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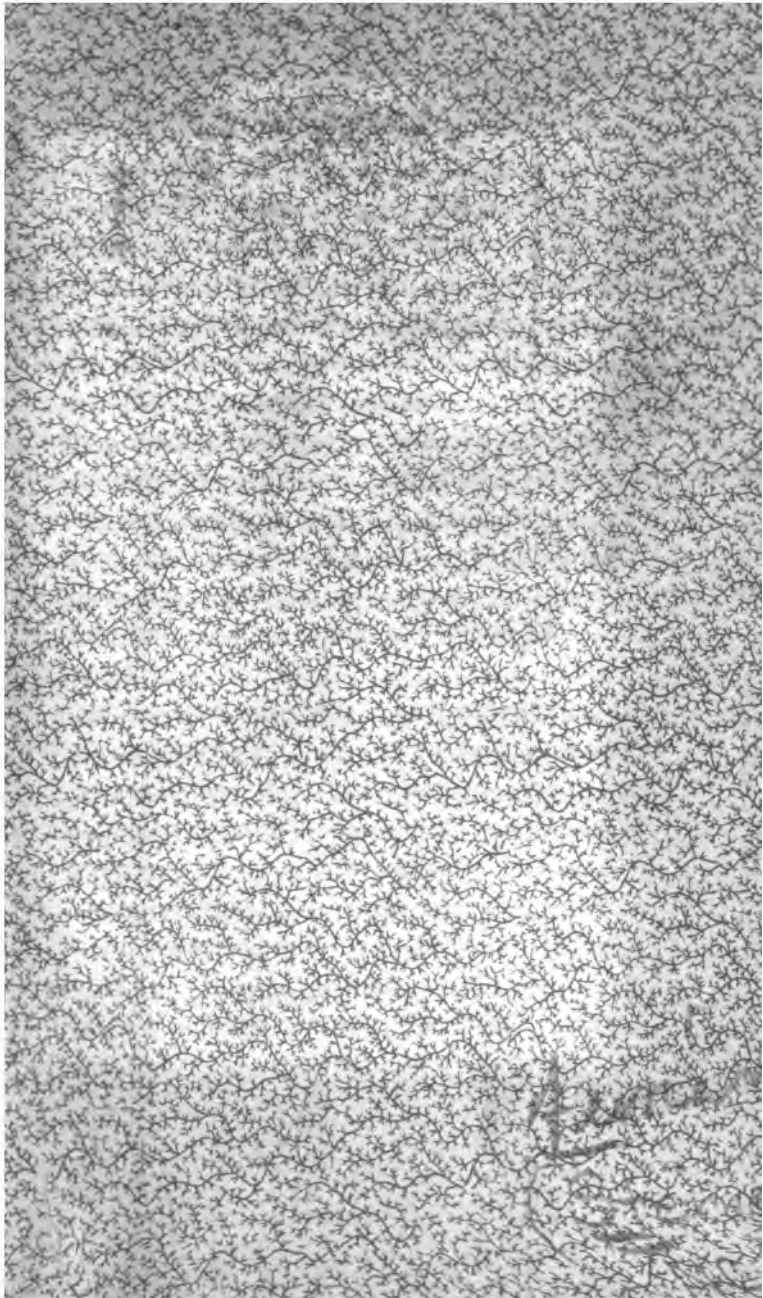
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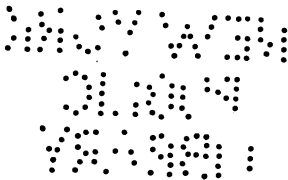
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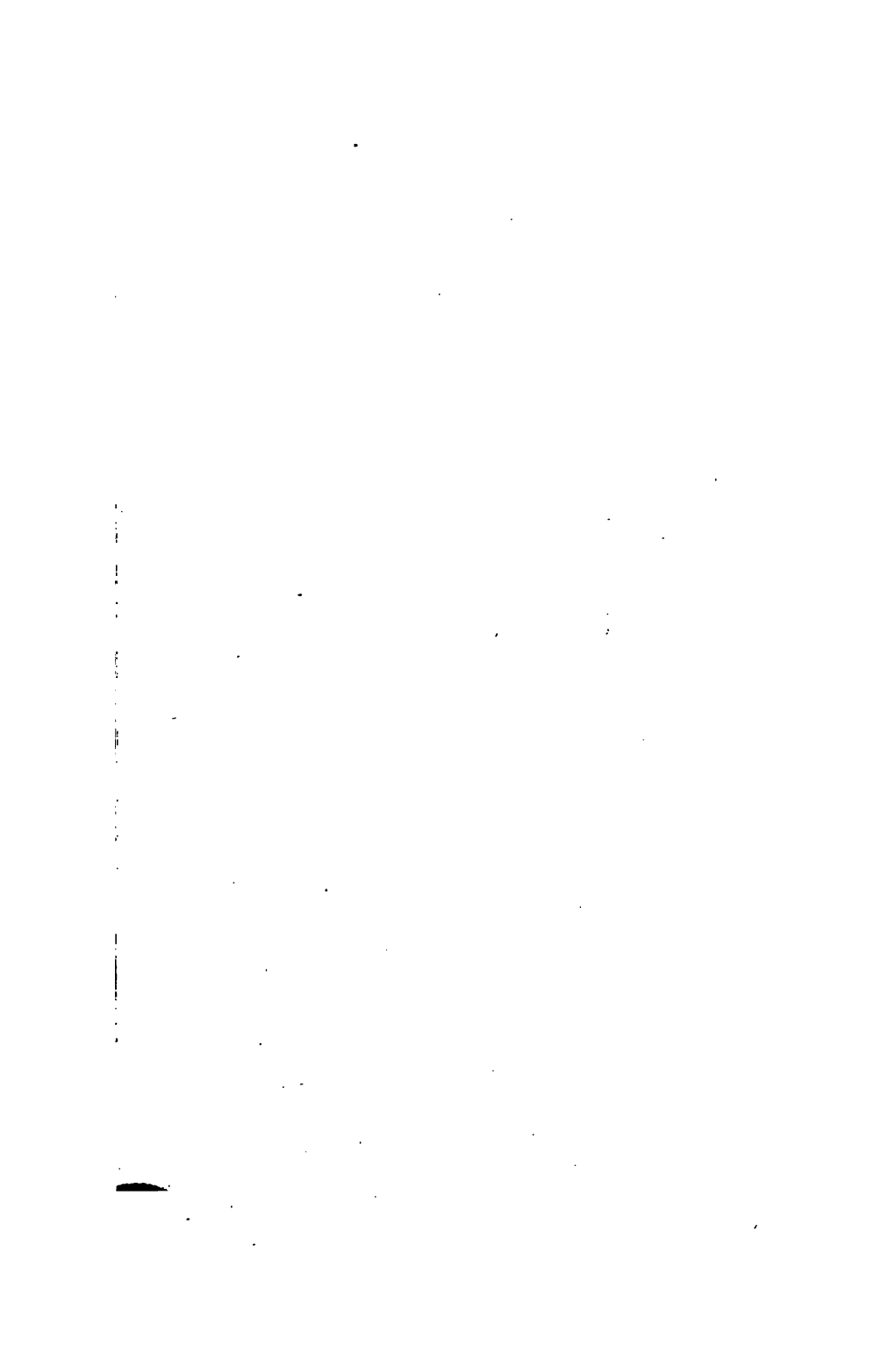


CONTENTS.

	Page.
Chapter VII. <i>Uncle Toby's hobby-horse</i> —	
<i>Amours—Story of Sorlisi</i> - - - - -	9
Chapter VIII. <i>Mr. Shandy's hypothesis of</i> <i>Christian names—Miscellaneous Illustrations</i> - - -	30
<i>Additional Notes</i> - - - - -	57
<i>Of certain Varieties of Man</i> - - - - -	65
<i>Mexippean Essay on English Historians</i> - - -	99
<i>On the origin of the Modern Art of Fortifi-</i> <i>cation</i> - - - - -	129
<i>The Puppet-Shew: a Didactic Poem: partly</i> <i>translated from Addison's Machinæ Gesticulantes</i>	147
<i>Of Genius</i> - - - - -	161
<i>Dialogue in the Shades</i> - - - - -	183
<i>The Bibliomania, an Epistle</i> - - - - -	199
<i>A Northern Prospect</i> - - - - -	217

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CHAPTER VII.

*Uncle Toby's hobby-horse—Amours—
Story of Sorlisi.*

ST Augustine has said very justly, in his Confessions, that the trifling of adults is called business: *majorum nugæ negotia vocantur*. The present times are peculiarly indulgent in this respect. What the last age denominated follies, or hobby-horses, we style *collections*: Uncle Toby's library would have required no apology, among the hunters of old ballads, and church-wardens' bills of our day.

I am sensible that a much better defence might be made for him : it would be easy to prove the utility of his studies, and to shew, not only that the fate of empires has sometimes depended on the construction of the retired flank of a bastion, but that without some portion of his knowledge, it is impossible to understand completely some of the most interesting passages in modern history. But I am aware that this "sweet fountain of knowledge," as Sterne names it, is relished by few : it is "*caviar*" to the generality of readers. They will probably feel more interest in the curious coincidence between the story of **Widow Wadman**, and one which made a great noise in Germany, a little after the middle of the last century. The origin of the lady's distress was nearly the same, but her conduct was very different from that of Sterne's heroine, and did the highest honour to her purity. The misadventure of the gentleman happened only

thirty-six years before the siege of Namur* by King William, where Sterne laid the scene of Uncle Toby's wound. The distresses of this pair, who may be almost termed the Abelard and Heloise of Germany (saving that they prosecuted their affections with the strictest virtue, *en tout*

* I am in possession of a very curious account of the siege of Namur, published under the immediate direction of King William III. in 1695. It is a thin folio, of sixty-one pages, with very beautiful plans, engraved by order of the king. If the late Lord Orford had seen this work, he would perhaps have given William a place among the Royal authors. Much personal pique entered into the contests between that hero, and Louis XIV. I consider this book as a proof of it. When Louis took Namur, he published a splendid account of the siege, in folio. The work which I am describing was William's retort, and it concludes with a triumphant, though dignified enumeration of the increased difficulties, under which the fortress was recovered from the French arms. One of the plans represents the movements of the covering, and observing armies, and bears for its device, the conceit of lions tearing cocks in pieces, which Sir John Vanbrugh was blamed for adopting, afterwards, at Blenheim. It is difficult to say, whether the inventor or imitator of such a Rebus had the worse taste. Vanbrugh has shewed that he was capable of much better things.

bien et en tout honneur) deserve to be more generally known. Their history has been confined to an obscure book,* and has never yet found its way into our language: I shall therefore venture to make a sketch of it.

My readers may perhaps recollect, that Charles x. of Sweden invaded Denmark, in 1659; that after passing the Sound, and taking the castle of Cronenburg, he laid siege to Copenhagen; where he lost so much time in preparing for a general assault, that the inhabitants, aided by the gallant exertions of the Dutch cannoners, recovered sufficient spirits to repulse him; and that the Swedes, after raising the siege, were attacked and defeated in the Isle of Fühnen, where the remaining part of their army was obliged to surrender at discretion.

In the battle of Fühnen, which cost

* Valentini's *Novellæ Medico-legales*; under the title of *Conjugium Eunuchi*. An entertaining selection might be made from this book.

the Swedes upwards of two thousand men, besides several general officers, Bartholomew de Sorlisi, a young nobleman in Charles's service, had the misfortune to receive a musket shot of the most cruel nature. He was speedily cured, and was enabled, by the fidelity of his surgeon, to conceal the consequences of his wound. Disgusted by this accident with the army, he retired to an estate which he had purchased in Pomerania, where he endeavoured to bury his melancholy in the occupations of a country-life. But in the course of time, the desire of society returned, and having frequent occasions to consult an old nobleman in the neighbourhood, respecting the management of his estate, he insensibly contracted an intimacy with the family, which consisted of his friend's wife and daughter. Dorothea Elizabeth Lichtwer, then a beautiful girl of sixteen, inspired Sorlisi with so ardent a passion, that he attempted every me-

thod to engage her affections, without allowing himself to consider the injustice of his pretensions. His assiduities were crowned with success; he found his attachment repaid, and soon gained such an interest in his mistress's heart, that he demanded her in marriage. As he had become a favourite with the whole family, his proposals were readily accepted; and if he could have suppressed his secret consciousness, happiness and joy would have appeared to court him.

Unfortunately, his alliance was disagreeable to some of the lady's relations, for three excellent reasons: he was a stranger, a roman catholic, and his family had been but recently ennobled by Christina. These disqualifications, however, might have been surmounted, especially as Sorlisi, about this time, became known to the Elector of Saxony, who appointed him one of his chamberlains; but an unexpected piece of treachery put him into the hands of his enemies.

Sortisi happened to consult the physician usually employed in the Lichtwer family, and in the confidence which naturally arises between medical men and their patients, had disclosed to him the secret which preyed upon his mind. The officious doctor, forgetting not only his inaugural oath, but the obligations of honour and gratitude, betrayed his patient's confidence to the discontented part of the family, and furnished them with a tale capable of overwhelming the object of their hatred; especially as about this time, death deprived the lovers of a powerful friend in Mr. Lichtwer. Many men would have shrunk from the obloquy which was now let loose against Sortisi, but he faced the storm gallantly; and by exposing his life in some duels at the onset, obtained an exemption from any farther private insults.

But the greatest trial of his firmness was yet behind: it was impossible longer to conceal the cause of all his vexations

from his intended bride, and it became necessary for him to explain his real situation. What a painful confession for Sorlisi, desperately enamoured, and yet touched with the nicest feelings of honour! What reproaches might he not expect from his mistress, when she discovered her affections to be fixed on a shadow; the fervent expectations of love and youth deceived; with the prospect of infamy and scorn clinging to her future connection. Could an inexperienced girl conquer such alarming obstacles to his pursuit? Sorlisi determined to try. How he managed this delicate communication; with what preparatives and softenings he introduced his melancholy narrative; and with what emotion he appealed to the generosity of the fair one, and the compassion of the matron, we are left to imagine. Madame de Lichtwer seemed inclined to give up the match; but the amiable Dorothea declared that no misfortune could affect

her attachment, and that she was determined to pass her life with Sorlisi, under every disadvantage. So exalted a strain of tenderness could not fail to produce acquiescence and respect in the heart of a mother, and the lovers were soon after betrothed, in presence of Madame de Lichtwer and a select party of friends.

To complete their marriage became a matter of difficulty, for several theologians had taken the alarm, and murmured so loudly against the proposed scandal, that in consequence of the machinations of their enemies, it was evident that every clergyman would be deterred from solemnizing the nuptials.

In this urgency, it was again necessary for Sorlisi to undergo the mortification of repeating his unhappy case. He drew it up in August, 1666, for the opinion of the Ecclesiastical Consistory at Leipsic, using the feigned names of Titius and Lucretia, and giving the best turn to the matter that it would bear.

The Consistory, availing itself of a very considerate distinction,* gave a favourable answer; though they acknowledged, that the impossibility of having offspring was the only one out of eighteen reasons, which Luther admitted as a sufficient plea for divorce.

All that was now wanting, was a mandate from the Elector, to authorize the completion of the marriage; but as he thought proper to consult several theologians on the subject. nothing was decided till the succeeding year, when the mandate was granted, which imposed, at the same time, a discretionary fine upon Sorlisi, by way of quieting the tender consciences of those who opposed the match, for the honour of the Lutheran church.

The marriage ceremony was therefore,

* Ut taceamus, in hac persona virili non quidem talem impotentiam et inhabilitatem observari quæ generationis actum, ut scholastici loquuntur, sed generationis effectum tantum impedit. *Conjug. Eunuchi*, p. 109.

at length, privately performed at Sorlisi's country-house.

Here the malice of their enemies might have been expected to rest: but they returned to the attack with fresh fury, resolute to dissolve the union, or to embitter the lives of this persecuted pair. Their chaste attachment was to be subjected to the coarse discussions, and abominable constructions of dull theologians, animated by party-zeal, and totally incapable of estimating the sentiments of a respectable woman; their names were to be coupled with scorn and reproach; and every effort of Teutonic eloquence was to be employed, to persuade them that they ought to find no satisfaction in living together.

The Supreme Ecclesiastical Consistory, which had hitherto taken no cognizance of the affair, now interposed, and demanded that the parties should be separated, to do away the great scandal which their union gave to the godly,

To take off the force of this formidable interference, Sorlisi had recourse to that method by which the papal bulls have been so often tamed. He offered to enlarge his fine to the extent of building a church, and providing a stipend for a preacher. The Consistory could not instantly retract, but this proposal certainly procured time for digesting conciliatory measures. In the mean time, as Madame de Sorlisi protested that she would rather die than forsake her husband, her ghostly directors thought it very edifying to punish her contumacy, by refusing her the sacrament.

In a matter of so much consequence to the Protestant religion, as the union of two persons, who preferred each other's happiness to the scruples of their reverences, it was necessary to consult grave examples. That of our Henry VIII. seems to have occurred to all parties, it was therefore agreed to collect the opinions of the different theological faculties

in Germany, of the Lutheran persuasion. My fair readers must excuse me from detailing the whole distinctions of those learned bodies; for it seems, that to counteract the practice of vice, they had thought it necessary to be completely masters of every vice in speculation.

The faculty of Hase-Giessen professed great concern for the young lady, and apprehended that her husband could not fail to torment her inexpressibly; quoting the famous passage from St. Basil, "*instar bovis cui cornua sunt abscissa, imaginem impetus facere, incredibilem vesaniam spirando.*" After much other reasoning on her unhappy situation, they concluded, that as the matrimonial ceremony had been profaned by this union, it was necessary to dissolve it immediately.

I apprehend, that the communication of the case must have operated in some very sudden and extraordinary manner on the faculty of Strasburg, so much

agitation and wonder do they express on coming at the knowledge of such a scandal, which they say, "cannot be tolerated, or approved, or defended." While they wished to weep tears of blood over the indiscretion of those who had permitted this union (always saving his Electoral Highness) they could not avoid testifying the greatest horror against the lady's desire to live with her husband: it was, they said, a moral sin.

So extreme was the agony and perturbation of the Strasburg doctors, that I could not help suspecting their consultation had been held in the most dangerous part of a hot autumn; but, on referring to the date, I find it took place in November, 1667,

Finally, they exclaimed that if the young couple persisted in their refusal to separate, they ought to be banished from a land of piety; and that severe punishments should be inflicted on Madame de Lichtwer, and those relations

who had encouraged so damnable a connection.

The matter worked more gently with the faculty of Jena. They made some allowances for the strength of attachment which the parties displayed, and appeared to experience some faint touches of humanity. They thought, however, that as the only excusable motive which could induce Sorlisi to marry at all must be the desire of society, he would have acted more properly, if he had taken unto himself some quiet old woman to manage his family. And for divers other reasons, which they reckoned very solid, it was their opinion that a separation should take place.

The faculty of Kænigsberg, proceeding on the principle, *volenti non fit injuria*, thought that great regard should be had to the contentment expressed by the lady, although they were not quite satisfied with the affair. They put a very subtle case, in which they imagined that even

the Pope must permit an union of this kind : “ sc. si maritus quidam a barbaris castratur et abhinc mulieri suæ cohabitare et carnaliter, ut ante, se miscere voluerit.” And upon the whole they concluded, that the marriage should be deemed valid, and the parties re-admitted to all religious privileges.

I am most pleased with the decision of the faculty of Gripswald : they opined, that as the lady had got into the scrape with her eyes open, they might suffer her to take the consequences without danger to their own souls ; and that as she had been encouraged by her mother and several friends in her attachment to Sorlisi, it did not quite amount to a mortal transgression.

While these huge bodics of divinity thundered forth their decrees, a shoal of small writers skirmished on both sides. The noise of the contest occupied the attention of all Dresden.

Once Dr. Bulæus, on the part of the

Sorlisi, proved in form, that there was nothing so very scandalous and alarming as had been represented, in their marriage. He shewed, with great modesty, that excepting the certain prospect of sterility, they had no peculiar cause of dissatisfaction, and that other matches, equally objectionable in that respect, were often concluded between persons of very unequal ages. He also shrewdly observed, that no small scandal had been given, by the singular discussions in which their reverences had indulged; discussions which he considered as snares for their consciences, and not highly edifying to the public.

An examination of this paper immediately appeared, by an anonymous writer, who remarked acutely enough, that the consent of the parties could not render a compact legal, which was illegal in its nature; he proceeded to shew syllogistically, that the lady had been blinded respecting certain circumstances,

by the rank and fortune of Sorlisi, and that this match was certainly brought about by the Devil himself.—To strengthen his argument, he adds the curious story quoted by Dr. Warton, in his *Essay on Pope*, respecting the complaints of a matron against the barbarities of a certain Italian duke; adding, by way of inference, “*huic sané uxori—plus credendum, quam nostræ Mariæ inexpertæ et nescienti quid distent æra lupinis.*” He adds, that it would be harsh and uncivil to prefer the fancies of a raw girl, to the unanimous sentiments of an host of bearded civilians.

Another examiner came forth, who might be suspected, from his manner, to have belonged to the faculty of *Strasbourg*. He declared, that *Madame de Sorlisi* lived “*in statu peccaminoso, scandaloso et damnabili;*” and gave the most odious turn to the pure attachment she had manifested. Will it be believed, that this furious theologian wished that

the lovers, instead of being married, had been cudgelled out of their mutual affection? He supported this extravagance by the example of Luther, who seems to have been fond of using the *argumentum baculinum* with his friends. It is well known that he once compelled a disputant to come into his opinion, by the dextrous application of a good cudgel; and the examiner says, he took the same method with his maid-servant, who had been silly enough to fall in love, and whom he thrashed into a severer way of thinking.

It would have been easy to have replied, that Luther shewed a little more complaisance for the tender passion, when he sanctioned the bigamy of the Elector, his patron; but the retort would have been ill received at the court of Dresden. This terrible doctor, however, literally called out for clubs; “*ad baculum, ad baculum quo prurimum extinguite!*”

A milder adversary, moved by the largeness of the fine which Sorlisi had engaged to pay, doubted whether the parties, upon acknowledging the enormity of their offence, might not be suffered to live together as brother and sister, a concession which the unfortunate pair seem to have been at length willing to make. But upon setting aside the consideration of the money, and regarding the scandal and danger likely to accrue to the protestant church, from such an indulgence, he reluctantly decided in the negative.

After wearying the reader with this tedious detail, he will be glad, for more reasons than one, to learn, that in May, 1668, the Consistory of Leipsic declared that the marriage ought to be tolerated, and the parties to be freed from any farther vexation or prosecution on that account. At the same time, the Elector, to prevent the growth of scandal, ordered that this case should not be considered

as a precedent, and that no future indulgence of the same kind should be permitted.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Shandy's hypothesis of Christian names—Miscellaneous illustrations—Conclusion.

I Think it is D'Aubigné who mentions a fact, wrought up by Sterne into a chapter, that the States of Switzerland proposed the name of Abednego to be given to one of the children of Henry II. of France. Sterne transferred the story, with his usual carelessness, to Francis I. Burton certainly should have added to the happiness of being well-born, that of being well-named; and this superstition has been so common among the learned, that I wonder how it escaped him.

In the general theory respecting Christian names, I am persuaded that Sterne had in view Montaigne's *Essay des Noms*. "Chaque nation," says Montaigne, "à quelques noms qui se prennent, je ne sçai comment, en mauvaise part; et a nous, Jean, Guillaume, Benoist." Mr. Shandy has passed a similar condemnation on some English names, to which vulgar prejudices are attached. I am surprised that Sterne should have withheld a story which Montaigne has told, in support of this fancy. He mentions a young man, who was reclaimed from a very dissolute course of life, by discovering that the name of a prostitute whom he went to visit, was Mary. His reformation was so exemplary, that a chapel was built on the spot where his house had stood, and on the same ground was afterwards erected the church of our lady of Poitiers. "Cette correction," says he, "voyelle et auriculaire, devoteuse, tira droit a l'ame:" it was indeed a *palpable hit*.

“ A gentleman, my neighbour,” proceeds the venerable Gascon, “ preferring the manners of old times to ours, did not forget to boast of the proud and magnificent names of the ancient nobility, such as Don Grumedan, Don Quedragan, Don Agesilan, or to say that on hearing them pronounced, he felt that they must be a different kind of people from Peter, Giles, and Jacob.

Another passage contains, I suspect, a stroke of satire against the Huguenots, where he compliments them on their subduing the old names of Charles, Louis, and Francis, and peopling the world with Methusalems, Ezekiels, and Malachis.

It is curious enough, that St. Pierre, a late writer, should adopt,* and treat largely of this hypothesis, without referring either to Montaigne or to Sterne.

Pasquier wrote a whole chapter, in his *Recherches sur la France*, on the

* In the *Etudes de la Nature*, tom. iii.

fortune attendant on particular names, allotted to the French monarchs; but Morhoff, who treats gravely of the fatality of Christian Names, goes much farther, and asserts, that the evil influence of the original name may be corrected by assuming another. “Notarunt nonnulli infaustorum nominum impositione fortunam hominum labefactari, eorum immutatione quoque immutari.* This would have been a good quotation for Mr. Shandy, at the Visitation.

On one occasion, Sterne has pressed a name into this service to which he had no right. “But who the duce has got laid down here beside her? quoth my father, pointing with his cane to a large tomb—as he walked on—It is St. Optat, sir, answered the sacristan—And properly is St. Optat placed! said my father: and what is St. Optat’s story? continued he. St. Optat, replied the

* Morhoff. Polyhistor. tom. i. p. 116, § 6.

sacristan, was a bishop. I thought so, by heaven! cried my father, interrupting him—St. Optat! how should St. Optat fail?)* Unluckily for all this good raillery, the saint's name was *Optatus*, which is quite a different affair, unless the world should be disposed to admit the sincerity of the *nolo episcopari*. If Sterne had looked into Pasquier, he might have found other promising names, such as St. Opportune, St. Pretextat, and several others; Machiavel too informs us, that the first pope who altered his name was Ospurcus; he changed it to Sergius, from his dislike of the former; but indeed all these curiosities are, as Diogenes said on another subject, *mirrae sapientia magis*, great marvels for fools.

In the present state of knowledge, it would be unpardonable to omit a remark, with which an author like Sterne would make himself very merry. It relates to

† *Tristram Shandy*, vol. viii. chap. 27.

the passage, in which Mr. Shandy treats the name of TRISTRAM with such indignity, and demands of his supposed adversary, "Whether he had ever remembered,—whether he had ever read,—or whether he had ever heard tell of a man, called Tristram, performing any thing great or worth recording?—No,—he would say,—TRISTRAM!—The thing is impossible!" A student of the fashionable black-letter erudition would have triumphed, in proclaiming the redoubted Sir Tristram, Knight of the Round-table, and one of the most famous Knights-errant upon record. Sterne might have replied :

Non scribit, cujus Carmina nemo legit;*

and indeed his pleasant hero has no resemblance to the *preux chevalier*.

I have a few observations to add, which are quite unconnected with each other. Sterne truly resembled Shake-

* Martial, lib. ii.

speare's Biron, in the extent of his depre-
dations from other writers, for the supply
of Tristram :

His eye begot occasion for his wit :
For ev'ry object that the one did catch,
The other turn'd to a mirth-moving jest.

Burton furnished the grand magazine,
but many other books, which fell inci-
dentally into his hands, were laid under
contribution.

I am sorry to deprive Sterne of the
following pretty figure, but justice must
be done to every one.

“In short, my father——advanced
so very slowly with his work, and I
began to live and get forward at such a
rate, that if an event had not happened
—&c. I verily believe I had put by my
father, and left him drawing a sun-dial,
for no better purpose than to be buried
under ground.”*

* Tris: Shandy, vol. v. chap. 16.

Donne concludes his poem entitled *The Will*, with this very thought :

And all your graces no more use shall have
Than a sun-dial in a grave.

I must also notice a remarkable plagiarism, in the character of Yorick, vol. i. chapter xii. “ When, to gratify
“ a private appetite, it is once resolved
“ upon, that an innocent and an help-
“ less creature shall be sacrificed, ’tis an
“ easy matter to pick up sticks enow
“ from any thicket where it has strayed,
“ to make a fire to offer it up with.” This is taken, almost verbatim, from the BACONIANA.

I have said that Sterne took the hint of his marbled pages either from Swift, or the author of *Gabriel John, quisquis fuit ille*. There is no great merit in his mourning pages for Yorick, which are little superior, in point of invention, to the black borders of a hawker’s elegy, yet even here an original genius has anticipated him.

Every one knows the black pages in Tristram Shandy; that of prior date is to be found in Dr. Fludd's *Utriusque cosmi Historia*,* and is emblematic of the chaos. Fludd was a man of extensive erudition, and considerable observation, but his fancy, naturally vigorous, was fermented and depraved, by astrological and cabbalistic researches. It will afford a proof of his strange fancies, and at the same time do away all suspicion of Sterne in this instance, to quote the ludicrous coincidence mentioned by Morhoff, between himself and this author. "Cogitandi modum in nobis et speculationis illas rationum, mirificè quodam in loco, videlicet in libro *de mystica cerebri anatomie* [Fluddius] ob oculos ponit. Solent ab anatomicis illic delineari genitalia membra, utriusque sexus, quod processus quidam et sinus, eum in modum figurati sunt. Hic Fluddius invenit, non quod pueri in faba, illic dicit generari cogita-

* Page 26.

tionem; quod mihi mirum visum est, cum ego aliquando joculariter carmen *de ente rationis* scriberem, et, ferente ita genio carminis, joci gratia finxissem, illic generari entia rationis, postea cum incidi in istud Fluddii, quod ne somniando quidem cogitaveram, invenisse me, serio hæc, asseri a Fluddio.*

I am not acquainted with the foundation of the curious passages respecting the possibility of baptizing infants *in utero*,† but I find that Mauriceau adverts to the circumstance, in his attack on the Cæsarean operation: “il n’y a pas d’occasions ou on ne puisse bien donner le Baptême à l’enfant, durant qu’il est encore au ventre de la mère, estant facile de porter de l’eau nette par le moyen du canon d’une seringue jusques sur quelque partie de son corps”—He then obviates a difficulty unthought of by Sterne’s doctors; which persuades me

* Morhoff. Polyhist. Philos. lib. ii, p. 1, cap. 15.

† Tristram Shandy, vol. i, chap. xx.

that this passage of Mauriceau had not occurred to him—"et il seroit inutile d'alleguer que l'eau n'y peut pas être conduite, à cause que l'enfant est envelopé de ses membranes, qui en empêchent; car ne sçait-on pas qu'on les peut rompre très aisément, en cas qu'elles ne le fussent pas, apres quoi on peut toucher effectivement son corps."*

This writer has also mentioned the mischievous effect of strong pressure, applied to the heads of very young children; which is connected with another theory that Sterne has diverted himself with. I have not met with the original of it in my reading, but will give a passage from Bulwer's *Anthropometamorphosis*, analogous to Mauriceau's.†

* Mauric. *Maladies des Femmes Grosses*, p. 347. (edit. 3me. 4to. 1681.)

† I knew a gentleman who had divers sons, and the midwives and nurses with headbands and strokings had so altered the natural mould of their heads, that they proved children of a very weak understanding. His last son only, upon advice given him, had no restraint

There is one passage in the seventh volume, which the circumstances of Sterne's death render pathetic. A believer in the doctrine of pre-sentiment would think it a prop to his theory. It is as striking as Swift's digression on madness, in the Tale of a Tub.

“Was I in a condition to stipulate with Death—I should certainly declare against submitting to it before my friends; and therefore I never seriously think upon the mode and manner of this great catastrophe, which generally takes up and torments my thoughts as much as the catastrophe itself, but I constantly draw the curtain across it with this wish; that the Disposer of all things may so order it, that it happen not to me in my own house—but rather in some decent

impeded upon the natural growth of his head, but was left free from the coercive power of headbands and other artificial violence, whose head, although it were bigger, yet he had more wit and understanding than them all.

Artificial Changeling, p. 42.

inn.—At home,—I know it,—the concern of my friends, and the last services of wiping my brows and smoothing my pillow, will so crucify my soul, that I shall die of a distemper which my physician is not aware of: but in an inn, the few cold offices I wanted, would be purchased with a few guineas, and paid me with an undisturbed but punctual attention." It is known that Sterne died in hired lodgings, and I have been told, that his attendants robbed him even of his gold sleeve-buttons, while he was expiring.

Yet a paragraph in Burnet's History of his own Times has been pointed out, in a periodical work,* from which both the sentiments and expressions of Sterne, in this passage, were certainly taken. This appears to me one of the most curious detections of his imitations; but I shall not be surprised if many others, equally

* Gentleman's Magazine, for June, 1798, under the signature of B. F.

unexpected, should be noticed hereafter. The extract from Burnet follows :

“He [Archbishop Leighton] used often to say, that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn; yet looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it. He added, that the officious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man; and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place, would give less disturbance.”*

The real source of this thought, however, is in the *Case of Cicero* : “*Ex vite ista discedo, tanquam hospitio, non tanquam ex domo; commorandi enim natura diversorium nobis dedit, non habitandi locum.*”

Sterne has amused himself with a panegyric on the literary benefits of shaving : “I maintain it, the conceits of a rough-

* Vol. ii. p. 259, 8vo.

bearded man are seven years more terse and juvenile for one single operation; and if they did not run a risk of being shaved quite away, might be carried up, by continual shavings, to the very highest pitch of sublimity."* It is an honour to think like great men; upon this occasion, I must introduce Sterne to no less a personage than the Macedonian hero. Before one of Alexander's battles, Parmenio presented himself, to give an account of his arrangements, and to enquire whether any thing remained to be done: nothing, said Alexander, but that the men should shave. SHAVE! cried Parmenio: yes, replied the Prince; do you not consider what a handle a long beard affords to the enemy? †

Peter I. of Russia gave the clearest proof that he reckoned the custom of shaving essential to the progress of civili-

* *Tristram Shandy*, vol. ix. chap. 19.

† *Barbat. de Barbigenio*, in *Dornavius's Amphitheatrum Sapientie*, v. 3.

zation: it is pity that Sterne did not quote this convincing *historical example*. Horace, too, seems to have thought that his philosopher would have reasoned better without his beard.

—Di te, Damasippe! Deaque
Verum ob consilium donent, ipso

† Memoires particuliers relatif a l'histoire de France,
Tome 5 ieme.

Memoires de Pierre de Sèvin, p 432.

Il, s'en vint donc jusques à Sens où il mit le siège tout autour, et leur fit signifier qu'ils rendissent la ville au Roy Charles: mais ils n'en voulurent rien faire. Dedans estoit de la part du Dauphin le Seigneur de Boutonvilliers à tout environ trois cens combatans. Là fut le roy Charles, le roy Henri, & le Duc de Bourgongne sept jours avant qu'ils voulussent parler: mais quand ils virent qu'il y avoit si grande puissance, & qu'ils n'auroient aucune secours, ils voulurent trouver leur Traité; partant le roy Henri envoya Cornuaille parler a.eux. Quand le dit Cornuaille (qui bien apperceut qu'ils estoient en danger) fut venu assés pres de la porte pour parler à eux, il vint à lui un gentil-homme qui avoit grande barbe, mais quand Cornuaille le vîd, il lui dit, *qu'il ne parloroit point à lui s'il n'avoit sa barbe mieux faite, & que ce n'estoit point la guise & coutume des Anglois.* Cela fit qu'aussitost icelui alla faire sa barbe, puis revint vers le dit Cornuaille, et là parlerent tant que le Traité fut fait.

The plan of the *Sentimental Journey* seems to have been taken from the little French pieces, which have had such celebrity; the *Voyage* of Chapelle and Bachaumont, and the *Voyage* of Fontaine; the merit of which consists in making trifles considerable. The only material difference between Sterne's pleasant fragment and these, consists in the want of verse. The French sentimental tours are enlivened by rhymes of great variety, and Sterne would perhaps have imitated them in this respect, if he could have written poetry.

There is one French writer, whom Sterne seems to have imitated; it is Marivaux, whose style, according to D'Alembert, is much more popular in England than in his own country. From him and Crebillon, I think, Sterne learnt to practise what Quintilian had made a precept: *Minus est TOTUM dicere quam OMNIA.* With genius enough for the attempt, one has frequently failed in

producing pleasure by the length of his digressions, and the other by affecting an excessive refinement and ambiguity in his language. *Les bons écrivains du siècle de Louis XIV.* says Voltaire, *ont eu de la force, aujourd' hui on cherche de contorsions.* Our own writers are not free from this error; and it would not be unworthy their consideration, that a sentence, which is so much refined as to admit of several different senses, may perhaps have no direct claim to any sense.* Sterne has seldom indulged these lapses, for which he was probably indebted to the buoyant force of Burton's firm Old-English sinews.

* Maynard puts this very well:

Mon ami, chasse bien loin
 Cette noire rhétorique.
 Tes ouvrages ont besoin
 D' un devin qui les explique.
 Si ton esprit veut cacher
 Les belles choses qu' il pense
 Dis-moi, qui peut t' empêcher
 De te servir de silence ?

Whoever will take the trouble of comparing Sterne's Dialogue with his own feelings, in the *Sentimental Journey*,* to that of Jacob with his Avarice and his Honour, in the first part of the *Paysan Parvenu*, will perceive a near resemblance. It would be cruel to insert the French declamation. A shorter passage from the same work will shew that the Shandean manner is very similar to that of Marivaux.

Le Directeur avoit laissé parler l'ainé sans l'interrompre, & sembloit même un peu piqué de l'obstination de l'autre.

Prenant pourtant un air tranquille et benin : ma chere Demoiselle, écoutez moi, dit il à cette cadette ; vous savez avec quelle affection particulierc je vous donne mes conseils à toutes deux.

* Compare also the first Conversation with Me. Freval, in the *Paysan Parvenu*, with a scene in the *Sentimental Journey*. Bayle, too, furnished Sterne with some hints, which Mr. Jackson of Exeter has noticed, in his *Four Ages*. The preceding part of this book was printed, before I saw Mr. Jackson's work.

Ces derniers paroles, à toutes deux, furent partagées, de façon que la Cadette en avoit pour le moins les trois quarts & demi pour elle, et ce ne fut meme que par reflection subite, qu'il en donna le reste à l'aînée.

The admirable story of Uncle Toby and the Fly, † which Sterne applied to the comparatively mild Reviewers of his day, contains a strange coincidence with a passage in the *Entretiens* of Balzac.

“Go—go, poor devil,” quoth he—
“get thee gone”—why should I hurt
“thee? This world is surely wide enough;
“to hold both thee and me.”

“N'avez vous point oui parler,” says Balzac, “de ce Moucheron qui entra
“dans l'œil du Roi Jacques d'Angleterre;
“un jour, qu'il étoit à la Chasse. Aussitôt
“l'impatience prit le Roi, il descendit de Cheval en jurant, (ce qui
“lui étoit assez ordinaire) il s'appella

* *Paysan Parvenu*, partie 2me.

† *Tristram Shandy*, vol. iii. chap. iv.

"malheureux, il appella insolent le Mou-
 "cheton, et lui adressant sa parole,
 "mechant animal, lui dit-il, n'est ce pas
 "assez de trois grands Royaumes que je te
 "laisse pour te promener, sans qu'il faille
 "que tu te viennes loger dans mes yeux?*"

Sterne is, perhaps, the only writer who
 has spoken with due praise of the plea-
 sure to be derived from fish-ponds; for
 the Archbishop, Dubravius, who pub-
 lished a quarto volume, de Piscinis, has
 taken the matter so completely for
 granted, that he has not once adverted
 to it. "There is something, Sir," says
 Sterne, "in fish-ponds—but what it is
 "I leave to system-builders and fish-pond
 "diggers betwixt 'em to find out—but
 "there is something, under the first
 "disorderly transport of humours, so
 "unaccountably becalming in an orderly
 "and a sober walk towards one of them,
 "that I have often wondered that neither

* Memoires de Litterature par Sallengre, tom. i.
p. 135.

“Pythagoras, nor Plato, nor Solon, nor
 “Lycurgus, nor Mahomet, nor any of
 “your noted law-givers, ever gave any
 “order about them.”*

The following verses, taken from
 Carew's *Survey of Cornwall*, as published
 by Lord Dunstanville, though not very
 poetical, may be, to some readers, an
 agreeable commentary on this passage.

I wait not at the lawyer's gate,
 No shoulder climbers down the stairs,
 I want not manhood by debates,
 I envy not the miser's fears,
 But mean in state, and calm in spite,
 My fishful pond is my delight.

Where equal distant island views,
 His forced banks, and otter's cage,
 Where salt and fresh the pool renews,
 As spring and drought increase or wane,
 Where boat presents his service prest,
 And net becomes the fishes nest.

Where sucking millet, swallowing bass,
 Side-walking crab, wry-mouthed flouk,
 And slip-sit eel, as evenings pass,
 For safe bait at due place do look,
 Bold to approach, quick to espy,
 Greedy to catch, ready to fly.

* *Tristram Shandy*, vol. iv. chap. xvii.

In heat the top, in cold the deep,
 In spring the mouth the mids in neap,
 With changeless change by shoals thy keep,
 Fat, fruitful, ready, but not cheap,
 Thus mean in state and calm in sprite
 My fishful pond is my delight.

I have thus put the reader in possession of every observation respecting this agreeable author,* which it would be important or proper to communicate. If his opinion of Sterne's learning and originality be lessened by the perusal, he must, at least, admire the dexterity and the good taste with which he has incorporated in his work so many passages, written with very different views by their respective authors. It was evidently Sterne's purpose to make a pleasant, saleable book, *coute que coute*; and after taking his general plan from some of the older

* I have seen some anecdotes of Sterne, in the European Magazine, in which Madame de L—— mentioned in the Sentimental Journey, was said to be Madame de Lamberti, and the Count de B——, the Count de Breteuil; upon what authority I do not know.

French writers, and from Burton, he made prize of all the good thoughts that came in his way.

Voltaire has compared the merits of Rabelais and Sterne, as satirists of the abuse of learning, and, I think, has done neither of them justice. This great distinction is obvious; that Rabelais derided absurdities then existing in full force, and intermingled much sterling sense with the grossest parts of his book; Sterne, on the contrary, laughs at many exploded opinions, and forsaken fooleries, and contrives to degrade some of his most solemn passages by a vicious levity. Rabelais flew a higher pitch, too, than Sterne. Great part of the voyage to the *Pays de Lanternois*,* which so severely stigmatizes the vices of the Romish clergy of that age, was per-

* I do not recollect to have seen it observed by Rabelais's Commentators, that this name, as well as the plan of the Satire, is imitated from Lucian's *True History*. Lucian's town is called Lychnopolis.

formed in more hazard of fire than water,

The follies of the learned may as justly be corrected, as the vices of hypocrites; but for the former, ridicule is a sufficient punishment. Ridicule is even more effectual to this purpose, as well as more agreeable than scurrility, which is generally preferred, notwithstanding, by the learned themselves in their contests, because anger seizes the readiest weapons;

Jamque faces et saxa volant; furor arma ministrat:

And where a little extraordinary power has accidentally been lodged in the hands of disputants, they have not scrupled to employ the most cogent methods of convincing their adversaries. Dionysius the younger sent those critics who disliked his verses, to work in the quarries;* and there was a pleasant tyrant, mentioned by Horace, who obliged his deficient debtors to hear him read his own compositions, *amaras historias*, by way

* Plutarch.

of commutation. I say nothing of the "holy faith of pike and gun," nor of the strong cudgel with which Luther terminated a theological dispute, as I desire to avoid religious controversy. But it is impossible, on this subject, to forget the once-celebrated Dempster, the last of the formidable sect of Hoplomachists, who fought every day, at his school in Paris, either with sword or fist, in defence of his doctrines in *omni scibili*. * The imprisonment of Galileo, and the example of Jordano Bruno, burnt alive for asserting the plurality of worlds, † among other disgraceful instances, shew that laughter is the best crisis of an ardent disputation.

The talents for so delicate an office as that of a literary censor, are too great and numerous to be often assembled in

* Jan. Nic. Erythræ. Pinacothec.

† Brucker. His. Critic. Philosoph. tom. v. p. 28, 29. The famous Scioppius published a shocking letter of exultation on this execution.

one person. Rabelais wanted decency; Sterne learning, and Voltaire fidelity: Lucian alone supported the character properly, in those pieces which appear to be justly ascribed to him. As the narrowness of party yet infests philosophy, a writer with his qualifications would still do good service in the cause of truth. For wit and good sense united, as in him they eminently were, can attack nothing successfully which ought not to be demolished.

ADDITIONAL NOTES

to the

ILLUSTRATIONS OF STERNE:

Note I. page 10.

The following extract from the *Pieces Interessantes et peu connues*, p. 196, may serve in place of a whole history.

“ Il y a un fait assez curieux, très-sur et peu connu, au sujet du collier de l' *ordre du S. Esprit* : la dévotion s' allioit autrefois avec le plus grand débordement des mœurs, et la mode n' en est pas absolument passée.

Le motif public de Henri III. en instituant l' *ordre du Saint-Esprit*, fut la defense de la catholicité, par une association de seigneurs qui ambitionneroient d' y entrer.

Le vœu secret fut d' en faire hommage à sa sœur Marguerite de Valois, qu' il aimoit plus que fraternellement.

Le S. Esprit est le symbole de l' amour les ornemens du collier estoient les Monogrammes de Marguerite et

VOL. II.

E

de Henri, séparés alternativement par un autre Monogramme symbolique, composé d'un ϕ phi et d'un δ delta joints ensemble; ϕ , auquel on faisoit signifier *fdelta* pour *fdelta* en Italien, et *fdelité* en François. Henri iv. instruit de ce mystère, changea le collier par délibération au chapitre du 7 Janvier 1597, & remplaça par deux trophées d'armes, le ϕ et le Monogramme de Marguerite. J'en ai vu les preuves non suspectes."

Duclos, who was the collector of these curious anecdotes, is very high authority. But the truth of this fact appears from other proof. In SEGAR'S *Honor Militarie & Civil*, published in 1602, is a full-length portrait of Henry iv. in the habit of the order, and the mysterious symbols appear most distinctly, not only on the collar, but embroidered, of a very large size, round the robe.

Note II. page 52

Eachard's works are now in the hands of few persons. It will be interesting however to his admirers, to mention, that a complete outline of the *Grounds and Causes of the Contempt of the Clergy* may be found in Burton, in the section entitled, *Study a Cause of Melancholy*, from p. 81 to 87.

Note III, page 70.

The French translator of Tristram Shandy, who knew nothing of Burton, confesses himself strangely puzzled with the fragment on Whiskers. "Vainement il a voulu éclaircir ce chapitre par des recherches historiques; le seul fruit de ses peines a été de trouver que Mlle. Rebdur et la Possesseuse sont citées dans plusieurs

livres, et notamment dans les memoires de Marguerite de Valois, comme maîtresses de Henri IV. Quant au Guiol, Maronette, Battarelle, &c. &c. le hasard les lui a offertes dans la nombreuse liste des temoins entendue au procès de Girard & la Cadiere."

It would have diverted Sterne extremely, to have seen a Frenchman seeking to illustrate his lucubrations, by *historical researches*.

Ample notice is taken of La Fosseuse, in the Memoirs of the Queen of Navarre, written by herself; a book, which, independant of the elegance of its style, is recommended by many curious anecdotes, and a display of talents worthy of better direction.

We find Rebours, as well as La Fosseuse, also mentioned in the *Confessions de Sancy*, and as much information respecting them, as could be wished, is added in L' Etoile's notes.

Rebours is mentioned by Brantome. The source of the other names pointed out by the translator is sufficiently probable.

Note IV. page 82.

I have mentioned, in another work, the practice once general on the continent, of destroying dying persons, by violently pulling away the pillows from beneath their heads. There is a treatise on this subject preserved by Valentini, written with a degree of pomp and affectation, which equally defies a serious perusal, and the power of burlesque. The author first disputes concerning the definition of a pillow; and after a great deal of erudition, gives the following: *Est aliquid suppositum capiti nostro sublevandi gratia adinventum.* In

the next section comes the etymology, lest the reader should still be uncertain concerning the meaning of the word *pillow*. Here *pulvinar* is very naturally deduced from *polula*, a foot-ball, and it follows, like a chain, that *polula* comes from *bulbus*, a root. We may apply the French epigram of De Cailly to this sort of derivation :

Alfana vient d' *Equus*, sans doute ;
 Mais il faut avouer aussi,
 Qu' en venant de la jusqu' ici
 Il à bien changé sur la route.

As if all this precision were not sufficient, another definition follows, of the *component matter* of a pillow.

Hoc est pulvinar; seu lectus capitis brevior, hoc est omne id quod ad ejus elevationem et erectionem adhibetur, sive ex plumis vel stramentis constet, aut alia commoda pro personæ ac loci conditione materia. The author concludes with this severe commination against these pillow-jerkers; *quod dum ita contra conscientiam rectam, Deique ac legum voluntatem, agant, se privent animi tranquillitate, simulque peccatis exponant gravissimis, unde Deum scelerum horum vindicem severum habeant metuendum. Id ergo ne fiat, cavendu hæc sollicité omnibus est cervicalium subductio, ut per se illicita et injusta, &c.*

Note V.

Bruscambille's Prologue on Noses.

Or Messieurs, puisque nous sommes sur la matière des nez, ne laissons pas un beau champ sans le cultiver :

Le proverbe si commun en France de dire voilà qui n'a pas de nez nous y servira beaucoup ; c'est une maniere de parler commune à tout le monde, & dont on se sert fréquemment ; je vous prends vous mêmes à témoins, Messieurs, n'est-il pas vrai que quand on veut mépriser quelque chose on se sert ordinairement de ce proverbe ; si par exemple un homme comme moi qui ne suis pas des plus habiles en tout genre, hazarde parmi le public quelque œuvre ou discours imparfait comme celui que j'ai présentement en bouche, ne dira-t-on pas en le méprisant. voilà qui n'a point de nez.

On en pourra dire autant d'un peintre, d'un orfèvre, de l'auteur d'un pitoyable livre, & généralement de toute sorte de choses qui ne seroit pas dans le goût des Messieurs qui se qualifient du nez fin ; de maniere qu'à leur sentiment tout ce qui n'a point de nez est méprisable & ne mérite pas de voir le jour. Et c'est la raison pourquoi l'on cache ordinairement le cul comme étant un visage qui n'a point de nez ; & au contraire la face est toujours découverte à cause qu'il y a dans le milieu un nez ; un homme sans nez est rejeté des femmes. Le phisionomiste Albert le grand, aussi bien que le sçavant Trismegiste, disent que les femmes estiment les grands nez nobles & de bonne race, les médiocres de contentement & les petits de bon appetit. Souvent les grands arbres plantez en bonne terre fructifient noblement.

Sçavez-vous, Messieurs, pourquoi le sexe féminin n'est pas si bien pourvû de nez que le masculin ? L'on tient & l'on assure que c'est à cause du peu d'état que la curieuse Pandore fit de l'Ordonnance de Jupiter, lequel lui ayant baillé la boîte où étoient

renfermez tous les malheurs & infortunes, avec défense expresse de l'ouvrir, cette misérable curieuse fût si fort tentée, que Jupiter n'eût pas plutôt le cul tourné, qu'elle eût le nez dedans : je vois que vous riez de cette expression, Messieurs, ne vous imaginez pas que je veuille dire que Pandore eût mis le nez dans le cul de Jupiter, aussitôt qu'il s'en fut allé, cette expression équivoque tombe sur la boîte fatale dans laquelle sa curiosité la porta à y mettre son nez, c'est-à-dire, à y regarder contre la défense de Jupiter. De quoi cette divinité étant indignée, permit que les malheurs, disgrâces & infortunes renfermez dans cette boîte, se repandissent impitoyablement sur la terre : et voilà un échantillon de l'obligation que nous avons aux femmes qui veulent fourrer leur nez par tout.

Je n'entreprend point de faire ici une ample description des differens nez avec les proprietés singulieres qui leur sont annexées, j'en dirois peut être trop des grands nez au préjudice des nez médiocres, des petits nez, des nez cornus, des nez plats & autres de toute sorte d'espece, je me contente de dire que les grands nez ont beaucoup d'avantage sur les petits pour les odeurs dont ils sont l'organe naturel, d'autant que par leur capacité plus étendue ils peuvent recevoir plus de vapeurs odoriférentes & que celles qui montent de bas en haut leur peuvent moins échapper qu'aux petits nez : en un mot, Messieurs, si c'est quelque chose de beau, de bon, de louable, d'avantageux en tout genre d'avoir du nez, il le doit être encore plus d'avoir du grand nez : un homme qui a du nez sent toutes choses, celui qui n'a point de nez ne se sent pas soi-même ; le nez discerne les senteurs comme l'œil les couleurs, l'aveugle peut

juger des senteurs, & les vents du Pais-Bas qui soufflent à la sourdine dans ses chausses sont découvertes par l'expérience de son nez. Je finis, Messieurs, en vous disant que si j'avois un pied de nez davantage, je ferois un discours qui auroit plus de nez ; & je crains que quelque médisant ne vienne ici critiquer sur ce mien verbiage & ne publie à mon deshonneur & au vôtre, que vous êtes des idiots de vous laisser ainsi mener par le nez.



OF CERTAIN
VARIETIES OF MAN,
described by Authors.

————— who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings, what need he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains,
Deep vers'd in books and shallow in himself:

MILTON.

OF CERTAIN VARIETIES OF MAN.

IN the various fortunes of opinions, it may be observed, that when a tenet happens to be refuted, after having gained for a time implicit belief, every one begins to wonder that it should have acquired any credit. This is the progress of what has been called philosophical truth, than which nothing is more absolute during its reign, and nothing but life more transitory in its duration. There is this great difference between the extinction of opinions and that of men, that the former lose their characters with their existence, while the latter generally encrease their estimation by dying; for

excepting an epitaph on the *Pineal gland*, which was written after physiologists had degraded it from the seat of the soul, I recollect no example of gratitude to a decayed theory.

Every age cherishes its favourite errors, which serve to divert the succeeding generation. We ridicule our predecessors for their belief in the fiery sphere of Aristotle, or the vortices of Descartes, without reflecting, that some of our present opinions may afford equal subject of derision to posterity. Why does the history of opinions contain such a list of errors and falsehoods, but because men have so long mistaken their conjectures concerning facts, for facts themselves?

Much of this evil has certainly proceeded from undue deference to authorities. Authors have believed assertions without enquiry; and might well be expected to assign ridiculous causes, when they engaged to account for events that never existed.

I have been led into this train of reflection, by trying to discover the true foundations, on which the existence of some monstrous varieties of our species has been supposed. Every philosophical reader is acquainted with the theory of Lord Monboddo on this subject, on which Mr. Tooke has bestowed such masterly satire, that we may justly apply to the author of the *Επιστ. Πτεροεντα*, what Milton has said of Tasso, in his *Mansus*, though in a different sense :

—æternis inscripsit nomina chartis.

I expected to have found the clue to this romance of philosophy, in Linnæus's *Systema Naturæ*, because he has mentioned, under the genus, *Homo*, the varieties of the *Homo Troglodytes*, or pygmy, and the *Homo Caudatus*, the man with a tail (Lord Monboddo's patriarch); but the greater number of authorities has occurred to me in casual reading.

Homer is the first author who mentions the pygmies, and is cited as the chief of the opinion, by all writers on this subject. The Trojans, says he, moved on to battle with shouts and acclamations, like the noise of the cranes, when they fly screaming over the ocean, bearing slaughter and death to the pygmies:

Ἦντε περ κλαγγὴ γυράων πέλει ἕρπυδι πρὸ,
 Αἰτ' ἐπεὶ ἔν χειμῶνα φέρον καὶ ἀέσφατον ἔμβροτον
 Κλαγγῆ τάγῃ πέτονται, ἐκ' Ὀλεανοῖο ροαῶν,
 Ἀνδράσι Πυγμαίοισι φόνον καὶ κῆρα φέρουσαι.*

Aristotle delivers their history as an indubitable truth. "It is not fabulous, but certain, that a diminutive race of men, and it is said of horses, exists; living in caverns, whence they take the name of Troglodytes. They fight with cranes." †

But it was not enough with the older

* Iliad, Γ.

† Histor. Animal. lib. viii. cap. xii.

naturalists, to shorten a whole nation to three spans, or to oblige men

~~per Arenas~~
Caudarum longos sinuatim ducere tractus;

but the species was tortured into more fantastic shapes than are to be found in the Temptation of St. Anthony. These transfigurations rest both on Pagan and Christian authority, and if any thing could be supported by the mere force of repeated assertion, the monstrous varieties of man would become undeniable.

Some of the Rabbis have published extravagant doctrines respecting our first parents, on this subject; according to Bayle, "Quelques-uns d' eux disent qu' Eve fut formée de la queue de son mari. Ils prétendent que Dieu, aiant donné d' abord un queue au corps d' Adam, s' aperçut enfin qu' elle diminueoit la beauté de cet ouvrage, et qu' ainsi il prit la resolution de la couper, mais il ne laissa pas de s'en servir pour en produire

la femme qu' il donna au premier homme." *

Pliny exerted surprising industry in accumulating authorities for human monsters; † many of these were supposed to exist among the northern nations, such as the Arimaspi, who had only one eye, and employed themselves in stealing gold from the Gryphons, those compound animals which the ancient naturalists have dressed up for us. Milton employs this fable in a fine simile, describing Satan's laborious flight through the chaos.

As when a Gryphon through the wilderness
With winged course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Persues the Arimaspi, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
The guarded gold.— *Par. Lost. b. ii. 943.*

One of the authorities quoted for this story is Herodotus, who expressly says that he does not believe it. ‡

* Bayle, Diction. Crit. Art. EVE.

† Lib. viii. c. ii.

‡ Clio.

Another race of the Scythians were born with feet turned behind the leg, "aversis post crura plantis," and were (of course) wonderfully swift. Others had heads resembling those of dogs, with long ears, and were armed with talons; Ctesias says, they were in number one hundred and twenty thousand. This is "profound and solid lying." In other nations, the people were monocolous, that is, having only one leg,* or sciapodous, having feet so large as to shelter the whole body, in a supine posture; these were the first parasols: In majori æstu humi jacentes resupini, umbra se pedum protegunt. Near these, according to Pliny, lived the pygmies, but they must be confessed to look extremely small beside such astonishing neighbours. Yet they had still better company; for westward of the pygmies lived a nation without necks, and with eyes in their

* See modern authorities for this story, in the Orig. and Prog. of Lang. vol. i. b. ii. c. iii.

shoulders; and near them, the Astomores, who have no mouths, and are nourished by the smell of fruits and flowers.

This is the substance of a chapter which has ornamented the pages of many a naturalist and cosmographer, with figures so ingeniously horrible, as almost to beget a belief of their reality, by the apparent difficulty of feigning them.

It must be owned, in vindication of Pliny, that he asserts none of these wonders without authority, and that many of them are mentioned simply as facts advanced by former writers. Several of his relations are taken from those of the Greeks, said to have been employed by Alexander in embassies to the eastern princes. Pliny's attention has preserved the folly of these men, which could have well been spared, to our days.

Pomponius Mela* says, the pygmies inhabited part of Egypt, and fought

* Lib. iii. c. 34.

with the cranes to preserve their corn. Solinus also asserts their existence.*

Strabo remarks, on this subject, that most of the writers on India, before his age, were egregious liars.

Aulus Gellius, however, asserts the existence of pygmies,† and Eustathius, in the notes on Dionysius.

Ælian is quoted as supporting the same opinion, and even as describing the Pygmean form of government. Whoever takes the trouble of reading Ælian's account,‡ will perceive that he relates the whole as an idle story; but this is the method of making quotations, to which literary adepts generally think themselves entitled.

From these pure fountains a croud of later authors have drawn the belief of pygmies; St. Augustine comes first, by right,§ as an asserter of the pygmies,

* Cap. xv.

† Lib. iv. c. ix.

‡ Hist. Anim. lib. xv. c. xix.

§ De Civitat. Dei. lib. xvi. c. viii.

Majolus, Antonius Itane, Jovius (de rebus Moscovitarum) Odericus (de rebus Indicis) Caspar Schottus, in his Collection of wonders, Joannes Eusebius Nierembergensis, Caspar Bartholine, in an express dissertation, Weinrichius, Licetus, and Cassanio. I do not pretend to have consulted all these respectable authors (who are nothing less than *Clarissimi*) on this subject, but I find them quoted by many others, with whom it would be easy to swell the list.

Writers differ greatly in their accounts of the seat of the Pygmies, being chiefly solicitous to remove them sufficiently far from themselves, according to a just remark of Æneas Sylvius, *semper longius miracula fugere*. The prophet Ezekiel speaks of Tyre as being garrisoned by Pygmies.* Horstius supposes the sense of this passage to be, that the centinels, on the lofty towers of that city, appeared,

* Chap. 27. Our translation calls them *Gamma-dims*.

to a spectator on the ground, of a very diminutive size.

It is less surprising that St. Augustine should credit the reality of Pygmies, because he had been an eye-witness of greater wonders: he asserts, in one of his sermons, [ad fratres in eremo] that he had preached to a nation without heads, and with eyes in their breasts. This may indeed be considered, by those who explain away every thing, as a figurative expression; but we must not pretend to understand St. Augustine better than the learned bishop Majolus, who quotes this passage in his *Dies Caniculares*, as a certain proof of the monstrous varieties. Besides, it would be uncharitable to reject a fact of so much consequence, in the decision of that curious question, *An monstra salutis eterne capacia?* which the learned bishop affirms, because of St. Augustine's mission to the Acephali.*

* In the modern editions of St. Augustine's works, this passage is retrenched.

The force of party has extended even to these fictions, apparently remote enough from either civil or religious divisions. Thus, the *Monachus Marinus*, *Episcopus Marinus*, & *Vitulo-Monachus*, in Ambrosini's edition of the frightful folio of Aldrovandus *de Monstris*, seem to have been engendered in the extremity of hatred against religious orders.

It is to be regretted, that among his other treasures, Palæphatus has omitted to place a derivation of the belief in Pygmies: possibly because the word did not admit of a pun.

There is no proof, unless this fable be supposed a proof, that the ancients were acquainted with those varieties, which are really inferior to the usual standard of human size; was this opinion an approach to the hypothesis of the *Scala of Beings*? Such it seems to have been in the hands of Paracelsus, who supposed the Pygmies to be different in their origin from men, and to consist of the *Caro Non Adamica*.

Scaliger is blamed by Aldrovandus, in his *Treatise de Monstris*,* and by Bulwer, in his *Artificial Changeling*,† for denying the existence of Pygmies, because they cannot be found in Ethiopia or Arabia, where Pliny and Mela had placed them: this circumstance, both the moderns think of no weight; *argumentum nullius valoris*. They missed one strong argument, that is, Pomponius Mela's assertion, that the Pygmies were extirpated by their wars with the cranes. Of this Addison has availed himself very successfully, in his *War of the Pygmies and Cranes*; in the introduction to which, he has raised up a new and beautiful landscape of the ruins of the Pygmean empire:

Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
 Desertosque lares, et valles ossibus albas
 Exiguus videt, et vestigia parva stupescit.
 Desolata tenet victrix impuné voluctis
 Regna, et securo crepitat Grus improba nido.

* Page 40.

† Page 499.

He has even furnished, from this story,
a highly poetical origin of the fairies :

Elysii valles nunc agmine lustrat inani,
Et veterum Heroïum miscetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva : aut si quid fidei mereatur anilis
Fabula, Pastores per noctis opaca pusillas
Sæpe vident Umbras, Pygmæos corpore cassos,
Dum secura Gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitus vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Angustusque terit calles, viridesque per orbis
Turba levis salit, et *lemurum* cognomine gaudet.*

Unless we can resolve to adopt Mela's
account of the matter, however, I believe
Scaliger's objection must remain in full

* Perhaps we owe this elegant passage to the follow-
ing lines in Paradise Lost, where the fallen spirits in
Pandemonium contract their size to gain room, and
Throng numberless, like that Pygmean race
Beyond the Indian Mount, or faery elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and
dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear ;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

Book i. ver. 780.

force, against the existence of Linnæus's Troglodyte; for pygmies are not found in the habitations which he assigns them, namely, the confines of Ethiopia, the caves of Java, Amboyna, and Ternate, or in Malacca. The Albinos, on whose peculiarities he appears to found his definition, were never proved to exist as a nation;* on the contrary, wherever the history of an Albino could be traced, it was found to have been born in ordinary society. It is true Linnæus attempts to distinguish between his Troglodyte and man, by ascribing to the former the *Membrana Nictitans*, but anatomists in general know very well, that man possesses that membrane also, though without the power of expansion.

Besides, Linnæus's Troglodytes are placed at a very great distance from the supposed seat of the Albinos, which is said by the best authorities in this case to be near the isthmus of Darien. Whether,

* Wafer's single testimony is not sufficient proof.

then, the Pygmean history be derived from the frequent appearance of dwarfs in society, or whether, like the Short Club in the Guardian, it be the invention of ambitious little men, we must send back

——the small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes——

to the poetical quarter, for sound geography and natural history disclaim them.

Linnæus admits, with rather more hesitation, his variety of the *Homo Caudatus*: he is uncertain whether he ought to be ranked with men or apes, and is deterred from placing him among the latter, chiefly because he lights his own fire, and roasts his victuals. “*Homo Caudatus, hirsutus, incola orbis antarctici, nobis ignotus, ideoque utrum ad hominis aut simiæ genus pertineat, non determino. Mirum quod ignem excitet, carnemque asset, quamvis et cruda voret, testimonio peregrinantium.*” Of the few

* *System. Natur. tom.*

authorities which Linnæus has produced in support of this variety, I have only been able to consult one; but others have occurred to me at different times, which I am now going to mention.

Pausanias is the most ancient authority for the existence of men with tails.* He is more frequently quoted to this purpose, because he derived his story from the very person who saw such a race; in the *Insulæ Satyriades*, at which he touched, on being driven westward while he was sailing for Italy. The inhabitants, says Pausanias, are red, and have tails not much less than those of horses.

Pliny introduces among his other wonders, men with hairy tails, of wonderful swiftness, but I think without any authority. This is all the testimony afforded by antiquity of the *Caudatory* variety, unless the fable of the *Fauns* be reckoned some confirmation. Modern times have produced more advocates for it. After

* *Attic. lib. i. p. 43.*

the natives of Europe began to penetrate into the east, authorities multiplied. Marco Paolo, who had the fate to be disbelieved in every credible assertion, was believed, when he reported that he saw in the kingdom of Lambri men with tails of the length of a span.* Peter Martyr describes a nation in India, who have hard, immoveable, crooked tails, of a span long, resembling those of crocodiles; so inconveniently appended, adds he, that they are obliged to use perforated seats.

Majolus, Androvandus, and Bulwer, quote a story from Major, and Joannes Neirembergensis, of a generation produced with tails, in Kent, or Dorsetshire, as a punishment of some disrespect shewed to the missionary, St. Augustine, soon after his landing. Bulwer was informed,† that in his time, there was a family in Kent, whose descendants

* Lib. iii. c. xviii.

† Artif. Chang. p. 410.

were tailed; "insomuch," says he, "that you may know any one to be rightly descended of that family, by having a tail." He adds, as a more probable account, that the inhabitants of Stroud, near Rochester, incurred the curse of tails, by cutting off the tail of Archbishop Becket's horse. "Insomuch as you may know a man of Stroud by his long taile. And to make it a little more credible, that the rump-bone, among brutish and strong-docked nations, doth often sprout out with such an excrescence, or beastly emanation, I am informed by an honest young man of Captain Morris's company, in Lieutenant General Ireton's regiment, that at Cashel in the county of Tipperary, in the province of Munster, in Carrick Patrick church, seated on a hill or rock, stormed by the Lord Inchiquin, and where there were near seven hundred put to the sword, and none saved but the major's wife and his son; there were found among the slain of the Irish, when

they were stripped, divers that had tails near a quarter of a yard long. The relator, *being very diffident of the truth of this story*, after enquiry, was ensured of the certainty thereof, by *forty soldiers*, that testified upon their oaths they were eye-witnesses, being present at the action. It is reported also that in Spain there is such another tailed nation."

The story of the miracle of St. Augustine seems to have gained currency in early times, as we learn from a passage in Fuller's *Worthies*. "When there happened in Palestine a difference betwixt Robert, brother of Saint Lewis king of France, and our William Longspee, Earl of Salisbury, heare how the Frenchman insulted our nation. *Matthew Paris, A. D. 1250, p. 790. O timidorum caudatorum* formidolositas! quam beatus, quam mundus præsens foret exercitus, si a *caudis* purgaretur et *caudatis*. "O the cowardliness of these fearful *longtails!* how happie, how cleane would this our armie

be, were it but purged from *tailes* and *longtailes.*" *

I might add the testimony of Sir John Maundevyle, of fabulous memory, were there not reason to fear, that in the conceptions of unphilosophical readers, he would disgrace so much good company. There is less necessity for employing any doubtful evidence, because the celebrated Dr. Harvey is my next witness. He introduces a story of a tailed nation, in his fourth Exercitation de Generatione Animalium, chiefly, it would seem, for the sake of the fact, for it has very little connection with his subject. "Chirurgus quidam," saith the learned doctor, "vir probus, mihi que familiaris, ex India Orientali redux, bona fide mihi narravit, in Insulæ Borneæ locis a mare remotioribus & montosis, nasci hodie genus hominum caudatum (uti olim alibi accidisse apud Pausaniam legimus) e quibus agrè captam virginem (sunt enim sylvi-

* Fuller's Worthies. Kent.

colæ) *ipse vidit*, cum cauda carnosâ, crassa, spithamæ longitudine, intra clunnes reflexa, quæ anum & pudenda operiebat." Slight hints are sufficient for men of genius; and we may perceive by the inference we are about to add, with how much reason nature is jealous of discovering her mysteries, since Dr. Harvey having gotten a tail of a span long into his hands, immediately fathoms the final cause of the structure with it; "Usque adeo velari ea loca voluit natura." This great authority proved a seasonable support to the caudatory system, at a time when anatomists were much divided concerning it. Among some it made such progress, that Caspar Hoffman did not scruple to call the Os Coccygis, the mark of a tail in untailed animals; "*caudæ in non-caudatis nota.*" But Riolan, that pompous declaimer on the dignity of the human frame, sharply reprehended Hoffman for this irreverend expression, which shocked his delicacy

severely, and moreover touched him in a tender part; I mean, his hypothesis of the final cause of the sedentary posture. "Homo enim ad sedendi commoditatem," says he, "solus nates habet, ut commodè sedere possit ad meditandum et philosophandum. Sedens enim anima (ex Aristot. 7. Phys.) prudentior est."

Diemerbroeck, an eminent writer on the plague, and author of a System of Anatomy, in quarto, says, he saw a child newly born (in 1638), which had a tail a foot and half in length, resembling a monkey's. The mother told him, that she had been frightened by a monkey at an early period of gestation.

Aldrovandus gives a figure of a monstrous foetus with a tail; Caspar Schottus (in 1662) introduced a tailed man into his Choice Collection of Prodigies; what a happy time had literary men, when philosophical books were made up of such diverting extravagancies!

In that volume of the Miscellanea

Curiosa, published in 1689, Dr. Michael Frederic Lochner relates a case of a Puer caudatus, which came under his own inspection. The story, which must lose by repetition, out of the doctor's own quaint Latin, is briefly this. Dr. Lochner was consulted for the son of a respectable family, about eight years of age. When the particulars of his disease were enquired into, the parents, instead of answering, shook their heads and wept. The doctor was confounded, till recollecting, he says, the *Titulus jurisconsultorius de ventre inspiciendo*, he began to unbutton his patient's waistcoat; but the patient stopped him, by giving him to understand that the complaint lay elsewhere: on exploring then the *peccantis pueritiæ bifolium calendarium* (as he facetiously phrases it after *Barlæus*), he found a tail reflected between the buttocks, of the length of a man's middle finger, and thickness of the thumb. The parents were desirous of amputation, but

the doctor persuaded them that no inconvenience would attend this ornament, and thus, says he, they retired peaceably with their *Ascaniolus caudatus*. He adds, that Dr. David Zollicofer observed a similar case at Basil, and the celebrated Blancard another in Holland.

In another volume of the *Miscellanea Curiosa*, to which I cannot immediately refer, a learned physician describes a puer caudatus, whom he examined carefully, in consequence of hearing him derided by his play-fellows, on the subject of this unlucky appendage.

I must regret my inability to consult the *Collection de l'Academie Royale de Sciences*,* for a paper on Men with Tails, published under the promising name of Otto Helbigius. I find a quotation from an author of this name, in Dr. Lochner's note, asserting the existence of *Homines Caudati* in the island of Formosa.

* This is a separate work from the *Memoirs*.

Here the matter appears to have rested, till the year 1771, when Dr. Guindant published his *Variations de la Nature dans l'Espece Humaine*, in which he took occasion to assert the existence of men with tails, and even to corroborate the opinion with new examples. One of these occurred at Orleans, in 1718, where the subject, ashamed of his tail, submitted to an operation for its removal, which cost him his life. There can be no doubt of this fact, *because* it was taken from the *Mercure* for the month of September in that year. Doctor Guindant mentions two other instances, at Aix in Provence, one of a girl named Martine, the other of a Procureur named Berard, but he does not specify the length of their tails. And in his extreme zeal for the caudatory system, he asserts, that a man's courage is not diminished by such an appendage; as a proof of which, he mentions the Sieur de Cruvellier of La Ciotat, who, though he had a tail, distinguished him-

self greatly in some actions against the Turks. It is rather surprising, that the ingenious doctor did not consider the extraordinary necessity of courage, in a man who has a tail, as that peculiarity must expose him to many affronts.

Dr. Guindant adds, but I fear from report, that the southern part of the island of Formosa, the Molucca and Philippine islands, contain whole races of men with tails, and that in the burning desarts of Borneo, the greatest part of the inhabitants are tailed.

An experimental philosopher of the highest reputation, furnishes another authority.

“ Travellers make mention of a nation with tails, in the islands of Nicobar, Java, Manilla, Formosa, and others. Koping relates, that when the ship on which he was aboard anchored near Nicobar, a number of blackish yellow people, having cat's tails, came on board. They wanted iron in exchange for their parrots,

but as nobody would trade with them, they wrung their birds' heads off, and eat them raw. Bontius saw from the mountains, in the island Borneo,* a nation whose tails were only a few inches long, and in all probability only an elongation of the Os Coccygis. Ptolemy already had made mention of a people having tails," &c. &c.†

The latest evidence of such conformation (in the case of the school-master of Inverness ‡) is an honourable and learned writer, who has erected a most stupendous hypothesis on this unequal foundation of a span. What would Boileau's Ass say to all this evidence?

O! que si l'ane alors, à bon droit misantropé,
Pouvoit trouver la voix qu'il eut au tems d'Esopé,
De tous cotez, docteur, voiant les hommes foux,

* In viewing a savage clothed with the skin of a quadruped, a traveller, intent on wonders, might mistake the tail of his prey for a natural appendage.

† Bergman's Physical Description of the Earth.

‡ Orig. and Prog. of Lang. vol. i. b. ii. c. iii.

Qu' il droit de bon cœur, sans en être jaloux,
 Content de ses chardons, et secouant sa tête,
 Ma foi, mon plus que nous, l'homme n'est qu'une
 bête !

There are few stronger proofs of the inutility of single observations, than this affair of the *Homines Caudati*. The only solid foundation of any of these stories, is an accidental elongation of the *os coccygis*, which we can easily conceive to happen, as that bone consists of four pieces: redundancies in other parts of the body are so frequent, in monstrous cases, that we cannot wonder to find a joint occasionally added to this part. Thus it is, that a few instances of dwarfs are multiplied by writers into nations; fewer instances of accidental mal-conformation of parts produce other nations—in books.

Men have complained for many years, and we complain at present, of want of facts; yet it appears, that in books of good character we find more facts than can be credited. Do we not want good

observers rather than new facts? And is not the indiscriminate collection of facts an encreasing evil? It is certain that in consulting authors on the subjects they profess to examine, we are commonly as much disappointed as Mr. Shandy, when he applies to Rubenius for the ancient construction of a pair of breeches. Chemistry is perhaps improving under the fashionable method, because the principal experiments are frequently repeated, and because its objects being permanent, former errors have many chances of being discovered; but in other branches of knowledge, the number of facts, on the whole, overbalances their credibility. It is unfortunate, that since the means of publication have been so much facilitated, every man thinks himself entitled to observe and to publish. How many collections of pretended facts are daily offered to medical men, in which it is happy for mankind if the author's weakness be

sufficiently evident, to destroy, at first sight, the credit of his observations! Writers who publish merely for the sake of reputation, may be solid enough for those who read for the sole purpose of talking, but every man who is in quest of real knowledge must lament, that so few books are written with a design to instruct, and so very many only to surprise or amuse.



MENIPPEAN ESSAY
on
ENGLISH HISTORIANS.

Τῆ δὲ Συμῶν ἑταίρων.

Iliad : ix.

The following essay consists of prose and verse intermixed, a practice not very common at present, which may therefore require some explanation. Among the French writers, this mode has been much used in many celebrated productions; in this country, the excellence of Cowley's mixed pieces has served rather to deter, than to invite imitation. I recollect only two essays written on this plan, the *Polite Philosopher*, and the *Essay on Delicacy*, the first by Mr. Forrest, and the latter by Dr. Lancaster; but the poetry of those gentlemen differed so little from their prose, that the transition produced no remarkable effect. It seems favourable to an author's exertions, that he should be obliged to proceed no farther in verse, than his poetical impulse determines him; and that upon a change of subject, or a total deficiency of poetical ideas, he should be permitted to betake himself to prose. The best poets are unequal, and are obliged to admit occasionally weak or insipid verses, for the purpose of connecting the better parts of their work. But it must be allowed, that many laborious productions would have been much improved, if only the happier passages had appeared in the poetical form, and the remainder had been printed as plain prose. Much fatigue would thus have been spared to the author, and much disgust to the reader. It must be owned that there is something imposing in the appearance of verse; as a noted critic lately mistook the nonsense-verses in Pope's *Miscellanies* for a serious love poem; but my proposal is intended for the relief of a class of writers very different from Pope.

MENIPPEAN ESSAY ON ENGLISH HISTORIANS.

SINCE English writers have discovered the secret of uniting elegance and interest with the narration of facts, historical compositions have multiplied greatly in the language. The avidity with which they are perused was indeed to be expected, at a time when the love of reading proceeds to a degree of dissipation. In these productions, the reader feels his understanding improved, and his taste gratified at the same time; and for the sake of those who can only be allured by the dainties of knowledge, some historians have condescended to adopt the style of novellists, and to relieve the asperities of negotiation and war, by tender dialogue and luscious description.

If some writers, envious of the treasures they mean to impart, have sullenly involved themselves in Latin, they are however not more difficult than those who present us with ænigmatical English.

It was very late, before the class of historians became a respectable department of our literature. The natural reserve and coldness of our countrymen seems even to have influenced their publications, and to have made them sensible of the difficulty of telling the gravest story to the world. Meanwhile, tradition, corrupted by poetry, and other seductive causes, offered our own history to the reader, in a state more proper to exercise his critical powers, than to furnish him with either agreeable or useful information.

From batds, inspir'd by mead, or Celtic beer, }
 Burst forth the bloody feud, or vision drear, }
 Till each attendant bagpipe squeak'd for fear: *

* At thy well-sharpen'd thumb, from shore to shore
 The trebles squeak for fear, the bases roar.

Mac Fleckno.

They sung how Fia Mac Coul* controll'd the fight,
 Or Merlin rav'd with more than second-sight.
 Down Time's long stream the dying music floats,
 And cheats th' impatient ear with broken notes.
 Lull'd by the murmur, antiquarians snore,
 Of Highland-epics dream, and Druid-tore ;
 Or on the seeming steep, and shadowy plain,
 Hunt the glass-castle, or Phenician fane. †

Next doleful ballads troll'd th' immortal theme,
 Sung to the car, or whistl'd to the team : ‡
 Tho' wicked wits, from age to age, refuse
 The homely ditties of the hob-nail-muse,
 Long tost, the sport of mountain-air and winds, ||
 These P—y comments, and these Edwards binds.
 Now from his store each restless rival draws
 Thyme's tarnish'd flowers, blunt points, and rusty
 saws,

Till our bright shelves, in gilded pride, display
 The trash our wiser fathers threw away.

Our early hist'ry shuns the judging eye
 In convents bred, the urchin learn'd to lie ;
 White phantoms wave their palms in golden meads,
 And the pale school-boy trembles as he reads.

The later chroniclers, with little skill,
 Darkling and dull, drew round th' historic mill.

* Fingal.

† Glass-castle.] Vitrified forts in Scotland ; and the
 celebrated ship-temples in Ireland.

‡ Sung to the wheel, and sung unto the paille.

Hall's Virgidem.

|| ———rapidis ludibria ventis.

VIRG.

In wild confusion strow'd, appear the feats
 Of shews and battles, duels, balls, and treats ;
 Here the rich arms victorious Edward bore,
 There the round oaths which great Eliza swore :
 And quaint devices, justs, and knightly flames,
 And gay caparisons, and dainty dames.

The most striking defect in the present figure of history, is not meagreness, but inflation, which distorts her features, and confounds her proportions. Like the Roman,* who thought it increased his dignity to wear robes too long for his body, and shoes too large for his feet, some of our writers in this style have endeavoured to adapt huge words, and immeasurable periods to every trifling occurrence.

Such tumid lines a failing age betray,
 As bloated limbs bespeak the heart's decay.

Some critics, fond of discovering analogies in science and art, have compared history with architecture: in this country, the progress of taste in both has some

* Plin. Epistol.

degree of correspondence. The dark tales, and wild historical ballads, may be compared to the caves and summer bowers of our remote ancestors. In the monkish histories, the religious gloom of the monastery perpetually overshadows us. And indeed, the similarity of old histories to Gothic edifices is so impressive, that we often meet with the thought. Two beautiful passages immediately suggest themselves. Mr. Hayley, in his *Essay on History*, says of Lord Clarendon :

Yet shall his labours long adorn our isle,
 Like the proud glories of some Gothic pile :
 They, tho' constructed by a bigot's hand,
 Nor nicely finish'd, nor correctly plann'd,*
 With solemn majesty, and pious gloom,
 An awful influence o'er the mind assume ;
 And from the alien eyes of ev'ry sect
 Attract observance, and command respect.

Strada, in the second part of his *Muretus*, offers us nearly the same image

* This appears to me a harsh censure of the playful elegance, and complex regularity of Gothic architecture.

on the same subject :—" ut nonnullæ ædium sacrarum rudes attritæ ac vetustate propemodum corruptæ religiosius interdum coluntur, quam quæ magnifico sunt opere atque eleganti ; sic illa incuriosa sermonis structura sæpenumero majorem habet venerationem ac fidem."

To pursue the figure, the works of our historians, who wrote before the reign of James I. may be compared to the old baronial castles, strong and dreary, full of dark and circuitous passages, but interesting by the very melancholy which they inspire. In these compositions, the glimmering sentiments, obscure explanations, and the inartificial combination of incidents, remind us of Gray's

Rich windows, that exclude the light,
And passages which lead to nothing.*

As the study of the Greek and Latin writers prevailed among us, a mixed

* Long Story.

style was introduced, similar to that which we condemn in buildings of the seventeenth century; where we perceive an unsuccessful attempt to combine ancient elegance with modern rudeness. Where an ornament, beautiful in itself, is often misplaced, so as to appear ridiculous; the artist, for example, transferring those decorations which would have graced the nobler parts of the edifice, to add to the enormity of an over-grown chimney.

At length the æra of elegant simplicity arrived, when our writers and artists became convinced, that the easiest method of excelling, consisted in a close imitation of the models of antiquity. We have seen good taste carried nearly to its point of perfection; and as great exertions seem to exhaust the moral, as well as the physical world, we have perhaps witnessed the first symptoms of its decay. Robertson was simple and correct; Hume was more lofty, uniform,

and approached the point of Attic elegance. But other authors have thought it necessary, to cover their marble with gold and azure; in their avidity of beauties, they have amassed the most incongruous figures, and have blended them in one glare of barbarous magnificence.*

An excess of polish and refinement, among other inconveniences, tempts the historian to suppress or vary the strong, original expressions, which trying occasions extort from men of genius. Yet these, infinitely superior to phrases which have cooled in the critical balance, always form the brightest ornaments of a well-composed history. They transport our imagination to the scene, domesticate us with eminent men, and afford us a kind of temporary existence in other ages. Few of our writers, excepting

* Such writers oblige us to recollect Quintilian's observation respecting figures; "sicut ornant orationem opportunè positæ, ita INEPTISSIMAS esse cum immodicè petantur."

Lloyd, have attended sufficiently to the preservation of these flashes of sentiment and intelligence. A single word sometimes conveys as much information of character and principles, as a whole dissertation. An old French historian, for example, in describing the punishment of some peasants, defeated in an insurrection, by an officer of the Emperor's, in 1525, displays the ferocious intolerance of that time by one epithet. " Il punit grievemment les prisonniers, signamment les meurtriers du Comte d' Helfestein, et entre autres un, sur lequel il pratiqua une GENTILLE invention. Le criminel fut contraint amasser un tas de bois, autour d' un posteau, fiché au milieu d' une grande place, auquel puis apres on le lie, d' une chesne portant un peu outré le bois. Ainsi quand l' executeur eut allumé le feu de toutes parts, le malheureux couroit autour se rotissant peu a peu luy mesme." *

* Laval, Hist, des Guerres Civiles, p. 24.

When a prevalent taste for a certain smoothness and splendor of style is established, the value of such a decoration is easily over-rated. And writers, capable of doing good service by a laborious union of facts, are compelled to waste their exertions, in imitating those favourite turns of expression, which they can never incorporate with their own diction, by the strongest mechanical efforts. It gives pain to a good-natured reader, to see his author engaged in such unavailing struggles; for some persons can no more acquire a good style, than a graceful manner, and in both instances, the affectation of unattainable graces only adds distortion to clownishness.

Vain such a boast of polish'd style,
 We seem to hear the rasping file
 As thro' the labour'd lines we drudge;
 If sullen nature grace deny,
 Not VESTRIS can the fault supply,
 Nor win to praise the sneering judge.

Indeed, if an elegant writer adopt a favourite class of metaphors, it is pursued

to extermination by his imitators. At one time, all occurrences were like a race; afterwards they were like a battle; lately, they have resembled a ship. At present, light and darkness are the favourite sources of figures. Every subject is *luminous*, or *shaded*; and every author, proud to exhibit his lanthorn at noon like Diogenes, is eager to "hold his farthing candle to the sun."*

When an historian merely translates in patch-work, like Knolles (whom Dr. Johnson has unfortunately dragged into notice, by injudicious praise), he is easily misled by the formal track of those grave authors, who treat all parts of their subject in the same manner. When the story thus comes unexpectedly to a full stop, a very ludicrous surprise often follows the most tragical history. To avoid the offence of particular application, I shall try the effect of abstracting such a passage from Laval, whom I have just

* Young's Love of Fame.

quoted. It relates to the siege of Poitiers, by the French Protestants, in 1569.

“ On the 24th of August, the festival of St. Bartholomew, the besiegers began, early in the morning, to batter in breach, with twenty-two pieces of cannon; and fired all day without intermission, so briskly that the whole city shook. They seemed determined to overturn every thing, by so furious an attack, for they had never raged in such a manner before; and it was said, that this was their last effort, if we could resist which, there would be nothing more to apprehend. They were so diligent, that they fired near eight hundred cannon shot that day; so that several officers declared, that considering the number of their guns, it was impossible to keep up a more terrible discharge.

“ The garrison expected the assault, about two or three o'clock in the afternoon, when it was supposed that the breach would be practicable; and in

fact, about half an hour past one, it was so large, that for more than an hundred paces, a man on horseback, in complete armour, might have entered it without difficulty. About that time, therefore, the enemy drew up in order of battle, on the rising ground of the suburb, covered in front by a wall, which extends from St. Cyprian to the said suburb. They were all in white surcoats - - - and we could see their officers flying from rank to rank, haranguing and encouraging them. They seemed to threaten, at the same time, the Pré l' Abbesse and Pont Joubert, which, notwithstanding the inundation, they expected to force: they had also on this side another division of their troops, who were in full expectation of supping in the town; and called to our people to get ready for them. - - - In the mean time, they fired from all their batteries, especially on those places which they designed to attack.

“ The poor townspeople, though quite

unaccustomed to such thunder, were indefatigable in carrying beds, fascines, barrels, and other things, to cover the breach. Every one did his duty, without being terrified by seeing his neighbour fall. ---- A single bullet would carry off four or five good soldiers; and several poor people, workmen, and others, were killed while they were busy in repairing the breach; while the nobility who were present were covered with the blood of the slain, yet kept their posts to encourage the men. It is a certain fact, that several persons were killed between the legs of the Sieurs du Lude and de Ruffec, so that their clothes were dyed in blood, yet they did not quit the breach, but shewed themselves on the top of it, to evince their alacrity to encounter the enemy. ---- When they saw what countenance the enemy kept, the alarm-bell was rung, to give notice of the assault, and the Srs. de Guise and du Lude, having ordered every one to

his post, took, respectively, the charge of the breaches, one of that of Pré l'Abbesse, and the whole of that face; the other, of that which was made that day, between St. Radegonde and St. Sulpice; both very large, and difficult to be defended.

The Italians being prepared to go to the breach, and harangued by one of their leaders, swore on the crucifix to die sooner than to fail in their duty. And before they took their post, falling on their knees, in the church of St. Radegonde, they devoted themselves to God with such earnestness, that the bystanders could not refrain from tears. ----

“ In the mean time, the principal ladies of Poitiers retired into the castle, and betook themselves to their prayers with great fervency. A strong body of horse patrolled the streets, to prevent disorders, and compel the people to assist in the defence. Every thing thus prepared, Mr. de Guise and his brother,

with a good troop of brave men, guarded all the breaches of Pré l'Abbesse and Pont Joubert (where the town was open to an assault), and at the grand breach, newly made, was the Count du Lude, who defended the centre, with the Sieur de Ruffec and other gentlemen on his right. The Sieur de Montpezac, with some gentlemen of his dependance, was stationed on the left.

“ The enemy, who, from the rising grounds, saw almost every thing that passed in the town, perceiving the firm countenance which the garrison shewed, DID NOT COME TO THE ASSAULT.”

However ridiculous this lame and impotent conclusion may appear, it is yet more inconvenient, that historians, fond of a figurative style, are extremely averse to deliver any fact, in a manner intelligible to readers less instructed than themselves. They often notice an important event, as a possible case, and tempt the reader, from the plain road

of narration, into pleasing and sportful fields of digression, where he is sometimes arrested by a display of the "non-vulgaris eruditio," and sometimes by exhibitions not very suitable to the dignity of history.

Let us suppose an author of this class to describe some event, which he desires to rescue from obscurity, such as the taking of Cashel in Ireland, during Cromwell's usurpation; a fact equally illustrious with many, which the industry of modern historians has deigned to illuminate.

"A numerous body of natives, distrusting the mercy of the victors, had fortified themselves on the steep and difficult hill of Cashel, in the county of Tipperary. A royal residence, converted by the piety of its monarch into a magnificent cathedral, and once dignified by the priestly functions of the Prince of Munster, offered at once the means of defence, and the motives of resistance.

A generous enemy would have respected the attachments of patriotism and religion; but Ireton had learned to despise the impression of episcopal grandeur.

“ On the northern side of the choir, was elevated one of those lofty, conical towers, which have exercised the genius of antiquaries, respecting their origin and destination. The most probable opinion assigns them to the sect of *Stylitæ*,* anchorites, who to withdraw their attention more completely from sublunary objects, mounted the aspiring summit of a tower or pillar, and consumed the revolving years of a monotonous existence, in gazing intently on the heavenly bodies. Some of the ancient philosophical sects, received their denominations from their places of instruction: these holy men,

* “ Dr. Campbell, in his Philosophical Survey of the South of Ireland, supposed these towers to have been belfries, because he found bells or bell-ropes in most of those which he had seen. *Post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, I fear, is bad logic. The best view of one of these towers, is in the Virtuosi’s Museum, plate xxiv.”

condescending, in this instance, to follow a heathen example, took the name of pillar-climbers, from the seat of their contemplations.

“**Simeon**, a shepherd of Syria, founded this sect in the eighth century. Perhaps, as superstition is strongly imitative, the austerities of Simeon drew their origin from the mysterious exercises, annually performed in Syria, on elevations apparently very different in their original design. From the traditional honours of the colossal symbols, dedicated by Bacchus to Juno, in the sacred city,*

* “ See the treatise *Περὶ τῆς Συρίας θεῶν*, inserted among Lucian’s pieces. In the description of the temple of Hierapolis, the author, whoever he was, treats at some length of these singular antiquities.

“ — και φάλλοι δὲ ἔσασι ἐν τοῖσι προκυλαῖσιν δυο κατὰ μεγάλαι. ἐπὶ τῶν ἐπιγράμμασι τοιοῦδε ἐπιγεγραπται,

ΤΟΥΣΔΕ ΦΑΛΛΟΥΣ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΟΥ
 ΗΡΗΡ: ΜΗΤΗΡ: ΑΝΕΘΗΚΑ.

Other monuments, of a similar kind, erected in the same temple, to Bacchus, contained the *ναρσοῦρα*, or, in the familiar language of the antiquarian (for I cannot

an imagination inflamed by solitude and a burning sky, would pant after the pure and privileged region of watchful seclusion. But even in Syria, it became necessary to shelter the candidate for ascetic honours, in his permanent residence, when the places of the inanimate Neurospasta were supplied by the vigour of living saints. The majestic emblem was therefore excavated, and a winding staircase facilitated the access of the votary. Perhaps an arched roof completed the figure, and the hermit, elevated on the mystical summit, enjoyed the visionary raptures of his proximity

suspect Lucian of writing such a cold catalogue of absurdities) *ανδρας μικρας εκ ελως πεποιμενης, μεγαλα αυδαια εχοντας*. He adds, that one of the colossal *φρασσα* was yearly ascended, by a man who remained on the summit for seven days. The reader who wishes to know how such a monument, three hundred cubits high, according to the original, or even thirty, by the correction of criticism, could be ascended without the aid of steps, or any security for the feet, may consult Reitzius's excellent edition of Lucian, tom. iii. p. 475, where his curiosity will be amply gratified."

to superior intelligences. Such an edifice, in the hour of danger, could only serve to descry the approach of an enemy, marked by the progress of terror and desolation. On minds rendered fierce and sanguinary, by the habit of deciding theological differences with the point of the sword, the religion of antiquity could not operate; and if the regiment of Inchiquin was destined to the attack, it was probably designed to weaken the imputation of cruelty, which an English commander would have incurred by the refusal of quarter.*

Our passion for oriental history, and the peculiar character of the specimens with which we have been favoured, must remind the most careless observer of the distorted railing, shapeless pavilions, and gilded dragons, which the love of what was called Chinese architecture poured

* "In the extermination of the garrison, insult was added to outrage: the victors pretended, that among the slain, several *homines caudati* were discovered."

into our fields and gardens, a few years ago. Indeed, the attraction of novelty, however hideous, has proceeded so far, that in reading some late productions, one cannot avoid thinking of the Sicilian Prince, who surrounded his villa with statues of monsters, only remarkable by the extremeness of their distance from truth and probability.

But, tired of this extravagance, we now begin to recal the Gothic labours of our ancestors into our pleasure-grounds; we crown the artificial mound with the shivered donjon, and wind the ivy round the unfinished pinnacles of the mimic abbey. While good taste is contented with simply restoring the traces of ancient grandeur, caprice disfigures whatever it attempts to embellish, and prefers absurdity of invention to correct imitation. So it has fared with those who have revived select portions of English history, mingled with a certain degree of sentiment and fiction. In some of these

attempts, the small chasms of private history are so dextrously supplied, and the bare line of general narration is so happily ornamented, that we readily give up our fancy to a delusion, which instructs while it imposes on us. In the inferior productions of this kind, all intricacy and distress revert to the common peace-breaker of novels, love. All state-mysteries and revolutions are imputed to some sighing damsel in her ruff and farthingale :

Some whisker'd peer, with song and sonnet big ;
Some tender Damon, in his lion-wig ;

and the author, presuming on his reader's inadvertence, does not scruple to bestow youth, and the hearts of young ladies on a paralytic senator, or to represent a beauty as inexperienced and frail in her grand climacteric. An anachronism of thirty or forty years, however injurious to ancient characters, is easily overlooked :

Thus harshly Maro treats the Tyrian dame :
 Tho' sev'ring time protects her spotless fame :
 Safe from the pious chief's imputed lust,
 Scarce ev'n their skeletons could mingle dust.
 Ye beauteous maids, who fire the modern lay,
 With merit humble, and with virtue gay,
 'Tho' with such sacred heat your charms allure,
 That ev'ry melting thought but runs more pure.
 (As, on Helvetian hills, the virgin-snow
 Takes its fine polish from the solar glow)
 Yield your soft pity to the injur'd shade,
 Whom Virgil's arms, disdainng time, invade.
 No guiding angel taught her to descry,
 Thro' fabled dreams, the ruler of the sky ;
 No hope yet fann'd the soul's immortal flame,
 Her hell was censure, her religion fame.
 Of these short hopes, ye poets, what abuse ;
 Penelope is chaste,* and Dido loose !

- It must be owned, however, that in the passion for restoring ancient beauties, some deception has taken placẽ. If an author, † professing to vindicate the character of an unfortunate princess, has thought proper to falsify the features of

* Tradition has made very free with the character of this lady, notwithstanding the praises bestowed on it by Homer. In some parts of Greece, altars were raised to her, as the patroness of promiscuous intercourse.

† Dr. Stuart, in his Hist. of Scotland.

a medal yet in existence,* what credit shall we give to his account of circumstances which he could only know by conjecture? Some of the champions in this cause have, displayed great abilities, and great charity; and nobody, I imagine, could be more surprised by the result of their enquiries, than the unhappy subject of them.

Could she from cold oblivion peep,
 And see her modern portrait shine,
 So pure, so holy, so divine,
 Round which ev'n wits and scholars weep;
 The nymph, who on the mountain's steep
 Once more adorn'd poor Darnley's brow †
 Would rouse her from her tedious sleep,
 With many a hymn, and many a vow;
 And drawing from her bosom deep
 Those tales 'bout which historians vary,
 Beg, while her humble sinews bow,
 Protection from the new St. Mary.

* See the profile of Queen Mary, in that work, where the features are very different from the pinched cheeks and turned up nose of the celebrated medal, from which it is said to be taken. It is a curious fact, that the portrait alluded to, is copied from a profile of *Julia Gonzaga*.

† A tradition, from which a hill, in the neighbourhood of *Linkithgow*, takes the denomination of *Cocule Roy*.

By the uncertainty of historical truth, and by the appearance of success, which in certain periods, attends the worst men, and the most wicked designs, some have been induced to prefer romantic to real history, as the more favourable to virtue. But fiction is always more feeble than truth; for the most difficult task of imagination, is the invention of incidents; and those who wish to improve by experience, cannot be too accurate in determining the real connection of the facts, from which they are to conclude. A fable may illustrate a moral apophthegm, but can add no force to a political maxim.

Some eminent philosophers, on the contrary, attaching too much importance to mathematical demonstration, have wished to confine the knowledge of history to certain undeniable facts, and would deprive us of some of its most engaging passages, to prevent the possibility of deception. But the essence of

history, or indeed of any study, requiring much labour, is always apt to evaporate in the moment of enjoyment. It is nearly impossible to transmit the result of our own labours into the minds of others, who have not qualified themselves for their reception by the necessary degree of previous research. Or, if they are understood, they can only furnish the reader with an author's opinions, of which he knows not the foundation, and that can never become active sources of knowledge, like those which he might obtain by his own exertions. After all, how small is the class of readers, who study history, with the expectation of acquiring virtue or experience! To those who are destitute of the habits and discipline of literature, history is little better than a splendid pantomime, where some of the spectators are delighted with the dexterity and boldness of the hero, others with the magnificence of the scenes, and the astonishing

changes of the machinery; from such an entertainment, the majority carry away, perhaps, as many moral impressions, as they would receive from the study of Thucydides or Davila.

ON THE ORIGIN
of
THE MODERN ART
of
FORTIFICATION.

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ON THE ORIGIN OF THE MODERN ART OF FORTIFICATION.

IT is generally agreed, among military writers, that the method of fortifying places with bastions was introduced into Italy, about the beginning of the sixteenth century. But the author of this great change in the art of war has never been accurately traced. I have been induced, by Folard's reflections on this subject,* to make some enquiry into it, the result of which will perhaps surprize the reader.

The first bastions which were seen in Europe, were constructed by the Turks, for the defence of Otranto, in Apulia,

* Hist. de Polybe, tom. iii. p. 2. & Seq.

which they occupied, from the time of their invasion, in 1480, to a late period in the succeeding year.* They defended this place against the whole power of Italy, and only capitulated in consequence of the death of Mahomet II. After their departure, the Italians were surprized to find works of a new appearance; and Guillet † says, that their general, Trivulzio, recommended an imitation of them to the Christian engineers. I have unfortunately mislaid a reference to an Italian writer, who corroborates the fact.

To the Turks, then, we owe this improvement; and it becomes a matter of curiosity, to enquire by what means they were led to its adoption.

It had occurred to me, many years ago, that Tacitus had described the walls of Jerusalem, as constructed in some degree, on the modern principle of a

* Folard, Murator, Annal. tom. xxiii. p. 1688.

† Vis de Mahomet II, Liv, ii. p. 371.

flanking defence; but finding that Folard ridiculed the idea, I had given it up, till some observations in the Memoirs of Prince Eugene, lately published, and an examination of a passage, mis-quoted by Folard, renewed my first opinion.

‘ Qui croirait’, says the prince, ‘ que j’ai appris quelque chose des Turcs, et que les Turcs aient appris quelque chose des Romains? Cela leur est resté, je crois, des colonies, comme les formes etrusques des Vases, des cruches qu’on trouve chez chaque paysan.’ This is said, on the subject of field-intrenchments, which he had learned from the Turks to raise to the height of twenty feet. The passage in Tacitus, to which I have alluded, runs as follows.

“ Duos colles in immensum editos
 “ clauderant muri per artem obliqui,
 “ aut introrsus sinuati, ut latera oppug-
 “ nantium ad ictus patescerent. Extrema
 “ rupis abrupta, et turres, ubi mons ju-
 “ visset, in sexaginta pedes, inter devexa

“ in centenos vicenosque attollebantur;
 “ mira specie, ac procul intuentibus pa-
 “ res. Alia intus mania, regie circum-
 “ jecta, conspicuoque fastigio turris; An-
 “ tonia in honorem M. Antonii ab Herode
 “ appellata.” *

The only words in this passage, which can admit of any dispute, are, “ obliqui, aut intorsus sinuati;” which Fokard translates, by “ salient & re-entering angles,” and which he discredits, because, he says, Josephus has given a different account of the works. But it is clear, that Josephus, after mentioning the other walls, describes the three towers, erected by Herod, on the old wall, in a manner corresponding to that of Tacitus; only that he omits to notice the curvatures of the works. I shall quote a part of his account, the whole being too long for insertion.

“ Now as to these three towers, the
 “ height was prodigious, and yet the

* Tacit. Histor. lib. v.

“ place they were raised upon, made it
 “ seem much more than it was. For the
 “ old wall they stood upon was itself
 “ erected upon a very high piece of
 “ ground; and these turrets again were
 “ advanced upon the top of a mountain,
 “ that was yet thirty cubits higher than
 “ the ancient wall. Neither were they
 “ less admirable for the materials they
 “ were made of, than for the structure.
 “ The stones were neither common, nor
 “ of a weight to be removed with hands:
 “ but of white marble cut into blocks of
 “ twenty cubits long, ten in breadth, and
 “ five cubits deep: and so artificially put
 “ together, that there were no joints to
 “ be seen, but every distinct tower looked
 “ like one entire piece.”*

Vitalpandus, who followed Josephus chiefly, has also omitted to notice the flanks.

But Tacitus lived at the time of the siege of Jerusalem; he probably had

* Josephus, translated by l' Etrange. Book vi. chap. vi

conversed with officers who served under Titus; and he has described the works with more appearance of military knowledge than Josephus, who was only anxious to boast the magnificence of their structure. There is certainly no contradiction between them.

Ammianus Marcellinus furnishes a most curious passage, which, if we may depend on it, shews that flanking defences had existed, long before this celebrated siege.

In speaking of the campaign of Sapor, king of Persia, in Mesopotamia, he adds; "VIRTAM adoriri disposuit, munimentum valde vetustum, ut ædificatum à Macedone credatur Alexandro, in extremo quidem Mesopotamiæ situm, sed muris velut *Sinuosis* circumdatum et *Cornutis*, instructioneque varia incessum."*

I strongly suspect that Folard had

* Lib. xx. c. vi.

The *instructio varia* may have been analogous to the intricate Gateways of the East.

never examined this passage; because he remarks on it, that the historian must have been mistaken; for, although the town was old, the walls were not. On the contrary, the pointed expressions of Ammianus lead us to suppose, that the genius of Alexander had anticipated this principle of defence, by many centuries. All this positiveness, on the part of Folard, arose from a misapprehension, owing to his ignorance of the ancient languages, and his proneness to accommodate every thing to the recent state of fortification. He could understand nothing but *redents*, by the words ‘sinuosi, and cornuti,’ but I conceive that they convey a different meaning.

In CORONELLI'S ISOLARIO, and in his description of the MOREA, we see concave flanks, which form segments of considerable circles in the curtains, instead of straight lines; and these I apprehend to resemble the sinuosities mentioned both by Tacitus, and Ammianus. That

they were copied from more ancient buildings, which no longer exist, is highly probable. I refer the reader particularly to the views of Lepanto and Cerigo in Coronelli, for examples of this construction. The expression, '*cornutus*,' used by Ammianus, is particularly descriptive of this kind of work; though it has been applied, by modern Latin writers on military affairs, to the horn-work.

By attending to the curious work of Procopius, Περὶ Κτισμάτων, we are enabled to ascertain the date of several deviations from the ancient mode of fortification, and of approaches to the modern method. When the emperor Justinian adopted a defensive system, on the eastern frontier, by the construction or repair of fortresses, and by fortified lines, he bestowed particular attention on the re-edification of DARA, in Mesopotamia. As the place was threatened by the Barbarians, he durst not open it, by demolishing the

ancient walls ; he therefore surrounded them with an outer, lower wall, of *vaumur*, which in more modern times, occupied the *Berne*, and became the *Fausse-braye*.* At the bottom of each of the towers, he constructed a square work ; and thus gave origin, at once, to bastioned towers, and to the square bastion ; of the latter, vestiges appear to have existed, even in the seventeenth century.† He introduced, also, the round-turrets in the middle of the towers, of which Conway castle affords examples.

He constructed, on the level ground, where the enemy might easily approach, to the southward, an advanced ditch, in form of a half-moon, in front of the *vaumur*, and resting on the wall at its extremities. This ditch was lined partially by a lower wall, and was, in fact,

* P. 30, 31. cap. i. lib. ii.

† See *Lotich. de Rebus Germanicis*, T. i. View of *Saxenhausen*.

an out-work, resembling very much the Fer-a-cheval, only perhaps of a larger size. I shall quote Procopius's words, as Mr. Gibbons has only mentioned it generally. *Τάφρον οὖν ἐπ' αὐτῷ μνησθεῖν, εὐροῖς τὲ καὶ βάθους ἰσάνως ἔχουσαν ἐπὶ μακρῷ κατορύξας, ἑκάτερον αὐτῆς τῷ προτειχίσματι τὸ πέρασ ἐπέθεν, ὕδατος μὴν διαρκῶς ἐμπλησάμενος, ἄβατόν τε παντάπασιν τοῖς πολεμίοις κατασπασάμενος, ἐν μοίρα δὲ αὐτῆς τῆς ἐντὸς προτείχιμα θέμενος ἕτερον. ὣ δὲ ἐφεσῶτες ἐν πολιορκίᾳ φρουροσι Ρωμαῖοι τε τε περιβόλαι καὶ προτειχίσματος τῆς ἑτέρας ἀφροντισήσαντες, ὅπερ τῆς τειχοῦς προβέβληται.*

In fortifying Martyropolis, in Mesopotamia, Justinian terraced the space between the old and new walls; this was another advance in the art.*

At what precise time the improvement was made, of presenting an angle of the square tower to the country, instead of the face, I am not able to point out. It seems to have been first suggested, by the superior chance which it afforded, of eluding the impression of the battering ram. In Cassa's views of the walls of

* P. 55.

Pola, this construction appears, in the ancient foundations, as well as in the modern superstructure.* This, with the talus given to the wall, were the immediate fore-runners of the Bastion.

It appears then, that, from the time of Justinian, Mesopotamia became the school of the arts of attack and defence relating to sieges. The places, originally fortified against the Persians, fell subsequently into the hands of the Turks, who made their progress chiefly by sieges; and in the course of their long and sanguinary struggles, after the introduction of artillery, the invention of the bastion seems to have arisen, from the models of flanking fortification, of which they had become possessed. During the reign of Mahomet II, the Turks were in the full tide of their military glory. They threatened, at that time, the conquest of Germany and Italy, as well as

* Mr. Morier observed this construction in the towers of Khor, in Persia.

of the Greek Islands; nor was the danger of the continent averted, till the battle of Lepanto.

- The personal character of Mahomet II. favoured improvements in the arts of attack and defence, in a remarkable degree. He may be considered, in this respect, as the fore-runner of Louis XIV. Guillet ascribes to him the invention of mortars.* In arranging the siege of Constantinople, he exhausted the military science of his age.† Guillet even asserts, that cross-batteries were employed by the Turks on that occasion, but he ascribes the suggestion of the practice to an Hungarian.‡

Barletus has hinted generally,|| that Scanderbeg, the distinguished adversary of Mahomet, endeavoured to fortify his places against the recent invention of

* T. i. p. 16.

† P. 145.

‡ P. 168.

|| Lib. 7.

artillery; but here we find the undoubted origin of the *talus* in military works. "Ad Portam ipsam urbis turrin ingentem solidissimam construxere, non tamen prærecta facies murorum relicta, ~~ne~~ opportuna injurie esset, sed veluti JACENS, ut facilius eluderet ictus machinarum."*

This passage, relating to the fortifications of Croye, which has been overlooked by Gaillet, furnishes a most curious epoch in the improvement of military science. Barletus adds, "nos a forma pedis Scarpam vulgari magis proprio vocabulo eum appellamus." From these expressions, we may not only infer that this advanced work was the original half-moon of engineers, but we also deduce from hence the term *scarp*, which still subsists, to denote the slope of the ditch. The date of this improvement is 1465.

* De Vita et gestis Scanderbegi, l. vii. p. 120.

It is unnecessary to add, that Croye was afterwards taken by the Turks, in 1477. During this interval of twelve years, it is not improbable that other alterations had been made in the works, and that the Turkish engineers might have found in Croye the models of their constructions at Otranto. Whatever additions they may have made, it appears certainly from the detail of Barletus, that the first great effort towards the modern art of fortification originated in the genius of the Christian hero, whose history deserves to be more accurately known.

But their rapid degeneracy in military knowledge deprived the Turks of the benefit of their own inventions. The people who first constructed bastions, and who first opened trenches before towns, were proved, two hundred years afterwards, by the siege of Vienna, in 1683, to have sunk into the depth of stupid barbarity. Embarrassed by their own numbers, and encamped without precaution,

they fled before a handful of light cavalry.

The Polygonal bastions of Rhodes, as they appear in the plans of Dapper, and the Due de Choiseul, present an unfortunate attempt to modernize the Roman towers, of the same form. I believe very few instances of a similar construction are to be found, excepting the lines of Precop. The slope of the summit of the parapet, seems, from the account of the accurate SANDYS, to have been first practised in the works of the VALETTA, after the deliverance of Malta from the Turks. "The walls on the inside," says he, "are not above six foot high, unimbattald, and shelving on the outside." *To have noticed this construction, after having seen the principal cities of Italy, would have been trifling, if the method had not then been new.

In ANTELLA's plan of the Valetta, published in 1600, we find casemates in

THE ARGUMENT.

*Exordium—Merry Andrew—The Booth—Entrance of
the Puppets—PUNCH—Revellings—Simile—A Battle
—AMERICAN WAR—PIETY IN PATTENS—
OMBRES CHINOISES—A Simile—PATAGONIAN
THEATRE—SERIOUS BALLETS—A Vision—Phi-
losophy of Puppet-Shews—The Marquis de Casaux—
Poets are Puppets—Conclusion.*

THE PUPPET-SHEW.

THE wondrous pageants of an humble train,
A tiny race, and nation void of brain,
I sing. No heav'nly spark inflam'd their hearts;
Their framer guiltless of Promethean arts.

Where the hoarse drum, and motley droll invite
The gaping mob, with foretaste of delight,
Where jests are dealt to please the long-ear'd crew,
As old as Miller's, and as C—t—y's new.

*Admiranda cano levium spectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum;
Quem, non surreptis cæli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.*

*Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Histrio, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam,*

Led by the love of sights, or love of fun,
 To pit and gallery the audience run.
 Not equal benches hold the staring rows,
 But peerage-like, the fees their worth disclose.
 At length, the figur'd curtain rolls away ;
 Full on the narrow stage the tapers play,
 Where crossing wires deceive the curious eye,
 That else too plain the homely fraud would spy.
 And now the actors croud, in squeaking droves,
 By painted domes, and Lilliputian groves ;
 'Mid scanty scenes, like us they sport or jar,
 In narrow passes forms th' embattled war ;
 Our pomps, our cares contracted to a span,
 The little mimics play gigantic man.

Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
 Undique congressi permissa sedilia complent.
 Nec confusus honos ; nummo subsellia cedunt
 Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni.
 Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
 Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
 Fila secant, ne cum vacuo datur ore fœnestra,
 Pervia frætas pateat : motæ stridula turba penates.
 Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia squalida fisco.
 Hic humiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
 Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, triumphos.

But o'er the rest see Panchinello rise,
 Of hoarser accent, and tremendous size!
 An ample clasp his jerkin's round confines,
 His well-taught eye with vivid motion shines;
 Far-stretch'd before his jutting paunch appears,
 His lofty back o'erwhelms his humbled ears:
 Not with more terror to each sweeping gown
 Thro' country-dances plods the lab'ring clown,
 Than the small heroes, thro' the parted sheet,
 See his broad paunch precede his distanc'd feet.
 Proud of his bulk and "huge two-handed sway,"
 He reigns, the tyrant of the puppet-play.
 Gibes his poor wooden slaves in wanton fit,
 "And shakes the clumsy bench with antic wit."

Ludit in exiguo plebecula parva teatro.

Sed præter reliquos incedit HOMUNCIO rauca
 Voce strepens, major subnectit fibula vestem,
 Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
 In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminent ingens
 A tergo gibbus; Pygmæum territat agmen
 Major, et immanem miratur turba gigantem.
 Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
 Confusus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
 Et crebro solvit, lepidum caput, ora cachinno.

When courtly lords and shining dames are seen
 Round beauteous Grisild' or St. George's Queen,
 His saucy laugh disturbs the solemn place,
 And the room echoes to his pert grimace:
 Or wilder still, his lawless flame invades
 The modest beauties of the varnish'd maids;
 The varnish'd maids with disapproving hiss,
 And coy reluctance, shun the saucy kiss.

But undisturb'd the meaner forms advance,
 And ply their little limbs in busy dance.

And oft with glitt'ring paste and tinsel gay,
 The wooden race their birth-day robes display;
 In marshall'd order trip the ladies bright,
 And lordlings sparkle on the vulgar sight,
 While the small people, joining in the press,
 Revive the dream of Pygmy-happiness :

Quantum res agitur solenni seria pompa,
 Spernit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
 Et risu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat.
 Nec raro invadit molles, pictamque protervo
 Ore petit Nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno.
 Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
 Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile saltu.
 Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis auro,
 Lignea gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in ostris.

As if the warlike dwarfs, relax'd from toils,
 In knightly glories rich, and feather'd spoils,
 Had quench'd in gentle ease, and soothing strains,
 The airy terrors of the hostile cranes.

So when the stars their middle station keep,
 The sportive Faries o'er the greensward sweep ;
 In merry round they print the narrow ring,
 And wave the yielding grass with nimble spring,
 Whence kindly juices the glad soil bedew,
 And the rich circle shoots with darker hue.

But sudden clouds the happy scene o'ercast,
 Wars, horrid wars resound their dreadful blast.

Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem,
 Ordine composito Nympharum incedit honestum
 Agmen, et exigui proceres, parvique Quirites.
 Pygmæos credas positis mitescere bellis,
 Jamque infensa Gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
 Indulgere jocis, tenerisque vacare choreis.

Tales, cum medio labuntur sidera cælo,
 Parvi subsiliunt Lemures, populusque pusillus
 Festivos, rediens sua per vestigia, gyros
 Ducit, et angustum crebro pede pulsitat orbem.
 Mane patent gressus ; hinc succos terra feraces
 Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
 Luxuriem, tenerisque virescit circulus herbis.

THE PUPPET-SHEW.

Their hasty arms the wooden warriors seize,
 And desp'rate combat interrupts their ease.
 So short our pleasures : thus our bliss withstood !
 So dash'd with care is ev'ry mortal good !

Now front to front the dazling lines appear,
 Raise the thin sword, or point the taper spear ;
 With martial port they meditate the blow,
 And levell'd-muskets threat' the daring foe.
 Hark ! the smart crackers spit their fiery breath,
 Hiss, bounce, and thunder in the field of death.
 Thro' ev'ry arch the mingled bursts resound ;
 Thick-falling warriors strew th' unhappy ground.

Sometimes the sad detail of civil rage
 Lifts to sublimer aim the pygmy-tage.
 From Bunker's Hill now flaming rosin darts,
 Now dreadful Howe appals the Yankey-hearts ;
 Here Burgoyne, forc'd to yield, forbid to fly,
 A well-dissembled Puppet ! seems to sigh.

At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
 Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella tumultu.
 Arma ciet truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
 Dirumpunt pugnae ; usque adeo insincera voluptas
 Omnibus, et mistæ castigant gaudia curæ.
 Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure facti,

A little Calpè shoots restless lives,
 On Barnwell's gibbet André's form expires;
 Or Rodney's thunder sends the Gallic foe,
 Thro' canvas billows, to the depths below.

Inventive Foote produc'd, his wit to screen,
 Socratic puppets, and the ambiguous scene;
 Hence chasten'd love and humble faith inspire
 The pattern'd beauty, and the gen'rous Squire.
 Great lord of irony! he sway'd the age,
 The peerless Plato of the puppet-stage.

Next meagre France, who could afford no more
 Substantial forms to grace a rival shore,
 Sarcastic, taught in airy spaces to flit
 Her Eastern shades, with empty sounds of wit,
 Lo! half-conceal'd the dext'rous puppet plays,
 Beneath the artful veil's indulgent blaze;
 In flippant French the restless figur'd jaw,
 And foreign sounds perplex the list'ning ear.
 But soon th' imperfect forms disgust the eye,

*Protensæque hastæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
 Telorum ingentes subeunt; dant claustra fragorem
 Horrendum, ruptæ stridente bitumine chartæ
 Confusos reddunt crepitus, et sibila miscent.
 Sternitur omne solum pereuntibus; undique cæsæ
 Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.*

Darkling they come, and unregretted fly :
 So when the wand'ring chief the ghosts survey'd,
 That " squeak and gibber " in th' infernal shade,
 His wonder past, he view'd with careless ease
 Forms impotent alike to hurt or please.
 Then high the gen'rous emulation ran,
 Th' ennobled puppet tow'ring into man.
 Fair in the Strand the pleasing stage was found,
 With lovely art, and happy graces crown'd.
 There Shakespeare's wit in wooden gestures shone,
 There J—p—n's, blest, to please the eye alone !

With rapid step a nobler band succeeds,
 The FANTOCCINI, known by deathless deeds ;
 Scarce man himself their promptness can surpass
 To trim the taper, or present the glass.

Behold Noverre the mimic art restore !
 Medea raves and Phædra weeps no more.
 Here sense and shew decide their long dispute,
 For man turns puppet, and the stage is mute.
 Ungraceful Hamlets, aukward Romeo's fly :
 Let MOTHER GOOSE * more worthy themes supply.

* This passage might very well have been written at the time when the poem is dated ; for the entertainment of *Selima and Axor* was taken from the story of *Beauty and the Beast*, in *Mother Goose's Tales*. The stage is now farther indebted to that learned author.

On the vast stage, o'er many an acre spread,
 Be lowing herds and num'rous squadrons led ;
 While **BLUE BEARD** fierce the fatal key demands,
 Or **PUSS-IN BOOTS** acquires the **OGRE's** lands ;
 Or fair **RED RIDING-HOOD**, in luckless hour,
 A helpless victim falls to fraud and pow'r.

Proceed, great days ! till poetry expire,
 Till Congreve pall us, and till Shakespeare tire ;
 Till ev'ry tongue its useless art let fall,
 And moping Silence roost in Rufus' hall ;
 Till nimble preachers foot the moral dance,
 Till cap'ring envoys check the pow'r of France,
 And full St. Stephen's see, with mute surprise,
 The Opposition *sink*, and Premier *risc*.

But oh ! what God inspires my boding mind
 To paint the glimm'ring prospect yet behind !
 I see in gesture ev'ry wish exprest,
 Each art, each science quit the lighten'd breast :
 No wand'ring eyes the distant heav'ns explore,
 On two legs tott'ring, man descends to four.
 Then, great Monboddo, proves thy system true ;
 Again in caves shall herd the naked crew ;
 Again the happy savages shall trail
 (A long-lost gift !) the graceful length of tail :
 In that blest moment, by indulgent heav'n,
 Thy wish, Rousseau, and Swift's revenge are given.

Now, whence the puppet's various functions came
 The muse shall teach, and make instruction fame.

The workmen first the lumbering logs inform,
 And chip and torture into human form ;
 Next string the limbs, and clasp the joints with art,
 Add piece to piece, and answer part to part ;
 Then wheeling pulleys join, and flowing cords,
 Whose secret influence guides the wooden lords.
 And now the nice machine completed stands,
 And bears the skilful print of master-hands ;
 Seems in its new creation to rejoice,
 Th' imparted motions and the grafted voice ;
 As justly turning to the ruling springs
 As votes to ministers, or hearts to kings

Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra la-
 tentes

Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,
 Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
 Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam
 Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
 Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accomodat arces,
 Et membris membra aptat, et artibus insuit artus.
 Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pusillum
 Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inertis.
 Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat.

Hence, learn'd Casaux,* thy earnest thoughts
began

To trace the jointed frame of polish'd man.
In some low booth, that on the rampart lies,
To catch in heedless throngs Parisian flies,
Where the wise Hebrew shone in tinsel-light,
Or Europe's princes charm'd thy tender sight,
Thy soul divin'd, for such the will of fate,
The shifting puppet-shew of pow'r and state.

Poets themselves in puppet-motions sport,
And steal sweet voices from th' Aonian court;
Transporting sounds! that pass, with struggling pain,
Our narrow organs in a ruder strain.

See, classic Addison with ease combines
Virgilian accents in his sportive lines:
But mine, weak offspring of a languid age,
Love the low roof, and haunt the humble stage—
Congenial themes the mimic muse requires,
And on mean altars lights her scanty fires.

His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Ostendit sulcos, duri et vestigia ferri:
Hinc salit, atque agili se sublevat incita motu,
Vocesque emittit tenues, et non sua verba.

* Author of the *Mechanism of Society*.



OF GENIUS.

From haunted spring and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent.

MILTON.

OF GENIUS.

IT is useful to observe the effect of our early reading, in perpetuating false impressions even among those who boast an emancipation from all prejudices of education. Hume's classical knowledge was too strong for his scepticism; for in one of his essays he supposes it probable, that such a scheme as that of the ancient mythology may have been carried into effect, at some period, in some part of the solar system. Camöens makes the Virgin Mary intercede with Jupiter, when the Portuguese are in danger, and seems as much attached to one religion as to the other. Vossius, of whom Charles II. used to say, that he believed every thing but the Bible, was another

instance of the ease with which men suffer the grossest impostures to gain upon them, when they are unhappily recommended by elegance and wit.* I am apt to imagine, that the extravagancies of the ancient poets, engraved on our minds by the rod, and too partially entertained by our relish of the more sober beauties of those authors, have sometimes deceived us in our estimate of human faculties, and have supported, unperceived, something of literary superstition and metaphysical mysticism, even to the present time. When we speak of a man who has made any considerable discovery in science of art, who has painted a good picture, written a fine poem, or a very good novel, we

* It is said, that when Vossius, who was a canon of Windsor, lay on his death-bed, the Dean came to persuade him to receive the sacrament. Vossius rejected the proposal with indignity: after some altercation, the Dean gravely said; " Mr. Vossius, if you will not receive it for the love of God, take it, at least for the honour of the chapter."

call him a man of genius, without understanding our own meaning. Books have been written, indeed, to explain the word genius, but speakers and readers have continued to doubt; for authors have agreed in the same error, of considering genius as a distinct power of the mind, while in reality, it originally denoted something totally independent of it.

I know not whether weakness or pride contributed more to those delusions, which appropriated a divinity to preside over the most usual, and the least dignified of our natural functions, but if the ancients supposed themselves to be supernaturally assisted on such occasions, it is not wonderful that they should lay claim to superior protection, in the bright and enviable moments of literary success. They believed, that every man was under the direction of one of the smaller deities, or aerial dæmons; a sort of valets to the

superior gods,* and according to Seneca, tutors of men; like the usual arrangement in families of distinction upon earth. *Se pone in presentia quæ quibusdam placent: unicuique nostrum pedagogum dari Deum, non quidem ordinarium, sed hunc inferioris notæ, ex eorum numero quos Quidius ait de plebe deos †*

These obsequious inhabitants of the air, who at their leisure-hours chased swallows and crows, obtained the general name of genius. And some eminent men, in their atrabilious moments, have fancied that they discerned the presence of such attendants. It would appear,

‡ Apuleius de Deo Secratu. ————— quædam divinæ mediæ potestates, inter summum æthera et infimas terras, ***** inter terricolæ cælicolæque vectores, hinc precam, inde donorum **** Horum enim munus et opera atque cura est, ut Annibali somniis orbitatem oculi comminarentur, Flamínio extispiciæ periculum cladis prædicant, &c.

† Senec. Epist. cx.

however, that Socrates and the Platonists, confined the influence of the genius chiefly to presages, and directions in religious ceremonies. The poets thought themselves of sufficient importance to deserve a separate establishment, and made their geni stationary on Parnassus. But after the introduction of Christianity, when the learned embarrassed themselves, by retaining the Platonic doctrine of demons, to grace their systems of magic, the genius was not only considered as a supernatural attendant, but as a being possessed of most extensive knowledge, which he was disposed to communicate on certain considerations. Marinus, a biographer of Proclus, has asserted that Rufinus, a man of consequence, and no doubt a very able statesman, observed one day the head of Proclus surrounded with rays (such as we denominate a glory) while he was teaching; "ut divino signo," says Brucker, "qualis in hoc corpore dæmon lateret, omnes intel-

ligerent.* Non puduit itaque Marinum, vitæ hujus Compilatorem, divinæ inspirationis (*θεϊας θεωρητικας*) participem eum fuisse, asserere, et vultum oculosque ac ora divinos radios sparsisse mentiri." Proclus affected to believe, that he was assisted in the composition of his works by the goddess Cybele. Hence the visionary hopes of forming a commerce with angelic existences, which dissipated the hours of many ardent scholars. The Paracelsian and Rosicrucian follies, and the most sincere part of Alchemy, as well, perhaps, as some late sects, derive their origin from this mixed and doubtful source.

This wild conjunction of mythology and magic formed a spell, not easily to be broken. An undefined veneration was attached to the term genius, which became more powerful as it was less understood. The influence of classical

* Hist. Critic. Philosoph. tom. ii. p. 332.

imagery, and its perpetual recurrence to inspiration, supported an impression, which, like the terror of nocturnal illusions, though disclaimed in public, and no longer existing as a system, still haunts the hours of silence and solitude. Poets, at all times the most incorrigible of the literary tribes, still dream of impulse, and mistake their own idleness for the frown of Minerva. Morhoff, one of those singular characters, who acquire the belief of common errors, by extensive reading and profound meditation, was so struck with this impression, that he wrote a whole chapter, *de eo, quod in disciplinis divinum est*. He has indeed faintly rejected the syncretistic follies of the former age, but he perhaps allowed inspiration rather too largely, when he granted it to an Italian improvisatore, and to Valentine Greatrak.*

The concluding lines of Buchanan's address to Mary Queen of Scots, which

* Polyhistor, Literar. lib. i. cap. xii. § 13, 28.

have been reckoned so obscure, may be easily explained by this view of the former acceptation of genius.

Non tamen ausus eram male natum exponere fœtum,
 Ne mihi displiceant quæ placere tibi.
 Nam quod ab ingenio domini sperare nequibant,
 Debebunt genio forsitan illa tuo.

The feebleness of the poet's verses (as his modesty led him to speak), was to be protected by the genius of the Queen, which, by the courtesy of the age, was deemed of superior rank and power to the genius of a private person. I cannot suspect so excellent a poet as Buchannan, of any intentional play on the words ingenium and genius. In the Ajax Mastigophorus, Sophocles ascribes the hero's execrations to his evil genius, who alone, he says, could have invented them.

Κακὰ δαιμόνων γένεσθαι, ὡ δαιμόνων
 Κυδὲς ἀνδρῶν, εἰδὸδαίμων

Lord Verulam had many strange fancies, about the genius attendant on great

minds; he sublimed his notions on this subject with Van Helmont's doctrine of transmitted spirits, which referred all eminence in military and civil affairs, as well as in wit, to the force of perspiration.

The genii were sometimes supposed to be the spirits of departed men, especially those which were thought to revisit the places of their former residence, or the scenes of their destruction: hence that passage in Milton;

Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in the perilous flood.*

With all this contagious mysticism floating from brain to brain, it is not to be wondered, that poets should be presumptuous and idle, or that readers should be slavishly timid. The votary of poetical frenzy fancied himself enter-

* Lycidas.

ing the temple of Apollo, and invested with the sacred characters of a priest and a prophet, when he "poured forth his unpremeditated verse," while the multitude, combining the most distant analogies, believed that in the writings of eminent poets, they discovered predictions, in which the author himself had been unconsciously prompted by his genius.

It was not enough to admire Virgil as a great Poet; his votaries were determined to venerate him as a prophet, and almost as a god. While altars were erected, and incense was burnt to him, by some of the first restorers of letters, the credulous explored their destinies in his pages, by the aid of false translation, and distorted inference. It is well known, that Charles I. was greatly disconcerted and distressed, on finding the *Sortes Virgilianæ* unfavourable, at the beginning of the civil war. With the liberties of application allowed in these

cases, it is easy to find a prophecy of any event, after it has taken place. If, for instance, a prediction is wanted of the calamities occasioned by the Pragmatic Sanction, it is ready in Juvenal;

Inde cadunt partes, ex foedere Pragmaticorum.

In this manner, the celebrated prophecies of Nostradamus have acquired the protection, even of the learned. Morhoff dwells with great satisfaction, on the number of important events predicted by this man, who wrote his rhapsodies in 1555. One of his rhimes was supposed to be accomplished sixteen years afterwards, by the massacre of St. Bartholomew;

*En grande cité, qui n' a pain qu' a demy,
Encore un couple St. Barthelemy.*

But unluckily, in another quatrain, he foretold that in 1707, the Turks would conquer the northern parts of Europe, not foreseeing Prince Eugene.

The couplet I have quoted, might, with the usual latitude of appropriating predictions, be applied to later occurrences, as some degree of similarity in the course of human affairs must often recur, when miracles are out of the question. But to shew how easily the rank of prophet may be thus obtained, I shall quote a passage from Camerarius's *Horæ Subcisivæ*, my edition of which was published one hundred and thirty-six years ago, which bears more minute characters of resemblance to recent events, than any thing I have met with;—“*Ne exempla tam longè petamus quid obsecro non perpassi sunt homines miseri nuper in carnificinis Gallicis, præsertim Lutetiana? Quid enim vulgus, veluti ludos ageret, quibus humanus sanguis effunderetur, sævitiae, crudelitatis, libidinis, turpitudinis, ignominiae, tam in eos qui noci destinati erant, quam in alios qui pro innoxiiis habebantur, et quidam non solum erga vivos, sed erga mortuos etiam,*

non habita ratione ætatis, dignitatis, conditionis, aut sexus, omisit?

We can more easily pardon this tribute to those works, which are the pride and delight of all ages, when we consider the signs and conditions annexed to the character of a prophet, during the prevalence of the heathen mythology, and tacitly acknowledged by those who pay attention to the ravings of Brothers, or the Cheshire boy, among ourselves. When frenzy and imposture usurp the regard, which is only due to the oracles of truth, it becomes interesting to know the source of a delusion, capable of existing among any class of men, in ages which boast the possession of true religion. The state of mind in which men were anciently supposed to acquire a knowledge of futurity, was formed by dreaming, drunkenness, madness, epilepsy, or the approach of death. In one word, delirium was the characteristic of a prophet: we cannot be at a loss for that of his admirers.

The Platonic philosophers of the eclectic class, thought that predictions were communicated during sleep, or immediately on awaking, by low voices.* This is now a very prevalent vulgar error, though undoubtedly of Platonic descent. In the ecstasy, which may be considered as a morbid state, a number of objects is obtruded on the prophet's senses, from which he can seldom form any conjecture. Such was the celebrated vision of Arise Evans,† in which he saw the restoration and succession of monarchy in this country delineated in the palm of his hand, without being able to deduce more from it, than that after four reigns there would be a change of blood.‡ In

* Brucker, tom. ii. p. 444.

† Appendix to the first volume of Jortin's Remarks on Ecclesiastical History.

‡ I have in my possession a small tract by this man, written in 1656, to prove that Charles II. was the Messiah, destined to restore the Jews, in which is a prediction still more circumstantial and remarkable; "But I say, he that lives five years to an end, shall see King Charles Stuart flourish on his throne, to the

all these operations the genius acts; the prophet is passive, and generally ignorant.

It appears not improbable, that an intoxicating potion was given to the Pythia, by way of ensuring the strength of her ecstasy.* There seems to have been some traditionary knowledge handed down on this subject, for in Dr. Harnett, Archbishop of York's Discovery of Popish Impostures, the girls who were exorcised had delirium excited, by nauseous potions, and fumigations.

Delirious exclamations, in certain dis-

amazement of all the world, for God will bring him in without bloodshed." Light to the Jews, p. 5. But mark the juggling of this fellow. This egregious prophecy, though said to be printed in 1656 on the second title-page, was in reality, only published in 1664, four years after the event. In this instance, therefore, he was clearly guilty of imposture. Prophecies, at that time, were party-matters. Evans prophesied for the Royalists; Lilly, a more successful knave, for the republicans.

* The Pythia always drank, before she placed herself on the Tripod.

cases, have been received as indications of insanity: even so, hence it has become necessary for those who aspired to the character of prophets, to make the multitude believe them to be afflicted with those diseases.* Lucian's Alexander learnt the art of frothing at the mouth, and the mob, as Lucian tells us, held his froth to be sacred. Epileptic complaints have certainly been familiar to men of great talents: Cæsar, Peter I. and several others of distinguished merit, were subject to epilepsy. But it cannot be supposed that they were improved by the disease.

It is an unhappy circumstance, that philosophy has sometimes strengthened, instead of correcting vulgar prejudices.

* Even philosophers, of the mystic class, have thought the imputation of madness an addition to their fame. "Porphyrus *** se secreto multa mysterio ex divino afflatu interdum diaseruisse, ideoque PRO FURENTE habitum fuisse JACET." Brucker. Hist. Crit. Philos. tom. ii. p. 245.

Plato's followers, by their description of the *εἰρηλατικός*, constituted madness a sign of inspiration. To the misfortune of mankind, the ravings of lunatics have often been more regarded than the arguments of wise men; but such a preference ought not to have been sanctioned by philosophers. This must surely have been one of the extirpated doctrines, calculated only for the porters and fish-women of Athens. No doubt, the same causes which, in a strong degree, produce madness, may in a lower increase the natural powers of the mind. Cardan, and a melancholy list of illustrious names, appear, in some parts of their writings, as mad as the author of *Harlethrumbo*, while in others they discover an extraordinary acuteness and sagacity. The popular prophets of this country, were all really or affectedly mad. They are now little read or respected; but they

* Bruckner, *Hist. Crit. Philos.* t. ii. p. 445.

were formerly powerful engines of faction, and became the objects of repeated acts of the legislature. *Les roes*, as Voltaire says of Plato, *donnoient alors de grande reputation.*

The courteous demons of antiquity have vanished, but they have left a kind of magic splendor over the heads of men of talents, which the herd of metaphysicians has beheld with awe. If a person of unassisted good sense were to enquire, what constitutes a man of genius, he would discover it to be a vigorous and successful exertion of the mind; on some particular subject, or a general alacrity and facility of intellectual labour. In a word, that genius consists in the power of doing best; what many endeavour to do well.

In the best treatises on this subject, there has been much of a fallacious method, which imposes equally on the author and the reader; I mean, a prolix description of facts, substituted for a

theory of their causes. Undoubtedly this kind of writing would be useful, if it were appreciated at its just value; but its facility, and its pretensions create prejudices against the more slow and difficult method of induction. Moliere has characterized this false philosophy by a single stroke: "Quare facit opium dormire?—Quia est in eo virtus dormitiva." Behold the fruit of many a huge and thorny metaphysical quarto!

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DIALOGUE
IN
THE SHADES.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1962

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

DIALOGUE IN THE SHADES.

LUCIAN.—NEODIDACTUS.

Lucian.

YOU appear very melancholy, for a philosopher of the new stoical sect. Do you regret the glory, which you doubtless enjoyed in the other world? Or do you dislike the grim equality of the stalking skeletons which surround you? We cannot boast, indeed, of our gaiety, but we have tranquillity, which to a philosopher is much better. We enjoy our exemption from the perturbations of life, as the wearied mariner reposes in the still gloom, succeeding a mighty tempest.

VOL. II.

N

Neodidactus.

Enjoy yourselves as you will; I am tormented by anxiety and doubt. By professing the doctrines of the new and pure philosophy upon earth, my character was ruined, and I was abandoned by society. Here, I find no one disposed to investigate my principles, excepting yourself, who, I suppose, intend to laugh at me, according to your custom. I had learned, indeed, from our master, that "the wise man is satisfied with nothing:" that "he is not satisfied with his own attainments, or even with his principles and opinions:"* but I feel that mine have produced the extremity of wretchedness.

Lucian.

You must then be extremely wise, on your own principles. But be not dejected. The world, I perceive, preserves

* Godwin's Enquiry concerning Political Justice vol. i. p. 268. 2nd edition.

its old character : mankind have seldom troubled their benefactors with expressions of gratitude.

Neodidactus.

I beg that you may never again mention so disagreeable a word to me. Gratitude, according to the new philosophy, "is no part either of justice or virtue;"* may we hold it to be actually a vice,† when it results merely from our sense of benefits conferred on us.

Lucian.

By the Graces! this is very strange philosophy. In teaching men to be ungrateful, do you not render them wicked?

Neodidactus.

We do not embarrass ourselves much with the distinctions of virtue and vice;

* Enquiry concerning Political Justice, vol. i. p. 130.

† Ibid. p. 266.

the motives and the tendencies of human actions are so complex, and their results so uncertain, that we find it difficult to assign them places under those designations. We even doubt whether there be any such thing as vice.

Lucian.

You puzzle me: let me beg that you would explain yourself a little more clearly; unless your philosophy enjoins you to be obscure.

Neodidactus.

I will explain myself most gladly. Know then, that "vice, as it is commonly understood, is, so far as regards the motive, purely negative,"* and that "actions in the highest degree injurious to the public have often proceeded from motives uncommonly conscientious. The most determined political assassins, Clement, Ravailac, Damiens,

* Enquiry, vol. i. p. 153, 154.

and Gerard, seem to have been deeply penetrated with anxiety for the eternal welfare of mankind." Our sublime contemplations lead us also to believe, that "benevolence probably had its part in lighting the fires of Smithfield, and pointing the daggers of St. Bartholomew."*

Lucian.

If I rightly understand you, murder and persecution are justifiable on the principles of the new philosophy.

Neodidactus.

Our only rule is the promotion of general good, by strict, impartial justice; whatever inconveniences may arise to individuals from this system, we disregard them, and as we allow no merit to actions which respect the good of individuals only, so we perceive no demerit in those which benefit the public, though

* Enquiry, vol. i. p. 153, 154.

they may considerably injure individuals. Justice, eternal justice must prevail.

Lucian.

But how shall this over-ruling justice be ascertained, or limited? If every man is to decide for himself and the world, confusion, and universal ruin must ensue.

Neodidactus.

You speak, O Lucian, of man in his present state ; but we regard him in the state of perfection, to which he may attain by instruction and experience. We hope the time will arrive, when neither government nor laws will be necessary to the existence of society ; for morality is nothing but the calculation of the probable advantages, or disadvantages of our actions.

Lucian.

By what means, then, shall those be corrected, who may err in their calcula-

tions respecting the public good, and eternal justice? For I suppose, you can hardly expect that all men will reason with equal acuteness, in the most enlightened periods.

Neodidactus.

By persuasion; the only* allowable method of suppressing human errors. The establishment of positive laws is an insult to the dignity of man; † so greatly do we detest their influence, that we consider an honest lawyer as a worse member of society than a dishonest one, ‡ because the man of integrity palliates, and in some degree masks the ill effects of law.

Lucian.

This part of your philosophy is not so new as you imagine. All punishments,

* Enquiry, vol. i. p. 180.

† Vol. ii. p. 399, 400.

‡ Vol. ii. p. 399.

then, would be banished from your republic, excepting the long discourses, to which you would oblige criminals to listen.

Neodidactus.

Punishment is nothing else than force,* and he who suffers it must be debased, and insensible of the difference between right and wrong, if he does not consider it as unjust.† “I have deeply reflected, suppose, upon the nature of virtue, and am convinced that a certain proceeding is incumbent on me. But the hangman, supported by an act of parliament, assures me that I am mistaken.”‡ Can any thing be more atrocious? more injurious to our sublime speculations?

Lucian.

Doubtless, philosophers of your sect must sometimes be thus disagreeably in-

* Vol. i. p. 181.

† Enquiry, vol. i. p. 181.

‡ Ib. p. 178, 179.

interrupted, in their progress to perfection. But in a society without laws, without the fear of punishment for offences, without the distinctions of virtue and vice, and destitute of the ties of gratitude and friendship, I feel it difficult to conceive, how the transactions necessary to existence can be carried on. You must depend much on family attachments, and on the inviolable regard which individuals should pay to their promises.

Neodidactus.

Family attachments we regard as silly, and even criminal, when they tend to bias our opinions; and as to promises, our master has written a long chapter, to prove that they are great evils, and are only to be observed, when we find it convenient.

Lucian.

Did it never occur to you, that this system might produce more evil than

good in the world? and that you have been recommending a plan, which instead of perfecting man, and improving society, must be destructive of every estimable quality in his breast, and must drive him again into savage solitude?

Neodidactus.

We cannot always answer for events. "Every thing is connected in the universe. If any man asserted that, if Alexander had not bathed himself in the river Cydnus, Shakespeare would never have written, it would be impossible to affirm that his assertion was untrue."* Such is our doctrine.

Lucian.

Your logic is equally admirable with your morality; this species of sophism has been exploded with contempt by good authors; you now revive it as one

* Enquiry, vol. i. p. 161.

of your discoveries, and you may perhaps raise it to the rank of those which merit indignation.

Neodidactus.

Be not too hasty, facetious Greek; you miscalculate, like all those who err, the quantity of energy necessary for this occasion. Our master has taken many of the things which you disapprove, from the writings of your friend Swift.

Lucian.

Yes, I am aware that a great part of your new philosophy is stolen from Gulliver's Travels, and that the republic of horses was the archetype of your perfect men.* But come, that we may part in good humour, I will treat you with a sentiment, which I derive from a dear friend of Swift. "We are for a

* See the Voyage to the Houyhnhms.

just partition of the world, for every man hath a right to enjoy life. We retrench the superfluities of mankind. The world is avaricious, and we hate avarice. A covetous fellow, like a jackdaw, steals what he was never made to enjoy, for the sake of hiding it. These are the robbers of mankind, for money was made for the free-hearted and generous: and where is the injury of taking from another, what he has not the heart to make use of?" What is your opinion of this?

Neodidactus.

It is admirably expressed, in the true spirit of our philosophy, and of impartial justice. Indeed our master has said something very like it.* Pray, in what divine work is this great truth to be found?

* Enquiry, vol. i. p. 208, and vol. ii. p. 444, 445.

Lucian.

In the Bèggar's Opera; it expresses the sentiments of a gang of Highwaymen, an institution which approaches nearer to your idea of perfect society, than any other with which I am acquainted.

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THE
BIBLIOMANIA,
AN
EPISTLE,
TO
RICHARD HEBER, Esq.

Hic, inquis, Veto quisquam faxit Oletum.

Pinge duos Angues :—

Pers. Sat. 1. l. 108.

THE BIBLIOMANIA, AN EPISTLE,
TO
RICHARD HEBER, *Esq.*

WHAT wild desires, what restless torments seize
The hapless man, who feels the book-disease,
If niggard Fortune cramp his gen'rous mind,
And Prudence quench the Spark by heaven assign'd!
With wistful glance his aching eyes behold
The Princeps-copy, clad in blue and gold,
Where the tall Book-case, with partition thin,
Displays, yet guards the tempting charms within:
So great Facardin view'd, as sages* tell,
Fair Crystalline immur'd in lucid cell.

Not thus the few, by happier fortune grac'd,
And blest, like you, with talents, wealth and taste,
Who gather nobly, with judicious hand,
The Muse's treasures from each letter'd strand.
For you the Monk illum'd his pictur'd page,
For you the press defies the Spoils of age;
FAUSTUS for you infernal tortures bore,
For you ERASMUS † starv'd on Adria's shore.

* *Sages.* Count Hamilton, in the *Quatre Facardins*,
and Mr. M. Lewis, in his *Tales of Romance*.

† See the *Opulentia Sordida*, in his *Colloquies*, where
he complains so feelingly of the spare Venetian diet.

The FOLIO-ALDUS loads your happy Shelves,
 And dapper ELZEVIRS, like fairy elves,
 Shew their light forms amidst the well-gilt Twelves: }
 In slender type the GIOLITOS shine,
 And bold BODONI stamps his Roman line.
 For you the LOUVRE opes its regal doors,
 And either DIDOT lends his brilliant stores:
 With faultless types, and costly sculptures bright,
 IBARRA'S Quixote charms your ravish'd sight:
 LABORDE in splendid tablets shall explain
 Thy beauties, glorious, tho' unhappy SPAIN!
 O, hallowed name, the theme of future years,
 Embalm'd in Patriot-blood, and England's tears,
 Be thine fresh honours from the tuneful tongue,
 By Isis' streams which mourning Zion sung!
 But devious oft' from ev'ry classic Muse,
 The keen Collector meaner paths will choose:
 And first the Margin's breadth his soul employs,
 Pure, snowy, broad, the type of nobler joys.
 In vain might HOMER roll the tide of song,
 Or HORACE smile, or TULLY charm the throng;
 If crost by Pallas' ire, the trenchant blade
 Or too oblique, or near, the edge invade,
 The Bibliomane exclaims, with haggard eye,
 No Margin!' turns in haste, and scorns to buy.
 He turns where PYBUS rears his Atlas-head,
 Or MADOC'S mass conceals its veins of lead.
 The glossy lines in polish'd order stand,
 While the vast margin spreads on either hand,
 Like Russian wastes, that edge the frozen deep.

Chill with pale glare, and lull to mortal sleep.*
 Or English books, neglected and forgot,
 Excite his wish in many a dusty lot :
 Whatever trash *Midwinter* gave to day,
 Or *Harper's* rhiming sons, in paper grey.
 At ev'ry auction, bent on fresh supplies,
 He cons his Catalogue with anxious eyes :
 Where'er the slim Italics mark the page,
Curious and rare his ardent mind engage.
 Unlike the Swans, in Tuscan Song display'd,
 He hovers eager o'er Oblivion's Shade,
 To snatch obscurest names from endless night,
 And give COKAIN or FLETCHER † back to light,
 In red morocco drest he loves to boast
 The bloody murder, or the yelling ghost ;
 Or dismal ballads, sung to crouds of old,
 Now cheaply bought for thrice their weight in gold,
 Yet to th' unhonour'd dead be Satire just ;

* It may be said that Quintilian recommends margins ; but it is with a view to their being occasionally occupied : *Debet vacare etiam locus, in quo notentur quæ scribentibus solent extra ordinem, id est ex aliis quam qui sunt in manibus loci, occurrere. Irrumpunt enim optimi nonnunquam Sensus, quos neque inserere oportet, neque differre tutum est.*

Instit. Lib. x. C. 3.

He was therefore no *Margin-man*, in the modern Sense.

† *Fletcher*. A translator of Martial. A very bad Poet, but *exceedingly scarce*.

Some flow'rs* "smell sweet, and blossom in their
dust."

'Tis thus ev'n SHIRLEY boasts a golden line,
And LOVELACE strikes, by fits, a note divine.
Th' unequal gleams like midnight-lightnings play,
And deepen'd gloom succeeds, in place of day.

But human bliss still meets some envious storm ;
He droops to view his PAYNTER's mangled form :
Presumptuous grief, while pensive Taste repines
O'er the frail relics of her Attic Shrines !
O for that power, for which magicians vye,
To look through earth, and secret hoards descry !
I'd spurn such gems as Marinel† beheld,
And all the wealth Aladdin's cavern held,
Might I divine in what mysterious gloom
The rolls of sacred bards have found their tomb :
Beneath what mould'ring tower, or waste champain,
Is hid MENANDER, sweetest of the train ;
Where rests ANTIMACHUS' forgotten lyre,
Where gentle SAPPHO's still seductive fire ;

* Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

SHIRLEY.

Perhaps Shirley had in view this passage of Persius:
Nunc non é tumulo, fortunataque favilla
Nascentur Violæ ?

Sat. 1. l. 37.

† Faërie Queene.

Or he,* whom chief the laughing Muses own,
 Yet skill'd with softest accents to bemoan
 Sweet Philomel,† in strains so like her own.‡ }
 The menial train has prov'd the Scourge of wit,

* Aristophanes.

† See his exquisite hymn to the Nightingale, in his *Ορνιθες*.

‡ Brunck supposes these charming verses to have been intended, as a parody on a passage in the *Helena* of Euripides.

If Aristophanes designed his hymn as a burlesque, the effect of it is totally lost on a modern reader. He appears to have rivalled Euripides, in this instance, in his own style; and if, on other occasions, he has severely scrutinized the defects, he has here seized the peculiar beauties of that writer.

It is surprising that Mr. Fox should have entertained an opinion, expressed in some of his letters, which have been lately published, that the song of the Nightingale was considered, by the Greek Poets, as cheerful. Euripides, in the passage alluded to, says of the Nightingale,

σέ τ' ἄν αἰδοτάτην ὄρθα μελωδόν,
 ἄιδόναι δακρυέσσαν :

And Aristophanes characterizes her song thus;

Ἐλεξιζομένη διεροῖς μέλεσιν : *

* *Ορνιθες*, l. 683.

Ev'n OMAR burnt less Science than the spit.
 Earthquakes and wars remit their deadly rage,
 But ev'ry feast demands some fated page.
 Ye Towers of Julius,* ye alone remain
 Of all the piles that saw our nation's stain,
 When HARRY's sway oppress the groaning realm,
 And Lust and Rapine seiz'd the wav'ring helm.
 Then ruffian-hands defaced the sacred fanes,
 Their saintly statues, and their storied panes ;
 Then from the chest, with ancient art embost,
 The Penman's pious scrolls were rudely tost ;
 Then richest manuscripts, profusely spread,
 The brawny Churl's devouring Oven fed :
 And thence Collectors date the heav'nly ire,
 That wrapt Augusta's domes in sheets of fire.†

To which we may add this decisive passage from the
 Œdipus Coloneus of Sophocles ;

*εἴθα λίγισα μινύρεται
 θαμίξισα μάλιτ' ἀδῶν.* l. 671.

From a curious letter, on the study of Greek poetry,
 published in Trotter's Memoirs of Mr. Fox, we learn
 that he had " never read a word of Aristophanes."
 There are, indeed, too many repulsive passages in that
 dramatist, but he does not merit neglect.

* Gray.

† The fire of London.

Taste, tho' misled, may yet some purpose gain,
 But Fashion guides a * book-compelling train.
 Once, far apart from Learning's moping crew,
 The travell'd beau display'd his red-heel'd shoe,
 Till ORFORD rose, and told of rhiming Peers,
 Repeating *noble* words to polish'd ears ; †
 'Taught the gay croud to prize a flutt'ring name,
 In trifling toil'd, nor ' blush'd to find it fame.'
 The letter'd fop now takes a larger scope,
 With classic furniture, design'd by HOPE.
 Now warm'd by ORFORD, and by GRANGER school'd,
 In Paper books, superbly gilt and tool'd,
 He pastes, from injur'd volumes snipt away,
 His *English Heads*, in chronicled array.
 Torn from their destin'd page, (unworthy meed
 Of knightly counsel, and heroic deed)
 Not FAITHORNE'S stroke, nor FIELD'S own types can
 save
 ‡ The gallant VERES, and one-eyed OGLE brave.

* Cloud-compelling Jove.—Pope's *Iliad*.

† ----- gaudent prænominæ molles
 Auriculæ.

JUVENAL.

‡ *The gallant Veres, and one-eyed Ogle.* Three fine heads, for the sake of which, the beautiful and interesting Commentaries of Sir Francis Vere have been mutilated by Collectors of English portraits.

Indignant readers seek the image fled,
And curse the busy fool, who *wants a head*.

Proudly he shews, with many a smile elate,
The scrambling subjects of the *private plate* ;
While Time their actions and their names bereaves,
They grin for ever in the guarded leaves.

Like Poets, born, in vain Collectors strive
To cross their Fate, and learn the art to thrive.
Like Cacus, bent to tame their struggling will,
The tyrant-passion drags them backward still :
Ev'n I, debarr'd of ease, and studious hours,
Confess, mid' anxious toil, its lurking pow'rs.
How pure the joy, when first my hands unfold
The small, rare volume, black with tarnish'd gold !
The Eye skims restless, like the roving bee,
O'er flowers of wit, or song, or repartee,
While sweet as Springs, new-bubbling from the stone,
Glides through the breast some pleasing theme un-
known.

Now dipt in * Rossi's terse and classic style,
His harmless tales awake a transient smile.
Now BOUCHET's motley stores my thoughts arrest,
With wond'rous reading, and with learned jest.
Bouchet † whose tomes a grateful line demand,

* Generally known by the name of Janus Nicius Erythræus. The allusion is to his Pinacotheca.

† Les Serées de Guillaume Bouchet, a book of uncommon rarity. I possess a handsome copy, by the kindness of Colonel Stanley.

The valued gift of STANLEY's lib'ral hand.
 Now sadly pleased, through faded Rome I stray,
 And mix regrets with gentle DU BELLAY ;*
 Or turn, with keen delight, the curious page,
 Where hardy † Pasquin braves the Pontiff's rage.

As in the fragrant garden blooms the rose,
 So my ‡ rich manuscript in crimson glows.
 ' Sweet,' cries the Sage, || ' to view the infant-dress,
 ' The first rude efforts of the dawning press !'
 But sweeter far to me these bright designs,
 Ere Caxton's blocks imprest their clumsy lines.
 " But oh ! my Muse," § what madness would engage

* *Les Regrets*, by Joachim du Bellay, contain a most amusing and instructive Account of Rome, in the 16th Century.

† Pasquillorum Tomi duo.

‡ Les dicts Moraux des Philosophes, an illuminated manuscript ; dated 1473. See Dibdin's *Typographical Antiquities*, for an account of this work.

|| Res sane delectationis plena est, jucundo hoc aspectu pascere oculos, et prima illa aureæ artis contemplari experimenta. Ipsa typorum ruditas, ipsa illa atræ crastaque literarum facies, bellé tangit sensus, nobisque vivis velutî coloribus gradus istos delineat, per quos paulatim a teneris unguiculis, et ipsis crepundiis in masculam illam, quâ nunc floret, ætatem ars excusoria crevit.

Schelhorn, *Amœnitates Literariæ*. T. i. p. 5.

§ Addison.

To sing the miniatures, and vellum-page ?
 Steal from some happy bard a spark of fire,
 Whose never-check'd descriptions never tire !

- “ Pictures a score this curious work adorn,
 “ Of men esteem'd in learning's early morn.
 “ On vellum stands inscrib'd each sage's name,
 “ Their portraits rich with gold and minium flame ;
 “ Some walk in gardens trim, or books peruse,
 “ Or white-rob'd bards address a gothic muse,
 “ No brisk, deep-bosom'd, Attic maiden she,
 “ But starch and prim, and scarcely fair to see.
 “ Square beards, and long-ear'd caps, and furs abound,
 “ And decent robes depending sweep the ground ;
 “ Nay, strange extreme of fashion's sov'reign rule,
 “ Some hold what belles have term'd a *Ridicule*.
 “ (The lovely triflers think not, as they trip,
 “ Their bag was fashion'd from the Cynic's scrip.)
 “ Then happy seats appear in beauteous dyes,
 “ The softest verdure, and the clearest skies ;
 “ Stately and fair the porch and airy hall,
 “ And costly tapestry clothes the naked wall.
 “ St. Gregory hard at study there I spy,
 “ His glory and tiara strike the eye ;
 “ His books well-bound, with many a gilded spot,
 “ A clever reading-desk has Gregory got !
 “ Had the tenth Leo thus his leisure spent,
 “ We yet had pray'd in Latin, and kept Lent.
 “ But greater bliss the charming picture fills,
 “ When golden sun-beams smile on verdant hills,
 “ Or soft retreats in flow'ry vales are made,

" Where the young forest rears its tender shade.
 " Then at safe distance pinnacles are seen,
 " And glitt'ring towers surmount the swelling green ;
 " Gay belts of war ! the city's specious pride,
 " Which sullen cares, and quiv'ring anguish hide.
 " For near the lofty fane or op'ning square,
 " The sad blind alley teems with hopeless care.
 " Dire, in those ancient times, the wretch's plight,
 " Ere the dim pane transmitted scanty light :
 " When ill-join'd shutters barr'd the longing view, }
 " And where light flow'd, the winter enter'd too, }
 " As shiv'ring hands the wooden leaf withdrew. }
 " Their's was the shapeless bolt, the dunghill-floor,
 " And blacken'd thatch the humble caves peep'd o'er :
 " Without, the putrid kennel choak'd the way,
 " And all was filth, disgust, and deep dismay.
 " No ballads then bedeck'd the lab'rer's cot,
 " Nor Francis Moore foreboded cold or hot :
 " Whose cuts grotesque, and artless rhymes supply,
 " (What ev'n the poor require) the poor man's library
 " More solid good the mystic church with-held ;
 " Their eyes the sacred volume ne'er beheld,
 " Save when at church the reader turn'd with care,
 " The glitt'ring leaves, and spoke the foreign prayer :
 " With doubtful hope the pauper's bosom beat,
 " He left, unedified, his gloomy seat.
 " Or when the Freer, on some high festal day
 " Would relics rare, and miracles display ;
 " And prate, as tell the sly Italian drolls,
 " Of Gabriel's feather, or St. Lawrence' coals.

" In sin the wretch might live, in sin might die ;
 " Give money—money, was the preacher's cry.
 " Then light arose—the darkling cot was blest,
 " When TINDAL'S volume came, a boarded guest.
 " Fierce whisker'd guards that volume sought in vain,
 " Enjoy'd by stealth, and hid with anxious pain.
 " While all around was penury and gloom,
 " It shew'd the boundless bliss beyond the tomb ;
 " Freed from the venal priest, the feudal rod,
 " It led the suff'rer's weary steps to God ;
 " And when his painful course on earth was run,
 " This, his sole wealth, descended to his son.
 " Now, when no tyrant-statutes cramp belief,
 " When Smithfield's only martyrs are its beef,
 " Amidst the crouds whom rarer books entice,
 " Still Tindal's Bible is a gem of price.
 " True, the blest owner now no longer fears
 " The bishop's summons thund'ring in his ears,
 " No more he turns the leaves with trembling hope,
 " Or dreads lest Satan come, in guise of Pope ;
 " On that stout shelf where ev'n Polemics sleep,
 " He shews its boards, inclosed in lasting sheep.
 " There long untouch'd may Tindal's labours ly,
 " For book collectors read not what they buy."

Can I forget my CASSAS? * fav'rite theme !
 Where truth exceeds Romances boldest dream.
 In those rude wilds, by wand'ers scarcely trod,
 Before the pencil, Fancy drops her rod ;

* Voyage Pittoresque de l'Istrie et de la Dalmatie.

O'eraw'd, she sees transcendant nature reign,
 And trembling copies what she dar'd not feign.
 But scarcer books had kept their station here,
 Had warning Cynthius touch'd my infant-ear,
 And shew'd the grave collector's toil employ'd,
 To gain the works my childish sport destroy'd.
 *PARISMUS then had shone in decent pride,
 And bold ST. GEORGE, with SABRA at his side: †
 And REYNARD's wiles, ‡ by learned clerks pourtray'd,
 Dame PARTLET wrong'd, and ISGRIM sore bewray'd:
 And eke that code, || of wit the peerless store,
 Where peruk'd beaux their hooded dames adore.
 These once were mine, till, reckless of their scope,
 I left their charms for Milton and for Pope.
 And who can say, what books, matur'd by age,
 May tempt, in future days, the reader's rage?
 How, flush'd with joy, the Bibliomane may shew
 His CARRS *uncut* and COTTLES, fair in row;
 May point, with conscious pride, to env'ying throngs
 His HOLCROFT's dramas, and his DIMOND's songs?
 So winter-apples, by the prudent Dame
 Are hoarded late, and wither into fame.
 So Antiquarians pierce the Barrow's soil,

* History of Parismus and Parismenos, once a child's book, now exceedingly scarce and dear.

† History of the Seven Champions.

‡ History of Reynard the Fox, very scarce and dear.

|| Academy of Compliments, very curious and scarce.

And loads of crockery pay their learned toil ;
 The wond'rous fragments rich museums grace,
 And ev'ry Pipkin rises up a Vase.

With deep concern, the curious bid me tell,
 Why no Black-Letter dignifies my cell :
 No Caxton ? Pynson ? in defence I plead
 One simple fact ; I only buy to read.
 I leave to those whom headstrong fashion rules
 Dame JULIAN BERNERS, and the SHIP OF FOOLS ;
 The cheapest page of wit, or genuine sense
 Outweighs the uncut copy's wild expence.
 What coxcomb would avow th' absurd excess,
 To choose his friends, not for their parts, but dress ?
 Yet the choice Bard becomes some ancient stains ;
 I love, in Gothic type, my CHAUCER'S strains ;
 And SPENCER'S dulcet song as deeply charms,
 When his light folio boasts ELIZA'S arms.
 Nay doubly fair the Aldine pages seem,
 Where, broadly gilt, illumin'd letters gleam.
 For stupid prose my fancy never throbs,
 In spite of vellum-leaves, or silver knobs.

But D——n's strains should tell the sad reverse,
 When Business calls, invet'rate foe to verse !
 Tell how ' the Demon claps his iron hands,'
 ' Waves his lank locks, and scours along the lands.'
 Though wintry blasts, or summer's fire I go,
 To scenes of danger, and to sights of woe.
 Ev'n when to Margate ev'ry cockney roves,
 And brainsick poets long for shelt'ring groves,
 Whose lofty ghades exclude the noontide glow,

While Zephyrs breathe, and waters trill below,*
 Me rigid Fate averts, by tasks like these,
 From heav'nly musings, and from letter'd ease.

Such wholesome checks the better Genius sends,
 From dire rehearsals to protect our friends :
 Else when the social rites our joys renew,
 The stuff'd Portfolio would alarm your view,
 Whence volleying rhimes your patience would o'er-
 come,

And, spite of kindness, drive you early home.
 So when the traveller's hasty footsteps glide
 Near smoaking lava, on Vesuvio's side,
 Hoarse-mutt'ring thunders from the depths proceed,
 And spouting fires incite his eager speed.
 Appall'd he flies, while rattling show'rs invade,
 Invoking ev'ry Saint for instant aid :
 Breathless, amaz'd, he seeks the distant shore,
 And vows to tempt the dang'rous gulph no more.

* Errare per lucos, amœnæ,
 Quos et aquæ subeunt et auræ.

HORAT.

12

A
NORTHERN PROSPECT;
AN ODE.

Thou shalt not laugh in this leaf, Muse—
DONNE'S 8th Satire.

The following ode contains ideas suggested by the extraordinary prospect from a rock, in the neighbourhood of Alnwick Castle. That view comprehends a series of antiquities, deeply interesting, not only by their magnificence, but by their relation to history; and frequently recollected by the author, amidst the exertions of active life, as the favourite scenes of his youth. Some readers may, perhaps, suppose that the thoughts are not sufficiently developed. But I have always considered it as essential to the ode, that it should indicate impressions, without dwelling upon them. The torrent of ideas, which characterizes this species of poetry, only presents an object with force, to hurry it more rapidly beyond the view of the spectator.

A NORTHERN PROSPECT.

WHEN blazing noon illumes the plain,
And tips each spiry dome with quiv'ring fire,
Where Ratcheugh's pillar'd rocks aspire
Swift let my steps the airy height attain,
Around the various prospect thrown,
Th' expanded sea's majestic zone
In many a floating tint reflects the beam ;
Dark stretch the wood's high-shelt'ring arms,
The village spreads her simple charms,
And shines afar the silver-winding stream.

Bold on the eye advance those tow'rs,
Where Percy boasts his princely bowers,
Crown the slope-hill, and awe the subject-vale ;
In faded glory Warkworth's turrets rise,
And point to yonder cell * the raptur'd eyes,
Where figur'd rocks record the Hermit's tale.
Swift o'er Howick's attic hall,
And shelter'd Craster's sylvan wall,

* The Hermitage.

The view excursive flies,
 Where Dunstonburgh* o'erhangs the roaring tide,
 And lifts his shatter'd arms, and mourns his ruin'd
 pride.

Trembling o'er the rocky ground,
 His genius sends a hollow sound,
 Like the vex'd sea, when thund'ring winds are fled;
 "Relentless hands, which these proud works de-
 fac'd!

Mistaken avarice, with such costly waste
 To rear the hardy peasant's simple shed!
 See Alnwick tower in Gothic pride;
 The marsh exhale, the heath recede,
 In graceful wave the ductile river glide;
 'Tis liberal power's creative deed.
 And far-conspicuous on the wat'ry waste,
 Bambrough's huge rock the massy structures crown:
 On the black vale when rolling vapours spread,
 The turrets gleam high o'er the driving blast:
 Sharp † rear'd their drooping head.
 Beneath old Cheviot's frown,
 See Ford's ‡ white line the verdant slope adorn;
 But when shall rise my vernal morn?

* A romantic fortress, nearly demolished to enlarge
 a farm-house, which lies at its feet.

† Dr. Sharp, late Archdeacon of Northumberland.

‡ Ford Castle, repair'd by Lord Delaval.

These fragments of Lancastrian pride,
 These broken halls, these jutting mounds o' erthrown,
 Rough gales, as thro' the mould'ring arch they haste,
 Learn, soften'd, to bemoan;
 While deaf'ning waves, with aggregated roar,
 Surmount the wall they vainly lash'd before."

Dim-shewn in yonder leafy glade,
 Sequester'd Huhn her fair enclosure rears.
 Sweet hope of peaceful years,
 Well might'st thou haunt that cloister'd shade!
 Let those proud trophies* tell
 Where hostile monarchs fought and fell,
 These walls beleag'ring round;
 Unhurt by war's tumultuous rage,
 The tranquil monk illum'd the page,
 Safe in thy consecrated ground.

Amid yon' happy woods
 The careless rustic seeks his game,
 Or in the murm'ring floods
 Ensnares the fry, by loneliness tame;
 Nor heeds where creeping ivy's trail
 O'er knightly trophies draws its veil;
 Nor, as the crumbling turrets fade,

* Monuments in the pleasure-grounds of the Duke of Northumberland, which commemorate the captivity of one king of Scotland, and the death of another, while they were besieging the castle of Alnwick.

Remarks the abbey's shorten'd shade ;
Unmov'd alike by piety and fame.
Ye who catch at glory's flame,
To yon' majestic walls repair ;
Know Tyson,† Vescy,† or Fitzharding* there
Spread their rich banners in the flutt'ring gale ;
Learn to contemn, from their neglected tale,
The wild ambition of a name.

† The Saxon, and first Norman Lords of Alnwick.

* Founder of Warkworth Castle.

FINIS.

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