Miss Lettuce, is old, but fair enough.

“ O merciless Death! who to please his old palate,
 Has cropp'd our *young Lettuce* to make him a sallad !”

When her late M——y arrived from the Continent under circumstances of bustle and confusion, to which we need not revert, the celebrated Dr. *Parr*, for a short time, attended upon her, to read prayers, &c. &c. His place was afterwards said to be supplied by a gentleman of the name of *Fellowes*. Upon which the following Epigram was written.

There's a difference between
 Dr. *Parr* and the Q——n,
 For the reason you need not go far,
 The Doctor is jealous
 Of certain little *Felloes*,
 Whom the Q——n thinks much above *Par*!

I hope I shall not go too far if I add a few more. I am not seeking to accumulate such things with any catch-penny views, but because I have frequently fallen into companies, in which the very best and even the very oldest of them were unknown, and may therefore reasonably suppose, that to some of my readers at least, many of them may still be new. I shall confine myself strictly to such as need give no offence, and have been circulated by others before me. *Shenstone* used to comfort himself with the reflection that he bore a name that was not obnoxious to a *Pun*. But there have been compliments conveyed by puns on names, with which the most fastidious might consent to be pleased; as for instance, that of Mr. E.'s (now Lord E.) to Lady *Paine*, afterwards Lady L—v—gt—n, who lamented his sufferings under a violent tooth-ache.

“ Whatever I suffer, I'll never complain,
 He never knew pleasure, who never knew PAINÉ.”

But the following, *pretended to be* from the pen of the immortal Shakspeare, and addressed to the lady he married, deserves not to be passed by, for there is certainly a good deal of ingenuity in it. It is inscribed to the Idol of mine eyes and the delight of my heart, ANNE HATHAWAY.

I.

Would ye be taught ye feather'd throng
 With love's sweet notes to grace your song,
 To pierce the heart with thrilling lay,
 Listen to mine *Anne Hathaway!*
 She *hath a way* to sing so clear,
 Phœbus might wond'ring stop to hear,
 To melt the sad, make blithe the gay,
 And Nature charm, *Anne hath a way;*
 She *hath a way,*
 Anne Hathaway,
 To breathe delight *Anne hath a way.*

II.

When Envy's breath and ranc'rous tooth
 Do soil and bite fair worth and truth,
 And merit to distress betray;
 To soothe the heart *Anne hath a way.*
 She *hath a way* to chace despair,
 To heal all grief, to cure all care,
 Turn foulest night to fairest day.
 Thou know'st, fond heart, *Anne hath a way;*
 She *hath a way,*
 Anne Hathaway,
 To make grief bliss, *Anne hath a way.*

III.

Talk not of Gems, the orient list,
 The diamond, topaze, amethyst,

The emerald mild, the ruby gay ;
 Talk of *my* gem, Anne Hathaway !
 She *hath a way* with her bright eye,
 Their various lustre to defy,
 The jewel she, and the foil they,
 So sweet to look Anne *hath a way*.
 She *hath a way*,
 Anne Hathaway,
 To shame bright Gems Anne *hath a way* !

IV.

But were it to my fancy giv'n
 To rate her charms, I'd call them Heav'n ;
 For though a mortal made of clay,
 Angels must love Anne Hathaway ;
 She *hath a way* so to controul,
 To rapture th' imprison'd soul,
 And sweetest Heav'n on earth display.
 That to be Heaven Anne *hath a way* ;
 She *hath a way*,
 Anne Hathaway,
 To be Heav'n's self Anne *hath a way* !

Anne Hathaway was eight years older than Shakspeare, but still only in her 26th year when he married her ; “ an age,” says Dr. Drake, “ compatible with youth and with the most alluring beauty.” As the same learned writer and biographer asserts that not so much as a fragment of the bard's poetry addressed to his Warwickshire beauty, has been rescued from oblivion, we may well conclude that the Poem just cited is spurious ; but that Shakspeare had an early *disposition* to write such verses, we may

conclude from what he says in *Love's Labour Lost*, Act IV. sc. 3.

“ Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs.”

The following on Miss RAIN, deserves, I think, to be introduced.

Whilst shiv'ring beaux at weather rail,
Of *frost*, and *snow*, and *wind*, and *hail*,
And *heat* and *cold* complain ;
My steadier mind is always bent
On *one sole* object of content,
I ever wish for RAIN !

Hymen thy Vot'ry's pray'r attend,
His anxious hope and suit befriend,
Let him not ask in vain ;
His *thirsty* soul, his *parch'd estate*,
His *glowing* breast commiserate ;
In pity give him RAIN !

This almost reminds us of the Spanish sonnet so commended by *Le Sage* in his *Diable Boiteux*.

“ Ardo y lloro sin sosiego
Llorando y ardiente tanto,
Que ni el llanto apaga el fuego
Ni el fuego consumo el llanto.”

I burn and weep without ceasing, and yet so, that neither my *tears* can *quench* my *flame*, nor my *flame* dry up my *tears*.

Such grave characters as Archbishops have

been complimented in this way, and no doubt very justly.

On the death of Archbishop *Moore*; succeeded by the Right Rev. Dr. *Manners* Sutton.

What say you?—the Archbishop's dead!
 A loss indeed!—Oh, on his head
 May Heav'n its blessings pour!
 But if with such a heart and mind,
 In MANNERS you his equal find,
 Why need you wish for M-ORE?

On the latter of the above two names another impromptu is extant, which will be well understood by all lovers of Poetry, ancient or modern.

O! mourn not for Anacreon dead!
 O! mourn not for Anacreon fled!
 The Lyre still breathes he touch'd before,
 For WE have one ANACREON M-ORE!

The following is a curious, because a very *grave pun* upon names, extracted from Fuller's "*Grave Thoughts*," and cited by Mr. Southey in his *Life of Wesley*. "When worthy Master HERN, famous for his *living, preaching, and writing*, lay on his *death-bed*, (rich only in goodness and children) his wife made such womanish lamentations, what should become of her little ones? Peace, sweet-heart, said he, *that* God who feedeth the *Ravens* will not starve the *Herns*;

a speech censured as *light* by some, observed by others as *prophetical*; as indeed it came to pass that they were all well disposed of."

But even Popes of Rome have indulged themselves with punning upon names. In the VIth century, Gregory the Great sent St. Augustine into Britain to preach the Gospel to the Saxons. The cause of his taking this interest in the affairs of Britain is thus related in that very curious old History, Hollinshed's Chronicle. "It chanced whilst the same *Gregory* was as yet but Archdeacon of the Sea of Rome, certayne yong boyes were brought thither to be solde out of Northumberland, according to the customable use of that countrey! It fortun'd that *Gregory* coming to beholde them, when hee considered and well view'd their fayre skinnes, their sweete visages, and beautifull bushes of their bright and yallow heares, he asked whence they came, and whether the men of their countrey were Christians. Whereunto it was aunswered that they were not—whereat *Gregory* fetching a deepe sigh, sayd, Oh! alas! that the author of darknesse doth as yet possesse men of so brightsome countenaunces, and that with the grace of such faire shining visages, they beare about minds

voyde of inward grace.—He demanded againe by what name the people were called? and answer was made that they wer called Angli, that is Englishmen. And worthily, saith he, for they have Angels' faces, and such as ought to be made fellow heires with *Angels* in Heaven. Then asked he the name of the *province* from whence they were brought; and it was told him they were of DEIRA. It is well, sayd he, they are to be delivered *de irâ Dei*, that is to say, from the ire and wrathe of God.—What name, (sayd he) hath the King of that Province, whereunto answer was made that he was called Alla. Whereupon alluding to the name, he sayd, that *Allelui* ought to be sung in those partes to the praise and honor of God the Creator.”

Punning upon names in Epitaphs have been common; some I have mentioned. The two following are not amiss.

ON MR. THOMAS HUDDLESTONE.

Here lies *Thomas Huddlestone*!—Reader don't smile,
 But reflect, while his Tomb-stone you view;
 For Death, who kill'd him, in a very short while,
 Will *huddle-a-stone* upon you!

ON JOHN PENNY.

Reader! of *Cash*,—if thou'rt in want of any,
Dig four feet deep, and thou shalt find a—PENNY.

In Lucian's *Cock* there is a banter upon those who changed their *names* to acquire importance, as in the case of one Simon, who, having grown very rich, thought himself worthy, *αντι δισυλλαβος, τετρασυλλαβος ειναι*, to have a name of *four* syllables instead of *two*, *Simonides* instead of *Simon*. When the late Lord Melcombe, Bubb Doddington, was appointed ambassador to Spain, having at that time only the name of *Bubb*, Lord Chesterfield rallied him upon his temerity in venturing among the *grandees* of Spain, who generally bore a multiplicity of titles, with such a *monosyllable* of a *name*, intimating that they would account him but a mere plebeian. The new ambassador was confounded, and actually perplexed what to do. Can I, said he to Lord C. lengthen it in any way? I think you may, replied his Lordship—try if you cannot get them to call you *Silly-Bubb!*

Voltaire had a stupid fat Friar living with him at Ferney, who was useful to him, and who went by the name of *Pere Adam*, Father Adam;

a Gentleman who was visiting there, happening to get a glimpse of this inmate of so celebrated a house, asked Voltaire if that was Father Adam? Yes, replied Voltaire, that is *Father Adam*, but *not the first of men*.

It is well known that we have some regular *heraldic* puns upon *Names* in our Peers' mottoes, as, "*Ver non semper viret*," the motto of Lord *Vernon*, and which admits of being rendered, either "the *Spring* does *not* always flourish," which is a fact, or "*Vernon* always flourishes," which may be true or not.

"*Ne vile velis*," the motto of the *Nevilles*, Earls of *Abergavenny*, and which signifies, "Incline to nothing base or vile."

"*Templa quam dilecta*;" the motto of two noble families, the Duke of *Buckingham* and Baron *Grenville*. The Duke of *Buckingham* is Earl *Temple*, and Lord G. of his Grace's family. The name of *Temple* descended to them from the *Cobhams*, with considerable property and honors, so that we must excuse them for crying out, "*Templa quam dilecta!*" "*Temples are delightful, or beloved*;" as it does not mean themselves so much as their ancestors.

"*Forte scutum salus Ducum*;" "a strong

shield is the safety of commanders." The motto of *Fortescue*, Earl of Fortescue, who having a shield for his crest, renders the motto doubly allusive.

"*Ne Vile Fano;*" "Disgrace not the Altar." The motto of *Fane*, Earl of Westmoreland, one of whose ancestors having married the heiress of an Earl of Abergavenny, may be said to give him a right to the *two* names of *Neville* and *Fane*.

Lord *Maynard's* punning motto, is I think rather far fetched, viz. "*Manus Justa Nardus.*" The maxim however is excellent; "the just hand is as precious as ointment."

The *Cavendish* family have an allusion to their name in their motto. "*Cavendo tutus;*" "secure by caution." The motto of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire.

I do not quite understand Lord *Byron's* motto, "*Crede Byron;*" "trust Byron." If it is expected to be taken literally, *it is certainly no joke*. For though *all the Lord Byrons in the world* should claim to be trusted in this particular manner, it does not follow that we should be secure in placing an implicit confidence in *one* of them. Perhaps it might be quite the con-

trary. Those who know more about it than I do, may possibly discover some hidden meaning in it, or be acquainted with some *family tradition* to which it may or may not *apply*.

I do not know whether any pun was intended in Lord *Howe's* motto ; but it certainly seems to answer admirably, as Grammarians would say, to the *Question* How? “ *Utcunque placuerit Deo;*” “ as it may please God.”

“ *De monte Alto,*” “ from the pitch of Grandeur.” The motto of Lord Hawarden, Baron de *Mortalt*.

Lord *Hopetown's* motto, I suppose, bears an allusion to his *name*; “ *At Spes nonfracta;*” “ But my *Hope* is not broken.”

Lord *Fauconberg's* *punning* motto requires some attention to find it out; *Bonne et Belle assez;*” “ Good and handsome enough.” I suppose the “ *belle assez,*” is meant to express, or at least to resemble the name of that noble family, “ *Bellasyse.*”

“ *Deum Cole, regem serva;*” “ Worship God, serve the King.” The motto of *Cole* Earl of *Enniskillen*.

“ *Fare, Fac;*” “ Speak, Do !” The motto of the *Fairfax* family.

Lord Dunsany's motto, "Festina lente;" "Quick without Impetuosity," would have done for the *On-slow* family. It is originally a Greek maxim, *σπευδε βραδεως*, assigned by Aulus Gellius to Augustus, to whom the former gives great credit, for having found means so briefly to express a maxim of a very peculiar nature, including, as he expresses himself, both, "*industriæ celeritas et diligentia tarditas*," a quickness of application, with wariness of proceeding.

I wonder Lord *Monson's* ancestors did not hit upon "*Luna cum Phæbo*" for their motto, the name (and title now) being so set forth in Willis's *History of Cathedrals*.

"*Lunam cum Phæbo jungito, nomen habes.*"

Join *Moon* and *Sun*, and *Monson* you will have.

It should be added, however, in defence of this rather far fetched quibble, that in Saxon, *Son* is called *Suna*, and *the Sun* often written *Sonna*.

Arms, crests, &c. are sometimes regular puns upon *names*, as in the family of the *Dobells*—a *Doe* between three *Bells*; *Veal*, three *Calves*; *Askewe*, three *squinting Donkies*, &c. &c.

Lord Grosvenor's *crest* and *supporters* being

hounds, are meant no doubt to express the *Gros-Veneur*, or *Great Hunter*, which is the true import of the name.

Lord Courtenay's *crest* the *Dolphin*, bespeaks his claim as *Dauphin*, to the Crown of France.

Lord Maynard's three *hands*, must be the *just hands*, alluded to in the *motto*, bearing reference, as has been shewn, to the *name* and *title* of that noble family.

The bugle horns of the *Forresters* have evidently an allusion to the name and title.

Lord *Barrymore's* arms, whose name is *Barry*, would in *Blazonry* stand thus, *Barry of Twelve*, &c.

There is a curious banter upon Arms in the beginning of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, in which Shakspeare is supposed to have gratified his revenge against the prosecutor of his youth, Sir Thomas *Lucy*.

“ *Slender*. A gentleman born, Master Parson, who writes himself *Armigero*.—All his *successors* gone before him have don't; and all his *ancestors* that come after him may; they may give the dozen white *luces* in their coat.

“ *Shallow*. It is an old coat.

“ *Evans* The dozen white *lowses* do become

an old coat well ; it agrees well passant ; it is a familiar beast to man, and signifies love."

Shakspeare seems to have taken this idea from the following story in *Stanihurst's History of Ireland*, in Hollinshed, 1577. It is related of one Sir William Wise.

" Having lente to the King (Henry VIII.) his signet to seale a letter, who having powdred eremites engrayl'd in the seale, why how now Wise, quoth the King, What? hast thou *lise* here? and if it like your Majestie, quoth Sir William, a *louse* is a rich coate, for by giving the *louse*, I part armes with the French King, in that he giveth the *floure de lice*. Whereat the King heartily laugh'd, to heare how pretily so byting a taunt, (namely, proceeding from a Prince) was so sodaynely turned to so pleasaunte a conceyte."—Shakspeare was fond of Hollinshed's History.

In Dr. Stock's Life of the late Dr. *Beddoes*, he gives us the following extract from the common-place book of the latter.

NAMES.—The force of genius preserves a writer against certain faults of taste. Shakspeare calls scarce any of his characters by adjectives expressive of the character he means to paint,

except *Shallow* and *Slender*. The vulgar author of the *Pilgrim's Progress* vulgarly labels all his. It is a miserable shift to help out deficiency in dramatic drawing and colouring. It should be left to the reader to find out the proper epithet. The name and nature of different members of a family are put sadly at cross-purposes. If the *hypocrite* hero of the *School for Scandal* is to be baptized *Joseph SURFACE*, his brother ought to have stood in the *dramatis personæ* as *Charles BOTTOM*.

This is certainly not a bad remark. Nothing but *nick-names* in the way of *characteristics* will do for members of the same family. I have heard of two brothers, whose modes of speech and voices were so different, that their school-fellows chose to distinguish them as *BUBBLE* and *SQUEAK*.

However, Dr. Beddoes was wrong in fancying that to adopt descriptive names in dramatic entertainments was below the pitch of *genius*, for it was precisely the case with both *Terence* and *Menander*, as may be easily seen by turning to the lists of the *Fabulæ Interlocutores*, or *Dramatis Personæ*, in the Delphin Edition of Terence's Plays.

In Mr. Southey's Life of Wesley, there is a curious extract from the *Armenian Magazine*, which is intended, I apprehend, to set forth the spirit and disposition of the opposite or *Calvinistic* party. It is stated to be the examination of Tilenus before the Triers, written by one who was present at the Synod of Dort. The names of the Triers are quite in the *Bunyan* stile. They are,

Dr. *Absolute*, Chairman.

Mr. *Fatality*; Mr. *Præterition*; Mr. *Fry-babe*; Mr. *Damn-man*; Mr. *Narrow-grace*; Mr. *Efficax*; Mr. *Indefectible*; Dr. *Confidence*; Dr. *Dubious*; Mr. *Meanwell*; Mr. *Simulans*; Mr. *Take-o'-Trust*; Mr. *Know-little*; and Mr. *Impertinent*.

King James the first being present at some solemn disputations held in the Universities of *Edinburgh* and *St. Andrews*, chose to testify his satisfaction by a string of *puns* on the *names* of the Exhibitors, and which he thought so witty, that he caused them to be turned both into English and Latin verse. These royal puns have never fallen in my way.

CHRISTIAN NAMES.

WHATEVER difficulties may exist as to Sir, or Sur-names, there seems to be a particular rank and consequence attached to *Christian* Names, which deserves some notice; especially as there has been a variation in regard to them. Formerly *abbreviated* names appear to have been most *polite*. The highest personages in the land would call their untitled sons, *Bill* and *Billy*; *Bob* and *Bobby*; *Jack* and *Jacky*; *Ned* and *Neddy*; and even their titled daughters, Lady *Betty* instead of Lady Elizabeth; Lady *Jenny* instead of Lady Jane; and Lady *Fanny* for Lady Frances. But now we never hear of a Lady *Betty* or a Lord *Harry*, but all the *beau monde* are *Henrys* and *Elizabeths*; *Johns* and *Janes*; *Frances's* and *Edwards*. Poets and others used, (studiously as it would appear) to *shorten* the names of their mistresses and favorites, as the following curious passage, from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, will serve to shew. Speaking of the great changes wrought by *time* in love matters, " After

marriage," says he, "when the black ox hath trodden on her toe, she will be so altered and wax out of favor, thou wilt scarce know her. One grows too fat, another too lean; modest *Madge*; pretty pleasing *Peg*; sweet-singing *Susan*; mincing merry *Moll*; dainty dancing *Doll*; neat *Nancy*; jolly *Jenny*; nimble *Nell*; kissing *Kate*; bouncing *Besse*, with black eyes; fair *Phillis* with white hands; fiddling *Frank*; tall *Tib*; slender *Sib*; will quickly lose their grace, grow fulsome, heavy, dull, and out of fashion." This account, of which the attempt at *alliteration* is not the least curious part, may be considered as about 200 years old; but much lower than that, the *full name* in many instances, was accounted *vulgar* and *plebeian*, the *shortened* noble and *genteel*.

This change among the gentry, upon the principle of High Life below Stairs, has led to sad confusion in the *Servants' Hall*, &c. Our maid servants will no longer *condescend* to be *Bettys* and *Mollys*, and *Sallys* and *Jennys*, as they used to be; though it should be attended with ever so much confusion to call them otherwise. Nay, if their masters or mistresses make a point of calling them so, yet it is fifty to one if any of

their fellow servants dare do so, or *will* do so, in consideration of their own rights and privileges. *Betty* or *Betsy*, *Fanny* or *Molly*, in the nursery, or bedchambers, is sure to be *Elizabeth* or *Eliza*, *Frances* and *Mary* in the servants' hall and kitchen, if not indeed *Miss Elizabeth*, *Miss Frances*, &c. Amongst the upper servants, even the full Christian Name is not sufficiently dignified; but they must all be called by their *Surnames*, and for grandeur-sake, their lords and ladies, masters and mistresses like to have it so, though they care not to what extent they *Dolly* and *Betty* all the *inferior* servants, which I think very hard; especially as the latter, since the Christian Names have been dispensed with, are obliged to *Mr.* and *Mrs.* the Butler and Housekeeper into the bargain. Some of our short Names are, it must be admitted, extremely inelegant; *Bob*, *Bill*, *Dick*, *Numps*, *Tom*, *Nick*, &c. *Moll*, *Bett*, *Sall*, *Madge*, &c. The Spectator complained long ago, that our proper Names, when *familiarized* in English, generally dwindle into monosyllables, whereas in other modern languages, they receive a softer turn, and acquire an additional syllable or two. As *Jack*, in *French Janot*, and *Nick*, in *Italian Nicolini*—

perhaps some help of this sort would reconcile our servants to the distinctions required. Our Mollys, for instance, might bear to be called *Mollinins*; our Sallys *Sallinettas*; our Fannys *Fanciullas*; or our Madges *Margarettas*. It is amazing of what importance these things are become, and how necessary a Master of the Ceremonies is to a Servants' Hall; nay, more, than a Master of Ceremonies, a Garter King, a Great Chamberlain, or Earl Marshal, to arrange things as they should be. A lady of my acquaintance in the country, lost an admirable cook some time ago, entirely because she happened to decide against her in an appeal from the dairy-maid, who refused to let the *new cook* sleep on the *right side* of the bed; which is much of a piece with the story in Sir Roger L'Estrange's *Æsop*, of a gentleman thief, under sentence of death for a robbery on the high-way, petitioning for the *right side* of the cart on his way to the place of *execution*.

Having alluded to the jealousies of servants on subjects of place and importance, I shall beg leave to introduce here, (though rather out of place,) the following stories.

Nothing is held to be more insufferably de-

grading to modern servants, than to be told to do any thing, however trivial or easy, that does not strictly belong to their place, or to use words of their own, which they were “ *not hired to do.*” A living person of no small notoriety and eminence, inadvertently once, and being in a hurry, told his *coachman* to bring him a *jug* of *water*. The coachman not having been hired to bring his master jugs of water, passed the order on to the first fellow-servant he met, who happened to be *the cook*; but it was no more the *cook’s* place to fetch water for her master, than the *coachman’s*, and so no water was fetched. The master becoming impatient, and seeing the coachman before his window, enquired why he had not brought him the jug of water he ordered. I told the *cook* to fetch it, Sir, said the coachman; and why then did not the cook bring it, said the master? Because, Sir, she said it was not *her place* to do it, replied the coachman. The master therefore ordered the carriage to be got ready; which being indisputably the coachman’s business, he immediately did as he was ordered, and had the coach at the door in less than ten minutes. When the master saw it, now, says he to the coachman, be so good as to

drive to the *kitchen door*, and carry the *cook* in the *carriage* to the *pump*, and manage to bring back between you, after your morning's excursion, a full jug of water, or else both of you quit your places directly. By this expedient he managed to obtain what he wanted, though it must be acknowledged in rather a round about way.

I remember being visiting once at the house of a noble Peer, when his Chaplain, a very worthy good man, called me aside to see the dinner carried into the servants' hall. It was conveyed on many hand biers, having the cook at the head with an immense carving knife in his hand, and in proper *costume*. The Chaplain desired me to look at the dinner, which I did, and had ample means of seeing that it was in all respects as good as any *gentry* in the kingdom would wish to have placed before them: but the Chaplain told me, it had been the subject of many memorials to the Peer, full of complaints, that it was not such as the servants had a right to expect. I could not comprehend his meaning. I said, I saw every thing that could constitute a good plain English dinner, and that it was utterly impossible for me to conjecture the grounds of their complaints, or what the wants could be

which they insisted upon. He then told me, that the memorials stated, that it was a *hardship* to them, never to have any thing for their dinners, except mutton, beef, veal, lamb, pork, puddings, pies, and vegetables!—This was literally the case; and I then discovered that it all arose from a jealousy between the *lower* and the *upper servants*, and that the real complaint of the former amounted to this, that in the servants' hall, they never had, what was often had at the first, or upper servants' table, venison, fish, soups, and game!!

The following I had from the mouth of the noble Peer himself. It was the custom annually to lay upon his table the cellar account, in which the consumption of different wines was noted in distinct columns, and the whole amount collected at the foot. His method was merely to compare the sums total with those of the preceding year, and to notice any glaring discrepancy. The difference in the year alluded to, amounted to more than a thousand bottles. He of course judged it necessary to ask the Butler, (as honest a man perhaps as could be found in such a situation) how this could have happened? observing, that he was not aware that there had

been more company than usual. The Butler paused, not knowing at first to what to impute so large an excess, but at length plainly said, "perhaps, your Grace, more servants were ill this year than common, or they had more friends come to see them."

I tell these stories to shew the state and condition of great houses; the *torment* of great riches; and I may add, the *Wisdom* of Solomon, who, living in a *palace*, found it to be but too true, that "when goods increase, *they are increased that eat them*; and what good is there to the *owners* thereof, saving the *beholding of them with their eyes*?"

When *Lord North* was Prime Minister, he was expected upon a visit at one of the greatest houses in the kingdom. The private character of this amiable Nobleman was generally known to be such, as not only to attach to him many friends, but in the severest political struggles, often to disaim his most strenuous opponents. Before his arrival, however, at the great house where he was expected, it was discovered that the *servants* of the house were all up in arms about his coming, and that he appeared to be the most unwelcome guest that could have been

invited. The curiosity of his noble friend was excited, to ascertain if possible the grounds of so extraordinary a dislike; but it was not till after the visit had taken place, that the mystery was unravelled. It was then found, that it all arose out of the measures adopted by his Lordship to regulate the tax upon *soap*. That in the calculations laid before Parliament, he had estimated the consumption of that necessary article, in *great houses*, so *low*, as to hurt the feelings of all the *laundry maids* in such establishments. What hurt the feelings of the laundry maids; of course hurt the feelings of the footmen; what hurt the feelings of the footmen affected the housemaids, and spread from them to the nursery; from the nursery it passed to the butler's, and from thence to the housekeeper's *room*, till at length, the Minister had not one friend left amongst them all.

To return to *Christian Names*.

The following story, taken from the *Menagiana*, and dressed up in Sterne's fashion, is well calculated to shew their importance.

“As *Francis the First* of France was one winterly night warming himself over the embers of a wood fire, and talking with his first Minister

of sundry things for the good of the State—it would not be amiss, said the King, stirring up the embers with his cane, if this good understanding betwixt ourselves and *Switzerland* was a little strengthened. There is no end, Sire, replied the Minister, in giving money to these people; they would swallow up the treasury of France. Poo, poo, answered the King—there are more ways, Mons. le Premier, of bribing states, besides that of giving *money*—I'll pay *Switzerland* the honor of standing *Godfather* to my next child!—Your Majesty, said the Minister, in so doing, would have all the Grammarians in Europe upon your back;—*Switzerland*, as a Republic being a female, can in no construction be *Godfather*.—She may be *Godmother*, replied Francis, hastily—so announce my intentions by a courier to-morrow morning.

“ I am astonished, said Francis the First, (that day fortnight) speaking to his Minister as he entered the closet, that we have had no answer from *Switzerland*.—Sire, I wait upon you this moment, said Mons. le Premier, to lay before you my dispatches upon that business.—They take it kindly, said the King.—They do, Sire, replied the Minister, and have the highest sense

of the honor your Majesty has done them—but the Republic, as *Godmother*, claims her right in this case, of naming the child.

“ In all reason, quoth the King—she will christen him *Francis*, or *Henry*, or *Lewis*, or some name that will be agreeable to us. Your Majesty is deceived, replied the Minister—I have this hour received a dispatch from our Resident, with the determination of the Republic, on that point also.—And what name has the Republic fixed upon for the *Dauphin*?—*Shadrach, Mesech, Abednego*, replied the Minister.—By St. Peter’s girdle, I will have nothing to do with the Swiss, cried Francis the First, pulling up his breeches, and walking hastily across the floor.—Your Majesty, replied the Minister, calmly, cannot bring yourself off.—Well, pay them in money, said the King.—Sire, there are not sixty thousand crowns in the treasury, answered the Minister.—I’ll pawn the best jewel in my crown, quoth Francis the First.—Your Majesty’s *honor* stands pawned already in this matter, answered Mons. le Premier. — Then, Mons. le Premier, said the King, by —— we’ll go to war with ’em.”

MARQUESS.

IT is but a short time since our English *Marquesses* got to spell their titles properly; or resumed at least the ancient mode. I believe the present D. of M——h, when Marquess of B——d, was among the first who tried to revive the old mode of writing it. *Marquis* was always objectionable, as being much more French than *English*; and though a high title in the former country, much more common there than with us. A sort of *travelling* title also, I should presume, from the phrase amongst them, “*se Marquiser,*” to *assume* the title of *Marquis*; nay, I should scarcely attempt to say, what the title might not include, according to the character assigned to it by the *Diable Boiteaux*, when speaking of the forms he assumed; “*J'empruntai ceux d'un petit Marquis François pour me faire aimer brusquement;*”—and again, “*Car dans le commerce de l'amour, les Marquis sont des Negocians qui ont grand credit sur la place.*” The pronounciation moreover of the words in *French* and *English* being

so different, might be reckoned another objection. The *Marquess* is, I believe, well understood to represent the *præses limitaneus* of the Romans; the *German Marck-grave Comes* or *Count* of the *Frontiers*; for *Grave* or *Graffe* is equivalent to the Latin *Comes*, and is thus annexed as a title to many other words; as, *Landgrave Count* of the *Provinces*. *Burgrave, Count* of *Cities, Castles, or Fortresses*; *Pfaltsgrave, Count Palatine*; *Rhin-grave, Count* of the *County of the Rhine*. The *Mark-grave* therefore was the title of the *Count* of the *Frontiers*, from *Marken, Mark, March, or limit*; whence the French term *Marquiser* to border upon or be adjoining to. *Marquis* well enough expresses this amongst the *French*, but amongst ourselves *Marquess* undoubtedly is the oldest way of spelling the title; which if it do not so exactly express the *Marckgrave* of the *Germans and Dutch*, or the Latin *Marggravius* or *Marchio*, nearly resembles the Spanish *Marquez*, the Italian *Marchese*, and most of all, perhaps, the $\mu\alpha\rho\kappa\epsilon\iota\omicron\varsigma$ and $\mu\alpha\rho\kappa\epsilon\zeta\iota\eta$, *Marquess* and *Marchioness* of the later *Greeks*. I hope this will come then to be generally adopted again, which is not the case at present, many of our newspapers still having it *Marquis*, and I am

sorry to say, I find it invariably spelt so even in the *Court or Royal Kalendar* for 1823!

Before it became a distinct title with us, (which happened in the reign of Richard II. Robert Vere being made Marquess of Dublin,) it was sometimes given to *Earls* and *Barons*, if they *happened* to be *Lords* of the *Frontiers*; which plainly, I think, proves its true meaning and derivation, in contradiction to those who have talked about its being derived from an old Celtic word, signifying to *ride*; from whence also they would have us believe the *Marcomanni* had their name, as a people who excelled in *horsemanship*. The fact seems to be, that in the Celtic, there *was* a word from whence the Latin term *Marchio* might be said to be derived, signifying “*Præfectus Equitum*;” but there is no doubt but that the very same word, and in a much more regular manner, derived from *March*, a *limit*, expressed the *Præfectus limitum* or *limitaneus*, and that our title of Marquess belongs to the latter. Having observed that the French title, *Marquis*, used probably to be a *travelling* title, adopted by those who wished to pass for persons of consequence or distinction amongst strangers, I cannot help relating, in order to mark the spirit of

the times referred to, the following embarrassments of a *French Marquis*, in the early part of the late Revolution in that country. Being about to quit Paris for a tour, he was required, at the barriers of that Capital, to give an account of himself; his name, style, titles, &c. "I am," saith he, "*Monsieur le Marquis de Saint Cyr.*"—"Oh, oh," replies the revolutionary democrat or an officer, "we have no *Monsieurs* now."—"Put me down as the *Marquis de St. Cyr*, then," said he.—"All titles of *Nobility* are abolished;" answered the man.—"Call me *Dé Saint Cyr* only."—"No person is allowed to have *De* before his name in these days of *Equality.*"—"Write *Saint Cyr* then."—"That won't do either," said the gruff centinel; "all the *Saints* are struck out of the calendar."—"Let my name be *Cyr* then," said the Marquis.—"*Sire!!*" (*Cyr* is thus pronounced) that is worse than all; all *Sires*, thank God, are quite done away with." And thus for want of a name sufficiently *republican*, *antimonarchical*, and *profane*, was the unfortunate *Marquis* kept confined within the barriers;—a pretty trick to play to a "*Præses limitum*, or *Prefectus limitaneus!*"

BISHOPS.

SOME confusion arises from the mode adopted by our *Bishops* of using the ancient *Latin* appellations of their Sees, instead of the English modern ones. What country gentleman would know at first sight, that *C. Cantuar* meant His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury?

A country apothecary shewed me some time ago, a note he had received from a true *John Bull*, to the following effect.

“ My wife’s stomach is no better, and she wants more physic. . . . Send it soon and safe, with plain directions, and none of your *Latin stuff*. My people can scarcely read English, and how are they to understand what you mean by your *Anodynes* and *Analeptics*, *Sudorifics* and *Laxatives* ?”

“ Ma’am,” says Dr. *Fossile* to Mrs. *Lovelight* in the *Plain Dealer*, “ I have ordered Mr. What’s-his-name, your spouse’s apothecary, to *phlebotomise* him to-morrow morning. To do what

with me ? cried my poor husband, starting up in his bed ; I will never suffer it. No, I am not, I thank God, in so desperate a condition as to undergo so damnable an operation as that is.— As *what* is ? my dear, answered I, smiling ; the Doctor would have you *blooded*. As for bleeding, replied he, I like it well enough ; but for that other thing he ordered, I will sooner die than submit to it.”

Surely our Bishops run a risk of puzzling plain people quite as much by their signatures and subscriptions.

E. Ebor bears still less resemblance to the modern title of the Archbishop of *York*, than *C. Cantuar* to that of *Canterbury*. *Dunelm* is not much like *Durham*, and *Winton* for *Winchester*, has, as I am informed, actually occasioned a ridiculous blunder but a short time ago. A very eminent bookseller in London having received intimation from the present Bishop of his intention to publish the *Life of Mr. Pitt*, paid no attention to the letter, till mentioning to a third person that he had received proposals to that effect, from a person he knew nothing about, one “ *Mr. George Winton*,” he was not a little confounded to be told, that *Mr. George*

Winton was no other than the very eminent Prelate above mentioned.

Something of the like nature, I am told, happened to his Lordship of S—y, who when the the late much-lamented Princess *Charlotte* laboured under an indisposition, sent frequent written enquiries to her *Scotch* Physician, signing himself *J. Sarum*. The Physician unversed in these episcopal conundrums, observed to a friend, that he had been much pestered with notes, from “*ane Jean Saaroom, whom he ken’d nothing about. I tak nae notice o’ the fellow,*” said he.

Vigorn for *Worcester*.

Roffensis for *Rochester*.

or

Exon for *Exeter*,

might at the least have puzzled him as much—but after all it is not general; their Lordships of *London, Oxford, Hereford*, and several others, write plain English. The present Bishop of *Rochester*, indeed, franks his letters *Rochester*, but it was not so with some of his predecessors.

I could never make out why we are said to have Archbishops (or rather one Archbishop) “by *divine Providence*,” and Bishops only “by *divine Permission*.” Surely the one includes the

other. According, however, to the present mode of distinction, it *looks* as if Bishops being *permitted*, it was judged to be very *providential* that there should be an Archbishop to *overlook* even the *overlookers* or overseers themselves (επισκοποποι). This I don't like.

We seem to have entirely done with *suffragan* or assistant Bishops, though I believe the statute concerning them is still in force. Few persons probably know that as the act runs, there *might* be a Bishop of *Thetford*, a Bishop of *Ipswich*, *Colchester*, *Dover*, *Guilford*, *Southampton*, *Taunton*, *Shaftsbury*, *Molton*, *Marlborough*, *Bedford*, *Leicester*, *Glocester*, *Shrewsbury*, *Bristow*, *Penreth*, *Bridgewater*, *Nottingham*, *Grantham*, *Hull*, *Huntingdon*, *Cambridge*, *Pereth*, *Berwick*, *St. Germans*, and the *Isle of Wight*. These Bishops are not entitled to seats in the House of Lords indeed, but in public assemblies would have a right to rank *immediately after* the Lay or *Temporal* Peers.

Authors are often exposed to difficulties in citing the works of particular Bishops, when they happen to have written on the *same subjects*. As the *late* and *present* Bishops of *St. David's* for instance; nay, we might *add* even the celebrated Dr. Bull. They should I think in such

cases be always distinguished by their *names*; as Bishop *Horsley*, Bishop *B—ss*, &c. It may not appear quite so courtly or decorous, but in some respects is almost necessary. Many very learned men have been almost annihilated by the practice of *latinising* their names, in works of great celebrity. Who, that was not in the secret, would dream that *Thuanus* was the President *de Thou*; *Salmasius* M. *Saumaise*; *Vallemontanus* M. *de Vaudemont*; Calvin or *Calvinus* M. *Cauvin*; *Clericus* *Le Clerc*, &c. &c.? But this is not quite so bad as absolutely translating the original name, which has been sometimes done, and carries us as far from the mark, as if the celebrated Author of the Preface to *Bellendenus* had chosen to call Mr. Fox *Vulpes*, Mr. Pitt *Fossa*, and Lord North *Boreas*, *Aquilo*, or *Septentrio*.

I recollect being told of one of our learned countrymen who had distinguished himself by a valuable edition of a Greek Classic, with Annotations, being turned aside from his purpose, of *engaging further* in such undertakings, by the ridicule passed upon him, in consequence of the attempt of foreigners to *latinise* his name in their citations and references; and though I forget the name they gave him, I well remember

it to have been one, which as an English *nickname* was indeed extremely absurd. In Mr. Southey's *Life of Wesley*, there is a good story told of a *Controversialist*, of the name of *Newcomb*, who by way of blind, and to shew his knowledge of the French tongue, called himself *Peigne-neuve*; a witty adversary taking advantage of the opportunity so fairly afforded him of retaliating upon him, for his want of good manners, took care in his replies, constantly to call him *Mr. Pig-enough*. In *Murphy's Travels in Portugal*, 1795, we are told that it is common with the Portuguese to translate the surnames of strangers, if they bear any allusion to substantives or qualities. Mr. Wolf they call *Senor Lobo*; Mr. Whitehead, *Senor Cabeça Bianca*, &c. The ancient Irish had the same custom, nor is it unusual in the southern provinces at this day. But to return to the Bishops.

Few people are aware, I apprehend, that the *King* and *Queen of England*, wherever the Court may be, are specially and peculiarly, *parishioners* of his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Bishop of *London* is the Archbishop's provincial *Dean*; the Bishop of *Winchester* his *Sub-Dean*; the Bishop of *Lincoln* his *Chancellor*; and

the Bishop of *Rochester* his *Chaplain*. Among the Bishops, three have precedence, the Bishops of *London*, *Durham*, and *Winchester*. But why has not the second the rank of an *Earl*; for he is undoubtedly Earl of Sedberg? Nay, his *Bishopric* is a *Principality*, and his *County*, *Palatine*. He appoints the High Sheriff, and might wear a sword, like the Knight in the arms of his *Bishopric*, who has, according to Chamberlayne, in one hand a naked sword, and in the other a Church. (Church militant with a witness!) not much unlike the *insignia* of *John of Leyden*, who as *King of Leyden*, chose to have a *bible* carried on one side of him, and a *sword* on the other.

BISHOPS' LADIES.

It seems very odd to me, (but I presume not to speak in the way of remonstrance) that a Bishop's *wife* should have no distinction at all. The learned Selden, in his *Table-talk*, (I quote from memory) compares a Bishop's wife to the clog or weight at the end of a monkey's chain. The monkey climbs to the top of the wall, while the clog remains at the bottom. But why should it be so? The Clergy of England are no longer

Celibates, and we need not surely practise a deception to make them *appear* so? The Bishop is said to be married to his *See*, or in honest John Guillim's terms, "*knit in nuptial bands of love and tenderness to his Cathedral Church.*" Nay, the armorial bearings on their carriages, still denote such marriages and no other; and it is indeed upon record, that *some* Bishops, as Bishops *Bedell* and *Berkeley* in particular, have refused to be *divorced* from such their wives, even by the tempting lure of a translation. But in fact, as the case stands at present, the very respectable persons who occupy the situation of Bishops' wives, are, as it were by these customs publicly denounced. To use a vulgar expression, they seem set aside as a sort of *left-handed* wives. Nay, worse than that; even driven from the *sinister* side of the impalement, which in almost all other instances, of *Baron* and *Femme*, (heraldically speaking;) belongs to the latter. And this in one of the very first of the reformed Churches! Why is this? Are we not reformed? are we not Protestants? are we ashamed of what we have done, and is the Celibacy of the Clergy a point not yet actually given up?

I have no objection to the *official seal*, in this

case, as in others, being so marshalled, but why should the wives' arms be excluded from the private carriages, plate, &c. as is usually the case? The Knights of the different *orders* bear the arms *separate*, the *wife* not being supposed entitled to the *absolute decorations* of the order; and a Bishop surely, if distinction be necessary, might do the same — nay, I think, ought to do so.

I cannot pretend to say, what title, or what sort of pre-eminence I should recommend, as proper to a Bishop's lady, but that they should not only not participate in, but be absolutely and studiously *excluded* from the honors of their husbands, under the present circumstances of our *reformed* Church, is, I think, worse than a mere oversight; it either makes a Bishop a *bigamist*, or seems to revive the justly-exploded system of *Concubinage*—and to the prejudice of whom? possibly some of the most virtuous and respectable of their sex.

It is true, and I am sorry for it, that neither *Bishops* nor *Judges* can entail any greatness, or commonly speaking, confer large fortunes on their children, and therefore the lower the rank of their *wives* and *widows* and *families*, the bet-

ter for themselves ; but sentimentally this makes the case worse. How hard is it, that the wives, widows, and children of persons who have risen to the head of their professions, should derive no consequence from the elevation of the heads of their families. *Bishops* and *Judges* move in a high sphere, and during their lives, their wives and children must do the same. It is cruel that they should be left to sink suddenly, or rather lose so abruptly, their stay and support in society, by the death of the very persons, who had perhaps first raised them into any importance at all. If it were the same with all professions, it would be different ; but how many *Physicians*, *Surgeons*, (not to mention *Generals* and *Admirals*) have left to their children, the goodly inheritance not only of wealth, but of permanent honors. In the *Church* no such things are to be expected ; in the *Law* there are seldom more than *two* or *three* chances of the latter ; and in respect to wealth, it is certainly not to be generally acquired on the *Bench*.

By the ancient discipline, Bishops might be married once, but a second marriage amounted to a disqualification. When celibacy began to be insisted on in the *Greek* and *Roman* Churches,

Bishops were *expected* not to live with their wives, but it does not seem to have been positively enjoined them till the Council of Trullo in 692, when it became established in the former. In the Latin Church it only obtained by slow degrees. In writers of the middle age, we meet with the term *Episcopa*, Bishopess. By an ancient Canon of the Council of *Tours*, a Bishop who had no *Bishopess*, was forbid to have any *crowd of women* after him. But I must be allowed to ask, how could the Bishop help it, if the ladies chose to follow him? No doubt Bishops made good husbands, and therefore when they had no *Bishopess*, can we wonder that the ladies should follow him about, in hopes of becoming such? I say this, because the *Latin* of the *Canon* seems to leave it *doubtful* whether the prohibition lay on the *Bishop* or *the women*. “*Episcopum Episcopam non habentem, nulla sequatur Turba mulierum.*”

The credit of the Bishops seems a little at stake in the decision of this question.

No persons suffer more, from liberties taken with their names or titles than *Bishops* do. “*Falling in,*” says the *Spectator*, “the other

day at a victualling-house near the House of Peers; I heard the maid come down and tell the landlady, at the bar, that *my Lord Bishop swore* he would throw her out of window if she did not bring up more mild beer." Every body knows that by this was meant my Lord Bishop's *servant*. But in such cases, the grave character of the master tells greatly to his disadvantage. A "double mug of purl," for my Lord Duke, can never sound so bad, as a *Bishop's swearing* and threatening to throw a woman out of window. It is an old story, but very appropriate, that is told of *Garrick*. A man of the name of *Stone*, who was employed by him to get recruits for the under parts of the Drama, had hired a fellow to perform the character of the *Bishop of Winchester* in Shakspeare's Play of *Henry the Eighth*; but on the night of performance, sent a note to *Garrick* in these words: "Sir, the *Bishop of Winchester* is getting drunk at the Bear, and *swears* he will not play to-night. I am, &c." To this *Garrick* immediately replied, "*Stone*, the *Bishop of Winchester* may go to the Devil. I do not know a *greater rascal* except yourself. D. G."—Another time *Stone* wrote to him, "Sir,

I axed Mr. Lacey for my two guineas for the last *Bishop*, and he said a *farthing* would be *too much* for him."

N. B. Since writing the above, the following paragraph has appeared in the public papers.

"A report is afloat that the courtesy of the Crown will be graciously extended to the consorts of Bishops, so as to permit them to participate in the temporal dignities of their spiritual Lords; and thus will be removed from among the *anomalies* of some of our institutions, one which gives an awkward irregularity to an elevated portion of our social order; for it is a great incongruity not to suffer the spouses of Spiritual Peers to repose upon the same proud pedestal of rank which sustains the Ladies of Lay Nobility."—*Dublin Correspondent*.

LAW.

THERE is a wider gap between the *Lord Chancellor* and *Judges* than between the *Archbishops* and *Bishops*, even when the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench is a Peer. Nor can I well account for the *Masters in Chancery* being placed where they are in most of our orders of Precedence; in *some* even *before* Viscounts' younger sons, Barons' younger sons, and Baronets. In *others below* Knights. It would be very difficult to reconcile these two appointments, or indeed to say, which were the most correct. The *Masters in Chancery* sometimes indeed sit upon the *same Bench* with the *Chancellor*, but are surely not so much connected with him, or so nearly allied to him, as the *puisne Judges* to the *Chiefs* of the other Courts. Formerly they were in Holy Orders, and regular *Clerici*; but I would not venture on this account to call them *Clerks* to the Chancellor, though I think them rather *Assistants* than regular *Assessors*. In cases of great weight and difficulty, the Lord Chancellor

may call upon some of the *Judges* of the other Courts to aid him with their advice, which seems to place the Masters of Chancery below the rank of *Assessors* in the Chancery Court. The *Master* of the *Rolls*, as head of the order, and who has a Court of his own, may very reasonably, as a *Præfectus* or *Primicerios*, be allowed the rank assigned him, between the *two Chief Justices*. There is no need to *displace* the Masters in Chancery, let their allotted rank be what it may; but I could not help pointing out the discrepancies to which I have alluded, especially as Sir William Blackstone, connected as he was with Westminster Hall, seems not to have admitted them at all into his order of Precedence. Wherever they *are* introduced, however, they clearly stand above *Serjeants at Law*, and yet the latter in virtue of their *Coif*, are generally put into the King's Commission, as regular substitutes of the Judges, in case of sickness or disability, on the circuits. There is something anomalous even in the very title of a Serjeant at Law. *Serviens ad Legem*, which bespeaks rather an *Apprentice* than a *Proficient*; a *Subaltern* rather than a *Præfectus*; though the *Coif* is certainly a distinction of great legal eminence.

Many of my readers perhaps may not know what I mean by the *Coif*. It is a round piece of lawn or cambric, covered all but the edge with black silk, taffety, (or I know not what) but supposed to represent the *corona clericalis*, intended to hide the *Tonsuram Clericalem*, or shaven pate of those in *holy orders*, which the Members of the Law in former times generally were. It is now placed upon the hinder parts of the wigs of all *Serjeants* and *Judges*; which reminds me of a very ridiculous mistake of a worthy Serjeant, not long deceased, and for the truth of which I can vouch. He was left executor to one of his *brethren*, a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, whose will, by accident, was thrown into Chancery, upon what they call an *amicable suit*, that is, merely to obtain for the executors, the solemn sanction of that Court, to do what they ought to have been hanged for not doing without that sanction, upon their own discretion. It was moreover something that could have been perfectly and effectually accomplished in the compass of *ten minutes*, without the interposition of the Chancellor, but which it literally took *seven years* to adjust (*very imperfectly*) under his Lordship's jurisdiction. But I am wandering from

the point, as though I had got into Chancery myself. In the will which the worthy Serjeant had to administer, the testator had bequeathed to his eldest son, a *very ancient piece of plate*, called in "olden times," a *quaff*, being a shallow sort of silver cup with two solid handles. The words of the will were, "I leave to my son Nicodemus," (or whatever it might be,) "*my old quaff*."—At the end of the Chancery suit, when the family of the deceased was finally to be put in possession of what had descended to them severally and particularly, it was discovered that the worthy Serjeant had for the space of seven years, fully believed, that his friend the Judge, had by a *special bequest*, left to his eldest son, not his "old" *silver "quaff"*, but the *old black patch* he wore upon his *wig*, videlicet *Coif*.—This is literally fact. The *Coif*, however, is very honorable; a Judge must be entitled to it, by taking the degree of Serjeant before he sits on the Bench. I have observed that the term *Serviens ad Legem*, is scarcely compatible with the rank assigned to Serjeants, and *Spelman* seems to be somewhat of the same opinion. For though he admits that the degree of Serjeant is the highest in the *common Law*, as a Doctor is in

the *civil Law*, yet says he, “ a Doctor of Law is superior to a *Serjeant*, inasmuch as the very *name* of a Doctor is *Magisterial*, but that of a *Serjeant* is only *Ministerial*.” How this is settled amongst the learned gentlemen themselves, I cannot pretend to say, but I should trust by some *civil Law* at all events, capable of preserving them from any disagreeable *rencontres*. If Spelman however be right, it may account for the *Masters of Chancery* ranking above *Serjeants*, *Master* and *Doctor* being anciently the same.

The title of *Serjeant* is evidently open to the same objection, as many others which have been mentioned, that of being *too common*. There are not only *Serjeants at Law*, but *Serjeants at Arms*, *Serjeants of the Mace*, *Serjeants of the King's Household*, and *Serjeants in the Army*. If we take the two extremes, how widely they stand apart in our orders of Precedence; however, the “ *cedant arma Togæ*,” is a main security to the *Serjeant Counter*, as he is called, or *Serjeant of the Coif*.

There are two very considerable Law Officers, who are never noticed in any of our orders of Precedence; I mean his Majesty's *Attorney* and *Solicitor General*. They have marked precedence

I know in Westminster Hall, but what rank they hold in society at large, I do *not* know; it seems to be an oversight. An ancestor of my own appears to have had an extraordinary Law-rank assigned to him, which being recorded on his Tomb in the very words of the Grant, I need not scruple to mention. He had the special permission of his Majesty King George the Second, to take place *between* the Attorney and Solicitor General, or rather “*immediately after the Attorney General,*” and that for *life*. I believe the history of it was this: He was rather a favorite of the King’s, and while he held the office of Solicitor General, with a prospect of higher advancement, was compelled by *ill health* to resign the *Solicitor Generalship*. His Majesty not willing that he should sink, placed him *above his own successor*, till the opportunity occurred upon his recovery, of appointing him to a much higher situation in the profession.

Having stumbled upon *Attornies* and *Solicitors*, I would wish to have leave to ask, what is the real history of the change that has so recently taken place, (in country places particularly,) in regard to these two titles and designations? We have now in reality *no Country Attornies*; they

are all *Solicitors*. I know that the terms are in a great degree convertible; that an Attorney may in certain circumstances act as a Solicitor, and a Solicitor (I believe I am correct) as an Attorney; but there seems to be a little pride in the recent substitution of one title for another, which I do not quite comprehend. However, I shall not interfere with it; under either title they have a great deal to do, and seem *constantly employed*; their operations being something in the way of "*Tobacco hic*;"

"Tobacco hic, Tobacco hic;

If you be well 'twill make you sick.

Tobacco hic, Tobacco hic;

'Twill make you well if you be sick."

They generally seem to be occupied either in helping those *out of a scrape* who have fallen into one; or bringing those who were in no scrape at all, gradually *into one*, to which there shall be no end, till they themselves choose that it should be so; which is, commonly speaking, when the contents of the client's exhausted purse begin to be as questionable, as the case in which he had been involuntarily involved. I do not mean to speak rudely of a very industrious, in-

telligent, and much confined class of persons; but it is really melancholy to think, that so many of the community should be reduced, (as is the case at present) to the *absolute necessity* of *pur-*
chasing their *assistance*—an assistance eked out in little parcels of advice, never extending an inch beyond that precise point, where a new difficulty is likely to arise, calculated “*to bring*” (to use a vulgar but very applicable expression) “*more grist to the mill.*” If this be not the exact state of things, I wish to be corrected by the *public*—and I give this notice, for fear I should be wrong, at the hazard of incurring the charge of what, I above all things detest, *calumny* and *slander*. Indeed I cannot see any reason, at the very worst, for subjecting me to such imputations; for the *reserve* of the class of Lawyers alluded to, bespeaks *great ingenuity*; nor do I see why they should be bound to sell their merchandise *wholesale* to *retail* customers;—but still, I may surely have leave to suggest the hint, to those who have to *buy* law, “*Caveat EMPTOR.*” Let them at least remember that the very *anagram* of *LAWYERS*, is, *SLY WARE*!!

The Country *Attorney*, however, in calling himself *Solicitor*, seems to forget his origin. I

believe the following to be a pretty true account of his office and profession. "In the time of our Saxon ancestors, the freemen in every shire met twice a year, under the presidency of the *Shire-Reeve* or Sheriff, and this meeting was called the *Sheriff's Torn*. By degrees the freemen declined giving their personal attendance, and a freeman who *did* attend, carried with him the *proxies* of such of his friends as could not appear. He who actually went to the Sheriff's *Torn*, was said, according to the old Saxon, to go AT THE TORN, and hence came the word *Attorney*, which signified one that went to the TORN for others, carrying with him a power to act or vote for those who employed him."—I do not conceive that the *Attorney* has any right to call himself a Solicitor, but where he has business in a Court of *Equity*. If he choose to act more upon the principles of *equity* than of *law*, let him be Solicitor by all means, but *not otherwise*—for law and equity are very different things; neither of them very good, as overwhelmed with forms and technicalities, but upon the whole, *equity* surely the best; if it were but for the *name* of the thing.

Mr. *Crabbe* in his Poem of the *Borough*, Letter

VI., has so admirably expressed in verse, what I have just ventured to say in prose, that I cannot forbear reminding my readers of it. He begins with a sort of allusion to the *disgrace* into which the title of *Attorney* seems to have fallen.

“ Then let my Numbers flow discreetly on,
Warn'd by the fate of luckless Coddington *,
Lest some *Attorney* (*pardon me the name!*)
Should wound a poor *Solicitor* for Fame.”

He next notices, as *I* have also done, the great *increase of business* in this line of *late years*.

“ *One Man of Law* in *George the Second's* reign,
Was all our frugal Fathers would maintain ;
He too was kept for *Forms*; a man of *Peace*,
To frame a Contract, or to draw a Lease :
He had a *Clerk*, with whom he us'd to write
All the day long, with whom he drank at night ;
Spare was his *Visage*, moderate his *Bill*,
And He so *kind*, men doubted of his *skill*.

Who thinks of this, with some amazement sees,
For *one* so *poor*, *three* flourishing at ease ;
Nay, one in *splendour!*—see that mansion tall,
That lofty door, that far-resounding Hall ;
Well-furnish'd rooms, plate shining on the board,
Gay liveried lads, and cellar proudly stor'd :
Then say, how comes it that such fortunes crown
These sons of strife, these terrors of the town ?”

* See the Account of *Coddington*, in “ *The Mirror for Magistrates.*”

The *next* lines, describing the mode of what I have called above, "*getting into a law scrape*," are delightful!

"Lo! that *small office!*—there th' *incautious* Guest,
Goes blindfold in, and that maintains the rest;
There in his web, th' *observant Spider* lies,
And peers about, for *fat* intruding *Flies*;
Doubtful at first, he hears the *distant* hum,
And *feels* them *flutt'ring* as they *nearer* come;
They *buz* and *blink*, and doubtfully they tread
On the strong *Bird-line* of the utmost thread;
But when they're *once entangled* by the *GIN*,
With what an *eager clasp* he draws them in;
Nor shall they '*scape*, 'till after *long delay*,
And all that *sweetens life*, is *drawn away!*"

I cite Mr. Crabbe the more willingly because he is not one of those *morose* Satirists, who would condemn a *whole profession* for the faults of some amongst them. He knew of *exceptions*, and so may I.

"Yet I repeat, there are, who nobly strive
To keep the sense of moral worth alive;
Men who would starve, ere meanly deign to live
On what Deception and Chican'ry give."

It is odd enough that *Guillim*, in his *blazonry* of a *Cobweb*, quotes the following lines—

"Laws, like Spider's webs, are wrought,
Great Flies escape, and small are caught."

And he adds, “by the *spider* we may understand a *painfull* and *industrious* person, a man carefull of his *private estate*, and of good *fore-sight* in repairing of *small decayes*, and preventing of *wracks*.”

The Insignia of the two *Inns of Court*, the *Inner* and the *Middle Temple*, are pretty well known to be the *Lamb*, and the *Winged Horse*. Upon which, very long ago, the following lines were written, and chalked up upon one of the public gates.

As by the *Templar's* holds you go,
The *Horse* and *Lamb* display'd,
In emblematic figures shew,
The merits of their Trade.

That Clients may infer from thence
How just is their profession,
The LAMB sets forth their INNOCENCE,
The HORSE their EXPEDITION.

Oh happy Britons! happy Isle!
Let foreign Nations say,
Where you get *Justice* without *guile*,
And *Law* without *delay*!

This is clearly the *truth* of matters, as *every body must allow*; though some *wicked wit* chose to indite the *following answer*!

Deluded men, these holds forego;
 Nor trust such cunning elves;
 These artful emblems tend to shew,
 Their CLIENTS, not THEMSELVES.

'Tis all a Trick; these all are shams
 By which they mean to cheat you;
 But have a care, for you're the LAMBS,
 And they the Wolves that eat you.

Nor let the thoughts of "no delay,"
 To these their Courts misguide you;
 'Tis you're the shewy horse, and they
 The Jockies that will ride you

Abominable scandal! but it is my duty to be impartial, and report on both sides, leaving every thing to *make its own impression*.

There is no doubt but that the English Lawyers, in *former* times, lay under the stigma of great tricking and prevarication—(how happy ought we to think ourselves that those times are *quite past and gone*!!) In the curious Letters of the Abbé Le Blanc, written to his friend the Abbé Olivet, on the English and French nations, he makes the following remarks.

“The art of Oratory in the different Courts of Justice in Westminster Hall, is confined, much more frequently than in ours, to captious subtleties and chicanery.

“ Chicanery, which went into England with the Romans and their laws, must have found as happy a disposition in the minds of the English, as in those of the Normans themselves. Its power is as firmly established in this country (*England*) as ever it was in its native one. England is doubtless its greatest and most glorious conquest. The King has *twenty thousand* troops to make the laws obeyed—Chicanery has *fifty thousand* Lawyers to support its own power and perpetuate its reign. The barristers at Westminster Hall dispute more about the *letter of the law*, than the *justice* of their cause. As villains frequently get off by the most frivolous and childish subtleties, the Lawyers apply themselves daily, to invent new ones; this is the continual study of the great number of Inns of Court at London, which properly speaking are only seminaries of chicanery.

That you may be able to judge yourself of the subterfuges by which chicanery can screen a criminal from the severity of justice, here is what I have found in the trial of the famous Christopher Layer, who was tried for High Treason before the House of Lords in 1722.

“ As to the second exception, (said the

Counsel for the Prisoner) that, in relation to Christopherus, writ with an *e*, whereas it should be Christophorus with an *o*, we submit it to your Lordships, whether that be not expressly within the *defects* mentioned in the Act of Parliament, *mis-writing, mis-spelling, false and improper Latin?* nay, whether it be not subject to censure under each of these *four* heads?

“ My Lords, it was impossible to bring all my authorities upon this point along with me; but *I have here in Court* several of the best *Dictionaries and Lexicons*, which shew the true word to be Christophorus; and I believe the gentlemen on the other side can't produce one instance in any authentic book, either Greek or Latin, but it is always spelt with an *o*, and *not* with an *e*. It is Christophorus, from $\pi\epsilon\phi\omicron\rho\alpha$, the *præteritum medium* of the Greek verb $\phi\epsilon\rho\omega$; and the rules of etymology and formation of Greek verbals evince that it must be so, and cannot be otherwise: and by all the Latin Dictionaries the Latin word for Christopher is Christophorus.”

So much in regard to *misnomers* in law. But what immediately follows is too good a specimen of the same sort of pleading to be passed by.

“ My Lords, I hope your Lordships will par-

don me; here is the *life of a man concerned!* and as I would not willingly offer any thing to your Lordships that in the like cases has been over-ruled; so neither would I omit any thing that may be material for the prisoner, whose defence the Court has intrusted us with. Therefore I will go on to the other objections that we think to be *improper Latin*: *Compassavit; imaginatus fuit, et intendebat!*—These are the words; I don't know whether this Latin will go down in Westminster Hall, but I am satisfied it would not in Westminster School.”

“ Here is the *et intendebat; et*, a conjunction copulative between verbs in *several* tenses! here is *compassavit*, the preterperfect tense; *imaginatus fuit*, the preterperfect tense; and *intendebat*, the preterimperfect tense! Why should not the last verb have been put into the preterperfect tense, according to the rules of classical Latin, as well as the two former?—Therefore, my Lords, &c. &c. &c.”

The Abbe Le Blanc's reflections on the foregoing report, are these:

“ Is not this as if the Counsellor had said, the prisoner whose defence is committed to me, may be a traitor to his country, but his prose-

cutors are guilty of blunders contrary to the rules of the Latin grammar ; for which reason, I demand that he be set at liberty, though his crime, enormous as it is, go unpunished. Is *Moliere's* *Araminta*, who turns *Martina* out of doors, because the poor country girl did not speak good French, more ridiculous than the Counsellor, who would screen a criminal, because his accusers happen to speak bad Latin ?”

I know that this, strange as it appears, has nevertheless a very laudable object, which is, to give an innocent person more means to defend himself, and at all events to spare the lives of men as much as possible. But laws are made to punish those who disturb its order ; the subtilty of Lawyers encourages them.

I like the account given by *Mercier*, of what he calls the “ *Jurisdiction Consulaire*,” in his *Tableau de Paris*. It is to the following effect. “ Elle expédie plus d'affaires litigieuses en *un seul jour* que le Parlement (the French Westminster Hall) *en un mois*. Les parties plaident elles-mêmes. Les *vaines subtilités* sont *bannies* de ce tribunal, ainsi que la longue formalité des procédures ordinaires.—Sans cette jurisdiction, dont l'utilité égale l'étendue, il n'y auroit ni

ordre ni sûreté dans le commerce, les autres tribunaux étant *des mois entiers* à rendre une sentence ou un arrêt, et la *chicane* pouvant reculer pendant *plusieurs années* un jugement définitif.

“ *Le Chaos monstrueux* de notre jurisprudence et de notre procédure augmente de jour en jour, et tout semble livré à la merci du *plus audacieux* ou du *plus adroit*. Il n’y a que la juridiction consulaire qui conserve dans ses travaux le front de la justice.”

How far the above may be applicable to our own Courts of Law, I shall not pretend to say; but of the *quick dispatch* of business in our Courts of Equity, we have lately received testimony of *singular authority*, if the newspapers have reported the matter correctly. I allude to the Lord Chancellor’s remark not many weeks ago, on an application made to him to hear exceptions to the Master’s report, “with convenient speed.” “*Convenient speed*,” said his Lordship, “means after all the other cases which claim consideration are disposed of. I have known an instance where money was ordered to be paid into Court ‘*FORTHWITH*,’ and that meant, in fact, at the end of *nineteen years!*”—St. James’s Chronicle, Nov. 23, 1822.

As to the reflections cast upon our Law Practitioners on the score of *Chicanery*, it should be recollected, that there are some cases which can scarcely be argued without chicanery; such as the well known case of *Stradling* versus *Stiles*, in the reports of *Scriblerus*, an admirable *banter*, but not impossible. I remember one of a like nature, which I believe was the production of George Alexander Stevens, a famous *Lecturer* on *Heads*, and which he denominated, “*Bullum* versus *Boatum*.” A man had fastened his boat to the bank of a meadow, in which cattle were at pasture, with a *whisp* of *hay*. A *bull* got into the *boat*, eat up the *hay*, and away they both floated together; and if they were not lost, received each of them great damage. The owner of the *boat* prosecuted the owner of the *bull*; because the *bull* had run away with his *boat*, while the owner of the *bull* commenced an action against the owner of the *boat*, because the latter had run away with his *bull*.

Chicanery in pleading is better however than the base and unmanly custom of *brow-beating* a witness. I was present myself once when the following scene took place. It was an action of assault. A witness had sworn that he saw the

plaintiff very roughly handled, and that he had the *bridge of his nose* broken. The counsel for the defendant observing the peculiar features of the witness, (who was also an *old* man,) desired him to shew to the Court what part he meant when he asserted that the plaintiff had received an injury on the *bridge of his nose*. The hand of the witness shook a little through age, and a little more through nervousness, and he had besides, I verily think, the narrowest and sharpest edged nose that ever was seen, so that when he tried to rest his finger upon the bridge of it, it invariably slipped aside. “ Sir, says the defendant’s counsel, that is the *side* of the nose, not the *bridge*—put your finger again to the place you mean—there, Sir, you cannot deny that your finger is on the *side* of your nose; I fear you are a *perjured man*. You have solemnly sworn before my Lord and the jury, that the injury received by the plaintiff was on the *bridge* of his nose; but when you come to point out the part, it seems evidently to have been the *side*, not the *bridge* of the nose. Your testimony cannot be admitted.”—Fortunately the Judge (not however so soon as I wished) thought proper to take the witness under his protection, or perhaps for the

sake of displaying his wit, the pert barrister might have brought the poor old man's sharp nose to be exposed to the public through the hole of a pillory.

Sometimes these attacks are very ably parried; of which I recollect two good instances, that merit to be preserved. The celebrated Mr. Dunning having once to examine an unfortunate gentleman, who by unexpected losses, had suffered imprisonment for his debts in the King's Bench, ventured to ask him in a tone bordering (as the gentleman thought) upon contempt, why he went to prison? "To avoid," said the witness very gravely, "the well-known impertinence of *Dunning*." This by the bye would have done for a pun upon names.

The other instance is more modern, and perhaps known to most of my readers; still it is worth preserving, especially as I have it not in my power (even if I would) to say where or when it happened. A barrister had been puzzling and perplexing a lady for some time, with questions, when in one of her replies she happened to use the word *hum-bug*. Madam, says he, you must not talk unintelligibly; what is the jury or the Court to understand by the word

hum-bug? I must desire you will explain yourself. The lady hesitated. I must insist, madam, said the barrister, before you proceed further with your evidence, that you state plainly and openly what you understand by a *hum-bug*. Why then, Sir, says the lady, I know not how to exemplify my meaning better, than by saying, that if I were to meet any persons, who being at present *strangers to you*, should say that they expected soon to meet you in some particular company, and I were to tell them to prepare to see a *remarkably handsome, pleasing looking man*, that would be a *hum-bug*.

The Abbé *Le Blanc* speaks of *England* as the most glorious conquest of *Chicanery*. It is fit therefore that we should remember whence *this Conquestor* came to us—evidently from *France*, by the Abbé's own account—see him cited above. And indeed *France* seems to have always been desperately fond of *Lawyers*; as an *eminent Lawyer* of our own country has *very lately* shewn. Even in the reign of *Tiberius*, the city of *Autun* had schools of eloquence and *law*, which contained, we are told, no less than 60,000 students. In 297, they were under the direction of the orator *Eumenius*, with a salary of 600,000 sesterces;

or about £2800 of our money. The schools of *Toulouse*, *Bordeaux*, *Marseilles*, *Lyons*, *Treves*, and *Besançon*, were also celebrated. When the Franks possessed themselves of Gaul, they respected the profession of an *Avocat*; but in those turbulent times, it was as much a military as a civil advocacy. The profession of *Avocat* maintained its consideration till the division of the Francic Empire amongst the sons of *Charlemagne* in 814. It appeared to advantage again under *St. Louis*. There was a regular *Forensic* order of *Knighthood*; but of this, more hereafter.

In 1790, the French National Assembly attempted to new organise the order of *Avocats*, retaining the old members; but the latter being hurt, and fearful of losing their credit by being associated with the new *Avocats*, desired to have their order abolished, which accordingly took place 1795, after having subsisted 427 years, as *Mr. Butler*, whom I am citing, observes, "in great and universal credit."

So much for the order itself; and perhaps it may be fair and just. But to repel the charge of *chicanery* being more prevalent in *England* than in the *Abbé Le Blanc's* own country, I

would observe that the entertaining author of the *Tableau de Paris*, compares the French *Avocat* with *Lucian's Lawyer*, and to mark his disposition to practise *chicanery* as he pleases, thus describes him. “L'incertitude des loix l'a rendu *Pyrrhonien* sur l'issue de tous les procès, et il *entreprend tous ceux qui se presentent*. Celui qui l'aborde *le premier*, détermine la *série de ses raisonnemens*, et commande à son éloquence.”—*Quære*, is not the very term *chicanery*, purely *French*?

to receive paid for the same, and to be
 -ord donord all and good of the same
 -aid aid down of the same, and to be
 and, and to be paid for the same, and to be
 all and to be paid for the same, and to be

BARONETS, &c.

IF Masters of Chancery have been occasionally placed too high, in our orders of Precedence, there are some others who I think are placed too low; or, in fact, not so distinguished as they might and should be; as for instance, the *Sons* of the *younger Sons* of *Dukes* and *Marquesses*. I can see no harm, as their fathers are titular *Lords*, and unquestionably of the first orders of Nobility, in bestowing on the Sons the title of "*Honorable*" at the least. It is often thought that they must be so, and probably the title is often given them, but it does not actually belong to them according to the present state of things. They are merely Esquires; and so indeed their Fathers are; but as courtesy has given titles to the latter, it could be no great trespass, surely, against any rules of heraldry, to give an inferior title to their sons. The younger sons of *Dukes* take place of *Viscounts*, and the younger sons of *Marquesses*, of *Bishops* and *Barons*;

why then should not *their sons*, having such noble blood in their veins, be by courtesy at least; styled Honorable? In some instances I have been told, the King has allowed it.

I have also heard that his late Majesty, on application made to him, settled a question about rank between the *daughters of Baronets* and *grand-daughters of Earls*, in favor of the *latter*. Baronets and their families may well be satisfied with the rank assigned to them. They are comparatively modern, a sort of intruded, interpolated order; not more so however than some others, though more recent. *Marquesses* have been made over *Earls*; *Dukes* over *Marquesses*, and *Viscounts* over *Barons*. And there is an odd instance upon record of a degraded Marquess, who upon the Parliament petitioning to have his title restored, opposed it himself, alleging that it was a new title, utterly unknown to our ancestors. This Marquess however, it should be observed, had been an *Earl* (of Somerset) before he became Marquess. It happened in the time of Henry IV. But Baronets seem to have been more strangely inserted, than any of the foregoing. It is pretty well known, that it was merely to raise money for the behoof of the Province of

Ulster in Ireland! I am not afraid to say this, in the very face of the descendants of those who were first created; for in regard to those Barons themselves, it is proved by every accompanying circumstance, that they *must have been* from the very first persons of great wealth and importance. They were *required* to be men of *good quality, style of living, and reputation*; and descended at least from a paternal *Grandfather*, who bore arms. “*Familiâ, patrimonio, censu, et morum probitate spectatos.*” — Money, however, was the great object, as the Earl of Salisbury intimated, when he had to overcome some scruples on the part of the King, who was fearful of offending the gentry; “Tush, Sir! the Money will do *you* good, and the Honor will do them very little.” Even the dignity of Peerage was set to sale; 20,000 pounds would purchase an Earldom; 10,000 the title of Viscount, and 5000 that of Baron. The new order of Baronets was however a hardship upon simple Knights, and must have seemed the more strange, as at the very moment they were thus put above the latter, the King bound himself (I think very unaccountably) never to supersede the new order itself; originally indeed they were not to exceed

two hundred, and to decrease as they died off. But this regulation, though rendered binding upon King James and his successors, has long been departed from. Had it been observed, it is evident that in time Knights might have recovered their old place; though even to this day there are several most respectable families of the first creation remaining.

It is singular enough that though Baronets were so obviously placed above an ancient order, there is a clause in the original decree concerning them to the following effect. "His princely meaning was only to grace and advance this new dignity of his Majesty's creation, but not therewithal any ways to wrong tacitly and obscurely a *third* party, such as the younger sons of Viscounts and Barons are, &c."—But there is still a clause more remarkable in the instructions given to the Commissioners, and which certainly bespeaks no very great tenderness for *third* parties. "Yet because this is a dignity, which shall be hereditary, wherein divers circumstances are more considerable; than such a mark as is but temporary, (that is to say of being now a Knight, &c.) our pleasure is, you shall not be so precise in placing those that receive this dignity,

but that an Esquire of great antiquity and extraordinary living, may be ranked in this choice before some Knights, &c."

It has been said indeed, that the order of Baronets only took the place of the ancient *Valvasors* or *Vavasors*, a sort of dependent Baron or lesser Thane. To be plain and intelligible, "a free Tenant who had *sac, soc, 'toll, tem and Infangethê of*"—not holding *in capite* of the crown, but under some liege Lord. But if this were the case with *Vavasors*, surely our *Baronets* were from the first *more independent*. Some represent the *Valvasor* to have been a sort of *Sub-Porter* to the *Marquess*. As the latter had the guard of the *frontiers*, those who received fees from them, and were attendant upon them, were called *Valvasors*, as keeping watch *ad Valvas Regni*, at the gates and entrances of the kingdom.

The title of Baronet is evidently (by *increase*, as is often the case) a *diminutive* of *Baro*, Baron, and therefore, of course, with some loss of *weight*, if that word, as antiquarians pretend, is derived from the Greek *βαρος*. "Vir *gravis*, vel *magnæ* *authoritatis*." For by this rule, the *Baronettus*, *Baronulus* or *Barunculus*, (for all these names have been given him, see *Calepine's Dic-*

tionary) must be *somewhat lighter ; minus gravis, vel minoris authoritatis*; heavy enough however still to outweigh a simple Knight ; yet in a very slight degree, for it will be seen presently that the weight of only one *Garter* would turn the balance.

Etymologists have I know another method of tracing the origin of the word *Baron*, by which it expresses either *equality* or *freedom*, being by means of a *free pronunciation* and a change of b's for p's, *exactly the same* as the *pares homines* of the *Latins*, the *parhommes* of the *French*, the *Parhuomini* of the *Italians*, or by German *Circumlocution*, *Free-heren* or *Free Lords*.

According to the original Institution indeed, all Baronets must of necessity be, men of *family, figure, and fortune*, and *perhaps* these three F.F.F.'s would not always be found in those whom his Majesty might think proper to advance to the honor of *Knighthood*. They would seem to have been considered by King James I. as merely hereditary Knights, since those who were not previously Knights were to be made such if they chose it. That is, if they were not contented with being *little* Barons, they had the option of becoming *great* Knights, or to speak

in terms truly heraldic, if they chose to be rather the *top* step of *Nobilitas minor*, than the *bottom* step of *Nobilitas major*, they were welcome to be so. They had the option, in short, of doing much as the Prior of Jerusalem is said to have done in Selden's Table-talk, who chose to call himself "*primus Baro Angliæ*," the first English Baron. For instead of standing last of the Spiritual Barons, which was his place, he went to the top of the Temporal Barons, making himself, as Selden says, a kind of Otter, a Knight half spiritual and half temporal. Baronets however should be cautious how they *condescend* to become Peers. The ancestor of one of our *English Viscounts*, as a *Baronet*, was one of the most popular and respectable country gentlemen of his day; but being induced to accept a *Peerage*, he became so suddenly convinced of the different situation in which it placed him, with regard to the public, that he chose to record *his error* in his heraldic achievements. For this I have been credibly informed was the real history of the Motto, "*Ubi lapsus quid feci.*"

The *ladies* of Baronets have been styled *Baronettesses*, and not improperly, to give them rank above Knights' ladies; but I apprehend many

of them may be unaware that they have as *Baronnetesses*, a higher rank than their own husbands; for they take place of *all* Knights' ladies; whereas Barönets have not precedency of Knights of the *Garter*, or of Knights Bannerets created by the King himself in person, under his banner, displayed in a royal army in open war. The same may be said of the ladies of Baronets' sons, and of the daughters of Barönets. They precede the wives of the sons and daughters of *all Knights whatsoever*.

Guillim complains that in his time the Arms of Ulster were often improperly placed in Baronets' Arms. They should be borne either in a *Canton* or an *Inescocheon*, and not just where the coach-painter chooses to place them. But I believe this is better understood now-a-days.

Besides the order of English Baronets, originally instituted to assist the province of Ulster in Ireland, James the First created a Scotch order of *Nova Scotia* Baronets, made for the behoof of our *American* settlements, who bear a cognizance or medal suspended to an orange-tawney ribbon. What affinity the orange-tawney bears to any of the colours of the rainbow, I am not quite certain. Bottom, the weaver, in the Mid-

summer Night's Dream, speaks of such a coloured *beard*, which, from what befel *Hudibras* in *his* fray with the Skimmington, we may conclude to be a *rotten egg* colour. The rank has been given, and those who bear it, are thoroughly entitled to it; but as in the former instance it is certainly an interpolated order, so far affecting a *third party*, contrary to the expressed intentions of the King, as to put simple Knights one degree lower in the scale; and it was originally bought with money, another blot in the escutcheon.

True it is, and for the sake of all who bear these honorable titles, I wish to say it, their money, according to the terms of the Patent, was to be most creditably laid out, particularly that of the English Baronets. The entire *civilization* of the province of Ulster being the professed object, as the following words shew; “*Ut tanta Provincia, non solum sincero religionis cultu, humanitate civili, morumque probitate, verum etiam opum affluentia, atque omnium Rerum copia, quæ statum Reipublicæ ornare vel beare possit, magis magisque efflorescat.*” “That so great a province should more and more flourish, not only in the true practice of religion, civil humanity,

and probity of manners; but also in an affluence of riches, and abundance of all things, which contribute either to the ornament or happiness of the commonweal." The sum each new created Baronet was to contribute amounted to about £1095. As soon as the end was accomplished, the Crown, it is true, was honorable enough to remit or excuse this payment, by giving receipts without exacting the specified sum. It is curious however to read the Patent, and see what very solemn stipulations have been broken, and how exceedingly the letter of it has been violated; especially in regard to the number of Baronets, which after being in the plainest and most express terms limited to *two hundred*, and those from time to time to decrease, and be reduced to a lesser number, amounted in James's own reign to 204, and in that of his immediate successor to 448, in the face of these following very strong terms, with which the Patent concludes.

“ And these our Letters Patent shall in all things, and by all things, be firm, valid, good; sufficient, and effectual in Law, as well against us, our heirs, and *successors*, as against all others whatsoever, according to the true intention of

the same, as well in all courts, as in any other place whatsoever, notwithstanding any law, custom, prescription, use, ordination, constitution whatsoever, heretofore set forth, had, used, ordained, or provided, and notwithstanding any other thing, cause, or matter whatsoever.

Now what I quarrel with is, not so much the deviation from such a rule, as the too rigid and peremptory establishment of it. Was James the First more entitled to innovate, or exercise his prerogative, than any of his successors? His present Majesty's prerogative is surely quite as extensive as that of James the First, and twenty times more respectable, from being better known, better ascertained and understood; and yet by the wording of the above Patent, it would appear that George IV., as an heir and successor of James, stood committed to do neither more or less, than was stipulated to be done in the year 1611. It would almost appear as if the Baronets of the first creation might still claim to have that Patent enforced; whereas, in my humble opinion, George IV. is as free to act as his Ancestors. So if some of our monied men were to offer to redeem so much of the National Debt as might set free a few millions of the interest upon

it, to the relief of our necessities, on condition of being made something between a *Baron* and a *Baronet*, I see not why it should not be done. I grudge not any thing that was done for the Province of Ulster, in the time of King James; but who would not consent to have many more than 200 created of *any new order*, to lessen the National Debt: however, Baronets alone might do, perhaps, since I see it has been lately calculated, that from the year 1800 to 1820, they have been actually created at the rate of a *Baronet a month!*

Before I conclude what I have to say about Baronets, I should observe, that their *eldest sons* have a right to be knighted, and all Baronets in fact ought to be Knights as well as Baronets. At their first creation this was pretty generally attended to, though now fallen into disuse; but if the *heir of a Baronet* and *his wife* chose to call themselves *Sir*, and *Lady*, I know not who but the King could prevent it; for in the original Patent, without a word being said of their being first knighted (though it might be understood, according to the custom of those days, and was afterwards made optional in the heirs) the terms are, “ We will also and ordain (for us, our heirs, and successors,) that before the name of the said

A. B. and his *heirs male* aforesaid, in English speech shall be placed this addition, SIR; and that the wives of the said A. B. and his *heirs male* aforesaid, shall have, use, and enjoy the appellation of *Lady, Madam, and Dame*, respectively, according to the custom of speaking." The fact evidently is, that it was in the King's contemplation, that every Baronet not being a Knight, should be made such as soon as possible; and that their heirs should be knighted on attaining the age of twenty-one, upon notifying the event to the proper officers of the Court. But this is not clearly expressed in the original Patent. Baronets probably were more particular about being knighted themselves, as it seems to have been common in former times to call them either Knights or Baronets: thus, in the *Spectator*, the joint-work of so many *polite* and *courtly* writers, Sir Roger de Coverley is constantly called *the Knight*, though at first expressly introduced to the reader as a *Baronet*.

KNIGHTS.

I HAVE had frequent occasion to speak of this title, than which I think none have been more strangely dealt with. Since it was superseded by the order of Baronets, it has incurred a kind of contumely, that is certainly extremely injurious to its proper character. It has been held cheaper by the public at large, and I fear also by the Sovereign himself. How often do we hear the remark, when a *Sir* or a *Lady* are mentioned, he is *only* a Knight, or she is *only* a Knight's Lady? nay, it may be well if the *Lady* do not suffer in her *reputation*, for her husband's title not being *hereditary*, like the Baronets, he is by law and heraldry, called and accounted a Knight *Bachelor*! Now, might we not ask, what are the wives and children of a *Bachelor*? This then seems a title not of honor but of slander, and should, I think, be altered. How low has the Knight's title descended, by the condescension of the Sovereign on certain courtly oc-

casions ; as royal progresses, addresses, &c. &c. It may indeed be a *chivalrous* way of his Majesty's *paying* his addresses, and the *Ladies* may be benefited by it, but it degrades the honor : and yet it is perhaps, without any exception, the most distinguished and honorable title a man can bear ; it is the very title of which even Kings and Emperors are proud, and always have been. In point of *antiquity*, perhaps, the title of Alderman or Earldorman, if any, might dispute the priority, but it would still not have the precedence in honour and importance. *Only a Knight!* I question if this would ever have been said, if King James the First had not inserted the order of Baronets above it. I question whether the title would ever have been conferred upon certain persons who have borne it since, had not the distinction between *simple* and *hereditary* Knighthood, been thus created. I do not mean to be rude towards any who *do* bear it, I am only sorry that circumstances appear to have occurred that have very accidentally brought one of the oldest and most honorable titles in existence, into some disrepute ; particularly amongst ourselves. I have already observed that some of our Judges have been known to *decline* the title ; generally

they call themselves rather by their *official* titles; that they may not, I suppose, be taken for *only* Knights; but I do not see why they should do so; for many *military* Knights call themselves by their *title* of *Knighthood*, who rank *above* Knights, as born of noble families. The Duke of Wellington had the rank of an *Earl's son*, when he first became Sir Arthur Wellesley; that is, before he was raised to the order of the *Bath* he took place of Knights of the *Garter*. The Judges should know, that Knighthood belongs to them rather as a *military* than a *civil* order; among our Gothic or Anglo-Saxon ancestors, the civil and military power being generally in the *same* hands. "The Sword and the Gown," says a learned writer upon the subject, "were not reckoned incompatible, in those simpler, perhaps, though not less honest ages of the world; before war became a science, wherein superior skill and conduct frequently triumphed over strength and courage; and Law, an art which was to be learned distinct from the rules of natural equity." The office of the *Princes* (or Kings as the Romans sometimes affected to call them) was to Judge the nations in time of Peace, and to lead its troops in the time of battle. There was no dis-

inction in short between their *Judges* and their *Generals*. Every man was born a soldier; and though things are very different now-a-days, yet our Judges are the proper representatives of the King, whose business it is, according to the learned Fortescue, "*pugnare bella populi sui, et eos rectissime Judicare.*" In their *civil* capacity, the Judges indeed were formerly termed "*Graves,*" as they are to this day styled "*reverend.*"

Once, indeed, the *sword* appertained to the Judges in a still ruder manner; when they were literally the executioners of their own sentences, as among the Hebrews (1 Sam. xv. 33. Exodus xxxii. 26, &c.) and the German Druids.

"It is beautiful to observe," says a celebrated writer, "how the minutest circumstances of ancient customs are *corrected* and *softened* by the *light* and *humanity* of modern manners."

I cannot help observing, however, that *Hudibras* seems to have had a very just idea of the connection between his military and *magisterial* *Knighthood*, when he so spiritedly tells *Talgol* the *Butcher*,

"Not all the force that makes thee proud,
Shall save or help thee to evade
The hand of *Justice*, or this *blade*,

Which I her sword-bearer do carry
For civil deed and *military*."

Knighthood is the dignity of all others that should not be spoken of in terms of slight and contumely, for it not only exceeds in antiquity some of our very highest orders of nobility, but was originally conferred with such parade and ceremony by Kings and Queens, as to betoken the highest eminence and consideration; Kings themselves, indeed, received it from the Clergy, as low down as the Norman times, William Rufus being knighted by the Archbishop of Canterbury; but in those days ordinary persons must have been excluded, the three following qualifications being indispensably necessary to all who received the order—*Merit*, *Birth*, and *Estate*. They were to be, at the least, gentlemen of *three* paternal descents, bearing *Coat Armour*. As I have in a former Section shewn, that in the opinion of heralds, *Adam* was the *first Nobleman*, I shall beg leave here to shew who, in the estimation of the same wise personages, was the first *Knight*. It was, according to the celebrated Sir *John Ferne*, no less a man than *Olibion*, the Son of *Asteriel*, of the line of *Japhet*, Noah's Son—for,

says Sir John (I think I am right), before he went to battle, his Father made him a garland of several precious stones (in token of chivalry), with which he gave him his blessing; and then with *Japhet's* faulchion, which *Tubal* made before the flood, (*Olibion*, kneeling) smote lightly *nine* times on his right shoulder, charging him to keep the *nine* Virtues of *Chivalry*, as follows:—

- I. You shall hold with the sacrifice of the Great God of Heaven.
- II. You shall honour your Father and Mother.
- III. Be merciful to all people.
- IV. Do no harm to the poor.
- V. Not turn your back on an enemy.
- VI. Keep your promise to friend or foe.
- VII. Keep hospitality, especially to strangers.
- VIII. Uphold the maiden's right.
- IX. Not see the widow wronged.

It is true, indeed, that in the old Gothic or Saxon, the term *Knight* appears to have implied *Servant*, but then it meant the servant of a King; and so did the word *Thane*, one of the oldest titles of Northern Nobility. Bede expressly uses it for "*Minister Regis.*" That no *Thane* felt degraded by being in this sense a *Servant*, or

“*Minister Regis*,” we may well conjecture, from the following titles assigned to different *Thanes* in *Domesday Book*.

Accipitrarius.

Arbalistarius.

Artifex.

Aurifaber.

Balistarius.

Camerarius.

Coqus.

Dapifer.

Elemosinarius.

Forestianus.

Hostiarius.

Latinarius.

Legatus.

Loremannus.

Mareschallus.

Piscator.

Portarius.

Thesaurarius.

Tonsorator.

Venator.

All these were *Servientes Regis*; though often of the rank of *Thanes*; even *Cooks, Falconers, Sewers, Barbers, &c.*; indeed the greater *Thanes* had si-

milar officers and attendants, but the *King's* servants being of his immediate household, were generally persons of estate and consequence; while the very meanest situation about the Court seems to have entitled the occupier to a high degree of eminence; in the language of the times, they were all accounted "*most noble Wites!*" The path of honour seems to have been open to all; for we read that a Thral or Slave might become a Thane or a Ceorl, a Chorister a Priest, and a Scribe a Bishop. *Cantor Sacērdos, Scriba Episcopus.*

The following translation of a most ancient writing, taken out of the old Saxon laws, is very curious: "It was sometime in the English laws, that the people and laws were in reputation, and then were the wisest of the people worthy of worship, each in his degree, *Eorle* and *Chorle*, *Theyn* and *Under-Theyn*: and if a *Chorle* so thrived, that he had fully *five hides* of his *own land*, a *Church* and a *kitchen*, a *bell-house*, and a *gate*, a *seat* and a *several office* in the *King's Hall*; then was he thenceforth the *Theyn's right-worthy*. And if a *Theyn* so thrived that he served the *King*, and on his message or journey rode in his household, if he then had a *Theyn* that him followed; who in the *King's Expedition*

five hides had, and in the King's Palace his Lord served, and thrice with his errand had gone to the King; he might afterward with his fore-oath, his Lord's part play at any need. And if a *Theyn* so thrived that he became an *Earl*, then was he thenceforth an *Earl's right-worthy*. And if a *Merchant* so thrived, that he pass'd *thrice* over the wide sea of his own craft, he was thenceforth the *Theyn's right-worthy*. And if a *Scholar* so thrived through learning, that he had *degrees* and served Christ, he was thenceforth of dignity and peace so much worthy as thereto belonged; unless he forfeited; so that he the use of his degree ne might."

The term *Thane* is affirmed by antiquarians to have been very different from the Latin *servus*; he was *not* a *slave*, but a *free servant* of high condition. He was a servant in such a sense as our Prince of Wales during the life of his Father, whose motto, "*I serve,*" *Ich Dien*, or *Thien*, is judged to be of the very same origin and signification.

Among our northern ancestors, there was no greater honor than to be in any office attendant on the Prince; nay, though they paid very dear for the distinction, at times, it being accounted

disgraceful for any of these *Ministri* or *Comites*, servants or companions, to survive their chief in battle, or to let him go alone into captivity. When *Chonodomarius*, King of the *Allmans*, was taken prisoner by the Romans, two hundred of his attendants, and three of his chiefest friends, gave themselves up to be bound with him. It was indeed the custom amongst many ancient nations, so absolutely to devote themselves to some Prince or Patron, as on no occasion whatsoever to consent to survive them. Nay, among the Scythians, many of the *Servientes Regis*, or King's Household, were generally buried alive with the deceased Sovereign. *Herodotus'* account of the funeral of the *Scythian* Kings, contains some curious instances of this nature. They buried, he tells us, all the King's wives, his Great Chamberlain, Master of the Horse, Chancellor, Secretary, &c. &c. and even on the anniversary of the funeral they sacrificed about half a hundred more, *επιτηδεωτατων* of the very best, merely in commemoration of their great loss!

But to return to Knights.

The order of Knighthood seems originally to have been entirely *martial*, as Selden argues

from the title of a dubbed Knight in German, *Ritter geschlagen*, or Knight of the *Spur*. *Eques auratus* from his *gilt* (spurs. *Ritter* signifying *miles*, a soldier, which plainly proves it to be a *military* rank, and *geschlagen* stricken, *percussus*. For Knighthood was formerly, (that is as far back at least as the time of *Charlemagne*, if not of *Olibion*, already mentioned,) conferred by a *blow*, or indeed what we vulgarly call a box on the ear; *Colophus*. Afterwards, (that is, if the story of *Olibion* be not true) instead of the *ear*, they struck the *shoulder*; as it is described in *Hudibras*, speaking of the Hero himself, as a “*mirror of Knighthood* ;”

“ That never bow'd his stubborn knee
To any thing but Chivalry ;
Nor put up *blow*, but that which laid
Right Worshipful on *shoulder-blade*.”

The shoulder was stricken by the Prince with a drawn sword. Thus in Shakspeare, the Duke of Norfolk accepting Bolingbroke's challenge, and taking up his gauntlet, says,

“ I take it up, and by this *sword* I swear,
Which gently laid my Knighthood on my *shoulder*,
I'll answer thee in any fair degree,
Or *Chivalrous* design of Trial.”

It is a curious anecdote, told by *Sir Kenelm Digby*, that when King James I. who had an antipathy to a sword, dubbed him Knight, had not the Duke of Buckingham guided his hand aright, in lieu of touching his *shoulder*, he would certainly have run the point of it into his *eye*. King James's antipathy to a sword is supposed to have commenced *before he was born*; being the effect of the fright the pregnant Queen his mother received from the murder of Rizzio (or rather *Riccio*) in her presence. What happened, or had liked to have happened to Sir Kenelm Digby, the historian of the *Fortunes* of *Nigel* has told us, occurred also to that worthy serving-man, *Richies Moniplies*, when he obtained from the same King James his well merited honors. So is *truth* ingeniously mingled with *fiction* in those extraordinary works.

A Knight is always said to be *dubbed*, not created; but it means the same thing with reference to the ceremony described by Hudibras,

“ Was I for this entitl'd SIR,
And girt with trusty sword and spur ?”

For *dub* in English and *douber* in French are said both to be derived from the Saxon *dubban*

to *gird*, or if this will not do, *dub* in Saxon signifies also a *blow*, which carries us very fairly back to the most ancient ceremony of all, the “*Cuff* on the *neck* or *ear*, and the *thwack* on the *shoulders*,” with which, according to the most correct ceremonial of the order of Knighthood, the renowned *Don Quixote* was saluted by the Castellano, Constable or Innkeeper, who conferred that honor upon him, at the commencement of his mad pranks and perigrinations! *Hudibras* has treated the subject most learnedly.

“ Th’ old Romans *freedom* did bestow,
 Our Princes *Worship*, by a *Blow*;
 King *Pyrrhus* cur’d his splenetic
 And testy Courtiers with a *Kick*.
 The *Negus*, when some mighty Lord
 Or Potentate’s to be restor’d,
 And pardon’d for some great offence,
 With which he’s willing to dispense,
 First has him laid upon his belly,
 Then beaten back and side t’ a jelly.
 That done, he rises, humbly bows,
 And gives thanks for the princely blows.”

In the first line, he probably alludes to the *Vindicta*, virgula or rod, which was laid upon the head of the *manumitted slave*, as we read in *Livy*, L. ii. c. 5. *Pyrrhus*’s virtues lay, (where

do you think?) in his *right great toe!* “*Pollicis in dextro pede tactu lienosis medebatur,*” as *Plutarch* tells us. Negus was a King of *Æthiopia*, and the incident alluded to by *Hudibras* is related at length in *Le Blanc’s Travels*: only *Hudibras* has scandalised his *Æthiopian Majesty King Negus*, in his lines. It was not his *Nobility*, but merely the lower order of his people, whom he thus used. It was his Highness the Prince of *Melinda* who treated his *Nobles* after this manner; however, there was not much difference, for King *Negus* did certainly *cudgel* his culprit *Nobles*, but it was with his own hands. *Artaxerxes* did much better. He had his *Nobles* stripped, and only chastised their garments. Their cloaths were whipped instead of themselves. From the *Fortunes of Nigel*, just referred to, and which must so recently have passed through every body’s hands, we are also reminded of what was absolutely the custom in the education of Princes, the *whipping* them by *proxy*.

The oddest fancy I ever heard of in regard to the order of *Knighthood*, was that of *knighting* the *Saints* of the *Roman Calender*, *female* as well as *male*. In the time of the *Rebellion*, none

were allowed to be Saints but the *godly abettors* of the *reformation* in Church and State. The *Popish* Saints were of course all to be *unsainted*, and this piece of low spite was carried so far, that the Churches were deprived of the honor of having such sanctified Patrons. *Saint* Margaret's became *Margaret's*; *Saint* Clement's, *Clement's*; *Saint* Martin's, *Martin's*; *Saint* George's, *Georges'*. But even this would not do; they were once made to undergo the following curious piece of mockery; one Mr. Penry, a thorough disciplinarian, author of the book called *Martin Mar-Prelate*, chose to knight them; *Sir* Paul, *Sir* Peter, *Sir* Margaret, *Sir* Mary, *Sir* Martin, &c. &c. &c. See Bishop *Couper's* Preface to his *Admonition to the People of England*, and *Grey's Hudibras*, Part III. Canto ii. How far this might be considered as an original device of Mr. Penry, I know not, since the French once used to combine the two titles, by applying the term *Monsieur*, which is only *my Sir*, to people who lived many ages before them; so that they made no scruple of saying *Monsieur* St. Augustine. *Monsieur* St. Ambrose; and the vulgar are reported still to say *Monsieur* St. Paul, *Monsieur* St. James, &c. &c. See *Chambers's*

Cyclopædia. What would the Quakers say to this?

Our title of Knight, which we derive from the Saxons, is almost peculiar to ourselves. In other nations, they have commonly had a name given them, derived from *horses*, because in ancient times they served in the wars on horseback. "The Romans called them *Equites*; the Italians, *Cavallieri*; the French, *Chevaliers*; the Germans, *Reyters*; the Spaniards, *Cavalleros*; the Welch, *Marchog*, &c. : and all with respect to *riding*." Bracton mentions *Rad. Cnightes*, that is, *serving Horsemen*, who held lands upon condition they should furnish their lord with horses.

If *our* Knights, however, should not be sufficiently *equestrian*, surely his Majesty might have an *Equestrian* order of his own, formed out of the English *Damasippi*, (Juvenal, Sat. VIII,) who in the present day, display such extraordinary skill in driving their *fours-in-hand*, and *twos-at-length*, and who generally appear so exceedingly *proud* of their attainments, that it is quite a pity they should not be formed into a distinct order, and have titles given to them, expressive of their singular merits and great worth. If they should be able to find no Saint in the *Christian*

Calendar, to select as Patroness of their new order, the heathen Goddess *Hippona* may well serve their purpose.

“ Interea dum lanatas, torvumque Juvencum
More Numæ cædit Jovis ante altaria, Juvat
HIPPONAM, et facies olida ad præsepia pictas.”

Or perhaps they may find a *Deity* amongst themselves ; for

Sunt quos CURRICULO pulverem—
Collegisse Juvat ; metaque fervidis
Evitata rotis, palmaque *Nobilis*
Terrarum *Dominos* evehit ad DEOS!

I now proceed to consider the *degraded* state of this ancient order. It is far from being *generally degraded*. Sovereign Princes are still proud of the honor, nor is there one in Europe that is not probably a *Knight of many orders*. The complaint we have to make is, that in many instances it has been rendered too common, or conferred upon persons under circumstances not consistent with its original design and character. “ This title,” says Clark in his History of Knighthood, “ which was anciently of high esteem, is now conferred indiscriminately upon *Gownsmen, Physicians, Burghers, and Artists,*

whereby the original institution is perverted, and is of less reputation than it hath been." Without the slightest intention to speak disrespectfully of any persons in trade or business, do we not all remember cases in which it has been bestowed on *Brewers, Silversmiths, Attornies, Apothecaries, Upholsterers, Hosiers, Tailors, &c. &c.*? I do by no means wish to see such persons placed out of the reach of honors, or deprived of the smiles and favors even of *royalty*. King Alfred undoubtedly shewed his wisdom in honoring *Merchants*. But I would find, or invent for them, titles more appropriate. What can such persons have to do with swords and gilt spurs, and martial titles? According to the strict and ancient rules of Chivalry, no man was entitled to the rank and degree of Knighthood, until he had been in *actual battle*, and *taken a prisoner with his own hand*. Are they the persons we should look up to, to fulfil the Knight's oath, "to maintain and defend all ladies, gentlewomen, widows, and orphans; and to shun no adventure of their person in the wars in which they may be engaged?" In this free and happy country, I rejoice to think that every man of business, every honest and industrious trades-

man, *may* look to the *possibility* of his receiving kingly notice and kingly honors ; but why not have *civic* honors specially appropriated to such purposes, instead of running the risk of seeing a Knight *behind a counter*, or *my Lady* getting up small linen. Sancho Panza indeed was persuaded that he was fit to be made a *Duke* ; “ for once in my life time,” says he, “ I was beadle of a Corporation, and the gown became me so well, that every body said, I had the presence of a Warden : then what shall I be when I am clothed in a ducal robe, all glittering with pearls like a foreign Count ; upon my conscience I believe persons will come an hundred leagues on purpose to see me.” Perhaps indeed the King might as well make *Dukes* of such worthy citizens as *Knights*, for our Citizens and Burghers have commonly a very portly presence, and might as well become the one as the other ; besides there would be something less incongruous in it, for why should the Sovereign be expected to confer *that very title* on persons at the *bottom* of our orders of Precedence, which he actually takes to *himself* as an *honor*, standing at the very *top* ? If *Tailors* in particular must be *Knights*, they ought clearly to be *Knights Tem-*

plars, as of the family of Hudibras's *Ralpho*, from "whose great ancestor," (Dido's heir,) as it is recorded, (in never-dying verse,)

" — Descended *cross-legged* Knights,
Fam'd for their faith," &c. &c.

I believe *Sir William Walworth*, Lord Mayor of London, who was knighted by Richard II. for slaying *Wat Tyler*, was the first tradesman or citizen who received this honor. But it seems to have been in danger of suffering degradation so long ago as in Henry the Third's reign, when whoever had the yearly revenue of fifteen pounds in land, was *compelled* to receive the dignity; so that the title, as writers upon the subject observe, was become rather a burthen than an honor. In the reign of Henry VIII. Serjeants at Law were first knighted, which probably induced them to suppose they had naturally that rank, and were unwilling to go below Knights. For in the second year of James I. anno 1604, when that King made 300 Knights at once, a curious discourse was written in the form of a dialogue, or "familiar Conferance between a Knightes eldest sonne and a student in the lawes of the realm, concerning the prehe-

minency of the ordre of Knighthode before the degre of a Sargeant at Lawe." I would however observe, that the French *Avocat*, Barrister, or Counsellor, according to *Bartoli*, the oracle of the Law in the XIVth Century, at the end of the Xth year of successful professional exertion, became *ipso facto* a *Knight*. This seems not to have been known to the authors of the foregoing dialogue. There was in short in that kingdom a regular *forensic* order of Knighthood; and I believe in Italy and Germany also. These *Lawyers* took an oath to use the advantages of Knighthood only for the purposes of *religion*, of the *Church*, and the holy Christian faith, in the *warfare* of the *science* to which they were devoted. It does not appear that they wore their Equestrian *Costume* in the Courts, but from some hints thrown out by *Baumanoir*, they are supposed to have been attended to the Courts by *Esquires*.

But it is impossible to degrade the title of Knight, otherwise than by bestowing it unworthily. "No honorable person," says an eminent writer, "will deny, but that Knighthood hath great excellency amongst all other titles of honor; for otherwise so many great Princes would

never have taken that honor in their own persons as an augmentation of their monarchical excellencies; “ as witness Lewis XI. who was knighted at his Coronation by Philip Duke of Burgundy ; who if made a *Duke, Marquess, Earl,* &c. it would have detracted from him, all these titles being in himself.”

There was always something particular in regard to the dignity of Knighthood. If an *Esquire* was made a *Knight*, he lost the name of an *Esquire* ; but if a *Knight* was made a *Duke, Earl,* or *Baron*, he still held and retained the name and title of *Knight* during his life, and was so styled in all writs.

By 24 Henry VIII. nobody under the degree of a *Knight* could wear a Collar of S.S.'s. All the chief Judges wear such Collars ; they must of course therefore be *Knights*. But it is somewhat remarkable that, according to the old ballad of the Tanner of Tamworth and King Edward IV. the latter gave a Collar of S. S. to an *Esquire*, to the alarm of the *Esquire* himself.

“ A *Collar*, a *Collar*, our King 'gan say,
 Quoth the Tanner it will breed sorrow ;
 For after a *Collar* cometh a halter,
 I trow I shall be hang'd to-morrow !

“ Be not afraid, Tanner, said the King,

I tell thee so mought I thee,

Lo here I make thee the best *Esquire*,

That is in the North Countrie!”

There is no rank, there are no distinctions, more wise and politic than our *orders* of Knighthood, and their decorations, *Ribbons, Stars, Medals, &c. &c.* They cost the Crown nothing, the State nothing, you and I nothing, unless we should be so fortunate as to obtain them, and then I would answer for it, we should not grudge the costs. But the beauty of them is, (and herein they seem to differ from most other objects of ambition) the less intrinsic value they have, the more desirable and the more honorable they are. Give money instead, and all the glory attending the distinction is vanished and gone. Money, as Montaigne says, is the recompence and reward of *valets, couriers, dancers, singers, mountebanks, stage-players, &c. &c.* Honor and virtue scorn such common rewards. Their *proper* recompence must be altogether noble, generous, unmercenary. Its very cheapness constitutes its worth. Augustus Cæsar we read was extremely liberal of his costly remunerations, but cautious to a high degree in the

distribution of merely honorary distinctions ; such as his crowns of *laurel, oak, myrtle*, vestments of peculiar make, the use of carriages and flambeaux in the streets at night, and particular seats in their public assemblies. *Arms, titles, Sur-names*, &c. are undoubtedly of the same description ; but the more such honors are detached from all baser appendages and accompaniments, the more truly honorable they are. “ Si au prix qui doit estre *simplement d’honneur* ; on y mesle d’*autre commoditez*, et de *la richesse*, ce meslange au lieu d’augmenter l’estimation, la *ravale* et en *retranche*. L’ordre de *Sainct Michel*, qui a esté si long-temps en credit parmy nous, n’avoit point de plus grande commodité que celle-là, de *n’avoir communication d’aucune autre commodité*. Cela faisoit, qu’autre fois il n’y avoit ny charge ny estat, quel qu’il fust, auquel la Noblesse pretendist avec tant de desir et d’affection, qu’elle faisoit à l’ordre : ny qualité qui apportast plus de respect et de grandeur : *la vertu* embrassant et aspirant plus volontiers à une recompense *purement sienne*, plutost glorieuse, qu’utile.” So far Montaigne, and (though his famous order of St. Michael fell afterwards into disrepute) nothing can be more just ; but

the principle has been abused. And it was exactly in consequence of such abuse, that the order of St. Michael came first to be instituted in the room of the order of the Star; the honors of which had been exposed to sale, to supply the exhausted treasury of Charles VIIth, which was judged to be a sad prostitution of the order. "The King of France, says *Rica to Ibben*, (in the *Persian Letters*) is the most potent Prince in Europe: he has no gold mines like his neighbour the King of Spain; but he has more wealth than him, as he raises it out of the *vanity* of his *subjects*, which is more *inexhaustible* than *any mine*. He has undertaken and maintained great wars upon no other fund than the sale of titles of honor; and by a prodigy of human *pride*, his troops were paid, his places fortified, and his fleets equipped."

These distinctions, of course, must be in a great degree mere matters of opinion, otherwise it would be absurd to think of offering them to sale; but if a man can be made to fancy himself great, he *is* great, as far as his own feelings are concerned; and if the King were not to offer to sell them what they desire, they would not want means to elevate themselves. In the *Persian*

Letters just cited, *Usbeck* writing from Paris to *Rhedi* at Venice, observes, “ there are in France three sorts of professions, the *Church*, the *Sword*, and the *long Robe*. Each has a sovereign contempt for the other two : a man for example, that ought to be despised only for being a *fool*, is often despised only because he is a *Lawyer*. Even the vilest mechanics will dispute for the excellency of the trade they have chosen ; each sets himself above him that is of a different profession ; in proportion to the idea he has framed to himself of the superiority of his own.

“ All men, more or less, resemble the woman of the province of *Erivan*, who having received some favor from one of *our Monarchs*, wished a thousand times in her benedictions of him, that heaven would make him Governor of *Erivan* !”

I have read that a French ship putting in upon the coast of *Guinea*, some of the crew went ashore to buy sheep. The natives carried them to the King, who was dispensing justice to his subjects under a tree ; he was on his *throne*, that is to say, a piece of timber, as stately as if he had sat upon that of the Great Mogul : about him stood three or four *guards*, armed with hedge-stakes : an umbrella in the form of

a canopy skreened him from the heat of the sun. All his own ornaments, as well as those of the *Queen* his wife, consisted in their black hides, and some few rings. This Prince, whose vanity was greater than his poverty, asked those strangers whether he was not much talked of in France? He fancied his name could not but be carried from one Pole to the other: and being quite the reverse of that Conqueror, of whom it is said he silenced the whole earth, this Prince fancied it could not be but the whole universe must speak of him. “When the *Cham* of *Tartary* has dined, a Herald proclaims, that all the Princes of the earth may go to dinner if they please; and this Barbarian that lives upon milk, who has neither house nor home, and subsists upon nothing but robbing and cutting of throats, looks upon all the Kings of the world as his slaves, and regularly insults over them twice a day.”

Seneca has recorded an instance of the most ridiculous affectation of grandeur, in the person of one *Senecio*. I shall copy *Cowley's* account of him. “He would have no servants but huge massy fellows, no plate or household stuff, but thrice as big as the fashion: his extravagancy

came at last into such a madness, that he would not put on a pair of shoes, each of which was not big enough for both his feet; he would eat nothing but what was great, nor touch any fruit but horse-plums and pound-pears. He kept a concubine that was a very giantess, and made her walk too always in *Chiopins*, till at last he got the name of Senecio Grandio, which *Messala* said was not his *Cognomen* but his *Cognomentum*."

Dr. *Johnson*, I think, has recorded an instance of vanity, well deserving to be added to the above. It is of a Country Squire, who was so fond of displaying a quantity of plate on his sideboard, that he constantly had his *silver* spurs placed there.

Consequence may be given by the merest trifles. There is one at present in vogue amongst ourselves, which seems likely to be carried to an almost ridiculous extent. I mean the *three et cæteras*, (&c. &c. &c.) in the directions of our letters, notes, &c. I am pretty certain that I remember the time when etiquette confined it to the Cabinet Ministers, or at the very least, to the highest Officers of State. Such personages might well have such an easy and contracted compliment paid to their numerous titles and dignities, few

of which could be expressed at length; but now they are added to almost every name, and may stand for any thing or *nothing*. That they may stand for any thing, and therefore suit those who are at the very bottom of our orders of precedence, is evident from this, that a Grocer may be *et cætera, et cætera*, for he is generally a *Tea* dealer, a vender of *plums* and *currants*, *sugar*, and a hundred other things. A Sadler is commonly *&c. &c. &c.* for he is also a *Collar*, *Harness*, and *Whip* maker. A Country Apothecary is a *Surgeon*, a *Dentist*, and *Man-midwife*. Nay, the mender of kettles, *&c. &c. &c.* meaning *pots*, *pans* and so forth, would do very well for a *Tinker*. That they may stand for *nothing*, I leave to those to find out, who may be in the way of observing to what odd names they are tacked, and how very general the practice is become.

Stars and Ribbons may seem trifling, but they are very ornamental, and as marks of distinction by no means extravagant. They render a person conspicuous, and if rightly bestowed, do certainly not exceed the bounds of royal or national remuneration. Our *Four Orders of Knighthood* are extremely honorable, and have nothing in them I think that can be excepted against. The

first order indeed, that of the Garter, by its motto, seems to challenge enquiry, and defy reproach. Every body must know the story that refers the origin of the name to a piece of gallantry; either the Queen or the Countess of Salisbury having been supposed to have dropped one of those very useful pieces of female attire at a dance; upon which old Camden says, with a great deal of propriety, and a most just compliment to the ladies, “*hæc vulgus perhibet, nec vilis sane hæc videatur origo, cum nobilitas sub amore jacet.*”

The true relation is considered to be this; that *Edward the Third* being engaged in a war with France, for the obtaining that crown, in order to draw into England great multitudes of foreigners, with whom he might negotiate for aid and support, appointed a *tournament* to be holden at *Windsor*, in imitation of King Arthur's Round Table, at which all his illustrious guests were to be entertained; but King Philip of France suspecting his designs, caused a like tournament to be proclaimed in his own dominions, which meeting with success, proved a countermine to Edward's original plan; and induced him to turn his thoughts *from it*, to the

institution of a *new order of Knighthood* ; and to signify the purity of his intentions, and retort shame on those who should put any malignant interpretation on his proceedings, he chose for his motto the words, “ *Honi soit qui mal y pense,*” which is not ill translated in the dramatic poem on the Institution, to be found in *Dodsley’s Collection*, thus,

“ Asham’d be he who with *malignant eye,*
So reads my purpose.”

“ The Fellowship of the Order of the Garter, is of all others by far the most honorable, making Knights, and sometime those of the lesser Nobility not only equal to Noblemen at home, but companions to Kings themselves and Emperors : a fellowship of all the orders of the Christian world most ancient and famous ; encircling all titles and degrees of Nobility from the throne downwards.”—This is a brief account of the order, from the pen of an Herald. I have no need to go farther into its History, but merely to pick up such things as may apply to this work. And first, I am rather surprised, that the *ladies* of the Knights of the *Gar-ter* should have *relinquished* so great, and I should think so or-

namental a distinction, as that of wearing the ensign of the order in Jewellery or enamel as a bracelet on *the left arm*, which *Ashmole* assures us was at first customary. Surely it would be as reasonable as the gold chain of the Lady *Mayoress*, and being in the form of a bracelet to the *arm*, might *possibly divert* the attention of the men from the reputed original; it might be *dropped and resumed with less confusion*, and the only objection I can see to the use of such an ornament, is the hazard of mistake, from the double meaning of the term *Periscelis*, which signifies not only a G****r but B*****, which our *English ladies never wear!* Quæ Græci περισκελῆ vocant, nostri *Braccas* dicunt, says an ancient Father of the Church.

Though the order was instituted so long ago as in the year 1344, it was not till the reign of Charles the Second that the Knights were empowered to wear the Star they use at present, embroidered on their coats. For the convenience of travelling, they may wear a blue ribbon under their boot, instead of the "*Golden Garter*," but I believe they are liable to a *fine*, if they have neither ribbon nor Garter on.

Their Gentleman Usher has a title of a very

fearful sound to *school-boys*. What must *they* think of an *Usher* of the *black Rod*?—"I knew one, who in winter," says old Peachum, "would ordinarily in a cold morning, whip his boys over for no other purpose than to get himself a heat."

Having had occasion to mention King Arthur's *Round Table*, which was made round to prevent all controversies about precedency, as a round Robin is calculated to screen the ring-leader of a conspiracy, it may perhaps be amusing if I recount some of the names of the first Knights, as a specimen of the language of the times. In the second Chapter we have,

Esclabor, the *disguised*.

Agravain, the *Proud*.

Yvain, *with the white hands*.

Dodinel, the *Wild*.

Osevain *with the hardy heart*.

Mador of the *Porte*.

Arthur the *Less*.

In the third Chapter,

Arthur Ly Bleys, the *Stammerer*.

Pharan the *Black*.

Pharan the *Red*.

Amant the *Fair Joust*er.

Gavenor the *Black*.

In the Fourth,

The *Goodly Coward*.

The *deformed Valiant*.

The *Good Knight Descor*.

The *Varlet au Cercle*.

Lot the *Valiant*.

Meliadus the *Spy*.

Lucan the *Butler*.

In the Fifth,

Brunor of the *Fountain*.

Sibillas *with the hard hands*.

Sivados the *Thunderer*.

Arphaxad the *Gross*.

The *Lovely Amorous*.

Malios of the *Thorn*.

Argovier the *Angrie*.

Patrides of the *Golden Circle*.

Mauduis the *Scorner*.

Gringalais the *Strong*.

In the sixth,

Agrior the *old Gamester*.

Galindes of the *Hillock*.

Chalamor the *Well-wisher*.

Alibel the *Forsaken*.

Arganor the *Rich*,

The ancient Knight of the *hollow Deepes*.

Malaquin the *Gross*.

In the Seventh,

Normain the *Pilgrim*.

Harvin the *Unwieldy*.

Ferandon the *Poor*.

Randon the *light or nimble*.

The *Strong always found*.

The *lost black Knight*.

Divant of the *Rock*.

The *Fairy for Ladies*.

The *Forester*.

The *Huntsman*.

The *Brown without Joy*.

Geffrey the *Stout*.

Foyadus the *Gallant*.

The Eighth,

Roustelime of the *High Mountain*.

Courant of the *hard Rock*.

Armont of the *Green Serpent*.

Ferrant of the *Hill*.

Busterine the *Great*.

Lydieux the *Strong*.

Soline of the *Wood*.

The *Knight of the Seven Ways*.

Hescalon the *Hardy*.

Marandon of the *River*.

Abilem of the *Desert*.

Fœlix the *Fortunate Searcher*.

Dezier the *Fierce*.

The rules of the order were admirable. None were to be admitted, but those who made sufficient proofs of their valour and dexterity in arms. They were to be always *well armed* for horse or foot; they were to *protect* and *defend widows, maidens, and children*, relieve the *distressed*, maintain the *Christian faith*, contribute to the *Church*, protect *pilgrims*, advance *honor*, and suppress *vice*; to *bury soldiers* that wanted sepulchres, to ransom *captives*, *deliver prisoners*, and administer to the *cure of wounded soldiers*, hurt in the service of their country. Upon any complaint made to the King of injury or oppression, one of these Knights, whom the King should appoint, was to revenge the same. If any *foreign Knight* came to Court, with desire to shew his prowess, some one of these Knights was to be ready in arms to answer him. If any *lady, gentlewoman, or other oppressed or injured person*, did present a petition declaring the same, whether the injury were done here or beyond sea, he or she should be graciously heard,

and without delay one or more Knights should be sent to take revenge.

Well might they bear the names given to them above, having such chivalrous exploits committed to their charge, which though they may seem now to be at an end, yet let our Knights of the Garter and St. Patrick take care, for I see not how they could escape going upon such enterprizes, if proper cases were made out; the latter having undertaken to “*be bold strongly to fight, in the just and necessary defence of those that be oppressed and needy,*” and the former even “*to offer themselves to shed their blood,*” to the same ends.

Among the many foreign orders that have been instituted, there was, and perhaps still is, one of a very singular nature in France, viz. the order *de la Sainte Ampouille*, or Holy Phial. It consists of four persons, generally of the ancient province of *Champagne*, men of the first rank, family and fortune there. At the *Coronation* of the Kings of France, these four Barons or Knights are delivered to the Dean, Priors, and Chapter of the Cathedral Church of St. Remy at Rheims, as *hostages* for fulfilling the engagements entered into, by the great Officers

of the Crown, to return the holy Phial in which the oil for anointing the King at the Coronation is kept. I cannot inform the reader what was to be done with these hostages in case any accident befel the sacred Phial; but it is melancholy to think that it could not well be replaced by any thing earthly, it having been originally brought from heaven, and put into the hand of St. Remy, at the Coronation of Clovis, in the sixth century. Whether the hostages were to be dispatched to the other world to fetch another, does not appear.

The order of *Fools* was a singular order, and what the intention of it could be, I cannot conjecture. There certainly was however such an order in Germany; founded in 1380 by Adolphus Duke of Cleves; the badge being the figure of a man, habited like a Fool, in a short waistcoat, a cowl of red and yellow patchwork, with morrice bells of gold, yellow stockings, and black shoes, holding in his hand a bowl filled with water.

I have observed, that according to Ashmole, the *ladies* of Knights of the Golden Garter (*Equites aureæ Periscelidis*) used formerly to wear the ensign of the order on their arms. This did

not make them Knights of the Garter certainly, but it was an outward distinction that probably must have been extremely becoming. Though ladies however cannot be Knights, they have not been without their distinct orders in various countries of Europe; some of which I shall mention, in case any such associations of our fair and virtuous countrywomen should hereafter be contemplated; not that the foreign orders I am about to describe would be generally suitable here.

In the *Austrian* dominions there were the following.

1. The ladies' order in honor of the *Cross*, instituted by the Empress *Eleonora di Gonzaga*, to commemorate the miraculous preservation of a golden cross, in which were inclosed some pieces of the wooden one on which Christ suffered, during a conflagration that took place at the Emperor's palace in 1668.

As ladies' orders ought to have handsome badges, I shall describe the one appertaining to this order, and which looks very handsome in an engraving. It was a *golden medal*, chased and pierced. In the centre the *Imperial Eagle*; over all a *Cross* surmounted with the letters I. H. S.

and a small *Cross* over the letter H. with this motto, *Salus et Gloria*.

With a little jewellery intermingled, how exceedingly ornamental such a badge might be made. I wonder our jewellers do not present a petition to the King, to institute some female orders.

It was the same Empress, Eleonora di Gonzago, who in 1662 instituted, 2dly,

The Order of Ladies, *Slaves to Virtue*.

What she meant by Slaves to Virtue, I cannot pretend to explain; I thought the service of Virtue, like that of Religion, was "perfect Freedom;" however it sounds pretty and interesting, and seems as if it would suit our amiable countrywomen. The number was limited to thirty, all noble, and of the Romish religion, (which of course would not do for us) but it had an elegant badge, viz. a *Golden Sun*, encircled with a *chaplet* of *laurel*, *enamelled green*, with the motto, "*Sola ubique triumphat*;" the *triumphat* perhaps may help to explain the term *Slaves*. It was worn pendent at the breast to a small chain of gold, or a plain narrow black ribbon. How elegant!

The next order would be an admirable one

here, if it could but promote the virtue inculcated by its institution ; for it is called

3. The Order of *Neighbourly Love* !

What a blessing ! and yet, alas !—But I cannot stop to gossip about it.—This order was founded in 1708, at Vienna, by the Empress *Elizabeth Christiana*. It was not indeed confined to the ladies, but extended to both sexes, of noble families ; the number being unlimited, which is well enough in its way, but I think it should not be confined to Nobles ; for neighbourly love is quite as much wanting in general, amongst the gentry, the middle class, and lower orders of society ; nay, I think more wanting ; for any deficiency of this nature amongst the Nobles, is commonly made up for by the refinements of polished manners. The ensign of this order is described to be a *red ribbon*, having attached to it, *pendent on the left breast*, a *golden Cross of eight points*, with this motto round the centre, “ *Amor Proximi*,” (and it is to be hoped *Proximæ* too) and the middle enamelled red.

The next I have to notice is a French order, instituted by *Anne de Bretagne*, after the death of her first husband, Charles VIII. in the year

1498, for widow ladies of noble families. It was styled

The Order of the *Cordeliere*,

Having for its ensign a Cordelier's girdle, which they placed round the escutcheons of their arms, and wore it, tied round the waist with the ends hanging down by their sides. It lasted but a short time.

Another French order for ladies was

The Order of the *Celestial Collar* of the *Holy Rosary*,

Instituted by Queen *Anne* of *Austria*, widow of *Lewis XIII.* for fifty young ladies of the first families in France. The *Collar* of the order was composed of a *blue ribbon*, enriched with white, red, and maiden's-blush, (how interesting!) *roses* interlaced with the capital letters *A. V.* in cypher affixed to it, and pendent at the breast by a silk cordon, a Cross of eight points pomettee, and in each angle a *Fleur-de-Lis*; on the centre the image of *St. Dominick*, enamelled. (Happy Saint !)

Louisa of *Bourbon*, wife of the *Duke of Maine*, in 1703 founded the

Order of the *Bee*,

For women as well as men, the ensign being a medal of gold; on one side the portrait of the Foundress, and the other a *Bee*, with this motto, *Je suis petite, mais mes piqures sont profondes*, which might have done as well for an order of Cupid. But how extremely pretty would it have been, had she instituted, for young ladies alone, an order of the *Pin*, with the motto, *Je pique, mais j'attache*.

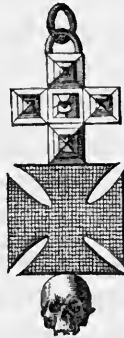
In the German empire, the principal order into which ladies were admitted, is an order of a most dismal sound, viz.

The Order of *Death's Head*!

It was founded by the Duke of Wirtemburgh, in 1652; and revived in 1709, by Louisa Elizabeth, widow of Philip, Duke of Saxe Mersburg, daughter of the original Founder. A Princess of the House of Wirtemburgh was always to be at the head of it, and none but women admitted into it. Its rules were of course all of a very solemn, moral cast, and its badge appropriate, which as it is the object of this book to be grave as well as gay, and to follow where the subject leads, I shall not refrain from describing.

A *Death's Head*, enamelled *white*, surmounted with a *cross pattée black*; above the *cross pattée* another *cross*, composed of *five large jewels*, by which it hangs to a *black ribbon*, edged with *white*, and on the ribbon the words *MEMENTO MORI*, worn at the breast.

The badge even of this *gloomy sounding* order is far from inelegant, considering the richness of the materials.



In 1107, there was an order founded by Agnas Abbess of the Hospital of St. Mary Magdalen, with a title of a very extraordinary description, namely,

The Order of Ladies KNIGHTS of Malta.

If this be correct, surely we might have Ladies *Knights* of the Garter, &c. &c.

The badge was the same as that of the *Men*, Knights of Malta.

We cannot wonder that Russia, which has had, since the commencement of the last century, some such extraordinary Empresses, should have been distinguished by female orders. The first I have to mention, is that of

St. Catherine :

Founded by Peter the Great, in honor of his Empress, Catherine I. by which act I think he did himself much credit, for she was certainly a most valuable wife to him, in several trying circumstances, but especially on the banks of the Pruth. Men were at first admitted, but it was afterwards confined to the fair sex. The badge is a *medallion*, enriched with *diamonds*, and charged with the image of St. Catherine, pendent to a *broad white* ribbon, worn *sashwise* over the *right shoulder*. On the left side of the stomacher is embroidered a *silver star* of eight points, on the centre of which is a cross, with this motto round it, *Pour l'amour et la fidelité envers la patrie*.

There was in Spain an order founded by James the First, King of Arragon, in 1218,

originally for men, but extended to females in 1261. It was called,

The Order of the *Lady of Mercy*.

The object of it being to promote the redemption of captives from the Moors. The following is the description of the badge, which extremely resembles the coat of arms of an English Duke. A shield per *Fess red and gold*, in chief a *cross pattée* white, in base *four pallets* red, and the shield crowned with a *ducal coronet*.

There is, or was, in Spain, a female order of *Saint Jago de Compostella*, instituted in 1312. The badge a cross of gold enamelled crimson, edged with gold, and worn round the neck pendent to a broad ribbon, charged on the centre with an *escallop shell* white. These ladies wore a black habit.

There was also a female order of *Calatrava*, the badge being a *cross fleury* red, worn at the breast pendent to a broad ribbon. Both these orders seem to have been annexed as it were to two of the most celebrated military orders in Spain; but to obviate all reproach, I ought perhaps to observe, that the Ladies' Orders were *religious* ones; as was also the last I have to men-

tion, namely, the *Ladies' Order of Mercy*, instituted in 1261, the badge the same as that of the Order of the Lady of Mercy.

I have now got to an end of these *female* orders, as far as they happen to have come within my knowledge. There may be more; some of those I have mentioned may be extinct, or their rules and badges may have been changed: but it is not necessary to be more particular. All I have said is in the way of aid and assistance, should any such things be ever contemplated *here*. We have plenty of *jewellers* to go to work upon the *badges*; we have abundance of *taste* to invent and combine *symbols, emblems, and devices*, in all possible varieties; we have a great number of *noble, elegant, and beautiful* females to decorate and distinguish; and what is most of all, every description of female virtue abounding among us, to give name and character to as many orders as the Sovereign might choose to institute.

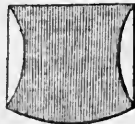
I do not mean that they should be made *Knights*; be girt with the sword, and wear spurs, but I should like to see them enrolled as they might be, in such orders for instance as those of

Virtue,

Merit,
 Constancy,
 Conjugal Fidelity,
 Prudence,
 Discretion,
 Fortitude,
 Patience,
 Chastity,
 Modesty,
 Frugality,

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

There is, or was, according to Guillim, a *regular Heraldic* reward for *Gentlewomen*, of which I ought perhaps to take some notice. It was a grant of *Voiders*, in the form of a bow, added to the arms in the following form.



The Heralds seem to have been puzzled what to make of them ; but Guillim is disposed to regard them as representations of *looking-glasses*, which were once made in a bulging form, and, says he, “ might well serve for the rewards of

Gentlewomen, to whom *such* gifts are most acceptable." But see the good Herald's reflection upon this. "Withal implying," says he, "that Gentlewomen so well deserving, should be *mirrors* and *patterns* to others of their sex, wherein to behold both their *duties* and the *due rewards* of *virtue*. His Counsell was so very behovefull, who advised all *Gentlewomen* often to look on *glasses*; that so, if they saw themselves *beautiful*, they might be stirred up to make their minds as *fair* by *virtue* as their *faces* were by *nature*: but if *deformed*, they might make amends for their *outward deformity*, with their *internal pulchritude* and *gracious qualities*. And those that are *proud* of their *beauty* should consider, that their own hue is as *brittle* as the *glasse* wherein they see it; and that they carry on their shoulders nothing but a *skull wrapt in skinne*, which one day will be loathsome to be looked on."

I know nothing for which our English ladies more deserve to be *distinguished*, than for their great *temperance*; but the virtue is so general a one, that perhaps it could only be publicly honored by some *mark* set on those few who do not possess it. I have been very recently reminded of this perfection of our ladies, (and the

sex in general indeed,) by perusing the following extract from Sir *John Harrington's* account of the reception of the *King of Denmark*, in Miss *Aikin's* entertaining *Memoirs of the Court of James I.*

“ In compliance with your asking, now shall you accept my poor account of rich doings. I came here (*Theobalds*, the seat of the Earl of *Salisbury*) a day or two before the Danish King came, and from the day he did come until this hour, I have been well-nigh overwhelmed with *carousal* and *sports* of all kind. The sports began each day in such manner and such sort, as had well-nigh persuaded me of *Mahomet's Paradise*. We had *women*, and indeed *wine* too, of such plenty as would have astonished each sober beholder. Our feasts were magnificent, and the *two royal guests* did most lovingly embrace each other at table. I think the *Dane* has strangely wrought on our good English Nobles; for those whom I never could get to taste good liquor, now follow the fashion, and wallow in beastly delights. The LADIES abandon their *sobriety*, and are seen to *roll about* in *intoxication*. One day a great feast was held, and after dinner the representation of *Solomon his temple*, and the coming of the *Queen of Sheba* was made, or I

may better say, was *meant to have been made* before their *Majesties*, by the device of the Earl of Salisbury, and others. But, alas! as all earthly things do fail to poor mortals in enjoyment, so did prove our presentment hereof. The *LADY* who did play the *Queen's* part, did carry most precious gifts to both their *Majesties*; but, *forgetting the steps* arising to the canopy, overset her caskets into his *Danish Majesty's* lap, and *fell at his feet*, though I rather think it was in his *face*! Much was the hurry and confusion; cloths and napkins were at hand to make all clean. His *Majesty* then got up, and would dance with the *Queen* of Sheba; but *he* fell down and humbled himself before her, and was carried to an inner chamber, and laid on a bed of state; which was not a little defiled with the *presents* of the *Queen*, which had been bestowed on his *garments*; such as *wine, cream, beverage, cakes, spices*, and other good matters. The entertainment and show went *forward*; and most of the presenters went *backward* or fell down; wine did so occupy their upper chambers. Now did appear in rich dress, *FAITH, HOPE, and CHARITY*; *Hope* did essay to speak, but *wine* rendered *her* endeavours so feeble, that *she* with-

drew, and hoped the King would excuse her brevity : *Faith* was then *alone*, for I am certain *she* was not joined with *good works*, and left the Court in a staggering condition : *Charity* came to the King's feet, and seemed to cover the multitude of sins her *sisters* had committed ; in some sort she made obeisance and brought gifts, but said she would return home again, as there was no gift heaven had not already bestowed upon his Majesty. She then returned to *Faith* and *Hope*, who were both *sick*, &c. in the lower hall. Next came VICTORY in bright armour, and by a strange medley of versification, did endeavour to make suit to the King. But Victory did not *triumph* long : for after much lamentable utterance, she was *led away* like a silly captive, and laid to sleep on the outer steps of the antichamber. Now PEACE did make entry, and strive to get foremost to the King ; but I grieve to tell how great wrath she did discover unto those of her attendants ; and much contrary to her semblance, most rudely *made war* with her *olive branch*, and laid on the pates of those who did oppose her coming.

“ The *great ladies* go well masked, and indeed it be the *only show* of their *modesty* to conceal

their *countenance*: but alack! they meet with such countenance to uphold their strange doings, that I marvel not at ought that happens.—I do often say, but not aloud, that the Danes have again conquered the Britons; for I see no man or woman either, that can now command himself or herself.”

So far Sir John Harrington. It is well for the credit of the English *ladies* of any time or age, that the disgrace of such intemperate doings should be thrown on foreigners; on the *Danes* that is, in the above particular instance. But it is odd enough that while I am writing this, we should happen to have, not indeed a *King* of *Denmark*, but an *heir presumptive* to the crown of *Denmark*, and his *Royal Consort*, traversing this same kingdom of England, and partaking of entertainments, and receiving public honors, suitable to their high rank and condition, and specially prepared for them; but as different from the scenes represented above, as light from darkness!—and I am very confident that were their Highnesses themselves disposed to indulge in such sort of festivities, which seems very far from being the case, (indeed quite the contrary) no ladies of rank throughout the whole kingdom

could be found to personate such *drunken virtues*, or even go *masked* into such filthy company.

Before I dismiss the subject of Knights, I cannot forbear adding the following curious specimen of the *Style Héraldic*, upon a question relating to the order.

The City of London was thrown into confusion once by the promiscuous manner of conferring the distinction of Knighthood by James the First, who though afraid of a sword, made more Knights than any other of our monarchs. A question arose which puzzled the Heralds Office so much, that Sir William Segar, (Mr. *Garter King at Arms*), and Mr. Brooke (*York Herald*) totally differed from each other, upon the subject, nor was it finally and irrevocably settled even by those who held in commission at that time the office of Earl Marshal, and to whom it was expressly referred by the Sovereign himself.

The question lay between the *Aldermen Knights* and the *Knights Commoners*; whether for instance, when they came together, "Knighthood did dignify and honor the Aldermanship, or the Aldermanship Knighthood?" — Though Mr. Garter was much disposed to favor the Al-

dermanship in this case, his brother herald was decidedly of opinion that Knighthood was so superior to the other, that "Aldermanship could give no more to Knighthood, than the light of a burning candle being held in the bright sunshine, could add any thing to the glory thereof;" and he banters Mr. Garter pretty much for his ignorance of a Knight's worth. How earnest the York Herald was, we may judge from a passage towards the conclusion of his answer to, what he calls, "Mr. Garter's weak and erroneous opinion," which in fact was, that citizens of London being Knights and Aldermen, took place of Knights *Commoners*; that is, as the petition of the Mayor and Aldermen to the King, more fully sets it forth, "certain *Commoners*, yet keeping shops, and continuing their trades in the city, on whom his Majesty had conferred, as well as on themselves, the dignity of Knighthood." "Sir Richard Martin and Sir Thomas Pullison," (says Mr. York, with all the zeal of a true herald) "are ancient Knights, and have been both Lord Mayors of London, and yet now no Aldermen: Shall these now, I pray you, be called *Knights Commoners*, because they be freemen of London, and dwell in London? or

shall they lose their pre-eminence of ancient Knights by reason thereof, and give place to the now Aldermen of puisneer dubbing, being far inferior to them for good service in the Commonwealth? No! GOD FORBID! for that would be very offensive both to GOD and man!"

The parties were summoned to attend the Lords Commissioners at Whitehall; but the Knights Commoners having in two instances failed to attend, this was construed into a dereliction of their plea, and on *that account*, it was adjudged that the Aldermen Knights should have precedence of the Knights *Commoners*, so that to all appearance Mr. Garter beat Mr. York. But I must observe, that according to Chamberlayne, it seems to have been since determined that those who have been Lord Mayors of London, or Provosts in Scotland, shall precede all Knights, as having been the King's Lieutenants. Whether he is right or not, I am not Herald enough to say. In the remonstrance of Mr. Brooke, there is much curious matter relating to the order of Knighthood; he shews that it is not only one of the *highest*, but one of the *most ancient* degrees of honor; being conferred generally on such as were "able by their own under-

standing and experience, to lead an army against the most perilous enemy that should offer to invade the State." He tells us, that Pompey the Great, after all his victories, and even taking a King prisoner, did not hold himself rightly honored till he was made a Knight. The meanest Knight, he says, could dignify and honor the greatest Emperors or Kings, by knighting them; and that they possess a privilege, denied to Nobility, having in all countries a right of precedence, according as they are ancient Knights, while the Nobility, however ancient in their own country, have place as *puisné* in Foreign States.

Though our Anglo-Saxon ancestors had the terms *Cniht* and *Cnihthade* amongst them, it seems difficult to say how far they may be considered as analogous to our chivalrous terms of *Knight* and *Knighthood*. Whoever wishes to go farther into the subject, would do well to consult Mr. *Turner's* well known history of that ancient people; he has a whole chapter expressly to the purpose. They seem clearly however to have had a *military* order, or degree, conferred with like ceremonies, to those in use in other countries, and in the most perfect stage of chivalry; as the *investiture* with *sword* and

belt; and the observance of certain religious rites on the *Eve* of Consecration.

Having in this section of my work, found occasion to hint, that the order of Knighthood has often been conferred on persons, not strictly entitled to it, I should be sorry to have it supposed, that I am any enemy to the democratical principle of *elevating* persons of *real talent*, to the highest stations of society, even (if *need* be) "*de la boue*," as Bonaparte would say. *Morally* speaking, the accident may often happen, that a person so distinguished shall not be in *all respects* what one might wish, though *politically* in the high and beaten road to *titles, honors, personal distinctions, and personal decorations*.

Lewis XIII. had once to confer the order of the *St. Esprit* on a person whom he greatly disliked; though a favorite of the *Cardinal de Richelieu*, and one who could not well be passed over. In performing the customary ceremonies, the new Knight had to plead a sort of "*Nolo Episcopari*." Kneeling at the King's feet, he was obliged to say, "*Non sum dignus*," I am not worthy, Sire; to which his Majesty replied, "I know it full well, but my Lord Cardinal will have it so."

James the First, who made two hundred thirty-seven Knights in six weeks; is reported to have said to an insignificant person he was about to knight, and who held his head down, as though conscious of his own unworthiness, "hold up thy head, man, I have more need to be ashamed than thee."

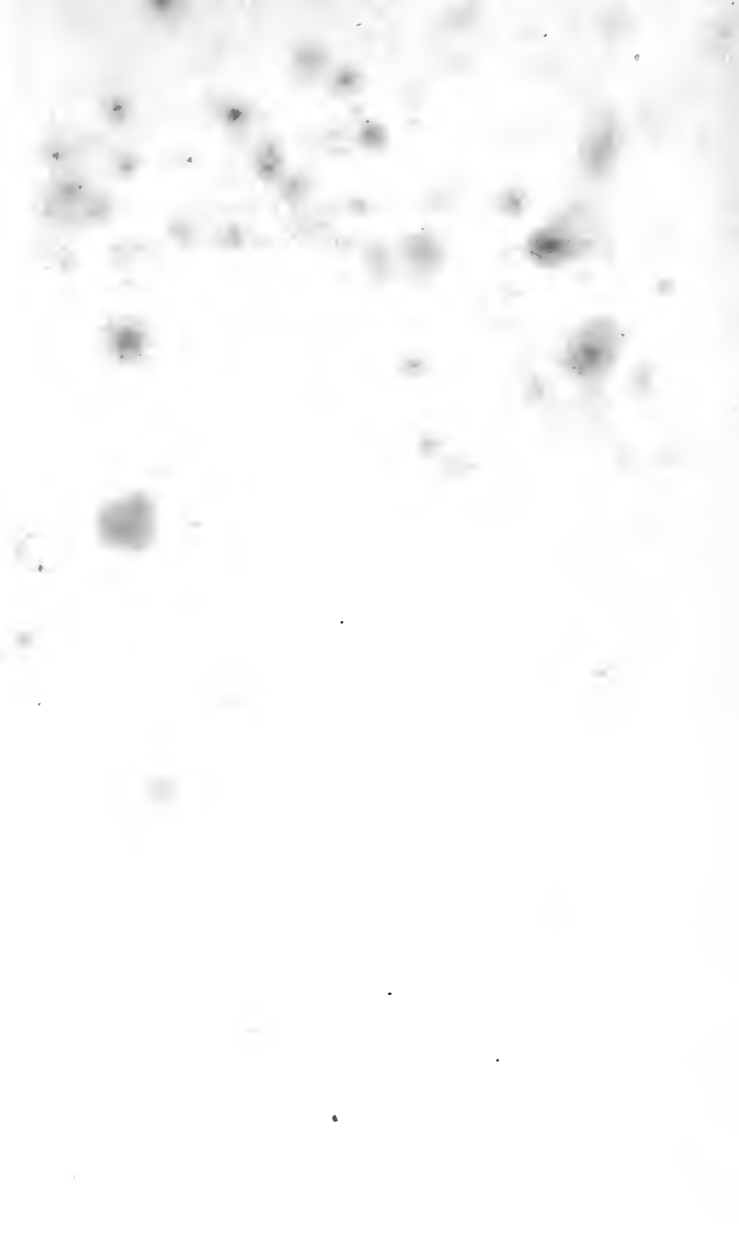
But I am still for Bonaparte's principle, "*la carrière ouverte aux talens*," conceiving it to be an acknowledged principle of our own constitution. Without it indeed, I see not how we could have any "*novi homines*," in the proper sense of those terms; I am therefore happy and proud to have it to say, that so far from any discouragement being given to *novi homines* amongst ourselves, there is not one of our five degrees of Nobility, in which a *novus homo*, or the immediate successor of a proper *novus homo*, is not to be found. That is, a person, who *however born*, could never probably have been in the situation in which we find him, but in virtue of his own or predecessor's superior talents, merits, and ability. To take by the hand men of talents *de la boue*, is quite right, but I must add, that I am aristocrat enough to say, I do not like *all boue*, nor indeed does it seem to me to reflect much honor on the

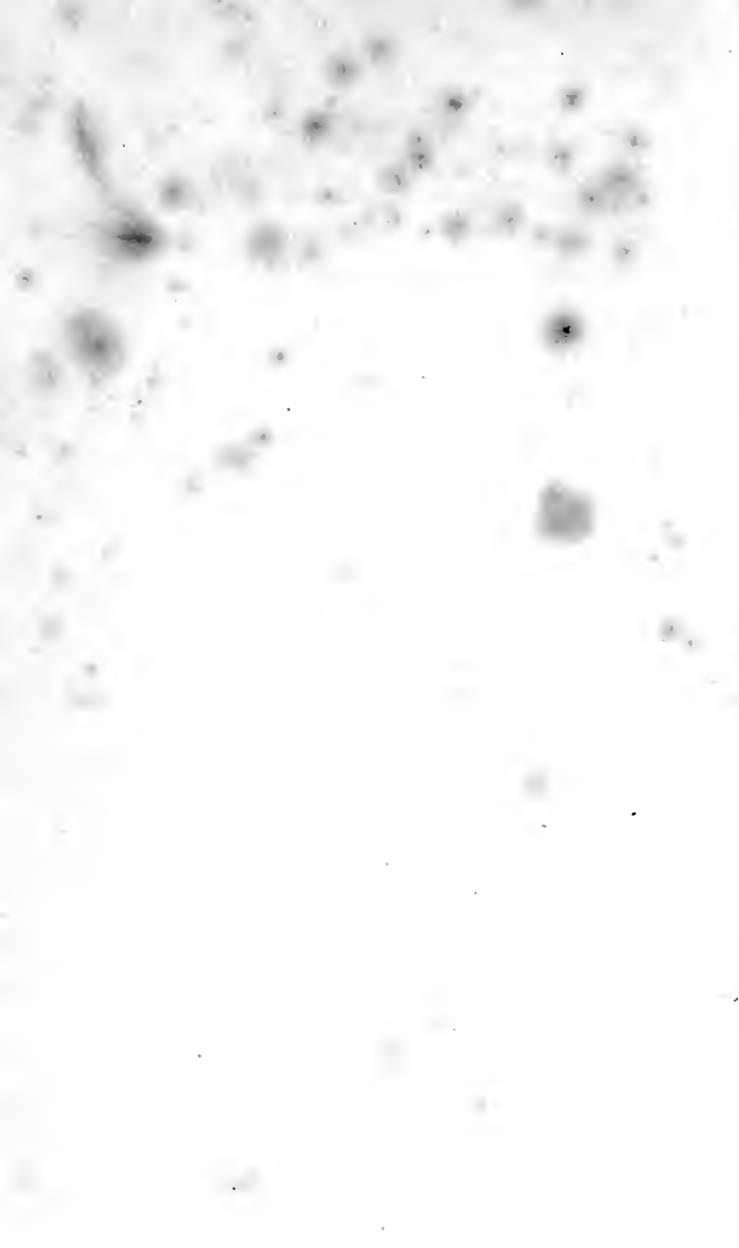
French nation, that Bonaparte had to seek for talents so low in the order of society, as was actually the case: with us it is different. Our *novi homines* may be looked for in all ranks. Many of our *novi homines* are to be found in the order of *Patricians*. For amongst our Dukes, I regard the Duke of Wellington, though nobly born, as a *novus homo*: the Duke of Wellington could not have been where he is, *above his eldest brother*, (though a Marquess,) but for *personal* talents of an extraordinary nature; talents which enabled him to contend successfully against the *de la boue* Mareschals and Generals of Emperor Napoleon. I highly commend the method of marking some of our *novi homines* in the House of Peers. It is truly Roman. It fairly announces them to be such *novi homines* amongst ourselves as Scipio *Africanus* and Scipio *Asiaticus* were amongst the Romans. Wellington, for instance, is a village in Somersetshire; but whence does the Duke of Wellington derive his titles of Marquess of DOURO, Duke of CIUDAD RODRIGO and VITTORIA; and Prince of WATERLOO?— Whence does Lord ST. VINCENT derive the title of his Earldom? Whence does Lord Nelson derive his second title of Viscount TRAFALGAR?

Questions of the same nature might be asked concerning Viscount Duncan of CAMPERDOWN, and many others: nor need we confine ourselves to military titles, or to the Peerage. Amongst our *Baronets* and *Knights*, there are many proper *novi homines*. New *Peers*, new *Baronets*, and new *Knights*, may be very different from NEW MEN; and though I would not wish any of our *NOVI HOMINES* to *think* or *act* exactly like Bonaparte; yet I would freely give them leave to *feel* as he represents himself to have felt in the three cases of *General Clarke*, the *Emperor Francis*, and the *Pope*. I know that I am going to cite a work that must have very recently passed through many hands; but if I quote what is *particularly applicable* to my own purposes from any work whatsoever, I conceive that I am only placing what I adopt in a more prominent point of view, and giving to cursory remarks and stories, the consistency of arrangement. To General Clarke at Rome, who had busied himself, (by way no doubt of currying favor with the Emperor,) to trace the *Nobility* of the Bonaparte family, Napoleon wrote, "mind your own business, I am the *first* of my family!"—When the Emperor Francis, on the marriage of his daughter Maria

Louisa, employed persons to examine Napoleon's *genealogy*, and thought he had found something which deserved to be made public; "I declined it," said Bonaparte, professing to be better pleased to be the son of an honest man, than the remote descendant of some little dirty tyrant of Italy; "I am," said he, "the RODOLPH of my family."—The third case is laughable, but certainly very characteristic of a true *Novus Homo*. "There was formerly," (I quote Bonaparte himself, according to Mr. O'Meara) "one *Buonaparte Bonaparte*, who lived and died a *Monk*. The poor man lay quietly in his grave; nothing was thought about him until I was on the throne of France. It was then discovered that he had been possessed of many virtues, which had never been attributed to him before, and the Pope proposed to canonise him. "Saint Pere," cried I, "pour l'amour de Dieu, épargnez moi le ridicule de cela.""

END OF VOL. I.







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